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## Auld Jenny.

THE cot is a ruin ! auld Jenny is gane !  
And the suerock is growin' aboon her hearthstane.  
The ingle-cheek's dreary, that aye was sae bright,  
And blinkit sae blithe through the lang winter's night.  
The nettle is peepin' through chinks in the wa',  
Where lonely and eerie the wailing winds blaw,  
And ev'rything's sighing, "Auld Jenny's awa'."

What young thoughts and feelings this hearthstane reca's !  
What mem'ries immortal hang roun' thir auld wa's,  
For here the great curtain of time did unroll,  
And life's mighty drama first startled my soul,  
While here Jenny sat as she span at her wheel,  
And told me the stories I likit sae weel ;  
And sang the auld ballads o' joy and o' woe,  
O' peers and o' peasants that died long ago ;  
How some were exalted and ithers o'erthrown,  
Not always by merits or sins o' their own ;  
How feuds were engendered and cruel things done,  
And hatred transmitted from father to son ;  
How bright hopes were blighted while yet in the bud,  
And friendships o' lang years extinguished in blood,  
And how young affections were bought and were sold,  
And loving hearts weighed in the balance 'gainst gold ;  
And still as I listened my very heart bled ;  
Yet oh ! how delightful the tears that I shed.

And often she'd pause to comment on the strife,  
And the terrible things in the battle of life ;  
And aye she would wonder why sons o' a day  
Should ever fall out and dispute by the way ;  
Or why that puir mortals should ever be proud,  
Since a' come at last to the lang winding shroud ;  
And aye the beginning and end o' ilk sang  
Was "Waes me for them wha gang wilfully wrang."  
And aye she'd say "Laddie, whate'er may befa',  
Aye mind there's a God looking doun on us a'."

Auld Jenny was simple, ne'er acting a part,  
Obeyed but the promptings o' love in her heart,  
And somehow-or-ither she couldna believe  
That folk were a' wicked and meant to deceive ;  
And little she knew of earth's treasured up lore ;  
The Bible, the ballads, were a' her haill store ;  
And yet the things lovely in nature and art,  
And a' that's divine in the strange human heart,  
As if by some magic she learned to divine,  
And built for them a' in her bosom a shrine.

The things that men strive for—the prizes of earth—  
Auld Jenny kent truly juist what they were worth.  
While others were racked wi' ambition and pride,  
She hung o'er the mosses that decked the wayside,  
And in the wee gowan and primrose's cup  
Found beauty immortal and peace treasured up ;  
And thus she had reached, by a road o' her ain,  
A height that philosophers seldom attain.

When neighbours complained of their lowly estate,  
And of the oppression they bore from the great ;  
How some labelled "Noble" were hard as the rock,  
And mean in their dealings wi' puir cottar folk.  
In anger they'd speak o' the "cursin auld Laird"  
Wha tried to rob Jenny o' cot-house and yaird.  
"Its better tae bless," she would say, "than tae ban,  
Sae let us pray for him, God help him, puir man !"

For e'en o' the wicked she wadna speak hard,  
But thought they'd maist need o' her love and regard ;  
Revenge, hate, and malice, and scorn seemed to die  
In the innocent light o' her beautiful eye :  
An angel o' mercy looked oot frae her face,  
In love and in pity on a' Adam's race ;  
And somehow-or-ither, where she did appear,  
We felt that the heavens were drawing more near ;  
Our Faith, Hope and Charity, felt an increase,  
And we breathed in an atmosphere laden wi' peace  
For oh ! she brought with her a halo o' love  
That lifted us up to a region above

The toil and the tumult, the turmoil and strife,  
And a' the rude things o' this ev'ry day life ;  
But noo a's a ruin ! sae lonely and drear,  
And ev'ry thing's sighing "Ah Jenny's no here !"

Still spring as of old, comes this bank to renew ;  
And still soars the lav'rock afar in the blue ;  
And still Locher rushes and leaps o'er the linn,  
And rumbles and tumbles the auld brig abune.  
And still Time is plying his loud roaring loom,  
Still throwing his shuttle of glory and gloom ;  
And new generations come forth on the plain,  
But Jenny ! auld Jenny ! returns not again.

And what tho' this cottage must sink to decay,  
And even from mem'ry pass wholly away,  
And ance mair abune it sweet flowrets appear,  
And nae ane shall ken Jenny ever dwelt here.  
We know that such beings were not made in vain,  
And sweet voices whisper, "Ye'll meet her again."

ALEXANDER MCLACHLAN.

## THE JUNIOR PICKWICKIANS.

AND THEIR MEMORABLE TRIP TO NORTH AMERICA.

CHAP. VI.

ACCORDINGLY the two started off on a most devious and serpentine quest of their missing friend (for a brisk breeze was blowing and the sea was by no means calm, as has been before intimated) whom they at length discovered seated on a coil of rope near the funnel, looking extremely miserable and woebegone.

"I trust," began Bramley, clinging to one of the funnel guys, "that you are quite recovered from the effects of the salad. Mr. Grumshaw has sent for us and I would not willingly slight the good fellow's hospitality. Do you feel well enough to descend to his apartment ?"

Mr. Yubbits, despite of the sickly hue of his visage, declaring that he felt very much better, and Mr. Coddleby suggesting that a good stiff glass of brandy and water was an excellent remedy for indisposition caused by lobster salad, the three made their way to the main saloon, their method of discussing the "companion" or "going down stairs," as Mr. Coddleby termed the performance, being as novel as it was curious. Mr. Yubbits sat down on the top step and descended by easy stages in a sedentary position till he arrived safely in the realms below : he exhibited his wisdom in adopting this method for Mr. Bramley was by no means so fortunate in his descent for, as he stood on deck with folded arms, waiting for a clear passage down the companion, and just as Mr. Yubbits had got himself out of the way, a heavy sea struck the vessel, causing her to give a tremendous lurch to leeward, the result being that Mr. Bramley was precipitated head first down the stair-way at the precise moment that two assistant stewards were coming up, carrying a large tub of "slops" between them : into this Mr. Bramley took a very fine though unstudied "header," his weight causing the two men who were carrying the tub to let go their hold, the consequence being that our friend and that article descended in a close embrace to the foot of the "companion" stairs where they arrived, the one a very "demd, moist, unpleasant body" indeed, and the other entirely empty, its contents having deluged the stern visaged Mr. Bramley very thoroughly. Mr. Coddleby seeing the disastrous results of want of caution, was about to follow the example of the sagacious Yubbits and try the sitting position ; when just as he had taken his seat and was clinging valiantly to the brass hand rails at the side of the stairway, the "companion" door blew