

O mother! though you be a shade,
 Speak now, if you be living!
 Or else I go to test his word!
 If it be living water,
 Then He shall be my King, my Lord!
 A husband for your daughter!

STATUTE LABOR IN THE OLD TIMES.

THE PATHMASTER'S ADDRESS TO HIS MEN
 BEFORE THE ATTACK ON GRAVEL HILL.

Pull ye of the coat, boys! roll ye up the
 sleeve!
 Bentinck is a hard road to travel, I believe.
 But rally to the work, boys! never be afraid!
 Harry wi' the scraper; Johnny wi' the spade;
 Sandy wi' the plough team; Tommy wi' the
 axe;
 Got to do the road work as well as pay the
 tax.
 It's neither fun nor play; but it's nobler than
 they.
 He that hates the work, sir, loves the evil
 way.
 Sing fal de ral al, fiddle all de day!