

God keep them baith in health an' strength,  
 An' "draw" their lives a "fu' tee length,"  
     That when the ca'  
 To "go up higher" shall be given,  
 A goodly stack o' sheaves in heaven,  
     May greet the twa!

*Rev. W. F. Clarke.*

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### A CURLING SONG.

*(By the late Rev. Dr. Henry Duncan.)*

The music o' the year is hushed,  
 In bonny glen and shaw, man;  
 And winter spreads o'er nature dead,  
 A winding sheet o' snaw, man.  
 O'er burn and lock the warlike frost,  
 A crystal brig has laid, man;  
 The wild geese screaming wi' surprise,  
 The ice-bound waves hae fled, man.

Up curler frae your bed so warm,  
 And leave your coupling wife, man;  
 Gae get your besom, tramps, and stane,  
 And join the friendly strife, man,  
 For on the winter's face are met,  
 Wi' mony a merry joke, man,  
 The tenant and his jolly laird,  
 The pastor and his flock, man.

The rink is swept, the tees are marked,  
 The bonspiel is begun, man;  
 The ice is true, the stanes are keen,  
 Huzza for glorious fun, man!  
 The skips are standing at the tee,  
 To guide the eager game, man;  
 Hush! not a word, but mark the broom,  
 And tak' a steady aim, man.

Here draw a shot—there lay a guard,  
 And there beside him lie, man;