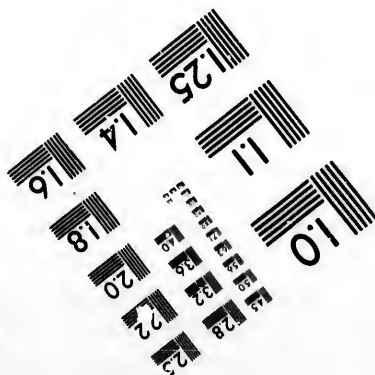
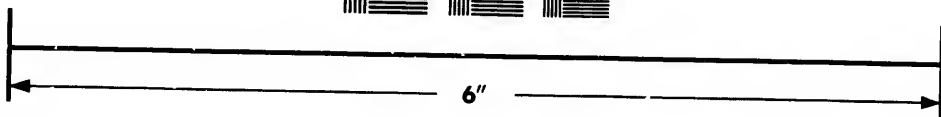
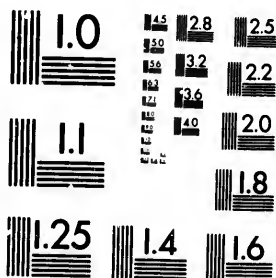


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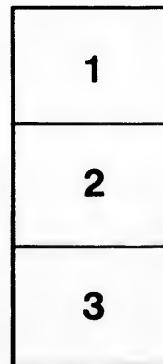
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1410

THE POEMS

— OF —

WILLIAM TELFORD,

SMITH, PETERBOROUGH, ONTARIO, CANADA,

Bard of Peterborough St. Andrew's Society.



PETERBOROUGH:

J. R. STRATTON, PRINTER AND BOOK-BINDER, EXAMINER OFFICE.

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fol.

TELFORD, W

W. S. Stuart
4 Churchills. A.
Toronto

THE AUTHOR

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATES THIS BOOK OF POEMS

TO

The Officers and Members of St. Andrew's Society,

PETERBOROUGH,

GRATEFULLY COUPLING THEREWITH THE NAME OF

MR. R. H. THOMSON,

22 SEELEY AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, U. S. A..

A real gentleman, and a true-hearted Scot, who has for three years favoured the author with repeated expression of sentiments of high appreciation of every production which came under his notice, and who has exhibited the most unbounded interest in them; who has spared neither pains nor expense to have many copies of them printed and sent, not only by post to every State in the Union, but to all lands where he knew of a friend, as the extracts, from his letters, printed in the appendix of this book, will show. The beautiful language of his continued correspondence, and the flattering encomiums, ever flowing from his ready pen, induce the grateful author to pay to his name this small token of respect, for the unceasing admiration the latter has manifested for all his writings, and though they have never met in person, in spirit they have enjoyed delightful communion, and their common love for dear old Scotland has woven endearing bonds of friendship which can only result from kindred poetic emotions and the sympathy of two loyal and liberal hearts.

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Biographical Sketch of the Author,

CONTRIBUTED BY-AN ADMIRER.

William Telford first saw the light in a small village called Leitholm, in the parish of Eccles, in Berwickshire, Scotland, on the sixth day of January, 1828. He was the youngest son of Robert Telford. At the tender age of seven years William Telford suffered his first reverse in his struggle for mental improvement. His father was prostrated with a long and serious illness, which, indeed, spared his life but left him physically incapable of longer supporting his family as he was able to do when in health. At this time William had just begun to attend school, but the support of his father being withdrawn it was impossible for him to continue his studies and his brief school days came to a sudden close. It was necessary that at the earliest possible moment he should contribute his share to the support of the family. At the age of ten years he was forced to leave school and join his brother at work—digging drains in winter and working in a brick and tile yard in summer. But the severe labour William was forced to perform did not crush out his inspirations for mental improvement. He rose superior to his prosaic environments, and the words of the poet Gray, applied to genius, extinguished in undevelopment, could not be applied to him:—

Chill penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

He triumphed over conditions which would have brought discouragement, or plodding content, with ignorance, to a less aspiring soul. Day after day, in the rare intermissions of arduous toil, he strove, though but a child, with the energy and deter-

mination of a man, to improve his mental condition. He had neither books nor means to procure them, and he had consequently to rely on the kindness of neighbors, who sympathized with his aspirations, and the scanty supply of books their cottage shelves contained; and in the long winter evenings he was to be seen sitting in the inglenook of his mother's cottage poring over some old volume. In prose, the books to which he had access, were such works as Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress;" Baxter's "Saints Rest;" "Man's Fourfold Estate;" "Josephus' History;" "Harvey's Meditations;" "Afflicted Man's Companion," and such works—one would think, the least alluring in their ponderous sanctity to the lively temperament of youth. In poetry, Burns was his chief delight, although Pope, Moore, Montgomery, Tannahill and other poets were conned by him with diligent delight. In his younger years the knowledge of grammar was to Mr. Telford as a sealed book, and the first dictionary he bought was for the use of his eldest son in school. Mr. Telford landed on the shores of Canada on the 15th of June, 1850, and in 1852 he was married. He first settled in Peterborough, subsequently removing to Smith, on the farm on which he still resides. He has varied the labours of an agriculturist by occasional attention to the muse of poetry. He has followed bucolic pursuits with marked success, amassing a comfortable competence, besides settling his sons on excellent farms, and the following pages show that he has also met with liberal success in his poetic pursuits.

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W. C. Stuart
Sorrows

POEMS
OF
WILLIAM TELFORD.

FROM THE AUTHOR TO THE READER

Look not for language, lofty or refined,
Within this book, you no such thing will find ;
I never stood in high school class or college,
God, books and nature, true sources of my
knowledge.

If high your learning, kindly condescend—
Some pity show, to your less learned friend ;
Your high attainments, use not to deride,
While criticising, lean to mercy's side.

Education seldom is obtained by stealth ;
Learning requires no small amount of wealth ;
My humble parents wished, and nobly tried,
To give to me what poverty denied.
Many bright gems lies buried in the dust ;
Many heaven sent gifts for lack of learning rust ;
Many golden talents lie in heads obscure,
Because the parents and the sons were poor.

OUR BARD'S DECISION.

Like Bunyan, I was very much perplexed,
At times in hope, and sometimes sadly vexed,
All my productions I their lines would trace,
And thought the fire would be their proper place ;
Again I thought they might be worth preserving,
Some might them read though they were undeserv-
ing.

While self-esteem, so weak with trembling fear,
Said : "do not print them, some will at them sneer."
Two barriers still stood looming in my way,
First, would it please ? and second, would it pay ?
Can judge his own : No, that's a fancied dream—
The public's verdict always rules supreme.

The humblest man that ever raised a pen
Has friends sincere among his fellowmen ;
I have my friends and they are numerous, too,
Steadfast at all times, warm and kind and true,
They view my writings, with a higher aim,
Than I possess self-confidence to claim.
Long have they urged me—showing reasons clear—
Why all my poems should in book form appear.
With great reluctance, therefore, grant I their desire,
Because my lines show no poetic fire.
From my decision do not draw the fact
That self-ambition prompts me to the act ;
Such vain presumption never moved my heart
Thus to aspire—to act an author's part.
But for my friends, my writings still would stay
Within my desk, unpublished, to decay.
Many, I know, will gladly read my muse ;
Those they displease might my weak faults excuse.
The praise of all, no writer ever gained ;
If I please half, my object is attained.
He that builds hope upon the donkey fable
To please the whole, will find he is not able,
He strives, but finds his greatest efforts fail—
He pleases none—and donkey's loss bewail.

A POOR SCHOLAR ; OR, MY OWN
DIFFICULTIES.

The following piece was composed at the earnest request of
many of my warmest friends, so that if ever my writings came
before the public, this piece should appear on the first page.

I oft meet with friends as around town I roam,
Saying when were you born, and where are you from.
To stop all such questions I just took the hint,
The best plan to pursue, was to put it in print.

Auld Soctia, no doubt, as my birth-place I claim,
In the parish of Eccles, in Leitholm by name ;
In eighteen twenty-eight, the first month, and sixth
day

When I gave the first squack, so my mother did say.
My father was poor, but a good honest name,
Honest poverty bring no discredit nor shame.

Tho' he had not the rank, the gold, nor the soil,
He was blessed with good hands ever ready to toil.
He had ten needful children to clothe and to feed,
While I was the youngest, but one, of the breed.
Sweet cakes were untasted, and tea very rare,
But we always had plenty of plain Scottish fare.

At the time I had entered on my seventh year.
My father was seized with affliction severe ;
He lay four long months between hope and despair ;
He recovered—but infirmities still was his share.

Just then I had started to go to the school,
To stammer my A B's I stood on a stool ;

The teacher he called me a thick-headed loon,
And often his ruler played crack o'er my croon ;
He welted my shoulders with strap and with stick,
If I had little brains, what I had he made quick ;
He threatened, he thrashed me, he made me look
smart,

Until books first and second, I could screed off by
heart.

He gave me a pen, strokes and letters to make,
If one was made wrong, he my shoulders would
shake ;

A pencil and slate he next handed to me,
But I got little farther than two and one's three.
Tho' small was my learning with pencil or pen,
My schooling was ended before I was ten ;
Then I went with my brother, a youth full of hope,
To dig drains, when my head scarcely reached to
the top.

I have thinned out the turnips and raked up the hay,
Gathered sticks and picked stanes, yes, for five-
pence a day ;

Cleaned the byers out in winter and fed all the kye,
Pulled the turnips in winter, when the cold made
me ery.

People here they might laugh at the very high wage,
That the farmers gave there to a boy of my age ;
I have told you the wage, it seems hoarding up pelf ;
Yes, from five pence a day, and I boarded myse'f.

Just then in my head, I felt something begin,
Neither teacher nor learning could ever put in ;
The young poetic feeling began to diffuse,
Or as some people call it, the gift of the muse.
While at work I would stop, yes, and throw down
my tool,

When a voice whispered, Bill, you must go back
to school ;

But a sound saying, impossible, rang through my
head,

By the sweat of your brow, you must earn your
own bread.

Want of learning was one, and hard work was the
other,

That strove the young flame in my head thus to
smother ;

Forsooth, all their striving was greatly in vain,
Lest they cut off my head, or else scooped out my
brain.

So I rhymed without grammar in byre and in field,
My neighbors oft called me a wonderful chield ;
And oft at our work for a laugh and a jest,

They would give me some words, my young genius
to test.

I would then scratch my head, and in two minutes
time,

Just give them their answer instanter in rhyme ;
I used not a pen, nor a pencil of lead,

But I carried my manuscript all in my head.

When I saw the black snail with its two pointed
horns,

Or heard the blithe black-bird sing up on the
thorns ;

As I watched the cruel boys, killing bees for their
honey,

Every one got a verse, very simple, but funny.
In our own house at night, when I cleaned out my
bicker,

When my bones got a rest—O, my muse, it went
quicker,

If my brothers or sisters said ought unto me,
How they laughed, when their answer in rhyme I
did gie.

I longed for more learning, such a want I felt sore,
But of talents, my Maker gave me a good store ;

I tried to improve them, and did partly succeed,
Good neighbors supplied me with books for to read.

At my mother's fire-side, it was there I did get,
The little I know, its not very much yet ;

When the others retired, both to sleep and to snore,
I would sit up with my books, getting knowledge
in store.

As troubles and trials pressed hard in there train,
My father was seized with affliction again ;

When the first snows of winter clad all the green
sward,

He was laid in his grave, in Eccles church-yard.
Deprived of my father, at the age of eighteen,

I thought of the hardships that might intervene ;

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Fatherless, penniless—hard was my case,
 With a cruel world staring me right in the face.
 But I practised the rule, as the old Scotch folks say:
 Was to set a strong face to climb every steep brae;
 I made tiles all the summer, and in winter dug
 drains,
 Working hard all the day, and at night used my
 brains.
 Now, the duty it rested on me and my brother,
 To support a young sister, and kind widowed
 mother;
 To make both ends meet, often puzzled us sore,
 And keep debt and the sheriff away from the door.
 I wrote by the fire, though the light was not clear,
 The cents they were scarce, and the candles were
 dear;
 Adam Hall's pure coal oil lay a mystery, unsolved,
 Still the muse plodded on, though in darkness
 involved.

As time passed away, and as older I grew,
 The hairs on my chin, they began to peep through;
 So at last like my neighbors, it flashed o'er my mind,
 That the muse and the lasses were closely combined.
 There is not a man with a poetic turn,
 But his love for the lasses will ardently burn;
 They are linked with the muse, to his nature belong,
 They give power to his pen, as he paints them in
 song.

Yes, I oft met a lassie at market or kirk,
 When her looks pierced my heart, like a highland-
 man's dirk;
 I strove to forget her and love's power to subdue,
 But awake or asleep she rose fresh to my view.
 I loved; I have courted the young and the fair,
 Love's roses and thorns, both gave me there share;
 The sweet loving glance, or the scornful look,
 Met the praise of my pen or a sharpened rebuke.
 At times had the thought to be joined to a wife,
 To cheer my dark hours, and the sorrows of life;
 When I heard some poor children stand crying for
 bread,
 It drove thoughts of marriage clear out of my head.

With hard perseverance, my knowledge grew fast,
 I looked at the future—dark clouds overcast;
 Hard work and small wages was all I could see,
 And tyrannical masters, cruel ruling o'er me.
 But what wounded me more than my daily hard toil
 'Twas their hard overhearing, that made my blood
 boil;
 Right or wrong they found fault, and I dared not
 speak back,
 Or they pulled out my wages, and told me to walk.

My last winter at home, tried my patience severe,
 Work was scarce, and a job I could scarcely find
 near;
 Every morning I travelled six miles to my work,
 And walked the same back every night in the dark.

I was poor and unlearned, but my spirit was brave,
 I resolved not to drudge through this life like a
 slave.

So I made up my mind the Atlantic to cross;
 If I nothing should gain, I had little to loss.
 I gathered my clothes, and packed up my chest;
 When I looked at my purse, o'er my eyes came a
 mist;

I fingered, I counted but ten sovereigns clear,
 And they dwindled to three when I landed out here.
 I soon found employment, and likewise a wife,
 Still I cherished the muse through the changes of
 life.

Though I sit like a night owl, or rise with the lark,
 With rhyming I never neglected my work.
 In the field, at the plough, or when swinging the axe,
 That's the time that my head flights of fancy it
 takes;

At night when my tools in their place I do lay,
 Then I write down the lines I composed through
 the day.

My wife and a family I have still to support,
 But the chain of my hardships is fast getting short,
 I don't write in darkness for my lamp burneth free,
 Yes, I purchase my oil at the large giant T.

I write just for pleasure, wealth is not my aim,
 Far less the bright laurels of honor or fame.
 It's a poor paying trade; instead of the cash
 Is a sneer at my lines or the critic's dread lash.
 Gentle reader, believe all I've penned is the truth,
 On the trials and the hardships endured through my
 youth,
 If you think my productions are not worth one dol-
 lar,
 Just remember the heading—I AM A POOR SCHOLAR.

A FEW LINES BORDERING ON LOVE.

While travelling around obtaining subscribers for this book I met with a young man suffering from the effects of love. He promised to buy a copy if I would consent to compose a few verses for him, appropriate to his condition of mind.

He promised me to buy a book,
 By granting him a favor,
 In taking Love to be my theme,
 And spice it with love's flavour.

I said my head and heart was old,
My love strains cold and dry,
To please the youth and sell a book,
Yes, hit or miss, I'll try.

When I was young and pressed to buy a book,
Over its pages I would quickly look ;
If it was scurrilous, or its subjects dry,
I shook my head and said : I could not buy.
Though such light thoughts from me has passed
away,

I find young men are much the same to-day ;
Romance or fiction, cupid's fancied dove,
Wild, daring tales and peppered well with love.
This youth I met had scarcely reached eighteen,
No beard, no whisker, nor moustache was seen ;
We stood conversing, while he viewed my book,
I noticed something serious in his look.
His ruddy face showed health was all complete,
His tongue was clean, his pulse at sixty beat ;
His speech divulged in language well defined,
Love's sharpest stings were working in his mind.
He had beheld a female form most fair,
Rose-tinted cheeks and waving golden hair ;
Blue eyes enchanting, twinkling as they roll,
Sent love's keen daggers through his youthful soul.
He felt the power of her sweet amorous glance,
He stood transfixed, speechless, as in a trance ;
He oft had read of females' charming power,
But never felt it till that fatal hour.

Upon his couch he closed his restless eyes,
In troubled dreams, her face and form would rise ;
In quiet seclusion or at daily toils,
Her lovely features bound him in its coils.
He sought to quench love in the merry throng,
Each face and voice but bound his love more
strong ;

He tried the wine cup, that, too, was in vain,
It added fuel to his love-burning brain.
I did not ask him, neither did he state,
If her he loved, his love reciprocate ;
Read this to her, I said, it would impart,
A charm o'er her and captivate her heart.

Young reader, laugh not, rather ease his sorrow,
His case to-day may be your own to-morrow ;
Don't think because you feel so awful smart,
No lovely girl can wound or win your heart.
'Tis human nature, but divinely planned,
Fair sex to love and gain their heart and hand ;
Man, void of love, cold, narrow-hearted, small,
Deserveth not the name of man at all.
Hear that dry bachelor boasting of his art,

No woman's charms could ever touch his heart ;
Cold, calloused soul, 'tis time he was removed,
On earth a blank, unloving and unloved.
Proud feels the man, invincible, secure,
Against fair faces and bewitching lure ;
If he succeeds, young girls may say that he
Keeps his affections under lock and key.
Show me a man all void of woman's love,
No face, no smile, nor silvery voice can move ;
His proper place, some dismal jungle lair,
To associate with panther, wolf and bear.

Young friend, I hope these lines will prove a balm,
Your love-sick heart and troubled mind to calm ;
Take my advice, the fairest face do spurn,
Unless that loved one loves you in return.

LINES OF THANKS

Addressed to Mr. Robert H. Thomson, Chicago, Ill., on the occasion of him sending me a card complimenting me on the excellence of a few simple verses composed by me, and published in the *Scottish American Journal* of March the 22nd, 1883.

Why it could be, I cannot comprehend,
How my poor verses reached to your heart's core :
High flowery language, none I do command,
Nor lofty theme, expressed in classic lore,
When to that Journal, I such praise expressed,
'Twas not vain flattery—neither sought I fame,
But the true feelings of my heart expressed,
To that true source, that tells O my *auld hame*.

My homely lines all void of learning's art,
I only view them as an empty scroll ;
Have they found access to your Scottish heart,
Prompting that action from your noble soul ?
From Milton's source could I my knowledge get,
Or strike the muse in " Moore's " pathetic strain,
Just give me half of Robie's ready wit,
I would repay your kindness back again.

Losh man, had ye seen hoo I stared
That day when I received your card ;
I star'd an' gloured wi' baith ma een,
Wonderin' on earth what it co'd mean :
Ma heart against my breast played thud,
Forsooth, I nearla' ran clean wu'd,
Oh lehad you seen me in that plight,
You wad hae thought I had gaen gyte.
I read it ower man every word,
At first I thought the thing absurd,
At last I thought it maun be true,
Comin' fra a rare Scot like you.

You gie'd me far ower muckle praise,
 Ye might hae made me end ma days,
 Some Scots are stubborn as a cuddy,
 Some through ambition swang and wuddy :
 But I am neither dour nor proud,
 Though praise resounds its plaudits loud,
 They raise me not aboon the dust,
 By toil I earn my daily crust.

To therty nine ye point me back,
 The Auld Countryman ye then did ta'k,
 When that sheet closed its short career
 The Scottish American did appear.
 On readers list your name they trace,
 Since first it showed its sonsie face,
 Some fo'k, perhaps may lue it stronger,
 Nae live'in Scot has read it longer.

In fancy, I your thoughts survey,
 How you lang for your paper day ;
 At nicht ye thrav aside your care,
 An' draps doon in your easy chair.
 That ever'a word may be plain seen,
 You rub your spec's, an' ma'ks them *clean*,
 Then quick as onna flash o' fire.
 You search the news fra' Wigtonshire ;
 The list of deaths ye quickla' read,
 To see if onna freends were deed.
 Or onna changed their state in life
 By taken ta theresel & wife,
 Or see if onna thing was penned
 On Cronies—in your youth ye ken'ed,
 Or if some fule rale sick o' toil
 Had shuffled of this earthla' coil.

If the auld Kirks an' a' their flocks
 Was hauden still pure orthadox ;
 If toon an' streets ye ance did pace,
 Was stan'in noo in the auld place,
 When you hae culled the Wigton news,
 You turn the leaves to scan the muse ;
 If there be onathing that's guid
 It electrifies your Auld Scotch bluid.
 Next comes the tales on craig or cairn
 You saw an' speeled when but a bairn,
 The hills, the glens, the youthfu' scene
 Whiles bring the tear mist o'er yer *een*.
 Forgive me, sir, if I be wrang,
 That Journal you hae taen sae lang,
 I dinna doot, but ye are llable
 To prize it second to your Bible.
 I dootna but ma best endeavors
 May seem to you but fuleish havers ;
 Tho' to my lines you showed regard,
 Expressed upon your postal card.

Next time I'll spur the muse's flank,
 Wi whup, the lazy jade I'll spank,
 Till something fra the strain proceed.
 That wad be worth your while to read.

I still have that address of thine,
 If ever I should cross the line,
 Or your fair city come to view,
 I'll call an' hae a chat wi' you.

My brither Scot, my rhyme maun drap,
 My strain of thanks asunder snap,
 I feel obliged—though undoeservent,
 I still remain your humble servent.

THE PIONEER'S RETROSPECT.

A short sketch of the difficulties endured by the early settlers of the County of Peterborough, Ontario, Canada, and applicable to new settlements in many portions of the United States, written for Robert H. Thomson, Chicago, Ill.

Many years have fled, great changes wrought,
 since your forefathers came
 Into this once wild, rugged land, fair Canada by
 name ;
 They left the joys of home and friends, and
 crossed the raging main,
 In hopes to make themselves a home on highland,
 swamp or plain.
 Methinks I see those pioneers stand gazing, the
 first day,
 Upon the vast expanse of woods, their hearts filled
 with dismay ;
 Some grieved for leaving their old home, their
 hearts to grief did yield :
 How could they make those forests wild into a
 fertile field ?
 Their wives and children wept, for dear old homes
 they left,
 The husbands, fathers, felt for those of house and
 home bereft.
 Hope lent its aid, doubts disappeared, a firm
 resolve was made—
 The brave undaunted settler's axe, into the tree
 was laid ;
 Unskilled, but quickly dashed the axe, stroke after
 stroke resound,
 Tree after tree, from towering height, fell crashing
 to the ground.
 Grief changed to joy, as work proceeds—wives,
 children stood amazed,
 To see those laid trees lifted up and a snug shanty
 raised.

Their household furniture was plain, no sofa black
 nor drab,
 Their easy chair was four round legs drove in a
 cedar slab;
 No table with mahogany top, nor slab from marble
 rock,
 Contented, they partook their meals, just from a
 home-made block.
 From morn to night, the settler's axe sent forth a
 clinking sound,
 Till numerous tall, majestic trees were laid upon
 the ground.
 Soon they had laid some acres low, from out the
 stately bush,
 The match applied, the crackling flames licked up
 the tangled brush.
 The blackened logs must next be drawn—they
 hitched up Buck and Bright,
 Log heaps were quickly formed and fired, flames
 blazed in towering height.
 A piece well cleared of brush and trees, their seed-
 ing time begins—
 The seed was covered with a drag with home-made
 wooden pins.
 First blade, then stem, showed rapid growth,
 nourished from virgin soil,
 The settler smiled in hope of being rewarded for
 his toil;
 Grief changed to joy—he felt assured he laboured
 not in vain;
 Instead of forest tree and brush, now waves the
 golden grain.
 When ripe, the settler starts to reap, with all his
 family hand,
 Hard work,—for their machine was just a sickle
 in their hand.—
 Their threshing power, a home-made flail, two nice
 round sticks combined,
 Their fanning mills were likewise cheap, they
 cleaned all with the wind.
 Their harvest o'er, abundant yield, but still they
 had their ills,
 The wheat was there, they must have flour—where
 was the gristing mills?
 They looked in vain for such a place, and great
 was their dismay,
 When they were told the place they sought was
 forty miles away;
 Not distant, only, but no roads for ox team with
 their loads,
 The only track, the redman's path, blazed trees to
 guide the road;
 But pressing want must be supplied, though they
 on foot should walk,

Compelled to be the ox themselves, they bore it on
 their back.
 In dreary home, the settler's wife passed many an
 anxious hour,
 Waiting her husband's safe return with a fresh
 stock of flour.
 And to increase her grief and woe, her sorrow and
 her dread,
 Around, her hungry children stood and cried in
 vain for bread.
 Potatoes, oft their chiefest food, flour bread a joy-
 ful treat,
 And often when the flour was done, they lived
 upon boiled wheat.
 Yes, I have seen the man that chewed the wheat
 into a paste.
 Or cracked it up between two stones to suit the
 children's taste.
 Those brave old settlers chopped and cleared the
 land whereon we dwell,
 The trials and hardships they endured oftimes I
 heard them tell.
 If their young sons that's brought up now, had
 half to undergo,
 They would think more of their brave sires that
 laid the forest low.
 No town nor store was near their home, oft hungry,
 weak, and tired,
 Through woods they travelled to the front, for
 articles required;
 Their groceries, clothing, crockery, too, likewise
 an axe to chop;
 Yes, the first logging-chain they used, they carried
 from Port Hope!
 No church to edify the old, nor schools to teach
 the young,
 The praises of assembled throngs, they seldom
 heard them sung.
 No doubt, within those wildwood homes, some did
 God love and fear,
 In course of time His servant came and preached
 four times a year.
 Through cold and stormy winter months their
 chopping work was done;
 In summer all was logged and cleared beneath a
 burning sun.
 Their dauntless courage knew no stay, their iron
 will no yield;
 By their hard labor, axe and fire, they added field
 to field.
 People were scarce, and money too, hard cash they
 seldom saw,
 What they produced they couldn't sell, "trade"
 was the only law.

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But still they battled bravely on with persevering hand,
 Till brighter prospects cheered the hearts of that brave little band.
 Long, long, that little early band fought with an adverse tide ;
 Privations, troubles, sometimes want, loomed in on every side.
 Each day brought round its train of ills, of hardships, toils and trials ;
 It seemed on them hard fortune poured its cruelest, bitterest phials.
 Dark clouds disperse, days brighter dawn, with better times in view,
 From other lands new settlers came, as helpmates to the few ;
 Some purchased blocks of wild wood lands, others received them free ;
 They little thought in those dark days what Canada would be.
 Lands were surveyed, and roads likewise, and sites for towns were cleared,—
 Where lately fed the bounding deer, house after house was reared ;
 Instead of Indian's war-like whoop, rang the mechanic's voice,
 As he the axe or hammer plied on sleeper, beam or joist.
 Houses as if by magic rose, stores, churches, schools and mills ;
 Old settlers smiled, those changes would help to reduce their ills.
 Roads, too, were made, although not good, better than the old track,
 Where Buck and Bright could draw the load and ease their master's back.
 They now could purchase nearer home the goods which they required ;
 Cash market for their produce, too, a system long desired.
 Long night would be without a morn, or day without a close ;
 Dark life would be with no bright spot to aid man's crushing woes.
 Such would have been those settlers' lives amongst those forests wild,
 But progress wrought a marvellous change, and fortune on them smiled.
 Yes, they would smile, both old and young, with better times at last,—
 With numerous comforts to enjoy, denied them in the past ;
 They need not travel forty miles as they oft did before,

In easy access to their homes, good market, mill, and store.
 Prosperity appears in view, improvement goes apace,—
 The old log shanties disappear, fine houses take their place.
 Old Buck and Bright are turned to grass—once useful, now too slow.—
 The noble horse now takes their place, much swifter, and more show.
 Brave heroes of the woods and soil, your wild-bush trials are past ;
 The days for which you earnest hoped, to you have come at last.
 For self, for friends, and Canada, in truth you much have done,—
 Long may you wear those laurels bright which you so bravely won.
 Where are all those old settlers now ? My friend, I cannot tell,
 A few retain their old homestead, and there in comfort dwell.
 Many now live in wealth and ease, while some have gone abroad :—
 Alas ! the greatest number lie, asleep beneath the sod.

A Word of Advice to the Sons of Those
 Early Pioneers.

Young noble sons, of noble sires, just one short word to you :—
 But don't arise in frantic rage, if I speak plain and true ;
 With all life's comforts, wealth and lands, did you e'er think, my boy,
 How your old father toiled and scratched for what you now enjoy ?
 Your stately house of brick or stone, shade trees to keep it dark,
 Your father's first—a low, log hut—covered with basswood bark ;
 Your pleasant home affords you much both eye and taste to charm,
 But don't forget the brave old man that bought and cleared the farm.
 Fast horses, with your shining rig, you drive so stylish smart,
 Your father—just as good a man—rode in his old ox cart ;
 And when he tells you how he lived, or rode long years ago,

Don't say they kept up fashions then, or old folks
were too slow ;
You now can look on well-cleared fields you plough
and sow with ease,
Look back to your old father's time when they
were clad with trees.
Give him due honor for his toil, thanks fullest,
truest germ,
'Twas he that chopped and cleared for you that
precious pleasant farm.

You farm, much with machinery now, with art and
skill combined,
With all those helps at your command, still take a
glance behind,
The days when your old father farmed, he no such
helps did know ;
By hand he sowed and threshed his grain, by hand
did reap and mow ;
Don't laugh at his old-fashioned work, though
crooked he did plough,
The stumps and stones are all removed, you may
plough straighter now ;
Don't call him childish when he boasts of his once
powerful arm,
Think on the suffering he endured before he cleared
the farm.

Don't snap and snarl at the old man, if with you
he remains,
Remember, what you now possess, caused all his
aches and pains ;
Give him the best place in your house, no comforts
him deny,
He surely had his share of trials in the old days
gone by ;
As you behold his tottering steps, each day your
love renew,
You cannot do too much for him that braved so
much for you ;
And while around his quivering knees you o'rn
young offspring swarm,
Just tell to them how their grand-pa had cleared
for you the farm.

Look back ! O think what he endured since he
chopped the first tree ;
He bore it all to gain a home,—that home he gives
to thee ;
Feed, cheer and comfort your old sire, and strive
him to repay,
Bestow on him a rich reward, before he pass
away ;
And as his life's blood ebbs away, hold up his
drooping head,

With gentle hand and loving heart, O soothe his
dying bed ;
And when the grave hides him from view, still
keep his memory warm,
And with it keep the old homestead, your father's
dear bought farm.

LINES

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO ROBERT H. THOMSON,
CHICAGO, ILL.,

For his very kind letters addressed to me, some of them very
heart-stirring and touching, upon our "auld hame" and
the days of our youth.

Brither Scot, man, your letters were mair than a
joke,
For they gaed to my heart like en electric shoke
When you spake o' the braes, o' the craigs an' the
cairns,
When we slided an' speiled when we baith were
but bairns.

I ken that the notion was fixed in your mind,
That ma auld Scottish heed was poeti' inclined ;
Tho' I hae little brains, an' sair scrimpet o' time,
I thought I wad gie ye a bit answer in rhyme ;
But ta tell ye the truth, I felt greatla perplext—
Baith poet an' preacher maun hae a bit text—
When it flashed through ma noodle, like the crack
o' a whup,

How the puir Scottish bairns at hame were brought
up ;

Why, their first year o' livin' is easy explained,
They were nursed just like ithers until they were
spained,

Then a wee horn spune to supply them their feed,
They were fed upon boila o' guid milk an' bread.
But that feed didna last muckle mair than a year,
For the flour-bread an' sugar was rather ower dear,
An' their mithers declared that sweet stuff was na
guid

To mak' young bairns grow an' increase flesh an'
bluid,

Sae the boila was stap't, tho' the bairns did squeel ;
Then their livin' was parritch o' guid oaten meal.
As years passed away, an' as higher they rose,
At times for a change, they were fed upon brose.
It was parritch for breakfast ; for supper likewise ;
An' if ane tuk the pet an' his parritch despise,
Then the father's loud voice, wi' authority borne,
Sayin', " Wife, set them past ; they will sup them
the morn."

Their dinner was varied, but a guid wholesome meal

Ae day tat
Ye wad ne
An' they a
Some may
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Or a piece
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Sweet bites
Just ae litt
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But sic fat
Sweet cake
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Sayin', " S
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An' it aft
Strict Scot
Unto mony
O, I wish
son,

Ae day tater broth, an' the next it was kail ;
 Ye wad needed guid spee's a bit pork to discern,
 An' they aft made their dinner on taters an' herrin'.
 Some may speer if a moultifn' o' bread they did get ?
 Haud a wee, canny freend, I will tell you that yet.
 When hungra, a bit oatmeal cake, if you please,
 Or a piece o' guid bannie, made fra' barley an' peas.
 They needed nae doctorin' for dyspepsia or gout,
 Sweet bites or flesh meat they keuned little about ;
 Just ae little fat grumpah was fed in the pen
 So serve a hale year for a family o' ten.

When the Sunday came round, sic a smile on their
 faces,
 For they keuned on that day a bit feast would take
 place ;

Oatmeal dumplin' for dinner ; at nicht, watch their
 glee

Ower a piece of flour scone an' a cup o' weak tea.
 At the Scotch bairns' livin' some people may sneer,
 But sic fat sonsie bairns they canna show here ;
 Sweet cakes, tarts an' pies, an' the baker's puffed
 bread,

Keeps the roar frae their cheeks—rots the teeth out
 their head.

Some Scots, fu' o' pride, shake their heads, screw
 their face,
 Sayin', "Stap, man ; on Scots you are bring dis-
 grace ;"

But I think it nae shame o' my puir bite or sup,
 Let the hale world ken *that's how I was* brought up.

But it was na the parritch, brose or bannies, I say,
 That mak's the Scotch shine in the world to-day ;
 'Twas the fireside instructions an' the teaching o'
 truth,

Strict obedience an' order instilled in their youth.
 There was something so hallowed round the Scottish
 fireside,

So deep planted its germ through this life to abide.
 Tho' they roam to strange lands an' at times step
 astray,

All their early Scotch training they can't drive away,
 The carritch, the school-book, the Bible was there,
 An' the voice o' a father wi' his family in prayer,
 The kind words of a mither, they can ne'er be forgot,
 But through life yield their fruits in the heart o'
 the Scot.

The auld Scottish fireside shed its lustre o' bliss,
 An' it aft cheers the Scot in a world like this ;
 Strict Scottish up-bringin' was the standpoint, I say,
 Unto mony bright Scots in this world to-day.

O, I wish there were mair proved o' true worth a
 son,

Show their licht as a proof what Scotch trainin'
 has done ;

Tho' they live in a land void of heather or fairn,
 May their lives show how they had been taught
 when a bairn ;

Tho' he joins wi' companions on the broad road of
 vice,

Or sit down with the gambler at cards or at dice,
 The deep sigh if he loses, or the laugh if he wins,
 Are suppressed, for his trainin' in youth shows his
 sins.

He may throw off restraint an' wax bold in his
 crimes,

But his lessons in youth will restrain him betimes.
 He may rush to the wine-cup to drown a' his cares,
 But its fumes canna quench a' his auld father's
 prayers.

He may revel in throngs of debauchery or shame,
 Ever strivin' to crush what was taught him at hame,
 It is there, an' it swells like the waves by the tide,
 From the lessons an' the altar at his father's fire-
 side.

I have watched a wild Scot sever all but one link,
 Rushin' on to destruction—yes, up to the brink—
 Something checked his career, he the power did
 not know,

'Twas the words of a mither, uttered long years ago.

No, I dinna uphand e vera Scot to be guid,
 There are some bad enuch, boast o' pure Scottish
 bluid ;

As a rule, in the Scot, parents' influence preside,
 From example an' precept at the Scottish fireside

NOTE.—About a quarter of a century ago, Mr. Telford lost
 an eye by malpractice of a doctor ; the other is als. nigh gone,
 and he is fully resigned to spend the balance of his days in total
 darkness. His last letter to me said, "*This is my last.*" Al-
 though we have never seen each other, the link of friendship
 and affection is very strong. R. H. T.

LINES ON PRESIDENT GARFIELD.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO ROBERT H. THOMSON,
 CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR SIR:—Seeing that you have taken so much interest in
 my production on the death of the late President Garfield,
 although suffering under my trying affliction, I cannot refrain
 from taking notice of a simple incident in Garfield's youth,
 when I read the account of it in the papers after his death. It
 appears to me to be the turning point in his life, and the plan
 adopted by God to make him a studious and clever scholar, a
 good God-fearing man, a cautious but brave commander, a wise

and impartial ruler. His widowed mother being the chief agent employed in that mission.

Sad sat the widow in her lonely cot,
A loving husband and kind father gone,
Earnestly pondering o'er her helpless lot
And the dark future of her darling son.

No fortune hers—no! all was stern and cold,
Joys, hopes and comforts from her view was
hurled;
Small was her share of silver or of gold
To fight life's battle through this ruthless world.

The first and chiefest purpose of her heart
For which she hoped and prayed—resolved she
would
Train up her son in learning's highest art,
And mould his soul in all that's truly good.

But soon young Garfield comprehended all,
Their small resources flashed before his mind;
He could not learn and let the burden fall
On widowed mother and a sister kind.

Her toils, her means—all she would sacrifice
If he would study in some professional lore;
To make up pills and powders he despised,
Or hang law's shingle o'er his office door.

Earnest she pleaded, prayed and pressed in vain,
His independent spirit would not bow,
He firm resolved himself he would sustain,
On board a steamer as deck hand he goes.

She wept the tears that parting only raise,
Like Rachel weeping for an only son.
Meanwhile, young Garfield with his genial ways
Esteem and favor with each comrade won.

Life seemed all sunshine to his youthful mind,
From mother and sister he had eased the load;
Greater than him—two unseem powers combined,
A praying mother and prayer-answering God.

O! how mysterious are the ways of God,
At least to us frail, weak and blinded man!
He knows the time to wield his mighty rod—
In Garfield's case, young reader, mark his plan:

'Twas Garfield's duty, as the wharf they reached,
To make secure by throwing ashore a cord;
While in that act, equilibrium o'erstretched,
He lost his balance and fell overboard.

The night was dark—he sank, but rose again,
With deathlike struggles kept himself afloat;
Death seemed most certain if he did remain
Being crushed to death between the wharf and
boat.

'Twixt life and death all thinking powers he
shared—
One thought arose, transcendent o'er all other—
He firm resolved that if his life was spared
He would return unto his home and mother.

God spared his life, his plans were all complete,
The widow's prayers had reached His pitying
ear;
A rescuing hand placed Garfield on his feet,
With heart full fixed his homeward course to
steer.

Resolutions formed he quickly put in force,
Drowning or danger him retarded not;
Plans for the future urged him on his course,
With aching limbs he reached his mother's cot.

'Twas night, and all without was still as death,
Within faint glimmering of a lamp did burn,
He heard his mother's supplicating breath
Beseeching God for her son's safe return.

Amen! she said, and from her knees arose,
A gentle tap—quick she unlocked the door,
Around his neck her loving arms she throws,
And kissed those lips she oft had kissed before.

Thank God! she cried, my earnest prayers were
heard,
What I implored for stands before my eyes;
Take him G—Father as thine own reward,
Make him obedient, great and truly wise.

No poet's pen can paint a mother's love,
A mother's prayers no mortal man can know;
Their depth and height is known to one above,
And sometimes answered on this earth below.

From that same hour young Garfield took his stand
For God and right the banner which he bore;
Learning or teaching, fighting or command,
Or when the robes of President he wore.

His life, his death, his name—His mother's too,
Not in the States alone, but o'er the world
History shall hold up Garfield to man's view,
While Stars and Stripes wave in the breeze un-
furled.

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A SCOTCHMAN'S VIEW OF THE ROYAL MARRIAGE.

This piece was printed on white satin and sent to the Marquis of Lorne, when he took office as Governor-General of Canada, for which I received his compliments in a very flattering manner.—W. T.

MY REQUEST.

Sir, if these lines meet your exalted views,
The boon I ask—I hope you won't refuse—
It is not office, fame, nor wordly pelf,
But a true portrait of your noble self!

That is but half I crave—the other part—
There is a form that soothes and cheers your heart :
I long to see the partner of your life,
Couple with yours, one of your Royal wife!

Fourth daughter of England's pattern sire,
Fair child of that mother we love and admire,
Has that highlander gained both your heart and
your hand,
And borne you off from your palace so grand ?

Hail daughter of England's motherly Queen,
All Scotland awaits thee to welcome thee in,
Like the rays of the sun as he bursts on the morn
Is thy presence, fair bride of the Marquis of Lorne.

Though the Royal blood of England flows through
her veins,

She has bowed to accept one of Scotland's swains,
Old England, be proud, while all Scotchmen
rejoice,

'Tis the man, not the rank, that is Louise's choice.

Why should kings, queens, or princes e'er dare to
find fault ?

To extinguish true love—which no rank can exalt ?
Why enslave the young heart, though in palace
they're born !

There's love just as true in the Marquis of Lorne.

True, no title of prince flashes front of his name,
Sterling honor, untarnished is equal the same.

Though no crown deck his head, nor in truth never
shall,

A true faithful husband surpasses them all.

Among heather-clad hills, she has chosen her home,
With her young mountaineer at their pleasure to
roam,

May her hopes be unruffled, her joys flow unshorn,
May she live to increase the old proud name of
Lorne.

Betwixt English and Scots how mysterious the
change !

There were times when their watchword was death
and revenge,

The chief drops his sword : olden malice has fled ;
Scotia's son England's daughter to the altar has led.

May this union prove faithful, causing love to ex-
tend,

Till the rose and thistle harmoniously blend,
Blinding Scotia more close to the bold unicorn,
While the star of peace shines in the hall of the
Lorne.

Up Lowlanders, shout ! shout, ye Highlanders, too !
For the Queen's daughter comes to reside among
you.

Donald, blow up your bagpipes, the sound she well
knows,

And welcome your Chief with his fair English rose.

Could Wallace and Bruce and a Douglas so brave,
Be permitted one glimpse on this side of the grave,
They would stand in amazement, in pride, not with
scorn,

To behold the Queen's daughter : young lady of
Lorne.

SHORT SKETCH OF THE REBELLION IN THE NORTH-WEST.

CONGRATULATING OUR VOLUNTEERS FOR THEIR
BRAVERY IN GENERAL, AND THE MIDLAND
BATTALION IN PARTICULAR.

Four months ago a dark foreboding cloud
Hung o'er our North-west, draped in warlike shroud
Ready to burst, at the appointed hour,
To slay the helpless, crush out law and power.
Deeper and darker, spread the signs of war,
Completely obscuring every peaceful star,
As lightning's flash before the thunders roll
So burst the planings of his rebel soul ;
His warlike spirit he could not restrain,
Action must follow his o'erflowing brain.
The time had come—dark secrets to reveal,
Rebellion fostered by the bloody Reil,
By threats and promise from his treacherous soul
Soon brought the halfbreeds under his control,
Hundreds of red-skins not knowing his designs,
Believed his promptings, marshalled in his lines.
Plunder and murder threatened that fair land,
By rebel leaders and their ruthless band,
The frightened settlers helpless stood dismayed,
Calling upon Ontario for aid.
News of the outbreak and atrocious deeds

O'er this Dominion spread with lightning speed,
 Fired each loyal heart with patriotic zeal
 To crush rebellion and to conquer Riel,
 Quick every city, town and village small
 Mustered their men, responded to the call—
 Prompt orders issued, bugle sounding clear
 Brought to headquarters every Volunteer.
 No cowards there dressed in those tunics red,
 Each anxious, hoping to let Riel feel lead.
 The roll was called and many in grief retired
 When they were told that they were not required.
 To you who go—God speed you in your cause
 To fight or die for country and its laws,
 And for your safety many an earnest prayer
 Shall heavenward rise while you are fighting there.
 The distance great, bad roads, their progress slow,
 On train and teams through lofty drifts of snow.
 Cold sleet and rain their scarlet tunics drench,
 No storm had power determined hearts to quench ;
 Brave and undaunted, true to the heart's core,
 Without one murmur all their hardships bore,
 Cold, wet or hungry, sore fatigued they creep—
 Beneath their blankets seek the warrior's sleep.
 The field of action they have reached at last
 But still their trials and sufferings are not past ;
 Through spring flood waters and fast melting snow
 Miles they must march to meet the rebel foe.
 To-day on rail, to-morrow afoot again
 Upon rough highway or o'er flooded plain,
 Through tangling brushwood on the Indian trail
 O'er all obstructions our red coats prevail ;
 Skirmishing parties on each side to search
 For lurking rebels on the line of march ;
 Indians like wildcats, from the thicket spring,
 Above our boys their whizzing bullets sing.
 Halt ! was the order a short rest to take,
 The spot was on the borders of Duck Lake
 Where cruel Poundmaker and his lawless band,
 Prepared for battle, boldly took their stand.
 Now face to face for the first time appears
 The bloodthirsty rebels and our volunteers.
 The hour had come to prove to everyone
 Whether our volunteers would fight or run ;
 They faced, they fired, they fought like heroes
 true,
 Like showers of hail the murdering bullets flew
 Driving Poundmaker and his daring braves
 Back to their haunts and many to their graves.
 Brave volunteers, your honor you maintained,
 Fought your first battle and the victory gained ;
 Our young Dominion is, and ought to be
 Proud of such true and vallant sons as thee.
 Onward they march, through water and tough mud,

They powder smelled, now thirst for rebel's blood ;
 In joke and mirth their glittering bayonets feel
 Hoping ere long to thrust them into Riel.
 No veteran troops trained to the field for years
 Could grumble less than our brave volunteers,
 To march, or guard, to duty's call each one
 Without one murmur, prompt and freely done.
 Many left home well used to dainty food,
 By mother's kindness, always something good,
 Canned meat and hard tack, morning, noon and
 night

Would make them feel a soldier's life was tight.
 Hunger nor hardships could not damp their joys
 Nor crush the spirits of our Midland boys ;
 Forward through trials that brave battalion goes
 Searching in vain to find the rebel foes.
 Long days and nights, yes, weary weeks have
 passed,

Now famed Batoche they have reached at last,
 The rebel's stronghold—Riel their leading star,
 Their chosen spot—which turned the tide of war.
 With glass our leaders closely viewed the scene
 Up to Batoche and the space between ;
 Trench after trench, for miles debarred the way,
 There hundreds of rebels in concealment lay :
 To storm those trenches would have been unwise,
 Rush into death and brave men sacrifice.
 Save life and conquer—this one hopeful ray—
 The Gatling guns must be brought into play ;
 Those Gatling guns like distant thunder roared,
 Into the trenches shot and shell they poured,
 Bursting, and scattering death in pit and plain
 Half-breeds and Indians numbering with the slain.
 Day after day they showered in fire and lead
 Strewing those trenches with the swarthy dead,
 Each thundering volley made the number less,
 Opens a pathway for our success,

'Twas noon, the sun shining strong and bright,
 Brave Colonel Williams galloped to the right,
 While daring bravery from his eyes emerge,
 He formed his Midland heroes for the charge :
 With hat in hand, in stirrups stood erect
 His cheering words had the desired effect.
 "Face, charge, my boys, whatever our fate may be,
 And waver not, to victory follow me."
 Forward they dash with firm determined tread,
 From slow to quick, at last to running speed ;
 Halt, fires a volley, then a rousing cheer
 To let them know the Midlanders were near.
 The pits are reached where crouching rebels kneel,
 Quick through their bodies darts the glittering
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Onward they rush, to charge and charge again.
Amidst the carnage of that bloody field
Our Midland heroes never thought to yield ;
Trampling o'er comrades weltering in their gore,
Some mortally wounded fell to rise no more ;
With rebel bullets whistling past their ears
Fiercer and louder rose the Midland cheers,
Defying danger, dread of death dislained
Till the last trench triumphantly was gained.
The conquered rebels fled like frightened deers—
Leaving the field to our brave volunteers ;
By that last charge their victories crowned shall be
They took Batoche—set the prisoners free.
'Twas nobly done, boys, on your arms now rest,
You crushed rebellion in our fair Northwest,
You showed those half breeds you still are and was
Able and ready to maintain our laws.
But where was Riel when victory's flag was flying ?
Oh, crouched in the thicket like a vanquished lion ;
He soon was captured, placed to stand his trial,
For his base treachery drain the bitter phial.

Brave Midland boys, your first campaign is o'er—
Your names to-day shine brighter than before ;
Your daring bravery proves your verdict clear
That you are worthy of the name you bear.
Leave that freed land and battle's fierce array,
With beating hearts friends wait on you to-day ;
Shoulder your rifles, leave the Northwest plain
And ease the hearts your absence filled with pain ;
Grief-stricken mothers sorrowing for their boys
Smile sweet to-day, exchanging grief for joys.
Kind loving wives for absent husbands mourned
Unbounded joys—to-day they have returned.
The cloud of gloom that hangs o'er many a home,
The vacant chair standing till one would come,
The feverish heads on pillows sleepless lay—
All has been changed from grief to joy to-day.
Thrice welcome back from dangerous wars alarms,
Wives, sisters, mothers stand with open arms
To meet you now, unwounded and unslain—
Preserved from death, in health returned again ;
Fathers and brothers join the welcoming cheer,
Their noblest manhood cannot hide the tear ;
And loving fair ones cull the garden bower,
To hand you bouquets of the choicest flowers.
If placed in line to-day, is there no blanks ?
Would each man stand that mustered in your
ranks !
No ! some fought bravely, fell, are now at rest,
In death's calm slumber in the far Northwest.
Brave Colonel Williams, soldier and M.P.,

Your dauntless leader, tell me where is he ?
He led you bravely o'er each trench and plain
Up to Batoche—came back safe again ;
He fell not in the action he took part,
No rebel bullet pierced his noble heart,
No Indian's arrow nor the halfbreeds spear
Wounded your leader, yet he is not here ;
Preserved by God, he rode mid battle hot,
Through showers of bullets but they harmed him
not.

To God's decree the bravest man must yield ;
His place of death was not on battle field ;
Crowned with success, bright victory on his side,
His soul would swell with magnanimous pride ;
Before his view rose honors' arching dome
Triumphant welcome waiting him at home,
Fate darkens prospects, brightest hopes destroys,
Death dashed the cup before he sipped its joys,
Flowers plucked to deck his brave victorious head
Was laid in grief upon his coffin lid.
Not rebel hand, but the just hand of God
That slew your leader on his homeward road.
Instead of triumph on his prancing bay
A lifeless hero in his coffin lay ;
His daring deeds immortalized his name,
Stamped it conspicuous on the niche of fame.
While our Dominion shows its history clear
The name of Colonel Williams will appear.

Brave Midland Battalion, you are home from the
war,
Your good conduct and bravery, is sounded afar ;
Britain's people and press, lords, princes and peers,
Echo plaudits of praise to our brave volunteers.
Though your leader lies low in a true hero's grave,
If led on by another you will still prove as brave :
If our foes show their face you will meet them with
cheers
And a taste of the bullets of our brave volunteers.

SCOTIA'S HEATHER:

LINES ON A SMALL BUNCH OF HEATHER BROUGHT
FROM AULD SCOTIA BY JOHN CAMERON.

Yes, he brought it. I have got it,
Can you guess what it might be ?
Its the Heather, John did gather
On Auld Scotia's hills for me.

First he pu'ed it, then he viewed it,
With its blossoms varied hue.

Paper folded, therein rolled it,
Saying, Bill, this is for you.

When I took it, how I looked,
At the sprig I so well knew,
Silent blessed it, almost kissed it,
For the sake of where it grew.

When I showed it, yes, they knowed it,
Every Scotchman which I met,
Fast they held it and they smelled it,
O' its scent they won't forget.

We adore it, true Scots wore it,
In their highland caps of yore,
Their foes feared it, as they neared it,
Highland blood the heather bore.

Time has tried it, blood as died it,
Yes the best in Scotland shed,
They prayed on it and laid on it
Oft the Martyr's dying bed.

You may prize it or despise it,
As your inclination be,
Don't annoy it or destroy it,
'Tis a precious gem to me.

Yes, I have it, I will save it,
While its twigs will hang together,
Time will move them, but I love them,
Both Auld Scotia and her heather.

VIEW OF OUR HARD WINTER.

Young Canada! thou art a home to me;
It grieves me much to cast one stain on thee.
Here and abroad great men thy name displays,
And noble poets have joined them in thy praise.
They tell us of thy lakes and rivers, clear—
Of fish and fowl, of wolf and bounding deer,
Of tall pine forests where the woodman roves,
And shaded woods adorned with maple groves.
Yes, Canada has those, and ten times more
Of lands unsettled—rich mines to explore;
But o'er them all hangs a dark cloud so drear,
It is her winters, stern, cold, severe.
The present winter, scarce yet passed away,
Will prove most obvious every word I say.
Of wind and storms, of frost and drifting snows,

Of frozen limbs, or face or ear, or nose.
Ask not the throng which pace the crowded street,
Where broom and shovel cleared paths for their
feet.

They know as little of the depth of snow
As of the land where milk and honey flow.
Traverse the highways, cast one sideward glance,
Oft you would mount up higher than the fence;
Or meet a team and take your downward course,
Plunge overhead, the driver and the horse;
Or, in the woods, where labor bids us tread,
Oft unexpected, plump near overhead,
Or fall a tree, pluff out of sight it flies,
Just the small branches meet our gazing eyes.
Cold Canada—no milder name I find—
This winter leaves that impress on our mind;
Such frost and storms, unusual depth of snow,
Past fifty years, to this no equal shows.

For two long months the sun was almost hid,
While out of doors one shrank to put their head,
Or if they ventured ere the day did close,
Found hands and feet, or faces badly froze.
Alternate north winds cold and piercing blew,
The dazzling snow, in blinding drifts it flew
To sheltered spots, where it in wreaths did lie,
In shapes and beauty pleasing to the eye.
Such frosts the hardy Esquimaux would dread,
It made our teeth play chatter in our head,
While from our eyes the cold-forced tear arose,
And chains of ice betwixt the mouth and nose.
The lifeless timber in the buildings crack,
The cattle crouched with arch-shaped rainbow
back,

The wool-clothed sheep with bitter cold did bleat;
The fowls sat cowering, covering up their feet,
The noisy pigs rang out their dread alarm,
Ran round their pen and squealed to keep them
warm.

Within the granary lay the thieving mice
So stiff and lifeless, hard as chunks of ice.

O Canada! free, prosperous land,
Cold Seventy-five shall on thy record stand
That those unborn in future years may know
This winter's story of storms, frost and snow,
The wintry clouds loaded with pearly snow,
Or furious storms have but their time to blow.
The banks of snow, or ice, on lakes and bay
Must soon succumb, yes, melt and pass away;
Soon will the sun all winter's work destroy,
Our frost bit faces then will beam with joy,
Instead of storms shall early warblers sing,
To hail with us the Canadian spring.

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LINES ON THE SUDDEN DEATH OF
THE HERO OF THE TYNE.

The sun was scarcely two hours high,
The morn was bright and clear—
Two bird-like boats attract the eye,
Swift through the water steer.

The first contained the Paris crew,
With stroke so soft and fine ;
Closs by their side with vigour drew
The Champions of the Tyne.

Renforth, the hero of the four,
And leader of the stroke,
With skilful hands he dipped his oar,
But not one word he spoke.

"One noble spurt !" his comrades cried,
"To make our laurels shine ?"
Mark well his words—"I cant !" replied
The hero of the Tyne.

Onward—still onward—side by side,
These rival boats dash on !
Their powerful strokes so long and wide—
But Renforth's stroke was gone !

Though once possessed with strength and skill,
There was a power Divine,
Adverse that day to Renforth's will,
The hero of the Tyne.

The assembled crowd might wave or cheer,
What could their plaudits serve ?
Affliction seized his frame severe,
Benumbing every nerve !

One backward glance—then dropped his oar,
His erect head decline ;
His grief-seized comrades pulled ashore,
With the hero of the Tyne.

There lay the champion of the Thames—
And of the Tyne also !
No former victories—honored names—
Could ease one writhing thro' !

At seven—so cheerful, light and gay,
But e'er the clock strikes nine,
A lifeless corpse in silence lay,
The hero of the Tyne !

No more his hand shall grasp the oar,
Nor feet tread native place ;
His weeping widow shall no more
Behold his welcome face.

Heroes, let them be great or small,
All must to death resign !
In prime of life did Renforth fall—
Famed hero of the Tyne.

THEY HAVE PASSED AWAY.

When children round our father's hearth,
With young and tender heart,
The play, the laugh of joyful mirth,
We dreamt not we must part.
The love, the smiles of sister, brother,
Still haunt us to this day,
Loving father, tender mother,
Perhaps has passed away.

How small the family circle seems,
Compared with what it was ;
How changed are all our youthful dreams ;
We wonder at the cause.
Some fell amidst the battle's rage,
A hero's death had they—
Some faded, died in youthful age ;
Young, old, must pass away.

We call to mind the happy days,
Of youthful sport and joys ;
And those that joined us in our plays,
When young and thoughtless boys.
Alas, where have our playmates gone,
With whom we used to play,
Some to strange lands where fortune shone,
Many have passed away.

From youth to manhood we arrived,
When youth and health combined ;
Much daily pleasure we derived
From comrades true and kind.
Where now are our associates true,
We loved in early day,
In different climes—while not a few,
By death have passed away.

In vain we look with anxious eyes
Or long with aching heart.
For those we loved by tender ties—
Death snapped that cord apart.
Many for months, a few for years,
In lingering sickness lay ;
A sudden call another hears,
And quickly pass away.

While looking round our present home,
Such numerous blanks we see,

Friends, neighbors gone to their long home,
Familiar once to me.
The baby drops from its mother's breast,
The head of silver grey,
The vigorous youth is laid at rest ;
All ages pass away.

There's no discharge in that great war,
Each must with death engage ;
Victorious death, thy hand shall mar
The babe, the youth, the sage.
No matter whether rich or poor,
All must the call obey—
Riches can no escape procure,
All ranks must pass away.

Of late we saw the fresh and fair,
Cut down in youth and bloom,
Freed from this world's busy care,
Sleeps peaceful in the tomb.
Above the wreaths of drifted snow,
A mound of fresh raised clay,
That new made grave too plainly show—
One more has passed away.

Reader, death warns you and I,
Each time he strikes the blow ;
We watch our friends and neighbors die,
So we must shortly go.
We must obey that solemn call,
And mix with kindred clay ;
While time is granted, may we all
Prepare to pass away.

FIRST DAY OF APRIL.

O, Canada, I greatly fear,
This morning marks your name severe ;
The north-west winds so fiercely blow,
And furious drives the drifting snow.
Five months has nearly taken flight
Since woods and fields were clad in white,
Successive storms of wind and snows,
With frost that skinned the ear and nose.

The snow drifts in through every crack,
The cattle stands with crouched up back,
Sheep in some sheltered corner bleat,
Beneath their wings fowls hide their feet ;
Poor grumphy hates the storm to feel,
Above the blast he strives to squeal ;
Both man and beast to shelter cling,
Astonished at Canadian spring.

