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Harris

THE MARQUIS OF LORNE'S BOOK,
"MEMORIES OF CANADA."

"O, Caledonia, stern and wild
Meet nurse for a poetic child."



LOST IS LORNE! But from Albion's shores;
The rich vein of his mental stores;
Wafted across the envious seas,
Wing flow'rets of his "memories."
Five placent years of cultured gain;
Five thrifty years, by land, by main;
A lusty nation's bold outlook,
All culminate within the book.

Mark well the poem, fluent prose,
The rhyme, the reason, they disclose;
The sense, the wit. Be't not forgot
They're written by a brother Scot.
"O Land o' Cakes! Land o' the Leal!"
Thou sturdy prop of England's weal,
Thy sons lie low on every brae,
Renowned by deeds that nations sway.

Thy feats of arms, thy songs, thy story,
Stand as synonyms of glory;
While Science, Logic, Art, we ken,
Uprise from heather, hill and glen.

When James the First, of Scotland Sax,
Bid internecine strife relax
Twixt Highland Clan and Sassenach,
And cease death's wailing coronach: