



Crusoe : " Mr. Gorilla is an old friend of mine."  
 Friday : " Deed sah, dat's de fourth old friend you've run accross to-day."

### Resquiescat in Pace.

And Iurie's gone.

A humble printer,  
 Who sang of summer,  
 Flowers and winter.  
 His meed of praise—  
 Just call him "Scot."  
 His hope, to raise  
 Man's fallen lot.  
 Modest his mien,  
 No fawner he ;  
 Not to be seen,  
 Nor yet to see ;  
 Only to live  
 An honest life,  
 His best to give  
 For bairns an' wife.  
 At duty's nod  
 His head he bent.  
 He worshiped God—  
 The one he "ken't."  
 Softly ye gentles,  
 Draw down the sheet,  
 Flowers on his temples,  
 Wings on his feet.

### Flaggie Wi' the Lichtsome E'e.

A SCOTCH BALLAD.

Maggie wi' the lichtsome e'e,  
 Oh, she gaed blithely doon the brae,  
 She didna gie her loof tae me,  
 An' oh ! my heart is sair an' wae.

Vest're'en I gaed a waefu' gate  
 An' tak three gills o'usquebaugh,  
 Ma conscience ! but I wasna blate,  
 I gart auld Donald pay for a'.

Auld Donald is o' Hie'and bluid,  
 An' aiblins he has twa three kye,  
 Hech mon ! The world is name too guid,  
 Wha kens hoo he has come thereby ?

Maggie wi' the lichtsme e'e,  
 To kirk wi' me she winna gang,  
 An' aye the word she spak tae me  
 Was " Hech, the noo I'm unco thrang."

I haena gotten gowd nor gear,  
 The mavis lilt aboon the heath,  
 It disna tak sae muckle lear  
 To ken he couldna lilt beneath,

The mavis lilt as I hae said  
 Aboon the heath baith loud an' lang,  
 For ilka bardie I hae read  
 Aye pits a mavis in his sang.

Maggie wears a kirtle braw  
 Wi siller buckles in her shoon,  
 She tint her gate among the snaw  
 Wi'in a mile o' Embro toon.

I speired he ance—I speired her twice,  
 As in the gloaming she cam ben,  
 Her mither said, " Take my advice,  
 An' dinna fash wi feckless men."

Auld Donald is a drouthy chiel,  
 His usquebaugh is guid tae pree,  
 Sae gin he were the muckle de'il,  
 I'd taste wi' him the bairley bree.

Maggie wi the lichtsome e'e,  
 Waes me her tocher is but sma'  
 But, oh, my luve can never dec,  
 For I hae nae bawbees ava !

—PHILLIPS THOMPSON.