

When giggling maids would hang their heads in bashful modesty,  
 And sprightly lads would eye their dads, and nudge them cosily..

The good old times when our old dads were fat and hearty, too,  
 With hair com'ed back most gracefully, and done up in a queue ;

I do respect those golden days, when fashion was inclin'd  
 To make her votaries wear their coats with pocket holes behind.

Alas, they've passed with time away—those halcyon days  
 are o'er,

And now men doat on green frock coats, with pocket holes  
 before.

The women, too, have taken the cue, and wear their chains  
 of gold—

Oh for the lads like our old dads, who lived in times of old !

### **The Harvest Hymn.**

God of the year !—with songs of praise,  
 And hearts of love, we come to bless  
 Thy bounteous hand, for thou hast shed  
 'Thy manna o'er our wilderness ;—  
 In early spring-time thou didst fling  
 O'er earth its robe of blossoming—  
 And its sweet treasures day by day,  
 Rose quickening in the blessed ray.  
 And now they whited hill and vale,  
 And hang from every vine and tree,  
 Whose pensile branches bending low  
 Seems bowed in thankfulness to thee,—  
 The earth with all its purple isles,  
 Is answering to thy genial smiles,  
 And gales of perfume breathe along  
 And lift to their voiceless songs.  
 God of the seasons ! Thou hast blest  
 The land with sun-light and with showers,  
 And plenty o'er its bosom smiles  
 To crown the sweet autumnal hours.  
 Praise, praise to thee ! Our hearts expand  
 To view those blessings of thy hand,  
 And on the increasing breadth of love,  
 Go off to their bright home above.