First day of April, is it true,
Such a wild storm has come with you ?
Instead of sunshine, breezes mild—
The raging storm blows loud and wild.
The snow-drop with its early blow,
Lies hid beneath the frozen snow ;
Or violets' variegated hue,
Alike lies hidden from our view.

Robin, first warbler of the spring,
Still stays in warmer climes to sing ;
To-day, instead of his round form,
The snow-birds chatter in the storm.
The horse stands idle in the stall,
The plough lies rusted since the fall ;
No whistling plough-boy strikes our ear—
The merry sleigh-bell still we hear.

Instead of buds upon the trees,
Naked they away before the breeze,
Crashing the boughs that will not bend,
Still bound by winter's icy hand.
We rose this morning but to find
The drifting snow and piercing wind,
Blinding our eyes at every blast,
Proving that winter is not past.

The storm has ceased, we raise our eyes,
To view the wreaths of snow that lies
In lofty piles behind the fence,
They must remain for some days hence.
The fields we wish to plough and sow,
Lies sealed by frost and clad with snow ;
We long for sunshine, genial shower,
To free our soil from winter power.

Loved Canada, I hold thee dear,
But dread thy winter so severe ;
While piercing frost and tempest roar,
It almost frights me from thy shore.

LINES, BY REQUEST, FOR MR. JAS. MILLAR'S CONCERT.

Teacher and pupils you have met to-night,
To give a proof of what you here have learned,
If time and talents you have used aright
Your skilful teacher his reward hath earned.

How sweet to hear the male and female voice
Mingle together in harmonious sound,
In sacred music, or in song so choice,
Wherein both parts and counterparts resound.

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As different talents every one enjoys,
 One voice untuned, others soft, clear and full,
 Both these we find among the girls and boys,
 That meet together at the Singing School.

Some throw the gift of music in the shade,
 They have not will combining with the power ;
 They listened not to what their teacher said,
 They only went to while away the hour.

There Jock, the Dunce, sat quietly in his place, -
 One might as well teach music to a stone ;
 The learned bear could growl as sweet as bass,
 Low murdering sound—half singing and half
 groan.

There sat another, laughing o'er his book,
 He has the talent, but he wants the will ;
 From side to side he turned a roguish look,
 To fun and frolic he employed his skill.

There were a few with will and power combined,
 They went to learn and learned with aptitude,
 Because the aim of their whole heart and mind
 Was self-improvement, their reward was good.

But as the rainbow various colors disclose,
 Or flowers appear in variegated hues,
 So different shades of mind the pupil shows,
 Could I but paint them in poetic muse.

One went, for there was music in his ear,
 Another went, he had a charming voice,
 And still another just to see and hear,
 Or with the crowd to make a little noise.

There sat that girl, but oh, how meek and mild,
 Her mouth well shaped to strike the alto key,
 Just at that moment one sly look from Jim
 Goes to her heart—then a dumb mute is she.

And yet one more, all perfect in her part,
 Strikes in, her voice melodious, soft, and clear ;
 One smile from him she cherished in her heart,
 She stops ; while blushes on her cheeks appear.

Sly, wily Tam, whatever brought him there ?
 At music lessons he ne'er gave a sound ;
 His pockets crammed with candles I declare !
 Among the girls how he did throw them round.

There's Jack the rover—well I know his aim—
 After the night falls he delights to roam ;
 He knew the pretty nice young girls who came,
 And he was willing to escort them home.

The girls' presence acts like magnet stone,
 To draw the boys without a word or call ;

But for their presence—ringlets and chignons—
 The singing classes would be very small.

'Tis true to nature we must all confess ;
 Then hand in hand let love and music go,
 Deprive man of the greater or the less,
 No heart to love, no voice to cheer his woe.

If there is one whose heart does not rejoice,
 Whose very soul with heartfelt joy expand,
 While he sits listening to the silvery voice,
 Singing the sweet songs of his native land.

If such there be, he has no heart at all,
 Upon his brow, cold, heartless monster stamp ;
 Send him to dwell where poisonous reptiles crawl,
 Within some jungle or a dismal swamp.

I see not one before me in this place,
 If from appearance I can judge aright,
 The pleasant songs brings smiles upon each face,
 As they are sung by friends that's here to-night.

I AM SOWING.

On the third of May, 1872, while I was sowing the last field of grain, I stopped as a serious thought flashed through my mind ; that thought I cherished, and in a short time brought forth the following :—

I am sowing, will I reap it ?
 That is more than I can say,
 Before these seeds can germinate,
 I may have passed away.

I know my life is fleeting fast—
 Those hands with which I sow,
 May both be clasped in Death's embrace,
 Ere the first green blade grows.

I am scattering who will gather ?
 'Tis a mystery dark to me ;
 Long before the full ear openeth,
 In the cold grave I may be.

As I watch the small seeds falling,
 Upon the fruitful ground,
 Ah, alas, while they are growing,
 I may sleep beneath the mound.

I am sowing, yes, and trusting,
 But my hopes may all be vain ;
 Perhaps my hands will never bear
 The sheaves of golden grain.

I may sow, another reap it,
 'Tis the common fate of man ;

Death regards no times nor seasons,
But destroy each hope and plan.

It is seed-time now, when harvest comes
Will I be there to reap?
Or will death, that dread reaper,
Close my eyes in their last sleep?

Will I reap? No man can answer,
It is God alone that knows;
Mysterious all his ways, and he
Doth none to man disclose.

But there was a greater seed-time,
And we are the seeds then sown;
By God's own hand we sprang to life,
Sustained, and preserved, and grown.

There will be as great a harvest,
We must all be present then;
When His angels will be reapers,
And the grain the souls of men.

I SOWED IT, I HAVE REAPED IT.

When I had finished sowing the last piece of grain in spring, a striking thought passed through my mind. The thought was, "I have sowed it, who will reap it?" Now, that harvest is over, the second thought naturally arose in my mind, "I have reaped it." The following lines will give a faint idea of my train of thoughts from sowing until reaping:—

Yes, I sowed it, I have reaped it, but no thanks to self or man,

It was only through God's goodness in extending my life's span.

Just as the last grain was scattered, ah this thought passed through my head—

Long before those seeds have ripened, I may sleep among the dead.

Health and hope still kept me trusting, though I did not know my fate,

And meanwhile those seeds had softened, and began to germinate.

As I watched the green blades peeping, from the fruitful, fertile soil,

Wondering still, if I should gather in the fruits of all my toil.

I beheld the round stem pointing, and with rapid growth it grew,

Nourished by day with sun and shower, and by night with pearly dew;

Still, I thought, before it ripened, weeks and months must come and go,

Long before the busy harvest, death, perhaps, would lay me low.

Showers refreshing, growth amazing, brightest prospects then appear,

Living, hoping, trusting, waiting, I beheld the opening ear;

Looking forward to the future, in my ear there seemed to chime

A voice, saying: "Man, remember the uncertainty of time."

Many sowed their seed in seed-time, with life's hope's more bright than I,

But alas! before the harvest, in their silent graves they lie.

I thought upon death's summer roll, perhaps God placed my name,

And summoned death to call me off before the harvest came.

Not so, his mercy bore me through another season's strain,

With wondering eyes and grateful heart, I viewed the golden grain;

I watched the sharp blades cut the stens, as one by one they fall—

True emblem of the sword of death, in time will reap us all.

Whether sowing or when reaping, may each farmer's heart abound

With true love to God that spares him, while each season passes round;

When he sows his fields in seed-time, a short period he should stop,

And crave God's richest blessing on his health, and life, and crop.

Yes, I sowed it, I have reaped it, unto God be all the praise,

Through His gracious, sparing mercy I have seen the harvest days;

And I thought while I was reaping, that a great harvest doth remain,

Then death's angels will be reapers and all flesh shall fall like grain.

THE AGE OF SHAM.

'Tis a strange world this that we live in, dear me!

Not the world but the people that's in it;

A sketch of a few I will give unto thee,

But I scarcely know where to begin it;

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Since Adam was made, or at least since he fell,
 In transgression he was the beginner ;
 Now the man must be wiser than me that can tell,
 A real saint from a double-faced sinner.

Man wears a fair face, though he smears not with
 paint,
 For I think it's religion he uses ;
 While he cheats like a rogue, O he smiles like a
 saint—
 His profession he sadly abuses.

From the diademed head that is decked with a
 crown,
 To the oily-tongued pauper that's pleading,
 Strict honesty, goodness, the rules they lay down,
 While deceit in their bosom is breeding.

They wrap themselves up in religion's broad cloak,
 With the wiles of the serpent they meet you ;
 But their smile and pretences are only a mock ;
 They array in that garb—just to cheat you.

'Tis the natural impulse in man I believe—
 We have proof every day that unfolds it ;
 They will cheat, lie and scheme, their best neigh-
 bor deceive,
 With a long serious face they uphold it.

You will meet them in various color and shade ;
 With deceit underneath holy armor.
 In every branch of profession or trade,
 From a lord to the green-looking farmer.

The preacher he tells you earthly things to resign,
 Or you never can merit salvation ;
 But he changes his theme from devout and divine,
 Calls on you for a liberal donation.

Some doctors will make you believe you are sick,
 When a short trifling illness affects you.
 Their pills and their powders are often a trick,
 For your cash they would almost dissect you.

State your case to a lawyer, how he smiles with a
 charm,
 Proof of honesty you would not ask it ;
 Till he hands you a bill near as long as your arm,
 Lawyer's conscience equals elastic.

Ask the merchant of dry-goods how his cloth will
 wear,
 Quite regardless of soul or his body ;
 Good, excellent, yes—he will boldly declare,
 When too oft they are nothing but shoddy.

Some grocers they mix things to such a degree,

It would give ample scope for a novel ;
 If your wife wish to give you a good cup of tea
 'Tis so weak she might use a scoop shovel.

See that honest-faced farmer, do you think he will
 cheat ?

Yes, he will, but he thought I forgot 'em,
 Selling apples, potatoes, coarse grain, yes, or
 wheat,

You will yet find some fraud at the bottom.

There are traders and agents in this garb may be
 seen,

When their truth will to falsehood surrender ;
 Though they sell from a match to a reaping mach-
 ine,

They will cheat like the old witch of Endor.

I have not mentioned half that is obvious to you—
 In my language I fail to portray them ;
 Among fair-faced professors, alas, there are few
 But are wanting—if justly you weigh them.

Don't wear a false cloak, you are better with none,
 Let not this advice fire your passion ;
 But if the cloak suits you, I say put it on,
 But don't make your religion a fashion.

MY POETICAL DOOM AND THE VOICE OF MY FRIENDS.

Where is the man without his foes ?
 Such favored one I wish to see—
 For I have mine as people knows ;
 They aim their wicked ruthless blows,
 And strive to injure me.

In word and action try—
 Saying his rhymes we are tired of them ;
 There is naught to be admired in them ;
 Poor scribbler, he must die.

The winter nights, when I have time,
 With a few leisure hours to spend,
 I try some simple, homely rhyme ;
 But never dreamt it such a crime
 As would produce my end.

My foes shout loudly fie !
 His rhymes so weak and shallow seem,
 A tortuous task to follow him,
 He and his muse must die.

They do their worst with tongue and pen,
 The bitterest foe can do no more ;
 They tell it to my fellow-men,

My proper place some filthy den—
Where hopeless criminals roar.
Their reason is just why—
My lines all void of grammar is ;
No mark of classic hammer is ;
Illiterate—I must die.

So say my enemies with a sneer
Of puffed up pride and classic lore ;
A self-taught man they taunt and jeer,
They cannot stoop to such a sphere,
It galls their feelings sore.
They raise the howl and cry :
Up learned men and frown on him !
Up critic lash and down on him !
Poetically he must die.

But I have friends, and not a few,
Whose love like radiant beams diffuse ;
They long have been and still are true,
They urge on me still to pursue
And nourish up the muse.
Saying : Bill you shall not die ;
In past you much have done for us—
You wrote both truth and fun for us ;
Your muse it must not die.

Bill, grasp your pen as you have done,
With shaking, toil-worn hand ;
Though enemies may be ten to one
Their wavering ranks shall conquered run.
Around you we shall stand.
Or chase them as they fly,
With victor's hand to grab at them,
Or thrust a bayonet stab at them,
Wounds fatal, they must die !

Both in our midst and far away,
Some secret and some open foes ;
But plot or publish what they may,
They shall not crush your simple lay
With all their aimless blows.
On that they may rely,
One hair they cannot hurt on thee,
Tho' they may spit and spurt on thee,
Their hateful rage shall die.

They circulate their ven'ous spite,
Nor stop at a little lying ;
Press onward, Bill, maintain your right
Till every foe the dust shall bite,
Lie vanquished, gasping, dying.
Hold up their drooping head,
Up to the rope and toll the bell,
Chime out one loud and extra knell,
Saying, friend, thy foes are dead.

WELCOME

TO THE SONS OF SCOTLAND, FROM TORONTO, ON
THEIR EXCURSION TO THE TOWN
OF PETERBOROUGH.

Sons of auld Scotia, young an' auld,
Come, welcome, to our hame an' fauld ;
Shame faa' the Scot that wad look cauld
At you, brave Sons o' Scotia.

You wedded Scots no come yersel',
But bring your wife and bairns as well ;
Unbuckled callants bring your belle,
And link her as in Scotia.

There may be half, there can't be mair,
First breath they drew waa pure Scotch air ;
Canadian Scots alike maun share
Joys wi' old sons o' Scotia.

Bring Donald in Heeland costume bricht,
Bagpipes beneath his oxter tight ;
Set Peterborough folks clean ghyt
Wi' the skirlen notes o' Scotia.

Make drone an' chanter squeal and ring,
Strike Tulloch Gorum—up they spring ;
They heel an' toe the Heelan' Fling,
The brawest dance o' Scotia.

Bring na braidaword, nor warlike spear,
Nae bluidy Claverhouse is here ;
Enjoy this day that freedom dear
Forefathers gained in Scotia.

We canna set ye doun this day
On heather'd hill or gowan'd brae,
Where some of you in youth did play
When little bairns in Scotia.

Tho' far fra there, love wiels its dart,
An' makes us act the Scotchman's part,
Wi' brither hand an' Scottish heart,
We meet you, Sons of Scotia.

This day recalls scenes long past by,
Enjoyed in youth by you and I,
O, spurn that Scot that would deny
He was a son of Scotia.

He has no richt to show his face
Among the rale true Scottish race,
Some barren isle the fittest place
For ane ashamed o' Scotia.

Such lots o' oatmeal it would take
To gie each one a farel o' cake,
Perhaps some auld Scot's teeth would shake

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To crack the cakes o' Scotia.

There's nane wants parritch, I suppose
Nor bicker o' guid Scotch kail brose ;
It's far ower hot for sic a dose
This day to son's of Scotia.

O, pardon me, that's but a joke,
Baskets well filled wi' better stock ;
They like guid stuff, like ither folk—
Though they be sons o' Scotia.

You acted selfish—here it lay,
Your advertisement for to-day ;
Why ? not one single word you say
About daughters of auld Scotia.

In song still bear them in your mind,
The lass, the wife, the mither kind,
Ah ! but for them where would you find
This day—one son of Scotia.

Sons of Scotland ! days like this
Recall the past, renew our bliss,
Convincing us there's naught amiss
In being a son of Scotia.

And why ? because her honored name
Has proved the pathway up to fame ;
To-day, how many heroes claim
To be true sons of Scotia.

Auld Scotia, thou are not forgot,
Sic visits bind ilk brither Scot ;
There might be mair to tie love's knot
Mair ticht twixt sons of Scotia.

Come, welcome ! sound your pibroch clear,
Toronto Sons of Scotland dear ;
I pledge my word, you will find here
Some true, loyal sons of Scotia.

When'er the thought comes in your crown,
Of another vist to this town,
Send word to this puir country clown—
He will meet you, Sons of Scotia.

The reading of the poetry was received with loud applause,
and Mr. Telford received many congratulations.

AMBITIOUS SANDY IN HIS
FIRST LOVE.

When Sandy left the parish skule,
He thought ta cut a show,
Ower muckle lair made him a fule
Before his beard did grow.

He wasna shure what he wad be,
Sometime he thought a teacher,
White necktie, black coat, tuk his ee,
Thinks he I'll be a preacher.

He passed the English Grammar smart ;
Dashed o'er the rule o' three ;
With dictionary off by heart,
Latin like A B C.

The doctor trade he thought wad pay,
Ta mix up drugs an' pills,
Or lawyer—for he kened the way
Ta mak' guid muckle bills.

He couldna think which une ta start,
A bricht career he scans ;
Some queer disease cam' ower his heart
An' upset a' his plans.

He read how fo'ks wi' love wad die,
He never felt its power ;
A bonnie lass that lived near by
Knocked Sandy fairla ower.

Na wi' her hands, far less her feet,
It was her dark blue ee,
That gured his heart sae quickla beat,
At times he cou'dna see.

He cou'dna eat, he cou'dna sleep,
His heart was in a blaze ;
Before his een her form wad creep,
Wi' sly bewitchin' gaze.

At times he met her on the street,
She smiled and passed along,
He gloured, he gaped, powerless complete,
His tongue it wadna gang.

Puir Sandy's was a piteous case,
Guess how he eased his mind :
At nicht to see her bonnie face,
Keek't past the window blind.

Reader, ye cou'dna be mair struck,
Tho' licht'nin flash shou'd strike ye,
Ta hear how Sandy gathered pluck,
An' said ma' lass I like ye.

She thraved her head wi' scornfu' glance,
Say'n ere I be your lover,
Gang back ta skule an' learn sense,
Or stap wi' yer auld mother.

There Sandy stuid stiff as Lot's wife,
Stirred neither tongue nor fit,

She finished Sandy's love for life,
He has na got ane yet.

He gangs about like ane insane ;
Fo'ks lanchs, as them he passes,
He says high learnin' cracked his brain,
Forsooth it was the lasses.

For a' the learning in his head,
It disna ser' a penny,
He hwd ta beg his daily bread,
An' live without his Jenny.

AN ANSWER TO MY FRIENDS.

To the Editor of the Times.

Sir, 'tis long since I within you sanctum stood,
Because I was not in a rhyming mood ;
In future, if the mind will jingle good,
Then look for screeders ;
My aim shall be, sir, if I only could,
Just please your readers.

My friends inquire if I in life remain,
Or if the muse has vanished from my brain ?
I am in life, enjoying health as well ;
The lazy muse appears again to swell.
The heat through summer with hard work combined,
Smothers the muse and seals it in my mind,
Like smouldering ashes lies the sluggish dame,
One gentle breeze fans the poetic flame.

The busy harvest with its toils is o'er,
The golden grain is safely laid in store,
The clicking reaper stands in silence now,
And I can muse and whistle at the plough.
When chilling frost air cools the autumn breeze,
And fading leaves fast falling from the trees,
Declining sun a milder heat diffuse,
With longer evenings prompts me to the muse.

The irksome insects dies and disappears,
Not one mosquito buzz around my ears ;
Ploughing and musing naught disturbs my lay,
Except a stone, or land horse steps astray.
When crows and blackbirds gather into flocks,
And autumn mud cleave to the buggy spokes,
And wild geese soaring to a summer clime,
Screaming above me starts me in my rhyme.

When leafless boughs the winds of autumn bends,
And frosty mornings nip my finger ends,
When waves becalm and ice seals up our lakes,
My dormant muse from trance like state awakes.

My work through summer occupies my time,
Which pays me better than to jingle rhyme ;
In autumn season lighter work I find,
'Tis then the muse re-kindles in my mind.

No stately mansion I desire to use,
Nor gilded study to inspire my muse ;
Give me the woods, the highway, or the field,
With nature's grandeur to my view revealed.
To nature, and to nature's God I owe
Thanks for my knowledge—little as I know,
'Tis not the teaching I received from men,
Enables me one single line to pen.

Forgive those lines, 'tis little they contain,
Make some allowance for my rusted brain ;
The autumn breeze may work my membrane clear :
In future something better may appear.
If health permits, and the muse does not balk,
Into your sanctum I may often walk,
With lines on love, and murder, if you will,
Or the great issue on the Dunkin Bill.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF A NEIGHBOR.

Death ! has thy weapon been unsheathed again ?
Another neighbor num'ering with the slain ;
As autumn winds leaves from the trees unlock,
So young and old must fall before thy stroke.
'Tis true our neighbor a long life had seen—
Near eighty years a pilgrim here had been ;
Sharing youth's joys, or pains of latter life,
A smiling girl or a more thoughtful wife.
Through life her nature was so meek and mild,
Her smiles and manners emblem of a child ;
A loving wife, a mother, tender, kind,
Five sons and daughters she has left behind.
The meek or haughty, lofty and the low
Alike, the gentle and the rude must go ;
The years which God allotted out to man,
Her sands of life beyond that boundary ran.
That boon called health she had abundant shared,
Vision or strength was little unimpaired ;
While unexpected, great affliction came—
Suddenly wasting her once healthy frame.
Patiently she lay, though crushed with pain severe,
She felt the hour of death was drawing near ;
Calm and resigned she bore the afflicting rod,
Through life she learned to place her trust in God.
Her feeble pulse still weak and weaker grew,
Life's blood fast ebbing, death appeared in view ;
When asked if she had the desire to live,

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No! was the answer she did promptly give.
 Life near its closing—death approaching fast—
 Still she was conscious to the very last ;
 No dread of death upon her face appeared,
 She seem'd as if some unseen friend was near.
 'Tis nearly o'er—her pulse still weaker grew—
 A death-like shudder—her last breath she drew—
 Could that be death! No waves of terror roll,
 Calmly to God she yielded up her soul :
 Upon that couch embraced in death she lay—
 A wife and mother changed to lifeless clay,
 Her sons and daughters shed the parting tear ;
 There, sad and lonely, stood her husband dear.
 Yes, she has left him in a feeble state,
 A deep disease appears to seal his fate ;
 To all appearance he will shortly go
 To meet her where no parting they shall know.
 Friends, are you old? Some are, and so am I ;
 The young may go—the old must surely die,
 Then, while the lamp of life is burning clear,
 Improve time's mercies e'er they pass us here.

It was at the earnest request of the bereaved husband that Mr. Telford wrote the above verses. He read them over to him the night before he died. It was stated in the verses that her husband was in a feeble state of body at the time of her death. Before the verses appeared in print, her husband had also closed his eyes in death. Such was the reason for composing the following lines upon his death :—

Oppressed with grief he stood with drooping head,
 Gazing in anguish on his silent dead ;
 There locked in death the partner of his life,
 No more to answer to the name of wife.
 I knew the thoughts that passed upon his mind,
 He told me he would not be long behind ;
 Some faint fore-knowledge-power he did not know,
 Told him e'er long cruel death would lay him low ;
 Suffering severe from Dropsical disease,
 Slowly, still upward creeping by degrees,
 The heart is reached, the waters overflow,
 Death, king of terrors, struck the fatal blow.
 How strange to us is God's mysterious ways—
 Betwixt their deaths two weeks and two short days ;
 Near fifty years they lived together here,
 How short their parting, and their deaths so near.
 The pains of death he calmly did endure,
 And why? because he felt his soul secure ;
 Mark well his words, "O Lord, thy will be done,
 This night I trust in God's eternal Son."
 We knew him as an early pioneer,
 Chopping down forests now in fields so clear.
 Through trials and hardships diligence repays,
 With peace and plenty in his feeble days.
 He led a quiet, inoffensive life,

A friend of peace, an enemy to strife ;
 Upon religion freely would exhort,
 His views were clear, his words decisive, short.
 Serving his master, as through life he trod,
 For years an elder in the House of God ;
 Performing duties Jesus did command,
 The bread of life to fellow creatures hand,
 A well spent life at death true peace will bring,
 So death with him was robbed of every sting ;
 The cross of Christ, the precious blood He shed,
 Procured for him a peaceful dying bed.
 Death brings its terrors to the sinful heart,
 Sad struggle when the soul and body part ;
 They view the past—crime, sin and guilt is there,
 The future suffering, anguish and despair,
 How different was it with that long aged pair,
 Through life their motto was for death prepare ;
 Death's summons came at the third watch of night,
 Their grace trimmed lamps were burning clear
 and bright.
 The tender wife, death seized her for his prize,
 To heal the wound the husband took likewise ;
 Peace to their ashes till the dead awake,
 They sleep together near the Little Lake.

BURNS' ANNIVERSARY, 1876.

WRITTEN FOR D. D. GALLETTY'S CONCERT,
 PETERBOROUGH.

Friend Galletty, I am glad to see
 Burns is still admired by thee.
 His name, his works, like magic art,
 Stir up your sterling Scottish heart,
 On January the twenty-fifth,
 When frost bites keen and loose snows drift.
 Within this place bright faces smile,
 From Scotland, England, Emerald Isle.

A SIMPLE CONVERSATION BETWEEN CANNIE JOCK
 AND LYRIC BILL.

Twa cannie Scots, the ither day,
 Met in this vera toon,
 Sae they resolved a drap to hae
 In Chamber's quiet saloon.
 When ilka ane had got his treat
 O guid auld Scotch sae strang,
 It warmed them up frae head to feet,
 Their tongues began to gang.
 They talked about hard times an' want,
 Of winter's frost and thaws,

That work for puir men was but scant
 For either hands or jaws.
 Then quickly off their thoughts did stray,
 Back to auld Scotia turns,
 When lyric Bill to Jock did say,
Man what think you o' Burns.

Burns, quoth Jock, an' what was he,
 A rantin', rhymin' fule,
 He thraved the learnin' sair aglee
 That he got at the skule.
 He at religion mocks an' sneers,
 Just read his Holy Fair,
 Or take, forsooth, his jibes an' sneers
 At Holy Willie's Prayer.

Weel, Jock, I am surprised indeed,
 A Scotchman sic as you,
 Wad heap sic blame on Robbie's head,
 O things that isna true.
 He did not true religion mock,
 Far less guid christian men,
 'Twas those who used it as a cloak,
 That felt his powerful pen
 Auld Scotia may be proud, I say,
 Of sic a noble son,
 Na Scottish bard since Robbie's day.
 Sic glorious fame has won.
 The beauty of each hill an' glen,
 Of burn, an' bank, an' braes.
 In nature's self he dipped his pen,
 An' sang auld Scotia's praise.

O Lyric Bill, an' what care I
 For Robbie's best endeavors,
 To raise auld Scotia to the sky
 Wi' his daft rhymes an' havers.
 Had you been there to smell his breath
 While he was set inditin',
 A single whuf wad been your death
 Strang whiskey punch was writin'.

Jock, there is lots o' Scots like you,
 Picks holes in Robbie's coat ;
 He had his failins', that is true,
 Show me the man has not.
 Shame fa' the Scot that casts that stain
 Upon puir Robbie's name ;
 His vera fau't it is their ain,
 Half fu' they shoot oot shame.
 He took a glass for company's sake,
 Wi' cronies kind and true,
 An' when he did ower muikle take
 He was na' worse than you ;
 'Tis sic as you that raise the cry,

Your eyes like fire balls turos,
 Remove the beam from thine own eye,
 To see the mote in Burns'.

O Lyric Bill, ye ding them a'
 To mend where Robbie strays.
 O'er a' his fau'ts a cloak ye thra'
 An' crown his name wi' praise.
 I'll gie ane mair about the coon,
 Then we will drain our glasses,
 Fo'ks said he was an awfu' loon
 For gaun among the lasses.

Jock, shut yer mooth an' haud your tongue,
 Nae mair o' his fau'ts tell ;
 I dinna doot when you was young
 Ye was as bad yersel'.
 Robbie a noble soul possessed,
 Fu' o' poetic fire ;
 Love, man's best nature, filled his breast-
 The lasses to admre ;
 His farweel on the banks o' Ayr,
 When he frae Mary parted,
 The sighs, the love he breathed oot there
 Micht move the cauldest hearted.
 He was but man, an' when he fell,
 He didna' hide nor stint it ;
 He tells o' ilka faut his sel',
 Baith guid and bad he printed.

Weel, Bill, if half ye say be true,
 His worth I comprehend ;
 I think far mair o' Robbie noo',
 An' a' the lasses he penned.
 This nicht I own it to ma' shame,
 I bear the name o' Scot,
 I ne'er hae gien to Robbie's name
 The praise it should hae got.
 Ten times an' mair his book I've read,
 Sae careless like I took it,
 The gifts, the wut o' Robbie's head,
 At that I never looket.

Now, Jock, I hae ye by the nose,
 Just by yer ain confession ;
 Ye dinna ken guid rhyme frae prose,
 Could Burns make an impression ?
 Lover of poetry does enjoy it,
 As o'er each page he turns ;
 Sir, as a homely fireside poet
 Few equal Robbie Burns.
 He portrays love in touching art,
 Nature in every strain,
 To Scots his lines gang to their heart,
 An' waft them hame again.

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O Lyrie Bill, ye touch'd ma heart,
 I hae judg'd Robbie wrang;
 This nicht I'll act the Scotchman's part
 And to the concert gang.
 His hamely lines are far and wide,
 In every clime Scots find them;
 They read them at their Ingleside,
 An' scenes o' youn' remind them.

Repentance Jock ne'er comes ower late,
 I'll clasp your hand sae ticht,
 As here ance more we celebrate
 Robbie Burns' natal nicht.

ST. ANDREW'S SOCIETY, PETER-
 BOROUGH.

DINNA FORGET YER HAME.

A'm glad, an' faigs a'm nea ma lane,
 St. Andrew's Day has can'd again,
 Auld Scotia lies ayant the main—
 Far, far, away;
 But we, her sons, feel a' richt faim
 To haud this day.

I ken there's some that's gathered here,
 Wha never saw auld Scotia, dear,
 Nor sniff'd her air sae hailsome, clear,
 On summer morn;
 The heather or the scented brier,
 Or blossomed thorn.

Nor pu'ed the primrose frae the braes,
 Where cowalips grow an' wild deer graze,
 Or plucked the red haes, or black slaes
 Ripe frae the bushes;
 Wadin' the burn for hale lang days
 'Gainst faither's wishes.

There's faces here an' no a few,
 In Scotia their first breath they drew,
 Aft they hae trod her mountain dew,
 Wi' their bare feet;
 The hailsome fare that filled their mou,
 Was parritch sweet.

Few dainty bites was tasted there,
 Eneuch tu eat—but nane tu spare.
 Tu mak' ends meet they aye tuk care—
 Forgotten never
 Tu gie their sons a wee bit lair,
 Tu mak' them clever.

Yer faither's kent few idle days,
 Yer mither's mended yer bit claes,
 Just decent—but na daft displays
 O' fulish pride;
 A thing owre prevalent noo-a-days,
 The world wide.

There's ne'e, a nuik, I carena where,
 Where white feet trod, though e'er sa rare,
 The rich an' verdant, bleak or bare,
 I carena' whither;
 Ye'll find a canna Scotchman there,
 If there's anither.

There's mona a ane has fonn' their way
 To this far-distant Canada;
 They meet upon St. Andrew's Day,
 To haud a caucus;
 An' ta'k o' Scotia, far away—
 Taste cake an' haggis.

This wee bit tonn its share has got
 O' them that claims the name o' Scot;
 Can it be true? hae they forgot
 Auld Scotia dear?
 They winna meet wi' brither Scot,
 Just ance a year.

Sons o' auld Scotia! lagg na mair,
 Join brither Scot, na ranks compare,
 Let needy Scots your bounties share,
 Whatever your lot;
 A country's pride to love and care
 For brither Scot.

Auld Scotia, she is nane to blame,
 For a' the misery, crime, or shame,
 'Tis Aristocracy's hated name—
 That crush the poor;
 Auld Scotia will maintain her fame,
 While time endure.

Bards sang her praise—her sons drew steel
 Tu guard her name and honor weel,
 She spurn'd the tyrant's despot heel,
 Land ever free;
 Long may the name o' Scotia leal,
 Be dear to thee.

Aye, dear to thee wi' twa-fauld ties,
 Can Scot his birth place e'er despise?
 The dust o' your St. Andrew lies
 In your auld hame;
 In distant lands Societies rise,
 Bearin' his name.

Three thousand miles fra Scotia dear,
Ye hae that guid Society here,
Helpin' puir Scots when they appear
In deep distress ;
You meet thegither, ance a year—
For friendliness.

Come Scots, an' gie yer helpin' hand,
In this our new adopted land,
Let rich and puir thegither band,
Wi' richt good will ;
Tu mak' this guid Society stand,
A blessin' still.

May your Society hae success,
For Scotia a' wad ask na less,
Ye needna yer bit lungs oppress,
Far less drap tears ;
Let ilka ane his mind express,
Wi' hearty cheers.

ONE OF THE DECEIVED SCOTS.

As I was toddling up the street,
Wi' Scotch Jock Nicholls I did meet,
His head was doon near to his feet—
Nevertheless,
He speired what I thocht o' the cheat
Of " that address."

He raised his head, he laucht outright,
Though he was neither daft nor ticht,
Nor yet was he inclined to fecht—
At least wi' me ;
But had the printer comed in sicht !
Guid save his ee.

A perfect humbug he proclaimed it,
A cheat—fa' uglier things he named it,
It's language, true, he never blamed it—
That is first class ;
The man that painted, printed—shamed it,
Wi' his excess.

Jock, little do you think o' thine,
I'll tell ye what I think o' mine,
The words, indeed, are verra fine
If printed plain.
The man that got up the design
Reaps the best gain.

Wha e'er he was, it matters not,
Canadian, English, Irish, Scot,
Tho' roond ma neck you tie a knot,

The truth I'll tell—
He got the blind side o' the Scot,
Wi' his rich sell.

He maun hae great sight, I declare,
He might hae sent what he could spare,
I hae guid specs to gie me mair
Licht when I need it ;
But it wad tak' twa or three pair.
To plainly read it.

Sic plans and schemes some men invents
To catch the dollars and the cents ;
Wi' this Address some cunnin' gents
The Scots has spotted ;
For ilka ane, I hear, repents,
That e'er they bought it.

Scots hae the name—it's sometimes richt—
O' being cautious, safe, and ticht,
A clever chap, wi' sharper sight,
His dodge just hit it ;
His oily scheme—the picture bite—
The Scot outwitted.

Just then it struck twal by the clock,
Wheelin', I said guid day to Jock ;
He gaed aff whistlin', as I spoke
The words I write ye,
'Twas : Buy nae mair pigs in a poke—
The last did bite ye.

COMPLIMENTARY LINES,

TO OUR PETERBOROUGH VOYAGEURS, ON THE PROSPECT OF THEIR SPEEDY RETURN FROM EGYPT.

From England came a call for help, not for their
rank or file.
But men well skilled to boats and oar, to guide
them up the Nile.
Canadian's love to Britain's throne is neither cold
nor small,
Promptly the number they required responded to
the call ;
Each town and city on the front sent forth its
little band,
We find them from the far Northwest, likewise
from Newfoundland.
Hopes of assisting British arms dispelled their
doubts and fears,
To Egypt sailed our skilful bold Canadian Voya-
geurs.

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Despising dangers in the course their purpose to pursue,
 Caves, mummies, altars, pyramids, those they desired to view ;
 The ancient Nile—the garden soil, by travelers extolled,
 Egyptian customs, scenes and race, our boys longed to behold.
 Free trips to Egypt seemed to them a two-fold chance combined,
 To pilot up the British troops, and please their curious mind ;
 Those fine inducements made them feel as high as Grenadiers,
 Loyal ardour fired the souls of our Canadian Voyageurs.
 Although not born in the old lands of Shamrock, Rose and Flood,
 Through their young veins still courses free the old ancestral blood ;
 As smouldering embers burst to flames when fanning breezes blow,
 So to the call Canadians shout, All ready, we will go.
 Friends, comfort, pleasure, homes, sweet joys, they freely cast aside,
 Heroic ardour filled their hearts with magnanimous pride.
 No fond wife's pleadings, father's words, the loving mother's tears,
 Nor lover's sighs had power to hold our Canadian Voyageurs.
 They will not all return again that sailed to Pharaoh's land,
 Death has made breaches in the ranks of our brave little band,
 With some to run those cataracts their bravery seemed futile,
 Their skill and strength did both succumb to the swift and treacherous Nile ;
 By careless hands the rope from land was played out rather slack,
 Allowing the boats bow to diverge and take a side-ward tack,
 The roaring current struck broadside, around the frail boat veers,
 Defying the skill and courage of our Canadian Voyageurs.
 Their comrades watched them drifting down, their hopeless fate espied,
 Alas, the wild, swift whirling Nile rescue or aid denied ;

Helpless, they watched John Faulkner's fate, they heard his piteous cries,
 The scene unnerved the bravest heart, and tears bedimmed their eyes.
 The frail boat rolled from side to side, then swamped, and all was o'er ;
 The husband and the father sank, in life to rise no more ;
 True, more than him found watery graves—five other names appear,
 Six sleep their last sleep in the Nile—of our brave Voyageurs
 When our small wearied band return to home and friends and rest,
 Such happy smiles, such flow of love, the hands that will be pressed ;
 Dear friends will hail their safe return, fond hearts will beat with joy,
 The wife will press her husband's lips, the mother embrace her boy ;
 But there is one, no joy for her, in grief her heart doth mourn,
 Looks for her husband, but in vain, he never shall return ;
 Her helpless infant may be spared to say, in ripper years,
 My father perished in the Nile—one of the Voyageurs.

After finishing the above lines I could not erase from my memory the impression made upon my mind when I heard the sad intelligence of Mrs. Sherlock's death, mother of John Sherlock, one of our Voyageurs, referred to in the following stanza :—

Reverse the scene— he went from here a mother's pride and joy,
 She prayed, she pleaded, pressed, and wept in vain to hold her boy ;
 Perhaps he little thought it was his mother's last embrace,
 Or the last time that he on earth would look upon her face ;
 In Egypt but a few short weeks, sad news to him revealed,
 That mother's eyes he left in tears—Death had forever sealed ;
 No mother, but a mother's grave waits his returning tears,
 She may meet him, when he embarks, with death bound Voyageurs.

He was by nature and by birth to battlefields inclined,

When his brave comrades left for home, young
 Sherlock stayed behind ;
 He joined the British red-coat boys, to quell the
 swarthy foe,
 Before he faced these hostile hordes, dread fever
 laid him low.
 Instead of medals on his breast, gained by his gal-
 lant hand—
 Our brave young Sherlock's body sleeps in Egypt's
 burning sand ;
 No more to share the family joys, or father's
 hand to take—
 Nor view his loving mother's grave, close by the
 Little Lake.

WELCOME

TO OUR PETERBOROUGH CANADIAN VOYAGEURS ON
 THEIR SAFE RETURN FROM EGYPT.

To you, our brave Canadian boys, may this scene
 give delight,
 With open arms and loving hearts we meet you here
 to-night.
 Thrice welcome to our town once more, to home
 and friends and joys,
 Your mothers, wives, and sisters smile to-night to
 meet their boys ;
 Tears for your safety hath been shed, and silent
 prayers expressed,
 While in your frail boats you were tossed on the
 Nile's dangerous crest ;
 Their anxious thoughts, their sleepless nights, their
 grief change to a smile,
 In love and joy they grasp your hands—brave
 heroes of the Nile.
 Grief burdened hearts are glad to-night—the tear
 bathed cheeks are dry.
 The cloud that darkened many a home has changed
 to azure sky ;
 The old familiar voice is heard—face with Egyptian
 gild—
 Smiles in that family circle now, that vacant chair
 is filled.
 Sons, brothers, lovers—well I know some fond heart
 sighed for you,
 To-night she meets you for your pledge, have you to
 her been true ;
 Friends, comrades and acquaintance come with
 music, cheer and smile,
 Rejoicings hail your safe return, brave heroes of the
 Nile.

You were not called to face the foe, with rifle, lance
 or sword,
 To stand like targets to be shot by bloody Arab
 horde ;
 Though not exposed to shot or shell, to steel or
 Snider ball,
 Your daring skill with boat and oar brings praise
 from one and all.
 The duties you were called to do you nobly did per-
 form,
 The watery elements you faced in sunshine, calm
 and storm,
 A rock-head here, a sand-bank there, or drift-
 wood's sunken pile
 Were watched by you, and safely passed, brave
 heroes of the Nile.
 Though dangers loomed on every side, and threat-
 ening death seemed near,
 You never wavered at your post, your courage con-
 quered fear ;
 The whirling stream, the rapids swift, you steered
 without alarm,
 The precious lives of British troops gave impulse to
 your arm.
 Though broken waters foamed and dashed o'er roar-
 ing cataracts,
 When life and death for victory strove, you never
 turned your backs,
 You rowed triumphant up them all, placed British
 rank and file
 All safe upon their destined spot, brave heroes of
 the Nile.
 As lovers of that dear old flag, we think it is our
 part
 To meet you and to thank you from the depth of
 every heart.
 For your courage and your conduct, for your
 bravery every hour,
 While conveying British heroes up, to crush the
 Mahdi's power ;
 Your dangerous voyage, and your success, has
 spread both far and near,
 General Wolseley and his gallant troops sound out
 your praises clear,
 The British people, British press, applauds you
 through their fyle—
 Justly you may feel proud to-night, brave heroes
 of the Nile.
 If the roll-call made in Canada was called out here,
 I say,
 Would each man answer to his name, that with
 you went away ?

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No, death has silenced several tongues, before their
work was done,

The fishes of the Nile may feast on Canada's brave
sons.

And many of your comrades brave in Egypt still
remains,

To oar or fight in Britain's cause, or die on Egypt's
plains ;

May they be spared, safe to return, each man of
rank and file,

With shining laurels on their brows, as heroes of
the Nile.

Our Canada is young, my boys, and little known
to fame,

Your deeds in Egypt will impart fresh lustre to her
name ;

If Britain needs your aid again, when she makes
her appeal—

You will stand forth to wield the blade, yes, either
wood or steel.

With gratitude to-night we thank that power above
that saves :

He guarded you safely up the Nile, and o'er the
briny waves,

Through all your perils His loving arm was round
you all the while,

And brought you safely back to home, crowned
heroes of the Nile.

BURNS ANNIVERSARY, 1877.

The following Address and Poem was read by
Mr. Telford at Mr. D. D. Galletly's Concert in
Peterborough :—

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, — As I can ben, I
speered at Mr. Galletly whet I was to say. He
telt me to say onything. Noo, I dinna' think
Mr. Galletly meant what he said ; for ye ae' ken
that Mr. Galletly is a rele Scotchman ; an' a guid
whene o' the Scotch is gae thin skinned. Noo, I'll
bate you a quod o' bacea tu a wheef o' yer pipe,
that he wad look gie thrawn, if I was tu say that
he wasna' a vera guid singer. But I maun tell ye
I was standin' on the street the other day, when a
freend says tu me : ' Sae yer gaen tu Mr. Galletly's
Concert again' ' Aye,' says I, ' if I be weel.' ' Noo,
said he, ' ye maun smarten yer sel' up a' wee, an'
no' gang there just as if ye had ben followin' the
plough.' ' Followin' the plough,' thinks I, freend ;
' queer weather this tu be handlin' the plough. I
think it wad be in the foundra shop instead o' the

field.' I wasna huffed at what he said, for ye ken
I'm na' troubled wi' pride.

" No proud presumption fills my humble heart,
I feel I can't perform the poet's part."

However, I tuk the hint ; but thinks I, to git a
suit o' new claes that wad be over extravagant.
But as the head is the sate o' learning' an' the
face is gie often foremost, I maun try tu improve
them a wee. Sae I can a wee while suner the
nicht an', seein' a shop wi' a painted stick stiekin'
oot, I thought I wad gang in an' get a clean shave,
Sae he hoisted me on tu a muckle chair, an' faith
he did shave me, for I believe he cut it oot by the
vera root. Then he went at ma hair ; he twisted
an' he twirled it ; guid faith, thinks I, freend, if
ever I gaed tu a concert wi' a towselled head, I
think it wul be the nicht. But he poured on some
stuff out o' a bottle, an' he sleecket it aff, no' sae bad
after a'. I was just thinkin' if ma wife got a snifter
o' ma' head the nicht, it wad put her in mind o' our
wedding day ; for that wa' the first and this nicht
the last time that ever a barber poured pomatum on
ma head. Ye may wonder at me datin' this piece
a day ahead, but fo'k say the Scotch is gae often
abint the hand ; sae a' thought a' wud take time
by the forelock ; an' another thing gared me do it,
fo'ks micht say that a' was a donnert Scotchman if
a' didna ken that Robbie Burns was born on the
25th o' January."

What on earth can hae brought a' ye fo'ks oot the
nicht ?

Scotch, English and Irish, if I can see richt.

Did you come here tu listen tu music's soft lay ?

Or tu honor puir Robbie on th' his birthday ?

Of a dramatic Shakespeare the English may boast,

While Moore or Montgomery the Irish love most,

Sae the Scotch hae their baird, they sae love and
admire—

At the name of a Burns it gars their heart fire.

It brings to our mind that bit young sounsie chiel,

As he turned up the soil on the grounds of Mossiel ;

He watched his auld plough as it thraved o'er the
soil ;

But the muse was at work in the midst o' his toil.

He stopped up his horses to watch the sleek mouse

As it ran up the fur' when he ploughed up his
house ;

The winter was comin', it's shelter was gane,

He pities its fate in a heart-touching etrain.

He is nature itself on the Scottish fireside,

Where the aul' sat sae solemn, the young sat in
pride ;

The joys or the sorrows, the lesson, the prayer—
He can mak' a heart feel tho' it never was there ;
He cou'd greet with the sad, wi' the joyfu' cou'd
sing,

Paint the auld gaberlunzie, or rhyme on the king.
He cou'd tell o' the rich wi' their dainties and
braws,

The pair he defended, maintainin' their cause ;
The sparkin', the courtin' twixt gloamin' an' mirk,
The ghosts an' the goblin's o' Alloway Kirk.
While round the bean stack he has Jock chasin'
J-an,

An' burnin' their nuts upon auld Halloween ;
Black coats an' lang faces, he pelted them sair,
The winkin' or trystin' at guid Holy Fair.
The guid or the bad, be it lasses or men,
Met the praise or the lash of his poetic pen.
He painted auld Scotia in language sublime,
Her rough rugged mountains he smoothed into
rhyme ;

The cairn, the Craig or the heather clad hill,
Oft kindled the muse an' gied work to his quill.
Sic grief marks his muse on the poor wounded hare,
Or the patrick he shot through the feathers ; na
mair

The nightingale, thrush or the warblin' thrang,
Lent sweet notes to his fancy while liltin' a sang.
Robbie liket the lasses an' thocht it nae shame,
For he ca's him a coof that wad nae do the same ;
A man without love has a heart like a stane,
Shou'd be jeered at while livin', an' sneered at when
gane.

His first hairst at shearin' he was but fifteen,
His calf-love was kindled for sweet sounsie Jean ;
If not in her ear he did whisper her praise,
Her worth an' her beauty he sang in his lays.
Ere long he met one that cast her in the shade—
A blythe winsome lassie, the young dairy maid ;
Wi' smiles sae bewitchin', her face sae well faured,
Highland Mary she conquered the heart o' the
bard.

His pen had the knack, an' his head had the art
Of tellin' the power of true love in his heart ;
Sic' soul-stirring raptures we meet wi' but rare,
As he meets wi' his Mary on the banks o' the Ayr.
In the midst o' his joys, ah ! cruel death struck the
blow,

That changed a' his bliss into sorrow and woe ;
Like a sweet flower o' summer she died in her pride,
Then he wept o'er her grave on the banks o' the
Clyde.

His songs cheer the auld and add mirth to the
youth,

True emblem o' nature an' panged fu' o' truth ;
He beseeched Afton water more gently to flow,
No' tu ruffle the peace o' his lover laid low.
His faults and his failures we freela admit,
For man in perfection we never saw yet ;
What was guid we admire, but the bad we forgive,
Still his works an' his name wi' auld Scotia shall
live.

Scotia never had a bard that like him sang her
praise,

Her beauty, her ruins, her banks an' her braes,
The valleys, the greenwood, the gowan an' the lea,
The sweet-scented heather, the auld trystin' tree.
But the young Ayrshire ploughboy struck up his
sweet lyre,

Till the prince and the peasant his muses admire ;
The thatch-covered cottages, the palace or ha',
Auld or young, rich or puir, he has strains for
them a'.

But in Scotia alone does his fame shine sae bricht,
We wul add a fresh gem to his crown here this
nicht ;

As ilka year flees, an' his birthday returns—
Let us meet, yes, to honor our ain Robbie Burns !

AULD SCOTIA AND SCOTIA'S SONS.

Auld Scotia ! wee bit bonnie isle,
Fain wad I sing yer praise awhile ;
Half o' yer worth, richt weel I ken,
Can ne'er be tauld wi' my bit pen.
There's our guid Queen she likes to gang,
Amang the broom and heather lang,
Or sae wide the bonnie burn,
An' aye for ane that can't return ;
The green saven on the rock,
Or watch the mist—John Padden's cloak—
Her wanin' cheek grows fresh and fair
Wi' Scotia's scenes an' Scotia's air.
Birthplace o' mony a gallant chield,
Her hill an' glen the battle-field,
Her lofty peak, crag, rock an' scar,
Their watch-toor in the time o' war ;
When border-warriors 'crossed the Tweed,
To split in twa ilk Scotchman's head.
They crossed the Merse, the muirs they gain—
Ta' fecht—aye rather to be slain ;
When e'er the chaps wad show their face,
The warlike Scots were on the chase ;
The Scottiah steel their ranks wad thin—
Some tu the grund, some hameward rin.
Far frae auld Scotia's bonnie braes,

Whar aft we played in youthfu' days;
 Na time nor distance can deface
 The love o' hame in Scotia's race.
 Another year o' work an' care
 Has gone, an' Scots hae met ance mair,
 Ta sing o' Sootia, far away,
 And celebrate St. Andrew's Day.
 Some ca's the Scotchmen rather ticht—
 Maybe that's a wee thing richt—
 But richt or wrang a heart they've got
 Ta love ta help a brither Scot;
 Why your Society, I believe,
 A needy Scotchman will relieve;
 If honest want has brocht him low,
 Ta him some help ye wad bestow;
 When cauld the drift o' winter blaw,
 An' frost that wad maist lock your jaw,
 Yet ye are warm an' plenty meat,
 Mind them that's cauld an' nought to eat.
 Na doot there's some o' Scotia's race—
 That's poor eneuch in this same place;
 They hate ta beg, or yet apply
 Ta you, who wad their wants supply.
 Misfortune may hae been their lot,
 And left them here without a groat,
 Ablins it was affliction sair
 That drained their purse an' left them bare;
 Perhaps they hae themsel's ta blame—
 A wafu' life o' sin and shame;
 Ta tell the truth, richt weel I ken,
 Scots hae their faults like ither men,
 Forsooth, there's guid an' honest Scots,
 Whar poverty seems but their lots,
 They idle gang—to work they're willn'—
 But, ah! they canna mak' a shillin';
 See that pair Scot! wi' grief he's shaken—
 Provisions dear—nae wages makin'—
 His pair bit wife in silence greetin';
 Wi' hunger his wee bairns greetin';
 Though sad your fate, cheer up a wee,
 Your brither Scots some help will gie;
 Although gien bites is quickla gane,
 Better to have sma' fish than nane.
 O, lang may your society prove
 A sourc' o' charity an' love;
 Should want some cannie Scot oppress,
 May you free gifts relieve distress.
 Losh, muckle pleasures maun it gie,
 To meet this nicht 'mang mirth an' glee,
 The haggls taste an' oaten cake,
 Ta toast an' cheer for Sootia's sake.
 Ance mair wi' hand an' heart o' thine,
 The cord of freenship to entwine,

Ta ane an' a' wi' heart, I say:
 "Aft may ye ha'd St. Andrew's Day."

TO A FRIEND.

I was grieved with what you told to me,
 Shame on those narrow-minded Scots that be
 Forever striving to display their power,
 Preventing others of a social hour;

They feel so good, at least in their own eyes,
 To mingle with inferior they despise;
 They shudder at the gnat, though it is small,
 And swallow up the camel, hair and all;

They are not Scots—they only bear the name—
 Loyal Scots would brand them with the stigma
shame!

I always find auld Scotia's sons at heart
 Are glad to meet but very loath to part.

BY REQUEST.

It's thirteen years if no ane mair.
 I first St. Andrew's feast did share,
 An' let the nicht be foul or fare
 Nae weather stapt me;
 Tho' the frost rind hang on ma hair,
 Or snow flakes hapt me.

Tho' nipplin' frost my lugs did bite,
 An' aft my nose I had to dight,
 When driften snaw did stop my sight,
 I rubbed them clear
 To celebrate St. Andrew's nicht,
 I maun be here.

Eight years this nicht, I mind right weel,
 It wad hae tried St. Andrew's steel,
 To wade the glar I had to feel,
 I couldna see;
 Sae dark it wad hae glifft the deul;
 But couldna me.

I got a lantern if you please,
 An' row'ed ma brecks up to ma knees,
 The candle whuffed 'out wi' the breeze,
 Then dark as pitch;
 My length I measured by degree,
 Slap! in the ditch.

LINES

UPON THE AWFUL ACCIDENT AT NEWHARTLEY,
ENGLAND.

Above the pit, propelled by steam,
There wrought a pond'rous iron beam ;
Sudden it at the centre breaks,
And down the shaft its way it takes.
Downward, with violent, crushing force,
Death—falling timber—marks its course.
'Tis done, the deadly work's complete,
The shaft is closed one hundred feet.
When those below heard the dread crash,
Sad thoughts through every mind did flash.
Below, two hundred souls were there,
Six hundred feet from Heaven's pure air.
What their thoughts were no pen can state,
Doubtless, each knew death was his fate ;
The aching hearts, the sighs, the tears,
Faint hopes give place to doubts and fears :
Home with its joys would fill their minds,
Wives, mothers, sister, brothers kind ;
The visions fly, griefs intervene,
A dreadful barrier hangs between.
Long hours of suffering, hours of grief
Pass, but bring them no relief.
They congregate, their voices raise
To God, in prayer and in praise.
Escape is hopeless,—dark despair,
What would they give to breathe fresh air ;
Stout hearts must faint, strong arms must fail,
Since noxious gases them assail.

Ah ! hopes last ray is nearly gone !
The fainting father grasps his son ;
Their dying language, mark it well,
" Mercy, O God ! dear wife farewell ! "

But now our thoughts the shaft ascend,
Behold the grief of weeping friends,
Wives and mothers,—shrieks and cries,—
Sisters and brothers join likewise.
To clear the shaft the hands engage,
Three lives are saved from off the cage ;
Still downward work those pitman brave,
Striving their fellow-men to save ;
Each muscle and each nerve is strained,
That speedy access may be gained.
Each workman's vigorous power extends,
As if their fate was in his hands ;
Through the last barrier they prevail,
The deadly gas told the sad tale.
Six days of grief and toll had passed,

Now the yard seam is reached at last ;
Moved with desires of weeping friends,
Two daring pitmen now descend :
A fearful sight was there revealed,
Oh, every eye in death was sealed.
Back they now come in feeble state,
Their dolesome tidings to relate ;
All hopes were crushed, the stroke was brief,
The widowed mother sinks in grief.

Heart-rending scene, soul-sick'ning thought,
Their lifelike corpses to bank were brought ;
With trembling hands and tear-bathed cheeks,
The widow, son and husband seeks.
Behold that row of coffin'd dead,
Bereaved friends weep round their heads ;
They are removed—to cottage come,—
Now sad, but once their happy home.
O, view that silent cottage row,
All desolation, mourning, woe,
Emblems of death alone displayed,
In every house the dead is laid.
The hour arrives that mourners dread,
The living giving up their dead.
Gently they placed them in the carts,
'Midst burdened, almost breaking hearts ;
Onwards that mourning train proceed,
With drooping heads and silent tread.
No splendour, pomp, nor plume there waves,
They halt beside those open graves.
To them the last sad tribute paid,
In the grave their last remains are laid ;
They leave the dead in their last sleep,
The living seek their homes to weep.

HE'S ONLY A FARMER.

He is only just a farmer, so many a person says,
At least in cities or in towns it is a common phrase ;
He's looked upon by many, good for nothing else
but toll,
A drudging slave from year to year in turning up
the soil ;
If he aspires to place or power, oh ! that they can't
allow,
They say the farmer's proper place is just behind
the plough.
One would think to hear them talking that the
farmer nothing knows
But the pedigree of his own stock or the names of
crops he grows.

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He is looked on as some useless being, some freak of nature made.
 "He's nothing but a farmer," by two classes that is said,
 The first is thoughtlessness of speech, but meaning no offence,
 The second those full of conceit and void of common sense.
 If on business or for pleasure when the farmer drives to town,
 He need not stretch his ears to hear one call him "country clown."
 Conceit and impudence combined increasing by degrees,
 The next slang phrase that greets his ear, "clod hopper" if you please.
 He is the subject of comment as he walks down the street,
 Some laughing at his home-spun grey or clumsy country feet ;
 His heels don't strike the planks just so, nor does he walk erect,
 A plain know-nothing farmer, oh, what can you expect ?
 He passes by a group of fops, their hats stuck on three hairs,
 Within each mouth a nice cigar just showing off their airs,
 They twitter, poking fun at him, with cane on side-walk rap,
 Perhaps he has more brains than they within his old fur cap.
 He meets with some stuck full of pride, brimful of self-conceit,
 Who think they are the only men of mortals made complete ;
 Their words and actions plainly prove their self-exalting views,
 That they are made from superfine, and farmers the refuse.
 They boast of manners, knowledge, rank ; much learning makes them vain,
 They view the tillers of the soil as if the sons of Cain ;
 Their haughty looks and scornful glance their high-toned thoughts express,
 They look down with contemptuous eye upon the farming class.
 They say : " There goes that farmer, why, he little knows, of course,
 But feeding cattle, cleaning byres, or going behind his horse ;"
 As he draws near they step aside, for the odour from his clothes—

Why it seems so very nauseous to their nicely-scented nose.
 Though he is only a farmer should his calling make you sneer ?
 There are various classes in this world, and men in every sphere ;
 Men cannot all be stylish gents, and walk with lofty head—
 Show some respect for those who grow the wheat to make your bread ;
 He is a farmer, but, perhaps, he knows a little more,
 Although his head was never strained with learning classic lore ;
 Perhaps the eyes that watch the plough to cut the furrow straight,
 Have volumes searched with studious care, gained wisdom, knowledge great.
 Among the farming class you'll find some men with talents bright,
 Who would do honor to that class if they were brought to light ;
 In farmers' dwelling or in field you could with numbers meet
 With knowledge just as clear as those who walk the crowded street.
 Rank does not constitute the man, no matter what degree,
 Mind is the standard of the man, whatever his calling be ;
 Though he use pencil, pen or plough, is skilled to handle tools,
 Real inborn talent moulds the man much more than books or schools.
 'Tis true he but a farmer is—thousands that name adorn ;
 Then use it with all due respect, not with contempt or scorn.
 Let careless youths show common sense, derisive language cease,
 Let farmers walk on undisturbed, and scoffers hold their peace.

