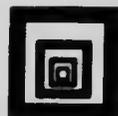


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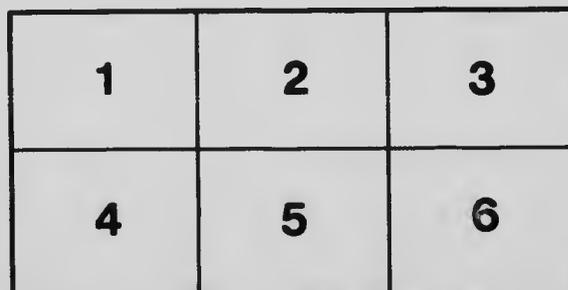
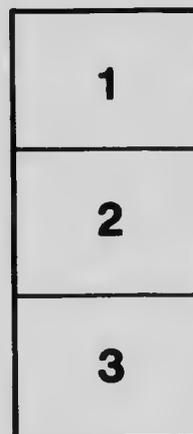
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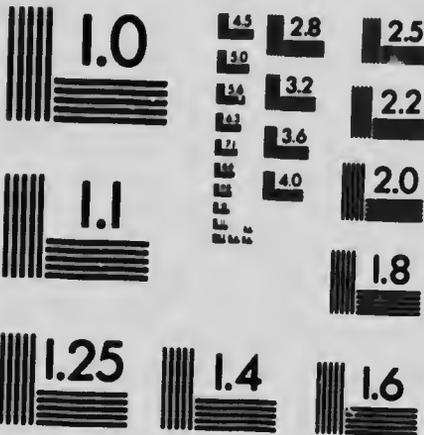
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John Glasgow

POEMS

JOHN GLASGOW



John Glasgow

POEMS

BY

JOHN GLASGOW

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INTRODUCTION.

In publishing this little volume of poems—selected from a large number of miscellaneous compositions—written and left behind him at his death by the late John Glasgow, so well-known and respected throughout Ontario as Major Glasgow of the Canadian Volunteers, the executors and friends both of the Major and his widow (who died last year), represented and guided by Mr. John Kenrick, of Hamilton (one of the ex-Presidents of the St. Andrew's Society, and a friend, it may be mentioned, of every Scot in the city), have not so much in view any sale the booklet may secure at the booksellers as the desire to furnish those friends who most loved and admired him in his life-time with a fitting memorial, however humble, of one whose services to Canada at large, and particularly to Hamilton, should not be forgotten. Coming to Canada at an early age with his parents from the south of Scotland, Mr. Glasgow's first efforts were directed with his father's towards the manufacture of a farm from the forest near the now comfortable village of Waterdown in North Wentworth. Too ambitious, however, or too patriotic to confine himself to the comparative monotony of agricultural work, he soon became an ardent wearer of the Queen's uniform as a volunteer, and did good service with other Wentworth lads on the Niagara frontier during the rebellion of 1837. Removing into Hamilton with his

wife and father, when the latter grew old (he lived to complete his 99th year), the Major became one of Hamilton's most useful and prominent public men, serving for several years as an alderman, and earning the love and gratitude of his countrymen for his noble and untiring work as a member of St. Andrew's Society, of which he was for a couple of years president, and he died one of its bards. If his poetical achievements do not prove him to have been either a Burns or a Browning, they at least evince poetical power of no mean order. They are full of elevating thought, humor, pathos and patriotic ardor, and will be read and enjoyed by his surviving friends, at least, until they sleep around him under the turf in Hamilton's beautiful cemetery.

Green and sweetly may the grass grow
O'er the grave of Brother Glasgow!

WILLIAM MURRAY.

Athol Bank, Hamilton, May, 1902.

POEMS BY JOHN GLASGOW

TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. HUGH VALLANCE.

January 5th, 1883.

A dear old friend, a friend of many years,
Has bade us all a long, a last farewell,
And yet the lines of her fond love appears,
As if their power would with us longer dwell.

No idle thought prompts me to deck the scroll
Where virtue did implant the royal seal ;
Her's was the life of one harmonious whole,—
She hoped to live but for another's weal.

'Tis well she lived to strew the healthy seed
Of moral grandeur in this vale of tears,
Such lofty lives in man's behalf will plead
And ripen fruit in time's revolving years.

Who ever saw that love inspiring face,
But felt the flame humanity cast forth ?
Her peaceful views, without an evil trace,
Displayed the gem of her inherent worth.

Who now will make the oft repeated call?
Who now like her will cheer each happy home?
Her dearest friends can never more recall
The lifeless clay from yonder silent tomb.

She sleeps that sleep so gentle to the just,
No darken'd cloud sweeps roughly o'er the past,
Tho' living dewdrops bathe her sacred dust,
No murmur's heard to wound her soul at rest.

THE HERO.

Robert Land, the hero of this tale, was a U. E. Loyalist and engaged in carrying dispatches on behalf of the British troops. At the time of the revolutionary war in America, after being employed for a length of time in that hazardous work, he at last was spotted and fired upon, but made his escape. He then thought that his usefulness was gone, and came to the Falls and remained there two years. During his entire absence the Indians had swooped down and burned his house, he believing that his family had been burned at the same time. His wife thinking he had met the death of a soldier, put herself and her two small boys under the protection of the troops and were taken to New York, and eventually sent to St. Johns, New Brunswick. Her eldest son had been placed in goal and the farm confiscated. After a lapse of about four years, and on the advice of her son, she thought it possible to redeem the old home, and after toiling over the long journey to the banks of the Delaware, New York State, she to her sorrow found that the United States Government would do nothing for her. She and family then left for Niagara; living there a short time she by chance heard that a man by the name of Robert Land was settled at the head of Lake Ontario, and from the description given, thought that it might possibly be her husband. She immediately strapped a few things on her back and set out, finding her liege lord, her long lost husband, quietly enjoying himself altho' surrounded by a numerous band of Indians on what is now the east of Wellington Street in this city of Hamilton. From information gleaned in several channels, we are led to believe that Robert Land settled near the bay about the year 1782, not possibly later than 1784, as he left the States during the war which was all over by that time.

Richard Beasley, his neighbor, settled on what is now Dundurn Park, in the year 1786; a number of U. E.

Loyalists settling in the neighborhood shortly afterwards. A few of the names of the early settlers are John Aikman, John Depew, John Lottridge, George Stuart, Durand, Hughson, Peter Harning, Richard Springer, Robert Hamilton, Michael Hess, Kirkendall, Peter Ferguson (from Scotland 1796). We may here mention that James Mills, father of George H. Mills, Esq., came from New Jersey in 1793, and settled on what is now King street west, and on the west side of Hess street. He afterwards married Christina Hess, who with her parents settled on the mountain at a much earlier date. We may here note that the Mill's family had to carry the water for culinary purposes from the bay up to King street. What wonderful changes have taken place since that time. Now we turn tap in some convenient corner of a room in the house and receive a plentiful supply for all purposes.

Ancaster seems to have had a share of U. E. Loyalists as well as Hamilton and its neighborhood, for we find that such staunch men as Michael Snider had made it his abode in the year 1802. Another true old man by the name of Thomas Morden (father of alderman W. J. Morden and his brother John of this city) had found it convenient to leave Pennsylvania and settle in West Flamboro in the year 1805. There were others but it would be aside from the hero to mention any but the early settlers.

THE HERO.

Fierce surged the tempest o'er the land
 With human force and crimsoned hand,
 There brothers, face to face would stand,
 In combat's deadly fight.
 There fiery youth, with burning ire,
 Pressed hard with blade the hostile sire,
 Each thinking he was right.

The groaning forest's echoed wail,
 Rehearsed the hamlet's sickening tale,
 As streamlets rushing thro' the vale,
 Become of darker hue.

The mother's love, more keenly prest
 Her infant to her milkless breast,
 With little else in view.

The ambient tears, a fruitful shower,
 Full oft bedew'd the boundless bower,
 Where many pinks and the woodlands flower
 Would sweetly greet the sun.

But flower and the forest lacked relief,
 For weeping hearts bound down with grief,
 For wrongs that had been done.

The die was cast, no peaceful star,
 Helped to assuage internal war,
 Whilst many longed for lands afar,
 Where Britain's glory reigned.
 But ere our hero thus had plan'd,
 His cot was touch'd by burning brand,
 For loyalty maintained.

The soul of grief, seemed now to test
 The tendrils of his throbbing breast,
 As he drew near the holocaust
 Where sacred ashes slept,
 He searched within each shapeless wall,
 To find nought but a blackn'd pall,
 Ere he sat down and wept.

His anguished frame hushed not the groan
 That mingled with the woodland moan,
 They lived—but this to him unknown,
 Eased not the broken heart.
 He weeping, viewed the cleanly soil,
 The plot wherein his spouse would toil
 With fond, and wifely art.

But ah! alas, he homeless stood
 Unsheltered, save by towering wood,
 Where stately stags of wildest brood
 Oft furnish'd his repast.

But friendless now he well might spare
 The slinking wolf, the boldest bear,
 No hearth had the outcast.

With lasting ire our hero burn'd,
 As to the north his footsteps turn'd,
 His heart, of hearts yea, weeping mourn'd
 O'er dust thus left behind.

His grief swept bosom seemed to swell,
 Like numbers of a requiem knell
 Born far upon the wind.

One ling'ring look, one fond adieu,
 Forever, to the homeless view,
 Ere, he, his manly courage threw
 Into the work designed.

No tempting bait of fruitful land,
 That health and vigour would command,
 Could change his loyal mind.

In nature's guise before him stood
 The dreary wild, the trackless wood,
 Where rugged rock, the restless flood,
 Ne'er felt man's subtle skill.

But for the task he lack'd the fear,
 That weaker wights would fail to bear,
 He stood unconquered still.

Tho' tangled briar, where nature smiled
 O'er venom'd vixens, quietly coiled,
 The luscious rasp the man beguiled,
 And halted by the way;

Where pebbled spring, with gentle flow,
 Refreshed the heart, and cooled the brow,
 Beneath the fiercest ray.

He longed to reach the far off land,
 Where U. E. Loyalists loved to stand,
 And loyalty could still command
 A nation's grateful love.
 Tho' far the reach and wild the way,
 To thus make good Ontario's Bay
 He, hopeful fancies wove.

No escort found he to assay
 When dangers rife in secret lay,
 The stars by night, the sun by day,
 Were his unerring guide ;
 And when the sun low kissed the plain,
 His weary limbs, tho' pinched with pain,
 More labor ne'er denied.

But nature's stern appeal for rest,
 Ne'er set aside by strongest test,
 Made him to woo earth's peaceful breast,
 Near by his safety pile,
 Where lurking wolves would surely creep
 To where the embers made them keep
 Due distance from the spoil.

The smaller game were his at will,
 His humble menu thus to fill,
 The deep ravine and highest hill
 Gave this and little more.
 No rich and waving yellow grain
 Had yet adorned the wooded plain
 On which, that he passed o'er.

Short time spent he o'er fare and feast,
 Ere, morning suns dispelled the mist
 That sportive played athwart the east,
 And o'er the inland sea.
 Each day his soul seemed more inspired
 By dreamy hope that inwards fired
 The hero to be free.

And often as he onwards strove
 Thro' tangled brake and sheltered grove,
 The wild plums from some rocky cove
 Enriched his mid-day meal.
 Whilst, lilies in their watery bed
 With fragrant blossoms mostly shed,
 To man made first appeal.

Swift would he speed o'er Indian trail,
 Which made his manly bosom quail,
 For innocence could not prevail,
 O'er the bloodthirsty band,
 Which longed to strike a stealthy blow,
 At hated white or dusky foe
 Who had there fury fanned.

Yes a distant far in sheltered spot,
 Were found a woodman's humble cott,
 And happy there the inmates lot
 If they were left in peace.
 The virgin soil, of which they till'd,
 Their scanty storehouse barely fill'd,
 With the first famed increase.

No fancied flowers enriched the span,
 Which from their cabin outwards ran ;
 The needful plant was all that man
 Could honestly acquire.
 His wife, and he, in homespun garb,
 Full oft, had felt the pointed barb
 Of hunger's deepest ire.

Both anxious, they discussed the strife,
 Which had for years leaped into life,
 Where shot and shell, and scapling knife,
 Fill'd up the lonely tomb.
 Yet here our hero's lofty pride
 Left none in doubt on which the side
 He loved to make his home.

The host, tho' monarch of the wood,
 By nature proud, by habit rude,
 Would scorn to draw a brother's blood,
 In his far off retreat.
 They parted as they met, in peace,
 And each of life scored longer lease
 Till they could friendly meet.

With strength renewed, swift hope gave rein
 To speedy spurts, to end the strain,
 For he had but few leagues to gain,
 And still the scene look'd wild.
 But when he saw the river throw
 Its mightiness, to depths below,
 He stood there as a child.

He stood amazed, yet drank within,
 The thunders of the endless dim,
 Where supple tail, and silvered fin,
 Ne'er yet made the ascent.
 And when he viewed the gorge beneath,
 Cut thro' the rock, like giants' swath,
 His head with rev'rence bent.

He viewed apace the wond'rous scene,
 The depth of flood, its eddies keen,
 Where seething caldrons hiss between
 Two rampart walls of stone.
 Its mighty power seemed well to draw
 Across the brain a thread of awe,
 As he enchained look'd on.

Swift down the bank, o'er mist fed moss,
 Past where the pool its waters toss,
 Still, lower down, he sought to cross
 And gained free British soil.
 He thanked his God for where he stood,
 His stalwart frame, in happy mood,
 Forgetful of his toil.

He, hopeful now, sank down to rest
 Where fortune had his footsteps cast,
 A welcome son, a royal crest,
 Strong in a worthy cause.
 No Delawarian, hostile clan
 Could here insult the vigorous man,
 Regardless of our laws.

Old Britain's weal and ancient fire
 Shot thro' his veins, the strong desi
 That this fair land a strong Empire
 In time, might surely make
 Her honest, true and worthy men,
 Far famed, known to the utmost ken,
 He loved them for her sake.

The patriot spoke in his soul,
 No lesser aim sought for control,
 Whilst thus he mused, Niagara's roll
 Still rumbled in his ear.
 Its rush and roar he left behind,
 A silent, western course to find
 Where streamlets dimpled clear.

The towering Maple's lofty shade,
 Its trunk, with sweetest wealth inlaid,
 A loyal, lovely welcome bade
 To such a worthy son.
 Each leaf, an ensign, o'er him waved,
 The emblem on his heart engraved,
 An honor justly won.

The woodland blue-bell, modest flower,
 Oft hidden in its cosy bower,
 Look'd up, rejoicing in the hour,
 And gave a blushing hail;
 The rough-burr chestnut, spreading wide,
 There with the oak and walnut vied,
 Enriching more the vale.

In restless haste he travelled o'er
 The space white man ne'er trod before ;
 The Indian trail, in from the shore,
 At times would help bestow.
 He dreamless passed the sacred soil
 Where *Laura in her time would foil
 The rude, presumptuous foe.

With anxious eye,—the Beach, a thread,
 His warm imagination fed,
 And when he viewed the graceful head
 That skirts Ontario's Bay,
 With yeoman's skill, he pledged to woo
 The plain that sleeps between the two,
 Without e'en more delay.

Thus, far away from warlike broil,
 Where, with despatches, foes could foil,
 Now here embarked in peaceful toil,
 He longed for strife no more.
 In evening calm he oft would stray
 To where the wavelets loved to play
 And laugh upon the shore.

His humble shed, of rustic form,
 Tho' rudely built, repelled the storm,
 Without a nail, it yet was warm,
 And needful shelter gave.
 But ah ! alas, grief's pain returned,
 As oft his heart in silence mourned
 For those in foreign grave.

Years many, he in lowly state
 Thus bowed, submissive to his fate ;
 But here, in short, let me relate
 Another's woeful tale.
 His worthy spouse, in wailing wrath,
 Deemed he had met a soldier's death
 Whilst on some scouting trail.

*Laura Secord.

Rude were the times, and harsh the hand
 Entrusted with a brief command—
 Her youthful sons, too frail to stand,
 All—all, were forced to flee.
 Depressed in mind, and faint of heart,
 They felt the loser's painful smart
 Ere they made to the sea.

