

We have workers who give both their time and their talent,
And we want to do good and to please,
But of cash we're deficient, and you have sufficient
To put us at once at our ease.
I think a collection would make us all happy,
I know it will us, if not you ;
So I think I will ask it, and send round the basket,
And see what you are willing to do.
Put in silver, if only a dime or a quarter,
They're so pretty and easy to count ;
Don't drop in a penny, it takes, oh, so many
To make up a decent amount.

SONG OF THE MOUNTAIN RILL.

ROSS JOHNSTON.

Come drink, come drink at my flowing brink,
Come kiss me fondly now ;
I'm the Mountain's child, my gambols wild
Enliven his gloomy brow ;
For he loves the play of my sparkling spray
Flying free on the ambient air ;
And admires the grace of my pure sweet face,
With his own bright image there.

Come drink, come drink at my bubbling brink,
Come quaff the beverage bright ;
For pure as snow are the streams that flow
From the grand old mountain's height ;
And I leave no stain, nor conscious pain
In the heart that's pure and true,
or I'm sweet as the bliss of a honied kiss,
And bright as the morning dew.

Come drink, come drink at my sparkling brink,
Nor fear to quaff your fill,