

And many a pedagogue, irate, forced by more stringent laws,

To quit the birch, shall leap to join the Antis and their cause.

All, all, who by neglect or act, have ever suffered wrong
From Liberal or Conservative, shall join the insurgent throng.

Then shall we now my comrades, at last forego the prize,
That after years of toil and care, gleams bright before our eyes?

For all our past exertions, have we but pain alone,
Or for impaired digestion, shall obloquy atone?

Are Annand, Jerry, Bobby, the only men of all

Who'd joy to see their country rise, or sorrow for her fall?
Shall we unfix our purpose, undo the work begun,

Because, forsooth! it seemeth good to "Citizen" or "Sun"

No! by the God that made us! by Heaven above us all!

We've pledged our faith to this good cause, by it we'll
rise or fall.

We'll e'en meet them in conflict, if they perforce must
fight;

And when the battle rages hot, may God defend the
right!"

Loud are the acclamations that hail his accents high,

And noble ardour for the strife beams from each flash-
ing eye;

When sage McCully rising, assumes the speaker's place;

His rugged form, his vigour speaks; with thought is
stamped his face.

"Well has the case been opened," he cries, "and well
are we