The willing hand here fails to trace
 Disconsolation's mournful pace,
 Tho' passing with a woman's grace,
 The time went slowly on.
 The silent hours, full oft I deem,
 Would there recall the troubled dream
 Of one forever gone.

With halo of a peace secured,
 Years, seemed it were, ere time allured
 Their drooping spirits, half assured,
 To thus regain their home.
 But, after days of tearful toil,
 The wasp of war would still recoil
 To darken make the gloom.

Hope scorned the cause, misfortune chased
 When hungry want the victims faced,
 Niagara, at last, were traced
 Upon the checkered board.
 But, then again, how true, alas,
 Wide were the fields o'er which to pass
 To Canada adored.

The trend of time, at length, made sure
 To garnish, with romantic cure,
 Where highest type could ne'er alure,
 Or sway the troubled mind,
 Ensconced again on Britain's soil,
 With much forgotten of her toil,
 Fate, stranger things designed.

Some wand'ring sire, ne'er well content,
 Just with the eagle to be pent,
 Had travelled far, God's angel sent
 To view the lovely Bay.
 He with our Hero well conversed,
 And many strange events rehearsed,
 Ere he went on his way.

In time, this true and widowed dame
 Thus strangely heard our Hero's name,
 'Tween hope and fear, with heart aflame,
 She trembled at the word ;
 With earthly all, bound to her back,
 Her groaning soul seemed on the rack,
 'Till she sought out her lord.

What heart can feel, or hand portray,
 Their union, near the silv'ry bay ?
 Of woeful tales, each had a say,
 In interesting form.
 They laugh'd, they wept, with sorrow fled,
 Each one had thought the other dead,
 Both victims of the storm.

Soon youth and age together met,
 The eldest and the youngest pet,
 With mother and the sire, to set
 Example to the fold ;
 The rustic shed, flat roofed and small,
 Gave way, at once, to larger hall,
 The large increase to hold.

'Twas well the sire was used to toil ;
 No plough had he to stir the soil ;
 One kettle, wherewithal to boil,
 Or bake, before the fire.
 Such pioneers of olden fame
 Knew naught of things of modern name,
 Nor had they great desire.

Their mill itself was but a stone
 Ontario's wrath had outward thrown,
 With pestle shaped, at Nature's throne,
 Ta'en from the lordly deer.
 And yet, they seemed in health to live
 On bounties that the earth would give,
 Starvation gave no fear.

They envied none, but hailed the man
 Who had the dreary gauntlet ran,
 They loved the dear old-fashioned plan,
 So worthy in its day,
 That kindred dust, their day might live
 In friendship's worthy way.

Few were their friends, to whom could they
 A neighbor's debt of friendship pay,
 Where youths in homely garb, would play,
 As youth will ever do.
 They have no press, to stir the bile,
 Or novels toned, to cause a smile,
 Old news to them were new.

There Beasley, too, had tuned his harp,
 Beneath the mountain's rugged scarp,
 Near by the ridge, long winding sharp,
 Still styled the gravel height.
 Hard by, well sheltered in the wood,
 The loyal Mills, in glory stood,
 Lord of a dainty site.

Their rugged hearts, of manly fire,
 Loved Britain's fame with strong desire,
 Each gallant youth, each aged sire,
 Ne'er doubted Britain's skill,
 They lived, true subjects of a land
 That gave a home, and kindly hand,
 In loyal friendship still.

In season, when, with time to spare,
 And baskets filled with homely fare,
 They snuffed the mountain's breezy air,
 With royal rustic glee,
 And when, for frolic, all were joined,
 Perchance, some cheerful game was coined,
 Midst laughter's piping kee.

With hearts aglow, proud of its worth,
 They well might grasp the scenic North,
 Ontario, wide spreading forth,
 The bay, and airy beach.
 Few lands, could boast a richer scene,
 Where rural skill, or sportsman keen,
 Had such a varied reach.

Those worthy heroes loved it well,
 'Twas where they sought in peace to dwell,
 Their hardships it in terms could tell,
 That few would understand,
 They were the hosts who could display
 A courage, equal to the day,
 When men were in demand.

Tho' those brave men have sank to rest,
 Their offspring yet with throbbing breast
 Cling to the spot, where sires at last,
 Were granted their release,
 Where now the spire and lofty dome
 O'erlook the ashes of the tomb,
 All sleeping now in peace.

THE FIRST SLEIGH RIDE OF THE SEASON.

One cold and bleak December morn,
 The leafless trees, with look forlorn,
 The gusty wind upon its way
 Bespoke a storm, on hand that day.
 The dark blue smoke, from mountain cot,
 Reluctantly rose from the spot,
 Where honest thrift in yonder sire
 Had kindled up his morning fire.

The dark green lake, a glorious view,
 Was changed to that of darker hue,
 While here and there, in endless roar,
 The whitecaps lashed the distant shore,
 And lake gulls wheel'd in various form,
 Eventful of the coming storm.
 Each gallant craft at anchor lay,
 Dismantled, safe within the Bay:
 For fool is he that rashly braves
 Ontario's deep and angry waves.

The storm at last seemed now to fall
 In eddies round the forest tall,
 The crisp and glist'ning welcome snow,
 In dappled spots began to show,—
 The frozen fields, an' all thereon,
 Their winter garb began to don.
 The towering mountain's shaggy side
 Its rugged rocks began to hide.
 The stately ash and evergreen
 Were half obscured by snow between.
 The fearless snow birds glad to see
 The snow drifts, swept them in their glee,
 And gamboled round there to and fro
 Regardless of the pelting snow.

The young folks laughed to see it full,
 Old Rory's neigh pealed from the stall,
 His well-shaped limbs and gracetul form
 Were well equipped to breast the storm ;
 For oats and hay were never spared
 To make him for the road prepared,—
 Old Rory is a gallant steed
 As ever passed and took the lead.
 His mate and him, his owners say,
 Were sired by Blanchard's Cleveland's Bay,
 Of sturdy stock ; I'm sure each beast
 Is worth full fifty pounds at least,
 As often they had tried the wind
 Of fancy nags they left behind.

The household there, with rosy pride,
 Indulged in prospect of the ride.
 The double sleigh was turned about,
 And dusty cobwebs dusted out,
 The Buffalo robes were handed down,
 With bearskins, found of fair renown.
 That winter's frost, of fatal power,
 Ne'er entered through at midnight hour,—
 But youthful hearts, with cheerful charms,
 Care little for our winter storms,
 It's hoary age, with all its train,
 That keenly feels the biting pain ;
 Old sober age begets the thought
 That such like joys are dearly bought,
 While cool reflection seems to say,
 When I were young I felt as they.

But to my tale—the harness on,
 That Rodger bought at Hamilton,
 And joyful bells to give alarm
 To those they passed amid the storm,—
 The family yacht is now unmoor'd,
 With social glee they step aboard.
 The laughing throng, freights full the sleigh,

Each gallant sits with lover gay ;
 The little folk, with laughter too,
 Persistently make up the crew ;
 A jolly lot, of care bereft,
 As ever sailed a landsman's craft.
 At huntsman's speed away they go,
 O'd Rory's heels throw up the snow,
 Electric like ; they onwards glide,
 And dash the whirling drift aside,
 O'er hill and dale and mountain turn,
 With noiseless speed they're onward borne
 Through scenery that smiles beget,
 Where former lovers fondly met
 By shelt'ring woods, thick and immense,
 Where rustic love made first advance,—
 They pass the Oak and Maple grove,
 Where country tales tempt youths to rove,
 Where summer suns, with fiery hue,
 No more than dries the morning dew ;
 They leave the orchard by the way,
 Where pioneers were wont to play—
 With courage up, like soldiers brave,
 They pass the redskin's lonely grave,
 And reach the willows by the well
 Where warriors drank, as gossips tell.

The Valley City to the right
 With Hamilton now heaves in sight ;
 Each turret cleaves the falling snow
 That's hurled to the plain below.
 The sweeping valley, rock and bay,
 No fairer scene, the artists say,—
 Here mountains high and gorge between,
 With field, and spire, and sweet ravine,
 And inland sea, with beach and height,
 All rushing on the dazzled sight.
 Here rugged roadways climb the steep,
 And cross the streamlets angry leap.
 There mill and workshop meets the eye

Of railway tourists passing by.
 There terraced lawns, with cultivated shade.
 And here the wilds that nature made ;
 With nook and knoll, and pebbled strand,
 Which cheer the heart on ev'ry hand.
 Here cheery woodmen, homeward bound,
 Makes hill and dale with song resound ;
 His spicy team, his only pride,
 Meanwhile, afraid would forward glide.
 The whistles shrill discordant cry,
 There, makes the dappled geldings shy,
 Till bit and line, with skill and strength,
 Has reined them up at scarce a length.

The jovial party, now at ease,
 Behold their goal gleam through the trees.
 The patriarch hastens to the door,
 To hear of friends he knew of yore ;
 His lusty spouse make up the pair,
 With anxious ears, the news to share,
 Ere little John and cousin Kate
 Had opened wide the outer gate,
 Like noble hosts their credit save ;
 While they, a kindly welcome gave.
 The Cleveland Bays by Tom the lad
 Were stabled up, and promptly fed,
 The checkered blankets now were on,
 And tightly girthed by little John,
 While the grey haired and worthy sire
 Had stirred anew the maple fire ;
 And young and old, in social mirth,
 Were gathered round the kitchen hearth ;
 In country phrase, there to assail
 Dull drowsy care with joke and tale,
 Loud laughter, like a mountain stream,
 Now echoed thro' from base to beam ;
 While grandame's goods, in season stored,
 Profusely decked the ample board ;
 And judgment keen pronounced the feast

As that of Epicurean taste.
 The luscious fruits were quickly found,
 In plate and basket handed round ;
 The good old man—give him the praise—
 Had planted well in youthful days,
 And few can boast of tree and vine,
 And equal his Spitzbergans fine.
 Free as the breeze, he'd tilled the soil,
 And reaps the harvest of his toil ;
 Contentment in each furrowed line,
 Bespeak his thanks, to one Divine,
 For all the favors now possessed,
 In which the sire is richly blessed.

Old age may grasp a crotchet whim
 When nature's lamp begins to dim ;
 But blest is he that is resigned
 When that frail light has so declined.
 This world of cares, so strangely mixed,
 By some are dove-tailed in the next,
 And like old garments, sorely worn,
 Give way to others in their turn,—
 Not so of him, who did preside,
 His family is his earthly pride.
 And proud was he to see his child
 In raptures thro' the hours beguiled ;
 While patch and piece, oft seen before,
 Were handed down and twice made o'er.
 Its twin-like mate, with ample fringe,
 Told of the coming happy change.
 While blooming cousins peer'd and praised
 The maple leaves so finely raised,
 The shady emblem there set forth,
 The naked grandeur of its worth
 Recalling up some happy scene,
 On sloping bank or sweet ravine
 Where summer suns scarce flicker thro'
 The gorgeous foliage, damp with dew ;
 While female fancies thus took wing

From winter harsh to sweetest spring.
 Each bearded youth would well uphold
 The glee by comic stories told,
 Then slacking up, at times would they
 Speak of their root crops, corn and hay,
 And sheep and cattle, breadth and yield
 Of some regenerated field.

The night, thus spent, till morning hour
 Was mark'd on yonder valley tower ;
 And loud each peal was echoed from
 The mountain top to belfrey dome ;
 Old chanticleer crew sentry go
 While in the east the silvery grey
 Had ushered in another day ;
 And joke and song of former night
 Gave way to thoughts of homeward flight,
 Like famed athletes swift in the race ;
 Each one in order sought their place,
 From fond adieus they're scarcely freed,
 When Rory strikes out for the lead,
 In lively haste they're onward borne
 And reach their home in safe return.

Such is the life Canadians lead
 In winter, when from labor freed,
 The old and young will have their ride
 With social friends there side by side.
 It is the scourge which seems to cheer—
 Our nature thro' the winter drear—
 Altho' at zero or below,
 Each one enjoys the lovely snow.

THE SOLITUDE OF A CANADIAN FOREST

Who e'er have sought the dark retreat
 Of forests wild may thus repeat
 How Nature's dense and towering wood
 Oppressed him with its solitude ;
 Its surging sound with tempest high,
 Its silence and its muffled sigh,
 Lays bare to man, as with a knife ;
 The hush of death, and storms of life,
 The tombs recess and banquet hall
 Is here portrayed by plume and pall ;
 The monarch of a thousand years
 Lies prostrate where his kin appears.
 The hoary sire, whose feeble hold
 On Mother Earth, does this unfold
 That infancy, stout youth and age
 Is interwoven on the page
 That heralds forth each varied scene
 Of leafless trunk and evergreen,
 Where tender shoots of recent birth,
 Thick mant'ling deck the parent earth ;
 There tiny buds and florets form,
 Are sheltered from the pit'less storm,
 Where day is somber tho' the sun
 Had reached his highest noon-tide run.

What solemn awe lurks in the soul
 As evening shades enshroud the whole.
 The thickening gloom, like endless night,
 Creeps slowly o'er the waning sight ;
 Environed thus as if by death,
 He struggling stands with hated breath,
 As if life's tide would interfere,
 And grate upon the human ear
 Perchance the ring of wolfish howl,
 Or loud boo-hoo of lonely owl

Re-echoed from some distant dell
 Breaks reverie's enchanting spell.
 And life returning seeks to gain
 The mastery o'er fearful strain,
 Whilst all within—life's monitor,
 That watchful friend—fills every pore,
 And prompts the man tho' thickets mar
 The guiding of yon polar star,
 Where Master Architect divine
 On hand wrote the unerring line,
 A burning light, to man a friend;
 Both true, and trusty to the end.

ATTACHED TO THE ST. ANDREW'S CHARIT-
 ABLE REPORT.

The mother's eye portrays their scanty fare,
 As lisping youths call forth her anxious care,
 Her helpmate too, with hapless heavy heart,
 In secret mourns the parents' helpless part,
 His stalwart frame, the prop of by gone years,
 Now shorn of strength, in humble garb appears,
 And prays, whereas his former self has fled,
 That we this day may give his offspring bread.
 The scene seems bad, a weary woeful tale
 That pleads with man to soothe the sickening wail
 Tha echoes down upon the stream of time,
 That roughly runs with man, in every clime.
 Yet we do seek to grant the stern appeal,
 When heart melts heart thus for another's weal;
 While we as one, the herdsmen of thy choice
 With brimful hands, oft make the poor rejoice;
 While they, poor souls, in secret humbly crave
 A blessing for the hands which freely gave.

THE OLD CHURCH.

Thou sacred shrine, home of my father's sires,
 Whose silent dust, tho' distant, yet inspires
 Their offspring here to sing in solemn strain,
 What homage prompts, in a low toned refrain.
 Thy Gallic walls, reared on the grassy field
 Where rural swain in virtuous accents yield
 Their morning song in one harmonious chord,
 To the great chief, Jehovah Sovereign Lord.
 Of thee I sing, may memory paint the scene,
 In just attire, where I have often been
 A prattling child upon a father's knee
 And lisping learned, to sing in heavenly key.
 There I have heard, for man's eternal weal,
 The mellow sound, and silvery tone appeal,
 The warning notes that ushered in the throng,
 To prayer and praise, in sweet and sacred song.
 Methinks I hear the hoary haired divine,
 With reverence deep, trace out some well known line,
 As the sure way, the safe unerring guide,
 That man might reach, and in high heaven reside.
 With solemn awe, how deep the words took hold
 Of sinful men, within the humble fold,
 Each owned the bliss, the truthful precepts taught,
 And works for good within the heart were wrought.
 No idle dreams of worldly heritage
 Estranged the flock from the endearing page,
 But peace supreme, with holy vows within,
 Most justly reigned o'er dark alluring sin.
 The service o'er, there you might see return
 The gray haired sire, to seek the moss clad urn,
 Where kindred dust, perhaps his youthful love,
 That slumbering sleeps beneath the shady grove,
 Where rustling leaves, like angels on the wing,
 Their mournful dirge in sighing accents sing.