DON'T MORTGAGE YOUR FARM.

You farmers rich and poor give ear, to what I say attend ;
 Don't angry get, I do not wish one farmer to offend.
 The simple truth I mean to state, though some may on me frown ;
 'Tis : lay no mortgage on your farm—take warning by Clark Brown.

He is but one 'mong thousands more, whose bright-
est hopes have waned,
By that one act the cup of ruin, they to its
dregs have drained.
Extravagance, their direst foe, ambition yields the
charm
That draws them on till they have signed first
mortgage on their farm.

When times were good, and crops likewise. pro-
sperity prevailed ;
Some spent as if good times would last and crops
had never failed,
But darker times and shorter crops their ruinous
power displayed,
And not a few that lived too fast in sorrow stood
dismayed.

They lived in pomp and pride at home, with daz-
zling show outside,
Though they should borrow cash to float them c'er
fair fashion's tide.
Though living far above their means, it gave them
no alarm,
They kept up style, though they should give a
mortgage on the farm.

The home-spun grey is laid aside—it looked so aw-
ful mean,
The shining broadcloth takes its place, more
stylish to be seen ;
The rumbling waggon stands at rest, they love to
ride on steel,
The glittering carriage sets them off, it looks much
more genteel.

Contracted debts, like time or tide, go swiftly roll-
ing on,
Their reckless course shows them, too late, their
hopes and farm are gone ;
The day has come—around that home large crowds
of neighbors swarm,
The auctioneer sells off the stock—the mortgage
holds the farm.

The picture's dark to not a few ; a brighter side
appears.
Thousands have labored, saved, and lived free from
all mortgage fears ;
Though living plain in dress and style, still happy
and content,
Shrewd, cautious, careful, watching well where
every dollar went.

The farmer, family, frugal wife, make one indus-
trious band,

From year to year they toil and save, a little keep
on hand ;
No puffed up pride can them ensnare, new fashions
yield no charm,
Their rule is : live within our means and mortgage
not the farm.

Economy, with care and tact, their chiefest daily
rule,
In spending, living or in dress, down to the farm-
ing tool ;
The boys don't put on airs, nor in their broadcloth
strut about,
Nor daughters in their silks parade—they feel con-
tent without.

No dollar without care is spent by either man or
wife—
No, not on costly luxuries, but needful things of
life ;
While Fred, and Sis, young Dick and Kate, each
bears a willing arm,
To add unto their wealth and keep the mortgage off
the farm.

And not a few have hardships shared, when adverse
fortune frowned,
They toiled and saved—to-day they rest—wealth
has their labor crowned ;
Ask their experience, they will tell words we
should not forget :
" We'd sooner ride in the old ox cart than sink the
farm in debt."

Yes, farmers, train your sons to work, if not to
hold the plough,
To earn an honest livelihood, though sweat rolls
from their brow ;
Teach them to save, what e'er they make, 'twill
never do them harm,
But keep the sheriff from the door—and the mort-
gage off the farm.

— ◆ —
LINES

ON THE PETERBOROUGH ST. ANDREW'S SOCIETY
PIC-NIC AT LAKEFIELD.

In the year eighteen an' sixty-nine
On the fourteen o' September,
I'll beat a groat the canny Scot
O' this guid toon remember ;
The morn was bricht, their hearts were licht,
The iron horse was anortin'.

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At early noon reached Lakefield toon,
 Ilk ane was bent on sportin'
 On pic-nic day.

When up the street the bagpipes sweet,
 Played "Ho, the Campbells comin',"
 Close to his back the Camerons' walk
 Wi' æ guid true Scotch woman.
 They reach the green, a lovely scene,
 Sic pleasant views presented,
 The river flowed, green bushes grewed.—
 Among them they were tented
 To feast that day.

Wee Davie takes his guid sharp axe,
 The fire he soon had blazin',
 Twa pats he hung on cross-stick strung,
 Whar tea bags jumped amazin' ;
 Faigs Davie's smart at pic-nic art,
 Few wi' him can compete, man ;
 Loud rang his notes, " bring on your pots,
 An' hae' it warsh or sweet, man ! "
 Suite task this day.

Men ran wi' pots, wives spread their cloths,
 Some fell to pound-cake slic'n',
 Piles, scotch ells high, o' cakes an' pie,
 They lookit rale enticin'.
 To wark they went, ilk ane was bent
 On their guid stuff devourin',
 Baith rich an' puir eat weel I'm shure
 Regardless o' fo' lks glourin'
 At them that day.

A' seemed content, bang dishes went,
 The games were now commencin',
 On hands they spat, aff went the hat,
 An' some their coats dispencin'.
 Wi' micht and main the muckle stane
 They thraved fra aff their shoother,
 The mettle ba' played bizz awa'
 As if't was fired wi' poother
 By Scots that day.

To see them jump, the ground they thump,
 Their hands an' feet gaed flingin' ;
 A lang legged chap when e'er he lap
 Oot ower them a' gaed springin'.
 The three-legged race maun hæ its place ;
 Two lads leg's tied thegither,
 They tried to rin, doon they wad spin
 An' tumbled ower ilk ither ;
 Folks lauched that day.

On boards prepared, our Scottish Laird,
 Glowed bright wi' adoration,

Auld Scotia praised the Scots he raised
 Aboon the hale creation.
 Some lauched an' sang, some e'ed the thraug,
 An' na doot some was sparkin' ;
 Nane durst transgress : tae o' the press
 Ilk word an' deed was markin'
 To print some day.

The President's clear voice got vent,
 His speech brought roars o' lauchter,
 He said " tis true Scots wad be few
 But for Auld Scotia's daughter ! "
 The bagpipes squeeled ; a guid Scotch reel
 Wound up the day's proceedin' ;
 They lauched and screeched, their hame they
 reached—
 Few o' them needed leadin'
 Fra drink that day.

THE BIBLE SOCIETY.

Sir, pardon me, for my transgression,
 Craving the aid of your profession,
 Be pleased to give the due impression
 Of your new press,
 To these few lines, free from aggression,
 Thanks I'll express.

Your weekly columns tell the tale,
 How men each other doth assail :
 Rancor, strife, malice, does prevail—
 Yes, above piety ;
 Let men of principles bewail,
 The Bible Society.

Members and Committees are writing,
 Sect against sect, malignant fighting,
 Their scripture phrases mixed inditing,
 Is little use ;
 Religion's cause receives a blighting
 Through such abuse.

Our serious friends may taunt and scold,
 Their grievances they don't unfold ;
 Forbear with me, if I am bold
 Enough to tell it ;
 A simple hint, if free from cold,
 With ease you'll smell it.

David, you know, in olden time,
 Translated all his prose to rhyme ;
 Those holy songs, their mournful chime,
 To them unpliable ;

To print the Psalms, they deem it crime—
At least in Bible.

A deeper plot, they did embrace,
The Secretary to displace;
One of their own tint, holier grace,
They did propose;
Bethralled in both, shame hid its face,
Hence strife arose.

A tall man, dressed in costume black—
The chief assailant in attack—
He fires, puts on his hat and walks
Out of the vestry;
To screen his plots, his dupes now crack
Their guns of pestry.

"Sincerity," "The Honey Comb,"
Seem buried in a living tomb;
The worthy farmer may succumb
From writing now;
As lambs before their shearers dumb,
He grasps his plough.

A carpenter, the next appears,
With polished words himself to clear;
While Tommy, he drives up the rear,
Forsooth! he slays them;
Excruciating—death severe—
In mortar brays them.

Forgive me, should I tell you plain,
You need no longer rack your brain;
Attend unto your classic strain,
Or local preaching;
The Psalms of David shall remain—
So drop your screeching.

Licentious writers! abdicate,
Display philanthropy sedate;
No more your wranglings promulgate—
But drop your pen;
Remembering the peace-breaker's fate,
Sing out—AMEN!

LINES

Addressed to the President, Officers and Members of the Peterborough St. Andrew's Society, for presenting to me an illuminated copy of the Caledonian and St. Andrew's Societies' Address, presented to His Excellency, the Governor-General, on his arrival at Ottawa:

Weel, brither Scots, I am rale glad to see
That you hae still some sma' respect for me;
When I received your bonnie, precious gift,

It gared ma heart loup nearly to the lift.

All I have done, I looked for no reward,
I took delight in being your humble bard;
If I have honored your Society's name
Or yet Auld Scotia's, I have gained my aim.

I fail to call forth language to express
The thoughts I owe you for that loyal address;
Tho' it is not what some desires to be—
That lessons not your free-will gift to me.

As iron sharpeneth iron to a point,
As screw or glue will bind the parting joint,
So, acts of kindness, such as I have got,
Will bind more closer Scot to brither Scot.

My friends behold it, wondering where I got it,
Enquiring slyly if I stole or bought it;
Friends, I did neither—truth I'll tell to thee,
My brither Scots presented it to me.

'Tis not its value—trifling that appear—
Far less its beauty, makes your present dear;
It is the source from whence the action flowed
That gives the value to the gift bestowed.

'Tis not the parchment, paint, nor skill nor art,
Makes that address so precious to my heart;
It is the language, loyalty, love, embrace,
Scot meeting Scot, with hand, and heart and face.

It stirs the soul with sentiments so grand,
Scot welcomes Scot, as ruler o'er this land,
The old Scotch spirit fires it's loving dart,
And bursts each love valve in the Scottish heart.

Your friendly act shall not be soon forgot,
A true memento from St. Andrew's Scot;
Each time I view it, it will bring to mind
Your good Society, and each member kind.

I hope that health will still be granted me,
With powers poetic, flowing full and free,
That in the future, as in bygone days,
My muse may sound out your Society's praise.

A TRUE HUSBAND'S WISH.

O, will they lay her by my side,
If, perchance, I go before?
Say will our ashes sleep together,
When the trials of life are o'er?

Do not say my wish is childish,
True the dead no joys impart;

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'Tis love's true spring from whence it issues,
Throbbings of a living heart.

How cold and hard that husband's heart
If here he no such wish desires,
His love, how selfish, weak and shallow !
It wanes, and with his wife expires.

There are such men, if men they be,
At such a wish scoff, shake their head ;
They say 'tis well to love through life—
It matters not when they are dead.

Not so with me, nor yet with those
Where man's best nature fills the breast
The wife we love and cherish here,
We wish with her in death to rest.

When first our hands and hearts were joined
The flush of youth was on each brow ;
Time, alas ! our heads have whitened,
Deep our cheeks are furrowed now.

Years have passed since we were married,
Hours of joy, and days of grief ;
Smile met smile in time of pleasure,
And in sorrow gave relief.

When adverse clouds did gather round,
And prosperous hopes had almost gone,
Her counsel and her aid did help
To brace my will and cheer me on.

When angry words of discord rose,
And threatening passion seemed to sway,
Love blending with its noble power
Ill temper crushed—obedient lay.

Or when affliction laid me low,
How patient watching she would stand—
To ease or raise my feverish head,
With easy, careful, gentle hand.

With all this kindness in my view,
The source from whence it springs,
United love which binds two hearts
Close as the ivy clings.

Each day I feel some inward power
Fresh from my heart it flows,
It tells me of a parting hour
When all those joys must close.

Then if such comforts, earthly bliss,
We share while during life,
A cheering thought, in death to lie
Beside a loving wife.

I know that death will break the cord
When each their race hath run ;
Then lay us gently side by side,
As if we still were one.

If you know a true husband's love,
Do grant the wish I crave,
That we may sleep the sleep of death—
Together in the grave.

A higher wish impress my mind,
When death's dark waves shall roll ;
Not bodies mouldering in the dust,
The welfare of the soul.

I seek that from a higher source,
Man has not power to give ;
'Tis that our souls through endless bliss
In unison may live.

THE HARVEST IS O'ER.

Rejoice once more, the harvest's o'er,
Our barns groan with grain—
The fertile soil rewards our toil
By genial sun and rain.

Our hearts did beat, while scorching heat
Made perspiration flow ;
The sun's bright rays, by Autumn days,
Now weak and weaker grow.

The seed we sow, then watch it grow
From green to yellow hue ;
Whilst God's kind hand live growth expands,
A rich reward we view.

Our arms we strain round golden grain,
Draw home each precious load—
To God our part, with grateful heart,
Thanks, for such gifts bestowed.

In truth we know, Ontario,
Abundance has at least ;
Throughout the land there is on hand
Enough for man and beast.

Across the strand, in mother land,
Their prospects look but drear ;
If true report, their yield is short
For the ensuing year.

Then let us raise our voice in praise
Since God has blessed us so ;
Cold is the heart that stands apart
No gratitude to show.

I say once more, the harvest's o'er,
 Low lies the once tall grain ;
 So one and all of us must fall
 By death's dread reaper slain.

We soon ehall feel death's icy steel
 Glance through our quivering frame ;
 Our body lay in mouldering clay—
 Our soul to whence it came.

♦ — ♦ — ♦
 MET AGAIN.

Mr. William Telford read the following address to the St. Andrew's Society:—

Tho' ye should stand with ticht clenched paws,
 An' girn, an' twist, an' rack yer jaws,
 Ye coud'na hand the wheel o' time ;
 It whirls round with every chime,

It's just as weel man hasna power,
 To tak' or gie a single hour ;
 Twall months hae swiftly passed away,
 An' brought around St. Andrew's Day.

It gives me pleasure to be here, —
 It looks like hame for ance a year,
 An' brings to mind our youthfu' days,
 We scampered o'er auld Scotia's braes.

We're met, but faigs we're na' our lane, —
 Through Canada's hale lang domain,
 Aye in auld Scotia, fair and bricht—
 They're haudin' there St. Andrew's night.

Na superstition brings us here, —
 Hame and this day we still revere ;
 It kin'els love 'tween brither Scots,
 Provides for those of straitened lots.

When needy Scots come to this toon,
 Your guid Society proves a boon, —
 Relieves, supports them, if they stay,
 Assists and helps them on their way.

Some calls the Scotch a clannish race,
 Just a' for luin' kin an' place ;
 There's ae thing I wad like to ken—
 Should we not lus our countrymen ?

Again, richt in yer teeth they'll fling—
 Sayin' there's some Scotchmen no the thing ;
 That fact is stubborn as a mule,
 But 'tis exceptions—not a rule.

At last they jump up with a killer, —
 The Scotch are hard an' fond o' siller ;
 There's few—what countrymen yo please—
 But's troubled with the same disease.

There's no a spot where white men be,
 But ye may simple Sandy see ;
 In forest wild, in populous toon,—
 Will there be Scotchmen in the moon.

Trace ancient history, you will find,
 That hardy race was ne'er behind ;
 While carnage raged, on battle field,
 Their honor with their blood they sealed.

Napoleon viewed, with wondrous gaze,
 The kilted lads, an' the Scotch Grays ;
 He was compelled to say ers nicht —
 "Like devils more than men they fight."

Yes, Scotia's pluck, and Scotia's steel,
 Gared Steel-clad Frenchmen stagger an' wheel ;
 Brave Scots, alas ! sad day for you—
 Your ranks were thinned on Waterloo.

Through mony a hard foucht battle field,
 We find them still the last to yield ;
 Up Alma's Heights, still sterlin' true,
 Where bullets thick as hailstones flew.

At Balaclava—Inkerman—
 The Russian blood frae Scotch swords ran ;
 Brave Coldstream Guards ! they let them feel ;
 Eleven times the point o' steel !

Aft Scots hae followed fife an' drum,
 As aft they back victorious come ;
 Bravery, honor, glory, fame, —
 Untarnished stands auld Scotia's name

'Tis not alone on battle ground,
 The trusty Scots are always found, —
 In georgous halls, or humble cot,
 We find the perseverin' Scot.

In pulpit, bench, as fitness calls,
 Or in our Legislative halls ;
 In banks, an' counting house, or store ;
 They're maist half Scotch, and sometimes more.

Some Scots prefer the bachelor's 'ife—
 A good few dians' tak' a wife ;
 The jail ower often gets its due,
 But faigs the gallows gets but few !

A cheer for Scotia far awa,
 An' for oursel's bath ane an' a' ;

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*Two Scow

Strive still to act the Scotchman's part,
With honest, pure, determined heart.

But losh ! I'm maken 't far ower lang,—
I'll throw my pen doon wi' a bang ;
Ae wish afore I throw't away,
Lang may ye haud St. Andrew's Day.

WI' SCOTS THAT DAY.

A SKETCH OF THE PETERBOROUGH ST. ANDREW'S
SOCIETY'S PIC-NIC, JULY 25TH, 1873.

The morn was gray, but Scots looked gay
Dressed up in Sunday's riggin',
Quick doon the street, they plied their feet,
Wi' big fu baskets swiggin'.
On board they spring, the Whistlewing'
At Parnell's wharf lay screamin'.
All safe aboard, they loosed her cord
And doon the lake gaed steamin',
Wi' Scots that day.

Swift on they gaed, the band they played
Scotch airs o' auld invention,
Wi' cracks and jokes, they reached the locks,
The big doors caused detention.
The big doors swing, the boats twa wings*
Wi lang poles through gaed shoven,
Next the boat came like a guid dame,
An' picked them up sae lovin',
Like bairns that day.

Set in the bow, of the fine sca w
Three fiddlers screved their strings, man,
Like driftin' stoor about the floor,
The lads an' lassies spring, man.
Wi' galopades an' promenades,
The schottische, waltz an' a' man,
In polkas twirled, around they whirled,
Till some thought they wad fa' man,
Dizzy that day.

On upper deck there was a squack
Set a' the Scotch astir, man,
It louder grew, twa pipers blew
The bagpipes wi' a bir man.
While not a few, the scenery view
Wi' wide stretched een was standin'.
E'er noon that day, wi' loud hurra,
They reached the place o' landin',
To feast that day.

*Two Scows.

They jumped ashore, their baskets bore
Beneath the trees an' bushes,
The white cloths lay gie flat that day,
Their loads them flat doon crushes,
Pound cakes an' pies, o' monstrous size,
The wives showed nae neglectin',
Roast beef an' ham, an' legs o' lamb,
An' cauld fowls for dissectin'
On pic-nic day.

Wee Davie grasped his knife sae sharp,
The shavin's flew like stoor man,
The fire blazed free, an' guid strong tea
In less than half an hour man,
Dipper in hand did Davie stand,
The sweat drap't fra his chin man.
I'll beat a croon, search a' the toon,
Nane wi him cou'd begin, man,
For pic-nic tea.

Scots are ca'd slow where'er they go,
That day had you been glourin',
Quick scene it was, their willin' jaws
Big whangs o' stuff devourin'.
Baith men an' wives, eat for their lives,
Till appetite lost tension,
Then up they got, gie stiff, I wot,
The quoits were just commenciu.
Chief game that day.

They played wi' skill, an' richt guid will,
Till half o' them were beaten,
Then Jimmie Whyte his broo did dight
An' Galletly stood sweetin'.
Tom Davidson, the first prize won,
Fred Mitchel his skill strained, man,
Wi' well aimed shot, the second got,
Bob Tully the third gained man.
Close playin' that day.

Up struck a noise, 'twas Elder's voice,
The runners he was startin,
Young Croft sprang clear off like a deer,
An' foremost in came dartin'.
A lauchin' case, the three legged race,
Some lichtly off gaed hoppin',
California Jack near broke his neck,
His onward progress stoppin'.
Half gait that day.

The jumpin' starts, young Stewart sae smart,
Oot ower them a' he gaed, man,
When some did loup, fell on their doug,
Flat on their back was laid man.
Now Davie's pot again was hot,

An some their tea was drinkin'.
The whistle blew, the sound they knew,
On board they a' gael clinkin'.
Weel pleased that day.

Homeward they steam, the lichtnin' gleam,
Folks showed nae fear or cares man,
The music sounds, the dancers bounds
Around the floor in pairs, man,
The true Scotch bluid tho' auld was guid,
Their feet they played like drums man,
The auld Scotch reel, they danced it weel,
They loup an' cracked their thumbs man.
Best dance that day.

A' seemed content wi' that day spent,
Men, lasses, married woman.
The wharf they near, the band sae clear
Played, "Hn the Campbells comin'".
The day is o'er, safe on the shore,
In pairs they hame gael swaggerin',
Without a lee, I didna see
Not ane o' them gang staggerin',
Wi' drink that nicht.

LINES BY REQUEST.

While standing in a store in Peterborough my attention was attracted to a woman sitting with a child upon her knee. A gentleman standing near by said to me: "Do you see any marks in that face of the Cameron Clan; if so, can you compose a few verses upon the face now before you?" The first-born son of Mr. John Cameron, of Otonabee.

I no'er saw a face of the Cameron race,
Bears the impress of clanship more true;
Each line of his features is blended, blended,
With the tiut of the Cameron true.
On his young mother's knee he lay sleeping,
sleeping,
While his half-smiling face I did scan;
As he slumbered and smiled I stood gazing, gazing,
At the babe of the Cameron clan.
Oh! how calm his repose, as yet nothing he knows,
Of the hills where his forefathers trod.
When they boldly to battle went marching,
marching;
And their blood dyed Auld Scotia's green sod.
Still the sweet little baby lies sleeping, sleeping.
Just as calm as the zephyr at dawn;
While I in his feature stood tracing, tracing,
The true stamp of the Cameron Clan.
Tho' his eyes ne'er did gaze on auld Scotia's green
braes;

Nor his feet tread the heather that grows;
Nor his hands wave the sword often drooping,
drooping,

With the blood of the Cameron foes.
But the innocent babe lies sleeping, sleeping,
Oh! disturb not his rest if you can,
For his young, tender heart is beating, beating,
With the throbs of the Cameron Clan.

He sleeps far from the place where the Camerons did
face

Every foe that dared them to subdue,
Death or victory, their battle cry sounding,
sounding.

To retreat, not one Cameron knew.
'Tis a Cameron babe lies sleeping, sleeping.
But the wee sleeping chap diana ken,
He belongs to the clan, that while fighting or dying,
Shouting forward, yon Cameron men.

Tho' he never may hear the loud pibroch so clear,
Calling him to dreal battle's array,
May he face each life's battle, still proving, proving
That each Cameron is man for the day.

Now wake up the babe from sleeping, sleeping.
Peace flows where the streams of blood ran,
And the sword of the Cameron's lies rusting,
rusting.

Join in peace with your Cameron Clan.

SCOTIA'S PUIR BIT DAUGHTERS.

LINES FOR ST. ANDREW'S SOCIETY, PETERBOROUGH.

When cauld November's peircin' wind—
As hard as stanes seals up the ground,
An' whiles big flakes o' snaw appear
That gars folks think the winters' near.

Just when the nichts grow lang an' snel,
The canny Scots creeps oot their shell;
If ance a year their heart grows licht,
'Tis surely on St. Andrew's nicht.

They laugh to see the Haggis reekin',
In guid braid Scotch we hear them speakin',
Braggin' up Scotia's sons sae bold;—
HER DAUGHTERS GUIDNESS LIES UNTOLD.

They too have fought on battle field,
Armed wi' guid braid sword an' shield;
Creepit into castles; set men free;
Aft for their darin' bore the gree.

When at the schule do ye no mind,

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Scotch w

Sly ye wad slip yer hand behind :
A neive fu' sweaties ye wad gie
Tu some hit lass that pleased yer ee.

Right well ye ken the Scottish lasses
For looks an' wark there's few surpasses ;
Keek through the hedge on Scottish soil,
An' watch them at their daily toil.

Oot in the field the hale day lang,
Cheerin' their labour wi' a sang,
Whiles gatherin' wrak or rakin' hay—
A braw white shillin' for their pay.

In the hairst field they lead the van,
Sheerin' their rigg wi' ony man,
Or in a kemp ye may depend'
Their no the himmaist at the end.

Mang frost an' snaw without a beild
Shawin' the cauld neeps oot in the field ;
At night when the bright ingle glows,
They sit wi' cheeks red as a rose.

Ere lang some Jockie tak's his Jenney—
They're happy tho' no worth a penny ;
The but an' ben she keeps fu' neat,
Strivin' tu mak' the twa ends meet.

To save the coals sma' fires she mak's,
Wi' carefu' hand the meal she tak's,
Na strang tea spoils her rosy cheek—
An ounce will sair the hale lang week.

Knittiu' or darnin' she maun be,
Wi' bairny sittin' on her knee,
Her shillin's, tailors gets but few :
She mak's auld claes a'maist like new.

Scots ! wha o' you was born there,
Hae ye forgot yer mither's care ?
Has change o' country made it licht ?
If sae, gie them a place the nicht.

There's Scotchmen here, an' Scots fra there,
Canadian Scotchmen tak's their share,
An' ither countrymen that strives
For Scotia's daughters for their wives.

If your St. Andrew had a wife
To cheer his dreary hours o' life,
I'm sure he ne'er wad buckle ane
But sterlin' Scot o' kith an' kin.

Fill up yer bumpers, eer a' stap,
An' drain your glass to the last drap,
Scotch whiskey or cauld water clear

Drink health to Scotia's Daughters, dear.

I'm proud o' your success this year,
Right glad to see sae monie here,
To haud this nicht Scots claim a' richt—
Lang may ye meet on sic a' nicht.

A WELCOME TO KENNEDY, SCOTTISH VOCALIST.

Yer welcome back, my canty chield,
We're fidgin' fain to meet ye,
Not on the blood-stained battle field,
Here love an' smiles will greet ye.

Man, four lang years has nearly gane,
Since last we heard ye singin',
While Africa an' India's plain
Wi' auld Scotch sangs were ringin'.

The Scots wi' joy wad claw their croon
The first nicht they beheld ye,
An' heard ye sing the Banks-o-Doon.
Or Birks of Aberfelday.

Guid faith we are as daft oorsels,
For ilka time we hear ye,
It seems as if ye hae some spells
To draw ilk Scotchman near ye.

We like to hear the auld Scotch twangs,
Our Scotias glens and cairns,
O, come and sing the auld Scotch sangs
We heard when we were bairns.

Ye gar our hearts loup tae oor mouth,
Tho' our heads be turnin' grey,
Ye mind us o' the days o' youth,
An' joys that's passed away.

Our auld Scotch hearts tak's hameward flicht
When we hear your Scotch voice ring'in,
We feel at hame for twa short nichts,
While the auld Scotch sangs yer singin'.

Ye gar us laugh till sides is sair,
An' droons our deepest worry,
Ye sing o' love an' lasses fair,
An' tell a guid Scotch story.

Auld Scotia's poets the sangs did mak',
Tho' auld still good and glorious,
And ye are gifted wi' the knack,
To sing them rale victorious.

Come, Scotia's hero singer, come !

An' bring yer bairnies wi' ye,
For your ain sake, for Scotia some,
A bumper house we'll gie ye.

Lang may ye sing the sangs o' hame,
An' tell a guid Scotch story,
May naurht but death eclipse your fame
Or dim your world-wide glory.

ELECTIONEERING TIMES.

Election time yields food for rhyme,
Stirs up poetic notion,
The simple lyre bursts into fire,
And joins the wild commotion.
For weeks before your steps they bore
With suppliant devotion,
What'er your lot they beg your vote,
To aid them in promotion.

On Polling Day.

Some on their back don their best black,
And hat like stovepipe shining,
Gloves, cane to use, alligator shoes,
Looks pride and dress combining;
Some with slouch hat, with chips on that,
Or here or there a shaving,
Coat, tattered, too, with elbows through,
The poor man's friend goes craving

For votes that day:

The stately hall or cottage small,
They canvas condescending,
They meekly go to shanty low,
Though they should walk in bending;
They don't pass by a large pig sty,
If noise but reach their hearing,
Till grumphy's note says I've no vote,
Move on electioneering

For votes this day.

Free as the air they promise fair,
Pledges and great pretention,
What they will do, the taxes screw
Down to the lowest tension.
With words so sweet, your wrongs they meet
And promise compensation,
Give them your vote, bless'd be your lot,
Live on the corporation,

From day to day.

Stand and survey, on polling day,
Each candidate's submission,
With smile so sweet, each voter meet,
As he goes for admission.

Yes, there they stand, with outstretched hand,
Both black and white free shaking,
Tho' fat or lean, dirty or clean,
And no distinction making.

On polling day

Self pride falls low, they scrape and bow,
With countenance bright beaming,
They make the poor man feel for sure
Respect on him is streaming:
Believe them not, 'twas but your vote,
They sought with cunning judging,
Record it there they little care,
If with McWilliams' lodging,

After polling day.

Your vote secure, then take the door,
They have got all they wanted,
As ont you walk, they turn their back,
With scowl—for smile supplanted,
And should you meet them on the street
Next day they would not know you,
With some 'tis 'ue they think of you
Much as the ground below you,

After polling day.

Farewell to smile, handshaking style,
Election time is over,
Each shanty door they now ignore,
No entrance they discover,
'Till season's train brings round again
The time for votes and cheering,
With smile and bow aspirants go,
Sweet on electioneering,

For votes that day.

*Gaul keeper.

A BICKER O' BROSE.

It's a queer story this they are tellin' to me,
How the Scotch folk hae gotten sae fond o' the tea;
For they ne'er had the name o'd as ilka ane knows
The auld byeword was, "Scotch for their parricht
an' brose."

It's fashion, conceit, an' a sprinklin' o' pride,
That mak's the Scotch throw their brose bicker
aside,
But the tea and teadrinkers ever fail to disclose
That it mak's sic guid men as a bicker o' brose.

The bit dry birsled leaves that come o'er fra Japan
Hae na pith tae mak' muscle or flesh on a man;
It wull mak' them as yellow as the marigold
grows—

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The best paint for the cheek is a bicker o' brose.

Tea will weaken his nerves an' discolour his skin,
Till he looks like a ghost, sae lang, slanky an' thin,
But the muckle braid shouthers, and twa cheeks
like a rose,

is on him that is fed upon parritch an' brose.

Her nainsel stood an' glour'd at the first cup o' tea,
Auld Tonald the whish-washa stuff wudna pree;
For he said his praw legs, round an' plump in his
hose,

Got their size an' their shape from the picker o'
prose.

Langsyne, when the Scot foucht wi' naething but
steel,

In his hand waived the braid sword, on his back
hung the meal;

If a victory was gained, or at nicht the strife close,
He sat doon by the stream to his bicker o' brose.

In Abyssinia, Afghanistan an' Egyptian wars,
In the Crimea cauld, the wet trenches an' glaurs,
The brave hands that knocked doon the Russians
in rows

In their youth often scrap'd oot their bicker o' brose

But lang life tae oor kiltit lads, lang may they be
A bricht honor tae Scotia, tho' they tak' a drap tea;
But while drinkin' the beverage, or when conquer-
in' our foes,

Gie three cheers for Auld Scotia wi' her bicker o'
brose.

PRESIDENT GARFIELD.

Cruel-hearted man—if man I can him call—
That raised his hand and aimed the fatal ball,
Blood-thirsty act, dark, deep, demoniac plan,
To watch and shoot that good and noble man.

Yes, he is dead, that honored man is gone,
Both friend and foe alike his worth must own;
While ruling gentle, was a soldier brave,
Now ruler, soldier slumbers in the grave.

Quite humbly born, no fortune on him smiled;
Oft praying mothers elevates the child.
His young heart was cheered and filled with joy,
To hear that mother praying for her boy.

Endowed with talents, bright and numerous, too,
Rapid expanding as in years he grew,
His youthful soul sought not an empty name,
Increase of knowledge was his greatest aim.

His plans and hopes oft left him in despair,
His means were scarce, he little wealth did share;
Bravely he struggled up life's adverse road
Till every barrier underneath he trod.

As wild waves wash the pebbles to the beach,
What he had learned he stood prepared to teach,
Not to gain honor nor to hoard up pelf,
But earn an honest living for himself.

But soon the teacher's rod he laid aside,
And grasped the sword to hold his country's pride;
He daring bravery in command displayed,
A Major-General he was promptly made.

Onward he pressed with persevering tread,
Till earth's highest honors graced his noble head;
Esteem and favor gained on every hand,
Placed him head ruler o'er his native land.

Just as he reached the summit of his fame,
Life's hopes were crushed by the assassin's aim,
With thirst for blood deep lurking in his breast,
He lodged the ball deep in the brave Garfield's
chest.

The wound proved fatal, Garfield's spirit fled,
O'er land and sea the woeful tidings spréad,
Sad lamentations burst from every tongue,
His cruel, sad end denounced by every one.

News of his death did every mind engross,
Both high and low feels and deplores his loss,
All nations grieve and mourn, both far and near,
England's loved Queen has deigned to drop a tear.

The land he ruled is draped in mourning o'er,
And great men wept that seldom wept before,
Their grief is light, though tears bedim their eyes,
Compared with those bound by endearing ties.

Thought can't describe a mother's love so great,
A mother's anguish, pen can never state;
Of all sad scenes of sorrow, that was one,
His mother gazing on her lifeless son.

There stood his wife, all silent, calm, resigned,
Viewing her dead husband, all through life so kind.
No shriek of sorrow, not a tear did flow,
Nobly suppressing all her grief and woe.

His son and daughter in their youthful years,
Their tender hearts could not restrain their tears;
They felt the loss this world cannot repair,
A father's pride, a father's love and care.

Son, husband, father, ruler, is no more,

His honored name shines brighter than before,
The name of Garfield, and his tragic end,
To men unborn in history will descend.

THOUGHTS ON THE SEASON OF
DEATH.

Gentle reader, did you ever feel an anxious thought
like I

Upon death—on the season when you would de-
sire to die?

I know I cannot change the time or period of my
lot,

Yet I've the right to breath a wish whether 'tis
granted me or not,

Some may call mine a foolish wish, and show good
reason why

I have no power to fix the time or season I must die.
Perhaps they have oft breathed a wish just equally
unwise,

Desiring something which they knew they could
not realize.

I would not die in Autumn with all summer beau-
ties past,

Faded foliage, leafless branches, swaying with the
northern blast,

Hoar frost shining, chilling breezes, drizzling rain
and blinding sleet,

Frost nipped herbage, leaves of yellow, crisping
underneath our feet,

Gloomy season, bright sun clouded, every leaf stript
from the tree,

Herb and plant, bright flowers of summer, I don't
wish to die with thee.

Some that loved me might feel anxious to strew
garlands o'er their dead,

Alas!—they find but withered flowers wherewith
to grace my coffin lid.

Die in winter! surely never! how I shudder at the
thought,

Shall my life's decisive battle in the winter time be
fought?

Not one glimpse of summer's beauty, not one beam
of sunlit ray

Sent to cheer my spirit as it leaves its prison-house
of clay.

As from the hearse to open grave move my pall
bearers sad and slow.

In silence bear my lifeless body over wreaths of
drifted snow.

Death brings its terror at all times—in winter it
adds gloom,
To sleep the first night's sleep of death beneath a
snow clad tomb.

If I possessed the keys of death I would not die in
spring.

When nature bursts its wintery bonds and birds
begin to sing,

The ice bound lake begins to wave, the frozen
streams to flow,

The radiant beams of April sun, the balmy breezes
blow,

With bud and blossom, early flowers burst forth
to life anew,

The snow drop white, the violet, shows its variega-
ted hue;

Cut me not down 'mid fresh bloomed flowers, per-
mit me just to stay,

To gaze upon their richest bloom before I pass
away.

Oh, Thou that ruleth life and death, supreme on
earth and sky,

Oh' grant to me my earnest wish, in summer let
me die.

Amidst all beauty earth affords, each field and
forest green,

Nature in dazzling splendor robed to brighten up
death's scene;

Push wide my bedroom door ajar, raise up the
windows high,

Let the sweet fragrance of the flowers blow o'er
me as I die.

They tell me there are flowers above, fade not
with heat or cold,

Then let me gaze on those below till brighter I be-
hold.

Dying in summer, all things lovely, cannot bring
me joy or peace,

Though I die on couch of roses they cannot from
death release,

But as they vanish from my view their loss I will
not mourn,

From nature up to nature's God my closing eyes I
turn,

The cemetery's flowery scenes will be hid from my
view,

How pleasing they will seem to those who bear my
body through;

Friends and acquaintances will pause and raise
their drooping heads

To view the flowers all blooming fair upon the
silent dead.

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Smile nature as they lower me down into my narrow tomb,
 Show to the living summer fair, dispel the dreary gloom ;
 All things with beauty gaily decked, the trees luxuriant wave,
 High in their boughs the sweet birds sing, as friends fill up my grave.
 Death will its share of terrors bring to the best and purest heart ;
 To live in God and die in summer wipes the poison from its dart.
 I am living, trusting, hoping He my wish will not deny ;
 Both in Jesus and in summer, Heavenly Father, let me die.

A CAUTION TO FARMERS.

ON HAY FORK AGENCIES AND SIMILAR SWINDLES.

Two weeks ago a man came to our place
 With a long, sly and sanctimonious face ;
 He showed no semblance of deceit or guile,
 Each line and feature bore a pleasant smile.
 His tongue was primed with the best blarney oil,
 With serpent wiles to draw me in his coil.
 His words and ways so winning—that forsooth
 They seemed to me akin to Bible truth.
 He viewed my buildings without aid of glass,
 In flattering words pronounced them all first class.
 One thing you lack to save laborious work,
 Just let me give you my improved Hay Fork.
 Old man, in hay time you may take your ease,
 My fork will lift and lay it where you please ;
 Refuse my offer and you will repent ;
 It will cost nothing—not one single cent.
 I only wish to place my hay fork here
 So that your neighbors see its working clear ;
 For every order which you send to me
 You get five dollars as commission fee.
 I want your name, of course, that is no harm,
 To advertise my hay fork on your farm.
 He showed his form in which two lines were blank,
 Just a neat handle for his swindling crank ;
 Thinking me green—and simple, I suppose,
 He pushed the bait up to my very nose.
 His catching line he dangled left and right,
 I knew his scheme, so I refused to bite ;
 He wheeled around with disappointed grin,
 His under-lip was hanging o'er his chin ;
 He muttered something, words like these, no doubt—

“ With men such as you my game is fairly out.”
 Some neighbors, to their cost, were more unwise,
 They swallowed all his fraudulent swindling lies ;
 They signed their names, for nothing as they thought,

Meanwhile it was a promiss-ry note.
 The game is played, that note they quickly trace
 Some hundred dollars plain upon its face ;
 'Twixt rage and sorrow—they their loss deplore,
 Blood-sucking agents will fool them no more.

Now, brother farmers, my advice is plain,
 Stop every agent coming up your lane ;
 Show him the gate and tell him to make scarce,
 For going further he may fare the worse.
 If he persists in peddling off his ware,
 Untie old rover, let him have a tear,
 Don't call him back, let him have all he wants,
 Though he grips deeper than those fancy pants,
 If Rover fails, let your wife then try his nerves
 With boiling water, scalding he deserves ;
 How he would wince beneath the scalding waves,
 With a head and face much cleaner than he shaves.
 Believe him not, though honest he appears,
 But thrust your fingers into both your ears ;
 Through false pretences and with cunning lies,
 He'll draw the wool right over both your eyes.
 It would be well if farmers would stand out—
 Show all those agents to the right about :
 Buy from men honest, know what you must pay,
 Sweep all this travelling, swindling tribe away.
 There may be some with whom you are acquaint
 Whose name and honor stand without complaint,
 There are exceptions, but how small the host ;
 Auld Sandy has a mortgage on the most.

SCOTS BRING YOUR WIVES.

LINES FOR THE ST. ANDREW'S SOCIETY, PETERBOROUGH.

Losh me ! but time flees fast away,
 It seems but the loup o' a fl'a
 Since last we held St. Andrew's Day,
 Wi' nicht an' main ;
 In spite o' a' that folks can say,
 It comes again.
 In our auld hame, sae fair and bricht,
 Scots gather round the board this nicht,
 To twist the cord o' friendship ticht
 In feast an' speakin',
 Or muckle knife plunge oot o' sight
 In haggis reekin'.

I think their-verra voice I hear,
 In auld braid Scotch we lo'e sae dear,
 Kindlin' up kindred love each year
 Wi' celebrations;
 Baith charity an' love appear
 Through sic ovations.

In every country, clime or spot,
 That's favored wi' the canny Scot—
 Where fortunes smiles, or adverse lot—
 This nicht they gather;
 Back to auld hame their fancies float,
 Where blooms the heather.

Though scorched by India's burning heat,
 Or chilled by Greenland's icy sheet—
 Or tropic isles, with odour sweet—
 Is all the same;
 The Scottish heart still warmly beats
 For his auld hame.

In Canada—yes, in this place—
 The Scottish character we trace,
 These annual gatherings we embrace
 Wi' hearts sae licht,
 To meet each other face to face
 On sic a nicht.

This nicht, as I gaed up the street,
 Sic droves o' Scotchmen I did meet,
 Sae braw in their Scotch cap, fu' neat,
 Stuck on three hairs;
 Auld Scotia's thistle shone complete—
 Emblem o' theirs.

And here, around this festive board,
 Each brither Scot sits like a lord,
 Baith head an' appetite is stored
 Wi' meat an' knowledge;
 To Scots, this nicht mair guid afford
 Than skule or college.

It gars our heart loup to our mouth,
 They tell sae verra near the truth
 The words gang to our hearts, forsooth,
 Like burnin' flame—
 The joys, the scenes enjoyed in youth,
 In our auld hame.

FOR THE LADIES.

But hark! a sound has brought me other news,
 Sae I maun stop an' change ma simple muse;
 This year the Annual Dinner they hae changed,
 A social *Conversazione* is arranged.

Weel, I agree. On sic a nicht as this
 Let ladies come,—their presence brings its bliss;
 It helps to calm the ruffled waves o' strife,
 When Sandy comes an' brings his sossie wife.
 Whither Scotch or not, if married to a Scot,
 They claim the richt to share their husband's lot.
 The maist o' wives maintain they hae a richt
 To join their husbands on St. Andrew's nicht.
 Here they can sit, and hear some glibe coon try
 To praise Auld Scotia to the very sky,
 Blaw'n up the Scotch to be the best o' men,
 Perhaps some wife might think him leen' then;
 Or hear some words that makes their bosoms
 swell—

Of joys in Scotia they hae shared theirsel'
 Around the circle at the Scotch fireside,
 Before they crossed the rough Atlantic wide;
 Or hear some Scotch sang o' their early choice,
 Still sweeter sung by female's silvery voice;—
 It brings to mind that nicht, wi' heart sae glad,
 Ye said, "O whistle, and I'll come to ye, ma lad."

See! that guid wife her shooters gies a shrug,
 She lauchs, an' whispers in her husband's lug:
 "It's thirty years since we left Scotia, dear,
 This nicht brings back the scenes sae fresh and
 clear;

It brings to mind the dear auld trystrin'-tree—
 Our walks at gloamin', o'er the grassy lea;
 Frae ball or party, as we hameward gaed,
 Then ye did roll me in your auld Scotch plaid.
 Here ilka ane speaks in their mither tongue,
 It gars us feel as if we were growin' young;
 Back to auld hame this nicht our thochts decoy,
 As sure as death, I coo'd maist greet wi' joy.
 But list, guidman! I hear the fiddle squeal—
 Jump up an' join me in an auld Scotch reel.
 At Hieland fling we baith can shake oor fit,
 Though auld, guidman, there's mettle in us yet."
 Watch that young Scot, wi' his sweet lass sae trig,
 In hand an' arm around the room they swig.
 Polka they ca' it, but if I see richt,
 Faith, I wad say that they had baith gaen gyte.

When next ye haud St. Andrew's nicht again,
 Don't leave your wives set in the house their lane,
 But bring them here, as you this nicht have done,
 To honor Scotia's patron saint an' son.

SUCCESS TO THE CALICO BALL.

Robbie said, let the Scots be like brithers,
 Whate'er be their rank or degree;
 Let dochters an' wives come thegither

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In the same situation to be ;
The hatchet is lifted by some
To level the thin paper wall;
That the rich an' the puir here may come,
Baith alike at this Calico Ball.

This nicht thraw away a' yer ains,
The twist or the shake o' yer head—
The saucy or scornfu' glares
At folks that maun work for their bread.
Then away wi' the rustlin' silk dress,
Braw mantle or fine dandy shawl,
Send fashion an' pride aff to grass
Far away frae this Calico Ball.

Though yer kist be weel stowed wi' claes,
Or yer purse be wi' dollars fu',
The puirest Scotch wife now-a-days
Thinks she should be equal w' you.
Come! pu' yer saft hand oot the muff,
An' haud it oot freely to all;
Hard or saft, they are a' the same stuff—
Or should be—at this Calico Ball.

Sae join in the mirth wi' delight,
In whatever rank ye was born ;
Commingle as sisters to night,
Aud be as you please on the morn,
The Scots hae got them by the arms.
In couples they glide through the hall ;
Then dance! ye are John Tamson's bairns,
Ane an' a', at this Calico Ball.

COMPLIMENTARY LINES.

To a Young Lady in Morayshire, Scotland, for sending me a bunch of heather, hoping that it will inspire me to a loftier flight of the muse.

The Summer heat and harvest's weary toil
Crisped up my brain to a mere useless coil,
The sluggish muse refused the words to clink,
Poetic wit wrecked on oblivion's brink.

As springs the lion from where he secret lay,
Or hungry eagle darts upon his prey.
As lightning flash where thunder clouds does
gather,
So burst the muse when I beheld the heather.

Sweet winsome lassie—if a lass you be,
You might have sent out your address to me,
And when the Muse inspired me with its lays,
Your friendly act would share my humble praise.

Warm hearted friend, it was so kind of thee
To cut and send that precious bunch to me.
As healing salve will ease the aching part,
So acts the heather on my Scottish heart.

It draws me back to days, to joys, so sweet,
When on the heather trod my youthful feet,
To childhood sports, or manhood's nobler views,
And heathery hills, first nursery of my muse.

Long years have fled, and time has passed away,
From raven hue my locks have turned to gray,
This bunch of heather, without voice or tongue,
Makes me again feel as if I were young.

Madam, your present I admire and prize,
I have it placed conspicuous to my eyes,
I view its blossoms and I think on you,
Likewise auld Scotia, where this heather grew.

Heather of Scotia, yes, I thee adore !
Although my feet may tread on thee no more,
Not till the mist of death around me gather,
Shall I forget auld Scotia's blooming heather.

Unknown rewarder of my simple lay,
'Tis doubly dear, from one so far away,
Though I ne'er saw, perhaps will never see,
The face of her that sent this bunch to me.

Madam, believe me, though I know you not,
Within my memory you shall have a spot,
For unseen persons true respect will rise,
A feeling heart strikes deeper than the eyes.

Oft may you read the products of my pen,
Long may you tread auld Scotia's hill and glen,
I hold the heather; part with it—no never !
Until it wastes—or death our union sever.

THOUGHTS WHILE WALKING IN THE
LITTLE LAKE CEMETERY.

Slowly I walked among the silent dead,
Reading each motto placed to marked their head ;
The smooth green turf upon some graves were laid—
On others rich luxuriant flowers displayed.
There lies the statesman, silent and alone,
Oft in assemblies rang his silvery tone ;
Near by the warrior, once so bold so brave,
Performs no deeds of valour in the grave.
The men of science, literature and art,
Their tongue and pen have ceased to act their part—
Or would-be scholar, puffed with selfish pride,

Learned, illiterate, sleepeth side by side ;
 Figures inscribed marked out the snow white sage,
 Many I traced out down in middle age.
 The infant babe that looked so young, so fair,
 The rich and poor lie on one level there.
 Then down the hill I walked in musing strain,
 Before my eyes spread out the grassy plain
 Studded with marbles white as snowy flake—
 The bright sun glittering on the Little Lake.
 I stood and gazed upon the unsold lot,
 My fancy rested on that pleasant spot.
 With thoughts so deep my pen falls short to trace
 While standing there on my last resting place

Reader, I ask did you e'er stand like I
 Upon that spot where you would wish to lie
 When your last battle with grim death is fought—
 Is there not something thrilling in the thought ?
 Close by my side there stood a loving wife
 For twenty years the partner of my life,
 One wish I breathed, when death should us divide,
 There might our ashes slumber side by side.

The father's feeling with compassion move—
 I thought of children I so dearly love ;
 I may be first within that ground to lie,
 Death and the grave break the most tender tie.
 O, what is man, how fleeting is our breath,
 Or things of time, viewed through the thoughts of
 death !

All worldly pleasures we so ardent crave—
 Contrast them with the silence of the grave.
 Ambition vanished as I viewed that ground,
 Wealth, fame or honor seemed an empty sound :
 No praise of men, nor joys the world ere gave
 Can penetrate the precincts of the grave.
 Leaving the spot, I thought, but thought in vain,
 If I in life would view that spot again :
 If different ordered, duty says, prepare !
 No pardoning mercy ever reaches there.

TO A LITTLE BIRD.

Lines composed in the field upon a little bird flying off her
 nest where I was cutting thistles.

I stood prepared to strike the blow,
 And lay the prickly thistle low,
 When from beneath its prickly shade,
 A little bird great fluttering made ;
 I looked beneath its sheltering crest,
 And there beheld her simple nest ;
 Five little birds—but feathered not,
 Such mouths—I could see down their throats.

Sweet warbler of the field and wood,
 Fear not, I won't disturb thy brood ;
 Don't chirp and flutter o'er the ground
 Because that I your nest have found.
 I know paternal instinct brought
 You to this quiet secluded spot,
 To build your little cosy nest
 Where no cruel foes would you molest ;
 Here you did sit with little fear,
 And thought not I would find you here.
 The dart of dread soon pierced your breast,
 When you beheld me near your nest ;
 Fear not, sweet songster of the grove,
 I know the power of parent's love,
 I know thy love by signs expressed,
 The mother's feelings in your breast.
 Your young or nest a won't destroy,
 Nor show them to my little boy,
 Lest he would steal them from thy care,
 And leave you mourning in despair.
 Sound not thy grief-notes—mount on high
 No foe is here, a friend am I ;
 I know the love your instinct bears,
 And how my presence swells your fears.
 O, come back quickly to your brood,
 Their mouths are open for their food ;
 It grieves me that so near I drew—
 The Bard feels for a bird like you.
 I leave the spot without command,
 The thistle for your good shall stand,
 To shield you when the sun shines bright
 Until your little brood takes flight.

NEW YEAR'S MORNING MEDITATION.

This morn I from my pleasant couch arose,
 Kindled the fire as I was won't to do,
 Wondering if dawning morning would disclose,
 A change of scene apparent to my view.

Daylight appeared with bright and cloudless sky,
 Forth burst the sun with old familiar face,
 Nature itself showed nothing to my eye
 That the great change of time had taken place.

I to the buildings went my stock to feed,
 Wondering if they would know it was New Year,
 The fowls came cackling when they heard my
 tread,

But ah, 'twas only for their morning cheer.

The sheep stood bleating, knowing I was late,

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The cattle lowing loudly they did bawl,
The restless horses in a hungry state,
Stood watching, pawing, neighing in their stall.

All I have named possess an instinct good,
But they know not the seasons as they roll ;
Impressed with this I meditating stood,
And thought of man that's conscious of the whole.

The knell of time, my thoughts deep solemn strain,
Told me that time was flying swiftly past,
Gone one link more in time's progressive chain,
Another year into oblivion cast.

Another blotted from my history's page,
Another sand gone with time's tidal wave,
Another stage in my short pilgrimage,
Another step, yes, nearer to the grave.

Upon the past my thoughts did meditate,
Safe on the threshold of another year,
But ah, I know not what shall be my fate,
Yes, long before its closing hour draws near.

Joyful this day in health and strength I stand,
While life's best blessings to my view appear,
Wife, family, friends, go round and shake the hand
Wish compliments appropriate to the year.

Around the festive board, all mirth and glee,
Hearts light, high hopes, smiles round their faces play.

Amidst the mirth this solemn thought struck me —
Will this same party meet next New Year's Day ?

Mysterious future, sealed from mortal eye,
All joy to-day, to-morrow grief and fears :
Many bright cheeks in beauty blooming dry,
May soon be pale and sad with sorrowing tears.

Many no doubt beheld the New Year's morn,
But ere the sun set in the western sky,
Some from earth's joys and fond friends rudely torn,
On the first day a lifeless corpse they lie.

Just fifty New Years I have seen return,
Is this my last ? 'tis God alone that knows ;
My lamp of life, perhaps, may cease to burn
Before this year has reached its final close.

The blooming youth, the sage with hoary head,
From highest ranks down to the meanest slave,
Many shall slumber with the silent dead,
And sleep this year out in the lonely grave.

Yes, I have seen this New Year ushered in,
Many shall fall before its months are past ;
May you and I each New Year's day begin
With this same thought perhaps it is our last.

LINES TO JOHN ELDER,

FORMERLY OF PETERBOROUGH, NOW IN SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

John, I canna thole to be your debtor
For your long looked-for welcome letter.
St. Andrew's Pic-nic piece was guid ;
Man, how it stirred my auld Scotch bluid.
But there was something in that letter—
A thousand times it pleased me better ;
My heart lap maist fra oot its place,
When I beheld your Celtic face.
It brought to mind the nichts we spent,
When your Scotch tongue got fairly vent,
When roond oor ain St. Andrew's board,
At your fine speech ilk Scotchman roared
And lauched, when Elder up did rise,
To praise auld Scotia to the skies ;
Upheld ilk Scotchman fit for kings,
Or angels, if they had twa wings.

Our last St. Andrew's nicht, my chiel,
At Keene, O man, I mind richt weel,
Your vera words sae touched my thoughts,
I thought I was at Jöhunny Groat's.
I like a callant at hame did feel,
As we birred roond the auld Scotch reel ;
I thought I felt my young bare taes
Among the gowans on Scotia's braes.
When you left here it grieved me sair,
I thought I ne'er wad see you mair.
When I your nice true likeness saw,
My heart maist knocked my ribs in twa.
Auld freend, I'm rale glad to find
I hae a sma' place in your mind ;
As sure as wheels, man, rins the cart,
You still dwell in my Scottish heart.
In San Francisco, far awa',
I thought you wad forget us a'
The Scotch are greedy as a miller,
Their only thoughts is makin' siller.
I hope the California air
Will never change the love you bear
For Scotia, or for brither Scot,
Where e'er you are, what e'er your lot.

Losh, man, but I maun stop my havers,

Scotch Yankies winna like sic clavers.
Perhaps the Southern air you smell,
Has made a Yankee o' yersel'.
Thè San Francisco Scots, I trust,
Have still a tinge o' auld Scotch rust;
May you and them, that love retain,
Like me, be Scotch to the back bane.

Send over two or three lines to me
When your next pic-nic's gaun to be;
I'll come if boats and trains rins through—
Till then, auld freend, I say adieu.

P.S.—It was rale kind o' you to speir
How a' the Scotch was livin' here.
Both hale and hearty maist appear
Fra out meal melder;
And some o' them wad like to hear
A speech frae Elder.

DUNKIN MEN AND THEIR BANNER.

On the day of polling a banner was streached across George Street with the motto, "Vote for Christ or Satan."

Peace I admire and wrangling I distain—
Such kept me silent through the last campaign,
I would keep silent and not lift my pen
But for the doings of the Dunkin men.

Some voted Yea, but Nay leaked through the mask;
Their breath smelt strongly of the whiskey cask,
Others stood boldly to record their votes,
Flask primed with whiskey in their overcoat.

The news has spread alike o'er land and seas,
Of that base banner waving in the breeze.
No Crooks or Dunkin there for victory waits.
They—Christ and Satan—placed as candidates.

Disgraceful motto—blasphemous, profane,
Wild imaginations of the Dunkin brain!
'Twas no strange language—Hebrew, Greek nor
Latin—

But in plain English: "Vote for Christ or Satan."

Vote Yea for Christ, Shame, Dunkinite, on you;
Your candidate you never loved or knew.
If you had sat one moment at His feet
That motto ne'er would have disgraced the street.

Your banner draws the great dividing line—
Parts the satanics from the Dunkin kine;
Though in the past you wallowed in the mire,
Vote Yea: you safely will escape the fire.

So say the hot-heads of the Dunkin stamp,
With shining glasses—Captains of the camp.
Would that they loved their candidate more dear,
Then self-presumption would not shine so clear.

A cloak—a name—hypocrisy we find
The ruling passion in the Dunkin mind;
Remove that mask, and watch with searching eyes
Mean Dunkinites still drinking on the sly.

Take that dark banner, cast it to the flame,
And dress in sackcloth for your guilt and shame;
Show less that spirit—spiteful, vain and hollow,
And more of His, which you profess to follow.

A Scribe-apostle of the Dunkin kind
Conversed with Satan—for he knows his mind—
He said if Satan was allowed to vote
One more in count the Anti's would have got.

The problem's solved!—your motto points its clear,
Vote Yea—serve Christ; Vote Nay—and Satan
fear.

Oh, unjust judges of your fellow race,
How dare you stand in your own judge's place.

Too many Yeas is but a show, I doubt,
If back doors and their cellars could speak out,
If none but those which spirituous drinks eschew
Are good, I fear the number will be few.

FIRST ENCOUNTER WITH POTATO BUGS.

I went to my potato patch
To look how they were growing,
For I had heard some Yunkes pest
Destructive work was showing.

I stood and gazed with staring eyes
My brow with anger lowering,
The old bugs sat with gold striped backs,
The nice green leaves devouring.

There sat the old—but not alone—
They have great power for breeding,
Of different size and varied shades,
Thousands of young sat feeding.

I stood and thought what I should do
To stop their devastating;
Resolved to try if Paris green
Would check their masticating.

So down to Bertram's store I went,

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Pure Paris green home bringing,
In water mixed, to work I went,
Pail on my arm swinging.

As I the water sprinkled on,
Their pincher jaws kept playing.
They little knew that on each leaf
Their death drop I was laying.

I told the chaps to eat in haste
And I would call to-morrow,
I to their bugships said farewell,
And left them in their sorrow.

Next day I went with hurried steps
To view the scene of slaughter,
I clapped my hands and leaped with joy,
The air rang with my laughter.

Laugh at the dead—forsooth I did,
'Tis needless of denying,
There thousands lay upon the ground,
Some sick, some dead, some dying!

A few were sitting on the stalks,
They looked as meek as Moses,
* A little sick from Paris green,
They turned up their noses.

Others sat with two feet upraised,
As if for mercy suing,
While some were frothing at the mouth
Like beer when its a-brewing.

Many had tumbled backward o'er,
And by their feet hung shivering,
Others seized with spasmodic fits
Upon the ground lay quivering.

A few showing a defiant air,
Still at the leaves sat biting,
A second dose soon stopped their jaws,
Through death's gate sent them skiting.

As I stood victor on the field,
My slaughtered victims eyeing,
Wondering if upon Waterloo's
Dread field more dead were lying.

Each year when the vile bugs come round
To feast on my potatoes,
I let them taste the Paris green,
I give it to them gratis.

They eat it, sicken, and they die.
Death stops them in their mission.
'Tis just what every bug deserves
That eats without permission.

THE FALL OF THE LEAF.

Yes, the leaves they are fading and changing
From a green to a yellow and sere,
'Tis the change of the season arranging
The forest—for winter is near.

In summer when all things were growing,
The foliage so green on the trees,
When the soft winds so gently were blowing,
And the leaves quivered, moved by the breeze.

