



Chas. Sangster.

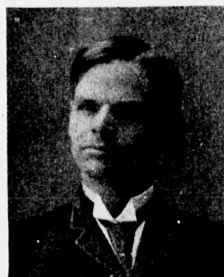
For *Mair's* broad brow a wreath of bay,  
And roseleaves scattered on his way,  
We grant with some slight hesitation ;  
For does he not say what he thinks,  
Instead of using shrugs and winks,  
When Yankees rouse his indignation ?

*McLachlin, Sangster*, wear your crowns  
Unmoved by curling lips and frowns  
Of those who deem you out of fashion ;  
Brave pioneers ! you led the way  
Where youngsters blow their horns to-day  
With less of sterling sense than passion.



Rev. F. G. Scott.

In *Scott* the strength of *Thor* is seen ;  
A norland tempest, swift and keen,  
We witness in his daring pinion ;  
Anon, the softest zephyrs sigh  
Caresses blooms that fade and die  
Within his fairyland dominion.



W. W. Campbell.

This much is due, but for the rest  
Some sad reversal ;—through his *Quest*  
A wave of intellectual treason  
Rolls dark and dismal, sweeping o'er  
Pure gems that pave an ocean floor,  
A ghostly ice flood, out of season.

Next *Campbell*, golden-shod, appears,  
Bearing his sheaf of ripened ears ;  
Dear, dearest to thy heart, fond *Mother* ;  
For he has touched the deepest deep  
Where thy bruised love is sure to weep,  
And hallowed it as has no other.



Arthur Weir.

A sprig of laurel pass to *Weir*,  
His country's special sonetteer,  
For if in spots a little rusty  
He shows us, the persistent elf  
He yet may rival Petrarch's self  
In lines that never shall grow musty.