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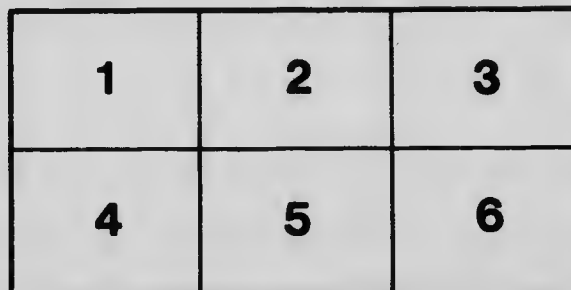
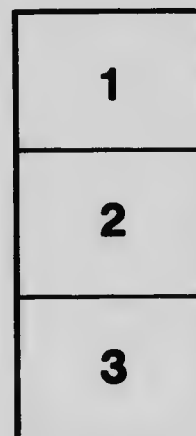
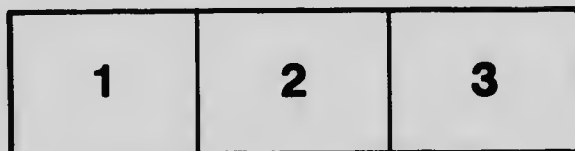
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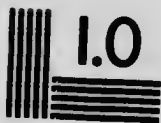
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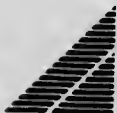
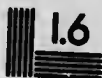
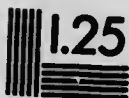
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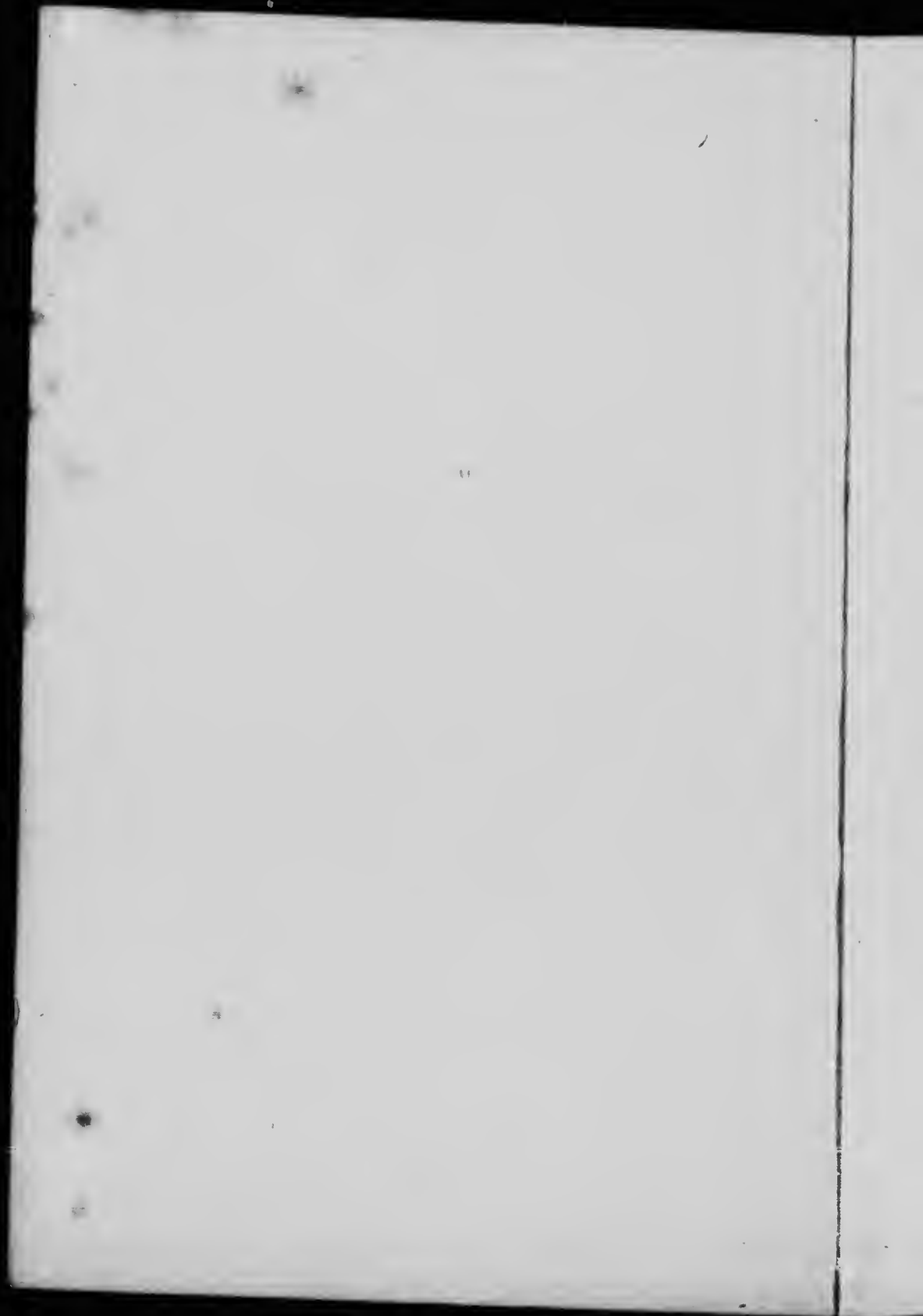


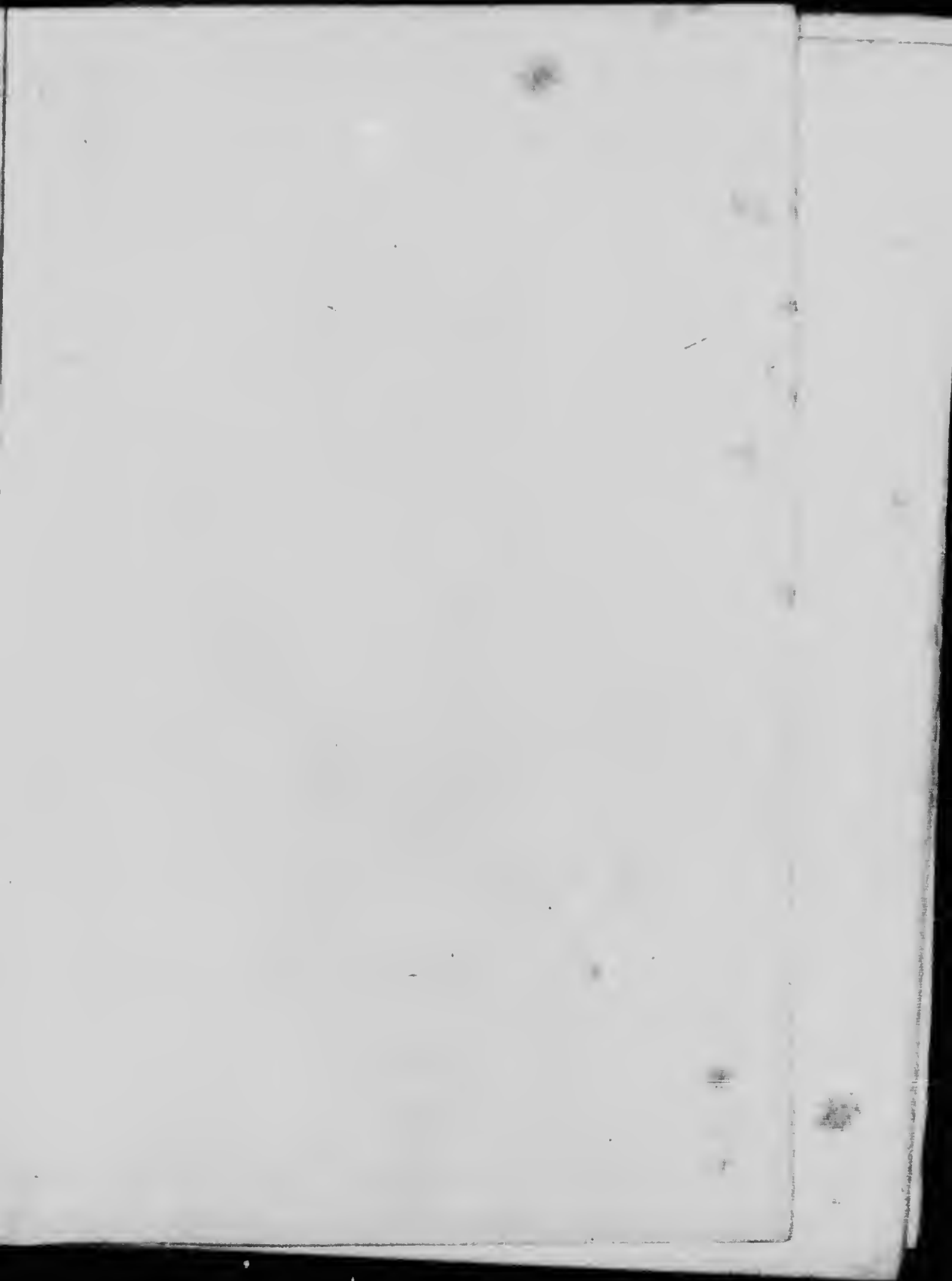
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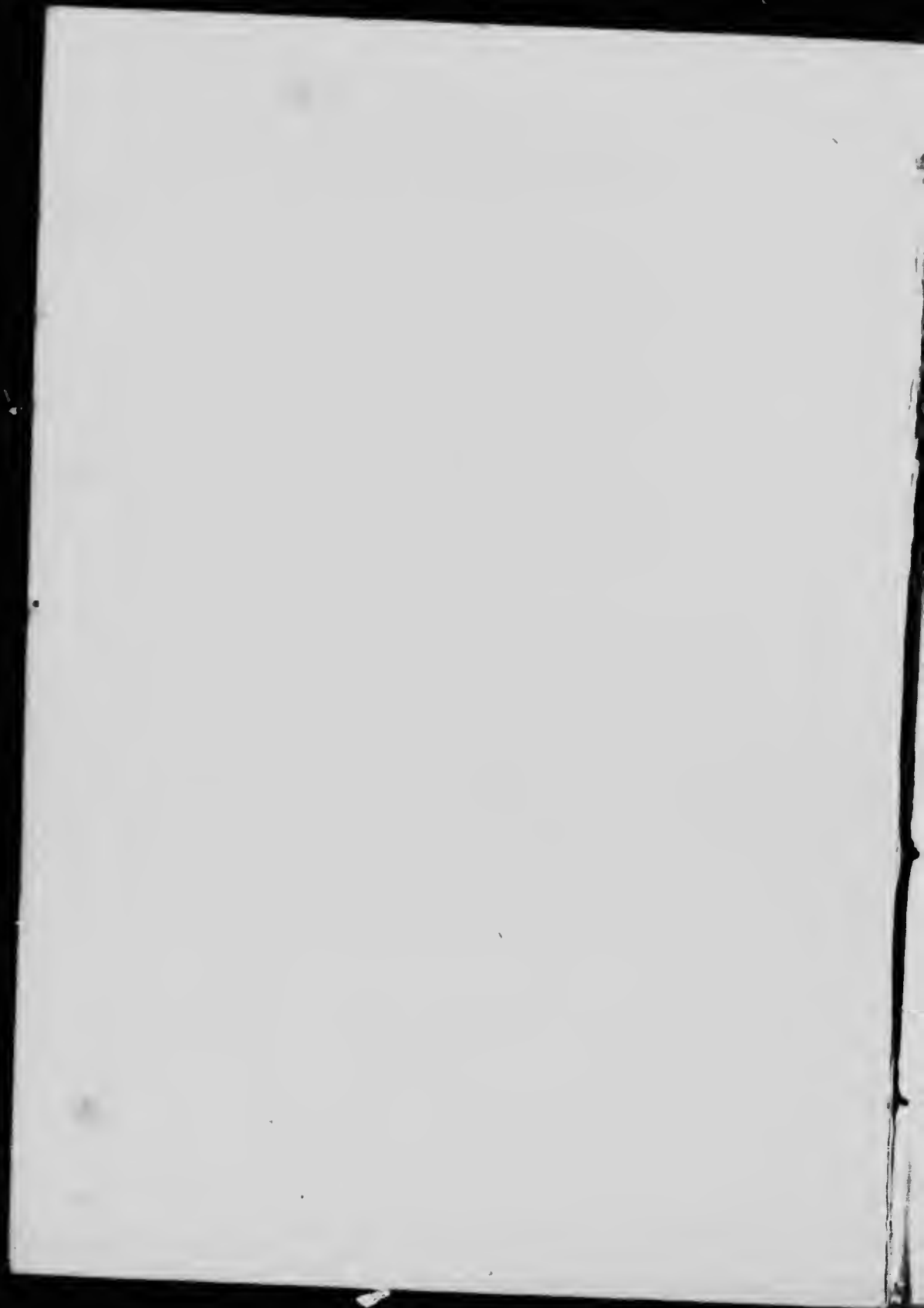
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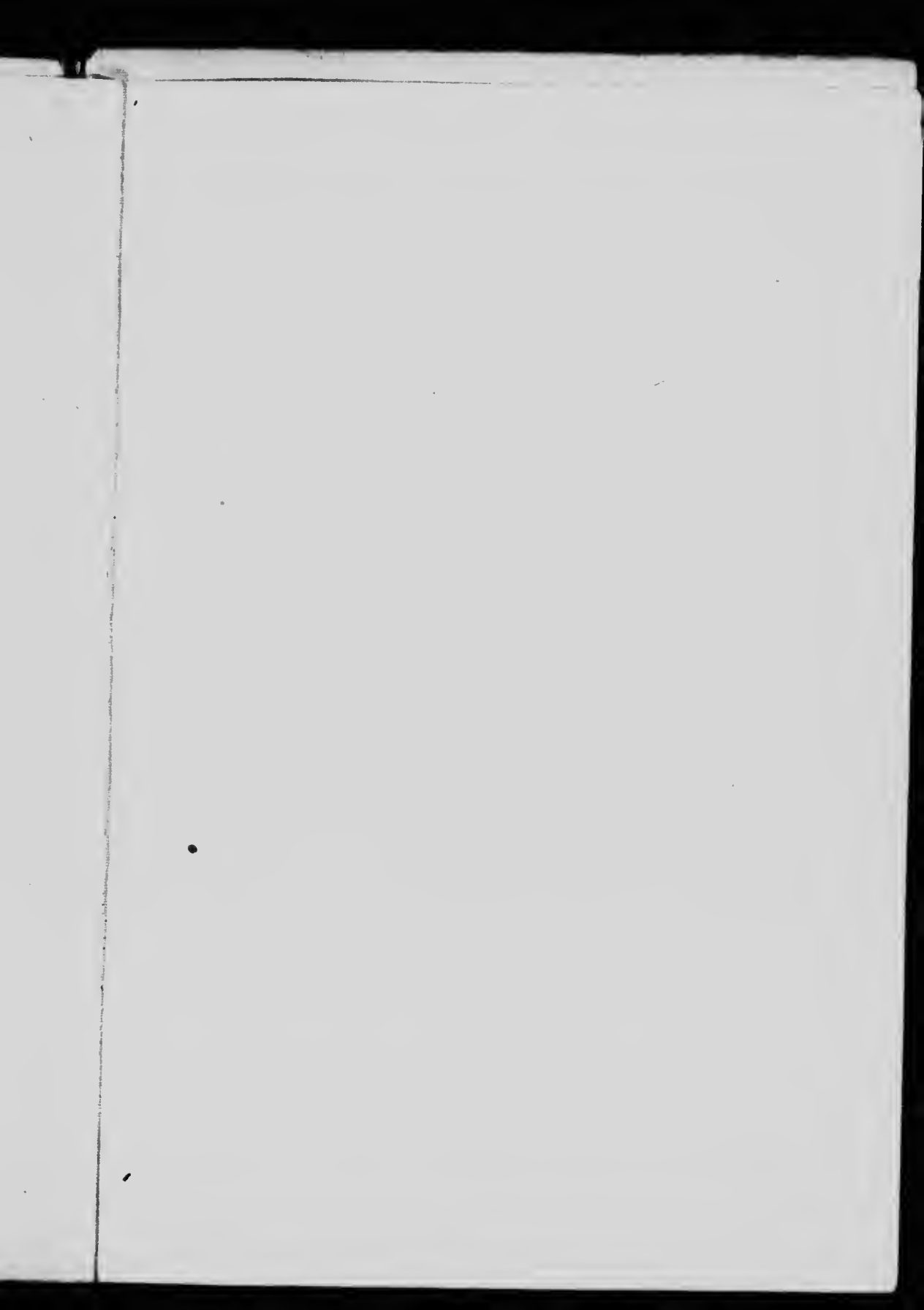
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MRS. GEO. ARKLEY.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

Mrs. Geo. Arkley (Jane Ann McKenzie) was born at Millfield, Megantic Co., Quebec, on November 21st. 1845. She was the fourth daughter of Thomas McKenzie and Mary Burry who came from Perth, Scotland, to Quebec City in 1829 and settled at Millfield two years later. Here her father built the first grist and saw mill in this section of the County from which the hamlet received its name.

Thos. McKenzie's family consisted of two sons and four daughters. Thomas Jr., James Alexander, Mary (Mrs. Joseph Hogge), Flora (Mrs. Thos. Andrews), Ann who died unmarried and Jane Ann, the subject of this sketch.

Jane Ann McKenzie received her education at a time when schools were few in Megantic County, her first instruction was probably received from some of the itinerant school masters who taught from house to house before the Hamilton Range School house was built within a mile of her home; later she went to school at Inverness Corner. She received a diploma in 1864 and taught for several years in Megantic County.

On April 15th 1870, she was married to George Arkley of Leeds, Quebec, and their children were Louisa M. K., Lorne McKenzie, and Stella Burry who died while a child in 1879.

The family lived for several years in Leeds Village, moving from there to Millfield in (1880), and from there to East Angus, Compton Co., in 1890, where Mrs. Arkley died on July 31st, 1894.



CONTENTS.

	Page
Biographical Sketch.....	1
The Dying Sailor.....	3
Answer to the Man Behind the Plough.....	6
Madagascar's First Martyr.....	8
Jean McPherson and the Drummer Boy at Corunna.....	10
Dom Pedro of Brazil.....	12
General didn't I Lead Them Straight.....	14
Where is General Gordon.....	15
Michilimacinac.....	17
The British Valor.....	21
For Arran.....	22
My Mither's Old Frien'.....	24
On the proposed Highland Gathering at Lake Joseph, Inverness.....	26
Arran.....	27
Alas, My Friend.....	29
Hiram.....	32
Troublous Times.....	33
Our Women.....	34
My Two Neighbors.....	36
Toine.....	39
The Old Cook Stove.....	41
Over Eighty.....	43
Pioneers of the Eastern Townships.....	45
Sensible Advice.....	47
Talks with the Girls.....	49
Parted.....	51
The Rouge and the Bleu.....	53
The Golden Wedding of Mr. and Mrs. James Johnston	55
The Ratepayer Has a Word to Say.....	57
Bon Voyage.....	58
Recollections.....	60
The Farmer's Wife.....	62
Hallowe'en.....	63
Our Wanderers.....	63

- D. 100 -

CONTENTS—Continued.

	Page
Jim	65
Down Home.....	66
Affectionately Inscribed to My Dear Friend.....	68
My Old Rouge Friend.....	69
For Miss E. R.....	71
Belinda.....	72
The Baby.....	74
Revival Hymns.....	75
To Abbie Lathrop.....	76
Charley's Letter.....	77
The Factory Girl's Letter.....	81
Out West.....	84
How We are Deceived.....	87
To the Memory of the late John Henry Pope.....	88
Elections.....	90
Youthful Aspirations.....	93
Talks with the Girls.....	95
My Old Love	97
The Christmas Tree.....	98
An Acrostic.....	99
Burned Out.....	100
In Memoriam.....	101
Katie.....	103
Up in the Rockies.....	105
My Only Son.....	107
Did She Come after the Baby.....	108
Autograph.....	109
Autograph.....	110
Autograph.....	111
Autograph.....	112
Autograph.....	113
Autograph.....	114
Wearied.....	115
Coming Home.....	117

THE DYING SAILOR.

Where am I, doctor; is this home. Are those the
Essex hills,
That stretch so long and low beyond the busy work-
ing mills?
Is this clean room my mother's room—this bed my
mother's bed?
Oh! bid her, doctor, come to me, and bathe my burn-
ing head!
I left her when the war raged sore on many a bloody
plain:
I left her standing at the door—beside her Marion
Blane:
Their clean white aprons to their eyes, thro' blinding
tears I see,
Oh! tell them, Sir, I cannot die till they come here
to me!

Oh mother have you come again to bless your reckless
son?
And kiss me sweetly, Marion Blane, my days are
nearly done!
I left you in my youth and strength, and sailed from
sea to sea:
But this dark curl, your parting gift, was ever dear
to me.
I used you badly, Marion dear, but what can sailors do?
They cannot do their country's work, and woo their
sweethearts, too,
But oh, it's worth it all, my sweet, and pays the pains
of war,
To see what these old eyes have seen at glorious
Trafalgar.

And I was on the Baltic, too, in many a wild
afray,

I wish you could have seen us fight the Danish fleet
each day :

We sunk 'em, burned 'em, swept 'em off, like spray
before the gale,

For many a year I still could hear those dying sailors
wail.

Come put your arms around me, mother : kiss me
Marion Blanc,

And hold my hands in yours, my sweet : thank God,
I'm home again,

With your soft fingers on my brow, your kiss upon
my lip

Good-by ! my duty's ended now : I've not disgraced
the ship.

The Sailor closed his weary eye, and drew his long
last breath,

The nurse unclasped the thin white hand, and whisp-
ered, "This is death."

It was not in his mother's room the brave old warrior
died,

Nor yet her fingers on his brow, nor Marion at his
side !

But woman's kindly hand was there, and woman's
blessed voice,

An angel touch, that e'en could make the dying
heart rejoice.

ANSWER TO THE MAN BEHIND THE PLOUGH.

Now why so highly rate yourself ?
 My friend "behind the plough,"
 I know of some as good as you
 Who never milk a cow,
 Nor ever sold a doubtful egg,
 Or last year's 'tub' for new,
 I'd like to show some men I know
 Just quite as good as you.

You say you fill our stomachs, but
 I ask who made your ploughs ?
 The mowers that you ride about,
 The scales to weigh your cows,
 Your Noyes evaporator,
 Which you blow so much about,
 And that priceless incubator,
 Which brought every chicken out.

I have in mind a pleasant chap,
 Who toils his honest hours.
 The workshop den is home to him,
 He seldom sees the flowers.
 Though he should own no foot of land,
 He owns a useful brain,
 And wealth is in his skilful hand
 The man behind the plane.

There's one whose life is like a spasm
 A long, unflinching strain ;
 In guiding over gorge and chasm ,

The swaying, surging train,
 With steady hand, and earnest face,
 Strong nerve, and eyes so bright,
 Among earth's bravest men I place.
 The man behind the light.

How cheery is the forge's glow.
 The blacksmith's willing arm,
 Provides as well for wife and home,
 As if he owned a farm.
 We sometimes need the lawyer's aid.
 And oft require his skill,
 In patching up our failing frames
 The man behind the pill.

The "painters and the poets" friend
 You grieve their names to see,
 Above the reach of common clay
 Where ours can never be.
 I think they take the foremost rank,
 With those immortal men
 Who stand behind the Bible;
 And behind the press and pen.

The sailors on the stormy sea,
 Who carry commerce on,
 May seem to you a reckless crew,
 They're heroes, every one.
 The grand mechanics claim our praise
 For every wheel that runs,
 And dear we hold, our warriors bold,
 Who stand behind the guns.

I see a lad across the way,
 Who never turned a sod,
 Nor swung a scythe in blossoming hay,
 But bends beneath the hod.
 He's miles above his neighbour there,
 Who lives God's plans to mar,
 And lures his brother down to death
 The man behind the bar.

Thank God ! he's free to rise who can.
 Blue blood is worthless here ;
 The upright, steady workingman
 Should prize this privilege dear ;
 Nor crowd a brother out for gold,
 Nor obvious duty shirk :
 From Heaven's great Architect we hold
 Our orders, "Go and work."

I love you well, my farmer friend,
 I spent youth's happy morn,
 Among flocks of sheep and long-limbed cows
 With treacherous hoof and horn,
 No faded "Jerseys" round our barn,
 Nor "Angus" prized so now,
 Why every beast upon the farm
 Despised the "mooley" cow.

I love you well—fond memories come
 And melt my heart to-day,
 Old friends reveal, still true as steel,
 In homely, hodden gray,
 I wish you all a prosperous year,
 And lighter tax to pay,
 A warm new moon, no frost in June,
 And dry St. Swithen's day.

MADAGASCAR'S FIRST MARTYR.

On Imerina's fertile plain, on broad and gleaming
lakes,
On wooded hills, on glancing rills, the pleasant sun-
shine breaks,
On flocks and herds, and singing birds, on fields of
growing corn,
The sun in Eden beauty shone, that glorious Sabbath
morn.

With dauntless step the maiden trod, no trembling
woman's fear,
No weakness of the flesh was there, for God was very
near.
Forgetful of the taunting crowd, how joyously she
sings
The melodies her teachers taught, the Christian's
dying hymns.

She does not see the smiling land, its brightness and
its bloom,
She does not fear the cruel guard, nor dread her early
doom,
She only hears the welcome home! from that dear
land afar,
She only sees her loving Lord, her young life's guiding
star.

She kneels upon the green hillside and breathes
a prayer to Heaven,
Her last on earth—the spear is raised—the deadly
thrust is given,

The barbarous crowd is cheering loud, and rapturously
 applaud;
 But Rasalama claims on high, the martyr's just
 reward.

Again when thirty years have passed, on changing
 scenes away,
 Another Christian woman came to that hillside to
 pray.
 But oh, how God has blessed that land; how changed
 the solemn scene,
 That pious woman kneeling there, is Madagascar's
 Queen.

And on the white ridge on the spot, where Rasalama
 died,
 A stately church is raised by those who once their
 Lord defied,
 And crowds come forth to worship there, and grate-
 ful voices ring,
 In praise and prayer to God above, our Saviour and
 our King.

JEAN McPHERSON AND THE DRUMMER BOY
AT CORUNNA.

I must tell you the story of Sandy McRay
As my old mother told it to me ;
It was long years ago, on a hot summer day,
And I sat as a child at her knee.

"She was na a lady, this Jean, ye maun ken,
But a rattlin', sojer-like body ;
Wi' a step like a major, as tall as maist men,
An' weel she liket her toddy.

There was a bit cobbler ca'ed Sandy McRay,
And aften he tell't us of Jean,
And how she behaved on that dark, waefu day,
When Moore's broken army was standing at bay,
The foe and the ocean between.

"I was weak baith and wounded," poor Sandy
would say,
"And I fell by the side of a trench ;
My comrades just sighed, and then marched on
their way,
I was thinking o' Kate, and the auld folks at hame,
How they never wad ken whaur I lay,
When a rough kindly voice to my sinking heart
came ;
"Bless me ! is this you, Sandy McRay ?"

"Now, they say she's an ill-faured and bold-look-
ing quean,
Wi' manners too brazen and free,
But I ne'er saw a bonnier face wi' my e'en
Than Jean's as she bent over me.

She gi'ed me some water and held up my heid,
Then I said, "When ye gae to Dunkel"
Tell Kate and my mither ye left me just deid,
And how a' this misfortune befel."

"Hoot, Sandy, rouse up man, ye talk like a bairn
Ye maun think I am no very blate;
I wad'na tak' a' the red goud in Strathearn,
And tak' sic' a message to Kate.

"Come laddie, I'll help ye," so wi' her rough han'
As a miller wad shouter a sack;
She gripped me roun' wi' the strength o' twa men,
And whuppet me up on her back.

"We struggled along thro' the dark, dreary night,
And by the first glimmer o' day
(And the brave woman greeted wi' joy at the
sight),
There the ships rode at han' in the Bay.

"Then Sandy aye greeted" my mother did say,
And the tears in her eyes I could see;
So that is the story of Sandy McRay,
As my old mother told it to me.

DOM PEDRO OF BRAZIL.

The following poem was written when Pedro, Emperor of Brazil, was deposed and had to leave the country.

Step down and out! the curtain falls,
 The last act has been played;
 And as the nation wants a change,
 Its voice must be obeyed;
 Great Sovereign! who through calm and storm
 For fifty years and eight,
 With watchful eye and steady arm,
 Has steered the ship of state.

With boyish hand he grasped the helm---
 To sudden manhood grown;---
 Caught the loose ropes and lashed the helm
 Securely to the throne.
 When boys his age were playing ball
 In childhood's holiday,
 He sat in Legislative Hall
 With statesmen old and gray.

No time to youthful follies given---
 The crown was on his brow :
 And well the sceptre has been borne,
 From boyhood's day till now.
 He struck the shackles from the slave,
 Made every business sure,
 And half his yearly income gave
 To educate the poor.

When speeding o'er the pampas wide
 On railway couch of ease,
 The peasant says, with grateful pride,
 "Dom Pedro gave us these."
 The busy wharves with commerce groan,
 The shops and factories ring,
 And in the planters' plenteous home
 The joyous children sing.

From crowded Europe's festering towns
 The famished dweller flies,
 To find a free and happy home
 Beneath Brazilian skies,
 Where plains are vast as provinces,
 Where rivers run like seas,
 Where cactus, fern, and grasses grow
 Tall as our northern trees.

Great Emperor, noble, pure and wise,
 So blameless and so grand.
 Your name shall live for centuries
 Through all that prosperous land;
 Then calmly lay the sceptre down,
 Enjoy repose at last;
 May you receive a Heavenly crown
 When this brief life is past.

GENERAL DIDN'T I LEAD THEM STRAIGHT?

AN INCIDENT IN THE SOUDAN.

Tel-el-Keber had fallen! the breeze was rolling away
 The clouds of smoke when the morning broke,
 From the blessed face of day.
 Tel-el-Keber had fallen! and many a brave man lay
 Bruised and bleeding, the call unheeding,
 With scarcely strength to pray.

On the evening before, Lord Wolseley said
 To Rawson, the Engineer,
 "You'll take, my lad, the Highland Brigade,
 And lead it round to the rear
 Of the sleeping foe, and prepare to go
 When the evening stars appear.
 You will be at your post when my signal is given.
 For out of this stronghold the foe must be driven."

Out in the unknown darkness, with only the stars to
 guide,
 The brave men strode on their perilous road,
 Silently side by side,
 Straight to the spot which their leader sought.
 The signal flashed,
 At the foe they dashed,
 The sabres slashed,
 And the bullets crashed,
 Till the foe was scattered wide.

