

Yet think not that the sailor boy  
Will e'er forget his home ;  
My heart, untravel'd still will be,  
How'er so far I roam ;  
My island home will still be mine,  
Restored in all my dreams—  
Home of my infant years, and of  
My boyhoods joyous scenes.

I'll hear the whisper'd prayer at night,  
Breathed by my mother's knee :  
"Remember him, the absent one,  
Our brother on the sea."  
Or smile to see my sister's cheeks  
Turn pale amid their joy,  
In dread the breeze they hear rush by  
Should wreck their sailor boy.

My grand-dame grieves to think the child  
She views with partial pride  
Should be east forth, an ocean weed,  
The plaything of the tide  
She dreads the dangers of the deep,  
The perils that scamen prove ;  
But well I know her fears to be  
The blossoms of her love.

Let but the hour of danger come,  
She'd blush, I'm sure, to hear  
Her sailor boy was last aloft,  
Or was the first to fear.  
Ah, no, she'd rather hear them tell  
How, batt'ling with the blast,  
His foot was foremost on the shroud,  
His heart to quail the last.

But I'll come back to tell her tales  
Of far-off sunny lands,  
Where pearls are found in ocean's caves,  
And gold among the sands ;  
And she will smile to see the youth  
Was nurtured by her side,  
Bring back to her his first won gifts  
In all a sailor's pride.

Yet should I ne'er return to jest  
At all her fears gone by ;  
Should it be mine to make my bed  
Where tangled sea-weeds lie ;  
A time may come perchance to weep,  
Should death my hopes destroy ;  
But she shall never blush to own  
She loved her sailor boy.

### BONNY MARY GRÆME.

"Now sit ye here, my sister dear,  
And lay your cheek on mine,  
And whisper in your Effie's ear  
This waeft' grief o' thine.  
A blight's come o'er our forest flower,  
It droops baith leaf and stem ;  
There's something puing at your heart,  
My bonny Mary Græme."

"I feel nae pain, but only when  
My Effie jeers me sae—  
But tell me what gars a' the glen  
Sae lightly Jamie Hay ?  
There's mother glooms, and father fumes,  
If they but hear his name—

But then,—he smiles so when he says  
"My Bonnie Mary Græme !"

"I asked yestreen auld aunty Jean,  
'Do men mend when they wed ?'  
'I wat fu' weel that graceless chiel  
Will never mend,' she said.  
Ah, well-a-day ! I tell him aye  
We ne'er maun meet again ;  
But then he only laughs and says,  
'My bonny Mary Græme !'"

### THE SONG OF THE SEWING MACHINE.

Tom Hood made the world to sigh,  
When the "Song of the Shirt" was his theme,  
I doubt if there's many will cry,  
O'er the song of the Sewing Machine.  
Alas ! for the poor white slave,  
In poverty, hunger and dirt,  
Who sung as she made, with a double thread,  
A shroud, as well as a shirt !

Stitch ! Stitch ! Stitch !  
When the sun was unclouded and bright,  
And stitch-stitch-stitch,  
When the lamps on the street were alight,  
Seam and gusset and band,  
Band and gusset and seam,  
The graveyard was fed by the needle and thread,  
Ere the birth of the Sewing Machine.

Whir ! Whir ! Whir !  
A change in the music—hurrah !  
Whir ! Whir ! Whir !  
The Sewing Machine's under way,  
Beam and shuttle and wheel,  
Wheel and shuttle and beam, [fly,  
And the need'les, my eye, how the fairy things  
And the loen runs off in a stream.

Work ! work ! work !  
As spry as a 2.20 team,  
And work-work-work,  
As if the thing went by steam ;  
And you look for the boiler below,  
But that only shows you are green,  
For the hand of a girl, or the toe,  
Is the power of the Sewing Machine,

Work ! work ! work !  
It works without waiting to talk,  
It never gets sleepy nor sick,  
And it never goes out for a walk.  
It's teetotal record is clear ;  
It never fails fast days to keep ;  
Norgrumbles, how't cheer, that bread is so dear,  
While Sewing Machines are so cheap.

O ! maids who have ch'nces to seam,  
O ! men who makes trows a la Turk,  
Come see how this little machine,  
Will save you a world of work.  
Have done with your sewing by hand,  
It makes you both languid and lean,  
If you wish to get wealth and to husband  
your health,  
You must purchase a sewing machine !  
You would know where these marvels are  
made,  
In the good Town of Guelph I reply ;