

1891.

(FOR THE CANADIAN HORTICULTURIST).

'Tis midnight! hear the solemn chime,  
Which tells the ceaseless flight of Time.  
Whose restless wings hath swept away  
Old Ninety to Eternity!  
The hoary centuries now claim  
Another link in Time's great chain,  
And e're Aurora lights the morn,  
The infant Ninety-one is born.  
God bless the Royal, rosy boy!  
Child, we hope, of peace and joy!  
Hear chanticleer proclaim the birth  
Of the great monarch of the earth,  
And flaps his wings, to chase away  
All gloom from our good friendship's day.  
Heed not the Cynic's hopeless moan,  
That "naught but bitter herbs are grown,"  
Altho' by sorrow, low we're laid,  
There's hidden blessings in the shade!  
And kindly doth "Our Father" stay  
His rough wind, in the east wind's day;  
So, while we hold to life's sweet dower,  
Oh, let us make each thorn a flower!  
For Time moves on with rapid force.  
Nor joy, nor sorrow stays his course,  
Hastening us onward to the "Bourne"  
From whence no traveller can return.

*Mount Royal Vale, Que.*

—GRANDMA GOWAN.