

One dear one alone has loved on to the last,
Thus unaltered each season has found her;
And the whirlwind that bore all beside on its
blast,
But more close to my bosom has bound her.

I blame not the rose that with summer has
fled,

I upbraid not the changelings I cherished;
The sunflower but lives while with sunbeams
'tis fed,

They have smiled in their seasons, and per-
ished.

I ask not the wing that can migrate at will,
Nor the flower that will fade in September;
But give me the bosom that never grows chill,
And the rose that will bloom in December.

THE SINGING-BIRDS.

We come to turn your thoughts awhile
From politics and pelf;
To bring you proof that we've struck "ile"
At singing school in Guelph.

CHORUS.

Oh, love your little singing-birds,
Throw sunshine o'er the throng;
The noon may mar with wailing words
Their merry morning song.

No bevy of fair foreign birds,
No nightingales are we,
To witch your eyes with gorgeous dyes,
Your hearts with melody.

We're just such little warbling things
As May-day wakes to sing;
No winter yet has warped our wings,
We've known no time but spring.

We meekly for your favor sue,
Mind we're but young and shy;
We're going to sing "Red, White and Blue,"
And "Comin' thro' the Rye."

And "I'm o'er young to marry yet,"
And songs with stirring words,
And every "Pa" who owns a pet
Will cheer the singing-birds.

We're freedom's fledglings, forest bred;
If caged we couldn't slug,
We dare a foeman's hand to shred
A feather from our wing!

We have no fears, our volunteers,
Again should raiders roam,
Will not forget when foes are met,
Their singing birds at home.

MARY HAY.

Air—*Alice Gray.*

He wooed her when a happy girl,
In youth and beauty's pride;
She knew no guile, she feared no guile,
He won her for his bride.
A brief, bright hour, and then a change,
Came o'er him day by day,
And grief, oh, grief was breaking
The heart of Mary Hay.

A thousand tongues proclaimed his shame;
She struggled as for life
Against conviction, but it came,
She was a drunkard's wife.
The wine cup and the wassail bowl
Had stolen his heart away,
And grief, oh, grief was breaking
The heart of Mary Hay.

An exile from her island home,
Striving her tears to bide;
Over the waters she has come,
A maniac for her guide.
She weeps and prays for him by night,
She toils for him by day,
While grief, oh, grief is breaking
The heart of Mary Hay.

She sinks upon her lowly bed,
No friendly hand is nigh;
Her little orphans wait for bread,
She hears not now their cry.
Her cold, pale lips have breathed his name,
And now they close for aye—
Oh, grief, oh, grief has broken
The heart of Mary Hay.

The drunkard's wife sleeps sweetly now,
Her toils and tears are o'er;
She rests where Huron's waters flow,
Far from her native shore.
No tear o'er her lone tomb is shed,
None linger there to say,
Oh, grief, oh, grief has broken
The heart of Mary Hay.

THE SOCIAL CUP.

The social cup,
Oh, sip it up,
We drink at nature's fount;
The world is all
Our banquet hall,
Our guests ye may not count.

CHORUS—Then drink as we,
And drink as free,
No stinted cup is ours.
The clouds do bear
Our healthful fare,
And pour it forth in showers.

The creatures all,
In field and stall,
The tenants of the sea,
The feathered tribe,
In air that glide,
Are of our company.

Each flower holds up
Its tiny cup,
Our joyous plebe to join;
The trees do sip
With many a lip
Our health inspiring wine.