There I have sat, beneath the sheltering tree,
 And heard the wail of nature's melody,
 And wondering asked, with childish glee, from whom
 Came the weird notes, that played about the tomb,
 Where lightsome youth, sedate and sober age,
 With one desire, would solemnly engage,
 In earnest thought, and thus reviewing well
 The sacred theme, on which divines would dwell.
 How truly grand, the edifying view
 Of family groups, as they the pledge renew;
 That Jacob's trust would be their only God,
 And heaven at last their sure and safe abode.
 A people thus imbued with great design,
 Could never kneel at aught but freedom's shrine,
 With liberty emblazoned on the scroll,
 Where justice reigns within the human soul.
 Tho' years have fled, and time has brought its care,
 Yet the old scene, I fondly cherish here,
 To it I turn, tho' far beyond the sea,
 It ever will in dear remembrance be.

BRYANT'S JUNE.

He gazed upon the glorious sky
 And mountains with their lovely green,
 Then asked that his frail dust should be
 Enshrined in nature's flowery scene.
 He had his wish ; yea, flowery June—
 Thro' babling brooks on mountain crests—
 In stifled accents say, too soon
 He found wherein he loved to rest.

The sexton's hand, inured to toil,
 Has cast the rich green turf aside ;
 The fainting flowers mixed with the soil
 Denote where Bryant's bones abide.

No icy tempest from the north
 Scoffs at his June's soft breezy swell.
 But thick young herbs and flowers spring forth
 To decorate the poet's cell.

He loved the wide-spread arching sky—
 Its golden clouds, with sun between ;
 He asked that he in June should die
 When all beneath his feet was green.
 'Twas then the poet's lofty soul
 Enraptured drank of nature's tide ;
 The housewife bee and oriole
 Seemed fit companions by his side.

He loved to hear, as oft he heard,
 Love's tale thro' the long summer hours ;
 And watch the sportive humming-bird
 With butterfly upon the flowers.
 He loved the mirthful throng at noon,
 Who of their labors made so light ;
 The maidens' song, beneath the moon,
 Filled up his bosom with delight.

He asked that when eve's mellow hue
 With lighting rays its lustre lent,
 That loving ones might kindly strew
 Peace garlands round his mounment.
 He knew that when his race was run,
 And vision's fire in death grew dim,
 The season's show and summer's sun
 Would have no beauty then for him.

And yet he wished, when friendship bright
 Shed tears on shrub and flower and bloom,
 That soothing airs and song and light
 Would give them welcome round his tomb,
 And bear to softened hearts the tale—
 The solemn truth of what has been—
 That he who sang so sweet will fail
 For aye to greet June's flowery scene.

THE DYING YEAR, 1887.

The rosy tints of nature's fled,
 The dying year is nearly dead ;
 The shrouded scenes of mother earth
 Mar not the music and the mirth
 That ushers in the infant year,
 To witness weal, perhaps a tear
 That sorrow sends to ease the heart,
 Where grinding grief drives home the dart,
 Which makes the dreary soul to dread
 The future fare to which it's wed ;
 The hoary year at noon of night
 Here greets the new born babe at sight,
 While yonder heav'ns with silvery sheen,
 Rejoicing, views the parting scene,
 As merry rings the cheerful chime
 That marks another niche of time.

Ah, yes, the aged year has gone ;
 The youthful heir hies here alone,
 And who is he that truly can
 Foretell its future stores for man ?
 The lessons of the year that's past
 Guide not the man of doubtful cast ;
 The downward streams that swiftly ran
 Again will bear the various man,
 And wrongs that rudely pressed us here
 Will in some other form appear.
 Yet where is he that would in haste
 Renounce the pleasure of the past—
 The cheerful chat and words of wit,
 Home joys without a counterfeit,
 The friendship of a trusted friend
 That tongue or time could never bend,
 The silent pleasure when we would
 In secret plan another's good,
 With head and heart in high career
 Abreast of duty through the year.

A BEAUTIFUL PRESENT.

Our old friend Major Glasgow has, with his customary good taste, made a beautiful present to St. John's Chapter of Royal Arch Masons. It consists of a poem which will be especially interesting to Masons. It has been handsomely engrossed by Mr. Bruce, the talented penman, and will be on exhibition this evening in Marsden's window, on James street. The following is a copy :

Three worthy youths of Hiram's fold
 Engaged in sacred work of old ;
 Their triple points at once proclaim,
 The secret way by which they came.
 Their Royal robes—the rainbow's hue—
 Less brilliant greets the workman's view ;
 Their canopy, the dark blue sky
 Beneath the Great All-searching eye.
 Their banners spread on either side,
 Bespeak o'er whom the three preside ;
 Those emblems here, we 're truly told,
 Still represent our sires of old—
 An honored host, yea, men of worth—
 The salt and seas 'ning of the earth ;
 Behold their works in every place,
 The offshoot of a Royal race ;
 All duly clothed and well prepared,
 With signets that the wise have shared.
 Within, without, companions say—
 "So mote it be," we ever pray ;
 As clear evangelistic light
 Illuminates St. John's to-night,
 So that we may, as we sojourn,
 Behold the lesser lights that burn.
 Surrounded by a worthy band,
 All artizans of triple stand ;
 Upright and true, of humble mien,
 Yet lowly bending o'er the scene—

Enwrap and silent every one
 O'er mysteries now being done.
 Away, away, down far away
 Where darkness holds his sable sway
 New beauties spring upon the whole
 In ancient language of the scroll,
 Till farther on the burnished sheet,
 In dazzling grandeur makes complete,
 The hieroglyphics every one,
 Clear as the summer's morning sun,
 But dark and dim to all who fail
 In knowing well to lift the veil ;
 The serpent's form would then disclose
 The coward's hand that would impose,
 The parent earth athirst below
 Would miss the rainfall's overflow.
 Their holiness to the Supreme
 At best would be an idle dream,
 And whilst I mark well, that I am
 The pure, the true, and honored gem.
 On J.—B's.—disk I'll see the word
 In fragments like a broken sword,
 Tho' it to some would strange appear
 Each part can pierce a brother's ear.
 The music of that welcome sound
 Is never with the stranger found,
 It's harmony will ill accord
 With pitch of the usurper's word.
 The fleecy fold, the lesser three,
 Will say, amen, so let it be,
 And deem it not to be amiss,
 At last to take a parting kiss,
 For proud is old St. John's to-night
 That we have seen the ancient light.

TO W. MURRAY ON RECEIVING HIS LETTER
IN VERSE.

To Murray's heart, where friendship flows,
Wi' pride I'll own I'm debtor,
But whether paid in verse or prose,
It makes but little matter.

That jinglin' bodie wi' the mail,
Braught hame ye're Heeland metal,
That gaur's me buckle to the Gael
Wi' tartan kilt and whittle.

A country's fame may serve the man,
Wha honest laurels carry,
Yet Scotia's faith is in her clan
That bears the name o' Murray.

While spavied pens are seen to tread
Grim Envy's auldest brither ;
For you an' me we'll onwards tread,
An' sing an' rhyme thegither.

There's pleasure in the gilded ha',
If gear will only bring it ;
But gie me bliss, that's first o' a',
To mak' a sang an' sing it.

I envy not the noble lord
Wha worships self, the creature ;
But merit strikes a higher chord
In honest human nature.

He's king o' men for pith and micht,
(Tho' humble be his station),
Wha gies a brither some insight
O' nature's obligation.

There's thrawsome questions, dour an' crank,
 To logic's pow, aye kittle ;
 But him, my heart will ever thank,
 That makes sic queries little.

Yon lazy loon, that's unco sweer
 His budget for to carry ;
 For a' the guid he's doin' here,
 Micht just slip oure the ferry.

But Willie, cock ye'er crest, my man ;
 There's pleasure for the poet,
 Whan wit an' worth fills up the plan,
 If true we'll up and do it.

We'll spend an hour in mountain shaw,
 Anither wi' her cairns,
 Great nature's lesson there to draw,
 An' sing it to the bairns.

On Scotia's hills or English fen,
 Wha e'er they be that read it,
 Wi' cannie care we'se guide the pen
 That will bring nae discredit.

Whaure conscience, principle divine,
 The inner man is servin',
 To him set doon anither line
 For he is weel deservin'.

An' shuld ye're muse get on the wing,
 An' light amang the heather,
 Sweet be the song ye seek to sing
 In honor o' ye're mither.

The Queen's man wi' his leather pack
 Is comin' doon th' gravel—
 For want o' time here ends my crack,
 For he's ga'en by the gavel.

THE SENSITIVE PLANT.

Ah ! how pliant and true to the powers that control
 Ev'ry chord in thy delicate frame,
 From the surface itself to the depths of the soul
 Ev'ry nerve feels the sensitive flame.

Like a flower in full bloom, that the spring hath revealed,
 To dismantle the gloom of the past ;
 All thy nature enthroned like the blossom will yield
 At the touch of the icy cold blast.

Like the fire's latent heat in the still midnight watch,
 When the student soars high in his flight.
 Tho' neglected and dim let the hand only touch
 And the dead springs to life and to light.

Should the breathings of love pour itself in thine ear,
 And the loved one prove trusty and true,
 Then thy heart will yield up all its treasures as clear
 As the crystallised gem drops in the dew.

But if guile's evil tongue should dissemble its art,
 And a promise be broken in twain,
 Then the venom will seem manifold in the heart
 Of a creature so subject to pain.

Like the weeping of clouds in the calmness of night,
 Deepest grief, with the stillness of death,
 Would submerge ev'ry part, while the stream in its flight
 Would cut deep in the channels beneath.

For thy nature seems cast from an ore so refined
 That it's mar'd by the smallest alloy,
 Whilst a word or a look, tho' no hurt is designed,
 Often robs thy fond heart of its joy.

It's too tender by far for this journey thro' life,
 Where vile self rules the flow of the tide,
 Where the blossoms of love are o'ershadowed by strife,
 And bold vice jostles virtue aside.

Should an angel of peace ever lag on the wing
 To compare peaceful notes at thy side,
 Then thy nature within like a seraph would sing
 The sweet song thou hadst cherished with pride.

But if envy should darken your sun's moral sweep,
 As the mist dims the beacon on shore,
 Then your sensitive mind in its fulness would weep
 With each throb of your innermost core.

Yea, the follies of fame will lay hold of thy will
 Tho' sage reason may seek to preside,
 And the current that 's seen in mankind as a rill.
 In thy bosom will flow like a tide.

For the pleasures and pains that the masses do feel,
 Are as points of some faridistant pole,
 Whilst the magnet in play, with its woe or its weal,
 Holds thy heart and its ties in control.

LINES

On the back of a card sent to Major James Walker,
 President of St. Andrew's Society, Calgary. He in,
 and from his heart, took much pleasure in calling me
 father.

My muckle, sonsie, well faur'd bairn,
 That wons aside the rugged cairn ;
 I'm pleased to ken that ilka chiel
 For Scotland's sake, has dune sae weel.
 Nae mair will auld St. Andra greet
 Syne ye sit on the saintly seat.
 May blessin's fa' on yours an' you,
 Wi' haggis, cakes, an' heather dew,
 An' ilka guid thing, an' to spare.
 This is the everlastin' pray'r,
 O' ane that friendship styles as Faither,
 For weel I ken ye hae nae ither.

LINES WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF A SISTER.

She has left us lamenting alone,
 Our sister, the fond-hearted mother ;
 She has fled like a spirit, and gone
 Without the last rites from a brother.
 Like the tints of a May's setting sun,
 Receding, in regions so starry,
 She has finished her race, it is done,
 She has gone, and no longer would tarry.

Like the summer's soft dew to the rose,
 Her smile, ever sweet and regaling ;
 But alas, she has sought that repose,
 And left us all weeping and wailing.
 Ah ! why should we thus weep at the call ?
 I know I shall soon follow after,
 For to seek quiet rest in that Hall
 Where friends in their kindness has left her.

There is something mysterious in death ;
 It snaps that which binds us together ;
 And our life here at best is a breath,
 Which in time, goes back to the giver ;
 When the fond ties of kindred are gone,
 Then Nature claims privilege to sorrow ;
 But no mortal here sorrows alone,
 As thousands shall die ere to-morrow.

Fairest Nature is doomed to decay ;
 Mankind, with the rose and the lily.
 Ev'ry mortal hath tribute to pay,
 Ere pride is laid low in the valley.
 Then adieu, dearest sister, adieu,
 While time's like a balm to my sorrow,
 May my thoughts, on the past, and of you,
 Prepare me for what's called to-morrow.

YE'RE MITHER'S TA'EN AWA'.

Come, cuddle doon, ma winsome bairn,
 There's nathing noo, ava,
 To cheer the heart within us baith,—
 Ye're mither's ta'en awa'.
 An unco change is this, lassie,
 Na waur culd on us fa',
 A wee bit bairn, here it's alane,
 Its mither ta'en awa'.

O whisht ye, noo, an' fa' asleep,
 Until the mornin' daw',
 I canna thole to hear ye greet
 Syne mammie gaed awa'.
 Ilk waesome sab wins to ma heart
 An' gie's it sich a thraw,
 That life itsel seems but a blight
 Syne she was ta'en awa'.

The spring o' life has lost its smile
 Aneath the wintry fa',
 The awfu' blast sweeps ilka chord,
 Whan mammie is awa'.
 Wha noo will shield ye frae its scaith
 An' daur to storm to blaw?
 Nane, nane culd hap ye up like her
 That's deid and passed awa'.

Her watchfu' e'e, and tentie hand
 Fulfillin' nature's law,
 Gae twofold pruif o' love for thee,
 In her that's ta'en awa'.
 Her soul seemed centered a' in thee,
 Hoo fondly wad she draw
 An' press ye to her milk-white breast
 Ere she was ta'en awa'.

But waes me lass, whaur is she noo?
 The yird aneath the snaw
 Contains thy sainted mither's form,
 For she is e'en awa.
 A wearie warl' is this to me,
 It may be to us a',
 But waesome far to ane sae young,
 Whase mither's ta'en awa.'

Ye're dreepit e'en, o' bonnie blue,
 O, that they ever saw
 The ane that braucht them to the licht,
 An' then to gang awa.'
 But I maur no complain o' ane
 Wha has the power to ca',
 But pray ye lang may weir the looks
 O' her that's ta'en awa'.

TO A HUMMING BIRD.

Hark ! hark ! the warbling angels sing
 To ease away the fleeting hours,
 The humming bird is on the wing,
 To sip the nectar from the flowers.

She chants aloud, in sweetest strain,
 The roundalay, some poet wove,
 And bless'd is he, the happy swain,
 Who holds the temple of her love.

Her's is the balm that soothes the heart
 At evening tide and early morn,
 Long may she live to ply the art
 That Nature gave when she was born.

JEHOVAH'S POWER.

O Thou great King, Jehovah, Sovereign Lord,
 We own the power of Thy creative word,
 Thy council will'd, the mandate was obeyed,
 And Heaven and Earth in beauty stood arrayed.
 The great I Am sat on the Heavenly throne
 To judge the work that came from Thee alone.
 Shekinah smiled and saw the work was good
 And drew a line between the land and flood;
 Seas roll'd apace, the earth revolving too,
 With all the orbs, in the ethereal blue
 And boundless space, the gorgeous vault above,
 Where the first cause now governs all with love.
 Long ere ought else beheld the Heavenly scheme,
 So truly wrought by hands alone supreme,
 Thou deeply laid foundations of the whole
 And will'd that man should have a living soul,
 A precious part, a subtle thinking mind,
 And crowning gift by majesty designed,
 That the great field of beauty should proclaim
 To man Thy power in nature's great domain.

O Thou supreme, most good and righteous Chief,
 Thy handyworks make surer our belief
 That Thou art God ; for only God alone
 Could so construct an image like thine own.
 Thy spirit moves in those mysterious lines
 Which baffles man in probing Thy designs.
 We see effects, although unseen the cause,
 Which stamps the whole of Thy magnetic laws ;
 Great systems move with that inherent force
 Which fills the whole of God's own universe ;
 We scan the past, but stretch our eyes in vain
 To pierce the point when Thou commenced to reign;
 Eternity has wisely sealed the scroll
 That does contain the distance from the goal.

