

They doomed him to death, that rebel band,
Defiance in speech and eye—
A loyal son of the dear old land,
For the brave old flag to die.

By traitors beset, not a comrade nigh,
He knelt on the snow-clad ground;
And they murdered him there for his loyalty,
As they'd slaughtered a mangy hound.

A voice has gone out from that blood-stain'd pile,
A shout like an eagle's scream,
"Shall Britons be butchered on British soil,
For their fealty to Britain's Queen?"

Let our bugles respond with a thrilling knell
That will startle the wolves in their lair;
The muster, the march—and the passing bell,
That will tell the avenger is there.

—GEORGE PIRIE.

THE TEMPERANCE CAUSE.

AIR: "*The Boatie Rows.*"

A noble band, we fill the land,
A noble cause we plead;
The fair and true the wide world through
Are wishing us good speed.

CHORUS—The plea goes on, the day's our own,
The good cause must succeed;
A noble band, with heart and hand,
Are aiding it to speed.