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## The Lay Preacher ;

OR, RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD REFORMER.

THE parish seemed all in a blaze,  
Folk held their hands up in amaze,  
" Sic doctrines, never a doot,  
Maun be frowned doon ere its owre late,  
Or they'll owerthrow baith Kirk and State,  
And maun be trampled oot."

The Sculemaster, tho' little else than a fule,  
When he heard o' sic doctrines did glowr,  
" Thae precepts," quo he, " wadna dae in the scule,  
Od ! I waldna be maister an hour."

The Baillie—wha always was stovin' wi' drink—  
His wrath on our hero did pour.  
Said he, " Civilization he'd turn to a sink,  
A thing I could never endure."

" Na, na ! " said the Provost, " wise folk maun tak care  
An' no let the rabble command ;  
Keep a healthy distinction between rich and puir,  
That's the bulwark and stay o' the land."

Sir John said our hero was " waur than an ass,  
For the creature he seems unaware  
That God in His mercy provided a class  
Baith to guide and to govern the puir."

" Sic doctrines," he said, " would soon ruin the State,  
' Working folk would a' rise in revolt !  
So for safety our hero he'd shove o'ot the gate,  
And keep under key lock and bolt."

Such gossip seemed but idle breath,  
And all unworthy of the wrath  
Of such a man I ween ;  
He'll fearless speak the truth aloud,  
And thus to the astonished crowd  
He held forth on the green.

" We're poor little creatures all building for time !  
Through pride and ambition we strive,  
But Truth is the only one temple sublime,  
That shall other temples survive ;

" The splendor of titles, of rank and of power,  
Tnat isolate men from their kind,  
The pure human spirit they rob and deflower,  
And dwarf while they fetter and bind ;

" What high haughty mortals, unsocial, austere,  
And cold to the very heart's core ;  
To whom no one living thing ever is dear,  
And self the one God they adore.

" What millions are leading a meaningless life !  
And know neither friendship nor love ;  
And never once felt in the turmoil and strife  
The warm brooding wings of the dove ;

" Whose lives are a fiction—mark bowing to mark,  
Who know not what 'tis to be free,  
Rich bond-slaves that go through their pitiful task,  
And dare not to think and to be ;

" They meet but as strangers, as strangers depart,  
All wrapped in a triple disguise ;  
Nor know they what's meant by communion of heart,  
And life is a commerce of lies.

" How God-like this same human nature can be,  
When free from the worm at the core ;  
How grand the communion of souls that are free !  
And mutually love and adore.

" We live upon sympathy, kindness and love ;  
Eich o' her we never can know,  
Till the spirit of kindness descends from above,  
And the wells of affection o'erflow.

" Yea, nursed by the dews of affection's glad fount,  
What great golden harvests have grown,  
Long, long, or ere Moses gaed up to the Mount,  
Or commandments were written in stone.

" Who has not met mortals of high moral worth,  
That stept with a carriage sublime,  
Who were raised far above the ambitions of earth,  
And the fleeting distinctions of time ;

" With spirits as pure as the sun's golden ray,  
That illumines the swamp and the fen,  
Still scattering blessings along their life's way,—  
Yes, such are the monarchs of men !

" And there is a Sister, with meek modest grace,  
And eyes that are fixed on the ground,  
Whene'er there's affliction that pitying face  
Is sure to be hovering round ;

" Whene'er I encounter those pitying eyes,  
A draught of pure glory I get !  
And I cry, ' Tho' surrounded by folly and lies,  
There's hope for Humanity yet ! "'

(To be continued.)

ALEXANDER MCLACHLAN.

## THE JUNIOR PICKWICKIANS ;

AND THEIR MEMORABLE TRIP TO NORTH AMERICA.

CHAPTER XXIX.

NEXT morning, after breakfast, our heroes strolled out on to the porch to begin the day by a little conference and a mouthful of fresh air. Yubbits had preceded the others, and was deeply immersed in one of the city papers when the trio arrived.

" I say," he called out as his friends joined him, " here we are, large as life: Listen: ' Personal: Amongst the guests at the Rossin House are Messrs. Thomas Bramley, V. Yubbits, C. H. Crinkle and Thomas Coddleby, members of the celebrated Junior Pickwick Club of London, England. These gentlemen purpose making an extended tour through this country, and will probably remain some days in the city, investigating our scientific, artistic and literary institutions.' How's that, Bramley ? "

" In the first place I think it is most ridiculous to speak of us as ' guests ': We are not guests, though I observe that most of the newspapers fall into this error: ' patrons ' would be a much more correct term, or ' visitors,' or even ' inmates.' "

" Oh, come, I say, that last sounds too much like a lunatic asylum: Call us patrons or visitors if you like, but no ' inmates ' for me, thank you," said Yubbits.

" Well, we certainly are not guests: We pay for what we have, a thing a *bona fide* guest should not do— " began Bramley, when Yubbits interrupted him,

" By Jove! he has to do it, however, in England, especially: how about the ' tips ' to servants? If that isn't paying for attendance, it's most suspiciously like it; and the bigger the swell your host is the bigger the tip the demd flunkeys expect? "

" By the way," said Bramley, " never mind about this question just now: Your mention of the word ' flunkey ' has reminded me that we must see about getting a man to attend us. Now, what's our best plan—to advertise or— "

" Ah! here you are, sir," said a cheery, hearty voice behind them, and Mr. Douglas stepped into the porch and shook hands with Yubbits, to whom he had addressed his remark: " Introduce me to your friends, sir; I shall be delighted to make their acquaintance."