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# THE TWO ELDERS.

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## THE TWO ELDERS, A LOW COMEDY, IN TWO ACTS.

BY TOOTS.

### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DR. BURNS, *Pastor of Knox's Church.*  
HARRIS, *Moderator.*  
McMURRICH, *1st. Elder.*  
SHAW, *2nd. Elder.*  
PYPER, *1st. Elder elect.*  
CAMPBELL, *2nd. Elder elect.*  
BAIN, *of the Colonist.*  
FRASER, *a weak Brother.*  
M'PHERSON.  
M'KAY.  
MASON.  
SIMPSON.  
OAL.

MUSICIANS and disorderly crowd in the distance.

### ACT I.

SCENE 1.—*Library of Knox's Church—The MODERATOR in the Chair, gazing on nearly the whole strength of the company, while the musicians strike up "Jordan is a hard road to travel."*

DR. BURNS—*advancing towards the MODERATOR with ungraceful haste.*

DR. BURNS.—This vile man Pyper will not suit my ends;  
He is of a conceited mind, my friends,  
And makes unfounded statements and does hold  
Strange views about Church property I'm told.  
He is a great admirer, too, it's clear,  
Of how St. Andrew's Church is managed here;  
And lauds another fane, in Montreal,  
As if his heart were built into its wall.

We'll leave both him and Campbell in the lurch,  
They both absent themselves from Knox's  
Church,

Observing not its holiest ordinance,  
Nor making t'wards its Pastor one advance—  
A man who, loving heaven and his creed,  
With constant prayer is almost camel kneed,  
Who in their cause got bunions on his toes,  
And spends four hundred on the poor and brose.

FRASER.—Most reverend Sir, I can attest  
your fears,

For this same Pyper stated in mine ears—  
Yea, on occasions oft, the boast has made,  
His ancestor before great Moses played;  
And that if e'en the heaven's fell at his feet,  
He should in Knox's Session take his seat.  
And then he'd suddenly, before he'd stop,  
His hands into his breeches pockets pop,  
And, eyeing me contemptuously by turns,  
Roar out that I might "go and tell old Burns."

A VOICE.—Sirs, a reporter from the *Globe* is  
here,  
And some one asked him to attend, I fear.

McMURRICH.—Not I, and bear me witness  
moon and stars,  
I know the *Globe* respects not bolts or bars,  
Or hearthstones, or the world whose name he  
shames,

But that he in foul practices disclaims  
The axiom, that has made us proud so long,  
That each man's house is his own castle strong,  
And that he'd force his way in with the rest,  
Although received like "the unbidden guest."

DR. BURNS, *aside*.—I now must make a hit  
and aid the *Globe*,  
For he can dull the point of Pyper's probe.