

**ON BEING JEERED AT FOR WASTING TIME
ON THE MUSES.**

I love to gaze on the evening star,
When the sun's far down in the west,
When no rude voice is heard afar
And the world is hushed in rest;
For then my thoughts are holier far,
Than amongst mankind's discordant jar.

Yon mountain high I love to scale,
At the dawning of the day,
And hear the warbler's music shrill
And see the lambkins play.
For then my thoughts do soar afar,
Above mankind's discordant jar.

When the moon sends forth her silvery rays,
And peace and silence reign,
Yon crystal stream I love to trace,
That's winding down the glen,
Where the woodman's hut is placed afar,
From mankind's rude, discordant jar.

Ah, ye who mock and jeer at the muse,
And worship Mammon's store,
Ye little know what joy ye lose,
Supplied to the flowing o'er,
Jeer on, jeer on, ye may scorn and scoff,
There's a charm in the muse ye know not of.

— x —

**TO THE GUARDIANS OF MANITOBA
AT OTTAWA.**

Three million acres given awa'
Noo gudesake only hear!
Thae guardian chiels at Ottawa
Would gar a Quaker swear.
Sir John & Co., it isna fair
To keep the youngest bairn so bare.