

## THE PRESES' CHAIR.

[BY A MEMBER OF THE SOCIETY]

"Hail to the Chief" — 'tis thus I greet  
The Preses who shall fill my seat,  
And may he ever justice mete  
    Each brother Scot ;  
The record of his life complete  
    Without a blot.

To mind ye of auld Scotia's hills,  
To stir the blood that never chills,  
The heart of oak within me thrills  
    With strong delight,  
And quickens all the flowing rills  
    Of memory bright.

And ever in my honored place,  
Mine be the welcome task, to trace  
The glories of our ancient race  
    To clansmen here ;  
The deeds of valor, honour, grace,  
    But naught of fear.

To all of Scottish blood I bring  
The message—"Fear God, honour King,"  
That every loyal heart may ring  
    As true as steel ;  
To friendship, home and Empire cli. &  
    With Scottish zeal.