

6.—The Quarter-Centennial Song.

'Tis five and twenty years ago,
Though I've forgot the day,
When three youths launched a rickety scow
On fair Muskoka Bay.
One was a bluffer, and the other a duffer,
And the third, who sings this lay,
To-night, is just the kind of man
That anyone cares to say.

CHORUS:—Ring out, ring out the song,
With voices sweet and strong,
To the blessed isles, where nature smiles,
And pleasant waters flow ;
To the ever-changing sky,
And the forests waving high !
For we love them still, as we loved them five-
And-twenty years ago.

And ever since then all kinds of men,
And women, and girls, and boys,
And lots of those strange nondescripts
Best known as hobbledelohs,
Have left their home, in the wilds to roam,
Through all these changing years ;
To go in the track of that kitless pack,
The hardy pioneers.