On the Arab's strong-hold our ensign stands,
 Planted with cheer on cheer,
 The men are smiling and shaking hands
 While Wolseley is issuing quick commands
 When an orderly gallops along the sands,
 From his brown cheek rolls a tear,
 And sad are his tidings, as hopeless he stands,
 Of Rawson, the Engineer.

The General bends o'er the boyish face,
 Clasps the fingers so helpless now,
 How shapely the form with its youthful grace,
 And the dews of death on the whitening brow.
 But his eye is bright with a heavenly light,
 And his words ring out, as with joy elate,
 Unheeding the tide from his wounded side ;
 "General, didn't I lead them straight ?"

There are pitiful tears on his blood-stained cheeks,
 Sobs are breaking his words between ;
 As Wolseley hoarsely answering speaks,
 "Better done it could not have been"
 Slowly the smile from his proud lip fadeth,
 "Well done" 's the welcome he soon shall hear,
 God pity the English hearts that waiteth
 The coming of Rawson, the Engineer.

WHERE IS GENERAL GORDON ?

Where is Gordon ? one short month ago,
 He gazed in anguish from his watch tower high,
 Scanning from early dawn to sunsets glow,
 The far horizon of the northern sky.
 Where is he now ? none dares to make reply.

How many months has this lone watcher waited ;
 Hoping for rescue from beyond the sea ?
 Sometimes his heart beat high ; with hope elated
 Then, sunk in deep despair, his wail would be,
 "Have England, Wolsley, Gladstone, all forgotten
 me ?"

"Oh ! but to rest my wearied, weakened vision
 Once more upon the green of Scotland's hills"
 No more to hear the Arabs' loud derision
 Mocking my plans of peace, with perverse wills.

"Surely, my straining eye, far down the Nile
 Can see a sail ? God grant it be my boats.
 Nay ! 'tis the treacherous Mahdi's lurking wile :
 O could I see the glint of scarlet coats,
 And hear one cheer from loyal British throats !

" 'Tis vain ! along the sands in countless numbers,
 On every hand, my foes encompass me.
 Only one faithful Friend, whose eye ne'er slumbers,
 God of my fathers, none are true but Thee !
 "Help of the helpless O abide with me !"

MICHILIMACINAC.

'Twas a bright June morning long ago,
 Far off in the wilds of the West;
 Not a breeze from the lake, not a cloud in the sky,
 But the fortress in calm repose did lie,
 A haven of peace and rest.

There were voyageurs from the upper lakes,
 There were traders in quest of gain,
 And the flag of England waved in the air,
 And English soldiers and ladies fair,
 Looked out on the smiling plain.

Said Minnevava, the Chippeway chief
 Who had camped near the fort that spring,
 "Will the English come and see us play
 A game of lacrosse with the Sacs to-day,
 In honor of George the King?"

"We'll go," said the Captain, a brave man and true,
 To cement this peace more sure."
 So, out from the friendly palisade
 Went merchant and soldier of every grade,
 Each thinking himself secure.

'Twas a strange wild scene on the plain that day,
 Where the victims went to their fate,—
 Hundreds of savages yelling all,
 And madly chasing the flying ball
 To the very area gate.

At length it was flung, by a skilful hand,
 Far over the palisade,
 And a rush was made for the open gate,
 And a rush of the soldiers, but all too late,—
 The fatal mistake was made.

Then the war whoop rang on the summer air,
 And hundreds of demons were murdering there ;
 The hatchet whizzed, and the scalp was torn
 From the heads of the lowly and nobly born ;
 But pen cannot tell, nor words portray
 The fear and despair of that dreadful day.

And the wife of the hardy voyageur
 Beheld his canoe no more ;
 And the soldier's sweetheart far away
 In the green glens of England mourned that day,
 When the Western news came o'er.

There was only one when the sun went down,
 Escaped from that dreadful fray ;
 In the night when the feast and the dance ran high
 He crept from the fort 'neath the midnight sky,
 And fled to the woods away.

THE BRITISH VALOR.

Come all the powers of memory now,
Come all the rythm of song,
With all the charms of music too,
Those echoes to prolong,
Which tells that not another land
Beneath God's glorious sun,
Can boast one half the laurel leaves
The British arms have won.

The British valor ! oft those words,
Have rung in times of old,
And fired the generous heart of youth
To actions good and bold,
On Crecy's well fought battlefield,
An August sun's bright ray,
Saw thirty thousand Frenchmen fall ;
By British arms that day.

Those were the days when England's king
Led England's armies on,
And as a brave example set
His young and gallant son.
And well that prince sustained his part,
And fought with manhood's might,
To show his country's proudest foe
How British boys could fight.

The British valor how it shone
In dear old Palestine,

What Christian heart but loves to think
 Upon that olden time,
 When men left country, friends and home,
 And girt on vengeance's sword,
 And rushed with pious zeal to fight
 The battles of the Lord.

'Twas their sons crushed the Armada's power,
 Upon the surging main,
 And humbled ever since that hour
 The might of boasting Spain,
 That fought with Drake on many a sea
 And many a bloody deck,
 And poured their life's blood plenteously,
 Upon thy plains, Quebec.

Again the British ranks advanced:
 Again the war notes pealed;
 Again they dare the might of France
 In fortress and in field,
 Napoleon waved his sceptre high,
 O'er cowering Europe's head,
 His eagle standard flaunted by
 The graves of vanquished dead.

The British Lion shook his mane,
 And braved the soldier king,
 For months and years, on Spanish hills
 The eagle spread his wing,
 Again the Lion in triumph roared;
 The Eagle frightened flew.
 And never more regained the sword
 He lost at Waterloo.

At Trafalgar our Nelson raised
 The British banner high,
 And swore with his brave "hearts of oak"
 To conquer or to die,
 He kept his word, the hot balls hailed
 Against each good ship's side;
 Till guns and deck, both fore and aft,
 With British blood were dyed.

But far above the battle's roar,
 The shuddering foemen heard,
 The cool commands of officers ;
 The cannon's answering word.
 But down below, where wounded men,
 Lay groaning side by side,
 Victorious and glorious,
 That gallant sailor died.

Again when winter's mists crept cold,
 On Balaklava's steep,
 Our shivering soldiers bent their heads
 In unrefreshing sleep.
 Those weary, shoeless, starving men,
 Mid Crimean frosts and snows,
 Cast one sad thought on warm bright homes,
 Then sank in chill repose.

But soon a sound broke on their ears,
 The tread of hostile feet,
 Each soldier grasped his icy gun ;
 And sprang the foe to meet,
 One tender thought for those at home,
 One brief but fervent prayer,

Rushed in the fight, and well they shewed,
The British valor there.

There is a name, a household word
In every English vale,
Where e're the wail of suffering's heard,
'Tis Florence Nightingale.
The angel of the hospital,
Who cooled the burning head,
Who dressed the wounds of living men
And closed the eyes of dead.

The bravest Briton of them all
Where each did well his part,
Tho' but a woman's fragile form,
Enclosed that dauntless heart,
Which shrank not from the fever's breath
Nor feared the gory scar,
But with her lady's hand allayed
The horrors of the war,
Not cannon's roar, nor Russian's yell,
Could make that strong heart quail,
For God's own spirit guarded well
Old England's Nightingale.

As Britain can in time of war, all foreign foes repel
So may she now in time of peace, all other lands excel,
In all the useful arts that make, a nation great and
strong,
May discord cease, may wealth increase, and peace
continue long.

FOR ARRAN.

There's a wail from the Highlands of want and
 distress
 From Arran's fair island. O hear, Inverness !
 Gaunt famine sits brooding by each cottage door,
 And empty the dories that lie on the shore,
 No fish in the baskets, no corn in the bin,
 No seed for the furrows, no wages to win,
 No bread for the bairns—see the mother's tears start,
 There's no strength in the muscle, no hope in the
 heart.

Come forward rich kinsmen of those in despair,
 Bring forth your bright guineas, and ask them to
 share.
 God blesses those always who aid the distressed,
 And those who give freely, are twice richly blessed.
 For had God in his goodness not guided your way,
 You might have been starving in Arran to-day.

Come forth young descendants, of old pioneers,
 One single day's earning will dry many tears
 Remember the helpless, the aged and gray,
 And the weak, hungry children, who faint by the
 way.
 Now those brethren in trouble, your love still is deep
 For the sake of the mothers who rocked you to
 sleep,
 The dear Highland mothers who rocked us to sleep.

Come, "Bard of Megantic," you are silent too long,
 Warm up our cold hearts, with a sweet Gaelic
 song,
 Pour forth with a pathos unequalled before,
 A song for those suffering on Arran's loved shore,
 Till the gold, now so uselessly hoarded, shall be
 Sent home to the kinsmen far over the sea,
 The heart broken kinsfolk far over the sea.

MY MITHER'S OLD FRIEN'.

MRS. WILLIAM LEARMONTH.

She was feeble and auld, and she scarcely could
 stan',
 As she held oot to greet me her puir shakin' han'.
 The roses o' youth had forsaken her cheek,
 And her few words o' welcome were trembling and
 weak.
 Her glossy black hair was as grey as could be,
 And the light was fast leaving her bonnie brown e'e ;
 But her smile was the kindest ever was seen
 As I bent down and kissed her, my "mither's auld
 frien'."

How weel I remembered each thing in the room,
 Frae the bureau's brass knobs and the Highlander's
 plume

To the wonderful clock that stood up by the wa',
 And rang clear as ever its warning to a'
 Its face never changed wi' the lapse o' the years,
 (Ah! it never was furrowed wi' pathways for tears,
 And its hands did their duty frae morn till e'en
 Like the toil-hardened palms o' my "mither's auld
 frien'."

O! the dreams o' our youth. How deceiving they be
 When we reach oot to grasp them how quickly they
 flee.

So ye're hopes were unclouded by never a fear,
 Tho' your last glimpse o' Scotland was seen thro' a
 tear.

O! the sair disappointments your heart bore alane,
 Yet ye never sat down in despair to complain,
 But accepted your lot though a hard one its been,
 Your reward is in Heaven, "my mither's auld frien'."

ON THE PROPOSED HIGHLAND GATHERING
AT LAKE JOSEPH, INVERNESS.

BY JANE A. MCKENZIE.

Come gather, gather Highland men,
Of every Highland name,
Of every age, of every clan
Who Scottish blood can claim.
Come meet and hold each other's hand,
And scan each darkening eye,
And side by side like brothers stand
Once more before you die.

Come fishermen from Arran's Isle,
And Headlands of Cantire,
Summon your manhood's strength a while
And all your youthful fire,
And hasten to the camping ground
Where, forty years ago,
With hopeful hearts ye gathered round
The wood fire's cheering glow.

Aye gather from the hill-side green
Which your strong arms have cleared,
And come from every glancing stream
Your hardships have endeared.
To every heart that loves the tales
Of days when you were young,
Or throbs to hear the music of
Our dear old mother tongue.

Come old gude wives with whitening hair,
 And browned and wrinkled face;
 The home-made caps and gowns ye wear
 Are sacred things to us.
 The sounds that hushed our cradle cries
 Still oe'r our senses steal,
 The clicking of the knitting wires,
 The humming of the wheel.

McKillop's muster many a score
 Ye're multiplied right well,
 McKinnon's and McKenzies come
 The Highland hosts to swell;
 And Stuart, how that kingly name
 Still fires each Scottish breast,
 And those who wear it leave no stain
 Upon their ancient crest.

Come brave old Angus, let us press
 Your kindly hand once more,
 The homeless beggar oft has blest
 Your ever open door.
 McMillan's, Kelso's, Cooks and Kerr's
 Your stand beside us take,
 And Campbell, tis' a cherished name
 For brave Sir Colin's sake.

And bury your dissensions deep
 As kinsman aye should do.
 Forgive your fancied wrongs, and keep
 Home memories warm and true.
 Aye, meet and hold each other's hand,

And scan each darkening eye,
 And side by side like brothers stand
 Once more before ye die.

ARRAN.

Arran, fair Arran thou child of the sea,
 Far, far o'er the broad deep waters,
 The splash of thy waves on their memory,
 Still sings to thy sons and daughters.
 The bleat of the sheep on the high green hills,
 And the laugh through the valleys ringing,
 Come back to the hearts of thy children still
 Like the voices of angels singing.

Thy fishermen sang to the sound of the oar,
 As they wished for shore they were nearing,
 And answered the welcome of those on shore,
 With burst of manly cheering.
 Do they still come back to thy shores fair Isle?
 Do thy lasses still come to meet them,
 With a kindly look and kindly smile,
 And a kindlier kiss to greet them.

O Arran! the band now is scattered far,
 That sailed from thy shore together.
 There were lads and lasses, as proud and fair,
 As ever stepped on heather.
 There were red-cheeked dames with their old time
 names,
 There were fathers with care marked faces,

Who have now passed oer to the Blessed Shore,
And their children are filling their places.

Brave pioneers! when their steps grew slow,
How they joyed in each social meeting;
How they loved to sit in their firesides glow,
Each adventure of youth repeating,
But still they remembered their Island shore
With its dark cliffs brown and barren,
And in fancy they lived their young days o'er,
On the dear, old hills of Arran.

"ALAS, MY FRIEND!"

O, Scotland's hills were bonnie, Mac,
And Scotland's skies were blue,
And O, the tears were mony, that
Were shed by me and you,
When leaving every friend we had
Wi' favoring wind and tide,
We twa sad and lonely lads
Sailed down the frith o' Clyde.

Ye thought upon your promised bride,
And O your heart was wae,
Your mither in her cot beside
The bonnie banks o' Tay.
"I will return," you loudly cried,
"If fortune comes to me,"

"For Mary's smiles, two thousand miles
"Are nought o' land or sea."

How short ye were o' siller, Mac;
To-day how strange that sounds!
I gave ye many a dollar, Mac,
For I had fifty pounds.
Ye paid me every shilling back,
But did ye ever pay
The kindly love that bore ye up
In that dark early day.

How lucky you were a' the time,
My back's still at the wall,
And now ye own the silver mine
Ayont the "Sault" canal.
Ye walk wi' slippered feet at e'en,
On velvet carpet fine.
For millionaires ye ca' your friends,
Ye pour your richest wine.

O Mac, that sneaking vampire, gowd,
Crept in 'tween me and you,
He stole your kindly Scottish bluid
And left it cauld and blue.
Ye soon forgot my luckless lot,
Forgot your sweetheart true.
Ye'r mither in her humble cot,
And Perthshire's hills o' blue.

I wonder when on summer eves
You hear your lady sing,
O "sighs and vows amang the knowes,"
Comes there na bitter sting.

Nae longing vain to see again,
 Your auld love's bonnie e'en,
 Your mither dear sae lonely there,
 And Scotland's fields o' green.

The guide Book says be true to friends,
 Your father and your ain,
 Nor sacrifice one spark o' love,
 For all that wealth can gain.
 I dinna want your siller, Mac,
 But this I canna bide,
 That ye hae shut frae oot your heart
 Your true auld friend McBride.

HIRAM.

"THAT WIDOW'S SON OF TYRE"

I watch alone ; the day is done.
 The shadow creepeth slow.
 While wearied and faint yet hurrying on,
 The workmen homeward go,
 I know they hate their low estate,
 Their humble garb despise,
 They're striving to be rich and great,
 Instead of good and wise.

A vision of the past appears,
 Grand theme for mortal lyre,
 I see through all the long past years,

A widow's son of Tyre.
 I hear him in his workshop sing,
 Contented, though unknown.
 I see him welcomed by a king,
 Who graced earth's proudest throne.