Now the chill winds of autumn are blowing,
From the boughs they are losing their hold;
Still a few their rich beauty are showing,
Some are red, others shining like gold.

But many have dropped and are dying,
By the stem they no longer are found,
Dry, rustling, yes millions are lying,
And crushed underfoot on the ground.

On the trees where the warblers sat singing,
Both the leaves and the music are gone,
There remains but the naked boughs swinging,
As the frost wind keeps blowing anon.

We beheld them all stripped of their beauty,
How striking the scene doth appear—
It warns every one of their duty,
Like leaves some are dropping each year.

Behold the sweet babe lying playing,
Resembling the bud on the tree,
But the hand of death often comes slaying
Those buds ere their beauty we see.

When the young in fresh beauty are glowing,
Like the leaf in the summer they grow;
When the cold wind of death cometh blowing,
They one after one are laid low.

Middle aged with each other seems vicing,
As the leaf on the top boughs appear,
Height serves not, for they, too, are dying
With the fall of the leaf every year.

Old folks their staff they are holding,
Beauty falls of the leaf they surveyed;
But how feeble the thread which is holding—
It may break ere the last leaf is laid.

There is nothing on earth so comparing,
As the bud, the blossom, and leaf,
For man through each stage is repairing
His life, so uncertain and brief.

As leaf after leaf, they are falling,

Cut off by the autumn's frost breath,
As we watch them a small voice is calling,
Behold ! a true emblem of death.

HANLAN, OUR CANADIAN BOY.

Air—Scots wha' ha'e.

The hand that rules did kindly please
To send a fair and gentle breeze,
And brought him safe across the seas,
Our young Canadian boy.
Young Ross, for sculling powers adored,
When beat by Ned slipped overboard,
And left his shell to float unoaded,
With our Canadian boy.

Upon the Saratoga lake
He made brave Courtney's muscles shake,
And gained the large Hop Bitters stake,
Did our Canadian boy.
Proud Riley boasted long and loud,
Ned nearly wrapped him in his shroud :
He left him like a flying cloud,
Did our Canadian boy.

He crossed the seas—the English gazed,
At his appearance looked amazed ;
He showed them Canada had raised
One brave Canadian boy.
The powerful Hawdon little thought
The skillful rival he had got :
He rested, laughed, and sponged his boat,
Our brave Canadian boy.

Then Elliott, with his noted skill,
Thought he could beat him at his will ;
He, too, received a bitter pill
From our Canadian boy.
Upon the Thames he Trickett met,
And gave him what he won't forget ;
Ned gained both championship and bet,
Did our Canadian boy.

His crowning fame, the Laycock race,
He played with him and kept his place,
He dropt his oars and bathed his face,
Our brave Canadian boy.
Australian, English oarsmen stand
With fallen crest and feeble hand,
Their challenge cup has crossed the strand
With our Canadian boy.

Well may they sound, with beat of drums,

" Behold the conquering hero comes,"
With vict'ry crowned and precious suns,
Our brave Canadian boy.
Australian gold, Australian fame,
Old England, too, must yield the same
To honor Edward Hanlan's name,
Our brave Canadian boy.

His victories on the Thames and Tyne
Grand wreaths of honor bright entwined,
Long may those laurels brightly shine
On our Canadian boy.
Brave champion of the world to-day
He holds on fair Toronto bay,
The belt, who takes the prize away
Must beat the Hanlan boy.

LINES FOR THE ST. ANDREWS SOCIETY.

A SCOTCHMAN'S HOME LIFE.

Sons of Auld Scotia, that loved spot sae dear,
I'm glad this nicht to see sae mony here ;
Some here was born among her heathery hills,
Some in a cottage, by her murmurin' rills ;
Some here ne'er viewed the Scottish peasant's cot
Far less his hardship and his scanty lot.
A few kens naething o' the Scottish life,
They noo are Scotch by wedding a Scotch wife ;
It struck my noddle as I took my pen,
That I nicht tell them things they didna' ken,
About auld Scotia—how the poor folks liv'd,
Sae I to them a simple sketch will give.
Weel, there was Jock, a muckle strappin' chield,
Summer an' winter workin' in the field ;
Steady an' carefu' he was a' his life,
Savin' his bawbees for to tak' a wife ;
A lass ca'd Jennie lived ayont the hill—
Long Jock had lo'ed her, an' he lo'ed her still ;
Jock popped the question—Jennie answered 'yea,'
Sae they were married on the term day.
The wedden' o'er, Jock slacked his long purse
strings,
An' aff he gaed to buy the bits o' things
To start hoosekeepin', but his purse was sma',
He boucht things usefu' but nane verra braw ;
Twa big box beds, wi' shutters close on' ticht,
To keep the bairns frae tumblin' oot at nicht ;
A chest o' drawers—their front mahogany shade.
Where Jennie's lineens could be snugly laid.
Sax chairs, a table, an' a cupboard square,
Four shelves therein to haud the crockery ware,

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To kirk on S
Wi' routh o'
Their health

A buffet stule craea an' muckle kist,
 Yee, an' a cradle finished up the list.
 A new day dawned, bricht shone the mornin' sun.
 When Jock an' Jennie's married life begun ;
 Jock gaed to work, while Jennie kept the hoose,
 Baith but an' ben sae tidy, clean an' douse.
 Smooth rins the stream, whereon no ripple flows,
 Long honeymoon. that ne'er comes to a close ;
 The music starts—a squack—then eradle rock,
 The family organ strikes the lug o' Jock.
 The auld wives feasted, jeered, an' poked their fun
 At Jock, aboot his first big souse son ;
 They held him up, telt Jock to come an' see
 The hairn—its father's image to a T.
 As months an' years their onward progress goes,
 As fast in numbers Jock's ain family grows ;
 At night when tired he sits to tak' his ease,
 Four bonnie bairns gaed toddlin' round his knees.
 Time passed—their family was increasin' still
 Jock had to work, ten little mouths to fill ;
 Himsel' an' Jenrie claes an' meat wad need,
 Sae that made twal he had to claith and feed.
 Jock off his broo the drops o' sweat did dicht,
 He felt that trials were gatherin' round him ticht ;
 His wage was sma'—twa shillin's for a day,
 Debts rinnin' fast, an' siller scarce to pay.
 The winter came, cauld stormy blasts did blaw,
 Dykesides an' roads was drifted fu' o' snaw ;
 Jock had nae work—he sought it far an' near,
 Coals, meal an' cleas, an' evry hite was dear.
 'Twas nicht, the fires low burned dim within,
 Jock sat, his twa hands handin' up his chin ;
 Jennie sat knittin', but her heart was wae,
 While round the hoose the thoughtless bairns did
 play.
 Jennie's heart was fu,' the tears ran as she spoke,
 Her words, like magic, raised the head o' Jock ;
 "Guidman, the coals is nearly done," she said,
 Waes me ! the oatmeal in sma' room is laid—
 Oor winter tatics is gaen fast away,
 An' tea we had nane fo. this mony a day ;
 O see oor bairns sae hadly aff for claes,
 They hae nae shoon to hide their wee bit taes ;"
 Jock gaed to bed, that nicht his sleep was sma',
 Next day he waded through the drifts o' snaw
 In search o' wark—he gaed till wark he got ;
 Rale tired, but pleased, returned he to his cot.
 The meal an' coals baith quickly were renewed ;
 On Sunday mornin' a drap o' tea was brewed.
 The bairns were clad, new shoon got for their feet,
 To kirk on Sunday they gaed clean an' neat.
 Wi' routh o' taties, brose and parritch, too,
 Their healthy bairns to lads an' iasses grew ;

To bake the baunocks and to boil the kail,
 And help her nither—she was gettin' frail ;
 The other lasses hired wi' farmers round,
 For ilka saxpence helped to mak' a pound.
 The lads, when schooled, some thought to learn a
 trade,

To labourin' wark some wi' their faither gaed ;
 Ilka ane's wages when they hame did come,
 Pnt a' thegither made a guid big sum.
 Trials disappeared, cauld poverty took flight,
 In Jennie's drawer lay a few sovereign's bright.
 When bairns they aften for a piece did greet,
 How changed ! when they upon a Sunday meet,
 As the tea-table with its burden groans,
 Shives o' fine bread, an' piles o' buttered scones.
 As chickens grow—as sure the shell must break ;
 Jock's grown up family soon a change did make ;
 Some they got married, some fell by disease,
 Some pushed their fortunes o'er the raging seas.
 'Tis long since Jock and Jennie ceased to toil,
 Their ashes sleep beneath auld Scotia's soil ;
 Twa o' their sprouts are now before yer sight,
 An' seldom absent on St. Andrew's nicht.

LINES

ON FIRST BECOMING A SUBSCRIBER TO THE SCOTTISH
 AMERICAN JOURNAL AND IN APPRECIATION OF SAME.

It's therty, aye, an' three years mair,
 Since I left Scotia's hills sae fair ;
 An' freen's great sair tae part wi' me.
 Wi' waefu' heart I crossed the sea,
 An' when at last I landed here,
 Losh, mau ! but things looked unco queer ;
 The woods, the stumps, an' muckle stanes ;
 The sicht gie near upset my brains.
 A deeper grief disturbed my mind—
 'Twas hame, an' freen's I left behind
 Aft I thocht on the Scotch exile,
 An' Selkirk, on the barren isle.
 'Twas seldom I got news frae hame ;
 Papers were scarce—few letters came ;
 I nicht as weel looked to the moon
 For news aboot my ain auld toon
 Till C——e C——n, a true Scot,
 Showed me a paper he had got ;
 He said, though frae New York it came,
 It was brimfu' o' news frae hame.
 It kindled up my auld desire
 To read the news frae Berwickshire ;
 It said oor auld parish kirk had got

An organ to ease Robie's throat,
 For my sma' purse your paper's dear—
 But, faith, I'll tak it for a year
 Though I sup crondy twice a day—
 The SCOTTISH-AMERICAN I maun hae.
 Your paper, sir, appears to me
 To bridge the braid Atlantic sea—
 I almost hear my auld freen's speak
 Through your Scotch columns ance a week.
 It tells o' places, names o' men,
 And a guid few I ance did ken,
 Some gettin' rich, an' some dead broke,
 Some sinking under death's fell stroke.
 The old Scotch stories wield a dart
 To probe and cheer my auld Scotch heart.
 The rural traits of humble life :
 How Jock Leishman got his wife ;
 How Scottish knights aft stole their bride,
 And bore her to the English side ;
 Or haflan callants, bashfu' tak,
 Their love to Jean ahint the stack ;
 The Border raids, the bluid-stained field,
 Where Scotch blades made the English yield.
 The thrilling stories it contains
 Stirs a' the bluid in my Scotch veins.
 It spans the ocean, grasps the news,
 And quickly o'er this land diffuse.
 My freen's well wonder when I tell
 What happens there, as weel's theirsel'.
 In every shire it takes its notes,
 Frae Maiden Kirk to John o' Groat's ;
 Noting each week what there transpires,
 Crimes, murders, suicides, an' fires.
 It feeds my thoughts, it fans the flame,
 It tells o' my auld Scotch hame,
 Its columns let each Scot peruse
 If he desires Auld Scotia's news.

Lang may you spread that shining taper,
 Lang may you publish sic a paper ;
 For ika Scot that reads it learns
 What's happenin' to Jock Tamson's bairns.

LONG LOOKED FOR COMES AT LAST.

About twelve months ago I wrote a short sketch upon the hardships endured by the early settlers of this County. Not long after I could see by a paper that not a few hinted to me that I had forgotten the wives of those early settlers. I assure them it was not neglect, but want of time that prevented me from giving them due praise for the trials and difficulties they, with their husbands, nobly endured. In the following lines I intend to give a short outline of the hardships and the heroic manner in which they bore them :—

When the first settlers landed here in days that's
 long by gone
 They settled in those forests wild, but many not
 alone,
 Like Adam in fair Paradise, to cheer his earthly
 life
 Many brought from their dear old homes a young
 and loving wife.
 Methinks, I see her the first day standing with se-
 rious thought,
 Without a house wherein to use the bedclothes she
 had brought,
 Home pleasures, joys and comforts gone made her
 weep like a child,
 More precious they appeared to her than all those
 forests wild.
 Though she did not possess the skill nor man's
 strong powerful arm,
 Within her breast she had a will, and in her smile
 a charm,
 She dried her tears, drove back her sighs, a firm re-
 solve she made,
 To cheer and comfort him she loved and lend her
 feeble aid.
 She viewed the chips fly from his axe, she watched
 the tall trees fall,
 Her slender hands helped him to place logs on the
 shanty wall ;
 When the last basswood trough was laid on roof to
 keep it dry
 She gazed upon her widewood home with glad and
 joyous eye.
 All gandy show and stylish pride she from her
 thoughts excludes
 In that rude shanty she commenced to place her
 household goods,
 Forsooth, they few and simple were, no orguinette
 was there,
 But in its place a home made crib, with family or-
 gan fair,
 Her simple furniture to shine she tried but strove
 in vain,
 Her home made table top was free from touch of
 smoothing plane ;
 No cloth or duster she required to dust a fancy
 chair,
 Instead of that a home made stool, in fact no back
 was there.
 Necessity is often cruel, her husband needs her aid,
 Around her babe she rolled a shawl, beside a stump
 was laid,
 She grasped the handspike with good will, helped
 him the logs to pry,

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They cleared the fallow for a crop that food it might supply.

He cut the grass, she raked the hay, and when the harvest came

Sickle in hand she cut her share, drawing in the same;

In winter if he was from home her help it would require,

Daily she would the cattle feed, and clean out stable and byre.

Though trials and hardships he endured, wsth him she bore her share,

In toils or troubles, want or woe, in sorrow or in care;

Outside she lent a helping hand, within a well-kept place,

Each night at that low shanty door he met her smiling face.

Not smiles alone, but hands likewise, she helped him all she could,

And when his spirits seemed depressed she cheered his solitude;

When trials and toils crushed all his hope, success seemed all in vain,

She with her counsel words and acts encouraged him to try again.

The old pioneer deserveth praise for his rough rugged life;

I think as much is due to her, his trial-enduring wife,

Had those old settlers come alone, I feel inclined to say

This Canada of ours would be a forest wild to-day.

Her household duties fast increase, her family numbers more,

Their numerous sun-tanned young Canuoks play round the shanty door;

Much time required to cook and wash, the hours that intervene,

Their socke and clothes to make and mend, and keep them neat and clean.

At night when they retired to rest, and bright the log fire burns

Her husband sits and toasts his toes, the spinning wheel she turns,

The girls must have a homespun dress to wear on Sabbath day;

Likewise the boys and their papa a suit of homespun gray.

Little to sell, her cash was scarce, and often she would be

Without that soothing woman's friend, a good strong cup of tea;

She murmured not, but hoping still, they better times would share.

And when she had no tea to draw she lived on humbler fare.

She had to milk and churn alone, he must attend the farm,

Butter and eggs in baskets bore to market on her arm;

Sometimes the carriage was hitched up to ease her carrying part,

Basket on knee she proudly sat just in the old ox cart.

His toils without, her cares within, in time they cash did save,

She said, "Now, John, the family's large, a new house we must have.

Long years we toiled, and scraped, and scratched, sweat rolling from our brow,

The shanty's small, build a new house and let us have comfort now."

In her new house she worked around as pleased as any queen.

Eliza Jane helped her mamma to scrub and keep it clean;

And when John grumbled at the cost, he had to turn and laugh

When she told him what she had saved had paid the largest half.

With the new house John found new laws when he came from his toil,

He at the door must leave his boots, the carpet not to soil;

New house or carpet changed her not, nor pride her heart begr'e,

Her cheering words were still the same, and old familiar smile.

She said, "John you have cleared the farm, with toil and hardships sore,

And all that I could scratch to sell I to the market bore;

A nice light wagon go and buy that we may ride to town,

From eggs and butter I have sold, the price I will pay down."

Her careful hand and watchful eye helped to increase their store.

Year after year their worldly means increases more and more;

Her household duties she resigns, the girls must have their ways,

In peace and comfort she can rest in her declining days.

Don't think that each old settler's wife did ease and wealth secure,

Some struggled through a wild bush life, toiled
 slaved and still were poor,
 And not a few of those brave wives a feeble frame
 possessed,
 Their health gave way, the seeds of death was
 sown within their breast.
 There are but few, perhaps not one of them sur-
 vives to-day,
 They well deserve our meed of praise, though they
 have passed away ;
 Old John would tell you any day if he was still in
 life,
 That much of his success and wealth he credits to
 his wife.

ATTEND TO HOME AND FARM.

A farmer surely is not doomed to drudge through
 life a slave,
 Year after year to grub and toil from youth down
 to the grave ;
 Although the curse hangs o'er your soil with deep-
 est darkest gloom,
 And thorns and thistles grow thereon, slavery is
 not your doom.
 Affluence and ease is not your lot, you have work
 to perform,
 Then do not rest on sluggish oars in the approach-
 ing storm ;
 Cast in your seed in proper time that it may early
 germ,
 Improve each season as it comes, and don't neglect
 your farm.
 Pleasure and rest are truly sweet to body and to
 mind,
 But do not yield to passing joys and leave your
 work behind ;
 Excursion parties, pic-nic mirth, may you alure
 away,
 When you should be at home at work, making or
 pitching hay.
 Don't lie beneath some sheltering shade, and care-
 less, look'ng round,
 While your ripe grain is shelling out, and scatter-
 ing o'er the ground ;
 Spring up and brave the August sun and wield a
 willing arm,
 Don't entertain one sluggish thought, attend to
 crops and farm.
 When harvest toil and heat is o'er, and all your
 fields are bare,

Then rest your weary, aching frame, if you have
 time to spare ;
 Though you have plenty work to do, 'tis not so
 pressing now,
 To times and seasons still attend, and don't neglect
 the plow.
 When Autumn frosts seal up the soil, and yellow
 leaves drop down,
 For pleasure or on business you may take a drive to
 town ;
 But don't make that your daily rule, though there
 be much to charm ;
 While standing on street corners, you neglect both
 stock and farm.

Let not light company keep you there, shun each
 alluring face,
 If you wish pleasure's sweetest bliss, your home,
 sir, is the place ;
 Don't spend the winter nights in town at billiards,
 chess, or cards,
 While your poor cattle shivering stand out in your
 cold barnyards ;
 In loitering on the crowded streets no profit you
 can share,
 Your stock neglected stands at home depending on
 your care ;
 Perhaps in spring behind your fence crows will in
 numbers swarm,
 To pick the bones of numbers slain by hunger on
 your farm
 Don't keep a fancy driving horse, unless you have
 the means,
 It soon will drag you down to ruin, if pride applies
 the reins ;
 Style is the farmer's direst foe, it has dimmed
 brighter hopes
 Than cruel misfortunes darkest clouds or failure of
 his crops.
 Bid proud ambition stand aside, care not for out-
 ward show,
 Attend your farm, keep out of debt, though plain-
 ly dressed you go ;
 Make home attractive to enjoy, your house both
 neat and warm,
 But do not drive one nail in pride, nor clinch it on
 the farm.
 Be cautious, use both hands and head, nor careless
 step astray ;
 Don't gather with one hand and let the other cast
 away ;
 Economize, industrious be, and rightly till the soil,

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And guard against all hungry sharks that mark
 you for their spoil.
 You must do more than plough and sow or yearly
 mow and reap,
 Keep your eye open, how you stand, within your
 means to keep ;
 Or you, perhaps will hear a voice that strikes you
 with alarm,
 As loud he calls "how much ! how much ! for this
 neglected farm."

AN ADDRESS TO SPRING.

The following lines were written with reference to the severe
 winter and late spring of 1876, when many horses and cattle
 perished for want of fodder.

O, sweet, lovely spring, we have looked for you
 long,
 And listened to hear the first bird's early song ;
 But alas ! we have looked, we have listened in vain,
 For the song, or the flower, or the grass on the
 plain.

Why tarry so long in a sunnier clime ?
 We look for thy smiles at the usual time ;
 But instead of the sunshine or soft balmy breeze,
 We must snuff the cold wind, with the snow to our
 knees.

And you stay, cunning spring, our weak patience
 to try,
 While the snowdrifts of winter, unmelted they lie ;
 Were you watching cold winter, wrapped safe in
 his shroud,
 Till the last flake of snow had escaped from the
 cloud.

You have come—you are welcome—too long you
 delayed,
 I will show you the havoc long winter has made ;
 You can see through the barns the feed is all gone,
 Our stock, just behold them, are mere skin and
 bone.

Our once pretty horses, we ought them to clip,
 For their long shaggy hair stands up dry as a chip ;
 They paw and they nick, they hang a long face,
 On their oft empty boxes their teeth marks we
 trace.

At those steers you may laugh, on their bones you
 may thump ;
 In the fall they looked well—yes, so fat and so
 plump ;

Of winter's long battle they carry the scar,
 Living skeletons walking as prisoners of war.

You may well drop a tear for those cows lying
 there,
 For milk and for butter their equals were rare ;
 There they are lying helpless, so weak and so frail,
 When they rise we must steady them up by the
 tail.

Yearling calves, oh dear bless us ! their poor image
 scan,
 We had much better killed them ere winter began ;
 With their backs sticking up they are fearful to
 view,
 Their gaunt, empty bodies you could almost see
 through.

Give ear to those sheep ; hear their mournful tone,
 With their long naked backs—for the wool is all
 gone ;
 Some are dead : these have braved the long winter's
 snow,
 And are waiting and watching to see the grass
 grow.

But stay, smiling spring ! O, don't fly with affright,
 I know those poor pigs are a pitiful sight ;
 They are thin as a rail, and their weakness intense,
 When they stand up to squeal they must lean on
 the fence.

Welcome, spring : unto you I have simply por-
 trayed,
 The wreck and the ruin long winter has made ;
 Our stock walking shadows appear to our view,
 Plenty bones, little flesh—yes, and hides not a few.

By instinct the fowls of thy presence us warn,
 They cackle with joy on the south of the barn ;
 The geese and the ducks draw their head from their
 wing,
 And they scream with delight at the prospect of
 spring.

Thou art late, but we hail thee with joy and de-
 light,
 We have thy soft breezes, with sun shining bright ;
 You will soften the bands which Jack Frost has
 bound,
 Melt the last drift of snow from the face of the
 ground.

By thy hand, all transparent, shall burst on our
 view,

The plant, bud and blossom, with flowers richest
hue;
The birds they will sing, let us join in their strain,
Singing hail! thou sweet Spring, thou art welcome
again.

TO LEWIS GLOVER, ESQ.,

ON THE OCCASION OF HIS LEAVING PETERBOROUGH,
AND THE MEMBERSHIP OF ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH.

Dear Sir, and Brother, we regret to know
That from our midst you are resolved to go;
It is our nature to contrive and plan,
Changes are frequent in the life of man.

If for your welfare you the change have made,
Why should we marmur, grieve or be dismayed?
If for your good all former ties are broke,
Willing we bow to separation's stroke.

You know your duty, circumstances too,
To better these you bid us all adieu,
In your new sphere may prospects bright arise,
All that you hope for may you realize.

Your sojourn here has gained you many friends,
This night will prove how wide that love extends,
Not empty words—as friends oft meet and part,
But friendship's outburst, binding heart to heart.

If I could now but read your thoughts aright,
As you sit here within these walls to-night—
Grief inward striving your joy to erase,
As you look round on each familiar face.

Here you have worshipped over thirty years,
The thought of leaving almost causes tears;
The seed here sown on soil fertile and good
Bears up your nature strengthens your fortitude.

We can't allow you quietly to depart
Without some tribute from each grateful heart,
'Tis not their value makes their worth so great,
It is the source from whence they emanate.

Accept these offerings, trifling though they be,
As true mementoes of respect for thee;
They are but shadows of a nobler part,
As types of love, deep flowing from each heart.

This kind address hang on your parlour wall,
Each time you view it, this night it will recall,
Reading those volumes may you interest find,
They will bring back old friendships to your
mind.

With our best wishes to your new home go,
On you and yours may Heaven's best blessings
flow,
Though ties be severed that have long been true,
We part in hope again to meet with you.

BURNS' BIRTHDAY AND HOGG'S
CENTENARY.

The following lines were read by Mr. Telford at Mr. Gal-
ley's concert, held in honor of the Birthday of Burns and the
Centenary of James Hogg, the "Ettrick Shep herd."

What the world has brought a' you folks oot the
night?

Mair than lice in your noddles, if I guess richt;
Hae ye come a sma' tribute o' honor to pay,
On Hogg's Centenary—on Robbie's Birthday.

There is still a drap bluid in the vein; o' the Scot,
Left to honor their brithers whate'er was their lot;
Whether heroes or bards, wi' pens, swords or guns,
They shall ne'er be forgotten by Auld Scotia's sons.

Losh! there isna an' isle thro' the hale world lang,
Mair painted in poetry and lilted in sang,
Than Scotia, the birthplace of Burns an' of Hogg;
Few pens wrote more glibly the plain Doric
brogue.

Read the tales or the sangs of a Hogg or a Burns:
How they thrill the Scot's heart as their pages he
turns;

If a Scot can peruse them an' nae beauty see,
He maun hae a sma' heart no as big as a peã.

Robbie's braw study room was atween the plengh
stilts,

Where he sang o' the lasses an' lae dressed in
kilts;

His muses flowed free, as he turned the mill
On the Deil o' Dundee, or the lass o' Trafoil,

He could spin a lang screed aboot twa bits o' dogs;
Face Death wi' the chap that owercharged him for
drugs;

He tells how the auld lad gaed fiddlin' rcond,
Till he stole the exciseman fra auld Reekie toon.

Regardless o' station he marked ilka flaw
In field or in palace, in cottage or ha';
He spared no King Geordie but telt his misdeeds;
Then his strain melts in pity where sympathy
needs.

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How natural his emblems—the bud, blossom,
flower.

The bird, hee an' butterfly, brae, burn, bower.
The daisy, the gowan or scented primrose,
The sigh or the tear o' true love or woes.

The happy auld couple—he paints them sae weel,
How touchin' his strain on the Land o' the Leal ;
The Frelies o' youth, or auld friendship entwine,
He gars oor heart loup in his days o' langsyne.

He feasted wi' lords in their muckle braw ha' ;
He sat wi' his cronies till ower they wad fa' .
He had his bit fau'ts, but he didna' them hide ;
When he erred, sterlin' virtue was soon at his side.

He con'd touch every cord in the heart of the Scot,
From the baron or peer to the puir in their cot,
Around his auld hame, or in lands far away,
The name of a Burns' still liveth to-day.

When Robbie's carcer in this world was done,
Hogg was just but a callant, his muse scarce begun ;
Upon Ettrick banks he was herdin' his flock,
When he penned his first tale upon Jennie an'
Jock.

His talents for prose they were blunt, yet sublime ;
But soon his bright genius burst forth with that
rhyme,

While his sheep nibbled quietly on ilka green blade.
He was thrang at his muses ro'ed in his auld plaid.

He thoct the sly shepherd was naething ta blame ;
Tho' he kissed his bit lass when the kye cam' hame ;
Either palace or crown in his een looked but sma',
Compared with the joys o' the cottage or ha'.

The Ettrick, the Yarrow, the Gala or Jed,
He kened ilka nuik in their pebbly bed ;
The hillside an' glen in sweet faney he views,
While the laveric an' mavis lent aid to his muse.

He didna possess muckle fine classic lore,
Like Burns, he feasted on nature's big store ;
Thro' the day on the hills, an' at night in his cot,
Nursed the muse, or sat chattin' wi' Sir Walter
Scott.

Baith Jimmie and Robbie were puir that is true,
Hogg was just but a herd—Burns followed the
plengh.

Tho' lowly their station, their talents were rare,
Auld Scotia has seldom produced sic a pair.

She had poets that wrote on more eloquent theme,
But their mistified fancies were dark as a dream ;

While Burns an' Hogg wrote sae truthful and
plain,

Both nature and genius flow free in their strain.

As poets they stand, their's is no empty name,
This day o'er the world their works bear their
fame ;

They lived—they are dead—but their names can't
depart ;

This nicht baith their sangs hae gaen richt to our
heart

May we feel it a debt that we a' ought to pay
To our ain country's poets on ilka birthday ;
As years rolleth past un' this same date returns,
May we honor the name of a Hogg an' a Burns.

WHEN WE WAS BUT CALLENTS.

Weel this nicht, brither Scots, wad ye like just to
hear

A few words fra the time we the daddies did
wear ;

When our mither, obedient to customs and laws,
Changed our calico dress for the cordy-roy braws ?
O' the young joyfu' smile, as it spread o'er our
checks,

When our mither pu'ed on us our first pair o'
breeks.

They hamsled our pockets wi' toys an' bawbees,
Then we gaed about jinglin' as big as you please.

When we grew bigger callents, we mind it richt
weel,

O there wasna a tree but we tried for to speel,
We kened every hedge-row that growed the best
haws,

An' every scrag-bush that best suited our jaws.
And there wasna a burn that ran winplin' near by,
But we kened ilka cove where the trouts used to
lie ;

Not a bumbyke nor bird nest escaped from our
view,

An' cruelly the young birds we aft did spang hue.

There wasna a flower that bloomed round our auld
hame,

Fra the heather to gowan, but we kent them by
name ;

In the glen an' the craigs—where the wild berries
hang,

An' the braes in the woods, there our young voices
rang.

Fra' the skule to the playground at nicht we did rin,
 An' played till our mither wad ca' on us in—
 "Bill and Jock, do ye hear? Will ye come when yer tauld;
 Come this minute! I tell ye, for your parritch is cauld."

Our food when but callents the maist o' you knows,
 The only great change was fra' parritch to brose;
 We might sup them or not, but we durstna complain,

If we left them—next time they were heated again.
 Tho' fed upon kail, barley bannies and brose,
 As the mushrooms we grew, wi' twa cheeks like a rose;

How we lanchd on the Sunday a big feast to see—
 'Twas a slice o' flour bread an' a cup o' weak tea.

When callents, we liked a bit mischief or fun:
 Around neighbors houses at nicht we did run,
 An' just as some crab'et auld man starts to snore,
 A stane fra our hand played slap-bang at the door.
 Up he lap'il vowin' vengeance, the door open threw,
 But our young legs had carried us far fra his view.
 An' there were but few houses that stood near our track,

But on door after door we did make the stanes cruck.

Do you mind Hollow'en, when we blawed the kail-runt,

When the spankies an' fairies on broom-sticks did m'unt,

How we speeled the house roofs, stap't the lum wi' a cloot,

Then we tied the door fast that they could'no git oot.

Tammy reekie through key hole, we blawed in the reek

Frae the brimstane an' tow, till they hardly could speak.

Half chock'ed, how they sneezed, aa we filled the house fu',

Then we thrawed the door open an' quickly withdrew.

Frae big rompin' callents, to men we soon grew,
 Then we bunched our duds an' bade Scotia adieu;
 We crossed the wild ocean and landed safe here,
 Still we like weel to meet aboot once in the year
 To ta'k aboot Scotia, that auld favoured land,
 An' Scot graspin' Scot wi' true friendship's right hand.

As a proof from our hearts, time or distance hath not

Changed our love for auld Scotia or puir brither Scot.

Our St. Andrew's Society, I am proud of the same,
 'Tis philanthropic; clarity honours its name.
 Tho' its funds be but sma', they are never o'er scant

To relieve a puir Scot in distress or in want,
 Some Scots are gie hard; yes, to that I agree,
 Its like pue'n their teeth to part wi' a bawbee;
 But the true Stottish heart has a love unexpressed,
 That can only be reached when a brither's distress-ed.

This nicht round the board it is pleasant to see
 Sae monnie Scotch faces, familiar to me.
 Wha forsooth, like masel, spent their licht youth-fu' days

On auld Scotia's green knowe's and her heathery braes.

We are gittin' auld now an' our heads turnin' gray,
 Auld age, cares an' troubles this nicht flee away.

Twa or three hours like this—it fairly turns our brain—

Bears us back to auld Scotia—mak's us callents again.

You have placed at the head o' your tables this nicht

Twa real sterlin' Sco— you may swear at first sight;

Wi' their big souns faces as full corngulence show^d
 What auld Scotia has raised on her parritch and brose.

This St. Andrew's Society, may it still prosper here,
 An' may Scots hold untarnished the name which they bear.

Then a cheer for auld Scotia, her sons an' their talents,

May they be honored men, tho' once wild rompin' callents.

AULD SCOT'A STILL OUR HAME.

Dedicated to St. Andrew's Society, Peterborough. For 1868.

Am I richt sane or gane agyht;
 Does een an' senses ser' me richt?
 To see sae mony Scotchmen here
 To haud this nicht anither year!

Anither year has ta'en its flicht,
 Since last we held Saint Andrew's nicht,
 Time only mak's the heart mair fain,
 For brither Scots to meet again.

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It gars aye's heart ioup tae their mouth
This looks sae like the scenes o' youth,
Whar e'er we are oor heart's the same,
Auld Scotia ! thou art still our hame.

There's muckle hear to mak' life sweet,
Enuch o' claes an' plenty meat,
If eident, wi' baith toun an' hand,
Ye'll do fu' weel in this strange land.

The clerk soon keeps store for himsel',
The greenhorn, he becomes a swell,
The young law student glib o' talk,
In court soon doffs a gown o' black.

We've seen some chaps in rags clad o'er,
Aft risen baith to wealth an' power,
Some ca'd up Buck and Bricht when sma'
Noo grace our Legislative Ha' !

Some earn siller wi' toilin' hand,
For his nainsel' buys a bit land ;
I've heard him, tho' daft like, exclaim
I wish, man, I could carry't hame.

See that auld Scot, that sits ner by,
He has baith horses, land and ky ;
Ask him his mind ! he wad tell thee
In Scotia I wad like to dee.

Is there a true born Scotchman here
Wad tak' up the guid Buik an' sweer,
That Canada, her wealth an' fame,
Has half the joys o' our auld hame.

When e'er folks spiers whar ye come frae,
Shame fa him that wou'd traitor play
To Scotia—that lang cherished name,
Our Fathers' an' our ain guid hame.

The aulc saule stuid among the trees,
Whar first we learn'd our A B C's,
Aft playin' pranks, I lauch at now,
That gar'd the Dominie crack our pow.

Wi' halesome fare, we soon grew up—
Mair thanks to bicker than to cup.
Big soney face—cheeks like a rose—
Reden'd, nae doot, wi' guid thick brose.

Through time we peep oot ow'r the nest
To e'e the lassie we likit best ;
But callents is sae blate an' shy,
Their face grows red as she gangs by.

On the harst rig some gie sly looks,
Ay' whisperin' love ahint the stooks !
Wha' shearin's ow'r, a joyous kirk
Where lads an' lassies round were bir'n.

Blawin' the kail runt at Hallowe'en—

Big dumplin's gude, at Fasternae'en ;
At New Year' drink wi' yo'r first fit,
Oat cakes an' cheese, big whangs wad git.

At Handsel Monday, pies an' porter,
Their crusts ye wad na ask nane shorter ;
In dance, baith lad's and lassies wheel,
Shaken' their feet to some Scotch reel.

Thae's ha'f the joys o' our young days—
Sic scenes auld Scotia still displays,
Tho' distance hides them frae our sicht,
We hae a glimpse o' them this nicht.

In Canada, whate'er our lots,
We like tae meet wi' bri'her Scots,
And tell it without fear or shame,
"Auld Scotia ! thou are still our hame."

Canadians, English, Irish, too,
We're glad this nicht to meet wi' you ;
Tho' this is ca'd the Scotchman's nicht
Ilk countryman 'ill hae his richt.

Scots is na clannish noo a days !
As when they foucht on Scotia's braes,
Then they wad hand to fecht or fa'
But noo they're freen's wi' ane an' a'

Frae your report, it strikes my ear,
That your Society prospers here,
Ye ser'd the needy on demand—
Leavin' a guid bit cash in hand.

Three guid cheers for the "Land o' Cakes,"
The same, for her brave heroes sakes,
Coupl'd with these, let this be given
To Canada, the land we live in.

Scots frae that Isle beyond the seas—
Canadian Scotchmen, if you please,
Unite baith ane an' a' wi' micht,
To celebrate St. Andrew's nicht.

ST. ANDREW'S SOCIETY PIC-NIC.

(Come Lads, for Fun this Day.)

It's nineteen years, an' sax months mair,
Sin' I left Scotia's hills sae fair ;
An' aft Iv'e lang'd wi' heart fu' sair
For sic a day,
Whan Scots could throw aside their care,
To sport an' play.

Forsooth I'm donnricht glad to see
Baith auld an' young, in mirth an' glee ;
It gars ma heart sic big thuds gie

Agane ma breast,
It brings auld Scotia fresh to me
In thoughts, at least.

This scene reminds us o' the days
Whan callents on auld Scotia's braes,
We joined in a' the harmless plays ;
Ilk ane in turn
Wad fauld his breeks up legs ha'f ways,
To wade the burn,

Or clim' the hills wi' yer bare feet,
Pu'in' cowslips, an' the primrose sweet.
But whiles a pain that gar'd ye greet,
Nae easy borne,
The bluid wad rin frae yer bit feet
Jagg'd wi' a thorn.

But brither Scots, I maun tell you,
This day gies me another view.
Aft yer forefathers quietly drew
To sic like places,
Their persecutors aften slew
Them for guid graces.

To worship God, that mairtyr band
Did spurn the tyrants dread command,
Upon the hill ae guaird wad stand
To warn his brother—
He held the Bible in a hand,
Sword in the other.

Auld Scotia's glens could tell the tales.
Her rugged crags sic scenes bewail ;
Or shou'd her bluid stained heather fail,
The faggot, stake,
The rack, the bolt, screw, sharpened nail
Wad witness make.

Through bluid they gain'd religion's cause,
Their next desire for freedom was ;
Their lawfu' richts they gained by sma's,
Dear they were bought.
Weel may we lo'e auld Scotia's laws,
For years they fought.

When foes tried Scotia to subdue,
The giant McNabbs to battle flew ;
The Campbells, Camerons, quickly drew
Their wee bit steel ;
A Bruce, Douglas, Wallace true
Sune gar'd them wheel.

Freedom they gained ; we claim it still,
Ther's nae dragons upon that hill,
Nae Claverhoose to slay or kill

For faith or creeds,
This day ye can do what ye will
O' lawfu' deeds.

Nae sword this day ye need to take,
Unless to slice up yuir big cake.
Sit, eat an' sup for stomach's sake,
Ther's nae naue will stop ye ;
Rin, put, an' jump, some guid springs make
Let nane oot strip ye.

Whusht ! there's a sound I ken richt weel,
That's just the bagpipe's vera squeel,
How queer they mak' a Scotchman feel,
And gars him spring
Up in a raw for some Scotch reel,
Or Hielan' fling.

Freend Scots, I've naithing mair to say ;
Gae, join yuir eronies in their play,
But a' wha's hair is getting gray
Can stop wi' me.
Wishiu' that sic anither day
We n' may see.

THE BILL OF FARE.

Dedicated to Mr. John Gall, Keene, caterer of the dinner for
the St. Andrew's Society, Peterborough.

Weel, John, nae doot ye heard the news
Before you see it in ma muse,
Scots voted on their different views,
Keene was the winner ;
Sae John your guid hotel they choose
To have their diinner.

As it's the first that ye did mak'
For the St. Andrew's hungry pack,
At eaten they are nane sae slack,
Baith quick an' lang ;
If you ma shot advice will tak'
Ye'll no gang wrong.

O' turnips you maun git a load,
Serve raw or boiled ne'er mind a shade,
Some cabbage, but tak' off the blade,
Worms is rife ;
The guawin' chaps micht mak' a raid
On the Scots life.

Six bags o' taties that wnl do,
Carrots just what wad feed a coo,
T'wal' beets as lang as ever grew,
Some cele,y guid ;

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Scots like that lang white stuff to chew,
It cools their bluid.

And try yuir hand at parritch mak'in',
Oat meal in boilin' water shak'en,
Wi' stick doon to the bott'm rak'in',
Scots like that dose ;

If that's o'er great an undertakin'
Just mak' them brose.

A sheeps big bag ye maun git that,
Guid oatmeal an' some clean pig fat,
Currans, pepper an' a little sau't,
Let nae oot brag-us ;
Then boil it in a muckle pot,
A rule Scotch Haggis.

Frae Allandale git your oatmeal,
Bake oatmeal cakes, Scots like them weel,
Mak' them as hard as ony steel,
In farels sma' ;
To wash them doon—a wee drap real,
Guid esqubaugh.

Be carefu' wi' the Whisk-lindoras,
For fear the chaps gits rather glorions
And deeve you wi' some auld Scotch chorus,
Just gie them saft ;
If Keene folks hear th' m' git uproarious
Nicht ca' them daft.

Tho' I your face hae never seen,
Tak' the advice that I hae gien,
If thin's no please, I stand between
The Scots an' you ;
I'll beat a great they go them clean.
Now John, adien.

TAKE NOTICE.

If they find fau't, just grab their throat,
Tell them it's fit for ony Scot.
If they want better let them smell for't
And lay the blame on William Telford.

ST. ANDREW'S NIGHT.

Verses inscribed respectfully to A. P. Morgan for the magnificent spread which he placed before the Scotchmen on St. Andrew's Night.

Weel, Brither Scot, hae ye heard or not
About oor celebration ?
On St. Andrew's night Scots looked as bricht
As if they owned urrection ;
They broke the knot that binds the Scot

To his big pouch o' siller :
Young an' auld Scottees flocked in like bees,
Big railroad men an' miller,
Cam' oot that nicht.

Did ye no smell in which hotel
They held their feast an' jargon ?
Don't shake your head, the sumptuous spread
Was laid by A. P. Morgan ;
Scotia was praised by mottoes raised,
The room gay decorated ;
From side to side baith lang an' wide
Clan tartans nicely plaited—
Heeland style that nicht.

Ilka Scot glowered like ane o'erpowered,
Bewildered he did stand, man ;
The table spied, in braid Scotch cried,
" Guid gracions, but that's grand, man ;"
Well Morgan knew Scots always do
Like worth for their bawbee, man ;
Ilka Scot declare his splendid fare
Just pleased them to a T, man—
On that same nicht.

They cou'ldna thole to view the whole
An' no hae a bit taste, man ;
Up ilka side wi' mouths gie wide
They elapet doon in haste, man ;
Fowls lay there dead, without their head,
Scots at their numbers wondered ;
While some jalouset that evera roost,
By Morgan had been plundered,
To eat that nicht

The feathered flock, from Gobler Jock,
Downward, was represented ;
Ilk kinds ye please, that swins or flees,
Sic names as Noah invented ;
Cauld pork an' ham, roast beef an' lamb,
Pickles in variation ;
Cauld tongue was there to gie some mair,
Pith to some ane's narration,
On sic a night.

Poundcakes an' pies, an' puddins likewise,
Too numerous for depiction ;
Next Haggis hot, then every Scot
Charged beyond all description ;
Nice jellies guid, as red as bluid,
An' oranges quite new, man ;
Almonds to crack, some raisins tak',
As guid as ever grew, man ;
For Scots this nicht.

Mak' things slip free, coffee and tea

Was there to wash them doon, man ;
Or sparklin' pale real Molson ale,
Ta kittle up yer croon, man ;
Morgan took notes to keep the Scots
From gittin' roarin' fu', man ;
He closed the tap an' not one drap
Of the pure mountain due, man,
Was there that nicht.

All that was there with me declare,
Things reached the highest notch, man ;
Without a jest it was the best,
Ever placed before the Scotchmen ;
Hostess an' host were cheered in toast
With Scotch-like vibration ;
The wish declared, both would be spared,
To make like preparation
Next St. Andrew's nicht.

FAREWELL TO EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND FIFTY-SIX.

How rapid rolls time's busy wheel,
Its progress none can stay ;
Silent, unnoticed—swiftly steal,
The weeks and months away.

Departed Fifty-six—farewell,
Thy seasons rolled anon,
The tick of Time's departing knell,
Proclaimed the year was gone.

'Tis fled—into oblivion cast,
Yea, banished like a dream ;
Signed, sealed, and numbered with the past,
Man cannot it redeem.

As shadows quickly disappear,
Or waves that lash the shore ;
So from our view the parted year—
Fled—to return no more.

Some mourn its loss—they grieve in vain,
The criminal gives a smile ;
It snaps a link in that long chain,
That binds him in exile.

Delusive man, power is not thine,
To lengthen or withhold ;
The hand that rules is all divine,
Farewell unto the old.

Numerous, and vast changes have transpired,
In the year that's passed away ;
Acquaintances, friends we much admired,
Moulder in silent clay.

Sisters and brothers silent wept,
Parents for children dear ;
Death into many a circle crept,
Through the departed year.

Numbers have drawn their earliest breath,
Yea, helpless infants hushed ;
Thousands have closed their eyes in death,
And mingle with the dust.

God executes his mighty plan,
He calls, man must obey ;
His workings are revealed to man,
In the year that's passed away.

The humble raised to wealth and power,
The rich reduced to nought ;
Around the honored darkness lour,
The great to poorth brought.

Rulers dethroned, empires have chose
Their Emperors for to slay ;
Tyrants have ruled with threats and blows,
In the year that passed away.

Yea, battles fought and victories won,
'Gainst coat of mail or shield,
Parents weep for an only son,
Tomb'd in the battle field.

Yea, many beheld its dawn arise,
With hearts so light and gay ;
Their hopes are fled, their bodies lie
Low on the Old Year's day.

To some of us death may be near,
Though we have viewed the past ;
O ! let us spend each changing year,
As if it were our last.

With grateful hearts to God on high,
With tongues thank offerings pay ;
Through His long suffering we enjoy,
The Old—the New Year's Day.

WELCOME,

TO MR. KENNEDY, THE SCOTTISH VOCALIST.

I wonder if the news be true
That's soundin' through my croon,
They tell me that he's comin' back
To Peterborough toon.

O come, an' welcome back, my man,
We hae wished for ye lang ;
As sure as daith we like to hear
You sing the auld Scotch sang.
For auld sangs are better far

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Than ony sangs o' mine,
Ye gar oor hearts loup to oor mouth
Wi' sangs o' auld lang syne.

Auld Scotia needna hing her head,
Nor blush to own your name;
The wee bit callant raised in Perth
Now bears unrivalled fame.
The folks o' Perth they didna ken
The talents in your pow;
How they would lauch an' clap their hands,
Were they to hear ye now!
It surely is twa nichts at wame,
At least to hearts like mine;
Ye draw oor auld hearts back to youth,
An' days o' auld lang syne.

Folk say it was in Kelso toon,
Upon the the banks o' Tweed,
Ye gaed to learn the paintin' trade—
Guid faith ye didna need;
Nature gied ye a better trade,
That bursts forth wi' a bang,
The power, the gift an' voice to sing
The guid auld Scottish sang.
It's no just the auld sangs theirsel',
But humorous wit o' thine,
That draws the folk to hear you sing
The sangs o' auld lang syne.

It was in Linnin city fair,
Where first ye did appear;
Wi' humble name an' empty pouch—
Ye' sovereign you had clear.
The cockneys thought you were a cheat,
The Scots were nane ower true;
Before ye left they did confess
Few sang auld sangs like you.
The star o' fame began to peep,
Though it did dimly shine;
But o' its splendor bricht has shed,
Since the days o' auld lang syne.

Since then ye hae gaen far an' near,
Maist round the globe ye've been;
In every land they flocked in droves,
Whene'er your name was seen.
Guid luck has followed you, my man,
Your purse neck's no sae lang;
Baith fame an' wealth has been your lot,
Wi' singin' the auld sang.
Your little bairns are grown up now—
Teach them that knack o' thine,
That they may sing when you are gane,
The sangs o' auld lang syne.

Then here's my hand, ye hae my heart,
Your fatherland was mine;
Aft may I hear, lang may you sing,
The sangs o' auld lang syne.

A PUIR SCOTCHMAN'S VIEWS OF CANADA

LINES WRITTEN FOR ST. ANDREW'S SOCIETY, PETER-
BOROUGH, AND READ AT THE ANNIVER-
SARY, 1869.

When Sandy sets fit on this shore,
He feels as he ne'er felt afore,
His big, bricht hopes are dark and drear,
Baith place an' folk look unco queer.

As up Ontario's lake he rides,
He glowers for meadows on its sides;
Instead o' them he little sees,
But muckle stanes and scrubby trees.

Should he get up as far as here,
He tells his grief wi' een gao blear,
Ca'in' Canada some ugly name,
An' wishin' he was hame again.

Up to the sun he turns his gaze,
Half thinkin' he maun be ablaze;
Roasted wi' heat an' jeer'd wi' scorn,
He hears folks ca' him a greenhorn.

Losh man! but nicht upsets him fair,
Big bugs, as savage as a bear;
An' lang-nosed chaps wha thought him guid,
Bizzin' an' snekin' his drap bluid.

Hame sickness preys sae on his mind,
The pleesant scenes he left behind;
An' freends wha were sae loath to part,
An' aiblins ane dear to his heart.

He looks for hedges red wi' haws,
Or big cleared fields as Scotia's was;
The zig-zag fences tak' their place,
While stumps an' stanes the fields deface.

He finds employment wi' guid pay,
This helps his troubles to allay,
An' shortly he begins to crawl,
That Canada's no bad ava.

Through time he gets mair acclimated,
His guid success mak's him elated;
Though slow, he creeps up by degrees,
Makin' an' savin' his bawbees.

He finds that Canada's the spot
To suit the canny, thrifty Scot;
He toils till he as muckle gains
As buys a bit hame o' his ain.

Wi' empty pouch he landed here,
Now he has lands an' title clear;
A wife an' bairns play round his hame,
He stands, then says "blest day I came."

Some Scots o' every rank an' trade,
In Canada guil hames have made;
Land o' their choice they lo'e fu' dear,
Still Scotia to their hearts is near.

Wad ye ask proof if I am richt,
Just haud yer lug in here this nicht,
An' hear what Scots have got to say
O' that bit isle sae far away.

Not to bewail o'er Scotia's ills,
Far less to praise her heathery hills;
Nor speak o' burns that run sae clear,
That brocht sae mony Scotchmen here.

They came to haud St. Andrew's nicht,
An' pu' the cord o' friendship ticht;
Let rank an' station be forgot,
That Scot may chat wi' brither Scot.

I this Society wish guid speed,
The needy Scots to clai the an' feed;
Lang may ye hae the cash on hand
To meet ilk wor'ly Scot's demand.

SEQUEL.

LINES, BY REQUEST, REFERRING TO THE PRESENCE
OF THE LADIES.

Sae ye hae changed yer plan this year,
For this nicht's celebration;
I see baith wives an' lasses here,
To prove their Scotch relation.

I aften thought—tho' maybe wrang—
Their presence here was wanted,
Far sweeter is a Scottish sang,
By female voices chanted.

Why, trace auld Scotia's history through,
In times o' persecution,
There you will find the women true
Aft d. ein' in seclusion.

If there's a Scotchman here the nicht
Ashamed o' wife or lassie,

Gang thump his head wi' a' yer micht
On some rule hard stane ca'say.

Around anes ain firside they find
Their presence maist enchantin';
When joy or grief disturbs the mind
Their kind words ne'er are wantin'.

Then bring them to sic nichts as this,
That's a' guid folks opinion,
Without them there is little bliss
Throughout the hale Dominion.

A SIMPLE ADVICE.

A FEW WORDS TO THE POETIC CRITIC.

Week after week, in each of the Peterborough papers, we can see the name and productions of many in and around Peterborough, generally styled "local bards." I know of none that assumes the name or fame of any great poet; but as their Maker has endowed them with a small share of poetical talents, then, I say, they ought to be permitted, as is their duty, to improve and use it. Within the last two months, in the columns of the local papers, a critic has made an attempt to seal the doom of all those "doggerels" as he terms them, myself included. He even goes the length of censuring the local papers for publishing such obtuse, mean, low, uncultured stuff, as proceeds from their pens.

I have waited patiently, knowing that some of them could wield an abler pen than I in proper defence, but as all remain silent, the respect for my own name prompted me to attempt a few "doggerel" lines in reply to his satirical strain. I leave them to the good judgment of the readers, and patiently await their decision.

Some critics smile down to the boots, just tell them
they are smart,

But call them fame-aspiring wits, severely stings
their heart;

Or mix them up a doggerel dose, give them a taste
or smell—

Why they would rend the hardest rock with their
most hideous yell.

I thought that time would have subdued your ire,
Or quenched the flame of wild poetic fire,
And stayed the current of your satire strain,
Which copious flows from your o'erflowing brain.

It is not so, for you have no regard
For your own name, far less a doggerel bard;
Each week to men you widely promulgate
My faults innumerable—death my muse's fate.

Conceit was rampant—your brain reeling when
You said no good could issue from my pen;
My shallow mind no charming theme create,
No work of genius—cold, illiterate.

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You wish to teach me, I am rude, of course ;
 Sir, I seek learning from a higher source.
 I do need wisdom, but I look elsewhere
 Than unto you, for you have none to spare.

Presumptuous bard ! how low you crush me down,
 While you aspire to wear a critic's crown ;
 Few, very few, say it becomes your head,
 With tyrant heel you on superiors tread.

You aspired to bardship when you undertook
 To fill the world with your poor ten cent book ;
 You sadly failed, and still you have the face
 To boast to-day you fill a critic's place.

You tell death doggerels how they ought to tread,
 In your own book you tamper with the dead ;
 Extract the beam that dims those eyes of thine
 To see more clearly the small mote in mine.

Upon what field of great poetic fame
 Did you achieve renown and honored name ?
 'Tis not the people that extol your lays,
 But your own trumpet, sounding out self-praise.

Perhaps you sat at great Gamaliel's feet,
 Or reached the goal where wit and learning meet ;
 With natural talents separate or combined
 Yields but small influence on a calloused mind.

Defiant Goliath, sheathe your satire sword,
 Let the mean scribbler speak one single word ;
 I tremble not beneath thy aimless blows,
 I live uninjured rhyming doggerel doses.

Oh, ruthless bard, thy venomous spite withhold,
 Some pity show, if manly love be cold,
 Don't call my lines poor, low, uncultured stuff,
 You are no judge—now that is plain enough,

Not all the bombast flowing through your head,
 Nor critic pen, I do as little dread ;
 My inborn talents, mean, obscure and few,
 I still shall use them, yes, in spite of you !

Though you in fancy soar up to the sky,
 Or fathom depths where hidden mysteries lie—
 Not all the power in your wild satire force
 Shall me subdue or change my previous course.

All men were not like you, so wisely born,
 That is no reason why you should them scorn ;
 If you would aim at what is truly great
 Then pity them for their sad, ill-born fate.

I seek not honour, neither court I fame,
 My highest wish is a respected name,

That you can't blemish, far less take away,
 Though you keep scribbling to your dying day.

Vain, scurrilous writer, abdicate,
 No more your wranglings promulgate,
 Display philanthropy, and wait the issues then,
 Show love and sympathy to all your fellow men.

HEALTH.

Look at that word, survey it as you will,
 It adds no knowledge to the searcher's skill ;
 Only six letters that small word contains,
 How great the import which that word explains.

'Tis God's great gift, its origin we trace,
 From the creating of the human race ;
 Its full enjoyment tends to life and breath,
 Its total loss is close allied with death.

Enjoying health how seldom do we pause,
 To view it's worth or propagate its laws ;
 When all is well, and health its power diffuse,
 How apt are we its goodness to abuse.

The blooming youth, the tottering hoary sage,
 Gives not to health due honor for their age ;
 Of strength and age they boast with selfish pride,
 While health, the main-spring, they oft cast aside.

Health, God's great blessing, thousands underrate,
 Its precious value none can estimate ;
 Worth, learning, lands or worldly wealth,
 Grieves the possessor if he lacks good health.

'Tis not for sale, it is not bought or sold,
 You cannot buy it with the purest gold ;
 God often grants you more than you deserve,
 Oft what he gives you carelessly preserve.

Do you wish proof of what I here portray !
 Lest sickness seize you but one single day,
 Or spend one night with fever burning brain—
 Then you will own the blessings health contain.

View that companion of your healthy days,
 He joined the mirth in all your childhood plays ;
 Watch his weak step, his wan and deathlike face
 Health failed, disease in his sunk eyes we trace.

Come, gentle reader, will you condescend
 To view the sick-bed of a suffering friend ?
 In health all beauty—but what is he now !
 Gaze on his pale cheeks and still paler brow.

Inquire of him, in whispers he will tell,
How light he valued health when he was well ;
Now, if he owned this world and all its wealth,
Would freely give it in exchange for health.

Boast not young man—of strength you vainly
speak.

Young girl, pride not yourself on blooming cheek ;
Health gives them both, without your feeble aid,
In one short moment both may fail and fade.

If you are sick the worth of health you know,
If you are well 'tis God sustains you so,
If you are poor, or rolling in great wealth,
Each hour you live, think on that blessing— health.

AULD SCOTIA AS IT WAS AND IS.

Cannie Scots, I just thought on a nicht sic as this,
A bit screed about Scotia wadna be far am'es ;
On the thrift an' the hardships, the wark an' the
ways,
As our forefather's lived in their earlier days.

When a wee little chap, no' the he'ight o' yer knee,
Auld men an' auld wives telt queer stories to me ;
Some looked like a whud, but a guid when was
true,
They were aft telt to me, sae I'll tell them to you.

Then they ploughed wi' four oxen—what think ye
o' that—
Sae deep that the fur wore a hole in their hat ;
There was few had a horse, but their graith wadna
fail,
Pleted hemp on a hook, an' they drewed by the
tail.

To market the farmer wad trudge on his feet,
He ne'er saw a buggy, wi' its fine cushioned seat ;
Nor he hadna a cart for to draw aff his corn,
On horseback his craps to the market was borne.

The farmer or family kenned little o' pride,
They aft eat their bit dinner set by the dyke side ;
The daughters worked oot for to save a man's hire,
They wad tuk up their goons, clean oot stable or
byre.

They wore nae big cushions rowed under their
hair,
Nae wire or steel cages puffed oot wi' the air,
Nae rustlin' silk dresses to blaw wi' the wund,
Nor trains five or six feet to trail on the grund.

At nicht wi' the buik there the guid man wad sit,
The guid wife an' daughters, wi' hand or wi' fit
Was fast spinnin' woo' or lint o' auld days,
For blankets an' sheets, or the rest o' their c'ases.

How the puirer folks lived aften puzzled me sair ;
Sma' wuges, big families, gie scripmt was their fare ;
But the guid wife to hardship had lang been a
scholar,
She could spin oot a saxpence as far as our dollar.

The wee bairns wad jump oot their bed on the
morn,
An' sup their drap brose wi' a big spune o' horn ;
Just richt in the middle, whiles swimmin' aboon,
Was a big lump o' fat, for to mak them slip doon.

But I lauched at the story o' taties an' point,
Till I thought that my haffits were clean oot o'
joint ;

A herrin' was roasted, hung up in the nuik,
An' they pointed at it ilka bite that they took.

Oaten cakes, barley bannies, for they ne'er tasted
flour,
Sowens, parritch an' milk, aye, an' that aften sour,
As for tea, I am sure they kenned naething about,
Cheap an' healthy their livin', an' nane dee'd wi'
the gout.

