

"AB."

Jus' twenty-five year ago tonight,—
 How fas' ol' Time she's go!—
 I 'ear you, Ab, w'en you firs' recite
 Alonzo Wright Perreault.
 On de Heas' Hen Met'odis' Church you spick;
 For hencore she was Rosalie.
 An' I laugh, ba gosh, till I mos' was sick,
 W'en you roll your heye on me.
 Den hafter dat time, for year an' year,
 Mos' heveryone can tell
 Jus' Habitaw piece we wan' to 'ear;
 An', sapre, but you spick it well!
 An' you look de part like you play it, too,
 W'en you walk on de stage—Hooraw!
 For Charlay Martin hees feex you true
 For de real t'ing Habitaw.

You 'ave w'at you call hit—debonair?—
 De hair of de grande seigneur;
 De savoir vivre an' de savoir faire
 Was halway your style for sure.
 So I'm t'inkin' now of your gentile way,
 An' de roll w'at you give your 'ead;
 An' my heye a' my t'roat feel queer today
 W'en I t'ink you are lyin' dead.

Oui! You res' at de hend of de long portage,
 An' de pack it is lay aside;
 An' you stan' on de shore of de soul's voyage
 On de reever dat's dark an' wide.
 But on breas' of ol' Lack St. Pierre is peace,
 W'en de win' an' de storm is pas';
 For de Grandpere w'at love you, leetle Bateese,
 Is sleepin' himself at las'!

—Gordon Rogers.

THERE IS A LAND.

(A Song.)

There is a land that we must love,
 A north-land wide and fair,
 A land of pine and maple trees
 Aud beauty everywhere;
 And there free hearts have found a home
 And space to still be free,
 Fronting the morrow confident
 In her high destiny.

When the leaves are crimson,
 When the fields are white,
 When the woods are green in Spring
 Or bathed in Summer light,
 Be sure we love her dearly,
 Her woods, her streams, her flowers,
 This sunny pine and maple lan.,
 This Canada of ours.

And, Oh, her skies are bright and blue;
 Her waters bright and pure;
 There's balm within her forest shades
 All world-worn men to cure;
 The wholesome sea is at her gates,
 Her gates both East and West—
 Then is it strange that we should love
 This land, our land, the best?

When the hills stand dreaming,
 When the Winter's here,
 When the slumbering earth awakes,
 Or the Summer crowns the year,
 Be sure we love her dearly,
 Her woods, her streams, her flowers,
 This sunny pine and maple land,
 This Canada of ours.

—Exchange.