

Patriotic Odes.

As do the wandering orbs o' night
 Withdraw their cold inconstant light
 When Phoebus rises in his might—
 Unmatched, alone ;
 So a' oor country's seers tak' flight
 Before Sir John,

His unmatched zeal can ne'er be told,
 His country's greatness to uphold,
 A glorious polocy to mould
 A' ranks might own,
 Has been the darling wish, and bold,
 Of shrewd Sir John.

Aye practical in word and deed,
Acta non verba is his creed,
 His country's saviour in her need
 In years bygone ;
 Wha kens him best maun say " God speed,"
 Tae, guid Sir John.

Lang be he spared, oor chieftain grand,
 Tae guide the interests o' oor land,
 And when at length wi' age unmanned
 And feeble grown,
 Lord tak' him tae Thy ain right hand —
 Bless'd auld Sir John !

Our Dear Adopted Land.

TUNE—"Auld Langsyne."

Ho ! ye who hail from o'er the sea !
 Come join in heart and hand,
 And sing this strain, with might and main,
 Our dear adopted land.
 Our dear adopted land, my friends,
 Our dear adopted land ;
 Hip, hip, hurrah ! for Canada !
 Our dear adopted land.

Thongh dear the land we've left behind,
 Each vale and meadow bland,
 Yet still we'll sing, to thee we'll cling
 Our dear adopted land.
 Our dear adopted land, my friends,
 Our dear adopted land ;
 Hip, hip, hurrah ! for Canada !
 Our dear adopted land.