I see his eagle glances guide
 A hundred skilful hands,
 I know he feels the honest pride,
 That knowledge still commands.
 I see the brazen pillars rise,
 The ponderous oxen cast,
 The lavers of stupendous size
 So perfect, yet so vast.

He watcheth there through sun and rain
 Beside his brazen sea,
 His workshop, Jordan, smiling plain,
 His roof—Heaven's canopy.
 I know that in the summer's eve,
 This grave and silent man,
 Carves fruit and flower and stem and leaf
 From faultless studied plan.

Traces the vail with beauteous things
 Burnishes vessels bright,
 That stand around the golden wings,
 Concealed from mortal sight,
 He joins not every festive train
 That gorgeous court affords.
 The house of pleasure tempts in vain,
 His heart is in the Lord's.

And side by side I see him stand,
 On dedication day
 With all the noblest of the land ;
 To hear his Sovereign pray.
 Why does this grand mechanic claim
 Homage from every heart ?
 Trust this, he spared not hand or brain,
 But gloried in his art.

Content to know his father's trade
 He bent his mighty will,
 To learn each process grade by grade,
 And perfect grew in skill.
 His hammer struck such willing blows,
 For God, and Israel's king,
 That down through all the ages flows
 That sharp, decisive ring.

It strikes the honest toiler's ear,
 And hope new charms reveals.
 The tired mechanics smile to hear
 Among the whirr of wheels,
 It booms across the steamer's deck,
 It sings along the wire,
 "Take courage, men, demand respect
 Like this great man of Tyre."

And yet I know that genius dies,
 Scoffed at, by tongue and pen
 And earth is weary with the sighs,
 Of disappointed men.
 But God's omniscient eye beholds
 His purpose ever clear.

The workman's toilstained hand unfolds
New wonders year by year.

Take courage, then, and onward press,
Determined to excel.
The surest secret of success
Is know your business well.
Do more of work, and less of talk,
Serve God with faithful love,
And may we all with Hiram walk
The golden streets above.

TROUBLOUS TIMES.

Janet, did ye hear they're comin'
Oot frae Sherbrooke in the train,
And they've vowed before the summer,
Donald will be killed, or taen.
Just three thousand dollars, Janet,
That's the worth o' Donald noo,
Any ane might do his duty,
Wi' a bribe like yor. in view.

And they've brought a lawyer wi' them,
He's a soldier too withall,
He was out amang the Indians,
Fighting like a very Saul,
And h's pockets fu' o' warrants,
And we'll a' be taken up,
If we've given the hunted callant,
Bed or shelter, bite or sup.

And they've brought a car o' coffins,
 Mercy me! I'm wild wi' fright,
 Wi' their bagpipes and their bayonets---
 "Keep ye're men folk in the night."
 This is what these folk ca' freedom,
 Ilka day we live and learn,
 O gin I were back in Lewis,
 Wi' a tatie and a herrin.'

OUR WOMEN.

When man loses courage and strength and pride,
 'Neath the crosses, and sorrows of life
 There's an angel that ever is by his side,
 'Tis his true and unchanging wife.
 Friends may be firm when fortune smiles,
 When the weather is steady and fair,
 One only his sorrowful hour beguiles,
 And "Woman is the angel there"
 The voyager far on some perilous quest,
 On the Arctic's frozen shore,
 Seeks in vain for some place of rest
 Till a woman opens the door.
 And travellers tell us of kind words said,
 To the soul in its last despair
 When fainting and sick, by the Niger's tide
 And Woman was the angel there.
 Our cradles are blessed by her earnest prayer
 She comforts our dying hour,
 And the torturing demon of worldly care
 Is chained by her mighty power.

No peril so dread, that she will not face
 No blessing she will not share
 With the children who laugh round the home f' reside.
 For "Woman is the angel there"
 We are told that love is woman's sphere
 That 'tis all that makes life sweet,
 And wherever a woman has ceased to love,
 Her heart shall have ceased to beat,
 And if we may judge of the things of Heaven
 Where love reigns everywhere,
 We may safely guess, by her ways on earth,
 That "women are the angels there."

MY TWO NEIGHBORS.

My grumbling granger came in today,
 And he says there's a storm brewing
 Worse than the worst tha thas come this year,
 Which has been a winter the most severe
 Of all his life's reviewing.

And the "feed" will be scarce and dear he knows,
 For the snow will be long of going,
 And the springs are dry, and the mills dont go
 We'll soon be buried alive in snow,
 If those "blizzards" keep a blowing.

And his best fat cow took sick last night,
 He is sure she will not recover ;
 And "the wife" is sick he's as bad himself
 (He always is in the worst of health)
 And the lambs won't take with their mother.

His face is dark with prophetic woe,
 For he fears he will get no crop in ;
 He knows by the angle and set of the moon
 That the rainy weather of May and June
 Will prevent h'im burning his "choppin."

So he slams the door and goes his way
 With a groan that makes one shiver ;
 His presence is felt like a shower of spray,
 And I wonder what can have gone astray,
 His feeble mind or his liver ?

nd I hail with gladness my hopeful friend
 Who steps in brisk and daring,
 And he laughs as he rubs his sharp old "nose."
 As if it were fun to be almost "froze"
 With raiment past repairing.

He knows the crops will be more than good
 By the depth of snow now falling ;
 And an earlier spring we will seldom see
 He knows by the "moon" and the willow trees
 And the "Saw-whets" nightly calling.

He tells me his plans in a breezy way
 And I sympathetic listen ;
 He shows me as plain as A. B. C.
 How he'll soon be rich, and his eyes on me
 With enthusiasm glisten.

So he says good bye, and my grumblin' friend
 Each earthly good possessing,
 Would smile if he saw the daily bread
 Over which he bows his old grey head,
 And humbly asks a blessing.

But there's one thing I n'er can understand,
 Why this old ungrateful sinner
 Should still rejoice in the fat of the land,
 While the thankful beggar with empty hand
 Can scarcely procure a dinner.

But I know it will all come right some day,
 Though tis past my understanding,
 And I long to see him have more fair play
 Ere he shuffles this "mortal coil away"
 And steers for the Blessed Landing.

TOINE

I most tell you of one of our eminent men
 A habitant bearing the name of Toine,
 Who lived in the days gone by,
 On the banks of the classical Stoney Brook,
 A quiet old man with a pensive look.
 And a lonesome tear in his eye.

Like a son of the soil, he had plenty of heirs,
 Who came along singly and came in pairs,
 To keep up his heart you know ;
 But his farm was rocky the soil was light
 And poor old Toine had an endless fight,
 With many a pitiless foe.
 When the buckwheat froze, and potatoes failed,
 And Lucile her married lot bewailed,
 He was broken down with woe.

But Toine had a tyrant—the whiskey jar,
 Which was harder to conquer, more costly by far
 Than the "femme" and her children ten ;
 And he often his way to the tavern took,
 For not all the water that flowed in the "Brook"
 Could quench the thirst of Toine.

One autumn night he had drank his fill
 And was stumbling home down the Chapel hill,
 With his faithful dog as guide,
 But his step was uncertain and down he fell,
 How far, or to where, he could never tell ;
 For the night was like darkness dyed,
 And what with tobacco, and beer and grog,
 He was less of a man than the great black dog,
 That kindly watched by his side.

He happened to fall, where the burying ground
 Lay silent and lone with the fir trees round,
 Neath the hill where a man was killed ;
 And oft as a child I have quaked with fear
 As I thought of the dead who were slumbering near,
 While with spirits the air seemed filled ;
 And with beating heart and averted face
 I have glided noiselessly past the place,
 While each nerve with a tremor thrilled.

But Toine cared not for this place of dread,
 As he held high carnival over the dead,
 And whooped like an Indian brave,
 Or a son of King William, the night of the "twelfth" ;
 He told the "bonne femme", to "take care of herself"
 Or he'd teach her how to behave ;
 He whipped up the horse he could never afford,
 He burst forth in song then as loudly "encored,"
 Then at last fell asleep on a grave.

When at length the cold grey morning broke,
From his torpid slumbers poor Toine awoke.
All aching from head to heel ;
When lo ! in the chilly morning blast,
He was hugging a tombstone hard and fast,
Instead of his loved Lucile,
While that wife of his bosom was standing by.
And the glances that shot from her scornful eye,
Entered his heart like steel ;
For he knew in the future, he'd often hear
Of that glorious night he was "on his beer,"
Dancing his lonely reel.

There are numbers of men like the one in the tale,
Who in fancy are catching the wind in each sail,
And taking the most out of life,
But who really are going from bad down to worse ;
Who empties the bottle, will empty the purse,
And fill up his household with strife,
And are hugging delusions and sins that enslave,
Till they're rescued alone, from a charity grave
By the careful hand of a wife

THE OLD COOK STOVE

You are standing there in your place, old stove,
 On this pleasant autumn night,
 Brightening the gloom of this silent room
 With your cheerful rays of light.
 You can never know, as you gleam and glow,
 What a pleasure you are to me,
 As you murmur and sing, like a living thing,
 Infusing my bowl of tea.

You had always a cheery way of your own
 For those twenty years and seven
 Since the risky farmer brought you home
 To cook for his stout "eleven".
 The neighbors told him the trade he'd rue,
 And they wished he would, no doubt.
 For nothing but a "Galbraith" stove would do
 When the winter's frosts were out.

How I envy your record, my wornout friend,
 For the hungry mouths you've fed,
 For your pots of soup and your roasts of meat
 And your glorious loaves of bread,
 And the pies and puddings of festive days
 And the good things the children love
 Send back their fragrance to join in the praise
 I am giving to you, old stove.

What varied fortunes have followed those
 Who basked in your cheerful light,
 And warmed their youthful fingers and toes
 In your blaze on a winter's night.
 One rears his sons where the pleasant breeze

From the warm Pacific blows,
 Another dwells where the cheery bells
 Ring over the homestead snows.

Some planted their homes midst the Yankee hills,
 Some here by Megantic's streams,
 One lives in the murmur of Sherbrooke mills,
 Where the broad St. Francis teems.
 There is one in the West, who's away so long
 That her memory alone remains,
 And your owner dreams of his wife and weans.
 On Alberta's prairie plains.

Some draw their gloves over dainty hands,
 And others their mitts of wool,
 While some recline on their cushions fine
 And some on a wooden stool.
 Some brows are wrinkled, once fair to see,
 Some smiling with prosperous day;
 Why they'd almost pity both you and me
 With our homely looks and ways.

Now there's one thing I've often remarked in life
 Since the days that I went to school,
 That those who earned the gloves of silk
 Got "left" with the mitts of wool.
 But don't be "down on your luck", old friend,
 Tho' like me you've passed your prime,
 Let us both go cheerily on to the end,
 Which will come in its own good time.

Then you'll be refined by the furnace blast
 And modelled with art and skill,
 And shine as brightly as in the past
 And work with as good a will.
 And I—may this furnace of worldly strife

Refine my soul for heaven,
 There to join the farmer, his good old wife,
 And the glorified "eleven."

"OVER EIGHTY."

Old friends, who quietly wait beside
 Times softly flowing stream
 I want to linger by your side,
 And think of what we seen,
 Of sun. days and toilsome ways,
 When the sky was overcast
 But all's well now; give God the praise,
 Your near your home at last.

Speak of the children, mother dear,
 Repeat each well loved name,
 From Cy, went off to Oregon.
 And Martha down to Maine,
 And now from far Montana
 Your grandson sends this line
 "I've called my baby Anna,
 For that grandmamma of mine."

You've been discouraged many a time
 Had many a tear to hide,
 For the boy who wandered out of line
 And the sweet young girl who died,

But hope was high and hearts were warm,
 And nerves were young and strong,
 You cleaned the timber from the farm,
 And the debt that dragged so long.

I'm sure you shake your wise old heads
 At young men nowadays.
 With their fancy drinks and fancy "rigs,"
 With little thought who pays.
 You gave your love a horseback drive
 In your young days I guess,
 Tho' making love on horseback has
 Its drawbacks, I confess.

Your "best girl" wore a gown she wove.
 Evening's when you were there
 You sat beside the chimney fire,
 And built your castles fair
 But how you thought you would have died
 With grief and misery, when
 She threw your warm, young love aside,
 And married Uncle Ben.

Dear hearts, that's sixty years ago.
 What keeps her memory bright!
 Tho' well you know, twas better so.
 She will come here to-night,
 How kind your tired old hands were oft
 Round many dying beds,
 May God make all your pillow's soft,
 Beneath your aching heads.

May be some night when all it still
 The summons will be given,
 To close your eyes on this dear earth.

And open them in Heaven,
 The troubles then will all be o'er,
 The weary nights and days,
 Good night brave pioneers of yore,
 All's well, give God the praise.

PIONEERS OF THE EASTERN TOWNSHIPS.

A century has passed away, with brightness and with
 flowers,
 Since first our fathers' white tent lay, in this fair land
 of ours.
 They came across from green Vermont ; New
 Hampshire spared a few.
 And Maine her hardy quota sent, of loyal men and
 true.
 They came from Britain's far-off shore, red-checked
 and stout of limb ;
 And all their household goods they bore, far in the
 forest dim.
 They spread along with sturdy tramp, by river, lake
 or hill,
 Or by forsaken Indian camp, they laid the homestead
 sill.
 And noble women came to stay, with loom and
 spinning wheel.
 No grand pianos then had they, but hoe and rake
 and reel,

They brought their Bibles. God be praised ! Wherever good women go,
They take this light to guide their ways, where zeal for Christ is low.

O brave contented pioneer ; beside your chimney fire,
With all in sight your heart holds dear, we wonder and admire ;
And wish for one short hour to feel, the hope that led you on,
And year by year new charms revealed, Till life's last hour is gone.

'Tis meet that we should sound their praise, that all their sons may know,
The hardships of those early days, so lightly thought of now.
Men of another race and creed are crowding us from here,
They offer gold, and in our need, we sell the homestead dear.

And in another hundred years, few may be here to tell
The perils of those pioneers, who bore their lot so well,
Then bring each treasured legend forth, you men of brain and pen,
And flood the press with tales of worth, of women brave and men.
If French will bring from memory's store, his oldtime tales along,

And Foster sings as ne'er before, one sweet centennial
 song ;
 And men of wealth will give their gold, to raise some
 structure grand
 In memory of those heroes bold, who left us this
 broad land ;
 We'll let no politics appear, we'll throw our pride
 away,
 And strive to make Centennial Year, one long, glad
 holiday.

SENSIBLE ADVICE

So you're going to give us a paper, my friend,
 Well that's just what we need, and we give you
 a cheer,
 And here's some suggestions I venture to send
 From a grey-haired observer, an old pioneer.
 They tell me you're clever and plucky, my boy.
 With plenty of learning and talent and "cheek,"
 And an editor-needs an unfailing supply
 Of each, as you'll find ere you run it a week.

Our county is full of intelligent men,
 Who criticize ably Sir John and Sir Charles,
 But we'd rather you wouldn't with tongue or with pen,
 Embroil yourself much in political quarrels.
 The politics now have such various hues,
 We will not advise you in choosing between,
 But of this we're convinced, that whichever you
 choose,
 You'll be faithful and loyal to country and Queen

Don't risk much instruction on stocks or its price,
Nor such delicate subjects as butter and cheese,
For we're posted on those and wont take your advice
But we'd like a few pointers on poultry and bees.
It is sometimes judicious to "sit on the fence"
When a matter's too trifling to make us decide,
But remember, we want every power you possess
Unreservedly cast on the temperance side.

