

BUFFALO—

The St. Andrew's Scottish Society of Buffalo, return thanks for kind greeting sent on St. Andrew's Day, and wish your Society all joy and peace in the years to come.—ROBERT HAIG.

GUELPH.

We greet Scotland's sons on oor Natal day,
Faithers and mithers wi' haufits sae grey,
Braw lads an' lassies, wi' naething o' guile,
Meet ane anither tae crack a wee while.

Tae pree Sonsie Haggis, tripe and sheepsheed,
Ait cake and scones, and crumlie short breed;
Sing the auld sangs, o' the days that are gane,
Mither lilted sae sweet, in the auld hoose at hame.

Then here's tae the Tartan and "Bonnets o' Blue,"
Purple heather and Thistle wi' bauld burry broo,
Tho' far frae our hame the sea canna sever
Oor hearts that are leal, frae thee "Scotland forever."
—H. WEATHERSTON.

HAMILTON—

There is a spot, beloved, aright,
Where infant life first saw the light,
And patriotic seeds were sown
On land we fondly call our own.

Hail! land of the purple heath,
Lovely land of the brave,
Where the soul of our sires
Spurned the chains of a slave,
Where the rock's rugged cope-stones,
And the straths they infold,
Bear true witness e'en yet,
Of our freedom of old.
May the sons of our home land,
Where their lot may be cast,
Hail with joy every deed
That enriches the past.

An' may they aye, as honest men,
Be blest wi' cosy but an' ben,
In whulk to gash, an' gar the ingle,
Licht up the scene, till Geordie's jingle,