

Our boast shall be "The Maple Leaf,"
 Our toil's reward—the golden sheaf !
 Enough for us, and for relief
 Of other poorer nations !

We envy not our neighbour's land,
 We'll guard our own with sword in hand,
 And by our attitude command
 Respect from other nations.

A BUNCH OF HEATHER.

ADDRESS ON RECEIVING A BUNCH OF HIGHLAND HEATHER IN
 AMERICA.

DEAR token frae my native lan',
 Thou bonnie bunch o' heather !
 I'll shelter ye wi' tender han'
 Frae oor extremes o' weather ;
 I'll plant ye in a pat o' mool
 Brought a' the way frae Oban,
 An' slochan ye wi' water cool
 An' clear as frae Loch Loman' !

An' when the Scotchman's day comes roon—
 Saint Andra's day sae cheerie—
 I'll tak' ye wi' me to the toon,
 To busk my auld Glengerrie ;
 An' you'll see faces there you ken,
 Wha speiled wi' me the heather,—
 Braw Hielan' lasses an' their men
 Shall dance a reel thegither !

Then will I gie ye bit-by-bit,
 Each ane a sprig o' heather,—
 To keep ye a' I'll no be fit
 Aince we meet a' thegither !
 At sight o' you we'll a' feel good,
 We loe sae ane anither,
 For, ye maun ken, we're unco prood
 O' Scotlan' an' her heather !

How aft your purple face has seen
 Auld Scotia's heroes gather ?
 How aft the martyr's bluid hath been
 Spill'd ruthless on the heather ?
 For Freedom, Liberty, an' Right,
 Read Scotland's deathless story,
 Our fathers left us by their might
 A heritage of glory !