Be prompt in reporting all "matches" in view,
Which will keep the young ladies and gents in a
flutter,
And don't be surprised, when your money is due,
If we ask you to take it in eggs or in butter.
Now all the return, I'm expecting for this,
When you celebrate proudly, your jubilee year,
And give all your family a fatherly kiss,
Just commend to them kindly, this old pioneer.

TALKS WITH THE GIRLS.

"Talking again of the beaux, I declare,
Just like the Jones girls, Molly and Hannah,
Didn't know nothing but curlin' their hair,
And bangin' away on their ma's old piano.

"Least that's what mother said often, to Will,
Friendly like, trying to show him his folly,
For Molly, we feared, had a weakness for Will,
And Will was clean 'mashed, as you call it, on
Molly.

"Will, he was useless enough, goodness knows !
But our 'geese are all swans' to us sisters and mothers,
And we've proved ourselves often their very worst
foes,
In our efforts to 'manage' our sons and our brothers.

"So mother she kept on a sneering at Moll,
At her folks, with their pride, and her airs and her
graces,
Till Will quit a going to Jones' at all,
But went off adrinking in all sorts of places.

But one sad evening', I'll never forget,
With its useless regrets, and unspeakable sorrow,
He came in the back way, and whispered 'don't fret,'
But I'm going to leave you, for Kansas, to-morrow.

"I packed his valise, and he kissed me good-bye,
I can't meet my mother, she'd be shocked at my
folly,

She's so pious, but still, I must say it or die,
She might have been lighter on my little Molly.'

So mother she never saw Will any more.
He married a Mexican down on the prairie ;
And Molly, she married the Doctor, next door,
And always seems happy and trim as a fairy.

Now girls there's one thing I want you to know :
If a brother's proud heart has, by grief, been made
mellow,
Don't tell him he shouldn't have done 'so and so,"
But smile just your sweetest and comfort the fellow.

A kindly word whispered when one's in distress,
Is worth all the maxims that ever were spoken,
A clasp of the hand, or a friendly caress,
Would heal half the hearts, now so hopeless and
broken.

PARTED

So that is the dear boy's sword up there
 Crossed with your own on the wall,
 And that is the compass and the square
 He carved on the door of the hall.
 Just as his heart lies close to yours,
 As a brother's should ever be;
 Just as his image pictured true
 On the pages of memory.

Yes, well I know you love him
 With affection strong as death,
 True as the stars above him,
 Warm as the homestead's hearth;
 Lovingly hovering round him,
 Where the prairie's keen wind blows,
 Folding him closer and closer,
 The farther away he goes.

Say, what is the worth of power or fame,
 Or the wealth of earth's richest mine,
 Or the prince's crown, or the hero's name,
 Compared with this love of thine?
 Why, 'tis sinful to sit there fretting,
 Knowing he's well and strong,
 Each blessing you have forgetting,
 And hugging your grief so long.

How would you bear life's burden
 If you knew that his dear form lay
 Silent and cold 'neath the prairie snows,
 Thousands of miles away

Just think how hard it would be to live
If you knew you should never hear
The cheering tones of his well known voice,
Of all earth's sounds most dear.

You may think I have soon forgotten,
But 'tis only the careless word,
The cold indifference and the pride
Which resentment sometimes stirred.
To-night I can only remember
His tender and pleasant ways,
In the griefs of the old "Decembers,"
In the joys of the long past "Maya."

And away in the doubtful future,
Whatever may be God's will,
I know I shall find him helpful, kind,
A friend and a brother still.
And so we can laugh as the years speed on,
They can change neither us nor him,
For though far apart, yet our hearts are one,
And we'll ever be true to Jim.

THE ROUGE AND THE BLEU.

The elections are over, the agony's past,
 And the wonderful question's decided at last.
 We wonder o'er eloquent speeches made,
 On the public expenses, the depression of trade,
 On the great (?) Riel question, the secession shout,
 And a number of things we know nothing about.
 How cruel we were, we would blush to reveal,
 How we stabbed our opponents with merciless zeal
 And for what? Why I frankly acknowledge to you—
 For the trifling distinction of Rouge and of Bleu.

There's my friend, true and faithful since both we
 were boys,

And quarrelled in youth, over sweethearts and toys,
 He was helpful and kind; I could always depend,
 In storm or in sunshine, on this trusty friend.
 But he passes me now, with his head in the air,
 For he thinks I insulted him out at the Fair.
 (Well for that, 'twas a matter of mud and of mire,
 I called him a fool, and he called me a liar)
 But what is a friend lost, to me or to you?
 We must hoist up our colors of Rouge or of Bleu.

Then here is another, despised from his youth,
 Deceitful, dishonest, regardless of truth,
 There's a sneaking distrust in the shake of his hand
 As if stealing the courtesy, a friend should demand.
 His political seat, heretofore, was the fence,
 But he tumbles your side, on some flimsy pretence,
 Rush out, grasp his hand, take this wretch to your
 heart,

And assure him, henceforth you never will part,
 You won't? Well, that's what you're expected to do,
 As a faithful supporter of Rouge or of Bleu.

Then there is your girl, the best one you had,
 You railed at Sir John and offended her dad,—
 A bitter old Tory, as everyone knew,
 From the top of his hat to the tap on his shoe.
 You might have discoursed on the weather, the "West"
 The cheapness of butter, the cows he liked best,
 You might have "spread out" on the store-keeper's
 crimes,

How the farmers are plundered of hard-earned dimes
 There were numberless subjects from which you could
 choose,

And might have been careful with so much to lose.
 But no! you must flaunt your political hue,
 And you've lost your best girl, for the Rouge or the
 Bleu.

O dear! I'm so sick of this partizan strife,
 I almost could welcome the old peaceful life,
 When the country knew nought of political din,
 But voted for Irvine through thick and through thin,
 When we placidly veered, as he told us to do,
 From the Bleu to the Rouge, from the Rouge to the
 Bleu.

THE GOLDEN WEDDING
OF MR. AND MRS. JAMES JOHNSTON.

Dear old neighbors, now far away,
I send you a hearty greeting ;
With a sigh for that far off wedding day
And a smile for the present meeting.
What do I send, not gold, my friends,
There has little to me been given ;
But what is gold to the eyes that behold
So near the gates of heaven.

Only a step till the wearied feet,
So trembling and unsteady,
Shall walk secure on the golden street,
Where mansions fair are ready.
How was the weather ? bright and fair,
On that well remembered morning ;
Or was there a touch of storm in the air
As a friendly kind of warning ?

Was there ever a pleasure without alloy
Was there not a nameless aching ?
Trembling the hearts so full of joy,
For the perilous step you were taking.
There were anxious fears for the future years,
And a little childlike grieving
For the several ties, and the counsels wise
Of the kind old folk they were leaving.

I wonder where is the parson now
Who joined your lives together,
Or the merry youngsters who wished you joy,

And a lifetime of sunny weather.
 Did any one of you dream that now
 A middle aged generation,
 Would clasp your fingers and kiss your brow,
 With kindly congratulation.

Fifty years, how they've stolen away
 Your choicest of youthful treasures,
 Fond old hopes they have swept away,
 By loftier aims and pleasures.
 Fifty years of a prosperous life,
 With here and there a sorrow;
 Patient and faithful as husband and wife,
 What can you ask for to-morrow.

They have given you children kind and dear,
 The household's richest blessing;
 Though scattered far, their hearts are near,
 Their fondest love expressing.
 Though the light is leaving the outward eye,
 The eye of faith is clearer;
 Though friends you've loved in the church-
 yard lie,
 But the one true friend is dearer.

They have left you health and a happy home.
 Sisters and friends and brother;
 And the greatest gift under Heaven's broad
 dome,
 They have left you one another.

THE RATEPAYER HAS A WORD TO SAY.

The farmer had finished his New Year's sport,
 A tired, half frozen man.
 He had shovelled and fed, since the clock struck five
 He couldn't spare time for a New Year's drive,
 He hadn't a moment to wash or shave.
 So he thumped the cow that wouldn't behave,
 With the edge of the milking can.

He had "jawed" the boys for the snow that piled
 In drifts at the stable doors.
 His dinner was poor and imperfectly "biled"
 So the man was sorely distressed and riled,
 As he finished his evening chores.

He settled himself at his green wood fire,
 And rubbed his specs with zeal.
 "Give me the Sherbrooke Gazette," said he,
 "Till the accidents, failures and deaths, I see.
 There'll be something to cheer up a fellow like me,
 Who is tired, and down at the heel."

"So here is something from Inverness,"
 And he carefully spelled his way
 Down thro' the poetry and the prose,
 To the well-turned paragraph near the close,
 That gave the writer away.

"Well, I'm blessed, if he isn't at it again,"
 "And here's a card," says his wife,
 "It's for taxes or something, I know it well,
 The beautiful writing of W. H. L.,
 It's a dun, you may bet your life."

Now, I wouldn't like to repeat to you
 What the man, in his anger said,

"Why, I paid them taxes months ago,
 So get the receipts, I have them to show.
 Off to the seaside, to be sure,
 The airs of those people, I can't endure,
 One would think they were city bred."

There's a thing I've remarked of the average man,
 (And so I'm sure have you)

If he wants a particular paper or thing,
 He turns to the woman who wears his ring,
 And demands what he wants with expectant air,
 As if she could produce it then and there,
 From pocket or person, or some other where,
 Concealed from public view.

So this good wife searched for the lost receipts,
 In a tremulous, anxious way,
 She looked in the Bible and on the shelf,
 And in the cupboard, among china and delf,
 In the clock, the vase, and behind the "glass"
 And rummaged the drawers without success.

She even tried to pray—
 And stealthily wiped from her eye a tear,
 For this scene has been acted once a year,
 Since their happy bridal-day.

She found them ere long, but alas! alas!
 They told of years gone by,
 But the busy months had so quickly sped
 O'er the hard-wrought farmer's whitening head,
 That he couldn't believe it "I'll go," said he,
 "And speak my mind to him pretty free.
 I'll tell you, I'll not be shy,
 For I know as sure, as that moon has riz
 It's a plot between him and that schoolmam of his
 The cash for the trip, to supply."

"BON VOYAGE."

(JAS. MILLAR.)

That is what I heard my neighbor say
 With his hearty voice, his pleasant way,
 To a penniless habitant wending his way
 To the wilds of Stoke.

He stood in the door with a lordly air
 He raised his hat from his forehead fair,
 And bowed like a prince to the poor man there;
 Though he scarcely spoke,

And I knew the habitant heart was stirred,
 And all through his life he will remember the word
 I was blessed myself though I only heard "Bon Voyage"

We are all launched out on life's treacherous tide ;
 Let us journey it pleasantly side by side,
 There is room for us all for its waters are wide ;
 Then, O ! let us help each other.

Did you hear that song ? thank God, come along,
 Never give up though the wind is strong ;
 And the crags abound and your boat gets wrong
 Keep up your heart my brother.

Steer for the Cross which is shining clear
 Over the harbor, and Christ is near ;
 We are bought with his blood and he holds us dear
 And commands us to love one another.
 Now the poorest Christian can always pray :
 And though we have little to give away,
 We could always say in our friendly way, "Bon
 Voyage."

RECOLLECTIONS.

"Aye, it's twenty years, yet how short it appears,
 Since I married you, my Mary,
 You were never so fair as your sisters were,
 But a splendid hand in a dairy ;
 And I wanted some one to help me on,
 And not sit round and idle ;
 But says mother, says she, "If you take her, John,
 Look well to your bit and bridle."

"She thought, being thirty years and odd,
 You'd be set in your ways and wilfull,
 But I didn't care, for the streaks in your hair,
 As long as your hand was skilfull,
 You could strip the fleece from the struggling sheep,
 And put it thro' all its stages,
 Till you fashioned a garment strong and cheap,
 Which would last with care for ages.

"You did not fret when misfortune came,
 When the horse went lame with founder ;
 You worked the harder, and didn't blame,
 And your cheek grew redder and rounder,
 You seldom scolded or tried to "boss"
 Tho' old man Jones kept saying
 That you were always the "better hoss,"
 You helped so well in haying.

"But of late I've been sizing you up you see,
 And I notice how fast you're failing,
 And how wrinkled and old you've got to be,
 For a woman that's seldom ailing ;

You're so yellow and wrinkled, I do declare,
 If there's rouge to be got I'd try it,
 And the grey has turned to white in your hair,
 I'd advise you, my dear, to dye it.
 "Why you looked so shabby, with widow Brown
 In that glossy velvet bonnet,
 And her costly furs, and her satin gown,
 With the beads all sparkling on it,
 I was almost ashamed—why, Mary, wife,
 Whatever has set you a crying?
 What's that you say—, you have seen the day,
 You were twice as pretty as that old Kitty,
 With all her rouging and dyeing?"

Oh, little we think as we're talking away,
 To our dearest and best in our pitiless way
 How we're wantonly probing the wounds that were
 healing,
 Or their comforts and hopes we're remorselessly
 stealing,
 By words so unfeeling and cruelly true,
 Which should never be uttered by me, or by you,
 They will find out full soon that the roses have fled,
 Their nerves are unsteady, and energy dead,
 And those dear, faithfull' workers should never be told
 They have grown so uselessly, frightfully old.

THE FARMER'S WIFE

A wearisome life has the farmer's wife,
 As she works on her way to the grave,
 Her hand has no play time: her foot has no rest,
 Till she's laid down to sleep, with the grass on
 her breast,
 Her life is the life of a slave.

She must rise in the morn, when the first blink of dawn,
 Is tinging the east with its light,
 For there's cooking, and washing, and cleaning to do.
 And the numberless trifles she cannot get thro'
 Till the long day has faded in night.

Then is her work done? No, t'is hardly begun,
 Of the day, night is nought but the type,
 For there's knitting and sewing to keep her till two.
 And when all else is over, there is spinning to do,
 While her husband sits smoking his pipe.

Does he wonder and frown, at how "homely" she's
 grown?
 Since the day that he first brought her there.
 Does he gaze at the brown wrinkled face in surprise.
 At the hard blistered hands, and the lustreless eyes,
 And the streaks in her glossy brown hair.
 Has he fitfully asked, why she's not neatly dressed,
 Like the wives of the tradesmen down town,
 Does he point with the satisfied smile on his face,
 At his large drove of cows, and his flourishing
 place?
 Then frown at his wife's dirty gown?

If he does, he should know that the trademans's
wife,

Does not soil gown or hands,

She knows that she does not need to stir,

For she has a husband can work for her

Though he owns not house nor lands.

Ah, the tears will fall fast, when the time comes at last

When he lowers her head in the grave ;

And his memory well tell how she worked by his
side,

To add to his comfort, and flatter his pride,

For she was not his wife but his slave.

O then, farmers, I ask you, where ever you be

For the sake of the daughters that sit at your
knee,

And the fast shrinking form of that kind loving wife,

Whom you've promised to love and to cherish
through life,

For to save those poor hands of hers carpet your
floors,

And carry your water and wood within doors :

And as long as a rake and a hoe you can wield,

O keep her, for pity's sake, out of the field.

HALLOWE'EN.

O happy night ! which brings again
November's snow and sleeting :
Whether your gifts are joy or pain,
We owe you hearty greeting.
Dear haunted eve, the ghosts you raise
Are memories sweet and pleasant,
To bring the dear ones from their graves,
The far-off friends are present.

