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Written for the CANADIAN HORTICULTURIST by GRANDMA GOWAN.

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ATHER TIME, of hoary age,
Appears again upon life's stage,
Withdraws old eighty-nine from view
As ninety makes his grand *debut* ;
And shouts his prologue to the world
Mid din of bells, and flags unfurled.

Hear our youthful king's oration,
His promises to every nation ;
He speaks of ending Ireland's ills,
Repeal eviction and coercion bills,
Give back to Ireland national life,
And equal laws to end its strife.

Why should our brethren weep and cower
'Neath the sad abuse of power ?
(God grant ere vengeful thoughts grow strong
And Ireland avenge its hated wrong ;)
Ah ! from the gulf of bloom Hope's silvery rays
Give a redeeming trace of better days.

Points to the land of the Sitting Sun,
And the mighty brotherhood in one ;
He frowns on " trusts " and combination,
Favors equal rights and emigration—
The blending of all human kind
In one grand universal mind !

Talks of a " Fraternal Union "
O'er the Almighty's vast dominion ;
In the millennium era, this may be,
When the angel stands on earth and sea,
With uplifted hand the world o'er,
And swears that *Time* shall be no more.

Mount Royal Vale.