There are folks in this country that screws up their
nose,
An' sneers at the Scotch, wi' their parritch an'
brose ;
I hae aft heard them say it, in fun or in spleen,
"O sic mean livin' bodies the Scotch maun hae
been !"

Cannie freends, I wad speir ere ye say ony mair,
Was ye ever in Scotia, to see the folks there ?
Lads an' lassies sae weel faured, nae paint they re-
quire,
An' bairns fat faces as red as the fire.

What's the guid o' yer dainties, they're no worth a
snuff,
If they e'er made a man he was very puir stuff ;
Yer fine cakes an' pastries or bundles o' wealth—
It will ne'er buy a blink o' contentment or health.

Gang an' sit by the ingle in auld Scotia ae nicht,
Where the fire an' their faces shines equally bricht ;
Watch them sup their drap parritch, the staff o'
their life,

Sae happy, contented—husbaud, bairns an' wife.

I think there is some sittin' round me just now,

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Wi' fame, rank, an' honor stamped bricht on their
brow ;

They aft sat in the nuik while the parritch dld
boil,

While scrapen' their bicker, their dadlies wad soil.

On St. Andrew's nicht it clean alters the case,
Neither parritch nor brose needs to show us their
face ;

While the staff o' auld Scotia in the middle is seen,
The muckle fat haggis reeks richt in oor een.

Canadians, Englishmen, Irishmen, too,
As guests, we wad ask a bit favor fra you ;
'Tis three cheers from your heart to the toast I
propose—

"This Society's success, Scotia, parritch, an' broso."

HELP YOUR BRITHER SCOT.

LINES FOR ST. ANDREW'S SOCIETY, PETERBORO', 1875

Weel, Brither Scots, if my lugs servs me richt,
The maist o' folks caes this the Scotchmen's nicht.
True, or a lee, a guid few still remember
To meet upon the thirtieth of November.
It seems to me the Scotch is like bad weeds,
In every country they pop up their heids,
Traverse the world, find two folks in a spot,
Ye may be shure aue is a Brither Scot.

Folks ca' them clanish, that's a good complaint,
Some say they worship Scotland's patron saint,
Some say your gatherin's isna worth a whistle
Ye only meet to bletcher, gorge and guzzle.
Heed not sic sneers, they canna injure thee,
Charity an' love, let this your watchword be.
On this society, dinna bring a blot,
Uphand your motto : help a Brither Scot.

The Scotch is pair, at least the biggest ha'f.
They leave Auld Scotia to be better aff ;
There's mony a aue that comes across the sea
Lands on our shores wi' scarcely a bawbee.
If aue should come an' ask you for relief,
O, dinna stand as if you were clean deaf,
But gie him something if its but a groat.
For every little helps a Brither Scot.

If he deserves it, dinna him deny,
A needy Scot, oh dinna pass him by ;
Stand not an' look, or swither fidge an' fyke,
Ye hae the means to help him if ye like.
Hear, as he stands, his lang sad tale to tell,

Just think if ye was in his place yersel' ;
A wife an' bairns share his cauld hungry lot,
The bairns are greetin', help them brither Scot.

Amang oorsels there's plenty needs yer mlte,
Some Scots wad starve e'er they wad ask a bite ;
If ye but ken them, gang, but no to chat,
Pu' oot yer purse, an' comfort them wi' that.
The brae o' life is verry hard to speel,
There is a few the rough spots dinna feel ;
Within yer hand the staff o' wealth ye've got,
O gie a share, to help yer brither Scot.

There's always some your sympathies demand,
If they deserve it, lend a helpin' hand ;
As wark gets scarce, an' wages rather sma',
Oft a puir Scot at a cauld fire maun blaw.
Show love of country, love for Scotchmen, too,
Not in Societies, but in each of you ;
When asked for aid don't fly off like a shot,
Gie what ye can, to help a brither Scot.

Not Scots alone, but wives of Scots bereft,
They claim your aid, alone are helpless left,
Twa or three bairns to schule, to claithe, an' feed,
They scrimp an' pinch to get them what they need.
Wi' want they strugg'le, all their smiles are gane,
They fight the battle o' this life their lane ;
If but a spark o' human love you've got—
Then help the widows of yer brither Scot.

When winter comes wi' bitter frost an' snaw,
An' muckle wreaths piled up against the wa',
See that auld house a dim licht glimmers there,
Its inmates shiverin' wi' cauld, want, despair ;
Enter that door, you will see in a trice—
Flour barrel empty, stove as cauld as ice ;
Nae siller, bread, or firewood in that cot,
O gie relief, he is yer brither Scot.

The cauld wind whistlin' through the open cracks,
Flappin' the tutters on the bairns backs ;
The mither sobs, the weans never cease,
To cry, in plain braid Scotch, "oh mither, gies a
piece."

The guidman sits handin' his haffits up,
In deep despair, without a bite or sup,
Nae wark can get tho' dailly he has sought—
Keep him fra starvin', he's yer brither Scot.

Some Scots are ticht ower monna. I admit,
Wi' pincher grasp they hand whate'er they get ;
If needy Scots they meet upon their way,
They help them not to warsel up life's brae.
They tie their purse strings wi' a double twist,
Deep in their pouch they clench it in their fist :

Though Scots should starve, they winna s'ack the
knot,
To gie a bawbee to their brither Scot.

When fortune frowns, and adverse clouds appear,
Or sickness comes, without one hope to cheer ;
As ilka star gives its bit blinkin' licht,
Sae ilka dollar mak's his hopes mair bricht.
While here this night, around these festive boards,
Wi' a' the guid things which mine host affords ;
Eat what ye like, or sup the haggis hot.
But don't forget yer hungry brither Scot.

THE DUMMER MURDER.

Long has this county borne an honored name,
Free from cold bloodshed with unhallowed shame ;
But this cruel butchery strikes us with surprise,
Draws from each heart the sympathetic sighs.

The cold shrill whistle of November breeze,
Echoed soft moanings from the naked trees ;
The noon-day sun just took his downward race—
'Twixt twelve and two the bloody deed took place.

In Dummer Township where kind fortune smiled,
There lived a farmer with his wife and child ;
With them a boy, but scarcely twelve years old,
Upon a visit to their little fold.

Within that circle I another scan,
Shall I say demon, or their servant man ?
If he committed that cruel deed of shame—
Not man ; but fiend, is his appropriate name.

If I judge harshly, or the innocent blame,
From every mouth the statement comes the same :
Although unseen, the evidence we read,
Each witness thinks him guilty of the deed.

The farmer left his home to thresh that day,
Left him at work—the others blythe and gay :
A deed long cherished prompts with vivid force—
No one was near to stay his murderous course

Oh ! what is man, when all that's good gives way,
Worse than a wild beast prowling for its prey :
The little boy, perhaps a father's pride,
The monster cut his throat from side to side.

No thoughts or words are able to convey,
The horrid scene, upon that awful day ;
That heartless monster with his bloody knife,
And helpless woman struggling for her life

How long that struggle raged before she fell,
We know not—the departed cannot tell ;
One thing we know, his murderous deed is o'er,
He laid his victim weltering in her gore.

Oh ! was it pity or an unseen power
That spared the child in that dread dangerous hour ?
Perhaps its smile subdued his wicked heart,
Weary of bloodshed, quickly did depart.

Asleep in death the murdered victim lay,
Home came the farmer ere the close of day :
O, horrid sight ! instead of mirth and joy,
Close by the roothouse lay the murdered boy.

No pen can paint, no language tell aright,
The farmer's feelings at the thrilling sight ;
Both rage and grief now seized the astonished man,
Quick to the house with frantic steps he ran.

Contemplate now that husband in his grief,
With hands upraised imploring for relief ;
The bursting heart while tears bedimmed his eyes ;
His loving wife, a mangled corpse she lies.

He gazed in anguish, stood with grief oppressed,
While to his heart his loving child he pressed ;
He left the spot where his dead wife was laid,
His piercing shrieks brought neighbors to his aid.

Keen for revenge they rushed from place to place,
Some ran, some rode, the murderer's course to trace ;
Hard is the path the assassin travels here,
That night the police checked his short career.

Before the sun shone on another day,
In his lone cell the captured Brenton lay
To ponder o'er the shame, remorse, or dread,
Or hide his face and hang a drooping head.

Perhaps the helpless victims which he slew,
Struggling in death appear before his view ;
Trotbling his soul throughout the dreary night,
And make him start in horror and affright.

Pity we ask, and pity ought to show,
To fellow men in deep distress or woe ;
If guilty, all that we for him can crave
Is equal mercy he to others gave.

We leave the prisoner to await his doom,
Whether t' freedom or the gallows gloom ;
To law and justice we will all agree,
If guilty, hang—if innocent, set free.

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PUIR CANNIE SCOT.

FOR THE ST. ANDREW'S SOCIETY, PETERBOROUGH,
NOVEMBER 30TH, 1872.

This year, brither Scots, I was sairly perplexed,
I swithered an' thought for a bit o' a text ;
At last through my heid, just as quick as a tho't,
Flew the title I gie it, " The puir canny Scot."

They werna sœ cannie, where we first find their
name,
When the Romans sailed ower, their bold nature to
tame ;
Both the Romans and Danes, when to Scotia they
got,
Were surprised wi' the courage an' strength o' the
Scot.

For they speeled up like squirrels o'er the Romans
big wa's,
They lauched at their weapons, defied a' their
laws ;
They weren content wi' their ain little share,
But they held what they had an' they still grabbed
for mair.

Sœ the Romans an' Danes had to gang awa hame,
Perhaps bigger fuils than they were when they
came.

They left the brave Scots, unsubdued as before,
Now their offspring is roamin' the wide world o'er.

Lang ages have passed, education an' art
Has changed their wild nature, an' softened their
heart ;

The slow, cautious nature the Scotchman has got,
Has gained him the nickname o' " puir cannie
Scot."

Cannie they speel Scotia's heathery braes,
Cannie they sing the auld sangs o' her praise ;
Yea will meet wi' a Scot in ilk cline o' the sphere,
Guid faith they are thick as miskitties oot here.

The cannie Scot lands on Canadian soil,
Often puir but his nature is willing to toil ;
He gets a bit job, then, as big as a cheese,
When pay-day comes round, he counts his bawbees.

Tho' cannie, yet thrifty, sœ prudent an' sly,
He tries ilka week a wee bit to lay by ;
He ca's them big fuils that wad spend a' their pay,
And no save a trifle to meet a wet day.

He works an' he slaves, he is carefu' an' safe,

He spreads the sweet butter gie thin on his lafe ;
Till wi' makin' an' savin' his siller plays clank,
Then he empties his pouch to the clerk in the bank.

Still Sandy keeps savin', as ilka week close,
Wi' interest his stock like a mushroom still grows ;
Then he shrugs up his shooters, aslant thraws his
feet,
Ah, the cannie Scot's thinkin' what he maun do wi't.

Some Scots boucht a farm, an' chopped doon the
trees,
The callants now work it, he lives at his ease ;
Some say they cam' here just as puir as a rat,
Now they ride in their buggy and wear a plug hat.

Some started as clerks, clad in jacket o' blue,
What are they this nicht, maist as rich as a jew ;
In office of honor, in bank or in store,
The cannie Scot's name hangs oot ower the door.

Premiers, judge's an' lawyers, it's very weel kent,
Are mair than half Scotch or of Scottish descent ;
I think that ere lang you will see on record,
A Scot fra this toon in the big hoose o' lords.

Scots are cannie, but dinna tramp hard on their
taes,
Bonaparte ca'd them deevils dressed up in men's
claes ;
Aye ready to charge, very slow to retreat,
Sœ stubborn they didna ken when they were beat.

Langsighted they aften think twice ere they jump,
Ambitious—the maist o' them has that bit bump ;
Clannish—perhaps they may hae that bit fau't ;
Love o' country, but few can excel them for that.

Sœ close ane wad think that it hordered on greed,
But they pu' oot their purse to a brither in need ;
St. Andrew's Society here we have got
As a beacon of help by the Scots for a Scot.

Their business or work for twal months keeps
them ticht,
They burst oot their shell on St. Andrew's nicht ;
The slow, cannie Scot is now active and smart,
At the big reekin' haggis they make a bold dart.

Then I say, let three cheers for auld Scotia be
given,
The same for young Canada, the land that we live
in ;
Baith looder an' langer, but no hurt yer throat
With a rousin' big cheer for the puir canny Scot.

GRAND HERE TO GATHER.

The following poem was written for one of the Anniversary dinners of the St. Andrew's Society. Mr. Telford the Bard of the Society, took this occasion to state that he had not been absent from their celebrations for the past twenty-five years.

Brither Scots, on this nicht it is grand here to
gather,

To praise that dear land o' the broom and the
heather—

That land sae romantic for its mountains an' dells,
Graves o' oor forefather's, birthplace o' oorsels.

The love springs o' oor souls rise afresh on this
nicht,

Makes us feel once mair callants, though oor heads
are near white ;

The blood cells o' oor hearts time and age oft res-
trains,

Overflows every channel in oor auld Scottish veins.

As a shock from the battery gives new life to oor
frame,

Sae this nicht bears oor fancies back to oor auld
hame ;

Thoughts lang lying dormant takes flight o'er the
tide,

And sets us unce mair at oor mither's fireside.

It points back to oor youth wi' its frolics an' freaks,
When we thraved aff oor daddlies, put on oor first
breeks ;

To the fun or the fight, at the playground or schools,
Bluidy noses, black een, ower our peeries an' hools.

Big wild hempie laddies, on the braes we did rin,
When the saft, doonie hairs first appeared on oor
chin ;

Sune we thought we were men, wi' a guid share o'
pride,

Cracked wi' lads and wi' lassies at oor neighbors'
fireside.

It reminds us o' courtin', and the lees we did tell
When the first stings o' love in oor bosom did
swell ;

When we met a young lassie we liked very weel,
If she lauched, if she spak'—O' how queer we did
feel.

'Mang the sweet-scented heather, or beneath the
green trees,

The sweet lips we did press, and the hands we did
squeeze ;

The love, the enrapture, the promise, the vow,
This nicht makes us feel as embracing her now.
It brings to remembrance the deep sadness of heart

When lot forced us wi' hame, friends an' Scotia to
part—

As they bade us fareweel wi' the tears in their e'en,
Many of them to-night sleeps beneath a grave green.

There are Scots here to-night, I could bet you my
ears,

Left some sweet winsome lassie in sorrow and tears,
If he na broucht hersel', faith he broucht a guid
part—

Her love an' her thoughts, an' best half o' her
heart.

Fra the four airts of Scotia you will meet Scots to-
night,

Fra auld Berwick-on-Tweed to the sma' Isle of
Wight ;

Frae ilk city and toon and the quiet country spots,
Aye, frae fair Maiden Kirk west, to auld John o'
Groats.

There are Lowlanders here, wi' the Scotch brogue
sae lang,

Her nanesel she will spak' in the rale Gaelic twang ;
This nicht every clan frae the Heilands will
gather,

Wi' their kilts, plaid, and hose, and their wee
sprig o' heather.

Yes, its grand here to gather, ance a year, in sic
thrangs,

To hear the Scotch tongues, sing the auld Scottish
sangs ;

They baith cheer oor auld hearts, and bring tears
to oor een,

Tells o' joys we hae shared, an' the spots we hae
seen.

How they portray Scotch love, that was true to the
death,

An' the humble thatched cot, where we drew our
first breath ;

The banks an' the burns, the mountains, the dell,
Every word, every line, seems like nature itsel'.

The sangs of auld Scotia, they demand our regards,
They were studied and penned by our true Scot-
tish bards ;

As we hear them to-night sung, admire them we
must,

While the heads that composed them has moulder-
ed to dust.

Let us strive still to meet, like true Scots, ance a
year,

To uphaud oor auld hame though oor lot was cast
here ;

Land of our adoption, we do love and esteem,

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But auld Scotia, oor birthplace, still reigneth supreme.

Cammie Scots claim this nicht, as the most o' you knows,

But they welcome the sons of the Shamrock and Rose ;

And young sons of the Maple, they extend you the same,

Sae don't ca' them glannish—they deserve not the name.

Tho' nae big sonsie haggis this nicht shows its face,

The braw sangs o' auld Scotia we hear in its place ;
Tho' the Scots like it weel, they are willin' to part
Wi' the haggis, for songs that can cheer up their heart.

We will gang hame this nicht wi' this thought in oor noddle,

That we were back hame, where in youth we did toddle ;

An' if we should be spared to behold the daylight,
We will tell folks that we were in Scotia last nicht.

Now three thuds for the nicht brither Scots like to gather,

The same for auld Scotia, wi' her thistle and heather.

Three cheers for our Queen, and three ronsin' big bangs,

For the family that sings sweet oor auld Scottish sangs.

FARMERS' DAUGHTERS.

FARMERS DON'T READ THIS, LET YOUR DAUGHTERS
READ IT.

Now lassie, I am getting old,
My grey head proves it true ;
You would no doubt think I was bold,
If I showed love to you.

Love such as mine you won't admire,
An old and captured heart,
To gain your love I don't aspire,
But friendly take your part.

Week after week, some able pen,
Writes poetry and prose
On farming, and on farming men,
And everything that grows.

What they have penned I don't condemn,
But one thing strikes my view,

They all o'erlook one precious gem—
The Farmer's Daughter, that is you.

But don't despise your humble life,
Though some may call you low ;
For you may prove more careful wife
Than some with greater show.

Don't fret in summer, though your face
Shows the sun's freckling taint,
'Tis lovelier than the one they trace
With powder, brush, or with paint.

Don't grieve because your work-spread foot
Won't squeeze in number four ;
Think that pride's arrows sharply shoot,
And small shoes pinch one sore.

Don't make your days a scene of strife
At being so humbly born ;
A cheerful, useful, virtuous life
Will any rank adorn.

Don't at your old dress look around,
As you go out to milk ;
Far lovelier forms are often found
In calico than silk.

Don't let your rough hands grieve you sore,
Why should they you displease ?
They equal those that glisten o'er
The white piano keys.

Don't be ashamed to hold it out,
For your young man to squeeze,
If it's too hard, just let him pout,
And seek one that will please.

If he shows anger don't recoil,
But tell him to his face :
" The hand made hard with honest toil,
Will never bring disgrace."

When you meet those in dresses gay,
Whose trains you scarce can pass—
Don't hang your head if they should say :
" Behold the country lass."

Now lass, I hope you will excuse
If I have step'd astray ;
'Twas for your praise the theme I choose,
Think of it what you may.

Just keep your rank, but watch your chance
Some young man's heart to slaughter,
Then thank my pen, that dared advance
To praise the Farmer's Daughter.

A HINT TO THE LATE CLOSERS.

Doomed sons of toil, that curse hangs o'er our head,

With sweating brow we earn our daily bread ;
While in our midst some strive to make it worse,
Lengthening our day's labor—adding to that curse.

It cannot be that man was only born
To pass through life a slave, noon, night and morn,
Equal with slaves, which tyrant masters keep,
To spend each hour in toil, or trouble deep.

Some kinds of business vigorous health diffuse ;
Not so in daily selling boots and shoes.
Odor from leather gives but small delight
To nasal organs on a summer night.

Here we must stand, our boots and shoes expose,
Till shades of evening forces us to close ;
Masters or clerks no leisure hours can find
To strengthen body or improve the mind.

Masters agreed, forsooth their word was given,
That each and all would close their store at seven ;
Some blush not their promises to ignore,
Late into darkness keep an open door.

The path of honor they will not pursue ;
They draw the line, but avarice breaks through.
Their word or promise seems to them but small,
To catch one dollar soon engulfs them all.

'Tis closing hour—oh, yes, and past it far,
But still one shoe store keeps its door ajar ;
The salesman stands with smiles and cunning eye,
To suit the thoughtless that comes late to buy.

If your own health or pleasure you disdain,
And sacrifice them for mere earthly gain,
Some pity show for brothers in the trade ;
Respect the laws with your consent was made.

Don't draw out longer days of irksome toil,
Watching like night-owls for the dregs of spoil.
Let shorter hours serve to increase your treasure,
Allow your neighbors and yourself some pleasure.

With due respect this short advice is given,
Hoping in future you will close at seven.
Let your late habits practised be no more,
When seven chimes, spring forth and close the door.

N.B.—Defaulters' names you will not get,
At present I give none ;
But any man this shoe does fit
Can quietly put it on.

BURNS' ANNIVERSARY.

LINES DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF BURNS, ON HIS
ANNIVERSARY NIGHT AND READ AT D. D.
GALLETLY'S CONCERT.

Poetic genius, brightly shine !
Inspire my muse wi' thoughts sublime ;
I wish the half his wit was mine—
His clinks an' turns ;
This nicht a wreath I wad entwine
For Robbie Burns.

Born wi' gret poetic lore
That few has now—none hrd before—
On wings o' fancy he could soar
Up to the lif,
Or depths o' miseries to explore,
His pen wad drift.

His twa bit dogs show talents rare—
How rich an' puir maun daily share ;
The language o' the Brigs o' Ayr
Is fu' o' truth ;
Their arguments he does compare—
To age an' youth.

Wi' grief he e'ed the sleekit mouse
When he ploughed up its cosie house ;
He tried to shame the big fat louse
While roond he plays :
Tellin' him no to creep sac crouse
On braw folk's claes.

He lifts his quill, his grief to tell,
When his pet ewe had hanged hersel' ;
Then Hornbook a victim fell
To his sharp lash—
He ca'd his drugs an' his nanesel
Puir useless trash.

Some folks condemn his Holy Fair,
An' sneers at Holy Wil. e's prayer ?
They say he cramps religion sair
In baith his lays ;
Sic scenes, sic men, aye, an' far mair.
There's noo-a-days.

Nature an' genius baith unite
To paint the Cotter's Saturday night ;
He grips comparison so tight
At every turn—
What causes grief, what gives delight.
An' mak's men mourn.

The tricks an' pranks o' Halloween,
Around the stack Jock chases Jean,

He disna miss ae fau't that's seen—
 Black-coats or no ;
 Auld Nick himsel' he doesna screen,
 Nor place o' woe.

There's Tam O'Shanter's tailless Meg,
 An' Cuttie Sark sae fierce an' gleg ;
 Or Duncan Gray's cauld hearted Peg,
 He hits them sair ;
 Fra King doon to the chaps that beg,
 He paints them fair.

O' cakes an' parritch he could sing,
 The muckle haggis he ca'd king ;
 The usquebaugh was just the thing
 To mak' him rhyme ;
 To curse the toothache's awfu' sting
 He thought no crime.

In field, at plough, he there could find,
 The scenes to cultivate his mind ;
 His thoughts wi' nature was entwined
 Like kindred twain ;
 He lifts the mountain daisy pined,
 By his plough slain.

Sic power o' fancy he displays,
 When love or lasses marks his lays ;
 The bower, the woods, the banks the braes
 O' Ballochmyle ;
 Her form, her face, her een like slaes
 Or winnin' smile,

He sighed upon the banks o' Ayr,
 For Mary he did ne'er see mair ;
 He scared in fancy through the air
 In grief oppressed ;
 Ae wish he craved : ken, to share
 Her place o' rest.

The flowers may bloom on braes o' Doon,
 The birds may sing fra morn till noon—
 Alas ! the bard that raised their tune
 In ashes lies ;
 His works, his name still stands aboon.
 Ilk ane that tries.

Auld Scotia's harp noo lies unstrung,
 At Robbie's death she lost her tongue ;
 The pens o' auld, the straits o' young,
 Has na his art ;
 His poems or sangs, when read or sung,
 Gangs to our heart.

His gifts at times, 'twas hard to guide them—
 He had his fau'ts, but didna' hide them—

False cloaks an' screens he could'na bide them,
 But stripped them bare ;
 The hypocrites—oh, woe betide them—
 He skelpt them sair.

A hundred years has ta'en its flight
 Since first his muses flashed to light,
 Scot's 'tis your duty an' your richt,
 As it returns,
 To celebrate the natal night
 O' ROBBIE BURNS.

SCOTS IN NUMBER ARE GETTIN'
 SMA'.

It grieves me sair, upon St. Andrew's night,
 To come in here an' look on sic a sight.
 You ask my reasons—faith you needna speir,
 It's just at secin' sic few Scotchmen here.

I canna blame Canadian-born Scots—
 They were na brought up in auld Scotia's cots :
 I dinna wonder at their love bein' sma'—
 Perhaps auld Scotia their een never saw.

Behold a man that boasts of bein' a Scot—
 He drew his first breath in a Scottish cot—
 Fathers, forefathers were a' Scotch tlegither,
 He drew the breast of a rale true Scotch mither ;

Doon fra her knee he slipped the youthfu' tether,
 Wi' his bare feet he play'd amang the heather ;
 An' through the broom that waved upon the
 knowes,
 Or pu'ed the cowslips in the grassy howes ;

In joy and pleasure spent his youthfu' days
 Speclin' steep scars—jumpin' frae the braes—
 Waden the burn, the minna or troot to seize,
 His hame-made brecks rowed up aboon his knees.

His childhood years passed wi' light joyous mirth,
 Auld Scotia seemed the dearest place on earth ;
 Aft in the gloamin', under the green shade,
 He poured his love out to some Scottish maid.

Had he but stayed in Scotia's glen or hill
 He might hae been a rale guid Scotchman still ;
 His love for country, like auld Scotia's mist,
 Vanished that day when he tied up his kist.

That is but ane, guid faith, there's hundreds mair
 That's ill-deservin' o' the aune they bear ;
 Love for their birthland faded in their mind
 When they left hame they left that love behind ;

If in their heart love left one lingerin' ;
 Crossin' the saut sea washed it clean away ;
 The only relie of that dear auld name
 That they possess—is only but a name.

Charge them wi' that—their face wi' rage gets blue,
 They boast they are as guid a Scot as you,
 Their words an' actions canna baith be right,
 Or they wad join their brither Scots this nicht,

Some ca's the Scotch a selfish, clannish race :
 That isna true—I'll prove it to your face,
 But few are here, on this the Scotchman's nicht—
 If Scot's be clannish, they keep oot o' sicht.

Let love o' country in your bosom swell,
 Where'er you hail from or where'er you dwell ;
 Man void o' that, I carena wha he be,
 If heart he has, it's sma'er than a pea.

Here is a few wha's love is mair sincere,
 Still thinks o' name and loves auld Scotia dear ;
 While lookin' round me, I could beat a groat
 Here sits some chips o' the true sterlin' Scot.

This nicht stirs up scenes lang past—not forgot ;
 Their fancy wafts them to the auld thatched cot—
 There they were born, the place where they first
 grat,
 Wi' sisters, brithers round the ingle sat.

Their Scotch up-bringin' fresh this nicht comes
 back—
 How they did jump whene'er their father spak ;
 How their kind mither mended a' their claes,
 Aft kissed and clapped them when they brak their
 taes.

Is there a Scot whose heart remains unmoved,
 That left in Scotia all the friends he loved ?
 If they still live, them on your memory keep—
 If dead—love Scotia where their ashes sleep.

St. Andrew's night true as the magnet prove,
 To bind Scots closer in the bonds of love ;
 Here they can spend a social hour or twa,
 And talk o' hame and friends that's far awa'.

Your guid society serves neither end ;
 To needy Scots you lend a helpin' hand ;
 Though it be sma', its better that than nane—
 A crust o' bread is sweeter than a stane.

True brither Scots, all praise I give to you ;
 Though but a handful stand like Scotchmen true ;
 Though some may scoff, let them not you divide—
 Hold your Society, and your country's pride.

May your Society prosper and remain
 A Scotch memento when your dead and gane.
 Be loyal Canadians ; but, whate'er befa',
 Still love auld Scotia while a breath you draw.

YOU CANNOT PLEASE ALL.

It is hard to please all ; one is foolish that tries ;
 You will soon crack your brain, or else weep out
 your eyes ;

You may weep for twelve hours, and the other
 twelve laugh,

All your weeping and laughing will scarcely please
 half

If you try to please all as o'er life's road you pass,
 You will find yourself placed like the man with his
 ass,

Not the ass, but your hopes will slip over the wall
 And leave you exclaiming, "I cannot please all !"

Are you perfect in science or master of arts ?
 Can you name every island and coast without
 charts ?

Tell the name of each star, tell earth's motion by
 rule ?

Some will say you are smart, others call you a fool.
 Though the wisdom of Solomon you may possess,
 While at school always stood at the head of your
 class,

Crowned with laurels you left University hall,
 But your talents or learning will never please all.

Are you a preacher ? If so, then tell me if you can
 Please the whole of your hearers, each woman and
 man ?

You may preach the free Gospel—expound them
 the laws,

A number will grumble, find fault, and pick flaws.
 Or are you a doctor renowned for your skill,
 Knowing well to administer each powder and pill,
 Having cured many patients when hopes were but
 small ?

If you raised up the dead, why you could not
 please all.

Do you plead at the bar with your sly, cunning
 wiles,

And try to please all with your affable smiles ?
 If you win—well, your client is pleased with your
 skill ;

But forsooth few are pleased when you hand them
 your bill.

Mechanic or merchant, do you strive all to please,

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Well I tell you, you can't, though you go on your
knees ;
With goods they find fault, or light weights mea-
sures small,
Whether just or dishonest, you cannot please all.

Do you nurse up the muse, or at times scribble
prose ?

You may find a few friends, but the double of foes ?
Many fault-finding critics, they think it no crime
To sneer at your prose and to laugh at your rhyme.
Though your fancy takes flight in the loftiest strain,
Pictures Nature's rich beauty on mountain or plain,
Traces slow winding river or cataract's fall—
Could you fathom the ocean, you would not please
all.

If you think, speak or write you are sure to trans-
gress,

They find fault with the man, with the pen, with the
press ;

The true worth of a man few praise or exalt,
It is true human nature to watch and find fault.

Illiterate or learned, prose writer or poet,
Put in practice the maxim I give when you know
it—

It is—"First please yourself, and by that stand or
fall,

For the man is not born that could ever please all."

—◆—
A NICHT LIKE HAME.

LINES WRITTEN FOR THE ST. ANDREW'S SOCIETY
PETERBOROUGH, NOV. 30TH, 1880.

I wonder if I hae gaen gyte,
Or if I'm sound an' sane,
Or can this be St. Andrew's nicht
That has cam' roond again ?
Forsooth, it's true, I'll beat a groat,
And whether sick or lame,
I'll come to meet wi' brither Scot
To hand a nicht like hame.

This year ye hae nae grand display,
Nae great harangue or yarns,
But quietly celebrate the day
Just like Jock Tamson's bairns.
Nae big bills stuck upon the wa',
Letters like shinin' flame ;
True-hearted Scots, tho' numbers sma'
Can haud a nicht like hame.

I thought the Scotch had a' been dead

Since we met the last year ;
Guid faith that thought has left my head
When I look roond me here :
An' see sae mony sonsie Scots
That still uphaud the name ;
Like brithers meet what'er their lots,
To hand a nicht like hame.

It gars oor hearts loup to oor mooth,
An' thud wi' awfu' bangs,
It minds us o' the days o' youth
To hear the auld Scotch sangs.
No' the daft sangs that noo are sung,
Puir foolish senseless rhyme,
Auld Scotch sangs—sang in mither tongue,
The sangs we heard at hame.

Its unco like the nichts we sat
When fu' o' youthfu' pride,
When cantie sang and mery chat
Rang roond the ingle side.
I think I hear the very feet
Of cronies, as they came,
To spend an hour or two sae sweet
In oor auld house at hame.

Here Jock sits braggin' up the Scotch
Ower a' the human race ;
Tam hoists them up another notch
To honor, power and place ;
While Willie in true Gaelic twang
Paints their heroic fame ;
Up Harry jumps wi' birrin' sang,
McAllister, like hame.

Scots sup yer kail, ye might get waur,
Don't turn up your nose—
Guid oyster soup is better far
Than Scotia's oatmeal brose ;
Alive or dead, tak' what ye get,
Just slip them doon the same ;
But leave room for a muckle bit
Scotch haggis—just like hame.

Though Canada oor hame may be,
There is a land mair bricht,
At least to Scots like you and me
That' gathered here this nicht ;
Could hearted Scots that isna here,
They really nicht think shame,
They winna meet aice in the year
To haud a nicht like hame.

Aft may we meet wi' hearts as licht,
An' mony be oor days ;

As sure as death we feel this night
 Back on auld Scotia's braes.
 Sae here's my hand, and gie me thine,
 And sing the sang I'll name,
 Let ane an' a' sing "Auld Lang Syne"
 To close a night like hame.

THE WONDROUS TELEPHONE.

Canadians surely must possess
 A great inventive mind;
 The strange things they have brought to light
 Astonishes mankind.
 I lately from the papers read—
 I thought it false, I own—
 They told us they could speak for miles
 Through their great telephone.

I thought it was a Yankee puff
 They like a storm can blow;
 I did not see how they could make
 The voice on wires to go.
 I laughed at their inventive power
 Forsooth, I looked upon
 The whole thing as a perfect fudge—
 Their speaking telephone.

But lately I chanced to walk in
 To Peter Connal's store;
 They told me they would show to me
 What I never saw before.
 Against the wall a box was placed
 With wires and bells that shone;
 A cord and horn to suit the ear
 Completed the telephone.

They told me to speak what I pleased;
 I said "hallo! Who's there!"
 A voice re-echoed back "All right!"
 Oh! Sirs, how I did stare.
 It was Operator Emerson
 Sent back the perfect tone—
 The quick, clear ticking of his watch
 I heard through telephone.

From house to house, from street to street,
 Extends the sounding wire;
 Those in the suburbs sends to town
 For all that they require.
 The doctors, lawyers, merchants, too,
 Send messages thereon;
 It saves much trouble, travel, time,
 This wondrous telephone.

Although I stood and heard it work,
 I could not comprehend
 How such a simple looking thing
 The sound for miles could send.
 Stand up before the keys and wire—
 You speak—the sound is gone—
 Your words will reach just where you wish
 Through this great telephone.

The bashful man may now rejoice,
 How nice it suits his case—
 He to the fair one tells his love,
 Shows not his blushing face.
 The throbbings of his loving heart
 He pours out all alone;
 She sees him not, but learns his love
 Through this great telephone.

Our paper, ink and likewise pen,
 We now aside can lay;
 With all our friends we may converse
 Though they be far away.
 In health, why we can hear them laugh,
 In sickness hear them moan;
 The world seems like one dwelling house
 Through this great telephone.

"SHE IS GONE."

I have been in the habit of corresponding with an old acquaintance from home. He was married to one of my schoolmates. In one of his letters he announced to me the sorrowful tidings of her death, from cancer in the breast. While perusing his letter three words struck my thoughts, they were these: "She is Gone."

"She is gone," so he says, in his letter of grief,
 From her sufferings and pain, death has given relief,
 She has gone from the joys and the pleasures of life,
 Death has severed each tie of the mother and wife.

"She has gone" e'er the fresh hue of youth passed
 away,
 For her cheeks bore the rose tint as dying she lay;
 She was going—the watchers stood weeping—they
 knew,
 While the rose tint exchanged to the lily-white hue.

"She is gone," all unconscious in silence she lies,
 She observes not her children, she regards not their
 cries;
 All in vain that fond husband may sob, sigh or
 moan,
 All the wife's true affections from her still heart is
 gone.

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 WHA
 LINE
 This night
 Is wonderi

"She is gone," while her husband his loss may deplore,

"She is gone," on this earth he shall see her no more ;

Though her children may weep, or their grief try to smother,

They receive no response, when they call to their mother.

"She has gone" from this world of sorrow and care, Fond parents that loved her now weep in despair ;

"She has gone" from a husband so loving and kind, Great the loss to the family she has left behind.

"She has gone" from the pains and the troubles of life,

Likewise from the rancour of malice and strife ;

"She has gone" from all friends and acquaintances dear,

Yes, and many young schoolmates—there is one of them *here*.

"She has gone"—Ah ! how transient her sojourn here,

How short was her joys with her family so dear ; Neither husband nor children could ward off the call,

Wife's devotions, another's yearnings, death severed them all.

"She has gone" e'er the meridian summit she gained, She but gazed upon joys which she never attained ; Life, home, all its comforts, stood bright to her view,

But death closed the scene e'er those pleasures she knew.

"She has gone" from her place in the soft armed chair,

Where she nursed, while the others were lisping their prayer ;

There is gloom in that circle, a vacant, void place, Time alone shall her image from their memory erase

"She has gone", yes we hope, to a world of rest, Where no sickness nor cancer shall mar her fair breast ;

Where the loss of dear friends, or the pains she endured,

Shall be amply repaid for the joys now secured.

WHAT IS UP WI' THE SCOTCH.

LINES FOR THE ST. ANDREW'S SOCIETY.

This night on the street ilka ane I approach
Is wonderin' an' spierin' what's up wi' the Scotch ;

In their fine Sunday braws so licht an' sae airy,
Wi' there shinin' Scotch Thistle stuck in their
Glengary.

Some thought the douce Scots had gane fairla gyte,
But I telt them that this was St. Andrew's night;
Half a sneer, an' they lauched, gied their shouters
a hoch,

Sayin', o' what a queer clannish set is the Scotch.
But I lauched out maseel when I looked at the Scots
Wi' the nice sprig o' heather in the breast o' their
coats,

Sic a smile on their face, an' their step quick and
licht,

Losh, I thought they were gaun to Auld Scotia this
nicht.

Some were speakin' braid Scotch, others Gællie did
twang,

It was a' aboot Scotia, an' the place they belang,
And they praised up St. Andrew for a saint, not a
sinner,

Why, I thought he wad surely be here at the dinner.
But it seem mair unlikely that he could be here,
His history is dootfu' proof fails to make clear,
I hae traced a' I could in my earlier days,
But I ne'er got na mair then his fingers an' taes.

What is up wi' the Scotch ? Sae you ask that agin,
Did you think I was goun to the dinner my lane,
There is still a few Scots that's baith loyal and leal,
Whose heart olinks to Scotia, aye as sterlin' as
steel.

They are hear from the workshop, the field and
the store,

Rale Scotch to the backbone, true Scots to the core;
Wi' a large heart extendin' to race, and to spot,
Love blendin' for Scotia, and his puir brither Scot,
Tho' braid is the Ocean, where the billows high roll,
But they canna drive Scotia fra the true Scottish
soul,

Neither country nor clime, wealth, honor nor fame,
Can sever the ties o' the Auld Scottish hame ;
It feels natæe-like this nicht, around this festive
board,

Tho' the table nae bannies nor parritch afford,
Haud a wee brither Scots dinna git in sic haste,
Tho' your moths may be waterin' the Haggis to
taste.

What is up wi' the Scotch ? Some Scots grumble
an' spat,

Always sticken their nose in an' trying to find fault;
They do naething themselfs, but their tongæ is
sae lang,

What other Scots dis o' they say it is wrang.

Their birth place was Scotia, but in crossin' the sea,
 Their love for Auld Scotia changed for the bawbee;
 Tho' they still bear the name, on their pocket
 encroach,
 They wheel an' exclaim, 'what care I for the Scotch!'

What is up wi' the Scotch? they hae gane off to
 Keene,
 To haud their big dinner an' to honor the Queen;
 Her dauchter, God bless her, choose a Scot for
 her man,
 Scots claim her as aue o' the true Campbell clan.

Brither Scots, ye sit gapin' an' glouren at me,
 As if what I was sayin' was only a lee;
 Why your president telt me as sure as am born,
 He will soon see the Princess an' Marquis of Lorne.
 Did you no' hear the Bagpipes, did you know ken
 their bums,
 Ye nicht ken by their skirl that the Campbells
 had come;
 Great joy an' rejoicin' through the province—loud
 borne,
 'Tis a welcome to Princess an' Marquis of Lorne.

Rise, brither Scot, rise, take your glass in your
 hand,
 Drink the health of the Scot, come to rule o'er this
 land;
 He has left fair Argyle an' its hills clad wi' heather,
 But he brings England's rose, they are blended
 together.
 Come Scot, yes, an' welcome to rule o'er this land,
 As Scots and loyal subjects, we give you our hand;
 May your rule bear you upwards to honor and fame,
 And leave no dark blot on your country or name.

Its the last time I'll ask it, "what's up wi' the
 Scotch?"
 You wad think they had landed at Auld Johnnie
 Groats;
 They hae Scotch on the tongue, on the brain, on
 the een,
 For they see the green hills o' Auld Scotia fra
 Keene.

Stop, brither Scot, stop, are you rinin' clean wud,
 You will break through the floor wi' yer thumps an'
 yer thud;
 For St. Andrew's nicht brings Auld Scotia sae near,
 It's a pity it disna come twice in the year.

Some Scots seems to thrive on the guid oaten meal,
 For your president fills up that chair unco' weel;
 Tho' it is not the size of his frame, we extol,

But the gem it contains, 'tis a true Scottish soul,
 Clouds of sorrow oft darkens the cheerfulest heart,

An' the pleasantest company ever met—they must
 part;
 Let us part wi' the hope that our lives will hold
 bricht,
 We may a' meet again on St. Andrew's nicht.

BURNS' ANNIVERSARY.

LINES READ BY MR. TELFORD AT D. D. GALLETT'S
 CONCERT, PETERBOROUGH.

PROLOGUE.

To maist o' fo'ks, it maun be plain,
 Robbie's birthday is past an' gane;
 Sure as the sun shines in the lift,
 'Twas January the twenty-fift'.
 Freend Gallety perhaps was richt,
 Na haudin' on that vera nicht;
 Elections raged at fever heat,
 Then freends mus' quarrel when they meet.
 He is a red-hot Grit himsel',
 What nicht hae happened nane can tell:
 Instead o' sangs, duets an' glees—
 Speeches an' quarrels about M. P's.
 Another reason I must tell,
 He was ower blate to say't himsel'.
 Some Scottish bairns, when they'er born,
 Wul greet for weeks fra night till morn;
 As poets are oft glibe wi' the tongue,
 They squeel and greet when they are young.
 A born poet, as Robbie was,
 Nae doot he racked his young bit jaws;
 At concerts fo'ks don't like sic squeeks
 Hence the postponement a few weeks,
 That we nicht hae a pleasant meetin',
 When Robbie stapt his fit o' greetin'.

Could Burns lift his once poetic head,
 From out the precincts of the mouldering dead,
 An' hear wi' pride, the honor and the fame,
 Which now exalts his former humble name.

Within this hall, could he but have a view
 Of English, Irish, Scotch, Canadians too;
 How he wad stare at sic' a grand display,
 To see sic' crowds haudin' his ain birthday.

Robbie was droll and fu' o' mither wit,
 Maist o' his jokes are still remembered yet;

This night
 A joke gae

The critic
 Once paid
 He oft had
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This night in verse I will relate to you
A joke gae clever, weel designed an' true.

The critic Johnston, a wise English coon,
Once paid a visit to auld Reekie toon ;
He oft had heard an' wished to prove the case—
If the pair Scotch were a dark ignorant race.

He at the landlord spiered if he did ken,
Which was the maist unlearned class o' men ;
"Yes," said the landlord, "I could bet a croon
That the coal carters are warst in toon."

Said Johnston, "Sir, I wish an' interview
With one of them ; may I depend on you ?"
The landlord bowed, retired—but smelt the rat,
An' sent for Robbie to supply the chat.

At his room door then Robbie gied the rap,
Wi' auttie face, his whip an' big Scotch cap ;
"Come in," said Johnston,—he a chair did place,
But stared at Robbie's dirty claes and face.

There Robbie stood as solid as Lot's wife,
He durst'na tramp on carpets for his life ;
Braw things an' pictures struck him wi' surprise,
Sae simple like, he turned about his eyes.

Then Johnston filled him out a class of wine,
"Losh, man," said Robbie, "but your beer tastes
fine,

I never kened sic a braw place was here,
The roguish landlord gies me nae sic beer."

"Now, sir," said Johnston, "will you answer me
One simple question I will give to thee ?
Here is a guinea of the purest gold,
'Tis yours, if you the mystery will unfold.

It needs no scholar of the brightest hue
To solve the problem I will give to you ;
'Tis plainly taught, most clear in Scripture laws,
Can you tell me who Adam's father was ?"

"Guid faith," said Robbie, "but you've fixed me
now,

That gars me think, an' claw my stubborn pow ;
But I will try to answer clear and true.
An' prove the Scotch to be as wise as you.

I hae a bible and I read it a',
O Adam's father ne'er a word I saw ;
I hae seen something in the Testament
That meets the question you to me present.

In Luke's third chapter, if I richtly mind,
There the hail history you will quickly find ;
If you ne'er read it, I can gie it now,
For the whole chapter I hae in my pow.

Ye trace genealogy, guid faith its lang,
But if ye like, I'll give the hail harangue ;
I'll start at Joseph an' gang back to Seth,
An' then I'll stap and tak' a wheef o' breath.

O, dinna lauch—the answer you will git,
Seth was the son of Adam, you admit ;
Now brace your nerves, prepare for the last prod,
Scripture says, 'Adam was the son of God.'

Then Robbie caught the guinea in his paw,
An' laid anither on it to make twa ;
"I'll gie them baith to buy you rings an' braws,
If you tell me who his grandfather was ?"

He gloured at Robbie, an' he watched the gold,
'Twas lost—the question he could not unfold ;
Otwitted—he within the trap had got,
Which he had set to catch the cannie Scot.

Sae Robbie slipt the siller in his pouch,
Then on his head the muckle cap did slouch ;
Sayin' "Cannie freend, your English wit and game
Wad still been guid had you but stap't at hame.

This nicht will prove by our short interview,
Auld Reekie's carters ken far mair than you ;
Tho' hands and face wi' coal dust blackened sair,
For wit and knowledge you have little share.

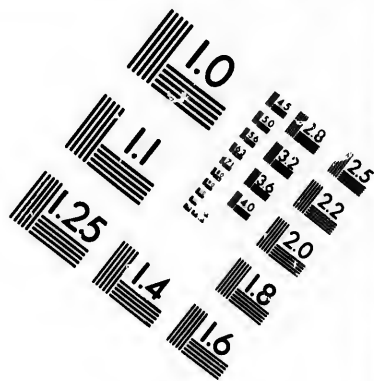
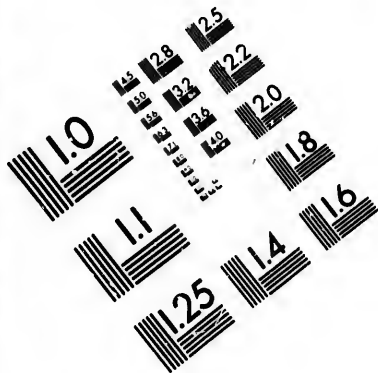
You thocht the Scotch had neither wit nor skill,
Just runnin' wild upon the heather'd hill,
Or lyin' like Turks about the dirta toon,
Snppin' their porritch wi' a horn spoon.

Tho' they be pair and live by daily toil,
At drivin' coals or turnin' up the soil ;
They mither wit an' learnin' hae, I hope,
To meet the sneers o' ony English fob.

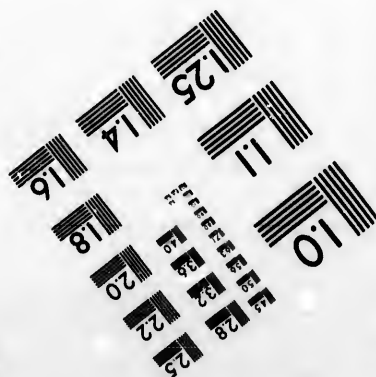
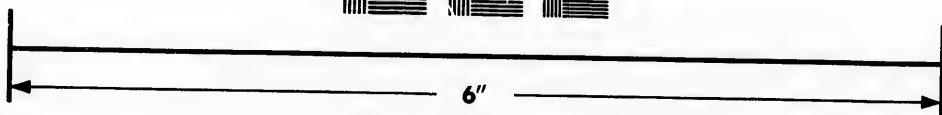
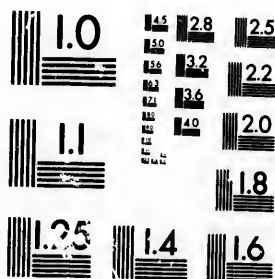
Sup up that drap that's standing in your glass,
And count your siller, its a guinea less ;
Or claw your pow as if a louse did tickle,
Wi' a' yer questions me ye cauna fickle.

Guid nicht, my freend, now slip ye quietly hame,
Adam's grandfather, try to find his name ;
An' when ye find it, an' back here return,
Speer at mine host for Poet Robbie Burns."





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LINES TO MR. KENNEDY.

ON HIS FAREWELL NIGHT IN PETERBOROUGH.

Where'er the name of Kennedy on placard large
appear,
"Weel are ye gaun, to hear him, man?" ilk ane I
meet does speir,
I neer hae missed to hear him yet, and gie weel
pleased I was,
His guid braid Scottish stories gared me rack my
very jaws.

An' O the sangs he sang, man; losh they set me
fidgen' fain,
For they mind me o' the time when I began to gang
my lane;
An' the way that he explains them it's sae lauch-
able an' droll,
An' he sings them wi' sic touchin' strain, true
pathos o' his soul.

When he sings them in fair Lunnou toon, how the
Cockneys lauch wi' glee,
When he sings them in auld Scotia, muckle plea-
sure does he gie;
But when he comes to Canada to sing the auld
Scotch sangs,
Why man, the Scotch gangs fairly daft, an' croods
the hoose in thrangs.

Its no' just the auld sangs theirsels that gars the
Scotch gang gyte,
Its your true natural music power, with Doric ac-
cents right;
I mauna gie you a' the praise, ilk ane deserves their
farens,
The sangs o' Scotia, love an' war, are sung weel by
your bairns.

Upon your bills a word I see, guid save us, is it
true?
"Fareweel," ye say, to Canada, to brither Scots
adien;
An' are ye gaun to leave us, man, back to your
hame sae fair?
It grieves me sair to think that we will hear you
sing nae mair.

If you do safely cross the sea, an' land on Scotia's
shore,
Cast back your thoughts to Canada, where Scots
your name adore;
The auld Scotch sangs that you have sung while
you were with us here

Leave a fresh impress on each heart that loves auld
Scotia dear.

An' when auld Reekie's streets you pace, I hope
you won't forget
The sympathetic Scots which you in Peterborough
met;
Though now you bid us all adieu, and cross the
raging main,
The name, the fame, of Kennedy, unrivalled here
remain.

I ken we canna keep you here, its' needless us to
try,
With love deep mingled with regret, we kindly
say "Good bye;"
We say it to your wife an' bairns, no' passing by
yersel',
Wishing you safe on Scotia's shore, dear brither
Scot, farewell.

COMPLIMENTARY LINES.

The following complimentary lines were written on the oc-
casion of the receipt of a book presented to me, by Mr. Ken-
nedy the Scottish Vocalist, as a small token of respect, for the
few lines I addressed to him, as a "Welcome" on his late visit
to Peterborough.

I'm contented, you have sent it,
Shall I tell what it might be?
Just one look, sir—it's the book, sir,
You with thanks have sent to me,

Charlie got it, and he smote it
With the palm of his right hand,
And he jumpet, and he thumpet
Saying, "Bill, man, that is grand."

Sir, I took it, and I looket,
On the front handwriting shine;
Brackets dot it, as you wrote it—
Side by side, your name and mine.

Sir! thanks for it! I adore it
Though its value small may be;
'Tis the honor and the donor
Gives it priceless worth to me.

Few exceed it! as I read it
You are present in my mind;
Each song in it, you can sing it
With the Scottish tongue combined.

"Love united, friendship plighted,"
By those simple lines I wrote,

I'm rewarded, you forwarded,
All I wished for I have got.

We are parted, but true-hearted
Let our friendship be the same ;
In this book, sir, I can look, sir,
On the Scottish Vocalist's name.

Friends may use it, don't abuse it,
Don't those signatures deface ;
'Tis a token—silent spoken,
Time or absence can't erase.

Time may wear it, hands may tear it,
Thieves may rob me of my prize ?
Love to give ne'er shall sever
Until death shall break the ties.

Yes, you gave it ! I shall save it,
As an heir-loom it shall lie ;
And believe it, I shall leave it,
To my children when I die.

THE BRAGGIN' SCOTCH.

On St. Andrew's nicht, when the Scotchmen comes
out,

'Tis a laughable farce, ye hae heard them nae doot :
Some seen in fair earnest, while others in fun,
Mak' auld Scotia the fairest spot under the sun ;
They brag o' her burns, o' her braes green and
sunnie.

You wad think they were flowin' wi' milk an' wi'
honey ;

The primrose an' crowslip, without plantin' or
weedin',

They wad mak' folks believe 'twas the garden of
Eden.

Braggin' up that bit thing, ilka Scot must hae
seen—

'Tis the emblem o' Scotia, the thistle sae green ;
Wi' it's sharp pointed leaves—an' it jags very
much—

It's safe for nae hand but a Scotchman's to touch.
They praise up her heather, sae bonny, an' guid,
That has aften been dyed wi' their forefather's
bluid ;

In peace or in war o'er that heather they trod,
Aft the martyr's spirit was yielded to God.

They brag up the Scotch for their learnin' an' wut ;
Though learned an' cannie, they are hard as a nut ;
Hands ready to grip, and a pouch, if you please,
Always gapin' wide open to haud the bawbees.

They tell us the Scotch are a wonderfu' race
For siller; an' honor, an' muckle fat place ;
Wherever they are, high or low their degree,
Sandy's nature is upward, and upwards he'll be.

They brag o' their statesmen, their students' high
skill,

Of the offices, benches, and pu'pits they fill ;
Of their heroes an' bards, oh they gie us sic strings,
It's a wonder the Scots hasna a' been made kings.
They brag up the Scotch for their red, rosy face,
Dyspepsia nor gont seldom troubles their race ;
For their livin' is plain, you may laugh if you
please—

Bannies baked fra the meal, mixed wi' barley an'
peas.

To wash doon the bannies they hae plenty of kail,
Or some guid taty broth keeps them hearty wi'
hale ;

There are some here this nicht in their young days
did learn,

To mak' a guid dinner o' taties an' herrin'.
Blaw away braggin' Scotch, we can patiently hear,
While ye puff off yer gas about ance in the year ;
Ye neglected to tell us how fast the bairns grows
That are raised in auld Scotia or parritch and
brose.

Do ye want optic proof? tak' a glance over there,
See how nicely he fills up the President's chair ;
Sic a stout sturdy Scot, but as sterlin' as steel,
And a guid souse sample o' auld Scotia's oatmeal.
I could tell you some mair, but it alters their plan,
Why the Scotch can eat guid stuff wi' ony white
man ;

For at Johnny Moloney's on St. Andrew's nicht,
How the pastry and poultry disappears 'tis a fricht.

If I was a Scotchman, as I easy might be,
I could brag up the Scotch an' auld Scotia sae free ;
Scotia's name stands untarnished through ages
that's gane,

She may have her equals, but superior's name.
Her history was fire, persecution an' sword,
And her son's noble deeds they are still on record ;
They fought, fell, and died for their freedom and
richt,

Scots honored their name on St. Andrew's nicht.

Some sneer at the Scotch, and their heads give a
wag,

Because o' their kin an' their country they brag ;
Canadians, English, Irish, an' Scot,
If you don't love the same, why no soul you have
got.

There are others that point oot the finger o' shame
At some puir worthless Scot that disgraces the
name ;

There are plenty bad Scots, that I freely admit,
But a race all perfection I never saw yet.

Brither Scots, when ye brag, ye maun bear this in
mind,

An' no' let your love be a mere puff o' wind ;
Open free, heart and hand, while the cash you have
got,

And relieve the distresses of a puir brither Scot.
You Scots here this nicht and all over the earth,
Don't dishonor your name, nor the land of your
birth,

So that when we meet here, wi' fair honor and
richt,

We may brag up auld Scotia on St. Andrew's
nicht.

TO THE SONS OF SCOTIA.

The following is the poetical address read by Mr. Telford,
Bard of the Peterborough Saint Andrew's Society, at their
pic-nic in Campbellford. It was addressed "To the Sons of
Scotia, or more particularly to the members and friends of St.
Andrew's Society of Peterborough":—

This morn I jumpet oot my bed
Before the sun his rays had shed ;
A' earthly cares and sorrows fled
Like mist on pic-nic mornin'.

I dunched my wife gie gently saft,
She rubbed her een looked up and laucht ;
She said, " You Scotch gangs fairly daft
On St. Andrew's pic-nic mornin'.

We reached in time the iron horse,
Snorting all ready for the course,
With piercin' shrieks, baith shrill and hoarse
Bounda off on pic-nic mornin'.

At curves an' crossin's how he roared
To guard the load o' Scots on board,
Landin' them safe in Campbellford,
Weel pleased on pic-nic mornin.

Behold the crowds o' cantie Scots,
Huntin' for cosie shaded spots
To spread their claiths, meats, dishes, pots,
To haud a glorious pic-nic.

Now Scotia's sons, an' daughters too,
Just one bit simple hint to you,
If high your rank, or tonie hue—
Don't show it at this pic-nic.

If I be pair and you be rich,
Don't pass as if I had the itch ;
Let Scottish love gie pride a pitch
Far off frae this Scotch pic-nic.

Mak' this a social friendship day,
Drive feudal clanship far away,
Wives, dauchters, your best smiles display
To grace oor Scottish pic-nic.

The feast is o'er, the claiths are cleared,
Sic lots o' guid stuff disappeared,
Baith auld an' young jumped up and cheered
For fun at oor braw pic-nic.

But hark ! a shrill note strikes my ear,
The slogan by the bagpipes clear—
The sound still mak's auld Scotia dear,
And mair sae at oor pic-nic.

The fiddle squeeks, lads, lasses spring,
In auld Scotch reel or Heeland fling,
Some gie gray heads, wheel round the ring,
Growin' young at this grand pic-nic.

At Duncan's word the sports begin,
Like hares the wanton widowers rin,
The first a handsome bride shall win,
Bonniest widow at the pic-nic.

Davie an' John mak's the quoits flee,
Tryin' hard to land them on the T ;
Tak' care that Jimmie disna gie
Hard tussle at this pic-nic.

Archie in glee his shooters shrugs
Jock claps his hands and claws his lugs,
He left at hame his greenland dogs
For a fine lass at the pic-nic.

They are jumpin' here an' rinnin' there
And a guid few begins to pair,
Tak' tent, young lassie, and beware
O' the cily tongues at pic-nics.

Baith young an' auld enjoy the scene,
And let nae discord intervene,
Mak' this the best that you hae seen
O' a' St. Andrew's pic-nics.

Let English, Irish, Scotch combine,
In friendship hand in hand entwine,
Strike up a bar o' Auld Lang Syne,
To finish up oor pic-nic.

And when ye hear the whistle blaw
Jump to yer feet baith ane and a',
Three cheers for Scotia far awa',
An' oor St. Andrew's pic-nic.

ST. ANDREW'S NIGHT.

ADDRESSED TO A. P. MORGAN—WELL-MERITED
PRAISE.