This night we strive to pierce the mist
That shrouds life's path; and view it
And half believe, yet still protest
We know there's nothing to it.
We dream of long-past Hallowe'ens,
Each joyous merry making,
When by the fires, with eager eyes,
We watched the nuts a-baking.

Or stealing to some neighbor's door,
By ghost and gloom undaunted,
We heard names uttered o'er and o'er,
But not the ones we wanted.
And tho' those disappointments then
Were hard on lads and lasses,
How grateful since they often be
For missing those they wished to see
Reflected in their glasses.

While others, not so wisely led,
Have many years been rueing
They lost the honest farmer lad
Who came that night a-wooing.

But many failures make us wise,
 We waken to discover,
 No power of ours could change the choice
 Of this—our destined lover.

So, young folks, on this Hallowe'en
 Enjoy your fill of pleasure,
 And fret not if you fail to see
 The future's guarded treasure.
 "Ye'll get ye're ain," a Scotch wife said,
 Once to a boasting lover
 Who talked of who he'd take or leave,
 When flirting days were over.

"Ye'll get ye're ain," you need not fear,
 The wrong one ne'er was given ;
 Do well your part, be true of heart,
 And trust the rest to Heaven.

OUR WANDERERS.

Come home and see your mother, boy,
 Her sun is sinking low,
 Its rays are reaching out before,
 To meet the heavenly glow,
 Her soft brown hair is white—so white,
 Her eyes look far away,
 And slow the step, and low the voice,
 That taught you how to pray.

Do you remember years ago,
 When ends would scarcely meet,
 The hours she stole from needful rest
 To keep your garments neat ?

Just think of all her anxious care,
 To make your life's road smooth,
 The only friend who loved you, through
 The follies of your youth.

No wonder that her hands are tired,
 That voice and limbs are weak,
 No wonder that the roses left
 Her round and dimpled cheek.
 Such ceaseless, unrewarded toil,
 Too soon the wrinkles brought,
 O boys ! it makes me sick to think
 How hard our mothers wrought.

Don't count your bank book up, my boy,
 And wonder "would it pay ;"
 Could money buy her smile of joy
 When once she's gone away ?
 Don't think your prized possessions came
 Because you pinched and slaved,
 It may be 'twas her blessing brought
 The dollars you have saved.

And when you come don't worry her
 About the cash it cost,
 Nor of the sacrifice you've made,
 Nor of the time you've lost.
 If you would future years enjoy,
 Just take your cherished store,
 And come and see your mother, boy
 And trust the Lord for more.

JIM.

Have you really forgotten me, Jim.
Out in that far North West ?
With the beeves and the sheaves and the gold and
the cold,
And the winds that never rest
Do you ever think of the mill, Jim.
Of the dear old dusty mill ?
It is grumblng to-day, in the old time way,
Down there under the hill.

And the farmers come with their loads of grain.
In the dam the children play.
And the miller stands in the open door
And whistles "Duncan Gray."

And there lies the slope beyond it, dressed
In scarlet and green and gold.
There's not such a sight in your whole North West
For an artist's eye to behold.
Your heart may tire of the boundless plains
And the mountains rocky dome :
Did you ever tire of the autumn tints
Of the maple groves of home ?

We have drifted away from each other, Jim,
But still we must not forget
We were rocked by the same fond mother, Jim
And I feel she is watching yet
For the cherished children, whose weary feet
Are straying down life's hill,
Often as far from the "narrow." path
As you are far from the mill.

But Another is watching and guiding too,
 The Eye which is never dim.
 Who will lead us straight to the shining gates
 If we trust our ways with Him.

"DOWN HOME."

There's where the blue of the sky is brighter,
 There's where the grass has a greener glow.
 And the winter's snow is a little whiter,
 Seen through the memories of long ago.
 Sweeter the sound of the murmuring river.
 Softer the moss over hollow and hill.

O! to be home again,
 Never the roam again,

Down by the side of the old brown mill.

There's a brother of mine who grows dear and dearer
 Afar in the shadows of Fort McLeod.
 Yet his spirit, this night, to my own seems nearer,
 'Tis Auld Hallowe'en, when the spirits crowd:
 Piling up money that comforts, and cheers not,
 Lonely and sick, is he saying to Will;

O! to be home again,
 Never to roam again,

Down by the side of the old brown mill.

Sister far off in the shade of the mountains
 Do you remember the old Hallowe'ens?
 Dipping our sleeves in the witch haunted fountains,
 Peering in mirrors, and reading our dreams,

Is your heart whispering tho' healthy and wealthy,
O, for a sight of the woodland and hill

O I to be home again,

Never to roam again,

Far from the sound of the old brown mill.

Am I forgetting the dear greyhead bending

Over the letter he's writting to Jim.

Why does he stop he is not near its ending,

Why should his eye grow so suddenly dim,

Sickness of heart for this long absent brother,

Hear how he's pleading with tones of heart thrill

Will you come home again,

Never to roam again,

Far from the sound of the old brown mill,

Christmas is coming with gifts and with gladness,

This is no time to be nursing our woe,

Call up our smiles, put away all our sadness,

Christ came to save us so long, long ago,

Just a few years, and the partings are over,

Just a few tears and our hearts will be still

We will be "Home" again,

Never to roam again,

Strangers may live by the the old brown mill.

AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED TO MY
DEAR FRIEND.

Mr J. Mooney, Sr.

You've been down to the River's side, my friend,
You could almost hear the sweep
Of the boatman's oar ; thro' the threatening roar,
Of the waters dark and deep.
Did you ever feel in the lonesome night,
As your breathing harder grew ;
That he might return, ere the morning's light,
And beckon, and wait for you ?

Did you ever dream as you neared the place
Where the dead and the living meet,
Of your loving mother's saintly face
Or your children's welcoming feet ?
Did you see the Friend we've grieved so oft,
With a kind forgiving smile ?
Did you hear the music, sweet and soft,
From the angel choir the while ?

How did the world with its cares appear,
As it slipped from the powerless hand ;
Were your thoughts with the friends you were leaving
here,
Or with those in the Better Land ?
Were there bitter regrets for the harsh word said,
Or the kindly word unspoken,
Of wrongs to the living, or wrongs to the dead,
Or of promises made and broken ?

Was there ever a tremor of human fear,
 Or a cloud of doubt to appal ?
 When parting with all your heart held dear,
 Or was Jesus "all in all" ?
 O friend, for such a glimpse of Heaven
 With the dear Lord's face in view,
 I would gladly have walked thro' the valley of death,
 And shared its pain with you.

MY OLD ROUGE FRIEND.

ROBERT STEWART

Old friend, you say I'm changed to-day,
 You hint I'm growing old ;
 You miss the sharpness of my pen,
 When my muse was young and bold.
 And cared not where the arrows sped,
 So that some foe was smitten,
 And only laughed o'er hearts that bled
 For words unwisely written.

But heartless words bear bitter fruit,
 And to the flames add fuel ;
 The things we once thought very cute
 Were only very cruel.
 And in the light of wiser years,
 I grieve for pangs thus given,
 And feign would blot them with my tears
 From out the sight of heaven.

But grieve not for my talents gone,
 Keep strong in heart and muscle ;
 For in the contest coming on

Each Rouge will have to rustle.
 You'll have to shout, "Hurrah for Rhodes!"
 Though very loth to do it.
 Be Orange here and Jesuit there,
 And help the party through it.

They brushed your candidate aside
 As house wife would a cricket,
 Yet you must hide your Highland pride,
 And vote the national ticket.
 While I could snap this party chain
 And vote for worth and merit,
 You may deplore my weakening brain,
 I scorn your loss of spirit.

You're in the "sere and yellow leaf;"
 I'm following fast, I know.
 We may not care for joys or grief,
 Ere falls the Christmas' snow.
 Then let us with this thought in view
 Exchange our kindest wishes.
 Though you be Rouge and I be Blue,
 Who'd sacrifice a friendship true
 For Mercier's "loaves and fishes?"

FOR MISS E. R.,

Late of Lower Ireland.

There is something in the glance
 Of your eye,
 And your smile that brings the past
 Wondrous nigh,
 And our girlhood's happy years,
 Shining through a mist of tears,
 Like a vision bright appears
 From the sky.

There I see the "chapel" stands,
 Old and grey,
 Built by willing, toil-stained hands,
 Passed away ;
 There's the ill-constructed pews,
 Divers shapes and various hues,
 Where the weary farmers snooze
 E'en to-day.

There's the same old breaking down
 In the hymn,
 With the same discordant sound
 Striking in.
 You were gazing into space,
 With demure and proper face ;
 I was watching for the "bass"
 Coming in.

I've quit watching for the bass
 Years ago ;
 Have you still that proper face,
 Cold as snow ?

Have you not been peeping sly
 From the corner of your eye,
 Lest some friend you might descry,
 Or a beau ?

There's the clasp of friendly fingers
 At the door,
 But the thrill no longer lingers
 As of yore.
 Are you laughing in derision,
 At those memories you have risen ?
 Very well, 'tis but a vision,
 And is o'er.

BELINDA.

You were not there my dear old friend,
 How sad it seemed to me,
 To miss your name amongst the guests,
 At the joyful jubilee ;
 You were not there, their lips to press,
 How could they be so gay,
 With you their eldest child and best,
 Two thousand miles away.

The prairies broad before your door,
 That day had lost their charm.
 With all the autumn's garnered store,
 And the stock around the farm ;
 The children seemed to crowd your way,
 And heavier grew each care.

For 'twas your parents wedding day,
And you dear, were not there.

O brave blue eyes now "looking east,"
How oft they fill with tears,
Not as the guests around the feast,
You scan the long past years,
Whose sorrows rise like mountains gray.
You cannot see their joys.
They're shadowed by that dreadful day,
They buried both your boys.

Dear kindred heart in those dark hours,
How near God seemed to be.
He walked among our drooping flowers,
And culled them lovingly ;
With breaking hearts we saw them go,
And turned away to weep,
But now I'm often glad to know,
How safe our children sleep.

No tempter can our boys ensnare,
They're safe from every peril,
And not an ache of head or heart
Can reach my little girl ;
Then let us hide the past away
Without rebellious tears,
And trust in God for grace to guide
The future's misty years.

And may we all again unite,
The greatest and the least,
With lamps all trimmed and garments white,
At the last great marriage feast.

THE BABY.

"It was only a child a few months old,"
 That's all 'twas to another,
 "Better away than here," you say,
 But you are not its mother.
 You never smoothed the dear brown head,
 That lay on my arm and slumbered,
 Nor even tossed on a sleepless bed,
 When her few short days were numbered.

When the pitiless winds of winter rave,
 Like a hurricane round your pillow,
 You do not think of a baby's grave
 So cold, by a sprig of willow.
 And e'en when the spring with its blossoms sweet,
 Has sprinkled the meadows over,
 You do not grieve for the little feet,
 Which might have pressed its clover.

When the moon is low in the western sky,
 And the fire in the grate is dying,
 You do not wake with a weeping eye
 And fancy you hear her crying ;
 Tho' well I know that your words are true,
 And you say them, my grief to soften,
 "That there's many a mother whose child has strayed ;
 From the path of night, would gladly have laid
 That child in an infant's coffin."

But 'twill all come right as the years go by
 For a tender Father guideth ;
 Our straying steps to the home on high,
 Where the little one abideth.

But still this earthly love is strong,
 And my lonely spirit pineth
 For the cherub that sings the angels' song,
 Where the light of heaven shineth.

REVIVAL HYMNS.

Ring out the old revival hymns
 Above the drifting snow,
 With sweet refrain ring out again
 Those songs of long ago.
 Brush from our hearts the cares of years,
 And let the Lord come in,
 His presence shall allay our fears,
 His mercy cleanse from sin.

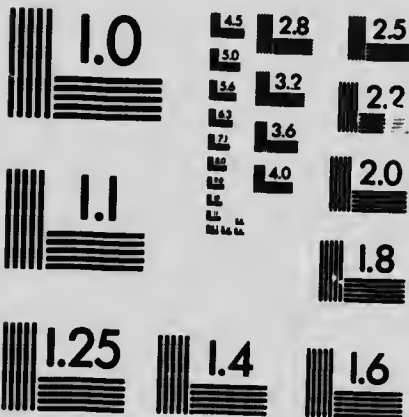
From homesteads on the hilltops drear,
 From homesteads in the dell,
 Come forth young voices sweet and clear,
 Each chorus loud to swell,
 "There is a fountain filled with blood,"
 Thank God 'tis flowing still,
 Sing, "Happy land" and "Happy day"
 And "Climbing Zion's hill."

Sing "Joyfully, so joyfully."
 The world needs more of joy,
 All should rejoice, with heart and voice
 "Let praise our tongues employ."
 We're "coming home, we're coming home."
 The way to Heaven is free,



MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



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"Must Jesus bear the Cross alone,"
And "Lord abide with me."

What sacred memories linger round
Each old familiar lay,
Sung long ago, with rhythmic flow
By voices hushed for aye.
The power of song, is wondrous strong,
We feel our eyes grow dim;
With blessed tears, as on our ears
Falls each old cherished hymn.

TO ABBIE LATHROP.

I read your nameless grief to-night,
And stranger tho' you be,
My heart goes out in sympathy,
Poor stricken one, to thee.
Your children lie beneath the snow,
Dear sister, so do mine;
Your dear young husband's lying low,
Cut off before his time.

We clothed our children for the grave,
In loneliness and sorrow,
We dared not think upon the past,
We feared the coming morrow.
But heavier far affliction's hand,
Has fallen on your head,
Still by my side my husband stands,
While yours is with the dead.

They'll tell you you must be resigned,
 Your groans and anguish still,
 And show a well disciplined mind,
 By bowing to God's will.
 They cannot know the pain you feel,
 Then pour your blessed tears ;
 The Hand that smites can also heal
 Your heart in coming years.

Poor mourning sister, far away,
 You'll likely never see,
 The one that sends these simple words
 Of sympathy to thee.
 But, if a stranger's pitying love
 Can soothe one pang of thine,
 Take it, I give it for the sake
 Of your dear ones and mine.

CHARLEY'S LETTER.

Dear Maggie, I hae' wandered far, and pass'd thro'
 mony a grief,
 Since last I pressed your willing lips upon the pier
 o' Leith,
 And I hae wrought thro' thick and thin for weary
 nights and days,
 But Meg, my thochts were aye wi' ye, on Berwick's
 flowery braes.
 But O! it's hard tae wark, Maggie, as these two hands
 hae done :

Tae shiver in the winter's cauld, and melt wi' summer's sun ;
 But warst o' a' the fever cam, and stretched me low
 in pain,
 But gin I'm puir, O Meg, believe, I hanna been tae
 blame.

It's no a mansion fair and grand I hae tas offer
 ye ;
 It's no the ha' my fancy built, my Maggie's hame tae
 be ;
 But O' it's warm wi' love within, tho' happed without
 wi' snaw,
 For nane o' a' the lassie's here hae stown my heart
 awa.

Yes, I am leal and true, dear for a' tha's couil and
 gane,
 And a' my hardships I'll forget gin ye hae been the
 same ;
 Sae come across the western wave, my bonnie bride
 tae be,
 For O, my heart is breaking, love, wi' waiting, love,
 for ye.

The autumn's sun was blurking bright on mony a
 cottar's door,
 And lassies cheered in sangs sae bright the slopes o'
 Lammermuir ;
 But what maks Maggie Bell sae sour, wha's smile was
 aye so gay ?
 She didna use tae flight and glower when teas'd wi'
 Charley Gray.
 Ah, 'twas yon waefu' letter gae her cooling love its
 death,

She thought o' Charley, sick and poor, beside his
 cabin hearth ;
 "And what," she said, "Wad be my fate, gin I gae
 ower tae him,
 To wark, wark, wark, frae air to late, his bread and
 mine to win ;
 I lo'e him weel, but I man chase sick fancies far
 awa,
 And tak my kinsfolk's biddin ance and marry Jack
 McCraw."