How vain is man, how futile is the thought
 That we should see the whole that God has wrought;
 We see a part, sufficient for our good,
 And that is bless'd, if rightly understood.
 Could finite minds the great infinite trace,
 And see each part in its allotted space
 In constant flight, yet true from pole to pole
 To the command of a united whole ;
 There we would see that no imperfect part
 Of that great field disgraced the Master's art,—
 Good work and true as each and all we find
 To harmonize as He at first designed ;
 No patching there, nor waste of substance here,
 Perfection rules and reigns in every sphere.
 Materials die if aged or unsound,
 New growth ascends with other beauties crowned ;
 They also live obedient to the call
 Of nature's God that first created all.
 Time wends its way, a great imperial host
 That passes on without a moment lost ;
 No interval clogs up the mighty wheels
 That move us on against our vain appeals.
 Year follows year in one perpetual round,
 And still no change is in Jehovah found ;
 He ever was and ever is the same
 All powerful God in action as in name.
 The universe He holds within His hand,
 And nature smiles or frowns at His command ;
 He makes the storm to sway the sturdy oak,
 The lightning's flash to rend it at a stroke ;
 Its graceful boughs are scattered far and wide,
 And swift decay sets in on ev'ry side ;
 His tempests do stir up the mighty deep
 To surge and foam with each increasing sweep
 Of nature's force that darts along the tide,
 And flings the spray high on the mountain side.
 Huge monsters strain and plunge along with speed,
 The stout built craft now quivers like a reed.

Strong hearts grow weak, bronzed faces now grow pale,
As timbers part with the increasing gale;
The troubled sea, now like an angry god,
Besieging all with an afflicting rod,
The thunder's roll—at intervals the light
Leaps through the clouds, with keen electric flight;
The deafning roar of billows passing on
Appals the soul of ev'ry living one.
Hope sinks within ; grim terror fills the brave,
As yawning gulfs succeed each towering wave
Seas mountains high from bondage now unchained,
Huge columns rear high o'er their freedom gained.
The liquid mass is leveled with the swell,
Another's reared still higher where it fell.
They sportive form, caparisoned for flight,
Evincing there the great Jehovah's might.
They now recede, obedient to command
Of the great One, who holds them in His hand.
The fury o'er, the proud, tumultuous seas
Have settled down to calm and peaceful ease.
The morning sun from the horizon springs
With ruddy face, a welcome guest who flings
His genial wraps upon the wearied form
Of each and all that weathered out the storm.
Hope cheers within, where anguish reigned before,
The longing eye seeks out the distant shore
Where thousands hail and greet the early spring,
With all its tints that new-born beauties bring.
The songster's notes imply the happy state,
As he at morn oft cheers his busy mate.
Instinctive they a cozy structure rear
In some green shade, where safety does appear.
They closely guard their secret treasure there
With more than love—a heaven-implanted care,
Which falters not, to duty all resigned,
As God at first in wisdom well designed.
What is that love—that great solicitude—
Which hath the whole of nature so imbued ?

We feel its power, its purposes are known,
 But what it is, is known to God alone.
 Behold the flower, in all its glorious pride
 Of spring-tide bloom, upon the mountain side.
 We see it there; its mysteries within
 Are far beyond the reach of human ken.
 The sunny spring hath rent the wintry chain
 That bound a part of nature's great domain.
 New life appears upon the lovely scene
 Of hill and dale and sheltered deep ravine;
 God's secret power is wafted o'er the plain,
 And Nature smiles a recompense again.
 The various hues of beauty greet the eye,
 All stirs the soul to praise a God on high.
 The timid flocks, now adding to the scene
 Or pastures rich, with babbling brooks between.
 Their fleecy wealth no longer is required,
 They're now unrobed, that man should be attired.
 The genial sun, with God begotten plan,
 Bequeaths to them what they bestow on man;
 In this we see the glory of His reign,
 Each link is forged in Nature's golden chain
 To that great end; a unison indeed
 Which nothing short of Deity decreed.
 See yonder swain, engaged in manly toil,
 Each year he stirs afresh the fruitful soil.
 No lurking doubt his labour does impede,
 He tills the ground, and then throws on the seed,
 In firm belief of that Almighty power
 Which quickens life with each oncoming shower.
 He sees the mist arise with early morn,
 And then again, in grateful showers return.
 He reasons well, perception does confirm
 The fickle mind, that God moves every germ
 That rears its head above the parent earth
 From whence it came, with heaven erected birth;
 Hope now resolves, and builds upon the past
 The future wealth that plenty can suggest.

The ready eye takes in the lovely scene
Of forest wide, of meadows smiling green.
Here ample fields, with young and tender beard,
Shew various plants the husbandman has reared.
The gorgeous scene of Nature, blooming there,
Implies that God created all with care.
No tempest now springs from the surly north,
To blast the bud that Nature has brought forth.
And yet we feel the cool refreshing breeze
Which sweeps away what generates disease.
Rich foliage now drinks in the subtle gas,
Allowing all the sweeter parts to pass.
The stagnant brook, by some obstruction pent,
Now rushes forth, impatient of restraint,
With ærial flight, its vapour now ascends,
To be distilled as the I Am intends;
And then again, redistribution wells
The tiny plant with still more tiny cells,
Each one a point, too little to appear,
Minute are they, and silent to the ear;
No clashing there of systems to explode;
Peace reigns within the workshop of a God.
The work proceeds; stupendous as it is,
Who doubts His power? Omnipotence is His.
He makes the waste to blossom as the rose,
No threat'ning hand can ever interpose,
No fire of youth, or manhood's subtle skill,
Can subjugate the great Jehovah's will.
Man's fancy fails God's order to reverse,
He rules at will the mighty universe;
The humble poor, the potentate and prince,
Alike depend on his beneficence.
His banquets fills immensity of space,
His guests include the millions of our race.
The generous host has ample for the whole;
His stores reach from the tropics to the pole;
Course after course is entered at the feast,
All to regale man's most fastidious taste.

Let fancy's flight for once direct the eye,
And there embrace the wonderful supply
O'er which the flag of promise is unfurled,
To safely guard the storehouse of the world.
Behold the sun, increasing hour by hour,
Those genial rays of his imperial power,
Which worketh out perfection in the face
Of Nature's form, in each and ev'ry plane.
The human heart will lift itself above
The things beneath, unto a God of love;
A grateful joy will fill the blank recess
With flowing streams of heartfelt thankfulness,
For all the wealth that crowns the dotted plain,
Now half obscured by rich and yellow grain.
The husbandman, engaged with many cares,
In earnest now for harvest work prepares
With all his skill, and seeks not to recoil
From labour, which rewards him for his toil.
The ample crop, perhaps an average yield,
Cheers up the heart, upon the golden field,
The ringing laugh bespeaks a power within,
Which doth make light the labours they begin.
Hope, now ensconced within the blissful folds
Of certainty, with cheerful front beholds
The annual wealth, the great and promised feast,
Now placed within the reach of man and beast.
The passing clouds, with due regard is found
To be more shy in casting to the ground
Those treasures which in season doth repair,
To quench the thirst of Nature ev'rywhere.
Weak is the man, and feeble is the mind,
Which fails to see in this a work designed
By God the Just, the great and ruling power,
Who can withhold or give the needful shower
Which doth restore to Nature's faded hues
Those cheering tints that active life renews.
The work is o'er, the grain is garnered in,
With autumn yet unwilling to begin

The gradual change that creeps o'er Nature's face,
 When purple tints, from deepest green, takes place.
 Day after day the rainbow's dye is seen,
 On ev'ry hill, in orchard and ravine,
 From ev'ry hue the morning sun receives
 A welcome by the variegated leaves,
 Which, one by one, drops to the parent bed
 And makes secure the roots by which they fed.
 Instinctive powers, to reason much akin,
 With keen foresight, how nimbly gathers in
 Those little stores, yet ample for the wants
 That Nature craves, and highest heaven grants.
 A God of love, replete with fond desires,
 A covering gives, that Nature now requires
 To shield the frame; the soft and sleeky form,
 That now retires in secret from the storm.
 Infinite God, what powers do they command
 Which can foretell that winter is at hand?
 The half-grown young, that never toiled before,
 Instinctive swells the rich autumnal store
 Till it assumes a bulk proportionate
 To the demands a future must create.
 Thy sovereign will, in mercy well designed
 That they should not a season be consigned
 To famish, while the winter howling keen
 Charged o'er the land, and locked the fruitful scene.
 Thy finished skill was found commensurate
 To the great work thou counceled to create.
 Yes, time itself, is powerless to invade,
 For wants now felt were with provision made.
 The ample field of Nature's work is Thine,
 And like Thyself, perfect in every line.
 No foul effects of inconsistency
 Were ever traced and found to dwell in Thee.
 Tho' winter's chill and penetrating breath
 Enshrouds some forms with cold, apparent death,
 Yet Thou art found possessor of the key
 Which in due time sets all their actions free,

And life again, in ev'ry way complete,
 Now sportive shuns their former dark retreat.
 Aurora's blaze, with God-begotten flight,
 Sets forth Thy power, to man's astonished sight.
 As streamers flash, and upwards swiftly leap
 From pole to point, with one enchanting sweep,
 Then vanishing, while others doth renew
 The merry dance, in still a brighter hue,
 Which faintly shed their pale and changing light
 Upon the pall of winter's cheerless night,
 Where eager youth, with heaven-erected face,
 Oft trembling, points up to the empty space
 That we so name, and naming, doth ignore
 God's presence there, whom we should well adore.
 No vacuum's found in God's whole universe,
 No one small spot His presence does not pierce,
 For God is all, and surely is in all
 That ever was, and is, both great and small,
 As all must own the permeating word
 Of God, the King, Jehovah, Sovereign, Lord.

THE PAINTED PICTURE.

See yon God-like face, enamelled,
 Poison painted to deceive ;
 While the heart, the great enchanter,
 Trifles with a make-believe.

Nature's florets, tho' quite common,
 Have a beauty of their own,
 That the artist's hands may tarnish
 Ere the bloom has fully blown.

God's own law of compensation
 (Thus created love to win)
 Gives a beauty to some features,
 Others have it all within.

Love may prize the painted picture
That allures the youthful eye,
But the mind throws on the canvas
Lasting tints of deeper dye.

Would you seek a friend as helpmate ;
Choose the one of noble mind ;
For dark shadows surely brighten
Nature's jewels so refined.

Would you view the diamond's lustre,
Let no veiling intervene ;
Then the gem in native grandeur
In its loveliness is seen.

TO THE MEMORY OF BROTHER J. M. MEAKINS.

He's o'er the bridge, he's gained the further side
Of that weird stream which nothing can impede ;
Both north and south, each valley was his pride,
While asking oft, in honor to proceed.

He loved those walls, well fitted by design
To make each man well worthy of the name.
His turn is o'er, how soon it will be thine—
The present 's all that we can ever claim.

Our kinsman sleeps, but not before he traced
The Mystic words upon his friendly hand ;
His chains are rent, his fancied guilt erased,
While we exclaim, a brother truly grand.

Now, peace be with him in his silent home ;
His salt was sweet, and savored for the feast,
His vacant chair, he changed it for the tomb,
The gavel's called our Knight Kadosh to rest.

Yea, let him sleep, he labored much to rest,
Remembered too by every bosom friend ;
His work remains, an emblem of the past,
His Mystic Lore foretold his happy end.

FIGHTS FOR FREEDOM.

Inspire the muse, thou God of song, let nature's God in-
 spire,
 And crown the longings of my soul with true poetic fire ;
 Then will I sing in freedom's cause, its glories and its
 worth,
 Its power to bless the meanest slave who treads the parent
 earth.
 Mine is no gossip theme of praise, some trifle to proclaim,
 But deeds that will ennoble man, and lead him on to fame—
 That sacred shrine that prompts the soul with harmony and
 love—
 No higher temple e'er was framed beneath the one above,
 Its priesthood, born of truth and right, and by high heaven
 designed,
 Will breath in trumpet-tongued huzzas glad tidings to
 mankind.
 He, who hath thirsted at its font and tasted of the stream,
 Will throw his shackles to the wind and sing a nobler
 theme.
 Time's honored and emblazoned scroll will herald forth his
 name,
 And in its pages will be found the sunlight of his fame.
 The man who trims the human lamp and makes it brighter
 burn
 Will have the word "Immortal" placed in gold upon his
 urn ;
 Those yet to be will hail the boon the patriot decreed
 And noble-minded men will say, "God bless him for the
 deed."
 The soul of reason's mighty sweep is not of lowly flight,
 But where true manhood loves to soar above tryannic
 might ;
 Yea, where the God of freedom hails the sweet angelic
 face
 Of him who adds a jewelled crown to dignify our race.

There Justice in her royal robes, with sympathetic plan,
 Casts forth a mantle to the weak, to shield a fellow man ;
 Benevolence smiles on the act, while conscience does
 approve,
 And harmony rings out the praise of universal love.
 No clank of chains is there to mar the key-note's thrilling
 sound,
 For man to man in every sphere the friend of man is found.
 Alas ! that I should make this cause the burden of my
 theme,
 While it to some far distant seems the plaything of a
 dream ;
 For, shadows of despotic power still hover on the wing,
 With pinions dyed a dismal hue in that polluted spring,
 The oft told tale of equal rights, supreme in every part ;
 To some its but a mandate given with more tryannic art.
 The gloom of serfdom's darkened pall, thrown o'er the
 human sight,
 Will make down-trodden nations shun (in time) the purest
 light.
 Ideal men of lofty mold against such wrongs decide,
 As oft the human current sweeps those giants with the
 tide.
 It may be that a monarch's power usurps man's fine estate
 Till coward manhood thus becomes the minion of the great ;
 Then keen Oppression's iron hand emblazons on the wall
 Those bitter words, "Kneel down, ye slaves, for I am lord
 of all
 Your rights are subject to my will, the power is in my hand
 To bless or bruise the feeble reed ; as hirlings of the land
 Thou knowest not thy rights or wrongs"—wrong by the
 lapse of years
 Have dwarfed the wretched slave to see that wrong half
 right appears.
 The majesty of man becomes so shrunken in its size
 That grim Oppression's scornful scowl blinds those it
 would despise.
 The mind enslaved, the heart alloyed, polluted and debased,
 Will hug that bondage to the soul till freedom is erased,

And man, the handiwork of God, the fairest and the best,
 Suppliant greet the ruddy hand that hath himself oppressed.
 Nay, hold thou here, thou sovereign chief, who gave to
 thee the right
 To set thy fellow-men at naught and rob him of the light?
 And you, false freeman of the State, your golden wealth
 combined
 Gives you no patent right to warp the welfare of mankind;
 If wealth has blessed you with its fruits, and power your
 summit crowned,
 Why fatter men in iron robes, that bear him to the ground?
 Have you e'er thought that he who hath these sacred laws
 transgressed,
 Will find in time that wrongs will smite oppressor with
 oppressed?
 For proof go look within yourselves, and there an image
 see,
 Of one who with revenge would strike, and struggle to
 be free.
 Rise up, ye long dishonored host, let freedom be the word,
 And justice, not revenge, be thine, to whet and wield the
 sword.
 Like noble men true-hearted stand on the disputed field,
 And smite the foeman to the chin till your oppressors
 yield.
 Yours is the honored cause which will cheer conscience in
 the fight—
 A lion courage will leap forth to crown you in the right;
 And when the robes of Justice hide Corruption's sable
 shade,
 May freedom's god establish well the progress that was
 made.

BROCK'S MONUMENT.

Oh, shades of the great, and the mighty in battle,
 Thy spirit wanes not with each day's setting sun !
 The glories of Brock and his comrades immortal
 Still gladden the heart on the field that they won.

That shaft may converse with the wayfaring stranger,
 Its beauties may cause the most listless to dwell ;
 But ashes beneath speak of deeds to the Briton,
 And marshal the man, and the hero, that fell.

To conquer and fall was the lot of the soldier,—
 Both deathless and dead on the same bloody field,—
 But honor, that day, had bequeathed to the victim
 A mantle of fame ere the death-roll was sealed.

See yonder cut stone, midway down the steep mountain ;
 It marks well the ground where the great hero bled ;
 Unyielding he fell, with his face to the foeman,
 Whilst cheering his host, midst the dying and dead.

