

Shake hands with your uncle Paddy
And kiss the Colleens all.
You're as welcome home as the
Flowers of May.
To your dear old Donegal.

"A HEART."

*Lines suggested from meeting a Norwegian at
Cooking Lake, Alberta.*

What would you think of a man or a mart
That was all head and no heart,
In whose stoic face and mighty brain
Came only logic — an endless chain?

Go to the butcher and buy a heart
And imagined your thrilled by Cupids dart.
Or get off the earth where long you have fed.
For a sour logician is better dead.

It's the same with your watch and clock, when the
are true.

They count the days and hours for you.
Do you bear the light of your Lord in your face,
Or to the flesh and the Devil are you in the right
place.

Oft where troubles are most they seem least,
For a merry heart is a continual fest.
For whatever you think in your inmost heart
Will be seen in your face and every part.