She wrote : "O Charley, can ye ask tae bring
 me ower the sea,
 Unto that far and frozen land tae share your
 poverty ;
 I've waited patiently and lang till ye will rise to
 wealth,
 But noo ye have lost your only gear ye are poor in
 purse and health.

"Then what would gar me leave my hame, my
 faither's bein fireside,
 And gang awa tae Canada in woe and want tae
 bide ?
 Then Charley tak some lassie there your "bonnie
 bride to be,"
 But dinna curse the fickle heart that's been so fause
 to thee."

The heartless letter suns sped ower the mony miles
 between,
 And landed safe in Charley's hand ae b'ithsome
 Halloween.
 The fiddle played sae merrily, the dancers whirled
 fu'light,

But Charley Gray gazed anxiously out in the dark
some night.

She'll sure be here, I ken she will ; whar can that
Robin be ?

I'm sure the steamer must be in, I'll gang mysel and
see ;

They winna miss me for a wee O how my Meg will
stare

At this snug house and a' sae grand, and lads and
lassies fair,"

He slipped awa, but Robin met his master at the
door,

"The steamer's landed, here is all, a letter, nothing
more."

When Charley read the dreadfu' words his heart
grew cau'd as stane ;

The healthfu' blood frae cheek and lip seemed now
for ever gane.

"O Maggie, Maggie, is it sae," at length he wildly
cried ;

"Is this the way my heart ye pay for love so true and
tried ?

Wi mirth and sang, and glad surprise, I wad hae wel-
comed ye,

May God— but nae, I winna curse your treachery
tae me."

The red blood gurgled from his lips, he sank upon
the floor ;

For weary weeks upon his bed he lay at death's
cauld door ;

But wha was't wet his scorching lip and cool'd his
burnin broo ?

'Twas Maggie, who cam ower the sea, sad and re-
pentant too.

She couldna stand the haunting glance o' Charley's
 hollow e'en ;
 They stood before her at the dance, and at the prayers
 at e'en ,
 So off she sailed tae Canada, and thought how he
 wad smile
 To find the lass he lo'ed sae weel had lo'ed him a'the
 while.

But when she felt the feeble grasp that once was warm
 and strong,
 And heard the doctor sadly say, "he winna linger
 long."
 She cursed her folly and her pride, and cursed her
 kinsfolk a',
 And cursed the day she thought to wed that gawky,
 Jack McCraw.
 And long before the waving grass on Charley's grave
 was seen,
 Poor Maggie Bell was raving mad among the
 meadows green.

THE FACTORY GIRL'S LETTER.

I'm coming home to die, mother, when brown Sep-
 tember leaves,
 Are fading to a rusty brown, and yellow shine the
 sheaves,
 When all the bright and gorgeous hues that summer
 sunbeams brought,
 Have faded like my early life and crumbled into
 nought.

There will not be a sadder sight beneath the autumn
sky.
How glad I am, how sad I am, to hasten home to die.
That dear old home, I love it well, upon the breezy hill;
How could I leave its sheltering care, for that hot,
stifling mill ?
And down the valley, green and cool, in many a
pleasant nook.
A hundred nameless blossoms bloomed, beside the
old mill brook.
The white sheep dotted all the hill whose fleeces
colored brown,
Were by your patient fingers wrought, to make my
homespun gown,
I knew no pain in those young days, in homely
comfort dressed,
No sickness fear, no racking cough, my buoyant
heart oppressed.
Oh, mother dear, had I but stayed beneath your
watchful eye,
I might not now be coming home, within your arms
to die.
You know it was the other girls who worked and
roomed with me ;
You cannot think how taunting that those thoughtless
girls could be ;
They laughed so at the useful clothes, your wisdom
had supplied,
I had to lay my thick soled shoes and homespun
hose aside.
I blush to think how quickly I was led to jeer and laugh.
And talked of nought but beaux and dress and joined
their senseless chaff,

I often cry to think of it as helplessly I lie,
 But, oh! forgive me mother, for I'm coming home
 to die.

A hundred tender memories come, of those same girls
 to-night,
 How tenderly they tended me, from dark till morning
 light.

The countless presents which they brought, from out
 their scanty store,
 And their troubled anxious faces when they left my
 chamber door.

Returning to their long day's work within the dusty
 mill,

Are kindnesses I'll not forget till this poor heart is still.
 I know 'twill be the hardest thing to bid the girls
 good bye,

And tell them that I am going home to Canada to die.

Now don't come out to meet me when the train goes
 rattling down,

But stay at home and welcome me in that brown
 wincey gown,

And muslin cap I laughed about, so spotless and so
 white.

I want to see them on you and I'll know that all is right.
 I long to hear your spinning wheel and the murmur
 of the mill,

And the blessed light of home shine out, from the old
 house on the hill.

And oh! you must not fret and grieve for Heaven is
 very nigh,

Your weary suffering daughter who is coming home
 to die.

OUT WEST.

"Yes they called him wild and reckless,
But he ever was good to me,
And tho' always a source of trouble,
He was as dear as a boy could be.
But he longed for some wild excitement,
Grew tired of the safe home nest,
But where ever he be he'll remember me,
My boy who went out west."

He was always free with his money,
And played and perhaps did worse,
There were plenty to lead him to evil,
And share in his open purse ;
And the neighbors grew to shun him,
But to me he was doubly dear,
Tho' my heart was slowly breaking
With grief at his sad career."

"And often a wild misgiving
That I did not rear him aright
Like a dreadful phantom would come to me,
In the fearful hush of the night.
Then my heart in its guilty terror,
Was crushed with remorse and fear,
Oh ! there's many a grief we can only tell.
To a Father's pitying ear."

"I'm only a sinful woman,
But still I can plead and pray,
That God will in mercy follow,
My sheep that has gone astray."

Dear boy I I may never see him,
 But I know that his will is best,
 So that is my story stranger,
 Of my boy who went out West."

The stranger's rough lip quivered, when the woman's
 tale was done,

"Come here," said he, "and sit by me, I'll tell you
 of your son,

Far out in Colorado, in the gulches deep and drear,
 I worked with that ere boy of yours for nigh upon
 a year.

"And many a time I told him, how I came to look
 for gold

To redeem the dear old homestead, that for debt
 would soon be sold,

How the old folks and the children, were depending
 all on me,

And the money I should send them for the bit o'
 bread and tea.

"Then sitting by the camp-fire he has told me o'er
 and o'er,

He would never see New Hampshire and his bless-
 ed mother more,

But 'I've got,' he said, 'her Bible, and her blessings in
 my breast,

And her parting words of comfort, when I left her
 for the West."

"Well the snow began melting, and the little bits of
 rills,

Came a raging down in torrents thro' the canons
 from the hills,

And one morning, just at daybreak, we were wakened
by a scream,
From the widow's little cabin, just across the swollen
stream."

"Now it didn't seem a minute, he was out and back
to me;

'Will' says he, 'the cabin's floating, and the prairie's
like a sea,
I can swim my pony over, here's my papers and my
"dust";

* * *

Sobs here stopped the stranger's story, "Tell me all,"
the mother said,

"Heaven give me strength to bear it, for I know
my boy is dead."

"Yes, brave soul, we found his body, down the
prairie many a mile,

With the damp curls on his forehead, on his lips a
pleasant smile,

And a peace that never rested on his features when
in life,

Told the hard fought fight was over, with its bitter-
ness and strife,

And the roughest there was sobbing, when we raised
him up and here

Close upon his dear dead bosom, lay your Bible,
mother dear."

HOW WE ARE DECEIVED.

That clever counterfeiter in the nick of time.

"What's this you say ? I tell you nay,
You cannot buy my vote
I'm truest blue, from hat to shoe,
I never turned my coat."

"This coat—it sadly needs repairs
The sleeves begin to fray.
Tis like our Governments' affairs
At Ottawa to-day.
How would a "five" repair it up,
Lay down your axe, go in
And bring us out a drinking cup
We'll taste this flask of gin.

I see it plain they'll sell to Blaine,
Whenever they get a chance,
And here's the Greenbacks rolling in
A fortnight in advance,
You will not vote at all, you say ?
Well what do you say to "ten"
Of course, we must do solid work
With all such solid men.

"Why here's a "twenty" crisp and new,
Now hand me back a "five"
This bird in hand, is better, friend
Than ten in the woods, alive,
The wily boodler drove away
The wily farmer smiled
"He thinks that I could vote that day
Agin John Henrys' child."

This honest farmer would'nt cheat
 But said within his "vest"
 "Now I can sell my frozen wheat
 And buy McFarlane's best.
 The bogus boodler smiled and smiled
 Repeating over again,
 Yes Sir! We must do solid work,
 With all such solid men.

That dandy yankee counterfeit
 Is all he's worth I hope
 He'll rally on election day,
 With twenty votes for Pope.

TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE JOHN
 HENRY POPE.

Draw the curtain wearied weeper,
 That this April's evening beams,
 May enfold you suffering sleeper,
 And unconscious paint his dreams ;
 Win his thoughts from legislation,
 And ambitions thorny ways,
 To the happier humbler station,
 Of his hopeful boyhood days ;
 Till in dreams he taste the apples,
 Hanging tempting from the boughs
 Tap once more the reddening maples
 Train the horses ; feed the cows.

O, how sweet this earnest toiling
 With the strength of youth appears,
 Viewed beyond the ceaseless broiling,
 Of the stormy later years,
 Better back and limb be aching,
 Than a weary heart and brain
 Herds untamed, 'tis easier breaking,
 Than the power of perverse men.

Clear away each blue-backed volume
 From the statesman's failing sight,
 Speech, and dry statistic column,
 Must not vex his soul to-night,
 Leave the mind without a fetter,
 Lay aside the cares of state,
 Leave unread despatch and letter,
 Let the deputation wait.

Dying, do not say he's dying,
 Must we lose his helping hand ?
 Shall his wise advice no longer,
 Guide the counsels of the land ?
 Even so ; man's mighty conqueror,
 Laughs at parley—scorns debate ;
 When death leads the deputation,
 It has never had to wait.

Foes who differed in opinion,
 Now will praise, as low he lies
 Friends all o'er this wide Dominion
 Soon will laud him to the skies,
 But the thing most dearly cherished,
 Which will make his name endure,
 When the voice of fame has perished,

Is the blessing of the poor,
 And the sweetest consolation
 Borne to earth by heavenly breeze,
 Is his Saviour's commendation,
 "For ye did it unto these."

ELECTIONS.

Again the time is coming for elections I believe,
 When your friend who wants an office will be pulling
 at your sleeve,
 And the man that's wanting "somethin" will be whis-
 pering in your ear,
 For these things happen surely when election time is
 near,
 I'm almost on the fence myself, I'm most ashamed
 to say,
 Being all mixed up and muddled with the parties of
 to-day.

I'm a Liberal Conservative who always voted blue,
 With an honest man's conviction, 'twas the proper
 thing to do,
 But they sometimes give supporters just the bitterest
 kind of pill,
 But worst of all is what they call, this Mercier Jesuit
 Bill,

I'm opposed to all things Popish, from a candle to a
gown,
As becomes a man, whose parents came from famous
Derry town.

And then you see I always set a "pile" by old Sir
John,
He had a mighty clever mind, which now I fear is
gone ;
If you're always fooling with the fire, you'll get a
burn perhaps,
And he's far too chief with Langevin and those other
Jesuit Chaps,
And there's Thompson scares him with the law and
Chapleau I declare,
Can twist him round his finger, ere a friend could
shout "take care."

Then the Liberals were continually a booming up the
debt,
And vowing the Conservatives, would sink the country
yet,
They'd praise the Yonkee's Land and laws, and de-
precate our own
And would almost take hysterics if Sir John would
mention "loan,"
Then they'd howl for reciprocity, free trade and an-
nexation,
Yet would leave free trade old England for a well
protected nation,
But as soon as they got into power, their scruples all
had flown,
And they picnicked off to Paris to negotiate a loan.

So you see its rather hard upon a simple man like me
Who strives to do his duty and respect the powers
that be,
But I see they have a party now, this "Equal Rights"
affair,
Their platforms good their name as well and if they
run it square,
And throw a lot of Temperance in and not be led or
driven
But keep their hands and conscience clean before the
sight of Heaven,
And fear no power but God alone : be loyal, firm and
true
I believe I'll give them my support and see what they
can do,
But this, you may depend upon, I'll vote what ere be-
falls,
As one should vote whose father came from glorious
Derry walls.

YOUTHFUL ASPIRATIONS.

"Ma : Can't we have an organ too ?
 The neighbors all have got them,
 The man you know was at the show,
 And lots of people got them.
 We're getting all behind the times,
 With your continual saving;
 I wish you'd let me spend your dimes,
 And stop this useless slaving."

You want an organ I sakes alive !
 Sit down and learn to spin,
 Next thing I know, you'll want the earth,
 Like Dr. James McGlynn.
 You want the curtains changed in hue
 From red to golden brown.
 Here's what you want you'll get it too.
 A regular setting down.

I tell you things have changed a bit,
 Since Pa and I came here,
 On business tour and wedding trip,
 With all our goods and gear.
 The house he furnished after dark
 With hammer, axe and saw,
 The chairs cane-seated too, with bark,
 And bed well filled with straw.

We kept no rooms for company then,
 With every thing to match
 But open door, for rich and poor,
 And bolted with a latch.
 And every "tack" your father had
 You saucy little flirt,
 Was homespun save his boots and hat,
 And snow white Sunday shirt.

And then my gowns were homespun too,
Though nicely made and pressed.
For week days butternut on blue ;
Then checked with red for best.
And not a drapery, nor a pleat,
Nor buttons large in size,
But neatly fastened up the back,
With modest hooks and eyes.

And then our homemade shoes, with strings
Were cowhide, I declare,
And not those flimsey, buttoned things
Unfit for wear and tear.
There - there my dear you need'nt cry
I didn't mean to scold,
We'll get new curtains by and by,
For those are rather old.

It's little use to hoard, and save,
And make you hate your home
Lest you might blame me in my grave
For all your life to come.
Poor child ! your heart will often ache :
Ere you're as old as I,
And floods of tears will stain your cheeks,
That money cannot dry.

But then an organ, thats too much,
To waste upon a whim,
But there's your father in the porch,
I'll talk it up with him.

TALKS WITH THE GIRLS.

Sing you a love-song ? Yes, my dears,
 I can sing you a song for I've heard a number,
 And their chorus sweet, thro' the long past years,
 Has a soothing power, when the "sad cares cumber."
 "Years ago" as the story books say,
 I had lovers too, tho' you'd never dream it ;
 You need not laugh, in that scornful way,
 As much as to say, "You can never mean it."

Why, there goes a fellow, was one of them,
 My very best beau, tho' the beaux were plenty,
 Handsome yet, with his five feet ten,
 Of manlier build than your dudes of twenty,
 Handsomer yet, with his eye of blue,
 Where the light of his youthful days still lingers;
 Tho' he cares as little for me as you,
 Yet I like the clasp of his friendly fingers.

