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## The Day Preacher ;

OR, RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD REFORMER.

PART FIRST.—THE PREACHER.

Tho' our hero was merely an old bonnet laird,  
And o' riches but sma' was his share,  
Contented was he wi' a cot-house and yaird,  
For he had both wisdom and lair ;  
And he was a character in his own way,  
And to no common idol would bow ;  
And the things that he did, and the words he would say,  
Kept the haill parish aye in a lowe :

A plain unpretending apostle was he,  
Wi' a towrie-tap't twa-story heid ;  
And under each brow a contemplative e'e,  
In the centre a bonny bit bead.  
An e'e that was never intended to leer,  
That told of a spirit high toned,  
Yet seemed half unconscious of things that were near,  
And always seemed looking beyond.

At times there was something would keek through the blue,  
Wi' a strange and a weird kind o' gleam ;  
And as you approached him, it seemed as if you  
Awakened him out o' a dream.  
'Twas hard to decipher the lines o' that brow,  
Or to read what was writ on that face ;  
Yet his air, and his negligent manner, somehow  
Had a natural kind o' a grace :

But when he was roused up how changed was his look,  
And what terrible things he would say ;  
He would " get to his English," and talk like a book  
For the length o' a lang summer's day ;  
At any unjust thing his spirit did spurn.  
A devil looked out o' his e'e,  
And the bead in the centre, the way it did burn  
Was worth gaun a lang gait to see.

Tho' neither church, chapel, nor pulpit had he,  
Yet oft on the long summer's e'en,  
He spake to the people from under a tree,  
Which grew on the old village green.  
He was one of the preachers which God had ordained,  
And nature confirmed the decree ;  
And boldly and fearlessly still he maintained  
That Truth can alone make us free.

And oh, with what rapture I heard him discourse  
On Man, and on other strange things,  
For his thoughts had a grandeur, a power, and a force  
That bore me aloft on their wings ;  
They bore me to regions undreamt of before,  
A new mental rapture was mine,  
For I felt as on pinions my spirit did soar  
From the Human up to the Divine.

His words on our mem'ry tho' still they survive,  
Yet gone seems the magic he gave ;  
Our spirits would leap could that magic revive,  
While he speaks to us now from the grave.  
And as his whole life was a battle with wrong,  
His memory green let us keep ;  
And as the bard has it, " be it sermon or song,"  
Through the pages of GRIP shall he speak.

ALEXANDER MCLACHLAN.

## THE JUNIOR PICKWICKIANS ;

AND THEIR MEMORABLE TRIP TO NORTH AMERICA.

CHAPTER XXVI.

AT six o'clock on Sunday morning our travellers arrived safe and sound within the portals of the Union Station, Toronto, and very soon afterwards were comfortably settled at the Rossin House. Having first indulged in a needed nap, they made the grand entree of the dining-room about two in the afternoon, dressed in their very

best, and looking " very fit indeed," as Bramley expressed. At the table, the programme for the day was arranged with the aid of a " Guide to Toronto." This included a stroll in the afternoon (on the presumption that cabs could not be had on Sunday in a city which prohibited street cars) and attendance at the church of the distinguished Dr. Wild in the evening.

On leaving the dining-room (which they did about an hour after entering), as they passed the clerk's counter, that worthy handed Mr. Bramley a large, official-looking letter, addressed to him, and bearing the crest and motto of the Junior Pickwick Club on its seal.

" Strange," said Mr. Bramley, as he regained his friends, " here is a letter from the Club, but how it came to be addressed to us at this hotel I'm sure I can't make out."

" If it is from Granby Simmers," said Coddleby, " there need be no mystery, for you may recollect he said he should always address his communications to us at the principal hotels of whatever places we might be in, and he has a guide to all the cities and towns on this continent."

" True, true ; I had for the moment forgotten that," Coddleby, replied Bramley ; " I think, then, we had better go into one of the parlors and see what this envelope contains."

Accordingly the quartette acted on this suggestion, and having seated themselves in an unoccupied room, Mr. Bramley broke the huge red seal and read the contents of the despatch : these were chiefly congratulations from Mr. Granby Simmers, on behalf the Club, upon our heroes' safe arrival on the American Continent, a fact that had been telegraphed, unknown to the four delegates, immediately upon the arrival of the S.S. *Chinaman* at Montreal ; and adjurations to the four gentlemen selected for the task to leave no stone unturned by which information concerning the country they were visiting might be acquired ; and concluding with fervent wishes for their welfare and a safe return.

" Highly gratifying, I think," said Coddleby as Bramley folded the communication and placed it in its envelope. " The eyes of the world are evidently upon us or how was our arrival in Canada known ?"

" True," remarked Bramley, " and now, Yubbits, let me implore you to be guarded in your conduct. We know not who is watching us. When we think we are least observed——"

" When we are flopping about with an old goat in the river, for instance," broke in Yubbits—" but go on."

" Oh ! well, if you scorn my advice, I cannot help it," returned Bramley ; " but let me ask you for all our sakes to be careful. Now, shall we stroll quietly out towards Rosedale ? I observed, Yubbits, and you, too, Coddleby, that you partook very heartily at dinner, and were both of you, I believe, helped twice to tart——"

" Pie," interrupted Yubbits.

" I said tart, and I meant tart," retorted Bramley, sternly, " and tart I will call it as long as I am able to utter a word. I was about to remark that, on account of the very hearty manner in which you dined we will walk very slowly at first so as not to disturb the process of digestion."

It may be remarked that Mr. Bramley had done by far the most considerable execution at the dinner table himself, and it is altogether probable that he was chiefly studying his own comfort by proposing the easy method of locomotion he had suggested. Accordingly the four started out for their walk, sauntering easily along King