

reproduce from the *Toronto Globe*, where they appeared in 1891.

"Canadians awake! arise! and in your glorious might

Crush out the thieving parasites, whose deeds have come to light,

Let no party Shibboleth your righteous wrath restrain,

But teach each knavish trickster, that his schemes are all in vain.

"Let each honest Grit and Tory, whose hands and heart are clean,

Join heart and hand together, now; let nothing intervene,

Until all rogues in public place, are banished out of sight;

Till wrong has ceased to flourish, and been trampled down by right.

"Let n thing baulk our onset, that stately in its course

Shall sweep each wrong before it, resistless in its force;

So, by our present action, our past we will efface,

And honest men, and pure men, be leaders of our race."

The foregoing lines may not be inapplicable to the present time.

Mr. MacDonald does not merely create an imaginary vision and terminate there; but as a poet he demonstrates the spirit of his rhyme by tangible evidence and in a truly characteristic way. Witness the epistle with which he accompanied a handsome contribution to the fund started for the purpose of procuring the 'Feather Bonnet' for the Royal Scots:

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,

Who never to himself hath said;

'I've lived long years in Montreal,

Yet am a Highland man withal;

And in their kilts and scarlet coats

I do admire the Royal Scots;

But surely as I pen this sonnet,

They're incomplete without the bonnet;

So to redeem this rank defect,

I hereby fyle with you a cheque,

By which one son of hill and heather

Can crest his bonnet with the feather."

We reproduce the above from the *Montreal Gazette*, and also the following, which appeared in the same paper a day or two afterwards:

"Mr. MacDonald, who subscribed \$15 last

week, increased his subscription to \$50, accom-

panying the extra cheque with these lines:

"Come! shell out your cash, if you cannot write sonnets,

And see our brave Scots, in their braw feather bonnets;

Yes! shell out your cash and let it go free,
To bring them the bonnets from over the sea."

Our readers will be able to read our man in the foregoing selections.

The following is also characteristic, and it illustrates Mr. MacDonald's regard for the "Queen's Uniform," and his practical method of defending its honor.

Coming by steamer from Quebec, he had as fellow passengers, two men, one a British soldier, the other an Irishman, a notoriously powerful ruffian, known as "Jim Ward," for many years the terror of Quebec. "Jim" weighed fully 240 lbs. The soldier, in stature, not much in excess of the "Regulation" height, and more than likely of proportionate strength, secured some of "Jim's" characteristic attention, who loudly boasted that "he would thrash any Englishman, who ever wore the Queen's uniform. At this juncture, it occurred to Mr. MacDonald, who was near by, that the game had gone far enough, and as he had himself donned the "red coat" in the volunteer service he felt that he should resent the insult, and promptly stepped over to "Jim," and enquired "whether he thought he would thrash a Scotsman who had worn the Queen's uniform?" "Jim" of course, thought he could, and at once squared off; but in a flash, he lay an unconscious heap, where he, but a moment before, boastingly stood. "Jim" went through an "operation," which forcibly reminded him of the Queen's uniform for many a day; while the soldier, expressed deep gratification for the protection he so unexpectedly received.

Mr. MacDonald owes his success in life, in no small measure, to his wonderful conception of human nature. His faculty of "x-raying," surpasses the recent discovery. He not only sees through a man from head to foot, but reads his mind with unerring accuracy. He is not only an auditor of accounts, but of men.

His kindness and great sympathy is equally ardent. In the St. Andrew's Society there is no more active member. The pale of this good organization, however, does not by any means limit the help of his hand, as many a fellow Highlander who owes his success in life to his generous interest can testify.

A sense of modesty overcomes the writer when speaking of the "fair sex," and that sense alone prevents him allud-