On St. Andrew's night, Scots thought it right,
With a few friends to gather,
To hold the day, though far away
From Scotia and the heather.
When they did meet each took his seat,
At A. P. Morgan's table,
How they did stare to see such fare—
Some thought him quite unable
To make such spreads.

Host, hostess, cook had learned each-book,
On pastry-cooking bearing,
Their spread that night showed they were quite
Real adepts in catering.
If Morgan thought to please the Scot,
His wish was more than granted,
Each voice they raise to sound his praise,
Loud, long his name they chanted
On that same night.

I have not brain to give the name
Of each dish there presented,
But those I know to you I'll show,
And you must rest contented.
Old England's chief, such nice roast beef,
Worcester sauce, delicious—
Next thrust your fork in roasted pork,
Or corned beef, who pleases
Could slice that night.

Roast turkeys pass, cranberry sauce,
Roast chickens, young and tender ;
Roast goose for you, apple sauce too,
To suit both goose and gander.
Roast ducks, plump, fat, oyster sauce, that
Will draw your lips like leaches,
Both old and young, try some cold tongue,
To help you with the speeches
You make this night.

The rich desert would please the heart
Of any man of reason ;
Plum-pudding, ah ! you need not chaw,
Blanc mange to oil your weasand ;
Black currant pies, mince ones likewise,
Nice apple pies so sweet, sir ;
Raspberry ones, too, that would make you
With lips just nice to meet her,
Your girl that night.

Please will you take some light sponge cake !

Or jelly cake at pleasure ;
Some gelatine as red as wine,
To sip just at your leisure ?
This pound cake try, three stories high
With flag on top to greet ye ;
The motto shows words such as those :
"Thrice welcome, Scots to eat me
On St. Andrew's night."

The celery stood just like a wood,
Fresh raisins from Venice, man ;
Some almond's snack, or filberts crack.
Or apples, which you please, man.
At last they bring the oatmeal king,
No nation can out-brag us ;
Fierce, furious, large, the Scotchmen charge
Upon the reeking haggis,
Most deadly fight.

Ale, water free, coffee or tea,
Was there to wash it down, man,
If one Scot there despised the fare,
Deserves a well cracked crown, man.
Hostess and host were cheered in toast,
Wishing they long might live, man,
To act their part with hand and heart
Many such spreads to give, man,
On St. Andrew's night.

RULED BY KINDNESS.

COMPLIMENTARY LINES TO J. G. MACPHERSON, THE
CELEBRATED HORSE TRAINER, ON HIS FIRST
VISIT TO PETERBOROUGH.

His hills I read, they told in language clear,
The great professor would exhibit here ;
New training theory he professed to show,
Quick I resolved that I, for one, would go.

Entering the Drill Shed, wildly I did stare,
Both at the champion and that kicking mare ;
He stern, determined, not one sign of fear,
She plunging, kicking, like a wounded deer.

To bridle her some daring men would dread,
Jack on the bean stalk could not reach her head ;
Clap her hind quarters, try to touch her hoof,
Her heels, like lightning, almost struck the roof

Undaunted stood the bold professor still,
Well knowing that she must yield to his will ;
With steady eye and hand, and training pole,
He brought her quickly under his control.

She strove to conquer, all attempts were vain,
 She found McPherson over her must reign ;
 Yes, two short lessons wrought a change complete,
 He hitched her up and drove her down the street.

Proving his theory and his training skill,
 Bad habits changed, subdued the stubborn will ;
 'Tis not by harshness, nor is it by force,
 His motto is : " Show kindness to the horse."

Are his acts cruel, I can answer " No,"
 No mouth rope sawing, causing blood to flow ;
 True, stern and bold, but yet so gently mild,
 His cruellest action would not harm a child.

He seems by nature, or some inward source,
 To reach the love-spring of the vicious horse ;
 Their nervous fears with love he seems to blend,
 Showing, though master, he is still their friend.

Reason itself approves the trainer's plan—
 Much rests upon the temper of the man ;
 If he attempts to govern by brute force,
 Can he expect obedience from the horse.

Throughout the States, in Canada the same,
 People and press applaud McPherson's name ;
 All who attend him, willingly confess—
 He can, and will, do all he does profess.

The class that he taught here his skill proclaim,
 Adding their witness to his roll of fame ;
 A skillful trainer—that they all allow,
 Long may those well-earned laurels deck his brow.

ON THE UNEXPECTED DEATH OF A NEIGHBOR.

But one short week had passed away—
 My pen was scarcely dry,
 Until another neighbor lay,
 Where we must shortly lie.

In perfect health he left us here,
 To Port Hope took his way ;
 With hopes to reach another sphere,
 The State of Iowa.

Mysterious are the ways of God,
 At least to blinded man ;
 He stopped our neighbor on his road,
 To execute his plan.

A small voice whispered in his ear :
 No farther thou shalt go ;

Affliction came, with pain severe,
 And fatal was the blow.

No human skill could save his life,
 When God did death decree ;
 He took the husband from the wife,
 Father, from children three.

Away from home, when sickness came,
 With friends his lot was cast ;
 To soothe and comfort was their aim,
 Until he breathed his last.

Hopes of recovery disappear,
 He felt death drawing nigh ;
 He said : " send for my mother dear,
 To see me ere I die."

All thanks to telegraph and steam,
 His wish was satisfied ;
 His mother, brothers, were with him
 Three hours before he died.

If there's one hour destined for good,
 A death-bed scene is one ;
 Just where that weeping mother stood
 Beside her dying son.

His wife and children he caressed,
 Committed them to God ;
 The hands of friends he kindly pressed,
 To death he gently bowed.

No dread of death was on his face,
 Prepared he calmly lay ;
 Death locked him in its cold embrace,
 His spirit passed away.

He was brought back, of life bereft,
 To that fond mother's door,
 Which he in health and strength had left,
 But one short week before.

In silent grave his ashes sleep,
 Removed from friend or foe ;
 Across that mound, unfelt, may sweep
 The winter's drifting snow.

Friends, on that bed we too must lie,
 His fate shall soon be ours ;
 Then live as we would wish to die,
 While God bestows the power.

As one by one they pass away,
 So we must shortly go ;
 Death's warrant may arrive to-day,
 Prepare to meet the blow.

THIS WAD BE A QUEER WORLD, IF
THERE WASNA' A SCOT.

This wad be a queer world, if there wasna' a Scot,
The big axle it rins on would soon gang to pot,
An' the great muckle globe would upset in mid air
If there wasna' a Scot in't to balance it fair.

It looks gie like a lee, though some big fules hae
said :

How that man lent a hand when this world was
made ;

If they help'd wi' the makin' o' the sea or the land,
They were Scots—or it wadna hae been half so
grand.

Our ain Queen, the good bodie, though she wallows
in wealth,

Has to gang doon to Scotia to build up her health ;
Her fourth daughter might been an auld maill even
now,

If that braw heelant laddie hadna' ta'en her in tow.

Britain's big ship of State, that presides o'er the
realm,

Wad be wrecked if there wasna' a Scot at the helm ;
An' the Lords an' the Commons wad soon strip
and fight,

But for long-headed Sandy, why he keeps them
baith richt.

Britain's glory is safe, to no foe she shall kneel,
While a Scotchman commands, or a Scot points the
steel ;

Egyptians an' Arabs wad jest do as they please,
If it wasna' for Scots, wi' their kilts and bare knees

You may sail to the tropics, where the richest
fruit grows,

You may penetrate Iceland, where the frost bites
your nose ;

You may search the hale world, in ilk civilized
spot,

If you meet two white men, you will find ane a
Scot.

But come nearer oursels, and I'll bate you a groat,
Canada owes more than half her success to the Scot ;
But for Scots' perseverance, hard work, will and
way,

Half her wild woods and swamps had been stand-
ing to day.

In party or politics, I tak' nae delight,
For I no care a preen how they bark or they bite,
But I whiles think mysel', quick to ruin we wad
float,

If the safety-valve wasna' well watched by a Scot.

Losh, the wondrous machine that spins oot our
affairs,

It is oft headin' greasin' an' bits o' repairs ;

Its pinions and axles wad soon get red hot,

If it wasna' kept oiled by a sharp-sighted Scot.

While in makin' or mendin' the laws o' oor Lund,
As a rule for the best, the rale Scot takes his stand ;
Baith Reformers an' Tories, at the head of their
ranks,

Hae two Scots—though they turn upon opposite
cranks.

In the pulpit, on platform, bench or the bar,
In the counsels of peace, or at field amang war ;
In the counting house, banks, at the office desks
thrang,

If they speak—ten to one—has the rale Scottish
twang.

In trade, or in commerce, by land or by sea,
Shrewd Sandy is foremaist, if it's worth a bawbee ;
In land carriage or shippin', guidis might lie till
they rot,

Ye wad heard no steam whussle had there not been
a Scot.

They are canny an' cautious, but as cute as a
miller,

Wi' two een like a cat's, always watchin' the siller ;
The high places they fill proves the name they have
got,

Hard, honest, trustworthy, sagacious Scot.

Now, there isn'a a race that lives under the ann,
But has faults—and some folks say the Scotchman
has one ;

An' they point oot their forefinger at ane little blot,
Sayin' they needna' brew whisky if there wasna' a
Scot.

Now, I think that's a lee, though some Scots a
drop tak',

But they no drink the ha'f o' the whisky fo'ks
mak' ;

The unprejudiced man will agree with my views,
Very few o' them dees in the treemans or blues.

The last nicht of November, it wad pass by in
gloom,

Not a fine speech or Scotch song be heard in the
room ;

The big Haggis might lie there—untasted, unshorn,
Till it moulded fair green, had a Scot ne'er been born.

That St. Andrew was Scotch, there is reason for
doubt,
But for Scots he wad not hae been spoken aboot;
And they tell me in Scotia a few ashes remain
O' his toes an' his fingers, an' a wheen of sma'
banes.

It's a grand world, this—but man fills it with woe,
And I wonder it wasna' destroyed long ago;
The big flood that spared Noah, or the fire that
chased Lot,
Wad soon mak' a clean sweep if there wasna' a Scot.

WAD YE LIKE TO GANG BACK ?

LINES FOR THE PETERBOROUGH ST. ANDREW'S SO-
CIETY, NOVEMBER 30, 1881.

O wad ye no like to gang back
To Scotia's wave-beat strand ?
Another wee hit keek to tak'
Of your auld native land ;
There is within ilk leal true Scot
A langin' wish I ween,
To view ance mair the dear auld spot
Before death shuts his een.

How quick your true Scotch heart wad beat,
Big tears o' joy doon fa',
And ye wad leup wi' supple feet
Frae the bank at the Broomielaw ;
To tread auld Scotia's hills anew,
The land o' life's first spring,
'Twas there the rale Scotch milk ye drew—
First heard yer mither sing.

How you wad rub your een, I wot,
Like a youth at early morn,
To view again the old thatched cot,
That dear spot you were born ;
And wade again that wimplin' burn
Aft washed your youthfu' feet,
Or climb the crag's steep windin' turn
And pu' the primrose sweet.

To peep into the auld skule house,
Where you learned your A B C's,
And clawed at times to shift the loose
Playin' marbles on your knees ;
Speel up the hill amang the broom,
And no forget to gather
A muckle bunch in brightest bloom
Of Scotia's scented heather.

To tread again that silent glen
Where your forefathers stuid,
Step gently on the soil which then
Drank up their dear heart's bluid ;
With throbbin' heart and tearfu' ee
Walk o'er that sacred sward,
That old stone marks some dear to thee,
Laid in that auld kirkyard.

Auld freends, auld cronies, meet again,
With them ye aft did play ;
Death thinned the ranks, those that remain
Their heads are turning grey.
For ilk true Scot I'll pledge my vows—
Ask his wish if you please—
'Tis that he may tread Scotia's knowes
Ance mair before he dees.

Though sunnier climes may be his lot,
He richer soil may claim,
He still looks back to that thatched cot,
His cosie old Scotch hame.
Though he has routh o' goud and gear,
Land, stock and a' thegither,
His thoughts gang back to days mair dear,
When he todaled wi' his mither.

Man that forgets his place of birth,
Whether English, Irish, Scot,
Is only but a blank on earth—
Lives, dies, and is forgot.
Perhaps but few that's sittin' here
Scotia again will see,
Still let us haud her memory dear
Where'er our hames may be.

Though een grow dim, auld age prevail,
Some heads both grey and bald ;
Let not your love for Scotia fail,
Nor distance mak' it cauld.
It's only on sic nights as this
The Scottish tongue gets vent,
Scot tells to Scot the days o' bliss
They in auld Scotia spent.

Perhaps we never back may gang
Her hills and glens to see,
Here let us lift the guid Scotch sang
On Scotia fair and free.
No matter where you spend your days,
O dinna forget to gather
Upon St. Andrew's nicht to praise
Auld Scotia's hills o' heather.

THE SCENERY OF SCOTLAND.

Respectfully inscribed to Isabella Valency Crawford, of Toronto, author of numerous beautiful poems, for the extremely kind and unexpected note, sympathizing with me in my trying affliction, namely the failure of my sight. She hopes that if it should be my sad lot to sit in darkness, the gift of the muse will still be permitted to flow. She earnestly requests me to try a few lines upon the scenery of Scotland. I know that I am unqualified to do justice to such a subject, and I hope that she will forgive the weak attempt that I have made, trusting she will look beyond the simple language, and appreciate the spirit in which I have written:

AULD SCOTIA.

Mirror of Nature, guide my humble lays,
Assist while I portray auld Scotia's praise;
Not her fair daughters, nor her sons so brave;
No bloodstained fields, nor Scottish martyr's grave.

I feel my pen is quite inadequate
To paint Scotch scenery, so grand and great;
No poet's pen, nor painter's highest art,
Can paint the beauties Scotia's scenes impart.

Her towering cliffs, bold, lofty, grand and free,
Worn by the wild waves of the Northern sea;
Her pebbly beach, or dangerous, rock-bound shore,
Where helpless sailors sink to rise no more,

The spreading trees—oft underneath their boughs,
The true Scotch lovers pledged their love, their
vows;

Her shaded groves afford the quiet retreats
Where amorous Jock his winsome Jenny meets.

Ascend her mountains where the tourist spies,
Romantic landscape, pleasing to the eye,
While plots of wild shrubs the hillsides adorn,
Through them the swift deer bounds, with antlered
horn.

Her grassy plains, laid out by Nature's skill,
While through their centre glides the gurgling rill,
Rising and rushing o'er the shelving rocks,
Where panty shepherds tend their fleecy flocks.

Tall stands the broom, nodding from side to side,
Rich blooming heather, every Scotchman's pride;
Meek mountain daisy, all the wild flowers spread,
Primrose and cowslip with its clustering head.

Her ancient abbeys, by time's hand deformed,
Where friars and monks their sacred rites per-
formed;

Old crumbling castles, with their turrets grey,
Where princes pined and royal blood ebbed away.

Her lochs and lakes, famed for their glossy form,
Or foaming waves, when tossed before the storm;

Escaping prisoners, in the midnight hour,
Sailed o'er those waters, free from tyrant's power.

The slippery crags, oft speckled by Scots so brave,
Or rude built cairn to mark some martyr's grave;
The banks and braes are bonnie now as when
They brought sweet strains from oor ain Robbie's
pen:—

“Behold that glen, view that round hollow there,
Oft from that spot went up the solemn prayer
Of those who hid from persecutions reach;
To little hands did guid John Paden preach.
Her mountain pass, where bloody troopers rode,
With panting steeds pursued the man of God;
Some hanging rock, or secret cave he knew,
Secured his safety, hid him from their view.
Scenery of Scotia, rugged, yet so fair,
No lands with her, historic, can compare;
Her shaded nooks, green knowes, and flowery
dales

Have furnished topics for romantic tales.
No lovelier scenes, stamped by creative hand,
No fairer spots exist in any land.
No greener sward watered by mountain flood,
No soil on earth drank so much martyr's blood;
Nae healthier breezes blow o'er hills sae free,
Nae bonnier burn rins wimplin' tae the sea.
Nae sweeter roses 'mang the woodbine curled,
Nae dearer thistle blooms in a' the world;
The Scot in youth that trod her heath clad hill,
Where'er he dwells, in heart he loves her still—
Her dear green valleys, and her birken shaws
Live in his memory while a breath he draws.”

ST. ANDREW'S BARD'S REFLEC-
TIONS.

“There's a chiel amang ye takin' notes, an' faith he'll prent it.”

A touching incident occurred on the day of our St. Andrew's Society excursion to Belleville. After partaking of a substantial dinner in the Hotel, in company with Mr. D. McLeod, President of the Peterborough St. Andrew's Society, and Chief Hugh McKinnon, President of the Belleville St. Andrew's Society, Mr. McLeod requested the piper to play a tune before returning to the grounds. When the music sounded my attention was attracted to an aged, but smart-looking lady, sitting in a chair. She seemed fascinated and spell-bound, not a move of her body, but her eyes steadily fixed, upon the player. I did not know who she was until Mr. McLeod introduced her to the piper as Mrs. McKinnon, mother of Chief McKinnon. The scene was an indisputable proof of the life-long love of the old Scottish Highland race for the pibroch's sound and their enchanting Highland home. The emotion she evinced so much touched my own feelings that I could not refrain from penning the following lines:—

Macdonald filled and tuned the pipes—for pleasure,
not for war—
And in a sweet and touching strain struck up the
“Braes o’ Mar;”
Each ear attentive, every eye was fixed upon the
player,
An aged Highland lady sat enchanted in her chair.

Full eighty years and one had passed, with all
their joys and ills,
Since first her infant eyes beheld her own dear na-
tive hills;
Though time stamped furrows on her brow, or sil-
ver tinged her hair,
It could not crush her inborn thoughts, or love for
home impair.

That music seemed to reach her soul, and fill it
with delight,
Her eyes, reflecting inward joy, shone like two orbs
so bright;
Her heaving breast it rose and fell, moved by the
well-known strain,
Her heart beat strong as if it was transformed to
youth again.

The thoughtful, pleasing, happy smile, beamed
gently o’er her face,
Charming and kindling up that love long years
could not erase;
It touched the main-spring of her thoughts, the
chief cord of her heart.
Her place of birth, her childhood home, and dis-
tance now apart,

The pibroch’s sound recalled to mind loved paths
where she did roam—
They swiftly waft her fancies back to her dear High-
land home.
The slogan o’ the bagpipes was the first that tuned
her ear,
Well may she love their thrilling notes, her waning
years to cheer.

Her deep emotion silent told the import of her
mind;
Love still unquenched for Scotia’s hame and friends
she left behind;
Distance nor time had not the power to change or
take away,
Such hallowed love, true home desires, evinced by
her to-day.

The music ceased, she quickly rose and grasped the
piper’s hand;

Like magic two old hearts went back to youth and
native land.

Life’s early scenes, sweet bygone joys still smould-
ering in their breast.

Burst forth with all their vivid force in Gaelic true
expressed.

.....
The scene must close, so touching, yet so grand,
Each nobly strove the startling tear to smother,
When Chief McKinnon gently laid his hand
Upon her shoulder saying, “do come home
mother.

THE DESJARDIN’S RAILWAY ACCIDENT.

This accident happened crossing the Desjardin Canal Bridge,
at Hamilton, Ontario, on April 18th, 1857.

Behold the powerful “Oxford” flies swift along
the line,
The speed is checked, the bridge is reached across
the Desjardin;
The whistle shrilly echoes, it summons—“man the
brakes.”
Too late—destruction’s obvious—the wooden struct-
ure shukes.

One moment more, one dreadful crash announced
the deed of woe,
Over eighty souls precipitated into the stream
below;
Their blood-stained bodies verify the havoc death
has made,
Among the dead the dying groan, and feeble shrieks
for aid.

Pause, reader, pause, and meditate on their un-
thought-of lot,
What thoughts prelude their minds before they
reached the fatal spot;
We cannot tell—the dead is still—but such we may
suppose,
The love, the laugh, the merry jest within the
cars arose.

The mother kissed her infant’s lips, its lovely
features scans,
The husband and the wife discourse, their hearts
bound two in one;
Two sisters sat, one smiled in hope her marriage
day to see,
She little thought her wedding dress a linen shroud
would be.

The youth of law with talents bright, in health, and strength, and pride,
Behold in fancy that loved spot he hopes to meet his bride?
His hope was but delusion, or like a midnight dream,
Instead of love he meets his death low in the ice-bound stream.

The rich whose wealth and greatness gained honor to their name,
Pursuing their aggrandisement—death them as victims claim;
The bold, undaunted seaman, though many a storm he braved,
'Tis true no brakers drowned him—alas! he was not saved.

The farmer and the mechanic—the engine driver's gone,
Well may his aged mother weep for her departed son;
Death spared no rank or sphere of life, the wealthy nor the great,
They with the humble laboring boy, met one untimely fate.

O, leave that spot, the scene of death, their blood the water dye,
Convey your thoughts into the house where their dead bodies lie;
Enter, behold one mass of dead, met death so premature,
Their mangled bodies drenched in blood laid low upon the floor.

Soul-sickening thought, heart-rending sight—is there a heart so cold,
That would not heave a tender sigh when they the sight behold?
Is there one eye that would not drop the mournful, piteous tear,
When gazing on their pallid face,—they all to some were dear.

Destructive, cruel, relentless death, that infant child to slay,
To crush that little tender stem and steal the flower away;
These children, too, of riper years that joined the sportive band,
Their place is vacant in the play, by death's cold ruthless hand.

O, what is beauty, what is strength?—death quickly both impair—

Behold! the lovely and the strong lies pale and feeble there;
Their hearts were young, their hopes were high, their sun was shining clear,
One moment laid them low with him whose head was white with years.

The death-like spell is sudden broke—O listen to the cries,
Bereaved friends in numbers throng, their dead to recognize;
The frantic shriek, the thrilling scream, the sob, the sigh, the tear,
When they beheld the face of them that to their heart was dear.

Yes! children cry for parents kind—sisters for brothers weep,
Brothers for sisters vainly sigh, for they are fast asleep;
Parents for sons and daughters grieve, bereaved husbands mourn,
The widow's cheek is bathed in tears, for him that can't return.

Compassion ours—bereavement theirs—the dead they can't recall,
Another lesson we may learn—that death awaits us all,
Whether by land or sea we go, in dwellings or abroad,
Let this the chiefest motto be—"Prepare to meet thy God."

MAN'S AFTER INFLUENCE.

Man while you journey through this vale of tears,
Pause and reflect upon the future years,
Not years of life as they pass o'er your head,
But after years, when you sleep with the dead.

Many while passing through this world of strife,
They think that death obliterates acts of life.
Live, speak and act, but never bear in mind,
When they are gone, influence remains behind!

Die, be forgot, is but the body's doom,
Each word and act must either blight or bloom,
Death can't erase one pure or filthy stain,
Whether good or bad their impress will remain.

The obscene language, carelessly expressed,
Oft leaves its poison in a neighbor's breast;
Dark acts committed, little thought of then,
May yet prove ruinous to your fellow men.

Death and the grave will hide you from men's view,
But your life's influence cannot die with you ;
Your great life's drama bears its fruits, it must,
Long after you have crumbled into dust.

You ask me why, I ask in solemn tone,
Was your life passed unnoticed and alone ?
Did not some fellow brother hear or see
Some sinful word or act performed by thee

Can you believe they will not show their power,
On some weak brother in a tempting hour?
He saw your acts, without remorse or shame,
By your example he commits the same.

Onward, O man, a holy life pursue,
And leave your marks as life you journey through ;
A noble influence worthy to remain,
That may from sin some living friend restrain.

Live, speak and act while life's probation last,
Deeds that will praise you when your days are past ;
Long after death has laid you in your rest,
Your acts may shine forth in some living breast.

Good name in life is better far than gold,
And after death its value will unfold,
Inward and outward as the ocean's roll,
So your life's influence on some living soul.

Life is a stage, each man must act his part,
Either to do good or corrupt the heart ;
Play well your part, and when life's scene is o'er,
Your deeds will shine back brighter than before.

Fathers and mothers, sisters and brothers. do—
Guard well your speech, likewise your actions too ;
Your influence now will live when you're forgot,
And bear their fruits, although you know it not.

TWO CHARACTERS OF MEN—TWO WAYS TO HONOR AND WEALTH.

LINES RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO GEO. A. COX,
ESQ., MAYOR OF PETERBOROUGH.

SIR:—

Pardon me, if herein I am found
Presumptuous, treading on forbidden ground ;
It ill becomes a humble bard like me,
Addressing one of so much high'r degree ;
Sir, poet's licence has a wide expanse—
Not always right, the opinions they advance—
But this is candid, not a midnight dream,
Proofs such as you, supply me with a theme.

It matters not in what rank men are born,
Whether princely brows, which diadem'd crowns
adorn,

Or the poor beggar, formed from equal dust,
From door to door, implores a humble crust,
In each and all, this ardent wish we find,
By nature grafted in the human mind,
Varying in hopes, still the desire the same,
To grasp at riches, through them courting fame.

The middle class, most numerous on God's earth,
Doomed sons of toil, true heirs of lowly birth,
They have their longings, and their plans by which
They in their lifetime may be worldly rich.
Spurred by that motive, every nerve is strained
To solve the problem, how good may be gained ;
Men's treacherous nature quickly holds to view,
Two ways to riches which they can pursue ;

First, seek gold, get riches, any way you can ;
Second, deal justly, with both God and man.
The first, most natural to man's greedy mind,
In this wrong path, yes, ten to one we find ;
They start in life with firm resolves to be
Most strictly honest to the last degree,
And for a time pursue that noble plan,
Straight-forward dealings betwixt man and man.

Wealth comes too slow, their life-laid plans give
way,

And o'er their hearts the gold god bears the sway.
Their hopes of wealth in that slow course grow
faint,

They crush remorse and cast off all restraint ;
In their transactions always seeming fair,
With sweet-tongued flattery the unwary snare ;
Their highest object and their chief desire,
Is by what way they riches can acquire ;
Wealth's strong temptations bind them as its slave,
Prompt them to trickery, grab, deceive and shave ;
From morn till night, in thought gold's glittering
gleams,

Rising in piles throughout their midnight dreams.
Good name and honour they will sacrifice
To please their cravings wealth to aggrandise ;
Their life and hearts become so deep engrossed,
Wealth must be won, though name and soul be
lost.

Fair, honest dealing they have cast aside,
How they can scheme and chisel is their pride ;
A fraudulent haul gives pleasure to their heart,
They smooth their conscience saying " that was
smart."

From day to day their hearts are fixed on self,

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They seek no blessing higher than vile self ;
 Mania for gold entwines them in its folds,
 They never think God gives and he withholds ;
 They hold their riches, right or wrongly made,
 And close their purse to charitable aid ;
 They press their treasures to a small, cold heart,
 As if from them they never would depart.

Some have amassed wealth in that dangerous path,
 Alas ! the greater number never hath ;
 Those that obtain it, ah ! how small their joys—
 A gnawing conscience all their peace destroys ;
 Their aim was faultless, but the path was wrong,
 Their haste for wealth increased temptations
 strong :

Of the possessor stands in blank dismay—
 Wrong gathered wealth takes wing and flies
 away,

If they do hold them while on earth they live,
 No peace no honor they can daily give ;
 Gold from the poor and needy wrongly wrung,
 In after-life won't cool their burning tongue.

As from our subject we must now digress—
 Reverse our thoughts and view the second class :
 Obscurely born, of humble parentage,
 No wealth by birth, no hopes of heritage ;
 No bells, no music, sounding out their birth,
 No princely titles, signs of worldly worth
 Born of poor parents in some lowly cot,
 To share their hardships and their scanty lot.

From youth's hard fate they never did recoil,
 Though daily pressed by poverty and toil ;
 To honest labour they felt quite resigned—
 Higher aspirations filled their youthful mind :
 They had their longings, prospects and desires,
 Wealth's joys and comforts their young heart in-
 spires ;

They long for riches, but they must be won
 Through higher motives than " class number one."

They view this world, with all its ups and downs—
 All stamps of men, ready with smiles or frowns ;
 They see two paths—the narrow and the broad :
 One is all self, the other trust in God.
 Their plans are formed and firm resolves are made,
 In search of riches sought by heavenly aid—
 Man's duty first let them succeed or not,
 While every dollar must be justly got.

They curb their nature—well they know its power—
 Beseeching succour in each tempting hour ;
 Gold's great allurements only tempts them when
 It is got justly from their fellow-men.
 Straight-forward dealing, upright in each act,

Reliable name, unimpeachable, intact ;
 Industrious, watchful, saving what they gain—
 Wealth thus obtained brings no remorse or pain ;
 Their thoughts and actions always just and fair,
 Word good as note—the signature they bear ;
 In all life's business, principles the same—
 While gathering wealth, keeps an untarnished
 name.

Arduous they labor with both hands and brain—
 Still pressing onward, riches to attain ;
 Improving carefully time and talents too,
 To grasp the object which they have in view :
 Exerting all the powers which they possess
 To make their mark in life a true success ;
 Steadfast, progressing with determined aim
 To honour, affluence and untarnished name :
 Striving for wealth, they still on God relied
 To grant them what their humble birth denied.

Fortune has smiled on many in that way—
 Honoured and wealthy, in our midst to-day ;
 Justly gained wealth, and by them liberal used,
 God's free-lent blessing, not to be abused,
 Not to be worshipped nor be hoarded up,
 But feed the hungry, sweet'n some bitter cup.

Riches bring blessings to such men as those,
 Whose hearts can share in fellow-creature's woes,
 Whose liberal hand will give to some distressed,
 Unfortunate being, who has been less blessed :
 Their ears are open to the needy's cry—
 Their hands are ready, succour to supply ;
 Their bounteous riches rich reward secure,
 Bestowing those blessings on deserving poor ;
 Riches with them a two-fold good achieves,
 Blessing the giver and he that receives—
 Sweet as the dew-drops of the early morn,
 Relieves distress, society adorns.

Yes, happy those, that in their lifetime, hath
 Gathered their riches in the safest path ;
 If proper used, one joy will fill their mind—
 They have shared out their riches with mankind.

MY GRANNIE AND ME.

WRITTEN FOR THE ST. ANDREW'S SOCIETY.

When I was a bairn, I mind it richt weel,
 On my auld grannie's knee I used often to speel ;
 An' she sleeket my hair, and she clapet my cheek,
 And sic fine honeyed words the auld bodie did
 speak.

When we gaed oot together grannie leaned on her
staff,

An' the neighbors stood glouren tae geegle an' lauch,
For the age o' my grannie was eighty and three,
Sic an' odd-looking pair was my grannie an' me.

Oh the stories she telt me, to believe I was laith,
About folks that came back and appeared after
death;

Ghosts, witches, an' warlocks an' fairies was seen
Brisk ridin' the broomstick on auld Halloween;
Auld time superstition she held as her creed,
The death-tick, an' warnin's when ony ane deid—
I hae listened till fear brought the tear in my ee,
But my grannie ne'er thought how her stories
gliffed me.

My grannie was auld, but her memory was young,
And depend on my word, she was glibe with the
tongue,

On the wark she performed in her earliest days,
On her spinnin' an' cleedin' the bairnies wi' claes.
She span a' the woo', the tow an' the flax,
Ta mak' socks for their feet an' claes for their
backs;

"The young wives noo-a-days isna worth a baw-
bee,
Sae tak' tent wha ye wed," said my grannie to me.

How I lauched when she spak' o' her girlhood
years,

When my grandfather whispered true love in her
ears;

Man's love, in her youth, was as true as the sun,
But she said it was noo a' half lees an' half fun;
She telt me my grandfather wore hoddan grey,
It was noo shinin' braidclath for style an' display,
An' the lasses, forgie me, they are prond as can be,
Wi' their new-fangled fashions, said my grannie to
me.

When she saw the hooped skirts on a lass in oor
toon,

She said: "Tell me, my lady, is that a baloon?"
An' she telt me their heads noo was huskit sae fair
Wi' the plaits an' the rolls o' some deid body's
hair.

Grannie wore a short dress, gie auld-fashioned and
plain,

How she raised up her hands when she saw the
lang train;

"It's to hide their bad feet, or perhaps it may be
Just to sweep up the glar," said my grannie to me.

Then the auld bodie drew me close up to her side,
Sayin', "Dear me, oh laddie, sic a world wi' pride,

For instead o' the hurr o' the auld spinnin' wheel,
The piano or organ in ilka house squeal.
I wadna believed it, when I was a lass,
Pride, folly, and fashion wad hae come to this pass;
If I live awhile longer, O perhaps I may see
Some ane gann on their head," said my grannie to
me.

Though she caed lads and lasses, yet she lodged nae
complaint

About worthy St. Andrew, the Scot's patron saint;
An' the muckle she telt me, yet the worthy auld
dame,

If she kened him ava, never mentioned his name;
Perhaps he was deid ere my grannie drew breath,
Or he might be in Greece, where they say he met
death;

His fingers an' toes came to Scotia by sea,
But how many there was, grannie never telt me.

If my grannie could rise fra her cauld musty cham-
ber,

An' gaze on the Scots on the last o' November,
She wad hear sic harangues, ay an' see sic a sight,
That wad mak' her believe a' the Scots had gane
gyte,

Wi' their stampin' an' toasin' an' hip, hip, hurrahs!
An' loud singin' lang syne, ye banks an' ye braes,
If I joined in the chorns, O her tongue I micht dree,
Just as daft as the others, would my grannie ca' me.

She wad hear the braid Scotch, o' the land o' oor
birth—

Hear them say how the Scotch was the salt o' the
carth;

Tho' they like a fat office, they can naud the bawbee,
They can live an' get rich where anither would dee.
On St. Andrew's nicht Scottish fare they partake,
Just to practice their jaws on the hard oaten cake;
An' the big reekin' Haggis—Scots go for it free,
An' hand round twa big platefuls to grannie an' me.

ST. ANDREW'S SOCIETY PIC-NIC,
JULY 25TH, 1873.

Losh—Brither Scott, my canty chield,
This day I left the harvest field:
Hard wark an' me had baith tu yield,
I cou'dna stay,
Though I had been on barrow wheeled
Doon here, this day,

I said, "guid wife, we balth maun gang,
An' join the social merry thrang,"

Tu wark she went, wi' sic a bang,
Some scones to bake;
She kenned I wad like muckle whang
Gae doon the lake.

Now, brither Scots, both ane an' a'
Here let us spend an hour or twa,
Gie care and grief an' unco thraw
Richt ower your shootier:
Ne'er mind though you should puff an' blaw,
Like puffs o' poother.

This day rekindles in our paws
Our early days, on Scotia's knowes;
Perhaps recalls some youthfu' vows
Premature broken.
Deep buried thoughts this day arouse,
Lang since forgotten.

Our childish play-ground—cherished spot,
The grass-grown hill, or humble cot,
'Twas there we learned what gies the Scot
Their honored name;
Fie, scorn the man that brings a blot
On his auld hame.

Scotia thy scenes we love them still
Where cowslips, primroses, scent the hill,
The drumlie burn, or gurglin' rill
Rins through the glen;
Sic grandeur fails the painter's skill
Or poet's pen.

Though we hae left the land o' cakes,
Hills clad wi' heath, wi' broom or brakes,
On days like this oor fancy wakes
Like early bee;
Waftin' oor thoughts o'er land an' lakes
Or braid blue sea.

True some o' us are auld an' gray,
We canna join the youngster's play;
It grieves us sair, as weel it may;
We canna help it.
I ken richt weel ance in a day
Them we wad skelpet.

This day fine dainties stand in rows
Nae smell o' oatmeal fills our nose,
On pic-nic days Scots sup nae brose,
Parritch nor haggis.
The Queen hersel' at dinner shows
Couldna' ootbrag us.

Sic gatherin's muckle good impart,
To stir up friendship in our heart,

Though different stations, trades or art
Here we are aye;
Baith rich and puir perform their part,
Comfort or fun.

Guid man sits crackin' wi' his dame,
Contrastin' this day's fun wi' hame.
Watch that young birkie—what's his name?
How he endeavors
That young bit lassie's heart to flame
Wi' his love havers.

Ye needna lauch at what I tell,
When young we did the same oursel',
Aft watchin' their young bosom swell
Wi' sobs and sigls,
But love has bound us, wi' its spells,
In wedlock ties.

One member is not here to-day,
He to the waters fell a prey,
One tribute to his memory pay,
Large hearted Scot.
With reverence I those words will say:
"Dead, not forgot."

Now, brither Scots, I say good-bye;
Drink very light, if ye tak' rye,
And, you, that's sparkin' do it sly,
Get the right hang on't,
A country coof will surely try
To mak' a sang on't,

REFLECTIVE THOUGHTS.

Reflective thoughts while attending the funeral of a mother
taken away from a large family.

Ah, who can take that mother's place,
Or fill that chair—Death vacant left:
Or give the mother's fond embrace
To tender babe of her bereft.

Or who can watch those children dear,
With the same feeling, love, or care,
With joyful patience sit and hear
Them lisping o'er their evening prayers.

No other hand so gentle, kind,
To wash their cheeks or smooth their locks,
The mother's love so well defined,
Knows well her part to whip or coax.

When seized with sickness or with pains,
The mother's hand oft gives relief,

Their tear-wet faces smile again,
Her words, the balm to soothe their grief.

In joy or sorrow, mirth or woe,
Her presence fills their hearts with bliss ;
Radiant their youthful faces glow,
As she imprints the mother's kiss.

The breasts that nursed—eyes, which did keep
Watch o'er them in their tender years,
The tongue that oft sung them to sleep,
Each, with that mother disappears.

When the bright sun withhold its beams,
Then gloom and darkness reigns alone ;
As such—that family circle seems,
When from it's midst that mother's gone.

The father may perform his part,
They willingly may him obey,
But, ah ! his words touch not their heart,
As did that mother's—passed away.

The stranger may attempt to fill,
The breach which cruel death hath made,
They lack the love, the power, the will,
The mother's loving heart displayed.

Mother, all earthly friends excel,
Though they may true and faithful prove ;
No pen can paint, no tongue can tell,
The depth of a true mother's love.

Love from all other love apart,
'Tis heaven-like, nothing less,
The yearnings of a mother's heart
She shows, but can't express.

Then, let us love them while they live,
Nor let death it erase,
No other friend this world may give,
Can fill a mother's place,

TO A BUTTERCUP.

In walking through a piece of low land in my pasture field on the first day of November, I was struck with astonishment to behold one solitary buttercup, standing in full bloom. I placed a stick beside it, and paid it frequent visits. About the middle of November a heavy snow storm hid it for ever from my view. The simple scene stirred the muse and brought forth the following lines :

Sweet, simple flower, why art thou there alone ;
All summer flowers are faded, dead and gone ;
The Autumn blasts—October frosts severe—
Killed all our flowers, alone thou standest here.

The fields hath twice been white with showers of
snow,

They must have covered, but not nipped thy blow,
In storm or sunshine, through long nights of gloom,
To-day I find thee still in perfect bloom.

How hard thy fate, to gaudy garden flowers,
Shaded and sheltered by the shady bowers ;
From side to side, by storms thy stem is driven,
Thine only shelter—canopy of heaven.

Around thy roots, no fertilizers spread,
The natural soil alone hath raised thy head,
Unseen by man, still heaven's refreshing dew,
And balmy showers nourished and watered you.

Thy growing place, although man knew it not,
The busy bees would oft frequent the spot ;
From thy bright petals suck the nectar sweet.
Thy golden leaves treading with tiny feet.

Thy life was spared ; why was it buttercup,
That cattle grazing did not lick thee up ?
Or with their hoof, as they were trampling round,
Crush thy bright flower and stem into the ground.

Sweet buttercup, to-day I do thee scan,
I know thy guardian has been more than man,
The hand that spared where cattle daily trod,
The eye that watched, were both the power of God.

He spread his mantle round thy tender stem,
The autumn blasts, he kindly tempered them,
The bitter frosts oft threatening thee with death,
Was softened round thee by his heavenly breath.

Why should I wonder at you blooming here,
In modest beauty amidst autumn drear,
Thy presence truly, a new proof it yields,
God still preserves the wild flowers in the fields.

LINES

WRITTEN IN TORONTO WHILE UNDERGOING AN
OPERATION FOR CATARACT ON MY LEFT EYE.

Awake, my soul, and rest on God,
Why grieve so in despair ?
Sure He that sways affliction's rod
Alone can ease my care.

Though far from those I dearly love—
My wife and children dear,
I cast myself on God above
To dry each rising tear.

In hopes a prisoner I remain,
 God only knows my fate,
 He has the balm for every pain
 My grief to mitigate.

Dim and obscure the light of day
 Shines on my bloodshot eyes,
 Should I again behold its rays
 The blessing I would prize.

With patience still I must endure
 All His most holy will,
 He smites, and He alone can cure,
 My hope is in Him still.

I feel deficient, is there one that can
 Express the worth, the precious sight of man?
 We little prize the pure, endearing light
 When in the full enjoyment of our sight.
 A child, for instance, on its mother's knee,
 Enjoying health, has sight and vision free:
 From youth to manhood, onward lightly goes,
 Perhaps the worth of sight he never knows.

Nature around him he views with delight,
 But pauses not to prize the worth of sight;
 He never thinks how soon his sight may go,
 Leaves him in darkness, grief, despair and woe.
 He views the field and forest's shaded grove,
 The foliage, flower, induces him to love,
 The sea, the sky, the sun, the moon and stars
 Through sight and vision he beholds afar.

Look on the change—behold him with surprise,
 'Tis now he knows the value of his eye;
 Those lovely objects he so much enjoyed
 Exchanged for darkness—he of sight is void.
 Oh, wretched man, how doleful is his state,
 The wealth of worlds cannot relieve his fate;
 Though riches flow, no pleasure gilds its way,
 Through midnight darkness he must grope his way.
 Though nature all its lovely rays unfold,
 Shut out from him, he cannot them behold;
 The busy world, in which he once took part,
 Now a dark chaos, only pains his heart.
 All he possesses, all by him adored—
 All would he give to have his sight restored.
 Not tenfold more than ever man could own
 Can bring again that precious sight when gone.
 Skilled men may operate on those crystalized eyes,
 They are successful, if God aid supplies;
 Man's skill is powerless in that darkened hour,
 He acts as agent, God alone the power.

Both young and old, whatever your degree,
 O, prize that sight which God hath given thee;

While you admire all nature's work abroad—
 Look you from nature up to nature's God.

To such as feel the preciousness of sight,
 Rejoice, be glad, enjoy it with delight;
 With heart and soul beseech the God of heaven,
 To save to you that sight which He hath given.

ST. ANDREW'S PIC-NIC.

This morn', before the sun did pæp,
 I jump't it up, yes, half asleep,
 Some strange thought ower my mind did creep,
 Sayin' this is pic-nic mornin'.

My wife upon her elbow raised,
 Her 'een ha'f open, how she gazed,
 Sayin', "Auld Scotch fules, gangs fairla crazed,
 On St. Andrew's pic-nic mornin'.

I reached the station, there to see,
 Hundreds, just as big fules as me,
 Roarin' an' lauchin' fu' of glee,
 On oor Scotch pic-nic mornin'.

Something stood fuffin' like a cat,
 Steam puffin' fra a muckle pat.
 They said nae horse could match wi' that,
 For speed on pic-nic mornin'.

They telt me it lang wund had got,
 By shovelin' coals into its throat,
 It whis'led, banged off like a shot,
 Wi' Scots on pic-nic mornin'

At every station speed slacked doon,
 To tak' on every Scottish loon,
 And land them safe at Belleville toon,
 To haud their Scottish pic-nic.

Wi' baskets fu', men flocked like bees,
 Blythe wives an' daughters crooked their knees,
 Snug in below some spreading trees,
 To feast at oor braw pic-nic.

Some says the Scotch live on oat-meal,
 This day a different scene reveal,
 Tarts, pound cakes, pies, roast lamb and veal,
 Scots mak' s grand spreads at pic-nics.

Sharp appetites hae done their share,
 An' weel clad claiths are gettin' bare,
 When Duncan's voice near rends the air,
 Wi' programme o' the pic-nic.

Wi' Scottish pluck, the sports begin,
 Some starts to jump an' some to rin,

The quoin' chaps stick doon the pin,
The Scotch game at oor pic-nic.

List ! hear that sound, Scots' dearly loo,
Loved by your auld farefathers, too,
It's Tunal'd blaun the bagpipes fu',
To make this a Scotch pic-nic.

The fiddler starts an auld Scotch reel,
The youngsters heel an' toe it weel,
Some auld Scots their young impulse feel,
Shakes their feet at oor pic-nic.

Guid wife, guid mon sits doan and cracks,
The young folks seek their silent walks,
Where buruin' love gets vent in smacks,
The sweetest meat at pic-nics,

This day let every mither's son,
Whate'er his rank, here be as one.
Let nae self-pride disturb the fun,
We wish for at oor pic-nic,

Is here a Scot that bears the name,
Stuck up wi' pride by wealth or fame,
He had far better stap't at hame,
Than show it at oor pic-nic.

Tho' far from Scotia's craigs an' cairns,
O ! diuna crush what boyhood learns,
Anee mair, be a' Jack Tamson's bairns,
A Scottish family pic nic.

Some caes us clanish, sic a blotch,
We on nae ither race eneroach,
Canadians, English, Irish, Scotch,
Are welcome at oor pic-nic.

Nae wild discordant seeds we sow,
Nae warlike Scottish trumpet blow,
True love for kin an' country show,
The chief aim at oor pic-nic.

We hope to meet wi' Belleville Scots,
An' talk of auld familiar spots,
Tell whar we cam' frae, weet our throats,
Wi' saft stuff at oor pic-nic.

A friend just whispered in my ear,
A brother Scottish bard lived here,
I diinna think it wrang to spier,
If he be at oor pic-nic.

If he be here, man, come awa',
Gie me a guid wag o' your paw,
An' friendship's lovin' mantle draw,
Ticht rood us at o. r pic-nic.

Behold, the sun is wearin' low,
Pleasure an' mirth submissive bow,
Scots canna mak' time's wheel go slow,
Nor lengthen oot their pic-nic.

Aboon' the mirth, I hear a noise,
The train comes, bi'riin' up my boys,
To throw a damper on your joys,
An' take you frae your pic-nic.

Jump all aboard, conductor's cry,
Up springs the hungry or the dry,
To Belleville toon we bid guid bye,
And oor St. Andrew's pic-nic.

May all return, hopes unalloyed,
Bodies refreshed, and spirits buoyed,
Sayin' this is the best day they enjoyed,
At oor St. Andrew's pic-nic.

Tak' my advice, gang a'richt hame,
As straight an' sober as you came,
An' diinna let us bear the name—
Gitten fu' at oor pic-nics,

LINES ON THE RE-OPENING OF A. P. MORGAN'S HOTEL.

Yes, burned out, not burned up,
Brought low, but higher to rise ;
Four months ago my nice hotel
In flames illumined the skies.
By persevering skill and hands,
Just where the ashes lay,
A more commodious structure stands—
Grand opening out to-day.

To all old customers and friends,
All former favors here extend ;
Much more capacious than before,
Come welcome to my open door.
As yet it shows no outward pride,
Rich beauty, comfort reigns inside ;
I boast not in presumptuous tone,
Equals it has, superiors none.

Boarders and travellers here will find,
Good meals and beds to suit their mind ;
And if Lord Lorne becomes my guest,
His weary limbs may quietly rest.

My tables daily will supply,
What season's yield, or cash can buy ;
The hungry here will find a balm,
Their craving appetite to calm.

Waiter and cook no pains will spare,
To suit your taste, well cooked or rare,
Announce your wants, what you require,
Will be supplied, to your desire.

My bar affords cigars to please,
Their odor scents the wintry breeze,
Good liquors, hot or cold, to choice,
Just ring the bell or raise your voice.

Farmers of late the want have felt—
Return, my sheds are all rebuilt,
In stable or shed your horse can stand,
Abundant water at command.

If chilled with cold, by driving far,
Draw near the stove placed in my bar—
The red hot stove, a wee drap rye,
Will warm you like a new cooked pie.

If wife or daughter comes along,
Their horse give to obliging John,
While they walk in from cold or harm,
My sitting room will keep them warm.

I can't on paper tell you all,
Proof proper, give a personal call,
Review it all from floor to ceiling,
The sight will set your eyes a-reeling.

Strict order, kind, obliging manner,
Shall be the motto on my banner,
By such a course I hope to swell,
The custom of my new hotel.

TWO DAYS TRIAL OF THE DUNKIN
ACT IN PETERBOROUGH.

A chap like me can often see,
Sights better worth than scorning,
So you may bet, I won't forget,
The scenes on June Fair morning.
The country folks drove in in flocks,
For business, fun and fooling,
They looked quite blue, soon as they knew.
The Dunkin Act was ruling—

For the first day.

Away like steam they drove their teem,
Where they did usual take them,
The Dunkin fate had closed the gate,
Yes, fast as chains could make them.
They stamped and swore, tried gate and door,
But all was unavailing;
Returning back, they cursed the Act,

Sought other quarters railing—
In rage that day.

Next came the Steeds—of entire breeds,
Straight to their tavern station,
They looked in vain, the bolt and chain,
Sealed all accommodation.
The horses screamed, the grooms they streamed
Out oaths—not complimentary,
Off I ken a streak they went to seek,
Stands from the Dunkin gentry—
For that same day.

On Court House hill, notes loud and shrill,
Sounded like distant thunder,
Screams. I declare, near rent the air,
And made King Dunkin wonder.
The Dunkin Knight was in a plight,
And tried all his resources,
He said in fact the Dunkin Act,
Did not include such horses—
To scream that day

Some took the track to one in black,
And roused him from his study,
At the first roar he reached the door,
And gazed a little muddy.
But not one oath to stain the cloth,
That would have been unholy,
He rued the day when he did pray,
For that Act now was folly—
Plain proof that day.

Street sights was good, so there I stood,
Like country clown or foreigner,
To watch the chap that likes his drap,
Sneak round the tavern corner.
Bar door he tried, but lock defied,
His entrance on that day, man,
Through key hole look, his shoulders shook,
Ill-pleasèd, he went away, man—
Thirsty that day.

Yes, he was dry! Some good "Old Rye"
Would slip down sweet as honey.
In vain he sought to wet his throat,
For either love or money.
His mouth was cramped, his foot he stamped,
He shook his fist in rage, man,
Had he met them, stiff Dunkin men.
He'd have shown them his gauge, man—
Laid flat that day.

Next day, fresh noise!—the Granger boys
Rushed in without restraintment,
By music led to the Drill Shed,

For Pic-nic entertainment,
The Grangers' rule—each basket full,
All things so sweet and nice, man,
Tarts, pound cakes, pies, wife Granger cries,
We have them at cost price, man,—
Eat free this day,

The feasting done, the boys seek fun,
With their sweet creature arming,
Then down the street, designed to treat,
To wine, his little darling,
Lo, and behold ! but they looked cold,
The bar admits no stranger,
They might have got the wine they sought,
Had Dunkin been a Grauger,

On Pic-nic day.

Two days they close, and goodness knows,
Many looked worse than dotting,
Some Dunkin lips was dry as chips,
Just suffering for their voting,
On the third day, Sir Dunkin lay,
All sickly, helpless, sighing,
He faints ! he sinks ! call for your drinks,
And toast the hero dying.
Yes, dead this day.

REFLECTIVE THOUGHTS.

The following verses were written by Mr. Telford, and sent to his son, Mr. J. N. Telford, when about to undergo an operation on his eyes by Dr. Herbert Burnham, a celebrated Toronto oculist.

TORONTO, Wed., Jan. 29th, 1886.

MY DEAR SON,—Got all safe over the first operation ; just preparing for the second ; waiting patiently for the doctor's coming ; every nerve braced ; thoughts ascending upwards whence all our strength comes—comfort and consolation in our time of trials and sufferings. Hope and patience still prevail.

BEFORE THE OPERATION.

Dear wife, though far from one another,
Our love and heart seem—ah ! how near,
Warmly feeling for each other,
Relieves each sigh, drives back the tear.

Although I cannot hear your voice,
My hours of solitude to cheer,
I know your heart's true chiefest choice,
Is that you really could be here.

AFTER THE OPERATION.

Another deadly trial is on,
Eight days and nights in length,
In darkness I am not alone,
In weakness I have strength.

Batten and bandage seals my eye,
Exclude light from my face,
Methinks an angel stands near by,
Holding the light of grace.

LINES OF THANKS.

Respectfully inscribed to Mr. Robt. H. Thomson, of Chicago, Ill., for the uncensuring interest he has taken in myself and my simple lines ; many of them he has had reprinted and sent all over the United States, Canada, England, and Scotland. Although he has never seen me, our correspondence is very warm, interesting and frequent :

SIR,—

Time, forsooth, must have fled fast away—
Our first acquaintance dates three years to-day ;
In that short space, communication vast,
Between two hearts soul-stirring thoughts have
passed.

In "Scottish American"—journal of great fame—
'Twas there you first beheld my humble name—
Some unseen power endeared you to my lines,
While love for me your noble soul entwines.

Such love as yours no obstacles retard—
You searched and found me through your postal
card ;

I read it, wondered, read and thought again,
At last I found its import clear and plain.

You found me not with praised or honored name,
Nor in the ranks of high poetic fame—
My rank and learning I to you revealed—
A humble farmer toiling in the field.

Your love expressed, caused mine to originate,
Blending two hearts—two loves reciprocate ;
Our friendship formed time hath not yet estranged,
Love kindled then flows free to-day, unchanged.

My obscure lot, in your view was no fault,
Your chiefest object was me to exalt—
Like leaves of autumn scattered o'er the ground,
Both far and near you spread my name around.

Time or expense seemed nothing unto thee,
Printing or mailing to friends across the sea ;
To England, Scotland—that dear and loved spot,
Through you my lines are read in many a cot.

Throughout this land, young Canada by name,
To rulers and statesmen you have sent the same ;
To all your friends, acquaintances and mates,
The length and breadth of the United States.

With ardent zeal my name you promulgate,
 In California and New England State ;
 O'er north and south—to men of rank and fame—
 Beyond the rockies you have sent my name.

In your own city you have spread it o'er,
 Like moving sands upon the wild sea shore ;
 Judges and lawyers, bishops, old divines,
 Merchants, mechanics read my simple lines.

Some hold the theory, and conclusions draw,
 That man can't love a man he never saw ;
 Our friendship, sir, breaks down their flimsy case—
 We love and never saw each other's face.

In thought you saw me when love threw its dart,
 Its power the fulcrum which propels your heart ;
 Absorbs your thoughts till they o'erflowing move,
 Towards a stranger with unwaning love.

No false love yours, no selfish motives thine,
 Not your own name, your chief aim, honour mine ;
 For free-will kindness I to you impart,
 The grateful thanks of my true loving heart.

I lack the language, power, and aptitude,
 To render you full share of gratitude ;
 My pen is powerless my thoughts to define,
 Accept the shadow for the true design.

I would possess a cold, ungenerous mind,
 To fail to thank you for your acts so kind ;
 Past correspondence proves well what thou art—
 A friend sincere, with a large loving heart.

My heart's truest wish—and it is thine I know—
 As years roll on, our mutual love may grow ;
 Unmarred, untrammelled, adoring and adored,
 Extinguished not until death breaks the cord.

LINES BY REQUEST,

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO MRS. ROBT. H. THOM-
 SON, OF CHICAGO, ILL., ON THE ANNIVER-
 SARY OF HER 75TH BIRTHDAY.

Dear Madam, do forgive my muse,
 Weak talents, language, both excuse,
 They can't meet your exalted views,
 Attained since your first birthday.

In England, famed land of the rose,
 The spring was melting winter's snows,
 When snowdrops their first beauty shows,
 Emblems of your first birthday.

That day your parent's joy o'erflow,
 To-day in death they both lie low ;
 Yes, seventy-five long years ago
 Dates back to your first birthday.

The scenes of youth—your girlhood days,
 The joys, the pleasures life displays,
 Would rise before your youthful gaze
 On each returning birthday.

You must confess, some girl's forsooth,
 Won't own their age in days of youth :
 Wedlock, they admit the truth,
 Counts up each bygone birthday.

To-day you view a long past life—
 Joys when a girl, cares as a wife ;
 A true friend's love, an enemy's strife,
 Prevalent between each birthday.

Your life, like others, changing fast—
 One day the sky with clouds o'ercast,
 The next all sunshine, gloom has passed
 Like shadows between each birthday.

At times a train of tranquil peace,
 It changes, troubles, griefs increase ;
 Sad tidings of some friend's decease
 Caused mourning on your birthday.

Throughout your life of vanished years,
 How oft your mirth was changed to tears,
 From inward grief and outward fears,
 You shared between each birthday

God blessed you in your earthly lot,
 Come grief or joy, it matters not,
 Kind, loving husband you have got
 To cheer you on each birthday.

Happy your life, though tinged with woes,
 Because the Thistle loves the Rose*,
 Old age and love together grows,
 On each succeeding birthday.

My aged friend, God's love adore,
 He promised much, He grants you more ;
 Life's allotted span you have passed o'er,
 Five years on your last birthday.

His plans are wise, He condescends
 To leave you here to soothe your friends,
 For some good purpose he extends
 The number of your birthdays.

His heavenly eye has watched two flowers,
 Still growing, tho' scorched by sinful powers,

Budding, to bloom in brighter bowers
A clear and spiritual birthday.

He is loth the marriage bonds to break,
In your dear home a breach to make;
For your own good and husband's sake,
He lengthens out your birthdays.

Dear friend, my truest wish for thee
Is many years you yet may see,
If it God's holy will should be,
To grant you more glad birthdays.

May your long, well spent life on earth,
Bless you and her that gave you birth,
Jesus and angels sound your worth,
On your eternal birthday.

*Thistle, Scotch Husband; Rose, English Wife.

MY PARRITCH AN' AULD HORN SPUNE.

When I was a bairn, I min' it richt weel,
Twice a day I supp'd parritch o' guid outen meal;
An' my mither aft gied my red cheeks a bit pat,
Sayin', "Willie, ma laddie, you look sousie an' fat"
I then used a luggie—it was filled by my mither,—
I could hand it in ae hand an' sup wi' the ither;
For it had a nice hand on't, twa iron girls roun,
An' I scraped oot that luggie wi' my auld horn spune.

As I grew up in size, sae my measure grew quicker,
My wee luggie was chang'd for a dish ca'd a bicker;
For oor stomachs, like heads, needs mair as we learn,
An' a big ha'flin' callant wants mair than a bairn.
I needed nae doctorin' for youths' troubles or ills,
For my mither had nae faith in powders or pills,
Oatmeal gruel, het an' sweetened, put my stomach
in tune,
For to scrape oot my bicker wi ma auld horn spune.

When I started tae wark, this is true as your carritch,
I hae worked for five hours on ma bicker o' parritch,
Better health, stronger nerves, an' a far clearer pow,
Than I hae on the dainties they hand to me now.
My mither made guid anes—plenty meal an' weel
boiled,
An' they stuck tae my ribs, made me strong as I
toiled,
Nae thin, water-blashed anes, that sunne shaket doon,
But sae stift that they whiles bent ma auld horn
spune.