Our clansmen that day stood like heroes around him,
 The tartans became like their own purple heath ;
 But redder the spot where the foes hurried over
 And leapt, in their haste, to the valley of death.

Tho' silent in death sleeps the dust of our hero,
 Away from his home in this far distant land,
 That silence to-day moves a chord in the children
 Of those very ones whom he loved to command.

Fair daughters, I pray thee think well of your country,
 This great heritage handed down from the brave ;
 Remember, and shun, the poltroon as a lover,—
 That man in whose veins flow the blood of the slave.

Ye matrons, who hail all that's good in your offspring,
 Teach truly the charge that's bequeathed to thy care ;
 Whilst tender in youth ground them well in that freedom,
 The freedom we prize as the true Britons' share.

To you sterner stuff, in the prime of your manhood,
 One word of advice, ere we leave for our home
 In battle, stand true in defence of Britannia,
 Like him, the great Chief, that's enshrined in the tomb.

LUNDY'S LANE, JULY 25TH, 1814, AND 1889.

You sons of worthy sires of old,
 All you, for Britain's weal, enrolled,
 Rear high our honoured flag again
 Upon the fields of Lundy's Lane.
 Let that day's sore and stubborn fight
 Forshadow ev'ry Britain's might,
 And ev'ry deed, so bravely done,
 In bayonet charge, when none would run,
 Inspire the children of to-day
 With manly courage for the fray.
 Should doubtful friend, or foreign foe,
 Seek vauntingly, to overthrow
 Those privileges that freemen hold
 To be the safeguard of the fold.

Let no vainglorious, boastful tale
 Appear where honor seems to fail;
 But rather let our courage guard
 That which true freedom will reward.
 Yea, liberty, that heaven-made theme,
 When flowing like a mountain stream,
 Who would not do or die for thee
 Are yet unworthy to be free.

Let serfs and slaves go greet the god
 That rules them with an iron rod,
 'Till manly manhood faints with fear
 At sight of tyrants that appear.
 Foe never shall the freeman bow

To frowns on autocratic brow,
 And never can the noble mind
 To deeds of slavery be resigned.
 The pen, when allied with the sword,
 Hath oft a failing cause restored,
 But gallant spirits, truly trained,
 Should guard well ev'ry vantage gained.
 For justice, like a jewel lost,
 Tho' valuable and valued most,
 May never greet the keenest sight
 While darkness reigns o'er moral light,
 And knaves charge down upon the spoil
 And sweetest fruits of human toil.

Let youth and age meet hand in hand,
 In honor of our fatherland,
 And this dear glen, we love so well,
 Where noble heroes fought and fell
 That we, their offspring, should enjoy
 Life's liberty without alloy.
 Here let us vow, with pride again,
 Our lofty birthright to maintain;
 Where national and social life
 Stoops not to rude barbaric strife,
 And independent, manly speech
 Fails not the traitor to impeach,
 Whilst Drummond's dead, with olden fire,
 Attunes again the royal lyre,
 Whose echoes play about the tomb
 The golden strain of "Home, Sweet Home."

Ah! where is he, of mental worth,
 That spurns this Godsend of his birth?
 E'en the adopted sons, from where
 The seagirt isles have men to spare,
 They fondly come, and seek to share
 Our freedom and our bill of fare.
 Those blessings, which should duly tend
 And prompt each subject to defend.

And may our heroes' sacred dust,
 Now held by Drummond's hill in trust,
 Plead with the people to be true,
 With ev'ry human right in view,
 True to our country and our Queen,
 In sunshine or the darkest scene,
 With words of wisdom on the wall,
 True freedom is the rights of all.

THAT BOTTOMLESS PIT.

At last evening's meeting of Council mention was made of the great depth of the inlet at the mouth of the proposed Cathcart sewer. One of the aldermen alluded to it as being a "bottomless pit," and it was suggested that the members of Council visit the place for the purpose of inspecting it. In relation thereto Ald. Glasgow wrote out the following poetic effusion, which he submitted to the Council for consideration :

I rather would in Council sit
 As to go view that fearful pit.
 McLagan may go there alone
 To hear old Satan weep and groan ;
 For should he seek on slime to sail,
 Or try to seize Nick by the tail,
 He'll surely find himself in bond,
 Or stifled in that dreadful pond—
 Receptacle of horse and hogs,
 Friend Lee's tomcats and poodle dogs.
 I say, my friend, beware ! beware !
 And do not fall in such a snare.
 This Council would resent the loss
 If found without a sewer boss.

CREELING IN SCOTLAND.

Away far back in the dark ages creeling had obtained a foothold in Scotland, more particularly in the south—the nature of which may here be explained. It consisted in the newly-married man having to carry a creel to the house of the party previously married. The creel was made fast to his back, and as soon as he was started on his journey, the creelers, to any amount in numbers, young and old, every one in fact who wished to be present, would commence throwing stones into the creel, and by the time that he reached the end of his journey he would be pretty well tired out, his wife would be there, ready to cut the ropes and give him relief. It had in its day, no doubt, a rude moral attached to the barbarous practice, that as a married man was supposed to bear a heavier burden than when single, he had to perform this duty to impress on his mind that he had undertaken that solemn obligation. I think it is Chambers who briefly refers to it in one of his journals; I have never seen it mentioned by any other writer. But I saw one man creeled about sixty-seven years ago; although young at the time I remember it well. I don't think that a single case of creeling is now performed in Scotland. The creeled as well as the creelers seemed to take it all in good part as a matter of course, no hard feelings being exhibited on either side by anyone.

THE CREELIN' O' JOCK TAMSON.

In Scotland's bonnie isle, lang syne,
 Ere puir fock fasht wi' drumly wine,
 Where usqubaugh was still the drink
 That grac'd a corner o' the bink,
 An' aiten cakes wi' brose the food
 On which the wives brought up their brood
 O' sousie chiels, whase feck o' wealth
 Was ruddy cheeks an' sturdy health,

Whase lightsome hearts an' strength o' limb
 For daffin' fill'd them to the brim,
 Till ploy an' prank were carried oot
 That unco folk ne'er heard about.

On brose an' bannocks an' sic diet
 Thae couldn'a very weel be quiet,
 An' aye the tither rant was ta'en
 To gie fresh vigor to the brain ;
 Sic rowth o' cheer fill'd up the time
 That micht hae been ta'en up wi' crime,
 For nae wanchancie plots were planned
 Where conscience gripp'd the erring hand,
 An' nae young callant daur'd avow
 What hoary age wad disallow ;
 But young an' auld wi' fond desire,
 Paid homage to the ancient sire
 Wha had maintain'd wi' apt display
 The pastimes o' a former day ;
 Tho' rude in pairt, thae bore the seal
 That sanctions sports for human weal,
 An' mony e'en an' morn were spent
 In harmony, where youth gat vent
 An' sober age, tho' no sae yauld,
 Reap'd strength frae this, as thae grew auld,
 While common sense, that fund o' wealth,
 Fand naethin' like it for their health ;
 What youth induced, be order'd plan,
 To thus endow the future man.

This may hae changed, but I'll relate
 What I hae seen whan young an' blate,
 Ere years o' grace had form'd the lad,
 Wi' havins, either guid or bad.

Lang syne, whan guid wives span the woo,
 Thae clippit frae their ain bit ewe,
 An' wabsters shuttled aye sic wark
 As ne'er was seen wi' foreign mark ;

Tho' years hae fled, I mind fu' weel
 The fillin' o' Jock Tamson's creel,
 Whan a' the birkies o' the toon
 Frae ilka bore, were gather'd roun'
 Wi' hempin raip, baith large an lang,
 To make the wark secure an' strang;
 For custom was, as ye may ken,
 That creelin' fell to maist o' men,
 An' younkens were ewer gleg o' e'e,
 To miss sic fun as that would gie.
 Jock, noo, maun back the weichty creel,
 Wi' heaps o' stane the brae to speel,
 An' wun the sneck string o' the door
 O' the last wedded pair afore,
 An' there relieved, sma time micht rest
 An' meditate owre what had past,
 For, weel I mind, the gaet was lang,
 O'er which Jock Tamson had to gang,
 An' nae licht laid wad be his share,
 If pawkie chiels could make it mair.
 Wi' a' things feat, for auld an' young,
 The creel high owre his hurdies hung,
 An' mony bairnies' gabs did gaip
 To see Jock yerck it wi' the raip,
 That made the creel an' him like ane,
 Fit bearer o' the lairgest stane,
 Nae fumblin' boddie's finger mark
 Was trac'd upon the weakest wark,
 For swankie lads, wi' hairns, an' heid,
 Were thae, wha formaist, took the lead,
 An' plac'd their cronies up the gaet,
 Whaur Jock wad surely meet his fate.
 There ilka hand held in 't a stane,
 The size o' brose-fed yearlin wean,
 To this make siccar wark I wean,
 Whan tapmaist on the creel 'twas seen.
 Wi a' thing ready, Jock gat word,
 To take the causey like a burd.

Whan aff he ran and better ran,
 Pursued by sic a motley clan.
 That grannie pech'd as weel might she,
 Whan hirplin oot to better see,
 An' note the ploy sae weel began,
 Sic as had swarft her ain guidman.
 But o' that fecht sae lang syne fought,
 The boddie scarcely gaed a thought,
 An' hailed wi' twinkle o' her e'e.
 The tapmaist brattle o' the glee,
 Loud skirlin, laughter there was gien,
 By mony a weelfaurd sousie queen,
 An' mony a wife's guid barley scon,
 Gat bircelt sair while she look'd on,
 The elders crowdie placet to cool,
 Was whuppit owre the creepie stool.
 The tawpies leugh, syne did bewail
 The smeddum of their burning kail,
 While drouthie dames, wi' swats in view,
 Prayed that he micht weel warstle tho'
 To drink his health that worthy deed,
 An' wiss him aye a godly speed.

The wheelwright, wi' half finished wheel
 There left it to fill up the creel ;
 The wabster's shuttle cour'd its wings,
 The smith, in haste, threw by his tings,
 The miller stream ran owre the dam,
 While he in awfu' hurry cam ;
 The baxter's batch wraught off its strength,
 The sutor's lingle held its length,
 He'd brack his elshin on the sole
 An' left it sticking i' the hole ;
 The tailor took the langer sweets
 To there make hale a pair o' breeks,
 An' in his hurry brunt the claith
 Ere he wan forrit oot o' braith ;
 E'en brewster Jock, wi' sair alarm,
 Had failed to ream his brae wi' barm,

An' gallop'd back at utmost speed
 To start his coggies wi' a heid.
 The simples glowr'd, but glowr'd in vain,
 To get sic uncos thry' the brain ;
 Thae hodged, thae hecht, thae danced an' sang,
 As glimm rin sense beheld the thrang,
 An' aye the glee sae strangely wad
 Bedim the little sense thae had ;
 That vision failed to there mak known
 Sic wonners to a witless throne,
 For weird an' witchin' was the scene
 That fell upon the dafties' e'en.
 E'en hoary gray bairds saw the sight
 Wi' somewhat o' a strange delight,
 For revern'd age itsel will cling
 An' hover near the darling spring,
 Whase ample an' spontaneous flood
 Rins thro' the veins in merry mood.

But to ma tale ; the stane flew in
 Fu lively, and wi' rattlin' din,
 An' aye the creel wad faster fill
 As Jock wan cwre the clachan hill ;
 For wild and furious was the din
 Ere he seemed failin' o' the win,
 Tho', aye the callents ettled weel,
 A stane at times wad miss the creel,
 While pechin' sair, for sair he graned,
 The cobbles plenty werna hained ;
 Pale tender hand, wha ne'er kern'd wark,
 Wi' pith an' glee like fun grew stark,
 An' cripples wha wi' twisted shanks
 Gaed limpin' at it i' the ranks,
 E'en cadgers' pownies, wi' like graith,
 Gat stan' in time to draw their braith
 An' wonner what was a' the steer
 That filled the toongact, far an' near.

But stalwart chiels, wi' strength a fund,
 Sune brought Jock Tamson to the grund ;

An' while he grac'd his mitner earth
 The bairnies ran red wud wi' mirth ;
 Tho' there he sat, short time was gi'en,
 Whan twa three cobbles oot were taen :
 Than, up an' at it, on he gaed,
 Forjeskit sair, aneath the laid,
 He stoiterd sair, but still made guid
 A bittie ere for rest he stuid ;
 Tho' ilka stap shawed failin' strength,
 He warstl't on at least a length,
 An' bit by bit the wished for end
 Aye nearer can ilk stride be gained ;
 By this his gaet was like a pall
 Whan timed to that Deid March in Saul.

E'en sma'er progress yet was made,
 As nature yielded to the laid,
 But, at the last, wi' feckless power,
 He gained the sneck o' Jsny's door,
 Where his bit wife, wi' sleight o' hand,
 Sune drew her gully thro' the band,
 An' ere he could, dight aft the sweet,
 The stane came rumblin' at his feet,
 His better half, quite proud o' him,
 As he was sound, baith wind an' limb,
 Without a bris or burnin' scaur,
 The chiel was tired, but naething waur.

Wi' speerits high wi' what was dune,
 Thae a' go scievin' thro' the toon,
 An' ither ane's wha wi' them cam'
 To hae' a wee bit pairtin' dram.
 Some unco stories than were tauld,
 What wives had dune whan brides were bald,
 Hoo Eppie Mark, that stal vart queen,
 O' length o' gaet, did sair compleen,
 An' for to ease her wee bit man,
 She, wi' the creelers, stevely ran,
 An' cowpit oot the stane as fast,

As they into the creel were cast,
 Still a'e braid cobble, raggit stane,
 Fell dirlin' on her knuckle bane,
 That gar't her hoolie to the end,
 As she may weel has better kenn'd,
 But why should I relate the whole
 O' stories tauld and pliskies droll,
 Thae took their drappie, went their way,
 To meet again some ither day.

THE VALLEY BENEATH.

The valley beneath, once the home of a race,
 All savage, untutored and rude,
 And spurning to toil, save in war or the chase,
 In these forests, that solemnly stood.
 All haughty, yet free, as the wavelets that run
 O'er the face of Ontario's deep—
 They dreamed not of those, 'neath a far East'rn sun,
 As they roamed o'er the high mountain steep.
 Unconscious of aught, but the lore of their sires,
 Grim lords of the valley below;
 They harkened to naught but the tale that inspires,
 And the cunning that conquers the foe.
 Surrounded and screened from the cold biting blast
 By the oak and stately green pine,
 Where emblems remain that converse with the past,
 With age marked on each furrow and line.
 O'er mountain and vale, in those days that are gone,
 Thick monarchs gave depth to the scene;
 Tho' sombre and wild, when the sun fiercely shone,
 Shewed that redskins were moving between.
 With heaven's high arch for a canopied hall,
 All eager, each hushed like the grave,

While counsel from each swarthy chieftain would fall
 On the ears of each list'ning brave.

The forest's faint wail, like a sigh from above,
 Oft mixed with the foaming of wrath,
 And woe to the weak, when the war dance would prove
 That those warriors had taken the path.

The emblems of peace for awhile might prevail,
 When foemen were cunning and strong,
 But mercy with them was a meaningless tale
 When the whoop was a requiem and song.

For ages unknown, their traditional pride
 Were wild as the surf on the shore,
 While Nature's rude home all their cravings supplied,
 And to sires that had passed on before.

Fresh foeman, as pale as the angel of death,
 Rushed forth, in the wake of the sun,
 And breathed on the land with their poisonous breath,
 And the race of the redskins was run.

Like billows of foam round a rudderless bark,
 Was the surge of the conquering foe,
 And they swept from the soil ev'ry vantage and mark
 Of that race in the valley below.

LINES IN MISS L. SIMPSON'S ALBUM.

She's like the dew on yonder thorn
 That sweetly drapes the early morn,
 Beloved by all, the daisies' pet,
 Will make some creature happy yet.

Like sighing winds, that softly seek
 To paint a rose tint on the cheek,
 So like great Nature's lofty plan,
 She sweetly shall adorn the man.

FREEDOM, WI' SENSE TO GUIDE IT.

