

Had aimed the missive all too sure
Which dulled the warm young life.

When skill had failed, love took its place ;
The little gift was given ;
One moment's brightness lit the face,
And life from death seemed riven.

Oh ! deep within each mother's soul
This deed of love shall tell ;
While He who made the wounded whole,
Such acts He noteth well.

Yea, Who the reins of right doth hold
'Yond tortuous frauds of time,
Sees brazen vice, ungilt by gold,
And poverty no crime.

He shall adjudge in righteousness,
And sickness, woe and dearth,
With mammon fall ; and Heaven's own bliss
Outweigh the wrongs of earth.

ST. ANDREW'S DAY.

WRITTEN FOR THE CALEDONIAN CLUB.

ANOTHER year hath passed away !
Once more, a joyous band,
We hail with mirth thy Natal Day,
Saint of the Heather Land.