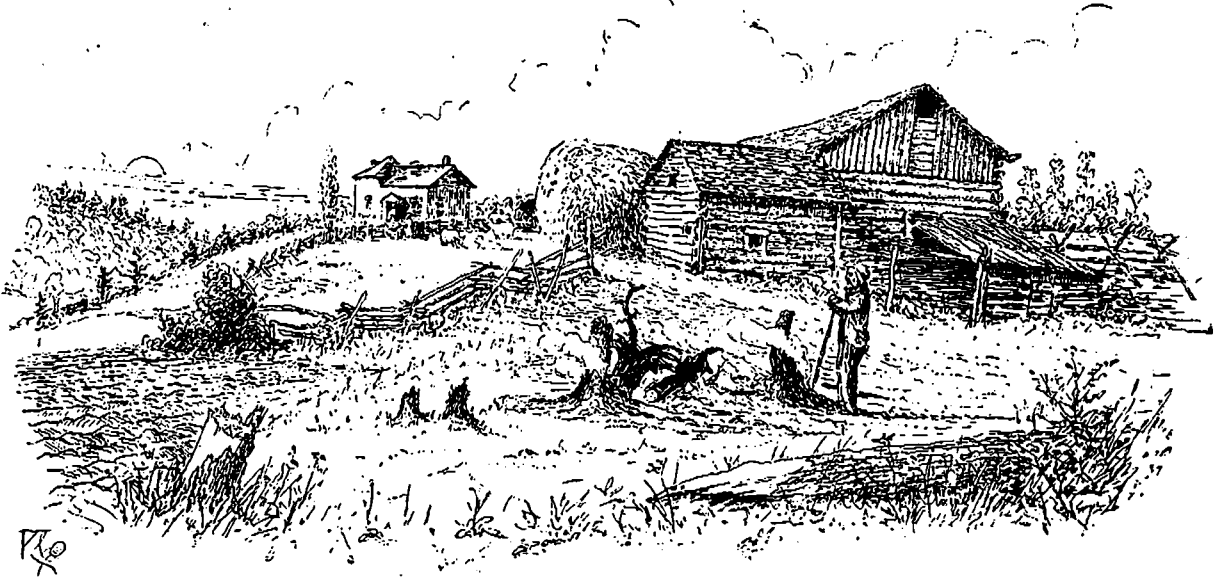


## A PILGRIMAGE.



PATHOS, being the twin sister of Humor and the child of Love, whose husband's ancient name was Truth, we will for this short journey let Humor walk apart, while her sister with moistened eye and faltering step leads us on a pilgrimage the people of Canada, especially the Scotch men of Canada should long ago have made.

Let Pathos speak :—

Now draw we nigh that mystic place where the waiting soul its quiet vigil keeping, may catch the soft whisperings of Poesy's sweet spirit.

'Tis the hour of Sunset, soon the fainting shafts of Light will mingle with the branches of the distant pines and lose themselves in their mossy boles, to be caught by fairies and used as wands and glittering spears in their tilting twilight frolics.

Ask you to what spot of earth I lead ?

Away, away back in an Ontario bush there gently falls into decay a rough board farm house which will claim a memory in the mind of this future Northern nation, and your sons shall some day seek the spot their fathers have allowed too long to rest in neglected obscurity.

At this point in Pathos' plaint, Humor cries out, Why, Sister, I guess the spot before it comes in sight. Does it not stand on the crest of a gentle brae, and does there not lie between it and the crimsoning west, a real old-fashioned cedar swamp, where, in summer night, the musical musquito's opera is operated by those airy surgeons who whistle whilst they work ?

Pathos takes little heed of this pleasantry but proceeding says :— See, 'tis even here. The very air sleeps in the sensuous warmth of Indian Summer, the bellowing of the full-uddered cattle, the twittering of the birds gathering for their southern flight, the lazy droning of a belated bee tell that the day is done.

The straw stack, the ploughed land, the burning bush, speak of earth's exhausted strength and weary muscles waiting for winter's welcome rest.

The decrepid ruins of the log barns are glorious in their rottenness, and the great mild eyes of meditative oxen gaze through the timber's gaping chinks.

An old man is standing by the clearing fire, listening to his daughter's voice, calling the evening bread to share and now after an honorable life of seventy years, the grey haired chief watches, at

the end of the day, at the end of the working year, at the end of life, waiting for another summons and a brighter sunrise.

In a few years this bare board box he fondly calls his home and the barns, pressed to the earth by their own wet weight, will sink into a heap of mould ; then shall a ranker verdure hide the spot where a great soul once lived ; then the brae side will once more bristle with its native pine, and then,—*then*, when the locality has been lost and forgotten, and its old tenant gains in death the recognition of his genius—without its reward—then will the wiser world but all too late, ask to be shown the ingle by which Alexander McLachlan wrote the truest lyrics ever penned on Canadian soil.

The voice of Pathos dies away in the twilight, and just when sorrow's lubricant is welling to our eyes, Humor, Good Humor, with her mother's smile on her cherry lips, cries :—

Nay, sweet Sister, this shall not be ; we will stir the soul of a limner true, who shall show Canada how her poet is housed. It's very truth shall touch the pride of every Scotchman, and within a year a new home shall cheer the poet's crowning years. We laugh at your prognostications that we intend to forget McLachlan ; we will leave to older lands and more heartless times the disgrace of allowing merit, modesty, genius, and nobility of soul to await the reward of posterity.

Now Prose, matter of fact, blessed, active Prose, desires to speak She makes a quaintly confident bow, and says :—

“ The picture, of which the above is a sketch, of the homestead of Poet McLachlan by A. Cox, A. R. C. A. is now on view in Montreal at the store of W. Drysdale & Co. It is for sale by tender to the highest bidder, the proceeds will be placed as the purchaser's subscription to the McLachlan testimonial fund, which is being collected to surround the poet's last days with moderate comforts. The picture is sure to increase in value and prove a lasting source of pleasure to its possessor. Offers will be accepted by Ald. J. L. Morrison, Toronto, or W. Drysdale, Esq., Montreal. These offers will be open for a few months, to enable the lovers of the old poet to have an opportunity to see the picture.”

We wake from our dreamy pilgrimage and—as usual,—of the three young ladies who did the talking, we incline to Miss Prose who spoke least but said most ; we think, however, she might have added that ordinary subscriptions to the Fund may be sent to Ald. Morrison.

ARC.

## BILLY'S BOOM.

MR. W. F. MACLEAN, of the Toronto *World*, is booming himself as an independent candidate for Cardwell. He contends that his articles on factory-made butter give him a claim on the gratitude of the farmers, and that Cardwell is a distinctive dairy constituency. Butter Billy may as well make up his mind to cheese it. Many moons will pass before he can hope to play that card well.—*Sarnta Observer*.

VERY likely. It has often occurred that way.—*London Advertiser*.

THIS fooling is all very well, but Mac. knows what he's about. Butter of the ordinary brand is strong enough to support any candidate. But can he get the nomination We're afraid when the convention ad-churns, it will do so with the butter side down. Dairy risk it ?

Is the Pope's edict the Par-knell of Home Rule ?