Thank God that Freedom's sacred dome
Still flashes free within me ;
Tho' other gifts may whyles gae wrang,
This ane seems to beiren' me.

Want may gie growth to canker'd care,
Au' wrinkle ilka feature ;
But what is wealth, if man should lose
The birthright o' the creature ?

Man's lowest art may grip the gear
To magnify the mortal—
But higher minds will spurn the prize
Seen through that narrow portal.

A wider grasp should e'er be ta'en
O' man an' what man makes him ;
Wi' wealth or want he's just the same
When common-sense forsakes him.

The current coin is welcome ware,
Tho' hamely mould it's cast in ;
The spurious metal winna ring,
Whatever grade it's class'd in.

Creation's lords owre aften lean
On gewgaws o' their nature,
While mither wit, that elf, steps in,
And shrinks the lordling's stature.

Vainglorious coofs, wi' sense a myth,
May venture their opinion ;
But lair an' logic bears the gree
In this, man's braid dominion.

We've liberty to play some pairt—
For this oor sires be thankit ;
If otherwise, rise in your micht,
An' instantly resent it.

Let deeds and duty press the man,
 Wi' conscious for improvement ;
 And fare, though scant, may aiblins mend
 Wi' each successive movement.

Let your desires thus ever be—
 High aim, with right beside it ;
 An' freedom for a lasting crown,
 Wi' common-sense to guide it.

TECUMSEH.

Weep not, gallant men, for your comrade Tecumseh—
 Tho' darkness enshrouds all that's left of the slain ;
 It signifies not where the dust of the hero
 Hath slumbered so long, and in peace, on the plain.
 Tho' art sheweth not where the mighty had fallen,
 Or rich sculptured tomb yet rewarded the dead.
 Neglected, yet he has a name that's immortal—
 His glory will live, tho' the Shawnee has fled.
 Oh ! large was the heart of the soldier departed—
 The patriot's flame flashed abroad in his soul ;
 No wonder they seek, but in vain for his ashes,
 Since honor itself stamped his name on the scroll.
 His kinsmen may sigh, when they think of the chieftain ;
 The great shooting star, like the orb in his flight,
 A power in himself and a prince in the council,
 A king in his heart with a conscience aright.
 No more will his hand stay the shock of the tempest ;
 The snow's icy breath may swoop down on the plain ;
 The hoary with age, in their wigwams will miss him ;
 The fatherless weep for Tecumseh again.
 The great Manitou, with his children, is angry,
 The Shawnee's proud swoop with the Tecumseh has
 flown ;
 The forest has fled from the home of their fathers—

Their harvest's a blight and their heritage gone.
 Oh, sad is the tale that is told of his kindred—
 Like tall, withered trees, they are losing their hold ;
 The soil's swept away from the roots of the dying—
 A nation decayed, as Tecumseh foretold*.
 No child suffered pain at the hands of the savage—
 Away with that name, a misnomer on him ;
 Humanity shone from the depths of his bosom,
 Not once had the face of the mirror grown dim.
 Oh, light lie the clay on the home of thy ashes ;
 Sleep soundly, thou chief, for naught sullies thy name ;
 The great human heart, like a shield, is surrounding
 The honors well won, which gave birth to thy fame.

*Tecumseh said that his people were like tall, withered trees losing hold of the soil, and foretold their decay.—J. G.

THE CHARITABLE WORK.

The Chairman of the Charitable Committee, Major John Glasgow, presented their report, from which it was seen they issued 100 charitable orders, amounting to \$256.33. He closes his report as follows :

We made them cantie by the deed,
 For gear we're never sparin' o't,
 That ilka callant in his need
 May loup and laugh in sharin' o't.

A pickle tow is never missed
 By them that has the spin'in' o't ;
 A group'n glen will then be bliss'd,
 As weel as at the winin' o't.

The man who wadna prime his leif,
 And cheer us wi' the clinkin' o't,
 It's ten to ane he's but a coof
 That canna sleep for thinkin' o't.

SHIKELLIMUS.*

Near great Niagara's turbid tide,
 Where foaming furies still preside,
 And weird-like groanings of the deep
 Are heard to echo o'er the steep,
 Where angry billows, surging high,
 Throw misty fragment to the sky,
 And where the rainbow's lovely form
 Looks down upon the vapory storm
 That rushes forth, in endless toil,
 Thro' eddies deep, again to boil
 In the wild pool, with angry moan,
 Hard by the dust of men unknown,
 Whose dusky friends, e'en yet, display
 A restless rage for warlike fray,
 By ghostly dance, in circles rude,
 In shady dells and shlt'ring wood,
 Where Sachems sage hold light the rein
 That guides the children of the plain.

But to my tale. The hissing flood,
 O'erlooked by monarchs of the wood,
 Each shoreline mark'd by rocky rift,
 Were hidden then by Nature's gift.
 The hanging rose and brambles bloom,
 Scarce sent their fragrance thro' the gloom,
 Each rootlet high, that held and grew,
 Drank moisture from each wind that blew.
 Each twig enriched by leaflets green
 Indorsed the grandeur of the scene;
 Elm and oak and stunted spruce
 With cedar held a life-long truce,
 Maple and sumach down the dale
 Had listened long, the endless tale.
 Each bowery bush in safety stood,
 Tho' dwarfed apace by aerial flood,

*Shikellimus, famous chief of the Mohawk tribe.

For Sacham sage, or Indian wild
 With dusky dame and prattling child,
 Would venture not to cast or throw
 A ruthless stone to depths below;
 For dreaded far and well they knew
 The power of that great Manitou
 Which laughed to scorn man's idle dream,
 When fancy sought to stay the stream
 That rushes wild to hourly forge
 His liquid head swift down the gorge,
 Where rock and rubbish, aye, are borne
 In angry haste or granite worn.

And yet the teepee's smoke was seen
 To bathe the banks of the ravine,
 Where warwhoop wild, that dreaded sound,
 Was by the treacherous torrent drowned,
 And where the stag stalked by the brink
 Ere he could venture forth to drink,
 For rocky shore and verdant hill
 Nr'er fails to weep and tremble still.
 E'en pale faced vision, warped, will draw
 Strange phantoms that begetteth awe,
 And few there are who can behold
 Such majesty and there withhold
 The secret sanction of the mind
 From Him who hath the work designed,
 Which thunders forth with rumbling blast
 The hoary language of the past,
 Ere himself, vain man, came forth
 To taste the treasures of the earth.

Here, by this great and ceaseless flood,
 Shikellimus had often stood
 And listened to its daily moan
 Thro' summer suns in centuries gone.
 Long ere our race were rock'd to sleep
 By mighty murmurs of the deep,
 Or gazed with awe upon the scene
 Of waters wild and rock'd ravine,

Where noon itself is linked with night
 Close by the water's lower flight.
 Oft had the chief, with more than pride,
 Beheld the *turtle take the tide,
 To hug the shore, and there at ease
 His inward craving well appease.
 While the wild †fowl by feathered force
 Held wide the summit of his course,
 And never once would fail to soar
 Where famed Niagara downwards pour.
 Oft would he trace with eagle eye
 The fleetest fowl in flocks dart by,
 Where down the gorge they might relax
 The power to skim o'er the apex.
 With concave cut in ærial flight
 Ere they made good the treacherous height.

Thus would the great untutored spend
 Day after day at his command,
 For toil he shunned, unless the chase,
 Where he as chief took foremost place,
 When antler'd stag with lofty crown
 By crude device was hunted down.
 Bear, fox and fowl, yea, all were prey
 For those who knew no mortal sway,
 High hill and dale and all thereon
 With savage pride were yet their own.
 No sunlit beam thro' leafy wave
 E'er faintly fell on serf or slave;
 Unbought, untrammelled and untrained,
 The weakest wight a monarch reigned,
 And yet the chief uneasy felt,
 In teepee stored with prawn and pelt,
 For haunch and horde still failed to win
 His soul to peace, with love set in,

*Turtle, the totem of the Mohawk tribe, a family mark.

†Pigeons by the thousand were killed with clubs on the banks of the Niagara River in the years of about 1834-5-6. They had miscalculated the height in their flight over the river.

Unstable rest disturbed by dream
 Of form and face and fawnlike beam,
 Unman'd the heart that scorned to show
 The dread of death to friend or foe.
 No crested champion of the race
 Would dare a frown to wreath his face,
 Tho' peace he spake, a lion brave
 As e'er lay down in Indian grave,
 With anxious ear and heart aflame
 He loved to hear Winona's name.

Winona, fount of living fire,
 Where west'rn suns with day retire
 That the full moon might homage pay
 The fawn at clear Macassa Bay,
 Where she at eve oft sought to view
 The silvery shadowed Manitou,
 That kissed each wavelet as it fell
 In rolling sweep, or lofty swell
 That washed the high and gravelly height,*
 Where wigwams flashed their feeble light
 That faintly lit the narrow way
 Which heads Macassa's lonely bay,
 Where hoary age, keen flashy youth
 And dusky dame, in garb uncouth,
 Would sally forth in tiny craft
 Well stored with bait and bearded shaft,
 To search the deep and there provide
 A toothsome taste at morning tide,
 That man should not on scanty fare
 Trace tangled swamp and wooded lair
 For trophies prized and famed in wear,
 Coat of the stag and surly bear.
 The Mohawk chief in lively mood
 Had scoured the cav'rons of the wood,
 Each purling stream and heightened hill,
 For shiny shell and shapely quill†

*Hamilton Heights, or Burlington.

†Quill of a porcupine.

To place before Winona's feet
 And win the fawn from her retreat,
 From aged sire and dame, whose grief
 Would wane at sight of arrow sheaf,
 The wampum wide and pipe of peace,
 The savoury haunch and wolf's gray fleece,
 And knuckles carved to well describe
 The totem of her warlike tribe.
 Thus well the chief the vantage knew
 In freighting full his quaint canoe
 That he drew out upon the swell
 Where *Brock the hero fought and fell.
 Tho' swift his craft flew with the stream,
 As swift hope, doomed with doubt, would seem
 To try the tendrils of his breast
 At every tree-clad spot he past.
 Thus on he swept in fine career
 With paddle placed his toy to steer,
 And short the time ta'en by the tide
 That sent him to Ontario's side,
 Where now at ease he turned and left
 The rugged way the stream had cleft.
 With powerful arm each paddle's sweep
 Forged foam and furrow on the deep,
 And prompted by Ontario's roar,
 He wisely hugged the pebbly shore,
 Till sunset with its dark'ning pall
 Told him the evening shades would fall,
 Which taxed his skill to note the way
 To where some of his kindred lay,
 Where they of old had rudely found
 Another happy hunting ground.

With time and toil he struck his light
 To shade the darkness of the night,
 Or that the spirits of the dead
 Should not disturb his lonely bed,

*Brock, the hero of Queenston Heights.

And yet he thought that though they lay
 Enshrined and hidden in the clay,
 Their fields of chase were chosen wide
 And clear as any noon-day tide,
 That each and all that there would roam
 Would find a happy hunting home.

Strange visions flashed athwart his soul
 At midnight hour hard to control,
 But abject fear he never knew
 To flow from the great Manitou
 Who ruled and reigned at morn and night
 Thro' summer's suns and winter's flight,
 And all that morn would surely tend
 To form and frame a happy end.

The morning sun with golden cast
 Found him awake with famed repast.
 A frugal meal of pemican
 To strengthen well the inner man,
 And braced by time and sanguine sleep,
 Again he ventured on the deep,
 And drew his paddle thus to reach
 In time the thin and sandy beach,
 Where well he knew that he would need
 With craft in hand, a moment tread
 The narrow path and then again
 Dip in Macassa's watery main.

Few may be told who here have been
 And looked upon the lovely scene,
 The space that spans from beach to height
 Where foeman yet ne'er held a right,
 And where brave Harvey bravely led
 To *braggarts who so foully fled.
 But here again we must be brief,
 And follow up the wily chief,
 Who forged ahead with double speed
 By inlets where fowls fondly feed,

*The midnight attack at Stoney Creek.

And by the weird and mossy *mound
 Where ashes of his sires are found,
 Where axe and arrow, pipe and quill
 Engage the antiquarian's skill,
 And where the thoughtful closely scan
 The cranium of the former man.
 But love, the mover of the soul,
 Held him in bondaged deep control
 That dust and ashes, bell and bead
 With relics rich could not impede
 The hero of a hundred fights
 To win Winona of the heights,
 For true it was as Sachem said,
 That he, e'en once, had never paid
 A lofty tribute well designed
 To reach the heart of womenkind,
 While the young fawn, with woman's lore,
 Had gleaned this much of truth before,
 And thus her dame and sire stood forth
 To greet the chief of warlike worth,
 Who now upon the scene appeared
 Where staunch Dundurn's walls are reared.
 With duty of the host discharged
 Much tribal lore was there enlarged;
 The old, the young, the blind, the lame,
 In rude attire in squadrons came,
 With founts of fun and loud hee, hee,
 They scaled the bank for the teepee,
 Where loved and lover's guileless art
 Laid bare the secrets of the heart,
 While haunch and hide, from horns to tail,
 With wampum rich seemed to avail.
 At sight of sheaf, carved club and quill
 The soul of youth seemed there to fill.
 And loud harangue and fun were fed
 By trophies that were duly spread.
 The tomahawk and totem's form

*Mound at the foot of Emerald Street, City.

Seemed blest with some peculiar charm,
 And care itself was doubly drown'd
 By pipes of peace puffed round and round,
 While hours of bliss by all were spent
 'Neath heaven's high arched imperial tent,
 And sacred rite, tho' rudely done,
 Made hearts in twain to beat as one.

The morning sun in grand array
 Had scarcely reached Macassa Bay
 When buckskins brave, all lithe of limb,
 Were up and marshalled straight and trim
 To hold their own enchanting game
 In honor of the chief who came
 From waters where the Manitou
 Had counselled him the fawn to woo.

Pappoose and dame and hoary sire,
 With much ado and scant attire,
 Trod there and toiled with gladsome glee
 The tournament of joy to see,
 Where breastworks of a later day
 Were made and man'd from bounds to Bay;
 And where *St. Vincent staunchly stood,
 Flanked on the west by shaggy wood.
 Here fast and furious raged the war
 Of merriment without a scar.
 Here groups would meet and then again
 The braves were scattered o'er the plain,
 To hail the swift or meet the shock,
 And gain a point by timely stroke,
 There subtle skill with craft engaged,
 All warmed to win, the combat raged;
 Thrice o'er the field the ball was tossed,
 As many times it backwards crossed;
 From right to left it swiftly flew,
 A moment seen, then lost to view.

*St. Vincent, a fort now dismantled, which stood two or three hundred yards south of the present entrenchment.

They raced. they ran, like men possessed
 Of evil spirits sorely pressed,
 Swift to the goal with loud ha ! ha !
 "A miss" the chief cried out—a squaw.
 Thus back again with intent speed,
 The buckskin shot—a noble deed
 By burly brave, whose arm and eye
 Again prolonged the battle cry.
 A thousand voices now rang ont,
 They face, they feint and whirl about;
 Five hundred times the ball is ta'en,
 As oft lacrossed to kiss the plain,
 While neither side a vict'ry won;
 The umpire said the game was done.
 The aged chief, whose rule was law,
 Here ruled the game a friendly draw.

The mountain side a glorious view
 Of ringlets green and crimson hue,
 Looked down upon the lovely scene
 Of belted Bay and deep ravine,
 And redskins grim who honoured thus
 The Fawn and young Shikellimus.

A POET IMPATIENT.

A laughable episode occurred on Monday evening in the Hiram Chapter of R. A. M. While the chairman held the dreaded goat in leading strings for some considerable time, and the candidate being rather slow in coming forward to try the mettle of his goatship, our friend Glasgow let slip the following lines :

Most excellent and worthy friend,
 Since Hiram's work is at an end,
 Will you, with love and zeal prepare,
 To close this Royal Arch with prayer.

OOR JESSIE V—.