When I praise up the parritch, folk here ca' it lees,
Sayin', "a' they are guid for is makin' weak knees;"

But on ae point our doctors an' writers agree,
For health, sup mair parritch, drink less o' the tea.
Our youths wad be healthier, an' grow faster up,
If they cleaned oot a bicker instead o' tea cup;
Billiousness an' dyspepsia wad dee out vera sunne,
If folk scraped oot their bickers wi' ony auld spune.

ADDRESSED TO R. B. THOMSON OF 'CHICAGO.

In the "Northwestern Commercial Traveller" of Chicago, Ill., for April, a beautiful poem appeared, from the pen of Mr. Robert H. Thomson, Chicago. Subject: "You Ask me how I Live." In a real, pathetic, clear and touching manner, he brought out the true spirit and sympathetic notions of a sincere Christian life. I was highly delighted with it; but I am sorry to say that such a life to-day is an exception, not the rule. I promised him, when I could spare time, to send a reply, taking an opposite view, and show the course of life which is too prevalent at the present time.

"YOU ASK ME HOW I LIVE."

I am living true to nature,
As the shell clings to the rock,
Not a stamp of my Creator
But a branch from sinful stock.

From my childhood I have cherished
Selfish motives every hour,
What was God-like must have perished,
Pelf and self my ruling power.

Wide awake, asleep or dreaming,
Worldly thoughts my heart enslave,
Planning ways for chiselling, scheming
How my fellow-men to shrieve.

Like the serpent, wily, cunning,
I enfold men in my coil;
Ruin, pity, grief—all shunning
If I can but grasp the spoil.

Every thought and impulse straining
To gain wealth at any cost,
Praise of men or God disclaiming—
Although hope and soul be lost.

Well I know a Christian's duty
Is our fellow-men to love;
In that course I see no beauty
My cold, calloused heart to move.

My ears are closed to mankind calling
As they drain misfortune's cup;
When I see my neighbor falling
I won't stoop to help him up.

I can mix up with society—
 Show a saint-like, serious face—
 All is sham, a mask of plety,
 Void of love, faith, works or grace.

I profess religion daily
 As a cloak or make believe,
 A real hypocrite's regalia
 To defraud, cheat or deceive.

I can go to church on Sunday,
 Sit with sanctimonious air ;
 But my deep, dark deeds on Monday—
 They would make an angel stare.

All through life I am abusing
 Each good gift which God hath given,
 And most strenuously refusing
 Free salvation, grace and heaven.

Rend deception's cloak asunder,
 Fair outside and false within,
 Saint and sinner both would wonder
 At the guilt, deceit and sin.

I am living careless, blindly,
 And, like many more, rely
 Upon God, he may deal kindly
 And just save me when I die.

LINES OF THANKS TO MR. D.
 BELLEGHEM,

For the freewill gift he presented to me in the form of a large and beautifully finished writing desk, as a token of his appreciation of my humble productions, which have appeared frequently in the Peterborough papers :

Yes, you made it, your man laid it
 On my floor of charges free ;
 Many knows it, your act shows it—
 The generous heart possessed by thee.

Quite amazing ! I stood gazing
 At its beauty, style and size,
 While in fact, sir, your kind act, sir,
 Gave both pleasure and surprise.

True and clear, sir, forty years, sir,
 Whether writing truth or fable—
 All my writing, and inditing,
 Was done on my kitchen table.

You have changed it, well arranged it,
 That my pen may run more free ;
 Kind and witty, you showed pity,
 And sent this nice desk to me.

When I wrote, sir, I ne'er thought, sir,
 My weak lines had power or art,
 Not so much, sir, as to touch sir,
 The springs of your generous heart.

Neighbors view it while I use it,
 And they one and all agree,
 In one mind, sir, think you kind, sir,
 To present that desk to me.

I sit before it—I adore it,
 And the first work I shall do—
 With delight, sir, I shall write, sir,
 Those few lines of thanks to you.

To be truthful it is useful,
 All my papers to contain ;
 It charms and fires me and inspires me,
 Gives me flight to loftier strain.

I must tell you, 'tis not its value,
 Sir, whatever that might be ;
 Love of the donor, and the honour,
 Gives its precious worth to me.

Wood worms may bore it, or fire devour it,
 Time and use the varnish wear ;
 If it lasts, sir, till life's past, sir,
 I will leave it to my heir.

I won't bespatter you, no, nor flatter you,
 I possess no blarneying art ;
 As friend I rank you, and I thank you,
 From the bottom of my heart.

A MOTHER'S REFLECTIONS

After the death of her infant son, Frederick William Nichols, second son of William and Elizabeth Nichols, who died in Beaver City, Nebraska, on the seventh of July, 1886, aged ten months and ten days :—

My God, how great and kind Thy care, and love
 bestowed on me,
 My life was spared, a new life given, all were kind
 gifts from Thee ;

I gazed upon his infant face, that day I gave him
 birth,
 In hope he would be spared to me long, happy
 years on earth.

Alas ! how false our brightest hopes : we plan, but
 can't fulfil ;
 How insignificant our thoughts to Thy mysterious
 will.

With joyful heart I pressed his lips close to my
 heart each day,

I little thought that you so soon would take my
Fred away.

I watched his first sweet infant smile, as he lay by
by my side,

I viewed that type of innocence with all a mother's
pride.

His infant tongue was never loosed to tell his mis-
sion here,

Feet that ne'er trod this sinful earth may tread a
brighter sphere.

God's ways seem hard to mortals here, a mother's
love to crush—

The cooing of that baby's voice so premature, to
hush;

He gave to me that darling form—but ah! how
short his stay—

Ten months, ten days, God's time, fulfilled—He
called my Fred away.

I know it now, my darling Fred for that brief
space was given

To me, to show pure innocence compose the host of
heaven;

God only gave him unto me to show his infinite
power,

Gave life on earth—transplants in heaven—in
Paradise to flower.

None but a mother can conceive the pangs of a
mother's heart,

While she beholds her tender babe pierced by
affliction's dart;

The height or depth of my own love, forsooth I did
not know,

Fill heavy sickness ends in death, and laid my
Freddie low.

I watched the conflict—life and death striving for
victor's place,

But still that calm, complacent smile shed lustre
o'er his face;

God's pruning hook had done its work, his feeble
frame gave way,

His spirit fled, all that remained with me of Fred
was clay.

God gave no time for vice or sin his soul here to
deprave,

How short his life on earth between the cradle and
the grave;

If Jesus still loves little babes with such a special
care,

And clasps them in his arms in love, then my dear
Fred is there.

WHEN THE SCOTT ACT COMES IN FORCE.

When the Scott Act comes in force, my boys, in
Peterborough town,

How every branch of trade will boom when whisky
is shut down;

With informer, ruler, councillors, the law we will
maintain,

Though people call us fanatics, with water on the
brain.

We will dry that cursed fire-water, boys, the cause
of so much ill—

Cork up the jar and bottle tight, but not disturb
the STILL;

We will not wet the tippler's throat though he calls
till he is hoarse,

We only store up for ourselves when the Scott Act
comes in force,

We will raise your taxes up sky high, on that you
may depend,

But what is cents and dollars, boys, if we can gain
our end;

For purse or person or your soul we do not care a
straw,

We wish to raise our name and fame by this com-
pulsory law.

We will stop the moderate drinkers, too, although
they don't get drunk,

The C—f of P—e says their breath smells worse
than any skunk;

Dry up the poor man's glass of beer without the
least remorse,

But he like us can have a keg when the Scott Act
comes in force,

We will close respectable hotels that horrid traffic
stop,

And make those haughty landlords stoop and wash
our feet in POP;

We will fine them every time, and if they cannot
foot their bill,

Then march them up between two BLUES and cage
them on the hill.

We will shut the brewery and the bar with their
labelled bottles nice,

Although infamous Dives spring up, debauchery,
drink and vice;

In those vile dens let drunkard's reel, the proper
place, of course,

Our crazy brains have drove them there when we put
that law in force.

We will muzzle up the bar-man's mouth, and check
his strong desire,

While from Toronto we can get all the liquors
we require ;
The rats can surely crush the mice when tyrants
have the rule,
We pity not their dry parched lips, with our own
cellars full.
We stop retail but not wholesale, two shops we
still allow,
Take home your keg and all get drunk, kick up a
regular row ;
Knock down your wife, call her a sot, then sue for
a divorce,
Turn peaceful homes to low shebeens, when the
Scott Act comes in force.

In sickness if you need a drop we will not that deny
Two druggists will supply your wants with brandy
gin or rye ;
But don't be always screwin' your face with colic,
grips or cramps,
Or people will laugh at the Act—call us deceitful
scamps.
You must not think the Act so strict, don't with
your old friends quarrel,
We only cork the bottle up and give to you the
barrel ;
We invite you all to F—'s store to eat oats like a
horse,
And wash them down with Toronto ale, for the
Scott Act is in force.

ST. ANDREW'S NIGHT.

Ha'e the Scots a' been sick, or indulgin' in drugs?
They look dowie an' eerie an' hingin' their lugs ;
Instead o' the pleasure, the mirth an' the glee,
On St. Andrew's night, watch the tear in the eye.

Some half donnert Scots lost their senses ootricht,
Clean neglected the date—celebrated last night ;
But a few with more gumption and far clearer pow,
Still adhere to the night an are haudin' it now.

But they look awfu' sad like, an' whatever's the
cause,
Not a voice, and nothing moves but their hands an'
their jaws ;
You wad think to behold them they were drawing
their last breath,
Or that evera Scot sits under sentence of death.

I was speirin' at aue, what on earth had gang
wrag ?
But his mouth was sae dry that his tongue wouldna
gang :

At last, with a voice tremblin' hollow an' hoarse,
He said "Man, do ye no ken the Scott Act's in force,

It's a pair town this now, for the nicht o' the Scots
They maun sit wi' purched lips, for the sake of the
sots ?
As the law now denies ye a drop of the crater,
Ye maun drink to the Queen an' Au'l Scotia in
water.

There are plenty, I ken, this queer law does main-
tain—
Muzzles other folk's mouths, while neglectin' their
ain ;
If this law puts an end to your toasts an' your
drinkin'.
They will next try to stap ye frae eatin' I'm thinkin'.

Maist a' Scots like a drap o' the pure mountain dew,
As a rule, though they tak' it, they seldom get fu' ;
If extremists were prudent they wud stick by
the creed,

That says : "Let every herrin' hing by its ain heid.
Ye may gang back to Scotia, where the folks hae
mair sense,
Than to punish the sober for the drunkard's offence ;
But here, though your tongues sticks like glue to
your mooth,
Not a drop ye wu'l git lads to slacken your drooth.

Those new Act agitators hae now tried every plan,
To invent something guid, that wad please every
man ;
They have studied ingredients, till at last they
have got
Many drinks, if you taste them, will warm up your
throat.

The temperate or tippler drink without hesitating,
Though it flies to your brain it is non-toxicating ;
But drink very seldom if you don't wish to fly,
Soda, Ginger and Pepper will send you sky-high.

But the last great invention, by study or proxy,
Is a queer temperance drink that I think they ca'
Moxie ;
What it's made o' defies the best experts or proc-
tors,
An' baffles our magistrate, lawyers and doctors.

Not by Moxie, but water, now clear out your throat,
Show the true sterlin' nature o' the true born Scot,
Raise yer voices in honor o' yer country and aires,
Show the eloquent power no Scotch whisky in-
spires.

Tho' yer bottle be sealed, and yer number but sma,
Let them hear how a Scotchman, tho' sober, can
 crawl,
And waft back their thoughts o'er the wild ocean
 wile,
For twa short hours enjoyment at the auld ingle
 side.

Set thee doon on that cracka, where in youth they
 sat lang,
Listenin' to their kind mither croon ower some auld
 sang ;
Playin' wi' sister an' brithers, the sweet joy an' de-
 light ;
Let yer fancies gae back an' enjoy them to-night.

When ye auld worthy Scots on this nicht gets the-
 gether,
Ye can feel yer auld feet again treadin' the heather ;
Or wi' youth's nimble feet speelin' Scotia's steep
 braes,
Or wadin' her burna, where the speckled trout
 plays.

How quick, an' how strong, does the auld Scotch
 heart beat,
When a brither Scot siegs ye an auld sang so
 sweet ;
How it gars the Scotch bluid swell the blue, wither-
 ed vein,
Gars ye jump tae yer feet like young callants again.

Sit doon, folks wul think ye hae gane fairly gyhte,
Auld Scotia an' Scots ye hae praisel weel the nicht ;
Rale grund yer enjoyment, tho' ye no' got a horn,
Ye wull gang straighter hame, an' feel better the
 morn.

The writin'-desk Mr. Belleghem sent unto me,
Gar'd me mak' it ower lang, ma pen ran sae free ;
An' its dry, like yersel's, but to swallow it better,
Mix it up wi' the Haggis—wash them baith doon
 in water.

HARRY WINCH'S STALL.

The following *extempore* lines were written while walking
through the market stalls, which were all ablaze with decora-
tions and adornments of all sorts :—

Both town and country people stand
With outreached eyes, and gaze
Before his decorated stall
And Easter meat display.

His brilliant show of marbled roasts—
They cannot be surpassed

Throughout this whole Dominion,
From Quebec to the Northwest.

While you behold the gorgeous sight
That only feasts your eyes,
Take home a sirl-in steak or roast ;
They will your taste surprize.

For to-morrow's sumptuous dinner,
Your sharp appetite to quench,
Be wise and leave your order now
At the stall of H. C. Winch.

KENNEDY, THE SCOTTISH VOCALIST.

A SCOT'S REFLECTIONS AFTER THE UNEXPECTED
DEATH OF MR. DAVID KENNEDY.

If any land acquireth fame,
Where one expires with honored name,
Ontario deserves the same
As the dying place of Kennedy.

Auld Scotia claimed him as her child,
A truer never trod her wilds,
To Scots at hame, or far exiled,
He sang the songs of Scotia.

Around the world in every land,
Where Scots with swarthy natives blend,
He sang to them, so true, so grand !
The guid auld songs of Scotia.

Australia Scots adored his name,
Through Africa admired the same,
For twa short hours he took them hame
In song—back to auld Scotia.

Beloved at hame from shore to shore,
In foreign lands—yes, ten times more—
Because he touched the very core
Of hearts still true to Scotia.

In fancy still I see his face,
So full of glee and manly grace,
His songs and stories held a place,
Like telephones from Scotia.

His mimic power from frown to smile,
The auld wife's jeer, the maiden's wile,
The douse guid man, the miser's pile,
Few draws Scotch life liko Kennedy.

He raised loud laughter, brought the tear,
His whole-souled pathos, touching, clear,
Till every Scot thought he could hear
The welkins ring in Scotia.

Since death has sealed that hero's tongue,
The auld Scotch songs may lie unsung,
Till one springs up among her young,
Equal to world-famed Kennedy.

He needs no lofty sculptured stone,
To make his fame and glory known,
In true Scot's hearts he raised a throne—
There reigns our true loved Kennedy.

True, we his voice shall hear no more,
His body sleeps on Scotia's shore,
In that old land he did adore,
The dear old land of Scotia.

We hope that voice so clear and strong,
Is changed from Scotch to heavenly song,
Blending with heaven's pure praising throng
And martyr sons of Scotia.

A VOICE FROM BEHIND THE PLOUGH.

INSPIRED BY THE PREPARATIONS FOR THE CELEBRATION OF OUR QUEEN'S JUBILEE.

Look back full fifty years ago, just at the break of day,

In youth's sweet slumber, calm repose, a girl of eighteen lay ;

She was aroused from peaceful sleep upon that bright June morn,

To hear of joys and sorrows too, so quickly to her borne.

She rose up from her gorgeous couch, white as the pearly snows,

Around her shoulders in great haste her morning shawl she throws,

She tarried not to wash, nor dress, nor brush her night-crimpt hair,

That down her shoulders loosely flowed as she tripped down the stairs.

With slippers on her dainty feet, composure on her brow,

She met her guests with outstretched arms and graceful modest bow ;

Two statesmen in her presence stood, these words they did declare,

Your uncle's dead, to Britain's crown you are the lawful heir.

The tears flowed down her youthful cheeks when she heard that he was gone,

Her uncle's death seemed more to her than honours of a throne ;

In a short time that crown was placed upon her youthful brow,
She has worn it faithfully fifty years, and with honour wears it now.

With modest pride, with calm resolve, she grasped the reins of power,

Though young, a mind she did possess sufficient to the hour ;

Her judgment and decisions clear, her acts both good and wise,

Made hoary-headed statesmen stand in wonder and surprise.

Though young, and wearer of a crown, she felt love's winning art,

And soon Prince Alfred, called the Good, gained both her hand and heart ;

How short their matrimonial bliss ; death laid her consort low,

Amidst the world's wide joy to-day her heart still aches with woe.

As maiden, mother, wife and queen, she nobly bore her part,

No pomp nor crown could check the flow of love within her heart,

The husband and the father gone, on her the burden lay,

To train her children for their rank and God's laws to obey.

Weighed down with all a widow's grief and duties as a queen,

A mother's duty, mother's love, lets nothing come between,

Her precepts and examples good, their fruits to-day we see,

God bless her children that still live on this her Jubilee.

Not only in her palace, but all o'er her vast domain, Her subject's welfare and their good has marked

her lengthened reign,

Of all Old England's kings and queens, a brighter never shone,

No kinder ruler ever sat upon the British throne, She holds the reins of state and power with firm

but gentle hand,

Humanity guides all her acts, honour with mercy blends,

Her peaceful rule and honoured name, has spread o'er land and sea,

Till emperors, kings, and queens rejoice on this her Jubilee.

She sways the sceptre more by love than as the tyrant rod,

Her highest aim has been to please her people and her God.

How fully she achieved her wish, the joy to-day will prove,

She still lives in her people's hearts in true, undying love.

Although a golden crown she wears, in robes of crimson dressed,

A woman's tender, loving heart beats strong within her breast.

Compassionate love within her heart, strikes on the highest key,

Her people echo back that sound on this her Jubilee.

When any of her soldiers brave some daring deed perform—

Rush boldly to the cannon's mouth, or dangerous trenches storm,

Saved one or more brave comrades lives regardless of their own,

To heroes worthy of regard, her gratitude was shown.

When sad calamities transpired, or want spread o'er the land,

Her's was not sympathy alone, but liberal giving hand.

Each woe that crushed her people's heart, she felt in some degree,

Her pity moved, and still it flows on this her Jubilee.

She kindly feels for heavy hearts, grieved by bereavement's dart,

Because its poisoned barb still stings her own long wounded heart.

Wisdom springs from beneath her crown, love gushes from the throne ;

The orphan and the widow's grief, she measures by her own.

And when she treads auld Scotia's hills, to breathe refreshing air,

She enters the poor peasant's cots, and feeds the hungry there,

Her angel hand, her queenly voice, give dole and comfort free,

How grand auld Scotia's hills will ring on this her Jubilee.

"Long live our gracious, heaven-sent Queen," to-day rings far and wide,

Above the sound of booming gun, or noise of ocean's tide.

That shout has gone up fifty years, upon her natal days.

They were but shadows of the joy her Jubilee displays.

When she lays down her earthly crown, so long and faithful worn,

We hope a brighter, heavenly crown will her loved head adorn,

Her people's prayers:—"God spare our Queen, in health and life, that she,

May reign o'er us for many years beyond her Jubilee."

ELECTION TIMES ;

OR, HOW THE POOR MAN'S MONEY GOES.

We are never too old, our own interest to learn, If we hear with attention, read, watch and discern;

It needs no great knowledge, it requires no bright scholar,

To behold how our statesmen, are squandering our dollars.

They sit feasting and scheming, when the session convenes,

While like slaves we must work to supply them the means ;

When I heard that huge item my senses were stunned,

Near one million for that Superannuate fund.

* * * * *

Politicians of late have been spouting around,

Each their leader and party upholding,

As I am no candidate this time you know,

I am free to give praise, or a scolding.

If the poor working man, wish to add to his good,

He would vote for the one half dismissing,

To pay men for wasting our hard-earned cash,

Is a far greater curse than a blessing ;

I don't blame one side for the other's misdeeds,

For it's quits with Reformer or Tory.

Lock up the cash chest, let them speak without pay,

Very few would be there, in their glory ;

In language quite strong they each day condemn,

High, their own grand economy blowing.

It matters but little which side holds the cash,

For our debt is most rapidly growing ;

Paying rulers to sink our Dominion in debt,

While each year there is income collected—

To make both ends meet—if all hands are kept clean,

And economy better respected.

This superannuate fund, is a shame and disgrace,

And I blame either side that is giving,
 To squeeze the last cent from the hard working
 man,
 To keep those men in luxury living.
 Although they a good Government office have
 held,
 And, perhaps, when they felt life declining,
 Or give place to another—into clover retires,
 Twenty thousand a year for resigning.
 They in affluence live, and the claim they advance,
 Is for years they the country were serving,
 And the pap they have long sucked should never
 run dry,
 Work or not, a fat salary deserving.
 Did they serve us for nothing. No, sirs, they did
 not,
 Their high pay list I lately was viewing,
 If they did not get rich, there is one thing is clear,
 That our country is drifting to ruin.
 When their salaries were high, why their duty
 was plain,
 To have saved many foolish spent dollars,
 And not in their dotage, to tax the poor man,
 For their broadcloth, gold studs, cuffs and collars,
 There are hundreds of those to-day draining your
 purse,
 Of eight's income alone take inventory,
 One hundred and thirty four thousand per year
 You are taxed to provide for these gentry.

Contrast here their case, with the poor working
 man,
 He no government sweets ever tasted,
 Every dollar and cent he can honestly spare—
 He saves, what they lavishly wasted.
 He works and he saves, to provide for sick days,
 And decrepited old age fast approaching,
 Every voice would be raised loud against him if he—
 Upon Government funds were encroaching.
 Take the clerk, the mechanic, or laboring man,
 Serve their master long years, without lagging,
 When unable to work if they can't keep them-
 selves,
 They may steal, starve, or walk off a begging.
 To-day there are hundreds hard-working old men,
 Their hard earned dollars are giving,
 To provide for those well fed officials, retired
 Into wealth, ease and sumptuous living.
 When our parliament meets, they should pass us
 this bill,
 It is just, and conveys common sense, sir ;
 It reads thus ; "every man when he works thirty
 years
 Be maintained at the country's expense, sir."

THE BARD'S GRATITUDE.

To Mrs. Carter, her husband and brother, of Toronto, for
 their unbounded kindness to me while boarding with them,
 while undergoing two operations upon my eyes :

Madam, I owe deep gratitude to thee,
 For care and comforts you bestowed on me ;
 Your ways so gentle, and with hands so mild—
 You dressed my eyes and fed me like a child.
 Not my rewards, a higher will be given—
 For you I crave the richest gift of Heaven ;
 For sympathetic feeling, loving-kindness—
 Waiting and watching o'er me in my blindness.

Your husband, too, with a kind father's ways,
 He merits well a tribute of my praise :
 Early each morn, I heard his cheering note,
 At half-past five my tea and toast he brought.
 Attentive, feeling and obliging host,
 In my right hand he gently placed my toast ;
 My cup with tea, well sweetened, in the other—
 His words, his ways, endearing as a brother.

James, my good room-mate, not the least, tho' last,
 A grand companion, head and memory vast ;
 His laugh, his song, my spirits up did keep—
 He kept me laughing, when I could not sleep ;
 Stories of soldiering, all their tricks and pranks—
 For he served long within the British ranks ;
 Legends of wars when Britons boldly stood,
 His mirth, his stories, cheered my solitude.

To each of those I tend my theme of praise,
 May peace and plenty bless them in their days ;
 'Tis well such good Samaritans to find,
 When we are suffering—helpless, bandaged blind.

THE LAST OF FEBRUARY AND BE-
 GINNING OF MARCH, 1886.

O Canada, young Canada, your weather beats my
 knowledge,
 He that foretells it must have been full fifty years
 at college ;
 From the southeast it snowed and blowed a fierce
 and blinding drifter,
 At noon it rained, at night it dipped down to a
 regular snifter.

A high north-wester all the night, made window
 blinds to clatter,
 And if your beds were scant of clothes, your very
 teeth would chatter ;
 This morn when I put out my face, oh boys ! it
 was a target ;

And if my nose was rather small, it soon got hard
and larger,

And if I did not keep it clean—a hard task in a
storm—

The gathering drop upon its end in icicles would
form.

My teeth and jaws did sting and jump, as if by
toothache tainted,

And on my cheeks white frost-rind showed, as if
with white lard painted;

My finger ends began to smart, in spite of gloves
or mittens;

I puff and blow them, toss them round, like frolic-
some young kittens.

It made me hold my ears as if mosquitos were me
teasing,

Run, jump, and kick, and stamp my feet to keep
my toes from freezing.

The timber in the building cracks like rifles sharply
sounding,

While round the corner, fierce and wild, the biting
wind comes bounding;

It pierces body, face, and hands, with stings almost
past bearing—

Severe enough to make me think the north pole I
am nearing.

Although the stable looks quite close, it needs no
ventilation,

Such weather gives fresh air enough, frost winds
so penetrating.

The horse stands shivering in his stall, his skin
with frost rind glancing,

Good circulation to promote, he stands, there paw-
ing and prancing.

Cattle will scarcely leave their house, though they
with thirst are parching,

In sheltered spots they stand with backs, just like
the rainbow arching;

If they, like Balaam's ass could speak, they would
give me a hinter,

To send them to the sunny south, far from Cana-
dian winter.

The sheep, clad in their long, close fleece—a cover-
ing famed for heating—

Such weather seems too much for them—they run
to shelter bleating;

The pigs run squessing through their pen, froth
from their mouths is streaming,

Soon on each side to ice congealed, but still they
keep on screaming.

The hens declined to leave their roost while I their
food stood scattering,

They shook their heads—too cold, too cold—in
their own language chattering;

The ducks rolled over on their side, I thought that
they had fainted,

Their nice webbed feet appeared as red as if they
had been painted.

The geese sat covering up their feet, them from the
cold protecting;

They turned their heads from side to side, the
weather notes prospecting;

They rose and stood upon one foot, the other up
in their feathers,

Though not in words, their screams denote, "Boss,
this is awful weather."

'Tis not the stock nor feathered fowl that suffers so
immensely,

People exposed and thinly clothed would feel it
most intensely;

The man indoors, beside the stove, with red coals
brightly glowing,

Or he who dons a buffalo coat, feels not these fierce
winds blowing.

But those that toil from morn to night, exposed to
all its fury,

May well rejoice that spell is past without their
obituary.

Yes, February indulged in dips, at least toward its
closing,

A few points lower would have sent an Esquimaux
a dosing.

* * * * *

Some say such weather is required, for health and
nerves so bracing,

Give them the cold—I'll risk my health, all conse-
quences facing;

What pleasure is there in such days, keen frost and
fierce winds blowing,

With serpent stings through flesh and veins, and
stop your blood from flowing?

'Tis well such bitter, biting frosts are but of short
duration,

Or I for one would pull my stakes and seek a
warmer station;

Sun conquers frost, heat masters cold, spring
comes on balmy pinions,

To thaw us out and keep us still within our young
Dominion.

THE DEAD BEAVER.

(EXTEMPORE.)

On going into the market house one Saturday before Christmas, I beheld a nice fat beaver half skinned hanging on Mr. Harry Winch's butcher stall. Requesting him to lend me a pencil, I went into the hotel close by dotting down the following lines. Mr. Winch pinned them upon the half skinned body of the beaver which caused much merriment the remainder of the day.

It is Christmas, yes, but a dark one to me,
I am dead, here I hang, I no longer go free;
To the lake, to the river, to the pond bid adieu,
Here my plump half skinned body now hangs to
your view.

O cruel was the trapper that caught and killed me,
Grim death locks the jaws that cut many a tree,
The house and the dam has been smoothed by my
tail,

That your friend Harry Winch now offers for sale.

With a stick on my head heavy blows he gave me,
How he smiled as my leg from the trap he set free,
And the crowd stands and laughs at my body half
dressed,

Though the beaver shines bright in fair Canada's
crest.

If the hard hearted trapper had only but known,
That my life was as precious to me as his own.
He would have earned his bread in a different way,
And I would be swimming in the water to-day.

LINES OF THANKS

TO DR. GEO. HERBERT BURNHAM, OF TORONTO, FOR
SENDING ME TWO PAIRS OF SPECTACLES TO
READ AND WALK WITH.

Unrewarded, you forwarded,
Those nice spectacles to me,
'Tis my part, sir, from my heart, sir,
To return due thanks to thee.

I untied them, and I tried them,
They are just the thing I need,
At one glint, sir, smallest print, sir,
I with ease can perfect read.

While inditing, poetry writing,
They shed forth a light so true,
Thus impressed, sir, I addressed, sir,
These few lines of thanks to you.

When I go, sir, out in snow, sir,
They shield off the sun's bright glare,

And I hope, sir, pain will stop, sir,
While those spectacles I wear.

Hoping still, sir, that they will, sir,
My dim, obscure light retain,
Make me able, at my table,
Soon to read and write again.

If they do, sir, I'll thank you, sir,
With all gratitude I've got,
It would be sad, sir, and too bad, sir,
For my muse to flow, unwrote.

I could live without my hearing,
And without my legs likewise,
If the light of heaven so cheering,
Still reflected through my eyes.

Dark the night without the moonlight,
Dark that day when no sun shone,
What are those compared to eyesight,
When all sight and hope are gone.

None that sees can know its value,
Far less judge its worth aright,
Only those that's blind can tell you
All the preciousness of sight.

COMPLIMENTARY LINES TO MR. A.
P. MORGAN,

ON HIS PRESENTING TO ME A FLASK OF PALE
COGNAC ON NEW YEAR'S DAY.

On New Year's morn, I like a horn,
My friends and self to treat,
As sun lifts fog, your pale cognac,
My thirsty wants did meet.

Out I popped it, then I tapped it,
Well you know what it would be,
You need not ask, sir; 'twas the flask, sir,
You in friendship gave to me.

Cork undoing, I stood viewing,
All its beauty, bright as gold,
Wishes thronging, craving longing,
While my lips I scarce could hold.

I stood startled, out it sparkled,
But I never thought to stop,
Wife stood watching, my hand catching,
Saying, don't drain out every drop.

Glass I raised it, tasted, praised it,
Wishing you health, wealth, long life,

Don't be jealous, if I zealous,
Couple with it your dear wife.

Lips it tasted, down throat hasted,
Mild as milk it downward goes,
Zounds and storms, the hungry worms,
When they smelt it screwed their nose.

P'leased I stood, sir; it was good, sir,
Without fault, but only one,
Don't repel me, if I tell thee,
It was rather quickly done.

Your loss by fire, my heart's desire
Is that you will outlive it,
And long I hope you'll have a drop,
And generous heart to give it.

When I begin its hard to stop,
The muse seems quite my master,
And if the flask had not run dry,
It would go ten times faster.

Sir, I will thrust my head in snow,
And make the muse flow lazy,
Or you will think the flask's contents,
Has set me fairly crazy.

THE GOLDEN ANVILS ADDRESS TO THE GOLDEN LAMB.

The following piece was composed one election time. One candidate was a Dry Goods merchant; for his sign a Golden Lamb hangs from the wall above his store door. The other was a Hardware Merchant; for his sign hangs the Golden Anvil. The stores joined each other, the Lamb looking at the Anvil.

THE ANVIL'S ADDRESS TO THE LAMB.

Would you like well to hear a short tune on my
fiddle,
On the nice Golden Lamb that hangs up by the mid-
dle,

It looks very restless, as it swings either way,
For its master has gone off to canvass to-day.

Poor Lamb but the wool hangs down over its eyes,
For its master's success seems a dark enterprize;
It would give all the wool ever grew on its back,
If it's master could only but see a clear track.

It turns its head, and with pitiful eyes,
How it shakes when the large Golden Anvil it spies,
It dreads the sharp tongue, and the hardware man's
power,
He would strip all the wool off its back in an hour.

Gentle Lamb, I know well you were never at home,
Sheep's instinct is one, yes, wherever they roam,
At home for the anvil the sheep had a dread,
For the blacksmith oft singed hair and wool off
their head.

Poor innocent Lamb, throw away all your fear,
The man with the anvil is not so severe,
Though he cuts up your master in slices quite small,
He will still let you hang on the rod in the wall.

Do not bleat any more, do not tremble with fear,
We have long hung together in friendship most
dear,
When you look at the Anvil don't trouble your
mind,
Like ourselves. let their politics blow with the wind.

Sweet Lamb, keep your place, with your master
abide,
While he measures broadcloth and tape, narrow
or wide,
We will still be good friends, though our masters
do fight,
Let Reformers and Tories kill each other outright.

You are happier far on your rod by the wall,
Than be trampled to death in the Government Hall,
Your bright shining wool into socks they would
spin,
For slippers and mitts they would tan your nice
skin.

Golden Lamb, swing away in the soft summer
breeze,
Let your master go puffing his gas if he please,
Your's fires at Mackenzie, mine fire; at John A,
We will hang here in peace, let them batter away.

THE LAMB'S MASTER TAKES THE SEAT BY PROXY.

So your master is in, for in truth I was told,
Jumped the fence, takes his seat in Conservative
fold;
But I heard that my master is raising a kick,
That will hoist yours from power at a nice double
quick.

True or false, Golden Lamb, you and I shall agree,
Though our masters should fight till they neither
can see;
We in politics differ, but I hold you no grudge,
For political warfare is only a fudge.

PARODY ON JOHN ANDERSON, MY
JOE JOHN.

READ TO MR. JOHN LEE AND MISS MAGGIE GAL-
LETLY MOFFAT ON THEIR MARRIAGE NIGHT.

O Johnnie Lee, my Joe John,
You have your Maggie now,
And mind whate'er you do, John,
Be sure and keep your vow.
This night you pledged your troth, John,
With hand and word and bow,
Your Maggie to protect and love,
Now Maggie Lee, John Joe.

No doubt the happy hours, John,
Is fresh upon your mind,
The honeyed words you used, John,
The waist your arms entwined.
Perhaps the kiss you stole, John,
When Maggie blushed just so,
She sighed to soothe her captured heart,
By Johnnie Lee, John Joe.

The pleasant evening walks, John,
When she was by your side,
The time and place she vowed, John,
She would become your bride.
Your winning way and words, John,
Were neither few nor slow,
That pierced and won young Maggie's heart,
O Johnnie Lee, John Joe.

Your flattering words and smiles, John,
Has not been spent in vain,
The love you owned and pressed, John,
Her hand and heart did gain.
The fruits of all your sparking, John,
This night does plainly show.
The man in black has sealed them all,
With Maggie and her Joe.

The marriage knot is tied, John
Young Maggie claims your love,
There is happy days in store, John,
If you still constant prove.
If fairer face you see, John,
Shut down your eyelids low,
Let Maggie's image fill your heart,
Be Johnnie Lee her Joe.

With pleasure I this night, John,
Wish you baith muckle joy,
I hope the first bit sprout, John,
Will prove to be a boy ;

Then name him after me, John,
Perhaps the muse will flow
From his bit head, to sing the praise
Of mamma, dadda Joe.

BOB AND THE DUCK.

In a neat little village a couple did dwell,
The husband named Bob and the wife Isabell ;
Bob was a guid singer though a weaver by trade,
To precent in the kirk every Sunday he gaed.

They professed to be guid for they wore a long face,
Tho' at times I believe they were scrimpet o' grace ;
'Twas their rule every nicht to their knees they did creep,
When Bob made a lang prayer e'er they lay doon
to sleep.

There lived in the village a scapegrace named
Frank,
He resolved on that couple to play a nice prank ;
Ae' nicht just as Bob had got thrang at his prayers,
Frank speeled up the house roof as if it was stairs.

When he reach the house top by the chimney did
stand,
There he lauched with a muckle white duck in his
hand ;
He held the duck fast by the wings and the nose,
Then into the chimney the pair duck he throws.

At that time Bob was praying for some blessing to
come,
When the ha'f smothered duck said quack, quack,
in the lum ;
Bob lap up off his knees, hope did him now inspire,
As the white, now black duck, played flip flap on
the fire.

Bob snatched off the duck baith in joy and in fear,
Saying, hark Isabell, 'tis an angel my dear ;
My prayer has been answered tho' I am a great
sinner,
Guid angel—fat duck—sic a fine Sunday dinner.

Isabell had ha'f faluted for she got sic a fricht,
How she stared at the duck when her senses got
richt ;

She said, Bob, but your prayers have been blessed
with guid luck,

But I ne'er thought an angel resembled a duck.

On the Sunday pair Bob in the Auld Hundred
stuck,

All his thoughts were his dinner on the fat roasted
duck ;
And the kirk fo'ks they snuffed as they gaed past
his door,
For they never had smelled sic a nice smell before.

After that when Bob prayed, how the fire he did
watch,
Still expectin' another fat duck he would catch ;
But his prayers and his watching they baith were
in vain,
Neither angel nor duck said quack, quack, there
again.

Extempore Verses.

The following verses were composed without any rule or regulation. Before I was sixteen years of age I worked a number of years at a brick and tile works. There were over twenty men and boys. I was a general favorite amongst them, scarcely one hour passed but I had to make them a verse on some incident that transpired. There was one named James, he was my chief companion ; the greatest part of the verses was addressed to him. I have been obliged to him for the greatest part of the following as I never wrote any of them down, but he had taken note of many of them.

ON JIMMIE FELLING A FROG.

Sae Jimmie up a stane did tak',
Wi' a' his nicht he thraws,
The frog it turned on its back,
And opened wide its jaws.
It's four lang legs wi' pain it shook,
It squealed and gasped for breath,
And then it gi'd a parting look,
And closed its ee'n in death.

Jimmie buried it, placed a stick at the head of
the grave. He took me to see it and the sight
brought out the following :—

There it lies in peace and silence,
It met its death by cruel violence ;
Not in battle, nor in duel,
But by Jimmie's hand so cruel.
Yes, there it lies in death's embrace,
That stick will mark its resting place ;
No more to jump through marsh or bog,
It lies a helpless, lifeless frog.

As we were walking along the road one day, Jimmie
said to me : " Bill, I will bet you one shilling I
will kiss the first girl that we meet." I agreed.

We had not walked far until we met a young lady
He walked straight up to her and told her the posi-
tion in which he was placed.

She rolled around her dark blue eyes, then turned
up her face,
He kissed her face and grieved was I, not being in
Jimmie's place.

She turned around to leave the spot, she spoke, her
words were killing,
She said more kisses I can give, then you can hand
out shillings.

One young man worked along with me who was
apt to use language mingled with a considerable
amount of blasphemous expressions. One very
cold morning he was standing blowing his fingers
—and pouring out a volley of extremely ugly oaths
—when I addressed him with the following lines:—

You puff and blow your finger ends,
You twist and screw your face,
Take care such wicked oaths no sends
You to a warmer place.
No cold will nip your fingers there,
No hand or face will freeze,
But curse and swear in hotter air
Till brimstone makes you sneeze.

A young neighbor of mine, believing he possessed
a small sprinkling of the muse, indu'ged his fancy
in ridiculing his neighbours, myself included. I
met him one day and saluted him with the follow-
ing:—

Give me your haud my brother poet,
Health and life let us enjoy it ;
Gifts and talents let us use them,
Not like a fool each day abuse them.

One clever young man worked along with me,
but, like many more, an overdose of self-conceit
rather spoiled him. One day he said to me, " Bill,
I can make a verse as good and as quick as you."
I told him to go ahead. He said :

A man came walking up the street,
Without his hat or coat—

Here he became bewildered; to meter this puzzled
him. He requested me to finish the stanza. I said :

He a conceited fool did meet,
With the muse stuck in his throat.

A young man named Sandy Ferry was in the habit of coming to our tileworks and stopping over night. His manner showed him to want two-pence in the shilling, but we generally believed him to be more knave than fool. Like many more tramps he carried some outside passengers, which do not feel very nice crawling upon the skin. We told him often not to stay over night but all warnings were in vain, so we were determined to put an end to his visits. Here was the plan :—

Thrice we told Sandy to abscond,
A half sly laugh was his respond,
They took a rope with noose upon'd ;
Slipped round his waist,
They threwed him in a water pond,
Cold bath to taste.

They drew him quick from side to side,
They plunged and washed his filthy hide,
They drewed him out with mouth stretched wide;
The rope did slack,
Quick Sandy up and off did glide,
But ne'er came back.

The aforesaid Sandy Ferry one day accosted a gentleman, soliciting charity. The gentleman remarked that he appeared to be quite able to work. "Aye," quoth Sandy, "ye may think sae, but I ha'e a disease on me that all the doctors in Scotland canna find out, far less cure." Now, said the gentleman, here is a half crown upon the condition that you will tell me what your disease is. Sandy put the money in his pocket. "Noo," said he, "if I maun tell, I wul' tell, "my disease is downright laziness."

The giver outwitted, he spurred up his steed,
While Sandy walked on like a small knotless thread;
He looked at the coin and he laughed in his sleeve,
Saying, it's easier to beg than to work I believe.

People call me a fool, I can bear with the name,
Though acting the fool I am wiser than them ;
As long as they give they may say what they please,
I will stand all their slang if I only get ease.

Some thinks me demented with learning or care,
Others say that my brain is not just balanced fair ;
They may guess, they may think, its no difference to
me,
I have sense not to work while I get a bawbee.

Tho' at times in my wanderings real hungry I feel,
Some kind-hearted woman supplies me a meal ;

Though my e'bows are seen through the sleeves of
my coat,
I can bear with it all for the case I have got.

A few days after Sandy met another gentleman. Sandy lifted his hat, at the same time asking a little money. This gentleman told him the same as the other—that he was young and appeared to be quite able to work, "Sir," said Sandy, "If you don't give me a little, I will be compelled to do what my soul mortally abhors," Of course the gentleman thought he intended to commit suicide or something of the same nature. Here is one shilling, said the gentleman, but you must tell me what awful deed you intended to commit, or in what shape you intended to perform it. Sandy answered him in something near the following :—

Sir, suicide is my last thought,
To hang, or drown, or cut my throat,
If out some cash you would not fork,
Then I would be compelled to work.

JIMMIE'S CONFESSION TO ME.

This is the same Jimmie mentioned before. One day he said to me, "Bill, I am going to tell you a secret. I have fallen in love with Jean Dods. The first stanza I repeated to him at the time. The other was upon a conversation between us :

Ye donart gouk, what's that you say ?
I thought you had mair sense,
Then let her steal your heart away,
With her bewitching glance.

He said, Bill, I the truth will tell,
But your remarks I fear,
If you had been in love yersel',
You would not be severe.

I go bewildered like a goose,
That's cut across the head,
Far worse than if some muckle loose,
Was chawing my flesh for bread.

Within my head O, such a pain,
In two it's like to part,
I feel as if some muckle stane,
Was thumping at my heart.

My hand shakes when I lift the spoon,
As if I had ague got,
I cannot get my parritch doon,
They stick right in my throat.

My faither asks if I be sick,
Big lies I have to tell,
My mither has an eye mair quick,
She seems the rat to smell.

I cannot sleep a wink at night,
Whene'er I shut my e'en,
A vision stands, so fair and bright,
The image o' my Jean.

Jimmie, we hae been cronies lang,
And still intend to be,
But what's the use o' that harangue,
That you have preached to me.

I cannot break your love-bound spell,
Take my advice and plan,
This very night gang to hersel',
And tell her like a man.

HEAR WHAT JIMMIE SAYS.

Next nicht I ga'ed to Johnny Brown's,
To carry back a book,
And there was Jean in clean braw gown,
Set nice close by the nook.

The book dropped quickly from my hand,
I scarce could keep my feet,
When Johnny said ye need not stand,
Come in, and tak' a seat.

I placed myself down close to Jean,
And watched her dark blue e'e,
My grief and pain it vanished clean,
While she did smile at me.

She rose and said 'twas getting late,
I rose and said the same,
I whispered in her ear, gie blat,
If I might see her hame.

She gave consent, away we strayed,
With darkness round to screen us,
Tom Weatherstane, a lang legged blade,
Came skipping in between us.

She took his arm—I took the hint,
Round on my heels I turned,
At them I gave a backward gliut,
With love and rage I burned.

The whole affair I have laid bare,
But oh, if I was better,
I vow and swear she will be fair,
That binds me in love's fetter.

A VIEW OF THE DESTRUCTION MADE BY THE GRASSHOPPERS.

The following piece was composed one Summer when the
Grasshoppers eat nearly every green blade that grew upon
the Farm:—

Farmers are loudly calling out,
I will tell you what it is about ;
Some thieving chaps both long and taut,
Folk calls grasshoppers—
A better name I do not doubt,
Would be grass croppers.

Just as the sun peeps in the sky,
Before the leaves are fairly dry,
The greedy coons they jump or fly,
With all their might,
Till something sweet and green they spy,
Then down they light.

With slaverin' mouth and supple jaws,
They rive and eat without a pause ;
They neither think of crime nor cause,
But takes it free—
Walk up to them—and speak of laws,
Away they flee.

They do not care a single pin,
Regardless—of both shame and sin ;
They look, they chaw, they stuff it in,
They steal and eat,
Though every beast, clean wild should rin
For want of meat.

The hungry kye routs through the field,
They little milk or butter yield,
For every sprout of grass is peeled,
From top to roots ;
A blessing if your mouths were sealed,
Ye ravenous brutes.

The horses nicker in the shade,
Paws—hings their ears and look dismayed,
The sheep blaes for a fresh green blade,
The chaps sits happy,
Viewin' the havoc they have made
On green blades aappy.

They strip the oats clean as a whistle,
Spread o'er the ground like doon of thistle,
The horse could tear the very gristle,
From your back-bone,
For he has neither strength nor muscle ;
His strength is gone.

Their oval heads and too big een,
Cutters like pinchers may be seen,

To nip the blades that's fresh and green,
And strip them sairy ;
Leavin' the naked stocks I wean,
To wither fairly.

Clover and turnip leaves they eat,
Potato tops in need is sweet,
They climb the stalks of late spring wheat,
To taste, to feel it ;
They deem it law to have their meat,
Tho' they should steal it.

They sit like kings upon the stalks,
Their long clear wings close to their backs,
They rise like locusts where you walk,
They give such springs ;
Each one in turn plays nick nack,
And cracks their wings.

I cannot tell half their misdeeds,
Thousands on crops and pastures feeds,
In vain the sorrowing farmer pleads,
They lend no ear ;
But still supplies their craving need,
With little fear.

But now the northern winds blow chi'l,
And stops their jumping, makes them still,
They sit with legs thick as a quill,
Fast on the straws ;
And not a few—against their will,
Have shut their jaws.

Jack Frost the victor of the field,
Will soon arrive his blade to wield,
Then the grasshoppers' doom is sealed,
Death is their lot ;
They must to that dread hero yield,
Whether or not.

THE LADIES' CIRCLING HOOPS.

Now, ladies don't get in a rage,
If aught amiss I say,
And I will sing a song about
The fashions of the day.
Since female pride has got so great,
Proud lucifer may droop,
All his inventions are surpassed
By the ladies' circling hoop.

CHORUS.—A bobbing round they go my boys,
A bobbing round they go,
They try all schemes, they use all means,
Their circling hoops to show.

When I beheld their wonderous hoops,
They struck me with surprise,
I stood and gazed, in fact I could
Not scarce believe my eyes.
To see their skirts stretched out so wide,
Or should you chance to stoop,
And watch their drum-sticks how they play,
Nick, nack, against their hoop.

CHORUS.—A bobbing round they go my boys,
A bobbing round they go,
They lift their feet so smart and neat,
Their circling hoops to show.

Their silks and satins now suspends
On whalebone, steel or cane,
The image of an air balloon
Stretched out each fold to strain.
The cockle shell or gipsy hat,
May blushing retire,
They feel ashamed to rank with hoops,
Large as a waggon tire.

CHORUS.—A bobbing round they go my boys,
A bobbing round they go,
They are na thrash, they cut a dash,
Their circling hoops to show.

They cover quite a space of ground,
When walking through the street,
The little dogs embrace the shade,
And walk in their retreat.
Hooped ladies crushed up in a crowd,
Tis laughable to view,
The stem and stern, before, behind,
Just like a birch canoe.

CHORUS.—A bobbing round they go my boys,
A bobbing round they go,
They paddle well, they cut a swell,
Their circling hoops to show.

That pride is painful, must be true,
How many husbands feel,
How they must walk with injured legs,
From their wife's hoops of steel.
When lovers walk the hoops obstruct,
Ah, should he chance to stoop,
To steal a kiss, she shouts my dear,
O do not break my hoop.

CHORUS.—A bobbing round they go my boys,
A bobbing round they go,
They use each art to gain his heart,
Yes, broken hoops or no.

The ladies say they feel so nice,
The air they ventilate,

A pair of little bellows
 Would look much more sedate.
 In fact, if ladies still persist,
 The circling hoops to wear,
 They run the risk some windy day
 Of floating through the air.

CHORUS.—Still bobbing round they go my boys,
 Still bobbing round they go,
 Let come what will, they use them still,
 Large hoops is all the show.

THE PIG'S FUNERAL.

One night I, along with two comrades, took a dead pig to a neighbor's wood-shed and tied it up in a chair. They had a hired man, a would-be local preacher. A few days after, he sent me a letter inviting me to the pig's funeral. That letter caused me to write the following:—

SIR,—I beg to be apologized for the abrupt manner I have treated the receipt of your letter, desiring my company to the solemn internment of your departed friend. I am sorry to have to disappoint you on such an occasion. However, I trust you will be ready to forgive me when I express my reasons for not complying with your request. I might convey my reasons in few sentiments. You are aware as well as I am that pigs, in many instances, display their unnatural brutality by dissecting their lifeless brother. Therefore, I suppose that instead of paying those last respects due to your departed friend, namely, a winding sheet and coffin, bearing him in solemn silence to his narrow home. I reply that instead of those last preparations I supposed from his nourishing qualities, the carving knife might penetrate his lifeless body, and instead of a lonely procession to the place appointed, he might be seen hurrying inch by inch down that pathway that leads to a living tomb. While instead of his decaying body being a feast for his fellow worms, I can suppose him disappearing before the myriads of needle-nosed vermin that traverse your stomach. Such was the restraining feelings that prevailed the minds of each of us so kindly invited to pay the last token of gratitude we can pay to any worthy friend. We sympathize with you in your hours of sorrow and bereavement.

We remain with kind feelings toward you,

THE AUTHOR OF THE PIG'S FUNERAL.

CRUMPHAS' DYING WORDS:—

Sitting on a chair, happy here I died,
 Not a friend was near, oft in vain I cried.

A WORD OF SYMPATHY TO JAMES.

Dear James, forgive my coldness since I did not attend,
 The solemn lonely funeral of your departed friend:
 I know it was my duty as a comrade kind and true,
 To have been present at the scene and bore the load with you.

To look at your departed friend, how fat and plump he was,
 I thought it wrong to let him rot, he might employ your jaws,
 Instead of shroud and coffin and in lonely grave to lie,
 Through some kind female's treatment your appetite supply.

I thought upon your neck cloth white, the learning you possess,
 Your confidence in higher power would make your grief the less,
 A saint like you can bear the grief that would distract my mind,
 So do not weep for him that's gone, rejoice you're left behind.

Compose yourself, dry up your tears, why do you melt your brains,
 You surely had a glorious feast upon his last remains;
 The grease would drop off your chin that roasted from his loin,
 And still you weeping cry oh dear, my brother he is gone.

Do stay the current of your tears, your heavy sighs and moan,
 Believe your brother died in hope, did you not hear him groan,
 The sword of death that pierced his heart, his days on earth to seal,
 He died composed, shook not a foot, nor even gave a squeal.

O death, you cruel monster, to seize him for your prize,
 To grieve or break poor James' heart and water out his eyes;
 Arize from dust and ashes James, your sackcloth throw aside,
 Why seven days lamenting for a bristly friend that died?

Come join our social merriment, your brother is not lost,

He might have trials and troubles as o'er death's
stream he crossed,
Think on such days of happiness, when you shall go
to him,
And meet each other face to face beyond death's
raging stream.

Most pigs are apt to grunt and squeal, when sore
with hunger pressed,
They also hate a facing wind, they turn and look
distressed;
So James has turned his back and fled, as pigs will
run from men,
He feels a chap as smart as him some funny lines
can pen.

IN MEMORIAM.

RUTH CARLISLE, BELOVED WIFE OF W. H. ROBERT-
SON, DIED DECEMBER 9, 1875, AGED 18 YEARS.

When we look back scarce thirteen months ago,
When all was mirth, no thought of grief or woe:
As she stood forth, blushing in youthful pride,
A smiling maid, pronounced a loving bride;
No doubt high hopes would flash across her mind,
Of married life, joys, pleasures there combined,
Long happy life appeared before her view,
Bright shone the future of that bride we knew.

Sweet earthly bliss stood forth her to allure,
She stretched her hand the substance to secure,
The brightest lustre all those joys could shed,
E'er she could grasp them disappeared and fled;
Scarce had her bridal garbs been laid away,
Still fresh the smile that graced her wedding day,
And ruddy still those cheeks of rosy hue,
When death transfigured that young bride we
knew.

How brief her share of matrimonial bliss,
Short was her stay in such a world as this;
No weeping friends, or husband's bitter woe
Could ward off death, or shield her from the blow:
Youth, beauty, love, each tie that earth impart,
Was quickly severed, death had pierced her heart;
As flowers must fade before the Autumn wind,
She drooped, but left a tender babe behind.

One Autumn morn the sun rose bright as gold,
Alas to her, the last she would behold;
In health and strength she dreamt not of the foe,
Cruel death stood watching with his quivering bow.
But e'er that sun set in the distant west,

Death unexpected pierced her youthful breast;
Rose-tinted cheeks, were changed to lilies' hue,
A dying mother and the bride we knew,

Reader, in fancy, let your thought's survey,
That death-bed chamber where she dying lay,
Where weeping friends wiped off the parting tear,
She looked for one, it was her husband dear;
She strove to speak, but ah, her voice was gone,
Her death-bound tongue whispered in empty tone;
Her dying smile, so gentle, meek and true,
Revealed the thoughts of that young bride we
knew.

In frantic grief he clasped her changing form,
To hold that life, or shield her from death's storm;
Powerless his strength, in vain the tears he shed,
He held the casket—life, the gem had fled;
If that was death, how peaceful and serene,
Hope lent a smile, Faith brightened up the scene;
Grace trimmed her lamp to guide her spirit
through,
O happy change for that young bride we knew.

Earth's joys or sorrows she did shortly share,
A husband's love, or smile of infant fair;
Relentless death, did no kind pity show
Youth, wife and mother, fell beneath his blow;
Yes, she is gone from all the joys of life,
Three weeks a mother, thirteen months a wife;
When life seemed brightest, death the curtain
drew,
The grave contains that youthful bride we knew.

MY WIFE'S OLD MARRIAGE RING.

The following lines were suggested to my mind while looking
at my wife's hand, when I beheld the marriage ring worn
to a mere thread.

Dear wife does sight deceive me thus, or is it really
so?
Is that the ring I gave you six and thirty years
ago?
When youth's fresh bloom was on our cheeks, no
furrows on our brow?
Like that gold ring we too have changed, we are
old and wrinkled now.

My locks were then a raven black, but yours were
fair and bright:
Now yours are mixed with silvery gray, and mine
are nearly white,
Our change in looks don't touch my heart with
half as sharp a sting

As when I look at your left hand and worn-out marriage ring.

That day I placed that marriage ring upon your youthful hand,
It was not slender, weak nor light, but heavy,
strong and grand ;
I little thought that pledge of love would wear so quick away.
Till I beheld that golden thread upon your hand to-day.

It never could have worn so slim with idleness or ease,
In turning over music leaves or on piano keys :
Nor sitting with your folded hands in easy chair to swing,
The assiduous work as a farmer's wife has worn that marriage ring.

Don't fret about the old ring, wife, though it should break in two,
The hand that wears it toiled enough to buy one more for you.
If it keeps whole until you die, friends weeping round you stand,
Its value will not tempt them much to take it from your hand.

Since first you wore that marriage ring, long years have come and gone,
Hardships and toil you daily shared, both joy and sorrows known ;
United love, the source from whence true happiness can spring,
Shed sunshine round your life while you have worn that marriage ring.

That ring was but the product of the rock, earth, skill and art,
Had I been false to you, it would no joy or peace impart,
For faithless, disappointed love you would find no relief,
Each time you looked at it would but intensify your grief.

A ring more precious formed of love, not weak or worn away,
Entwines around our hearts as strong as on our wedding day.
It cheers our hearts and bears our thoughts fresh back on fancy's wing,
To that blessed hour I gave to you that new, now worn out, ring.

While wearing out that ring, your trials were neither few nor small,
Contentment, love and health combined, you triumphed over all.
At work or pleasure, joy or grief, supreme affection reigned,
Meanwhile that good, health-giving God our union hath sustained,

Creator and Preserver kind, thou Giver of life and breath,
United Thou has spared us long, divide us not at death.
If but Thy will, instead of one, let death two summons bring,
And lay us quietly, side by side, with her old marriage ring.

HARD TIMES IS ALL THE CRY.

The following piece was composed at the time of a severe depression in every branch of business all over Canada.

Conscious of every great event that crush my fellow men,
Phi'antrophy my soul inspires to lift my feeble pen;
Not to prescribe a remedy, such would be vain to try,
My only aim will be to prove hard times is all the cry.

Though not a few of business men upon the past may muse,
Their own ambition fed the flame—adversity ensues ;
Prosperity became eclipsed, their brightest hopes were marred,
The hammer of the auctioneer tells them the times are hard.

When trade was brisk and wages high the working class could vaunt,
They spent their cash with lavish hand but never thought of want ;
The fond delusion lulled their breasts, that wages would keep high,
But when the sound "down" struck their ears, hard times was all the cry.

When times were good and markets high, the farmers cut a dash,
Some bought on credit, rode on springs, but now they feel the lash ;
Their notes are due, their cash is done, their debt, unpaid must lie,

Their crops have failed, the markets down, hard
times is all the cry.

Behold the banker at the till, surveying the gor-
geous piles,
The piles of gold, the rolls of bills, he counts with
pleasant smiles ;
He won't discount, his ear is shut to every sup-
plant's cry,
That renders still more hard the times that now are
passing by.

Mingle in any little crowd assembled on the street,
Or watch their sad desponding looks as they each
other greet ;
In every business branch of trade you hear the
same reply,
In office, store or working shop, hard times is all
the cry.

Depression reaches every rank, the employer and
employed,
The master feels his funds decline, the workman feels
annoyed ;
Some are discharged or wage reduced, they quietly
must comply,
They all commingle with the shout, hard times is all
the cry.

I feel for those that daily toiled, their families to
sustain,
And still are willing, but they can't employment
now obtain ;
Their hungry children cry for bread, with craving,
tearful eye,
Instead of bread, the mother hums a hungry lula-
by.

Do not despond, with patience wait, and better
times expect,
The star of hope still shineth bright, though clouds
may intercept ;
Clouds of adversity obscure a clear and brilliant
sky,
When those disperse, your song shall be, good times
at last are nigh.

