

And lol on this auspicious holiday
 The Sons of LIGHT, in bright array,
 With many a mystic streamer flying,
 To minstrelsy with measured steps advance,
 And seem at times to weave the festive dance,
 At times to shake the spear or couch the lance,
 To feet unhallowed all access denying,
 The which they place by plummet, rule and square
 The precious monumental pile
 Of Ayr, the glory and the boast of Kyle.

Though frail the fabric which you raise
 The Poet's memory to prolong,
 Compared with that which speaks his praise,

The energy divine of song :
 Yet still our gratitude is due,
 Thrice loved, thrice honored friends, to you,
 Who bid the beauteous structure rise:
 And as our fond regrets were one
 When Coita wept her favorite son,
 So in your joys we sympathize
 When the whole world of taste and feeling turns
 Its gaze with rapture ever now on BURNS.

At a later stage, Deputy-Grand Master Boswell sung another of his own pieces, to the tune of, as we term it here, "The Star-Spangled Banner:"—

The glories of Masonry, who shall disclose?
 Its pillars on earth, but its arch the blue skies:
 The sun, moon and every bright star as it glows,
 Are emblems to us as they set and arise:
 The neutrals may stare
 At the Compass and Square,
 To Masons they rectitude plainly declare:
 And though in our Lodge like true Brothers confined,
 Our souls know no limits in love to mankind.

The pure Word of Him who gave life to us all,
 Bade one erring mortal another to aid;
 But while holy Masonry rests on our Ball,
 The three hallowed maxims here never shall fall;
 The union, how blest,
 Which through trial and test,
 Makes *Brotherly Love* in each bosom a guest;
 And the vile selfish dross, by the flame that is given,
 Purg'd clean from our hearts, brings us nearer to Heaven.

Ye Sons of St. Andrew, our tutelur Saint,
 In proud emulation your duty pursue;
 The cross ye can bear, neither weary nor faint,
 For what a man *should* do a Scotsman can do!
 Then true to each other,
 Let each royal Brother
 The first germ of wrath in benevolence smother,
 And blending philanthropy with song and wine,
Accepted and Free be your banquets divine!

Bro. Boswell was elected R. W. Master (and Provincial Grand Master *ex-officio*) in June of the same year (1820.) He served with dignity and firmness, and materially advanced the best interests of the fraternity. On the day of his election at the banquet "his social and convivial qualities greatly contributed to the entertainment, which passed off with true Masonic spirit, and characteristic harmony." He composed and sung the following song for that occasion, to the air of "Bonnie Dundee:"—

THE MOTHER KILWINNING LODGE.

Ye Sons of Kilwinning, our Mother revered,
 While memory lasts we shall honor HER still;
 And here in her Hall, to each other endeared,
 The warm GRIP we'll give, and the goblet we'll fill.
 The cobwebs of life, shaken hence by each frame,
 Remembered no more or remembered with shame;
 For here ranged all round in Masonic array
 We'll celebrate gaily *St. Thomas' Day!*

Though discord divide, in the cankering round,
 Still friendship unites where the TEMPLE has power,
 And sooner a Phoenix again shall be found
 Than one angry thought at this genial hour.
 While virtue endures and fidelity lives;
 We'll cherish the blessings that Masonry gives;
 And here in its spirit and under its sway
 We'll celebrate gaily *St. Thomas' Day!*