Hae ye heard the weird voice of yon airtless lassie,
 Whan her soul melts awa' in the depths o' some strain?
 If ye haena, just spend a short nicht wi' sweet Jessie,
 An' the God o' a' guid will beseech ye again.
 I hae heard Linties sing 'neath the haw's scented blossom,
 An' the sweet swellin' notes frae the Laverock abune,
 But the chord never sank half sae deep in my bosom
 As the sangs o' oor Jessie aye endin' owre sune.

Even Nature itsel, in the Laverock and Lintie,
 Wad drink deep at that flood an' wad cower on the wing,
 While the Mavie unseen that aye warbles sae cantie,
 Wad relax its wild flow were oor Jessie to sing.
 For her lilt's like the soon' o' an angel repeatin'
 The sweet sighin' o' winds whan the nicht's gaun to fa',
 An' my heart's like to rive wi' its gladness or greetin',
 As the theme's varied range sweeps my thochts far awa'.

Ilka deep rugged glen that's immortal in story,
 Ilka mountain an' brae, wi' a story to tell;
 Wad ye see them the noo in their blood inantled glory?
 Then let Jessie ring oot hoo oor forefathers fell.
 No a stream's crystal flood whaur its waters hae wimpled
 For a thousand lang years on their way to the sea,
 But its face wad gie back ilka blade that was trampled
 By the proud daring foe ere the foeman wad flee.

No a sang that she sings but my spirit maun wander,
 Like a blue gown aft, to my own native shore;
 No a daisy that blooms crimson tippit and tender,
 But I see it again as I saw it before.
 Wha' can thrill the proud heart like oor wee airtless lassie?
 Wha' can draw the deep tones that hae power to inspire?
 No a ane but will say 'tis the genius o' Jessie
 That wakens the soul when she touches the lyre.

FOUR CLASSMATES.

Four classmates fresh from Isaac's school,
Discarded Nature's wholesome rule
By disregarding wind and wet
When not a tail the four could get.
There's Skelly in his overcoat,
Chicago, too, the sonsey Scot,
And Richmond with his luck all gone,
For which were heard his dreary moan.
Poor Johnnie, who once held the prize,
His waning skill could ill disguise.
But when the wind sighs from the west,
With our blue sky a wee o'ercast,
Ah, then the four will venture down,
To there regain a past renown.
But Skelly, I must tell to you,
This stormy day you long will rue,
When your good lady hears you groan,
While raspings rend each marrow bone,
Then you most fervently will wish
That you had never gone to fish.
But oh, alas! the wisest man
The heavenly vault may closely scan
And prophecy, tho' storm and rain
May seek a far off distant plain.
Yet here the day will be as fine
As ever prompted one with line.
But wise or foolish, all the same,
No man can earthly tempests tame;
We know a part, but not the whole,
For one alone still holds control.

HOMELAND AND MOTHER.

Dream sweetly, my soul, of my childhood and mother,
 Dream sweetly of her who oft watched over me,
 The earth's fairest gems cannot cloud the remembrance
 Of that strongest tie, flowing full as the sea.

Some loved one may bloom in her freshness and beauty,
 And soften the heart of some pure loving swain,
 But youth's fairest vows fail to be more endearing
 Than pledges a mother ne'er uttered in vain.

The sunshine of home with its large hearted giver
 To brighten the path of each dear darling child,
 It's peerless to-day in its mirth mantled morning,
 Where evening's lone watch is so fondly beguiled.

The exile afar from his youthful surroundings,
 Tho' weary of heart, finds relief from his pain,
 For sorrow is soothed when the heart plies the numbers
 A mother had thrilled in some time honoured strain.

Tho' rugged the rocks of my own native temple,
 And silent to me is yon meandering stream,
 Yet homeland and home wakes a thrill in my bosom
 That distance e'en fails to o'ershadow my dream.

Dream sweetly, my soul, of my homeland and mother,
 Tho' absent, the heart often wanders to thee,
 While sunshine may strew ev'ry path of the stranger,
 Thy mountains and val'leys are dearest to me.

CHORUS.

Comfort the wanderer, care for the stranger,
 Tender the homeless one trophies of love.

MOONLIGHT COURTSHIP.

Thou silv'ry moon that wanton plays
 Through flowery bloom within the vale,
 Again thou see'st the lovers meet,
 To drink of love's enchanting tale.
 Again that sweet endearing scene
 Is witnessed by the light above,
 While dark'ning shadows fail to cloud
 The hearts attuned with youthful love.

Ontario's soft and soothing song
 Joins with the maiden's lovely strain,
 No discord sweeps the thrilling chord
 That seeks her lover's ear to gain.
 Their youthful vows again record
 Love's melody in ev'ry part,
 Again the olden tale is told,
 While candour swells the wistful heart.

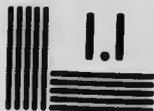
The evening shades impassive plead
 Love's cause, endearing to the soul,
 The thrilling breast drinks deep the draught
 That's sweetly leading to the goal.
 Their youthful hearts impassioned feel
 The flow of life's impulsive tide,
 The great command implanted deep
 Grants lasting joys right to preside.

There you may see the lovers kneel,
 Love pledged, upon the sacred shrine,
 Enraptured too, plead for the power
 To thus fulfil the grand design.
 The fairest gem enriching man
 Is one who will his sorrows share,
 Whose loving heart pours Nature's flood,
 An endless stream to drown his care.



MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



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BURNS' ANNIVERSARY.

Air—"Farewell to St. James' Lodge.

Ye social hearts, wi' moisten'd e'e,
 Around this board come closely draw,
 W' hamely pride come join wi' me,
 An' sing o' Rab, that's noo awa'.
 O' a' the bards in nature's plan
 He was the chief amang them a',
 Ilk mountain steep and bonnie glen
 Still speaks for him that's noo awa'.

Nae scrimpt't growth wi' feckless han'
 Erected sic a noble ha';
 In Nature's temple dwelt the man
 We mourn sae sair that's noo awa'.
 He dreamed o' Mary's heavenly form,
 He sang o' Wallace, Bruce an' a',
 An' Shanter in that erie storm
 O' bonnie Jean that's noo awa'.

He sang hoo Wartle dwelt on Tweed,
 He sang wi' glee, the cock may crow,
 An' mournfu' pen'd puir Maillie's deid,
 Tam Samson's gane an' noo awa'.
 The mountain daisies' lovely hue
 Was brichten't at his magic ca',
 The bonnie lav'rock higher flew,
 An' sang wi' him that's noo awa'.

His Duncan is a nation's pride,
 His Cottar pleads that nane nicht fa',
 His hallow'en yet springs a tide
 That swells for him that's noo awa'.
 He had a bleeze o' nature's fire,
 That blinkit thro' a' nature's law,
 A native genius we admire
 In Burns the star, that's noo awa'.

TO WILLIAM MURRAY, ATHOL BANK.

Mae dear auld farren Bardic Chiel,
 Whan up Parnassus brae ye speel,
 Wi' dainty hand to stow ye're creel
 Wi' beauties rare,
 Right weel I ken ye'll wale wi' zeal
 The sweetest there.
 I ken ye ne'er were given to haiver,
 Or writing senseless, clishmaclaver,
 But chiels o' nicht an' guid behavior,
 Ca'd forth yere pen,
 Wi' honest, lofty prime endeavor,
 To paint sic men.
 Noo, may the powers gie pith to pen
 Wha'll wield it for the weal o' men,
 Till wae an' want, baith sair to ken,
 Tine a' the smart,
 By kindly words, that fa' weel ben
 Upon the heart.
 It's felt on this prolific soil
 There's little here for men but toil,
 An' yet the poet's flights may foil
 A needless care,
 Till sorrow by his sonnets smile
 Like roses here.
 That gift itsel', why was it gi'en?
 An' 'twer'na for to dight the e'en
 Frae burnin' tears owre aften seen,
 To dreep the face,
 God crown'd it wi' his living sheen,
 To sooth our race.
 Humanity, wi' mournfu' wail,
 E'en here at times is fand te fail,
 Whan sordid self, wi' powers prevail
 To cock the crest,

The maist ot seems a waefu' tale
 O' life at best.
 But he wha's gifted owre the lave
 Wi' reason far abune the slave,
 An' big's his biggin' up to save
 A fellow man,
 He'll fill a niche in some great nave
 O' Nature's plan.
 Life's duty still requires the art,
 That will its sweetest joys impart,
 Nae cauldribe hand ere heal'd the pairt,
 In sair distress,
 'Tis love alone that tones the heart
 Wi' thankfulness.
 He that drinks in the sweets o' morn,
 An' thriving still, makes nae return,
 But will a helpless brither spurn
 In time o' need,
 He's but a nameless thing, forlorn,
 Past a' remead.
 If life is really worth the livin',
 On bounties, sae direct frae heaven,
 Why then begrudge the morsel given
 To prime the mass?
 By it life's weights will seem mair even,
 E'en thro' distress.
 What tho' the frame may seem to bow
 'Neath human rights weel held in view,
 Dame Nature's sweet refulgent hue
 Will ne'er o'er cast,
 Whan man to man has proven true
 In Nature's best.
 But noo, as ninety-twa has gane,
 An' monie to the dust it's ta'en,
 Let us gie thanks that we remain
 To greet the year,
 An' fondle owre some wee bit strain,
 Men's wae to cheer.

YE MERRY MEN OF CANADA.

Ye merry men of Canada,
 Whose soul flows forth in song,
 Let Nature's swelling harp ring out
 To cheer the jovial throng.
 Our fields are full and fair to see,
 And happily we own
 The golden fruits of honest toil
 That have been wisely sown.

CHORUS.

Here, let the joyful strain ring out
 Beneath the maple tree,
 While we sing of our Canada,
 The fairest of the free.

We'll hail the good old-fashioned soul,
 Whate'er may be his name,
 Who oft had heard of freedom's torch,
 Yet never felt its flame.
 And should he make his home with us,
 Right happy may he be,
 In resting from his daily toil,
 Beneath our maple tree.

No tyrant's harsh and hateful hand
 Can rob him of his right,
 He will be monarch of his own,
 None dare his freedom slight.
 And when he's tilled his own loved plot,
 Whate'er its bounds may be,
 His wife and he may sing their song
 Beneath our maple tree.

His cabin may not have a style,
 Like that where lordlings live,
 And yet when he sits down to dine
 He'll have all gold can give;

And when his famed repast is o'er
 He'll warble o'er the lea,
 And proudly ponder o'er his state
 Beneath the maple tree.

No slave can find a resting place
 On this our happy land;
 Our social sons, themselves so free,
 Will take him by the hand.
 His galling chains will here dissolve,
 The creature thus made free
 Will join the chorus of our song
 Beneath the maple tree.

We'll ask no favors of the rich
 But help the poor who can,
 And from the lap of wisdom teach
 The brotherhood of man;
 And when we will have aged apace
 May it be found that we
 Shall have the right to sing our song
 Beneath our maple tree.

Long may the land marks of our home,
 With honors in their breast
 Cling to the land we love so well,
 Like sires who are at rest;
 And should some darkening cloud descend,
 May we as one agree
 To sing our song of Canada
 Beneath our maple tree.

DO, OR DEE.

Scotland's bonnie hills an' heather;
 Scotland's grandeur, Scotland free,
 Whisper in the patriot's bosom,
 For her sake to do or dee.

Torrents frae the mountain foamin',
Sweeping wildly to the sea,
Are the emblems o' her children,
Wha rush forth to do or dee.

Cairn an' caue, an' mountain corry,
Greenwood shaw, sae sweet to see,
Aft, in secret, screened the martyr
Wha had sworn to do or dee.

Kirkyairds, moss clad, auld an' hoary,
Fields whaur heroes scorned to flee,
Sing in silence, Scotland's owrecome,
Up an' at it, do or dee.

There the linties lo'esome carol,
There the mavis on the tree,
Join the laverock, sweetly singin',
For your minstrels do or dee.

Bonnie Scotland has nae marrow,
Nane like her can ever be,
Hill an' haughs enchantin' story
Prompts her sons to do or dee.

There the meadow daisy tintit,
There the cowslips on the lea,
Add a fragrance to the glory
O' the men wha do or dee.

Sage an' sangster words hae written—
Glorious truths they're aye to me—
Hoo her callants courted freedom,
Willing for to do or dee.

Strangers e'en proclaim her beauty,
Loch and linn they like to see,
An' the birtright stirs within them
Thochts to nobly do or dee.

Wha wad no her memory cherish?
 Caitiff, coward loun is he.
 Come forth men, wi' souls enraptured,
 For auld Scotland do or dee.

IN THE LONG TIME AGO.

Oh! sweet is that voice tho' in dreamland we hear it,
 Such dewdrops e'en now make the soul overflow,
 What cheers like the cheer of the fond hearted mother,
 The mother who sang in the long time ago.

Those sweet warbling notes, how we love to remember,
 Tho' silent the harp that dispelled every woe;
 Life's pathway, tho' long, cannot lessen the pleasure
 That dawned on the days of the long time ago.

Yea, time's trying touch may lay hold of our nature.
 And change the whole scope of the scene here below;
 But who can forget the sweet smile of the being,
 Who waited and watched in the long time ago.

The tender appeal seemed a' right and in order,
 No mandate, tho' strong, could the claim overthrow—
 A little neglect, then a shower of caressing,
 Supplied every want in the long time ago.

Love's promptings laid down many rules that were golden,
 No gift was withheld that the hand could bestow;
 The future career was made smooth for the darling
 While happiness beamed on the long time ago.

But who now can fill the old arm chair that is vacant
 Of earth's choicest flowers? No, not one that I know;
 What love's like the love of a fond hearted mother,
 The mother that kissed me a long time ago.

THE CHIEF END OF MAN.

When canting critics disagree
 Owre man's chief end—what that should be,
 Ye'll find them thare sae unco slee
 Wi' warly tricks,
 That honest men will fail to gie
 Sic lads their licks.
 The deil-ma-care fouk, sire or son,
 Wha's aim is virtue's path to shun,
 Thae take a' earthly, on the run,
 By ways o' gain,
 While pennies thus sae foully won
 Gie little pain.
 The righteous lad, wha's self is king,
 Will on some pillar highly hing
 His morals, that their bouk may bring
 Wi' cannie airt
 The needfu', that he seems to ding,
 E'en to the dirt.
 By some sheep shanks it's ta'en for grantit,
 To eke respect to the siller's wantit,
 Without it, man's a creature stuntit,
 Like runts o' kail,
 While poortith's like a hoose, aye hauntit,
 Aft up for sale.
 If worth's the standard o' the carle,
 Be he a king, prince, duke or earl,
 Ye'll find his peer, a loesome pearl,
 Hid oot o' sicht
 By poverty, wha's gruesome dirl
 He still maun fecht.
 The cloven clute, tho amply hiddn',
 Will whyles peep thro' at nature's biddin',
 Tho' shinin' lichts on that hae ridden
 To some high throne,

The humble wights thro' mire hae stridden,
 An' warsit on.
 What sairs men's preachin' and their prayin',
 Their pleadin' and their penance payin',
 If self the sinfu' finds the way in
 Deep doon the heart?
 An' guid resolve, it's aye gainsayin',
 Wi' deivlish airt.
 Should justice in the balance summon
 The medium man, or average woman,
 To cast accounts o' a' things human,
 Alas! alas!
 Few wad be found to rank in common
 Wi' thae that pass.
 But that's no plea, tho' plans miscarry,
 For yon an' me to pech an' wurry
 Owre some deep sheugh, an' there to bury
 The wrang'd remains
 O' conscience, strangled in the hurry
 For present gains.
 Na'na, man, come let us gather
 The sense o' richt in coils thegither,
 An' spin a pirnie for a tether,
 That man's career
 May win the sanction o' a brither
 In ilka sphere.
 That thae wha are sae sairly driven,
 By poortith for the morsal given,
 May eke the nievefu' o' a livin'
 In this great plan,
 An' wife and weans cry oot to heaven,
 God bless the man.

FAREWELL TO SCOTLAND.

Farewell, my native land, farewell !
 Adieu, old Scotland's flowery lea,
 I now must leave thy sacred soil,
 Stern fate has issued the decree ;
 Thy winding streams that gently flow
 Thro' glens where I was wont to stray
 Thy murmuring rills and heathy hills,
 I'll love them all, tho' far away.

