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## When We Were Boys Together.

ITS weary in life's gloaming grey,  
When mists obscure the track;  
And to the dawning of the day,  
We're tempted to look back;  
For a' the loves and joys, I wiss!  
Time may have brought us hither,  
Were naething tae love's dream o' bliss  
When we were boys thegither.

Who would have thought, ance in a day,  
When joyful as the fawn,  
And heaven and earth thegither lay  
In love's delightful dawn,  
Such changes would come o'er us baith,  
We'd scarce ken ane anither;  
And even blessed hope and faith  
Within our hearts would wither.

But tho' we may be growing old,  
And often sigh alack,  
E'en tho' we may be growing cold,  
We're oft in spirit back.  
Where first an eye wi' modest grace,  
From dross our spirits freeing,  
Transformed creation's very face,  
And glorified our being:

For then as from a fountain fair,  
A nameless joy was streaming,  
And men and women, earth and air,  
Yea, a' the world was dreaming;  
And far above the ills o' time,  
Its trouble, toil and care,  
What aspirations towered sublime,  
What "castles in the air!"

Wi' love to ev'ry living thing,  
Our hearts were running o'er;  
And how the little birds did sing  
Far ben our spirits' core.  
And in that dear supernal dawn,  
Sweet poesy first found us;  
For love wi' silken cords had drawn  
The Muses all around us.

And lovely Hope no longer dumb,  
Sang of the yet to be;  
And lyrics came in tongues of flame,  
At sunrise from the sea.  
O mystic power that aye directs  
Our course on time's great river;  
With more to glorify and vex,  
Than all else put thegither.

Earth was an Eden pure and bright,  
That nothing could defile,  
No sorrow e'er could come to blight,  
No serpent to beguile;  
It still had the supernal dew,  
With joy the air was laden,  
As with our Eve we wandered through  
The blessed bowers of Eden.

And all its gates were guarded then,  
By Mystery and Awe;  
And love's a den of wild beasts when  
Thae angels flee awa';  
The sanctities of Love and Home,  
O may they never wither!  
But bend o'er all as did heaven's dome  
When we were boys thegither.

What names more sacred can adorn  
The pathway of our life?  
When in our heart of hearts they're borne—  
Than mother, sister, wife?  
Give me the pure heart of the boy!  
Of gifts I ask nae ither;  
For knowledge oft comes to destroy  
Since we were boys thegither.

Tho' a' that's in the world amiss,  
Was rectified the morn;  
Tho' fortune came at last to bless,  
And pleasure filled our horn;  
Oh back to me they couldna gie  
Ae dear heart that did wither!  
Nor raptures rare, that come nae mair,  
Save but to boys thegither.

O surely there's a blessed laun  
Where love does aye remain!  
Where nae heart's sair, and where O where!  
We'll a' be young again.  
O but to breathe that air sublime!  
Where dear hearts cannot wither,  
Where free frae a' the ills o' time,  
We'll aye be boys thegither.

ALEXANDER MCLACHLAN.

### RELIGIOUS NOTE.

It is said that the venerable Charley Rykert, now in his "old age," is very fond of that touching hymn, "The Sands of Life are Sinking."

### LIBERALITY.

I am a total abstainer myself, but any man who attempted to deprive me of the right to take a glass of beer or wine would do so at the peril of his life.  
*Rev. C. E. Lewis, at Church of England Temperance Society Conference.*

"BEGORRA," says Pat, as he wiped off his chin,  
After taking a hooker of something like gin—  
"I'm a total abstainer—a blue-ribbon man—  
But be japers, I amn't a bigotted wan!"

### THE "LOYALISTS'" ADDRESS TO LANSDOWNE.

WE understand it is the intention of the Ultra-Loyalists of Toronto to present the following address to the Governor-General, if they can secure a favorable opportunity:  
TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE THE MARQUIS OF LANS-  
DOWNE, ETC., ETC., ETC.

*May it please Your Excellency.*

In approaching your Excellency, we beg to assure you most emphatically of our loyalty to the Queen and constitution, feeling as we do that our loyalty is of such a quality as to require a great deal of emphasis. That we are truly loyal, however, the brick-bats and bludgeons used upon the defenceless heads of Mulligan and the other friends of O'Brien, on Wednesday night, amply testify. We congratulate your Excellency that the agitator has left this part of the country with greatly improved views on landlordism and Home Rule, as we cannot but believe that our brutality in mobbing him has had the intended effect of showing him that his former views on these questions were erroneous. We trust your Excellency will properly appreciate the loyalty which inspired us to ignore your Excellency's idiotic advice that O'Brien should be allowed a fair hearing in Toronto. At considerable trouble to ourselves we effectually prevented him from speaking, and if in so doing we have helped to spread the impression that your Excellency's case as a landlord is one which will not bear discussion, we hope you will attribute the mistake to our loyalty. Pray do not forget, your Excellency, that we are loyal. Next to our whiskey, we love our Queen, and we will ever be found ready to vindicate the honor of the British crown so long as in so doing we may have the opportunity of enjoying a ruction. We thank your Excellency for the excuse which your presence here has afforded us to cover the city of Toronto with contempt and humiliation by an exhibition of the brutal ruffianism which, as your Excellency probably knows, is the invariable accompaniment