

“ Who would not fight for such a land ?
Then let him for a coward stand ”—
And often from those pages bright
He would whole passages recite :
With feelings kind we’ll aye look back—
A real Scottish heart had “ Mac.”



He dearly lov'd Eramosa's bard,
His poems held in high regard,
“ Paisley Abbey ” in ruins gray
Or “ The wee Laddie's Summer Day,”
Or if t'were love he would incite
Remind you of “ Dear Mary White ; ”
With feelings kind we’ll aye look back—
A true leal-hearted man was “ Mac.”



Tho' earthly scenes he's left behind,
Yet in the regions of the mind
We'll always find a vacant space,
No other one to fill the place,