"Surely, I was'nt mashed on them all ?"
 O no, my heart was not quite so brittle,
 There were some I could not endure at all—
 Others ; Well yes, I liked them a—little,
 That is the way we say it now,
 With our forty years and our whitening curls,
 And the footprints of time on our matronly brow—
 We must be discreet with you romping girls.

"Where are they now ?" I can scarcely tell,
 Some are out on the Western Ranches,
 Far from the homes where the white folks dwell,
 For all I know they have married Comanches,

All have prospered more or less,
Though the smiles of fortune still resist me,
"A wished-for boon does not always bless,"
The lucky lovers were those who missed me.

Aye, far and near are those friends of mine,
Some have crossed o'er the "shining river,"
Wherever they be, may the Hand Divine
Guide them and guard them, and keep them ever.

MY OLD LOVE.

She cometh in the glooming,
When the weary day is o'er;
And my thoughts go idly roaming,
To the precious days of yore;
And the moonlight clear and tender
Through star be sprinkled skies,
Grows pale before the splendor
Of my lost love's stary eyes.

She is near me in the crowded street,
And in temptation's hour,
I feel her presence pure and sweet,
And strong protecting power.
She is far away I'll never see,
This girl of whom I write,
But this I know where ere she be
My heart is hers to-night.

She is far away I'll never hold
Her loyal hand in mine,
Nor see the gleams of brown and gold
Among her tresses shine.

But in the future this I pray;
Should this thing ever be,
She comes not on my wedding day
Between my bride and me.

THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

Dear me : what a beautiful tree,
 I wonder what presents are on it for me ?
 I only wanted a few little things,
 A watch and a chain and a couple of rings.

But there's something wrong with the Christmas
 I don't care how you view it, [tree]
 For when you give a person a thing,
 You want them to know you do it.

For when I put a ring on for my best girl
 And candy enough to kill her,
 She didn't care for me one bit more
 For she thought it was Rolland Millar.

I think the most useful kind of a man
 Is a Minister ; now don't you ?
 He can do such a lot of curious things
 That no body else can do.

He can run a Church and a Foresters Court,
 He's at every one's beck and call,
 He can Christen and marry and bury a fellow,
 And comfort him through it all.

So I hope old Santa will think of him,
 And load him with gifts, for may be
 When I get wealthy and up in years,
 I may marry the Minister's baby.

AN ACROSTIC.

To the memory of A. Bailey, late of Leeds, Merchant, who was
accidentally drowned in the St. Lawrence, July, 1867

As time's footsteps resteth never, as wild winds
ceaseless blow,
Roll along remorseless river, o'er thy victim cold below,
Cruel sepulchre of hundreds of the loved and lost
thou art,
Hiding deep each lifeless bosom, and each still and
pulseless heart,
In thy cold embrace they slumber, and thy wavelets
kiss each brow,
But the loveliest of the number, is the one we grieve
for now.
Ah! his beauty, strength, and manhood, could not
shield him from the grave,
Life's last spark was quenched forever, by thy rough
unsparing wave.
Drowned! beneath the mighty river, is the handsome,
young and brave.

Bitter, bitter tears are falling from a loving mother's eyes,
And a father's heart is calling for his son in anguish'd
sighs,
In a sister's prayers to Heaven, there is one name less
to-night,
Like the rock by lightning riven, feels a brother's heart
the blight,
Even strangers sit and weep now, o'er that cold and
narrow bed,
Youthful brother, calmly sleep now, till the "Sea
gives up her dead."

BURNED OUT.

I stand by the ashes of home
 With a desolate heart to-day,
 And the gathered gear of this many a year,
 Toiled for, and longed for, and held so dear,
 Is swept in a moment away.

And the hopes that were bright on that rosy morn
 Are buried in dust to-night.
 There is a dull dead pain in my tortured brain,
 And I cry for patience but cry in vain :
 And wonder can this be right.

And the relics are dearer than ever before,
 Of friends I shall never behold,
 I think of them o'er till my heart is sore,
 Oh ! the little shoes that my baby wore,
 Can I tell you their worth in gold.

There were tresses of hair from the brows of the dead :
 Those tresses I can never replace,
 So worthless to others, to me so dear,
 And the pictures watered with many a tear,
 Of my mother's dear old face.

But I turn from the ashes of home.
 With a resolute heart so brave,
 I remember the arm that is strong to smite,
 Is also strong to save ;
 And the spark of hope that lies hidden deep
 As the seed beneath winter's sod,
 Will kindle again with a glorious flame
 When fanned by the breath of God.

And what will it matter to you or me
 When the long days work is done
 Whether we leave to the friends who grieve
 Ten thousand dollars or one.
 May we leave an inheritance richer far
 One which the poorest may claim
 Better than gold a thousand fold
 The wealth of an honest name.

Then spare us our living O God we pray
 They are dearer now than the dead,
 And give us strength from day to day
 To work for our daily bread.

IN MEMORIAM.

Major George H. Porter, of Ireland Megantic.

It was a beautiful, bright October day
 When I saw you last in Leeds,
 While up on the hill-top the white tents lay,
 How gallant you looked in your warlike array,
 Preparing for glorious deeds.

I envied a little your fine physique,
 And the brightness of your eye,
 With the glow of health on your handsome cheek,
 While I was so wearied, so tired and weak,
 I could scarcely say good bye.

Little we knew it should be "Farewell"
That we never should meet again,
But Jehovah's plans are inscrutable,
And He called you away who were strong and well
While I for a time remain.

Remain till the long day's work is o'er,
And the last lone evening falls.
Then the dawn breaks bright on the other shore
And friends, who are parted shall meet once more
We shall go when the Master calls.

KATIE.

DAUGHTER OF J. E. GEORGE.

Where's that restless little maiden, full of fun and
harmless play,
With a kiss for friend or stranger, given with merry
laugh away ;
Full of health and childhood's gladness, teasing,
laughing, little sprite
Why this grieving, why this sadness, where's the little
child to-night ?

Hush ! even words of love oppress us, speak her name
more tenderly,
Never more will those caresses, bless the hearts of
you and me.
For our darling's gone before us, borne away on
angel's wings ;
Gone to swell the heavenly chorus, of the Children
of the King,

Heaven help you, back to duty, faint of heart, and
sick of earth,
Coming Spring has lost its beauty, in the loneliness of
death.
What to you is bud and blossom, soon to spread the
meadows o'er,
Flowers may bloom above her bosom, but they'll
bloom for her no more.

Vain are loving words of comfort, vain our sympathetic tears
Time alone the mighty healer, brings the balm with coming years.
You will learn the blessed lesson, learned by all the saints at rest,
That the loving Lord is guiding ; and His way is always best.

UP IN THE ROCKIES,

"MAY GOD BE GOOD TO YOU."

Where mountains rise, to frowning skies,
 And yawning chasms below
 Lie dark as doom; and in the gloom
 The foaming torrents flow,
 A lonely man with whitening hair
 Sits down with heart still true,
 And writes the tender loving prayer
 "May God be good to you."

The room is reeking with the smoke
 Of pipe and foul cigar,
 While oath and song and ribald joke
 Flow freely round the bar.
 Sin hardened faces crowd around
 A reckless Godless crew,
 And yet this prayer is written there,
 "May God be good to you."

Old memories drown the voice of song,
 His thoughts are far away,
 He sees his old Megantic home,
 And the young folks at their play
 He singles out this pure young heart
 That ever loved him true;
 And writes this benediction sweet
 "May God be good to you."

O blessed influence of home,
And ties of kindred blood,
They reach us wheresoe'er we roam,
And lift our thoughts to God.
O may the answer fall on him,
Who prayed ; like heavenly dew.
We echo through the distance dim,
"May God be good to "you."

MY ONLY SON.

O! son of mine, with cheeks that shine,
And eyes of sparkling light,
How precious is your presence
To my lonely heart to-night;
How poor would seem each earthly dream
How sad each earthly joy,
If God would claim his own again
And take my darling boy,

But if when struggling in the strife,
His yielding feet should stray,
And from the narrow path of life
Be tempted far away.
Better to die as baby died,
Before this sin began,
Better to lie where Ernest lies
Than live a sinful man.

And gladly would I render back
To God's own hand my child,
Rather than see in wickedness
His spotless soul defiled,
O! God, I ask not fame or wealth,
His heritage to be.
But wilt Thou seal him for Thyself.
For all eternity.

DID SHE COME AFTER THE BABY.

They were weeping round, for the mother lay
Close to the gate we must all pass through.
Death was coming at dawn of day,
What a family to leave, and a baby too,
Eight children to grieve, what a sight to behold
And the baby only a few day's old.

Slowly she opened her beautiful eyes,
Where death's dark shadows could not eclipse,
The lingering gleams of Southern skies,
All listened intent as she moved her lips,
O don't be so grieved that I go away
I will come for the baby myself some day.

O the moans and tears of the motherless ones,
Sobbing themselves in the dark to sleep,
O! the lonely eyes and the comfortless dawns,
O Time, pass swift so they cease to weep,
Did she come for the baby? I cannot say,
But they buried her child by her side to day.

AUTOGRAPH

TO MRS. W. D. JOHNSTON

I'm glad you still remember me, my friend of many
years,
And yet these words are written thro' a mist of
blinding tears.
I never knew you false to me in fair or stormy
weather
In that old time, now years ago, when we were "girls
together."
My heart sometimes with joy o'erflows; sometimes
with sorrow thrills.
When I recall those happy days, among Vermont's
green hills.
But oh, the one whose loving heart our every pleasure
planned,
Is quiet and still, and death's cold chill has stayed the
busy hand.
Bloom brightly sweet forget-me-not, and warmest
breezes blow.
Above the dear and sacred spot where Mary lies so
low.
And then remember, dear Aunt Kate as full of
harmless fun
As if she were another girl of barely twenty-one.
I have no doubt she had her share of cares and
troubles too,
Yet never let them spoil our mirth, as old folks often
do,
The happy visits we had there; is rapture to recall,

And dear old grandma in her chair, sat smiling on us
 all.
 So all our girlhood's hopes and plans, like dreams
 have passed away,
 As fades beneath the summer's sun, the tiny flowers
 of May
 And maybe 'tis as well, my dear, for far beyond the
 "blue"
 A wiser One has shaped our lives, than either I or
 you.

AUTOGRAPH

TO MISS MARY MOONEY.

This book is filled with such good advice,
 And the best of wishes from young and old,
 There has not been left me anything nice.
 To wish for one as good as gold.
 But one little word I would say, my dear,
 Which may be of service some future day,
 When the one momentous question is asked
 Which must be answered by yea and nay.
 If you cannot get whom you love best,
 And it is not always possible, I must say,
 Believe me, the next best thing to do.
 Is to marry the lover who best loves you.

AUTOGRAPH.

TO MISS BRYANT.

You will often see fellows as nice as can be
With refinement in looks and air,
Who will sometimes say something commencing
with (D)

Then say to them sweetly ("Don't swear.")

No doubt there are others more guarded by far
Who would use not an oath in a joke,
Yet will selfishly poison, with pipe and cigar,
Dont you think you should whisper "Don't smoke."

There is another bad habit young men will acquire
As they are prone to be naughty, I think,
They will swallow down rum until they are almost
afire

O! intreat them in kindness "Don't drink."

There are far meaner men than mentioned above ;
Which I think we should shun and despise,
And though it is your very best beau whom you love.
Just refuse him point blank if he lies.

AUTOGRAPH

**TO MRS. JAMES GORHAM,
before meeting her**

**My dear your face is strange to me
Your voice I never heard,
Yet hope in future we will be,
True friends in deed and word.
I look beyond this world's short day
And see the blessed shore,
Where we may meet, I'll ever pray
And strangers be no more.**

AUTOGRAPH.

TO MISS RUBY AYERST.

**Go little book on your voyage of pleasure,
Gathering sweet words for your owner to treasure,
Never conceal 'neath your beautiful cover,
Flattery or falsehood from friend or from lover.
Despise not the writing not up to perfection,
The heart may be just as unskilled in deception,
And may all who record their esteem be sincere
As the one who inscribes her initials here.**

AUTOGRAPH

TO CHARLOTTE J. HOGGE.

Write in your album: my time is brief ;
But that I will gladly do,
But what is the use of this tiny leaf.
To tell of my love for you.

Give me a volume written and fair
Till I tell in an endless poem,
Of that happy time when you, my dear,
I pressed on my knee at home.

That blessed home on the breezy hill
With its fields of green and yellow,
Sloping away to the old brown mill
That grumbled away in the hollow.

Ah ! the ashes are gray where the walls and roof
Once sang with our fun and laughter
But there is deeper dust on the dreams of my
youth,
Than is piled 'neath our homestead's rafter.

WEARIED.

I am so tired my weary longing heart
 Scarce cares its toilsome beating to prolong ;
 I am so tired, weakly the tears will start,
 At sound of kindly word or tender sor.g,
 I scarce can bear the sunlight on my eye,—
 The dazzling river's ever-varying hue.
 I wonder really how it feels to die,
 And change the worn-out garments for the new.

What if some night those few belated birds
 Would sing my spirit to eternal rest ?
 What if some morning fond, regretful words,
 And burning tears would fall above my breast ?
 I know no foe who needs to be forgiven,
 I have no wrong to right, no fear to dread ;
 Trusting in Jesus for a home in heaven,
 What matter would it be if I were dead ?

Ah, could we know whose grief would be sincerest,
 Could we but tell whose tears would longest flow,
 How we would prize the hearts that hold us dear
 And smooth their pathways as we homeward go
 Just one alone, of all the friends I've cherished,
 With ready sympathy has dried all tears ;
 Loyal and true when summer friendships perished,
 Unchanged through all the unsuccessful years.

One heart of gold, and prized o'er every other,
 With all my faults believing still in me.
 Well, says the Book, my brother, oh, my brother,
 That thou wert "born against adversity."

There may be some, whose faith has shown less plainly
 Has grieved to see my footsteps backward slip.
 Some kindly soul with grief might struggle vainly,
 To still the quivering of a trembling lip.

If such there be above my coffin bending,
 Surely my spirit will be hovering
 Lovingly near, its heavenly comfort lending,
 Like the soft fluttering of an angel's wing.
 What would it matter! nothing, if we're ready,
 Waiting and ready for the call to come.
 With faith's lamp burning ever clear and steady,
 Joyful should be the call that brings us home.

The parting hour has come at last,
 Life's weary journey's o'er.
 On hill and plain I've looked my last,
 On pond and wood and shore.

I'll never see September sheaves
 Nor Christmas holly even,
 My eyes have seen their last green leaves
 This side the gates of Heaven.

COMING HOME.

Come tidy up the room, my dear,
 Shut out the threatening storm ;
 Stir up the fire, for we'll require
 To keep the supper warm.
 And bring me down my nicest gown,
 Set all its folds aright,
 And tie my shoes in neatest bows ;
 My love comes home to-night.

Then curl my hair with greatest care ;
 Put on my silver comb ;
 I must be dressed to look my best,
 When my dear love comes home.

No lover of a day is he,
 Whose "welcome home" I sing ;
 A wedded life of twelve long years
 Is not so light a thing.
 No happy bride, by loved one's side,
 Could feel her heart more light ;
 All fears have fled ; and joy instead
 Fills all my soul to-night.

My thoughts go back on all these years,
 As I sit here and wait.
 We've had our share of smiles and tears,
 And troubles small and great,
 But every bliss seems small to this
 Great joy of which I write.
 My children dear are with me here ;
 Their papa comes to-night.

Then curl my hair with greatest care ;
 Put on my silver comb ;
 I must be dressed to look my best,
 When my dear love comes home.