Farewell, thy hawthorn-scented dells,
 Thrice dear to me thou flowery scene,
 Can absence cause me to forget
 That hallow'd ground where I have been ?
 What tho' the wild Atlantic deep,
 Should roll between me and my home ;
 The mountains high will cause a sigh
 To thrill my heart where'er I roam.

Farewell, thy classic grounds, farewell,
 Adieu thou dear and sceptred shrine,
 Thy hoary seat does still repeat
 That regal pomp and power were thine ;
 Thy princely hills, so richly crown'd
 By arts prolific, grand array,
 Will long unfold the sculptured mold
 Of Scotia's wealth, tho' far away.

Farewell, ye sweet-toned, warbling birds,
 Who haste to greet the early morn,
 Thy tuneful lyre will long inspire
 The muse, tho' I should ne'er return ;
 Thou shady brooks whose silvery throngs
 Oft tempted me to sportive play,
 No more I'll share thy balmy air
 With childish glee when far away.

Farewell, thou lovely land of song;
 Adieu, ye fields so dear to name,
 Where sires yet seek from urns to speak
 Of freedom's cause and Scotland's fame;
 While nature's crimson tide rolls on,
 A homage, due to them, I'll pay,
 And still revere thy mem'ry dear,
 Tho' I should wander far away.

THE LASS WI' THE PAWKIE E'EN.

(Air, "Kiltie Lads.")

Aneath the hillside's faultless form
 That shields him frae the wintry storm,
 Auld Duncan* heeds nae storm or strife,
 But ca's his crack wi' his auld guid wife;
 His bits o' bairries loupin' roun
 Seems a' his earthly cares tae droun,
 And aft he says, "I'm blest, I ween,
 Wi' my bonnie braw lass wi' the pawkie e'en.

Nae care has he but just tae gain
 The bawbee, that by right's his ain;
 His moil an' toil he minds it not,
 But skirls a lauch at the endin' o't,
 An' whan, at e'en, he warsl's lame,
 A lichter heart nae man can cla'm;
 Weel ben the neuk he's nightly seen
 Wi' his bonnie braw lass wi' the pawkie e'en.

The rich may boast o' a' their gear
 An' braw braid clath that kings might wear,
 But hoarded wealth will fail tae buy
 The lo'esome lilt o' the pair owre by;

*Duncan Robertson.

The dear guid wife her best aye brings
 Till her guidman baith sowths an' sings,
 An' noo an' then a kiss is gien
 Tae the bonnie braw lass wi' the pawkie e'en.

Let caute an' class heize up the heid
 An' a' sic warly nonsense plead,
 The hamely fock ayont the toun
 In their bit housie will sleep as soun;
 There's love, we trow, atween the pair
 That does each ither's burden's share,
 An' blest is he wi' nature's queen
 In his bonnie braw lass wi' her pawkie e'en.

THE REAPER.

To Mrs. Thomas Evans, on the death of her husband.

Here the reaper had girded his loins for the task
 Of the reaping, his time-honored swath,
 And a sheaf has been shorn by the sickle of death,
 That had stood in the grim monarch's path.

Yea, the grain's golden hue, with a ripeness foretold
 That the time of the harvest was nigh;
 And one sweep of the blade cast the growth to the ground,
 As a plant that was destined to die.

As the seed-time and harvest, a promise of old,
 Were decreed by an all-seeing God,
 So the length of our race has its measure of time,
 Tho' unveiled or inviting the road.

Not one footstep is gained by the swathed or the swift
 Through life's gloom, or the gladness of mirth;
 With a birth and a breath is a life's battle heired
 By the most honored offspring of earth.

SONG

COMPOSED BY MAJOR JOHN GLASGOW FOR THE ANNUAL
GATHERING OF THE CALEDONIAN SOCIETY,
OF HAMILTON, CANADA.

Air :—“ Laird o' Cockpen.”

Langsyne, ere my Jo thocht her Johnnie sae auld,
Ere his haffets grew grey an' his tappin sae bauld,
We gathert oor stocks o' guid curlies sae green,
Wi' a wee pickle nits, for to haud Hallowe'en.

The guidwife hersel', aye sae cantie an' crouse,
Took the folk that cam' doon awa' ben i' the hoose;
An' I tappit the mull whan I met wi' a frien',
An' I gied him a spoonfu', to haud Hallowe'en.

Tam Broon, o' the Knowe, wi' his Kirsty, was there,
And his grannie, auld Meg, wi' her man, made a pair;
An' they hirpl't aboot, an' laucht lood at the scene
Whan the younkens begood for to haud Hallowe'en.

The auld thackit cot frae the base to the croon,
Lookit mensfu', ye ken, whan the folk gathered roun';
An' we a' seemed sae prood o' oor Rab an' his Jean
For the story he tellt us aboot Hallowe'en.

The cogie itsel', just a kennin ower sma',
Wi' the pooer o' a king graced the hole i' the wa',
An' but few in thae days that were found to compleen
'Boot a wee drappie o't, for to haud Hallowe'en.

The lassies sae braw an' as airtfu' I trow,
Aye bamboozled their wheels or set fire to their tow;
Wi' the wiles o' auld Eve, it was plain to be seen,
Tnat they caught a' wha cam' for to haud Hallowe'en.

The bairnies, puir things, liket weel for to come
 Wi' their runties o' kale for to stap up the lum.
 An' the glee o' their youth flashed abroad in their een
 Whan the time slippit roun' for to haud Hallowe'en.

The wisest o' folk an' the wale o' oor men
 Never scrupl't awa' as they cam' awa' ben,
 For the pranks that we playt were sae hairmless I ween.
 That the maist o' them 'gree't for to hand Hallowe'en.

Douce Dauvit, his sel' a bit sprig o' the Laird,
 At the gloamin was seen keekin int' the yaird;
 If the warlocks negleckit to slip in atween
 He wad shouther his stock for to haud Hallowe'en.

There's Robin the chiel, he's an auldfarrant man,
 He's the life o' us a' and the heed o' the Clan,
 But he swears by his sel that we're no worth a preem,
 That we dinna ken hoo far to haud Hallowe'en.

SIR JOHN MACDONALD'S LAST SPEECH.

A British subject I was born,
 A British subject I will die,
 I crave this honor that my dust
 On Britain's sacred soil may lie.

Life's weary toil is near the end;
 Farewell, the chamber's midnight spell—
 And yet the battle that I fought,
 Was for the land I love so well.

Adieu, thou fair Canadian sky,
 Adieu, thou many friends I leave;
 To you, my foes, no angry frown
 Can e'er go with me to the grave.

CANADA.

Come, awake, now awake, brave Canadians, awake,
 All your love for the land of broad river and lake;
 Is your birthright a gift that your hearts can forsake?

Where is he that would part—
 Where is he that would part
 With this land for the sake
 Of the dear ones who made it their home?

While the shadows of night greet the sweet morning sun
 And the future of time light his course yet to run,
 What Canadian would yield what his forefathers won?
 Where is he that would part?

Tho' the wizard should stretch forth his cold iron hand
 O'er the beautiful face of our now happy land,
 As true sons of our sires we shall shiver the wand,
 Where is he that would part?

For each year adds a gem to its rubies inlaid,
 As the downtrodden serf seeks its shelter and shade;
 And he loves it because of the free men it made,
 Where is he that would part?

Tho' some empire may seem with its rust crumbling down,
 And the tyrant that sways, on his face wears a frown,
 Yet this land is our own and each man wears a crown.
 Where is he that would part?

'Tis a thrice happy land, this dear land of the free,
 And its treasures extend, aye, from sea unto sea.
 'Twas the home of our sires and our home it shall be.
 Where is he that would part?

Tho' our fathers have ceased from their toils by the way,
 And the earth has embraced its own kin, in the clay,
 From that home they will speak, and each spirit will say:
 "Where is he that would part?"

Let no gaudy display of the foreigner shake
 Off your love for the land of broad rivers and lake.
 Is thy birtright a gift that your hearts can forsake?
 Where is he that would part?

MUSKOKA KATE.

Attune your harp, Muskoka wilds,
 An' crystal streams o' lonely water,
 Nae land can boast o' sich a gem
 As Kate, ye're dear an' darling daughter.

Her tresses rich in ringlets fa',
 Oot ower a neck baith white an' bonnie,
 Her e'en a' blue wad shame the light,
 An' are na equalled here be ony.

Her lips are like the rose's blush
 Just whan the bud inclines to tarry,
 Her cheeks the pink aneath the dew,
 Whan mornin' suns licht up the carrie.

Her dainty feet wad grace a queen,
 Her step's sae licht upon the causey,
 There's no' a lad but fondly keeks,
 An' wonders wha will win the lassie.

Her lo'esome lauch will work mischief,
 An' ding the manly heart o' plenty,
 For only ane can prie the prize,
 Tho' weel I ken she culd hae twenty.

Her winsome ways o' hamely work,
 He maun be gyte that wadna lo'e them,
 For ilka laddie o' the north
 Wad loup her heart an' hand to woo them.

POETIC WELCOME

From the people to His Excellency Sir John Douglass
Campbell, K.T.G.C.M.G., Marquis of Lorne, and Her
Royal Highness the Princess Louise, on their visit to
Hamilton, Ont., Sept. 15, 1879.

From yonder isle, swept by the stormy sea,
Where tight and trim Britannia's bulwarks ride,
The Campbell comes with regal pomp, to be
The welcomed chief, in honor to preside
O'er freeborn men in all their British pride.

We hail thee, then, as heir to that great line
Which ever to the Empire true has been ;
May friendship's grasp forever meet with thine
On this fair land, so rich in varied scene
And home of her, the daughter of our Queen.

The people's hearts, unnumbered and untold,
Breathe love to thee and thine of royal fame ;
May time and truth in unison unfold
The kindred fire and patriotic flame
That shoots aloft at mention of thy name.

No despot's tread now desecrates the land,
But foot to foot, with bosom pressed to thine,
We greet thee here with a fraternal hand,
As one who would his inmost soul intwine
Around the base of freedom's sacred shrine

The forest's song, the shady brooks within—
The inland seas and rivers ceaseless roar,
All join with man with one acclaim to win
The Highland heart of young McCailean Mohr
And his fair bride, now wafted to our shore.

O may you be well worthy of your sires
 To guard whate'er the foeman would despoil.
 The weal of man is that which oft inspires
 The fainting heart to fructify our toil,
 For then kind Heaven will bless the sacred soil.

Whilst that dear gem, the maple leaf, is seen
 To woo the plume of Scotia spreading wide,
 May England's rose and Erin's emblem green,
 United, too, bloom with them side by side,
 As freedom's shield and Britain's special pride.

Thrice welcome, then, we greet thee as the man
 Who ne'er will cause thy fellow-man to mourn,
 So at the last the sage may wisely scan
 The golden words of tribute on your urn—
 "Here lies the good and noble Lord of Lorne."

And thou, fair princess, ever dear to all,
 No idle throng gives greeting by the way,
 But men who yield to duty's sacred call,
 While throbbing hearts in unison do pray,
 God bless you now, God bless you here to-day.

GREETINGS FROM ST. ANDREW'S BENEVOLENT
SOCIETY.

While Scotia's emblem, stern and grand,
Bespeaks our love for fatherland,
Let years unnumbered still proclaim
The deathless glory of a fame
That clusters round each burn and Ben,
Made dear by her illustrious men.

Wha wad forget the bickern' burn
That ripplin' rins, wi' gleesome turn,
An gently laves the mossy urn,
O his forbears,
Whaes sculptured coronet is worn
By lapse o' years.

Nae true born Scot, weel worth the name,
Will e'er belittle Scotland's fame
While Loch and Linn make good their claim
Tae tune the lyre
That strangely fills the human frame
Wi' native fire.

Her purpl'd braes, wi' God born airt
Hae wove a wab about the heart—
Unfold it, and behold the chart
O' our domain,
That patriots hae fondly care't
Tae ca' their ain.

While dainty daisies sweetly strew
Auld Scotland's swaird, aye dear tae view,
An' heather hides the mountain broo
'Neath frosty peaks,
Sae lang will Scotland's bairnies lo'e
The land o' cakes.

—Hamilton, Ont., Nov. 30, 1886.

Behold the sunlight on her hills !
 Her daisied dells and whimpling rills !
 Lov'd land of song whose joys we share,
 Where freeman first breathed freedom's prayer ;
 With virtue flowing like a flood,
 A mandate for the public good,
 To tell that nations rise to fame
 As truth and virtue they proclaim.

Ye cantie callans, sons of sires,
 Wha's wealth o' worth the warl' admires ;
 Crouse be ye're craw, for cairds e'en ken
 It's nae palaver that we sen'

For in the bield o' oor bit brae
 That's washed wi' wavelets o' the bay,
 Oor pawkie chiels frae yont the toon,
 Wi' unco pith, hae hirple't doon
 Tae ca' their crack an' say their say,
 Like mensefu' men on Andrew's day.

That couthie art—a kinsman's craft—
 That weel can wale, frae woof an' waft,
 Some tale o' ventures drear or droll,
 Noo thaws its shuttle thro' the soul
 O' ilka Scot, tho' far abraid,
 Wha's heart o' hearts has richtly said,
 That thae wha ne'er cock'd up their nose
 At beef an' greens, guid broth an' brose—
 Lang may sic men wag thro' the warl',
 Wi' maut an' melder for the carle.

—Hamilton, Ont., Nov. 30th, 1887.

From Scotia's heath clad purple hills,
 The sacred scene, the bosom thrills ;
 Tho' we may never more behold
 The beauties that her glens unfold,
 Yet distance never can remove
 From her, our dear undying love.

*As Scot, tae Brither Scot, we sen'
 Guid greetings tae the wale o' men.*

Lang may ye fondly fidge and fistle,
 In honor o' auld Scotland's thistle ;
 Like honest callants, wat ye're whissle,
 And heize her fame,
 In toast, an' tody, or epistle,
 Haud up her name.

She's aye sae mensfu', owre her haggis,
 Her kail in caups, or bits o' luggies ;
 Whan coupled wi' a browst, in coggies,
 Mankind discerns
 The whale o' fare, for buirdly baggies,
 O' her ain : irns.

Let nae toum pate'd, tentless brither,
 Speak lightly o' oor hills an' heather,
 But reverently approach oor mither,
 The sonsie Queen,
 She's worth a dizen o' some ither
 That we hae seen.

—Hamilton, Ont., Nov. 30th, 1888.

There is a land, o'er all the rest
 Beloved, and worthy of its fame.
 The tablets, o'er our sires at rest,
 Adds lustre to its very name.

Ye Scots, wha meet the nicht, wi' glee,
 An' just as blythe, as blythe can be,
 For Scotland's sake ye'll bear the gree,
 In crack an' cantie sangs.
 Ring oot, orations, on her howes,
 Her waving heather, on her knows,
 An' merit o' her thrangs.

Let fock, frae ilka gowan brae,
 Ilk gleesome glen, an' mountain grey,
 Toast Scotland, an auld Scotland's day,
 Wi' hairy guid design.
 For fient a ane, tho' e'er so blate,
 Need hing his heid, whan chiels relate
 The feck o' auld lang syne.

—Hamilton, Ont., Nov. 30th, 1889.

CONGRATULATORY TELEGRAMS.

Major Glasgow, who was called upon to read the telegrams which had been sent to other cities, said he was rather afraid to do so, because up at the table top there were some clergymen, and they might think the sentiments were hardly orthodox. (Laughter). However, here they are :

To the Toronto Society :

Here's tae ye lads, an' ilka brither
Wha claims auld Scotland for his mither ;
May bannocks and Glenlivet fine
Be rife when ye clap doon to dine.

To the Montreal Society :

St. Andrew's callants, ilka chiel
Are sperin if ye're gey an' weel ;
Are ye prepared wi' unco slicht
Tae pree the haggis there the nicht ?

To the Governor-General :

Ower magic wire a brither's hand
Clasps thine in friendship for the land
That gave us birth, that gave us fame,
An' a' that's worthy o' the name.

To the Chicago Society :

Haith, sir, gin ye were here to share
Our haggis an' Glenlivet rare,
We'd ding the end in o' the barrel
An' sen' ye hame a cantie carle.

