

By steam the sparrows brav'd the shore,
 From off the British isle,
 And make their home upon the Gore,
 To greet them with a smile.
 A ride upon our city car,
 To fond remembrance bring,
 Our boon companions from afar,
 And time is on the wing.

God speed the truth in Hamilton,
 The maids are fresh and fair ;
 In honor shall her future be,
 A gracely portion wear,
 A family circle to sustain,
 And faithfully attend
 To household duties with the bairn,
 A true and trusty friend.

Zion.

(Acrostic.)

ZION is the mount of the high on,
 It is held in store for the cry on,
O'er the zi the Lord hath His eye on,
 Now let us be fit for the pry on.