

## Address to my Old Grey Goose.

### III.

NOT always in the deeps profound  
Do nature's marvels most abound ;  
Yea, simple things full oft confound  
The more abstruse ;  
" Divinities may hang around "  
A pair grey goose !

How little e'en the wisest men  
O' their dumb fellow-creatures ken ;  
'Twould do them good an hour to spen'  
Wi' the unseen  
Strange thinking being that's far ben  
Thy wondering e'en.

To sympathize wi' the dumb creature,  
And study weel its ev'ry feature,  
Oh, hoo it broadens out our nature !  
Softens the heart,  
E'en to our spiritual stature  
Does grace impart.

And frae the wondrous realms o' thought,  
What revelations may be brought  
By despised instruments, I wot,  
To our blind race !  
E'en truths transcendent may be caught  
Frae thy meek face.

How often in earth's lowly places,  
Tho' unadorned wi' outward graces,  
We've met wi' loving lowly faces  
We could adore,  
That spake to us o' heavenly places  
Unkent before ?

Wi' bonnet aff I ca' to min'  
The sacred mem'ries that intwine  
Roun' humble hearths, altars divine,  
That ne'er depart,  
Hived, sacred mem'ries o' langsyne,  
Here in my heart.

Love whiles may take a strange direction,  
And show itsel' in queer connection ;  
But, whether in joy or dejection,  
This truth doth shine—  
That humble and sincere affection  
Is aye divine.

ALEXANDER M'LACHLAN.

### THE N. P. SUSPENDED.

" SIR JOHN, I just want to ask you one question," said a Canadian type-founder, to our distinguished Premier.

" Fire ahead ! " said Sir John, in his classic manner.

" Well, I want to know what you mean by importing type from Scotland for your new Toronto organ. I thought that you introduced the N. P. for the special good of Canada ? "

" Well—er—yes ; quite so," replied the great statesman—" but you know we're truly loyal. This was for the good of the *Empire*."

### CLEVELAND'S SIMPLICITY.

SPEAKING of the present sent by President Cleveland to the Pope, a handsomely bound copy of the American Constitution, the dispatch says, " the greatest praise is given for the simplicity of the gift. " Well, yes ; it looks quite simple. But isn't it just possible that the sly Cleveland intended His Ho iness to search through the interesting little volume and find out how dumb it is on the great fundamental doctrine that the church is above the state in earthly authority.

### " A GRAN' BUIK. "

THE memorial of David Kennedy, the late Scottish singer, with its fund of anecdotes and reminiscences has been received with considerable enthusiasm by the Scotch-speaking community. There is an unco muckle-ness—a sort of tak-a-richt-guid-willie wacht tone—a brawly-mon-brawly-an-thank-ye-for-spee'rin' ring about it, eminently calculated to appeal to the Caledonian heart. The general style of the narrative runs somewhat as follows :—

At the close of a highly successful performance in Poughkeepsie, an aged man rushed up to Mr. Kennedy, remarking—" Aweel, aweel forbye aiblins no that unco fash, but 'twas bonnie skirlin', wadna muckle glaikit sin' yestreen. " " Aye, mon, " was the reply, " a' thegither awa' siccan a fauraut gowk maun thole the lave o't. " Several of the bystanders were affected to tears.

Shortly after the party arrived in Montreal, Mr. Kennedy enquired of a man whom he met on the street, the gait till the post office and received this answer—" Here awa', there awa' wandering Willie, gin ye dinna tak' tent ye winna craw sae croase. " The humor was irresistible, and the party enjoyed a hearty laugh.

During a concert at Slinker's Corners, Ont., one elderly lady was so carried away by enthusiasm over the rendition of " Bonnie Charlie's Noo Awa', " that she exclaimed audibly—" Hech sirs, gin it were the muckle Auld Cloutie himsel' wi' the haill clamjamfry iika dour. " The effect was electrical, the audience encored the piece thrice. What a tribute to the power of Scottish song to touch the deepest emotion of our nature !

These anecdotes may not be found in the book, but they are good enough for the non-Caledonian reader of these pages. An English edition of the work will no doubt be issued shortly.

ABOUT the best way we know of discounting the winter, is to get a copy of Vick's Floral Guide. It is a perfect dream of summer beauty, and its talk is all of bulbs and plants and flowers. Let every reader who hasn't a ticket for the Rink, try this simple cure for winter ennui.



### THE GREEN SERVANT.

*The Missus*—Mary, Mary ! stop that ! What do you mean by destroying our resthetic decorations !