

Yet rouse! unflinching still of soul, and keep
True ever to life's higher tone,
Nor bowed o'erlong in sorrow lone.
With scars of honor pain oft marks its grave,
Divinely loyal thou—being simply brave!

OUT OF TUNE.
(At a Scottish concert.)

B ALMORAL carollers are grand;
Old Scotia's melodies are sweet;
And loyal hearts, Canadian-clanned,
In music's power envigored meet.

The glorious swell of "Scots Wha Hae"—
That martial call is ringing yet!
The ballad plaints—the lilting sway—
The pathos all—who can forget?

Then, echoing trills of merry glee!
I felt so gladdened through and through,
My three-score years were light on me.
What song is this?—"We're Nae Sae Fu'."

Ah, somehow here I lost the chord;
The listeners—qui-vive—necks a crane—
Clapped, laughed, delightedly encored
The trio shamming wits awane.

A cue to mirth? I, dazed one,
Could only see a ghastly throng,
Babes pitiable, women wan,
Men victimed unto demon-wrong.

I heard a world-resounding wail—
But stay—I stifle down the sigh
In eager, query-mood—but fail
The fun to find. I'm sore awry.