

Dufferin Alma Mater

She stands in her quiet grandeur,
A mother, kind and good,
And lovingly gathers her children
As a mother bird her brood.
Each morning they flock to greet her
And she takes them into her fold,
And daily tries to enrich them
With beautiful grains of gold.

Not with the dust of Ophir,
Not with the Klondike's store,
But with precious nuggets of wisdom
That multiply more and more,
She endeavours to train them for living
That life may bring good to the earth,
And rejoices to find they are giving
Their best for the land of their birth.

And what of her grown-up children?
They love old Dufferin still;
They cherish fond recollections,
And vow that they always will.
Scattered from ocean to ocean
And in foreign lands, some stray:
But her twenty thousand children
Bless their Alma Mater to-day.

—J. T. T.