REFLECTIONS ON GREENWOOD'S FATE.

THIS CRUEL DOUBLE MURDER WAS COMMITTED IN
TORONTO.

For ten months past, we had it more or less,
The name of Greenwood issuing from the press ;
No deeds of honor graced his public name,
Seduction, arson, cruelty and shame.

His horrid crimes we cannot soon forget,
Are they not present on our memories yet ?
A thoughtless female he to ruin led,
Left her a mother on a burning bed.

Another victim to his vice beguiled,
To cover shame he slew her infant child ;
Death freed the mother e'er her trial came round,
For murder and concealment he was guilty found.

Averted justice falls on him at last,
He stands condemned, death is the sentence
passed ;
Cherished acquittal now gives place to gloom,
In cell confined awaits his shameful doom.

A death-doomed culprit in his dreary cell,
His train of thoughts, alas we cannot tell ;
Approaching death with public shame combined,
Doubtless those flashed across his troubled mind.

Perhaps the visions of his victims rise,
Like torturing phantoms pass before his eyes ;
Bringing his crimes back with a vivid force,
Stinging his conscience with a fresh remorse.

Time passed away, the day was close at hand,
When he upon the fatal drop must stand ;
The setting sun, diffused his parting rays,
Showed the grim gallows to the passer's gaze.

The sun had set, the last he would behold,
Around his prison night's dark curtain fold ;
Beside him sat a servant of the Lord,
Earnestly teaching from God's Holy Word.

His friends had left, there stood a demon nigh,
Whispering, to-morrow you shall surely die ;
A shameful death, exposed to public view,
Take your own life, and I will succour you.

Temptation rules, he yields, resolves, then tries,
A towel prepared, around his neck he ties ;
He struggles, pants, by his own hand he died,
A cruel murderer, fell a suicide.

A VIEW OF THE NAME OF GOD ON THE SCENES AROUND US.

Which ever way I cast my eyes,
Where'er I walk abroad—
This subject strikes me with surprise :
The name—the name of God.

Creation, all sublime and grand,
His name is stamped clear there ;

All things created by His hand
His mighty name declare.

The earth, and all that it contains—
Each river, lake and sea ;
The lofty mountains, and the plains,
In each, His name we see.

In every tree and leaf that blows,
We there may trace His name ;
Yea, every herb and flower that glows,
Bears witness to the same.

'Tis painted on the raging seas,
Or in its glassy form—
'Tis whispered in the calmest breeze,
And thundered in the storm.

The loud, rebounding thunder's crash
His awful name reveal ;
We view it in the lightning's flash,
'Tis sounded in the peal.

Despangled sky, with countless gems,
Bears their Creator's name ;
The sun and moon, with radiant beams,
Assert and prove the same.

Who can the name of God deny ;
Just cast your eyes around—
Where'er the earth, the sea, the sky—
In all it may be found,

Within the hearts of those it reigns,
Whose soul to Christ is given ;
'Tis sung aloud in sweetest strains,
Within the gates of heaven.

THE TOILS OF A LABORING MAN,

WITH A VIEW OF THE SABBATH.

Doomed son of toil ! he lingers on in gloom,
Curse so divine hangs heavy o'er his head ;
From youth to manhood journeys to the tomb,
With sweltering brow he eats his daily bread.

The sun may rise—his brilliant beams display,
Nature's green verdure springs beneath its power ;
The wearied laborer bears its scorching rays,
With aching frame he counts each passing hour.

Evening arrives, his daily toils to close,
In humble cot he rests his wearied frame ;
The toil-worn laborer, wife and children bow
To bless and praise their kind Creator's name.

Short hours of slumber, sweet as morning air,
Though tenfold sweeter morn disturbs his strain ;
Thanks his preserver for his special care,
Bows with submission to his toils again.

His strength exhausts, his mental powers decay,
Sin, that precursor of his toils below,
Oppressed, o'erpowered he toils from day to day,
Condemned through life almost a slave to go.

Day after day pass in successive train—
Each brings its burden, weighty and severe ;
Crushed down with labour, troubles, trials and
pain,
O daily toil, his chief companion here.

Yea, wearied, worn with labours, hardly pressed,
Relentless fate, if there was no relief,
He must have sunk but for that day of rest,
God did provide to mitigate his grief.

Week after week's oppressive toil he bears,
With anxious heart hails each returning end—
That heavenly blessing, solace of his cares,
Oh blessed Sabbath—labourer's welcome friend.

The Sabbath dawns, so lovely to behold,
Toils now forgotten, wearied nature rest ;
The crimson sun his radiant beams unfold,
Stealing the dew-drops from the verdure's breast.

Wake, toil-worn soul, let heavenly thoughts arise,
From earth to heaven your meditations raise ;
The circle forms the morning sacrifice,
The labourer's dwelling sounds with prayer and
praise.

Twice-blessed Sabbath, day of sweet repose !
On it God rested, hallowed, blessed the same ;
'Twas on that morn our great Redeemer rose,
Thus two-fold blessed our strict observance claim.

On aid Divine, my trembling pen direct,
Inspire my thoughts with deeper, loftier strains ;
To treat the Sabbath with all due respect,
To caution those its precious hours profane.

Cold is the heart, ungrateful is the breast
That never swells to contemplate the scene,
All wrapped in beauty; business hushed to rest,
Sublime, delightful, tranquil and serene.

Hail blessed Sabbath ! Godhead love displays,
O earthly gem—thou pearl of greatest price !
It stands pre-eminent over other days,
As did the tree of life in Paradise.

Its golden hours by God for man was made,
The wearied labourer frees from care and strife;
With sweet delight he rests beneath its shade,
A green spot in the wilderness of life.

Rest toil-worn soul, the Sabbath day to view;
Embrace the joy its happy hours impart;
Its balm extends to soul, and body too—
Its crystal streams can raise the drooping heart.

Glad earthly Sabbath, God did it ordain,
It points the soul to Christ's redeeming love;
Connecting link of time's progressive chain,
Symbolic emblem of that rest above.

In short, the Sabbath as a day proclaim,
No worldly pursuits, toil or labour do;
That day keep sacred to His holy name,
Observe, respect, pay it the honor due.

But hark, the bell sounds in the labourer's ear,
'Tis not to toil—it sounds a sweeter chord;
It summons him in God's house to appear,
To bless and praise the great and mighty Lord.

With willing heart he obeys the pure command,
In cleaner costume he does decorate;
He takes his youthful offspring in his hand,
With joyful step he reaches Zion's gate.

He gladly joins the congregated strains—
In prayer and praise he takes delightful part;
God's Holy Word the pastor free explains,
The law, the gospel, pierce the labourer's heart.

And as he listens, wavering thoughts remove.
Christ's proffered grace dispels his dreary fate;
He then exclaims, in ecstasy of love:
"Foretaste of heaven—yea this the very gate."

He feels God's presence—how his soul does burn—
Fain would he linger by his Saviour's side;
Time, ever swift, announces his return,
His soul is cheered, refreshed and edified.

With heavenly thoughts he homeward takes his
way.

His very soul within him is content;
But still he spends the hours of such a day
As all the hours of Sabbath should be spent.

God's Holy Word, he takes it in his hands,
Searches its pages—knowledge he attains;
God's justice, threatenings, precepts and commands,
Of joys in heaven—of darkness and of chains.

The shades of evening round his cottage close,

But still his duties close not with the sun;
Labourer and family, meek and humbly bows,
To thank the Lord for blessings every one.

In vain he tries to grasp the wheel of time,
To hold the Sabbath—all attempts are vain;
Time still progressive—knells its parting chime,
Ushers the labourer into toil again.

One ray of hope the wearied labourer shares,
He knows the Sabbath will return again;
To ease his labours through life's dreary cares—
Support his soul through all his toils and pain.

He views the Sabbath day with sweet delight;
He loves that day which God to him hath given;
He views it as a shadow and a type
Of never-ending Sabbath day in heaven.

Sabbath profaners, stop your wild career,
Why so indulge in Sabbath wickedness?
Life is uncertain—death is ever near,
An awful doom the Sabbath-breaker's is.

Live, labourer, live, as you would wish to die,
A few short years will terminate your grief;
Strive to obtain that blessed rest on high,
There toil-worn laborers find a sweet relief.

LINES

ON MY RECEIVING AN INVITATION TO ATTEND THE
HOUSE-WARMING OF AN OLD BACHELOR.

An invitation I received
From Mr. Richard Lund,
His new house-warming to attend
To have one night of fun.

Upon the hill, composed of brick,
Does Fair View cottage stand,
The pleasant house of Richard Lund,
A simple verse demand.

He from its windows can survey
The country's changing hue;
While Peterborough's shining spires
Stand bright before his view.

Well may he feel a little proud,
I think he has a right;
No stately mansion, lordly hall,
Can boast a fairer sight.

There's beauty in its outward look,
Comfort within its walls;

A place for everything required,
When some great gentry calls.

The cunning fox provides his hole,
The bird builds her small nest ;
So Richard Lund has raised his house
Where he may quietly rest.

When Adam paradise enjoyed,
With all it could provide,
His joys were only half complete
Till Eve was by his side.

This house will seem a dreary blank,
A world without a sun,
Unless adorned with cheerful voice
And smiles of Mrs. Lund.

When next you call on Mr. Lund,
Don't be surprised at all,
If blushing, blooming Mrs. Lund
Should meet you in the hall.

THE ORPHAN BOY WE KNEW.

O what is youth?—a vision; or cheek where
beauty bloomed ?

When first we draw our infant breath, we are
journeying to the tomb ;

When vigor nerves the youthful arm, or hope the
youthful heart,

How apt are we to let the thought of early death
depart ;

How seldom do we bear in mind one hour is not
our own,

Or pause to think : " Within our breast the seeds
of death are sown."

Some ripens in their infancy, in manhood not a
few—

'Twas in that stage he faded, died, the orphan boy
we knew.

His youthful cheeks were flushed with health, his
eye with sparkling glance,

His swelling heart with lively thoughts of plans
and recompense ;

The prospects of a length of days might flash before
his mind,

Perhaps he little thought that death pursued so
close behind.

His years of manhood just begun, when fancy
paints the way,

The sun of life appeared to him unclouded in its
ray ;

He scarce had reached meridian height, when
death the curtain drew,
His sun had set to all on earth—the orphan boy we
knew.

He would taste but little pleasure, he could share
but little grief,
The years allotted out to him were only few and
brief ;

He might share the joys of boyhood, or a glimpse
of manhood's woe,

But he died a youthful pilgrim, in this wilderness
below.

He knew little of the history of this dark world of
ours,

He trod but shortly on the path that's strewn with
thorns or flowers ;

He scarce had grasped the shadow, before the sub-
stance flew—

Extinguishing the life of the orphan boy we
knew.

Where are the flowers of summer?—they are num-
bered with the past,

Their beauty, blossom, fragrance, has vanished with
the blast ;

But spring will soon return, with its sunshine, dew
and rain,

The flowers again will feast the eye, and scent the
verdant plain.

How different was the case with him, cut down in
youthful pride,

Ascending up the hill of life, to view the landscape
wide ;

The bud had scarcely opened, when death his
weapon drew,

And cut the stem where late he stood the orphan
boy we knew.

His looks—yes, we remember still, in days not
long gone by,

With youth and beauty mingling each other seem-
ed to vie ;

But alas ! that brightness darkened, like the rays
of setting sun—

Consumption soon completed the work it had be-
gun.

There stood the king of terrors, on the watch with
quivering bow,

Just waiting on the summons for to lay his victim
low ;

The arrow flies—that face is changed, from rose to
lily's hue—

He faded like an autumn leaf, the orphan boy we
knew.

And some will still remember that stood by his dying bed,
 To moist his burning, fevered lips, or hold his drooping head ;
 The closing eye, the heaving breast, the long, protracted breath,
 The hollow voice, the rattling throat—sure messenger of death.
 How gentle was the conflict, as his life's-blood ebbed away,
 His spirit striving to resign its prison-house of clay ;
 The warfare's nearly o'er—the pulse still weak, and weaker grew,
 It ceased—they closed his eyes in death, the orphan boy we knew.

O ruthless, dread, relentless death ! thy cruel stroke was sure,
 He fell beneath thy deadly blow, a death so premature ;
 Yes, he is gone, from all on earth, alike is friend or foe,
 Across his still and silent grave may drift the winter's snow.
 Another lesson we may learn, that death is ever nigh,
 That voice speaks loud to every age—it warns both you and I ;
 Let each prepare to meet their God, our days may be but few,
 Death soon may close our eyes like his—the orphan boy we knew.

LINES UPON THE SUDDEN DEATH
 OF A NEIGHBOR.

Man's life to vapor is compared,
 Or spray dashed from the wave ;
 When first he draws his infant breath
 He is journeying to the grave.

That life uncertain is, and short,
 Methinks there's none denies ;
 The sudden death of him we knew
 Most plainly verifies.

'Twas morn, he from his pleasant couch
 In usual health arose ;
 Perhaps he little thought his hours
 On earth, so near a close.

Alas ! one hour had scarcely passed,
 When death's dread arrow flies ;

Unseen, but fatal, pierced his heart—
 A lifeless corpse he lies.

No last farewell to his dear wife
 Was he allowed to speak ;
 No parting words to check the tears,
 Fast rolling down her cheek.

No father's blessing passed his lips,
 On that eventful day ;
 His children came—but came too late—
 His soul had passed away.

Yes, cruel and unexpected death
 Had severed every tie ;
 The loving husband, father kind,
 In death's last silence lie.

I from my cottage window do
 A new made grave behold ;
 Beneath that mound his body lies,
 Inanimate and cold.

No more in conversation sweet,
 His cheerful voice we hear ;
 No more our once familiar voice
 Shall echo in his ear.

True, he is gone from all on earth,
 Alike is friend or foe,
 Across his raised but silent grave
 May drift the winter's snow.

His widow may in silence weep,
 His children sigh with grief ;
 The object of their mourning's gone—
 He cannot lend relief.

There is a balm for mourners here,
 That balm is from above ;
 God will a husband, father be
 To those that do him love.

His sudden, unexpected death,
 Proves clearly to our view
 The frailty, brevity of life,
 Yes, and uncertain too.

As neighbors we may mourn his loss,
 Still let us bear in mind—
 That our frail life is not more safe,
 Though we are left behind.

Let each of us a warning take,
 Prepare to meet the blow ;
 For ah ! we little know the hour
 When death may lay us low.

IN SEARCH OF SNOW.

One day when the sleighing was bad, I inquired of John Martin if he could not bring a little snow. "Snow," replied John, "I am going to h—— for snow."

John Martin, man of all work in Powie Morgan's yard,

Is going off in search of snow, or else will send his card ;

I think his mission will be vain, where he intends to go,

Down to the lower regions, to seek the fleecy snow.

Friend John, you would wish to be back, if you once snuffed the air,

A burning, smoking atmosphere, but no rye whiskey there ;

With young imps springing at your throat, your soul with torment stung,

You will not find a piece of snow, to cool your burning tongue.

Ah, John ! you would forget the snow if you beheld that place,

The scorching flames would welcome you, and flash across your face ;

The roaring, seething, furnace hot would make you screw your jaw,

And melt the largest snowdrift, John, that ever mortal saw.

You might as well seek snow, John, in the oven in Ostrom's shop,

As seek it in that region, sir, where burning sulphur drop ;

But if you did succeed, and bring snow from that dreadful cell,

The farmer's horses would take fright at the strong, sulph'rous smell.

John, you might take the upward course, and to the clouds ascend,

And gain a foothold on the clouds, with augur in your hand ;

If you astronomy have learned, and in that science skilled—

Then watch and catch the hanging clouds, which are with water filled.

Then bore a hole of ample size to let the water flow,

Through freezing currents it will pass, and fall in flakes of snow ;

When you return to earth again, to smile at your reward,

Up to the knees in pure white snow, in Powie Morgan's yard.

LINES OF SYMPATHY,

TO MR. DAVID KENNEDY, SCOTTISH VOCALIST, UPON THE DEATH OF ONE SON AND TWO DAUGHTERS, IN THE THEATRE THAT WAS BURNED IN NICE.

Loyal brither Scot, your old, familiar name
Hae filled my heart with love's true, ardent flame ;
I read with interest, oft-times I was cheered,
Whene'er the name of Kennedy appeared.
Through Africa's dark clouds of blinding sand,
You safe returned unto your native land
With wife and family ; victory's flag unfurled,
Your wish accomplished—singing round the world,

I thought I saw you in Auld Reekie's throng,
Unrivalled hero of the Scottish song ;
Without a jar to stay your course to fame,
Without a cloud to mar your honoured name.
Health, wealth and hope shed all their rays on you,
No clouds of sorrow, rising to your view ;
Peace, joy and comfort, bright as azure sky,
Shone on life's pathway, not a grief seemed nigh.

Alas for man ! when all his hopes are bright,
In one short moment all seems dark as night ;
Such was your case ; when all was bright and fair,
Death's awful tidings plunged you in despair.
Death always brings its pangs of grief and woe,
When unexpected it is much more so ;
In youth and health, three loved ones grasped your hand,
As they departed to a distant land.

They did not know, you could not comprehend,
That was the last time they would grasp your hand,

Or watch the smiles play o'er their youthful face,
Far less that Nice would be their dying place.
Just as high hopes flashed bright before their view,
Life's scenes were closed, cruel death the curtain drew ;

Silenced three voices in their earthly song,
To sing more sweetly with the heavenly throng.

Like some volcano, bursting o'er your head,
When the news came, announcing they were dead !
As lightning flash their image would arise—
Each form and feature fresh before your eyes,
I am a father, I can feel the smart,
I hold the key that can unlock your heart ;
The grief, the anguish, and the bitter woe
You felt—I hope that I shall never know.

There is another, wounded by that dart,
With finer feelings and a tenderer heart ;

A mother's love—a mother's grief so real—
 No sigh nor tear can half its depth reveal.
 Ah ! brother Scot, I would not prob ane w
 The wounded heart so nobly borne by you :
 Oh may that balm, which cometh from above,
 Heal up that breach, your threefold grief remove.

JOCK AND THE CREAM.

In the village of Leitholm, there lived a droll
 blade,

He was often called Jock, but his right name was
 John ;

He had served out his time to the carpenter trade,
 While a 'prentice his whiskers and beard they had
 grown.

He was now a free man, with a good share of
 pride,

He was smart and good-looking, but knew it as
 well ;

He thought his fair face would soon win him a
 bride,

For his sweet, flatt'ring tongue no young heart
 could repel.

Scarce a mile from the village a farm house stood,
 It was there lived a lass, and her name it was
 Jean ;

Jock saw her, and her glances he could not elude,
 For a face more bewitchin' he never had seen.

Were you ever in love ? then take pity on Jock,
 With a soul pierced and wounded by love's deadly
 dart ;

She was bound to his heart, like the shell to the
 rock,

It was Jean, on the tongue, on the brain, on the
 heart.

When he handled the chisel, the saw, or the plane,
 He was stupid, no line or a mark could he trace :
 Upon love's battle field lay his heart with the slain,
 For his young heart was slaughtered by Jeanie's
 sweet face.

Jock resolved all those trammels to break or re-
 move,

Not to wither and die with a love unexpressed ;
 So he met with young Jeanie, and poured out his
 love,

With a flattering tongue, and his head on her
 breast.

He told her the pangs he for her underwent,
 He sobbed and he sighed, and at times almost
 dumb ;

She heard him, and pitied, then she gave her con-
 sent,

That on next Friday night to the house he might
 come.

You'd have laughed to see Jock on that same Friday
 night

Wash his face, oil his hair, don his fine Sunday
 clothes ;

Twist here and prin there, at the glass take a
 sight,

And with light, bounding steps, to meet Jeanie he
 goes.

Jock was early—the farmer had not gone to bed,
 But Jeanie was there, she her promise did keep ;
 So into the milk house her lover she led,
 There to wait till the farmer was snugly asleep.

Love is hot, so was Jock, and of course he was dry,
 So he soon struck a match to see what he could
 get ;

In the corner a deep can of cream he did spy,
 But he doubted its size his large head to admit.

The temptation was great, so Jock could not resist,
 He bowed down his head, at the work did begin ;
 It was such a tight fit, he did screw, try and twist,
 But at last he succeeded, and got his head in.

Still downward he squeezed, yes, right past his
 ears,
 How pleasant—his lips touched the cream but no
 more—

The sounding of footsteps aroused all his fears,
 With the candle in hand, Jeanie opened the door.

How she gazed at the sight, and she stood in des-
 pair,

With a pitying glance she her lover did scan,
 As powerless and helpless as a bird in a snare,
 In shape like a rainbow, with his head in the can.

She hugged and she pulled at the can and at John,
 Till his head was near off, then he gave a faint
 scream :

He tried hard to speak but he only could moan,
 For his eyes, nose and mouth were all chuck full
 of cream.

With grief and with fear Jean no longer could
 stand,

Lest the farmers should waken and hear the uproar ;

The can and Jock's head she took them in her hand,
While he cautiously followed her outside the door.

Jock was now out of doors, he soon formed his plan,
He soon raised himself up and prepared for the fall ;

With one nice gentle stroke he soon shivered the can,
And sent it to fragments against the stone wall.
Such a picture was Jock when his head was laid bare,
He was better worth seeing than the wife of old Lot ;

With the cream dropping off from the ends of his hair,
And running in streams from the tails of his coat.
Jeanie stood like a statue between mirth and surprise,
And she gazed on her lover all covered with foam,
As she cleaned out his mouth and he rubbed out his eyes,
On regaining his breath then he bolted for home.

Jock washed off the cream from his head and the coat,
And he slipped into bed to drown sorrow in sleep ;
But the cream can adventure still uppermost got,
Though he strongly resolved it a secret to keep.

But, alas, for Jock's plans, his secret was short,
E'er the sun rose next morning it passed like a dream ;
As the farmer's young pigs round the milkhouse did snort,
Soon they struck on the track of young Jock and the cream.

They followed the track till they reached to Jock's door,
He was just coming out so they gave a loud scream ;
As much as to say, have you got any more
Of Jeanie's hair oil, or the farmer's sweet cream.

Jock's comrades soon knew it, and it reached far and wide,
Even Jeanie herself, she oft laughed at the plan ;
'Twas a warning to Jock, and it brought down his pride,
Ever after while sparking he ne'er touched the cream can.

THE LAND O' CAKES.

FOR THE ST. ANDREW'S SOCIETY, PETERBORO.'

Another year is near awa',
November has few breaths tae draw,
While Scots are met an' crusely craw
O' broom an' brakes ;
An' Scotia, tho' it's far awa'—
The land o' cakes.

There isna', sure, a Scotchman here
That disna' lu'e auld Scotia dear ;
The scab, or some plague mair severe,
Wad serve him richt ;
Tae mak' him claw frae tae to ear,
Baith day an' nicht.

But hoats my haverin', I maun stap,
Fear some o' ye my lugs nicht crap ;
I'll gie my thoughts a wider scope—
To Scotia leal ;
Whar big folks work, and bairnies hap
On plain oatmeal.

The guid man an' the guid wife sup
Their milk an' parritch quickly up ;
Bicker, instead o' china cup,
The table graces ;
Their halesome fare, as they grow up,
Mak's sonsie faces.

Wee Jock, wi' face richt fu' o' glee,
Sits wi' his bicker on his knee,
Atween his sups he shents his e'e
Across his carritch ;
The horn spunn he handles free,
Tae sup his parritch.

Wee Jean's twa cheeks, just like a rose,
She live's on parritch, yes, and brose ;
She never 'gred that foreign dose
Some folks ca' tea ;
Contentment, health, and beauty glows
Frae her bit e'e.

A wee bit feast they sometimes hae,
Gie near about St. Andrew's day ;
They whet their knives, fat grumphiae slay,
In death he's squeakin' ;
Wi' smilin' face their spunnies they play
In haggis reekin'.

The guid wife she brings oot the meal,
She mixes, kneads, and rows it weel ;
Or a idle big's a waggon wheel
The farrels thraws ;

An' bakes them hard as ony steel,
To try their jaws.

The picture's dark, but hand a wee,
Contentment, friendship, social glee,
A' your fine dainties canna gie
Joys half sae sweet ;
There's hun'reds wadna' cross the sea
For your brow meat.

There's some that sneers, an' screws their face,
Ca's Scotia a puir hunger's place ;
Did her brave sons e'er bring disgrace
On battle-field ?
Their foes soon lay in death's embrace
When they drew steel.

Aft her brave sons, in tartan clad,
By some bold chieftain clansman led,
Like warrior's foucht, as heroes bled—
Showed nae white feather ;
Their soil's intruders blood was shed
To dye the heather.

Whene'er the shrill war-horn blew,
O'er moor and moss the gallant flew ;
Stirlin' aye, as the blade they drew
In battle hot ;
Nae equal numbers could subdue
The hardy Scot.

Scotia's best type o' nature's skill,
Her cosie glens and heathery hill,
Wi' shinin' loch an' gurglin' rill
The scene adorn ;
Where bounds the wild deer at his will,
Wi' antlered horn.

Romantic Scotia, fair an' bricht !
The battle-field o' mony a fight ;
Birthplace o' some that's here this nicht,
Shame to deny it ;
When your forefathers gained their richt,
Their lives did buy it,

They foucht an' fell 'mang broom an' brake
For freedom—aye, for conscience sake,
An' mony a ane died at the stake—
In faith expired ;
'Tis true religion still that makes
Scotia admired.

Folks say within her dear domain
St. Andrew's ashes still remain ;
While here you Scots have met again,
Though far away,

To celebrate, wi' micht an' main,
St. Andrew's day.

O lang mav your Society be
A freend tae Scots that needs frae thee ;
If they're in want you're sure to gie
Assistance speedy ;
Ae dollar—aye, an' sometimes three,
Tae help the needy.

Faigs, doon my pen I'll hae to throw,
The time is gaen gio fast awa' ;
Thud for auld Scotia, cakes an' a'
Till the floor shakes ;
Let every ane shoot hip, hurra' !
The land o' cakes.

LINES OF SYMPATHY TO MRS.
THOMSON.

Widow of the late Robert H. Thomson, 22 Seeley Avenue,
Chicago, Ill., the same gentleman whose name is coupled with
the St. Andrew's Society of Peterborough, in the dedication of
this book.

Relentless Death, how cruel thou must be,
Pity and mercy are unknown to thee ;
The dearest ties, that blood or love entwine,
Are quickly severed by that hand of thine.

The widow's tears, her anguished, aching heart
Can't stay thy stroke, nor thy dread blow avert ;
In vain she strives her husband's life to hold—
Thy ruthless hand soon lays that loved one cold.

Your dreaded hand brought anguish and despair
Into the quiet home of that aged pair,
Slaying that husband who, for thirty years,
Was her chief comfort, in her joy or tears.

Remorseless Death ! how could you take away
That loving husband, her delight and stay,
Leaving her friendless in declining years,
To sit and shed the widow's bitter tears.

Dear Madam, it would ill become my part
To probe afresh the deep wound in your heart,
Or fan grief's embers, smouldering in your breast,
For him you loved, now in his grave at rest.
No words of mine, no sympathy most dear,
Can ease one sigh, or check the rising tear ;
No earthly friend can ease your grief or pain,
Nor bring your loved one back to life again.

I know your thoughts—but sadly fail to claim
 The power or language to express the same.
 Awake or sleeping, troubled fancy strays
 Back to the pleasures of your wedded days ;
 His loved tuned friendship words your heart to
 cheer,
 Their lingering sounds still murmurs in your ear ;
 His noble soul, his love, his acts impart,
 An undying impress on your sorrowing heart.

When mirth and joy rang through your happy
 home,
 His merry laugh back to your mind will come ;
 Or when affliction seized your frame or mind,
 His words and hands, so gentle, helping, kind.
 You now partake your morning meal alone,
 Your table partner, and his talk, is gone.
 How long the day seems, which once gave you
 delight—

Rejoicing, waiting his return at night ;
 You watch the clock at six with tear-dimmed eye,
 Listening for footsteps—but they all pass by.
 The tea's prepared, his evening slippers there—
 Wait not for him ; set past his empty chair.
 Your separation, grieved one, can't be long—
 Near eighty years you have joined earth's busy
 throng.

Since God has taken your loved one away,
 His heavenly arm will be your shield and stay ;
 Look not on earth for solace for your grief,
 Trust not in friends—they cannot give relief.
 The only balm to mitigate your loss
 Flows from the cross-beams of the bloody cross.

I knew your husband only through his pen,
 But found him one of earth's most noble men.
 Five years' experience bound us to each other—
 I feel his loss as keenly as a brother.
 Our correspondence on this earth must end ;
 Cold, stiff and lifeless lies his ready hand,
 His heart, the mainspring of his manly love,
 Paralysed by death, refuses now to move.
 No more the mail will weekly bring to me
 Letters of friendship from his heart so free ;
 His sudden, sad and unexpected end,
 Deprives me of a true, well-wishing friend.

Cold is the grave that holds him,
 Cold now his heart and hand ;
 While on earth no heart beat warmer
 As a husband and a friend.

UPON THE EFFECTS OF CHOLERA.

I was staying in the town of Alanwick, in Northumberland, when the cholera appeared in that place. I was eye witness to the greater part of the incidents stated in this poem.

How heavy are the judgments of our God,
 With darkest aspects spreading far abroad ;
 Scarce can you find a town or village near,
 But this distemper rages most severe.
 Its very name reverberates from the tomb,
 Its presence fills the hardest heart with gloom ;
 The stroke so fatal penetrates the heart,
 Death is the liquid steeped upon its dart.

Now, gentle readers, do with me engage,
 While I attempt to simulate its rage ;
 Repair with me to that resplendent town,
 Mark how their proud ambition is brought down.
 Look round the skirts of that once gorgeous place,
 Such heaps of ashes there the eyes can trace ;
 To show their meaning here I must begin
 Are they not emblems of distress within ?

Couches of down and pillows of the same,
 Without reserve committed to the flame ;
 Gay, rich attire, the garbs of happier days,
 With humbler garments levelled in the blaze,
 Enter the gloomy—once the crowded street,
 Few steps proceed e'er you a funeral meet ;
 Another and another's solemn tread,
 The street seems thronged with living and with dead.

Such anguish paints the still survivor's brow,
 With face so solemn all in mournings flow ;
 Enquire their cause, affliction stops their breath,
 They seem as if already doomed to death.
 Returning from the funeral of a friend,
 Unsoothing death his slaying arm extends ;
 Seizes the frame—another victim falls,
 Again the bell for his removal calls.

But what's the reason of those empty halls,
 No one remains within their vacant walls ;
 There dwelt the rich, but being seized with fright,
 Thought God not there—had quickly taken flight.
 Again vast dwelling houses meet the eye,
 But all seems lonesome as a sunless sky ;
 All quiet within, no play boys bustling roar,
 They seem as if death had locked up the door.

There wife and husband with their children dear,
 Had spent in peace and quietness many years ;
 Seized by this judgment death removed the pair,
 Leaves their dear children to the stranger's care.
 Such desolations caused by this distress,
 How few there be but feels it more or less ;

CHOLERA.

Northumberland,
An eye witness to
the pest.

God,
The flood;
The near,
The bomb,
The gloom;
The art,
The art.

The ge,
The own,
The ought down.
The rgeons place
The trace;
The gin
The in?

The me,
The me:
The days,
The e blaze,
The street,
The meet;

And with dead.

The s brow,
The flow;
The air breath,
The with.
The nds;

The halls,
The alls;
The with fright,
The taken flight.
The eye,
The y;
The g roar,
The door.

The children dear,
The y years;
The ed the pair,
The rger's care.
The s,
The less;

Widows and widowers pace the street along,
Orphans in crowds into the workhouse throng.

Eyes red with weeping, voice with empty tone,
Brothers and sisters mourning for their own;
Friends and acquaintance forced to drop a tear,
In every house a hospital appear.
Scarce need I tell the pangs of this complaint,
Death is most sure—alas there's no restraint;
It is in truth, like Autumn with the trees,
Numbers each day drops off with this disease.

Each anxious heart inquires with panting breath,
What is the cause of this disease and death;
My knowledge faint, perhaps I might transgress,
Were I to state my thoughts of this distress.
Wise men may meet, and doctors may relate
The source from whence it does originate;
But all their learning, powerful though it be,
Is like a drop within the raging sea.

The first replies, clear all the filth away,
Sweep all the streets and lime them every day;
The second states, that cure is not complete,
The cause arises from the food they eat.
The third asserts his statement the most wise,
'Tis from the water this distemper-rise;
The fourth declares with voice both loud and clear,
It arises from a poisoned atmosphere.

All is absurd, is there no God, I say,
That He the sword of judgment just may sway?
Sin is the cause, is there a man denies,
Open the Bible, there the secret lies.
Now to support and carry out my plan,
I point you to the first created man;
Adam transgressed, God sentenced in his wrath,
The wage of sin severe disease and death.

Nor did he fail to execute his word,
Proof upon proof we have upon record;
Sin was the reason of the mighty flood,
Men prone to evil and reverse to good.
Repeated pain and punishments we trace,
Disease and death on each succeeding race;
Pestilence and plagues oft visited the land,
Sweeping off thousands by its mighty hand.

All was no warning, sin did still prevail,
So in accordance troubles them assail;
God, suffered long, but punish them he must,
Levelling their gorgeous cities in the dust.
Then, if such judgments, awful and severe,
Befell them—since His name they would not fear;
Is sin not greater at the present day,

And God the same, the sword of death to sway.

No, never did the devil and his power,
Gain such a height as at the present hour;
Men's hearts are steeped in sin's most deepest
dyes,

The fear of God is not before their eyes.
Is it not proper of our God, and wise,
That He on earth such rebels should chastise?
Were He to lay aside His chastening rod,
Men would forget there was a living God.

I now prescribe a remedy more sure,
Than that which doctors and wise men procure;
Instead of cleaning outward filth away,
Cleanse well the heart—yea, for a new heart pray.
If from the food distemper rage so rife,
Eat free abundance of the bread of life;
From such no deadly sweeping plagues arise,
But feeds the soul, prepares it for the skies.

If from the water cholera's rage does seem,
Drink of Salvation's pure unmingled stream;
No infectious dregs this crystal streamlet shows,
But through Christ's sufferings gushing fountains
flows.

Or should the poison of this dread disease,
Be brooded in the atmospheric breeze;
Breathe that pure air which God through Christ
hath given,
That zephyr breeze that wafts the soul to heaven.

Peruse this cure for this disease and death,
Relentless cholera stopping thousand's breath;
Though by its power the body may decrease,
The soul will gain eternal life and peace.
Though cholera rage with deadly power imbued,
Through Christ the sting of death has been sub-
dued;

Relinquish earth, your soul for heaven prepare,
No plague, no cholera, ever enters there.

To thank our God our souls should be prepared,
That through His gracious mercy we are spared;
'Tis through no merit of our own at all,
That we exist while thousands round us fall.
Our God is gracious, merciful, though great,
Anxious that men return before too late;
Though justice claims, still tender mercy show,
He lifts His hand—but slow to strike the blow

How can we still pursue our sinful ways,
Since God both wrath and tender love displays;
Does not his threats foretell our sinful fall,
Will not his love some penitence recall.

THOUGHTS.

SUGGESTED UPON HEARING OF THE DEATH OF
ANGUS MACMARTIN, ESQ., AT SELWYN, ON HIS
ROAD FROM PETERBOROUGH TO HIS
HOME IN HARVEY.

Reader, you ask me, who and what was he
Whose death impressed and moved such thoughts
in thee?

He was a man whose influence was felt,
Wherever you met him, more so where he dwelt.

In Harvey Township he has dwelt for years,
'Tis there his name conspicuously appears,
Loved by his neighbors, his few foes admit
His sterling worth integrity and wit.

Offices, public, he has held his share,
Honest and truthful, acting just and fair;
In every office he was called to fill,
If he did err, 'twas judgment not his will.

In church and school he took a high delight,
Temporal and spiritual schemes received his mite;
Preacher or pauper, tourist, Indian, bard,
Were welcome to his hospitable board.

His heart was liberal, and his open door
He never closed against deserving poor;
True feeling nature, sympathetic, whole,
In that plain casket breathed a noble soul.

Such was the man, and acts in life as penned,
Pause, reader, listen to his sudden end;
He and his wife on business went to town,
And while visiting friends affliction had laid down.

No thoughts of sickness, sign or symptoms feel,
At A. P. Morgan's partook a hearty meal;
With spirits light, so cheerful he did say
His last good-bye, and homeward took his way.

Ah! how mysterious are the ways of God,
Our friend had scarcely journeyed half his road,
Some heavenly whisper, mortals cannot trace,
Said, stop at Selwyn—that's your dying place.

Perhaps he knew not, riding in his sleigh,
Death was so near, his home so far away;
Instead of Harvey, his dear loved abode,
Death's summons was appear before thy God.

The store he entered, soon he felt the heat
Make pulse and heart with double action beat,
Out to the door, upon the step sat he,
Life ebbing fast, soul striving to be free.

They raised him up, death's hue was on his cheek
To his dear wife no last kind word could speak;
With quivering frame, he gasped, then drooped
his head;

They held the form—love, life and soul had fled.

Low lay the father, husband kind and dear,
Unconscious of his fond wife's bursting tear,
Each link of friendship binding heart to heart,
All earthly ties death quickly rent apart.

His weeping wife soon comprehended all,
God mingled mercy with his sudden call,
But for those promptings kindly sent by God
He might have died with her upon the road.

With heavy heart, in grief she reached that door,
In joy and health both left the day before;
How changed the scene—the power of death be-
hold,
No mirth, no joy, her husband lifeless, cold.

Death hourly watched for brings its grief and woe,
Death sudden as his intensifies the blow;
His future hopes we have no right to claim,
On earth he leaves a highly honoured name.

Reader, his death unlooked for, premature,
Warns you and I our lives are not more sure;
His hopes of life seemed just as bright that day,
Before its close, his soul had passed away.

A TRUE ACCOUNT OF THE ELDERS
IN LEITHÖLM KIRK SESSION.

We have four Elders in our kirk,
No just the richt description;
If ye would the Kirk Session shirk,
Just follow my prescription.

Let cobbler Geordie mak' your boots,
Your custom mak's impression;
When sin leaks oot he sticks on clouts,
Repairs you for the session.

If you wad supplie Andrew, please,
Buy him an ounce of sneechin;
He'll prove your crimes fair doonricht lees
With pious-like discretion.

Sly, oily Willie darena' speak,
Though ye kiss Kate or Nell, man;
The blush of crime is on his cheek,
He lap the dyke himsel', man.

And drouthy Johnnie bites his lip,
If ye stand charged wi' drinkin';
For aft he tak's an extra nip,
Gangs hameward, staggering, blinkin'.

Tho' you should clap a bonnie lass
Upon the neck or shooter,
Or lay a hare flat on the grass,
With cuttie gun and pouther.

If ye by chance get roarin' fu',
And in the ditch lie spuein',
They steek their een and pass by you,
Nor speir what ye are doin'.

Though you should covet your neighbor's wife,
Or aught in his possession—
For ony crime but takin' life,
Ye needna fear the Session.

Drink, fight or swear, do guid or ill,
In rage your neighbour throttle;
Be punctual with your cobbler's bill,
The snuff and whisky bottle.

Or gang to Kirk with twa black een,
Though some may ca'ed transgression;
Ta'k the advice that I ha'e gien,
You will pass the Leitholm Session.

SANDY AND JIMMIE.

In the village of Leitholm, Scotland, lived two labouring men named Jimmie and Sandy. They were real cronies and both loved a joke. Scarcely a day passed if an opportunity occurred, but they played some trick upon each other. One o' two of Sandy's rather practical jokes I thought worth placing on paper. In the following lines you will find a true description of Sandy's funny jokes.

SANDY'S HOT JOKE.

A droll man ca'ed Sandy in that village did dwell,
Another ca'ed Jimmie as droll as himsel';
They were twa couthie cronies and aft gaed the-
gither,
Every day they were playing some trick on each
ither.

Jimmie thrashed in a barn scarce a half mile away,
Whiles at night he took hame a bit bundle o' stra';
Tho' it wasna his ain, but he thought it na harm,
To mak' a snug bed to keep poor Grumphu warm.

One night he tied up his bit bundle the same,
Sae he catched up to Sandy on the road gauen
hame;

As they jogged on together with an auld-fashioned
crack,
Jimmie puffin' an' blawin' wi' his load on his back.

They lauched and they chatted, the night it was
dark,
Sandy's head sac mischievous was thrang at its
wark;

But he didna think lang, at sic plans he was quick,
He soon hit on a plan to play Jimmie a trick.

He reached behind Jimmie but he nothing did say,
Struck a match gied a touch to the bundle o' stra';
Then the wund gied a puff and it fanned up the
flames,
And past Jimmie's face fire in flashes it came.

O Sandy, said Jimmie, did ye see that big flash,
We will soon hear the thunder gie a terrible crash;
But just as he spoke past his face went the blaze,
And singed a' his head and set fire to his clacs.

Jimmie thraved doon the fire and he raised up his
hand,

Like a pillar of fire he bewildered did stand;
He rubbed and he screamed, he stamped and he
swore,

With a head without hair and his face burned o'er.

When the fire was subdued Jimmie gathered his
breath,
And cried, Sandy, you villain, I wul shure be your
death;

Sandy took to his heels and Jimmie gied chase,
But Jimmie, half roasted, fell short in the race.

Hame gaed Jimmie gie, wearied wi' fire an' wi' toil,
Betty rubbed a' his wounds wi' some pure c'rstor oil.
The sleep calmed his rage and it eased a' his pain,
The next day he and Sandy were cronies again.

JIMMIE'S CAULD BATH.

Betty here mentioned was Jimmie's wifc. Very
few nights passed until Sandy found an opportunity
of giving Jimmie a watery bath to cool his burned
skin.

The day was wet and every dub*
Was fu' and rinin' o'er;
When Betty placed a muckle tub,
Close to the very door,

Fra' off the roof the water ran,
Between a stream and drap;
Ere long the muckle tub began
To rin richt o'er the tap.

* A pool where water gathers.

Sly Sandy he was walkin' by,
He splod the tub gie quick ;
He lauched and planned, resolved to try
Another funny trick.

Says he, last nicht I made him hot,
Till he for life did rin ;
This very nicht I'll bet a groat, †
I cool puir Jimmie's skin.

While Jimmie off his elaes he flang,
And into bed did creep ;
But Sandy he outside was thrang,
With something else than sleep.

A muckle four-legged stool he braced,
Richt up against the door ;
On tap o' that the tub he placed,
With water rinnin o'er.

Then Sandy gave an awful rap,
His voice aloud did raise ;
Saying, jump up Jimmie fra yer nap,
The houso is in a blaze.

Up Jimmie lap, without his breeks,
He ran across the floor ;
But had no thoughts o' Sandy's freeks,
Placed up against the door.

With tremblin' hand the bolt he drew,
The pressure laid him low ;
Splash, tub and water rushing flew,
And Jimmie laid below.

He plunged, he choked, he gasped and sighed,
When his lost breath he found ;
O mercy, Betty, come, he cried,
As sure as death I'm drowned.

Betty raised half drowned Jimmie up,
Him a dry sark sho got ;
O' whisky punch she filled a cup,
To mak' his cauld bluid hot.

Weel warned with the punch and fire,
He into bed did creep ;
To dream of tubs and cool his ire,
He soon fell fast asleep.

Now where was Sandy, would you guess,
He watched the flowing tides ;
Roarin' and lanchin' on the grass,
Till he near split his sides.

Tho' Sandy did him roast wi' fire,
With water stopped his breath ;

† Four-pence.

Their friendship never did expire,
Till it was closed by death.

SUNDAY READING.

A SERMON IN POETRY.

"To be carnally minded is death, but to be spiritually minded is life and peace."

The following piece was composed before I was sixteen years of age. My attention was directed to this subject upon hearing it explained by the Rev. Peter Glassford, minister at Leitholm, Berwickshire, Scotland. Mr. Glassford came to Canada about two years before Mr. Telford, and took charge of a congregation in Vaughan, where he died.

INTRODUCTION.

To speak of men in worldly point of view,
Is like a ship deserted by her crew ;
Glides on unsteered but soon astray will float,
So worldly men their errand has forgot.
They seem to think this is their last abode,
They cl' to earth and thus forget their God ;
The j' earth before their eyes do mass,
Of he hell a thought they never pass.

Yea, speak of God and all his pure commands,
Seems as a fable they unchanging stand ;
Or speak of judgment they as little dread,
They scoff and sneer, or mocking, shake their head.
Speak of the world, ah! how their eyes will dart,
Their eyes will tinkle, lightly beats their heart ;
Such short-lived pleasures smoothly paints their
way,
Earth's fascinations leads them far astray.

We must consider in the first place, what it is to be spiritually minded. It is to have our mind centred upon the living God, as the only object.

Bear with me hence into some foreign land,
Around the bases of their altars stand ;
Mark well their acts, is God the object there,
To stocks and stones they willingly repair.
The molten image of their God they raise,
The sun and moon likewise receive their praise ;
At shrines of devils there they sacrifice,
Such deeds as those may Christians well despise.

But, now, I point you to a nearer spot,
Yea, in our native land is God forgot ;
The sight of God is so entirely lost,
That unbelievers of their numbers boast.

How many is there in this present age
Denies not God ; they read his sacred page,
Perhaps at times to Him they bow the knee,
But, ah, the world seems their true god to be.

Does that make God the object of their praise,
No ! mammon's altar here they quickly raise ;
Things of this world does their weak minds control,
'Tis different far with the renewed soul.
His mind is fixed on God—and God alone—
By this the spiritual minded man is known ;
His soul and strength to God alone doth raise,
Thus making God the object of his praise.

In the second place, we must have our mind centred upon
Christ's person and works.

Was ever one by men so much abused,
As Christ when He sojourned here below ;
His raiment, food and shelter they refused,
And bade Him seek amidst the shades of woe.
Yes, from His cradle lowly though He rose,
Through all this life as low was His degree ;
His soul divine did only find repose,
When He expired upon the bloody tree.

But did He pass through life to death, unknown,
Did not His friends and enemies feel His power ;
His aid divine, unasked, was ever shown,
Even to His enemies in their cruellest hour.
Scarce need I tell the mighty acts He showed,
How oft did He the broken-hearted bind ;
Was there a town through which our Saviour trod,
But had some marks of pity left behind.

But was that all ? did He not for you die,
And spent His last in agony and pain ;
A few short days then winged His flight on high,
There pleading still that you may heaven gain,
Look to the Cross from where His blood did flow,
And then in love your eyes to heaven raise ;
Christ's person, and His glorious works also,
Make you the centre object of your praise.

In the third place, we must have our mind centred upon the
Holy Spirit, as the only source of happiness and consolation.

The time was come, when Christ must bid farewell
To those on earth, whom He so dearly loved ;
While they were seated on the glorious mount,
Imparting blessings, quickly was removed.
'Tis true a cloud received Him from their sight,
From earth to heaven He vanished through the air ;
His loved disciples left behind to gaze
In bitter anguish and in deep despair.

His parting words were still upon their heart,
" Though I must leave you, do not for me grieve ;
Even then I will not leave you without hope ;
The Holy Spirit you will soon receive."
A cloud of sorrow rushed upon their mind,
From their old path they almost did depart ;
While in that state of agony and grief,
The Holy Spirit breathed upon their heart.

Now, joy for grief they quickly did exchange,
Christ's finished work did every tongue employ ;
Thus proving that the Holy Spirit was
The only source of happiness and joy.
Were they alone recipients of its power,
Did they not bear it to the cruellest race ;
From Christ's departure to the present hour,
Through every age its influence we may trace.

Oft did it soothe the prisoner in his cell,
A holy light to those which sin did blind ;
The greatest sinner often turned has been,
And loosed the grasp which Satan had entwined.
When pain and sorrow rends the very heart,
Sunken in that state of degradation low ;
The Holy Spirit quickly finds its way
To ease the burden and console the woe.

When sorrow rise for some departed friend,
In their bereavement cannot find relief ;
The Holy Spirit lends its aid divine,
Ready to comfort and console the grief.
If you are in this heavenly state of mind,
If God and Christ your every thought employ ;
By your experience you will quickly find,
The Holy Spirit is the source of joy.

In the fourth place, we must have our mind centred upon the
Word of God as the only rule of faith and practice.

The Bible is the Word of God,
It points the plain and pleasant road ;
That sacred volume bears the truth,
To guide the slippery paths of youth.
Believers take it for their guide,
And by its truths are edified ;
The oldest sinner, hard and blind,
Within its boards may mercy find.

But heard you not those atheist cries,
Some fain would have the Bible lies ;
And some whom Satan's power does tether,
Deny the Bible altogether.
Another class I here may view,
Deny it not, what can they do ;
Why, here's their careless, simple plan,
They use it seldom as they can.

Day after day, their shadows cast,
Rolls on until the week has passed ;
That sacred volume they despise,
Lies hidden from their mortal eyes.
The Sabbath comes, they use it must,
They take it down, shake off the dust :
Then to the house of God repair,
And sit like saints to use it there.

On Sabbath evenings, it is true,
They may peruse a verse or two,
Back to the shelf there to remain,
Until the Sabbath comes again.
But, mark, the spiritual-minded man,
Ah! how far different is his plan ;
One whole day he will not permit
To pass without perusing it,

He finds it is the only rule,
To guide the footsteps of a fool ;
It brought him from the miry clay,
And now it guides him on his way.
That book he daily doth practice,
That it may teach and make him wise ;
Deprive him of the Word of God,
How quickly he would lose his road.

It keeps his feet from going astray,
A star to guide him on his way ;
It points from earth to heaven above,
To Christ and His redeeming love.
The Christian finds the Word of God
A beacon bright to guide the road ;
His faith and practice thereon cast.
That it may guide him safe at last.

In the fifth place, we must have our mind centred upon the instituted ordinances of the Gospel for our spiritual nourishment and growth in grace.

God in His Gospel strictly does declare
His instituted ordinances true,
If those on earth would here for heaven prepare,
Must them observe with strict attention due.
But does the wicked, unconverted man,
Observe these duties in his heart complete ;
Time after time he uses every plan
To tread such duties underneath his feet.

Mark his observance on a Sabbath morn,
As from his couch his head again doth raise ;
He feels no interest God for to adorn,
His heart is cold to prayer or praise.
The hour arrives when christians do prepare
To worship God, to such he cannot yield ;

At such a time he oft is to be seen
Carelessly strolling in some neighboring field.

Likewise the church has duties on record,
He treats with coldness and with disrespect ;
Baptism and the Supper of our Lord,
He disregards, yea, utterly neglects.
How does he spend the hours which still remain
Of such a day, does he them spend aright ;
Perhaps to visit--friends to entertain,
While worldly converse is their chief delight.

The day departs, the shades of night he views,
He disimproves them in their rapid pace ;
The Word of God he never does peruse,
Retires to rest, neglects the throne of grace.
Such is the way the unrenewed man
These instituted duties does neglect,
But, mark, how different the renewed's plan,
How he observes them with all due respect.

The Sabbath comes, that day he does regard,
The sun arises in the eastern skies ;
Within his dwelling there is to be heard
Him sending for his morning sacrifice.
The golden hours are now upon the wing,
When to the house of God he does repair ;
But, oh! such pleasures in his bosom spring,
While he unites in all that's joyous there.

Embasked in all the duties God has given,
Exalted soul, oh, happy is his state ;
While he exclaims, this is the way to heaven,
And surely this must be the very gate.
Baptism and the Supper of our Lord,
In those his soul takes pleasure and delight ;
While he encircles round his Saviour's board,
Pledging himself to serve the Lord aright.

Then from the House of God he takes his way,
His very soul within him is content ;
But still he spends the hours of such a day,
As all the hours of Sabbath should be spent.
The shades of evening round his cottage close,
But still his duties close not with the day ;
Low at a throne of grace he humbly bows,
Casting himself upon the Lord alway.

Such is the way the spiritual-minded man
Observes those gospel duties every one ;
Deprive him of this gospel scheme or plan,
Would seem to him a world without a sun.

In the sixth and last place, under this head, we must have our mind centred upon heaven as our future and eternal home.

My fellow sinner, now I come
To speak of an eternal home ;
We are but pilgrims here below,
And to another home must go.
This earth is but a vale of tears,
Where naught but pain and grief appears ;
But if in God you live and die,
Your future home shall be on high.

The wicked through this life do roam,
As if this earth was their last home :
From sin to sin they quickly fly,
As if they never had to die.
How different the renewed mind,
He leaves the scenes of earth behind ;
He looks from earth beyond the sky,
Where all his hopes and glory lie.

Like John, when banished far from men,
He had a glorious vision then ;
When God aside the curtain drew,
That John might have a heavenly view.
Do christians not this joy embrace,
While kneeling at a throne of grace ;
Their heart, and soul, so high do raise,
Within the veil attempt to gaze.

Has some true christian never felt,
While at the throne of grace he knelt,
His thoughts too large for to contain,
His soul feels touched by heavenly strain.
Blessed is a man who thus is placed,
And favored with a faint foretaste ;
Of him it may be said : such love !
He has a future home above.

Such glorious prospects have we here,
To those that love the Lord sincere ;
When earth and skies to flames are driven,
Their future home shall be in Heaven.
Here lies the centre of their faith,
The past, the present—after death ;
Look you from earth, beyond the tomb,
To Heaven as your eternal home.

We come now to consider the second part of this subject,
proving the blessings which flow from being spiritually minded.
In the first place, to be spiritually minded is life.

The sinner here, may boast and say,
Why, I have life as well as they ;
My months and years as far elapse,
As those that tread the christain steps.
But mark and see what David says,
The wicked live not half their days ;

Pursuing evil, sin, and crime,
Soon wafts them through the bridge of time.

The sinner dies, now where is he,
Suppose in heaven—that cannot be ;
The grave his body may contain,
His soul must fly to endless pain.
His body dust to dust must go,
His soul descends to hell below ;
And there forever must remain,
Eternal death, eternal pain.

The Christian goes from strength to strength,
'Tis true that he must die at length ;
He leaves this earth with all its strife,
But mark, for him to die is life.
To you, oh, hearers, is it clear,
The life which I do speak of here ;
'Tis not the life he lives on earth,
A few short years, twixt death and birth.

This glorious life is not begun,
Until his sands on earth are run ;
'Tis only when the body dies,
The soul emerged beyond the skies.
'Tis only in the realms on high,
The soul shall live and never die ;
No grief is there, no death nor tears,
There shall it live for endless years.

In the second and last place, but to be spiritually minded is
life, accompanied with peace.

Here may the sinner stand aside,
For, ah, no joys with him abide ;
His mind is like the troubled sea,
Its raging waves from peace are free.
The rising sun may bring him peace,
And for a moment still increase ;
'Tis but a glimpse, that he does share,
Peace flies and leaves but dark despair.

The carnal mind is thus a slave,
Yea, from the cradle to the grave ;
Sorrows, troubles, grief and pain,
Pursue while he on earth remain.
Behold him at his dying hour,
Death fast prevails, he feels its power ;
The world retreats, death is his doom,
Eternity, with darkest gloom.

Now follow with me while I trace
The sinner in his doleful place ;
His soul descends to hell below,

No peace is there, but endless woe.
 Fire and brimstone, burning coal,
 There blaze around his troubled soul ;
 Though awful, 'yet too true I tell.
 Such is the dismal state of h—l.

His very soul with pain is rent,
 Leigons of devils him torment ;
 The air he breaths most plainly tell,
 Smoke is the atmosphere of h—l.
 A pit of darkness and of chains,
 Souls of the damned there feel its pains ;
 To illuminate that darksome place,
 Flames flash around his writhing face.

Old Satan with his long-tried skill,
 Coils like a serpent round them still ;
 Now he is master, well he acts his part,
 His countless stings he thrusts into their heart.
 To increase torment, anguish and despair,
 Thousands of demons guard around them there ;
 Their troubled souls are so severely stung,
 Water they crave to cool the burning tongue.

A present devil and an absent God
 Helps to increase the sinner's weighty load ;
 No peace is there, no pains or troubles calmed,
 Such is the last sad dwelling of the damned.
 To paint its torments greatly do I fail,
 On earth no mortal can express the tale ;
 Unless to h—l some being could descend,
 To earth return, its pains can ne'er be penned.

There leave the wicked in their place of woe,
 And let our thoughts again return to earth ;
 And bear with me while I attempt to show,
 Such peace and comfort tends the spiritual birth.
 Why, 'tis the spiritual minded man alone,
 That shares the pleasures of this world's peace ;
 Year after year with rapid steps roll on,
 His peace and comfort gradually increase.

Thus from his cradle to his grave has he,
 A life of peace and comfort on his road ;
 He feels his soul at utmost peace to be
 At peace with man, at peace with Christ and God.
 Affliction yields its last and fatal blow,
 Within him now all hope of life is fled ;
 But follow with me while I strive to show
 The peace and comfort of his dying bed.

Scarce need I tell how peaceful and serene,
 How oft such dyings have been on record ;
 Have none around me ever viewed the scene
 Of some true christian dying in the Lord ?

View him, for instance, on his dying bed,
 His body tortured with severest pain ;
 But still his soul within him it is glad,
 Calm, tranquil peace and quietness remain.

The sword of death is pointed at his breast,
 Unsheathed by God to stop his fleeting breath ;
 Even then his soul is to be found at rest,
 For he has gained the victory over death.
 Around his couch there stand his weeping friends,
 While tears of anguish trickle down their
 cheeks ;
 Though death is near, his empty voice extends,
 And thus in words of consolation speaks :

My race is run, my doom is now decreed,
 My soul on earth no longer can remain ;
 For me to live, it would be Christ indeed,
 But me to die is unspeakable gain.
 The hands of friends he calmly, feebly grips,
 Expressing this, O do not for me weep ;
 With those expressions on his dying lips,
 Like a true christian gently falls asleep.

While he expires and draws his latest breath,
 Unnoticed angels round his couch do stand,
 To bear his spirit through the gloom of death,
 And waft it safe into the better land.
 Then Christ, with thousands of his saints repair,
 To welcome home the soul so much esteemed ;
 Their heavenly chords reverberate through the air,
 Rejoicing o'er the soul of the redeemed.

Blessed ransomed soul, O happy is his state,
 Here let our thoughts a little higher raise :
 Since he has gained within the golden gate,
 And into Heaven's most immediate blaze.
 His soul is struck with wonder and surprise,
 When he such glorious prospects does behold ;
 Here they were dim unto his mortal eyes,
 But there his hopes of glory do unfold.

Embasked in all the joys above the sky,
 His soul is now extremely satisfied ;
 He feels within the realms upon high,
 His earthly joys are more than realized.
 Joys there unknown, his happy soul shall find ;
 Their heavenly music strikes its sweetest charms ;
 There shall his soul for ever dwell entwined,
 Within the embrace of his Saviour's arms.

No troubles there his happy soul to smite,
 'Tis peace alone that heaven can afford ;
 Where saint and seraph with him will unite,
 In singing praises to the Mighty Lord.

Look round the throne and see him seated there,
Is grief or sorrow painted on his brow ?
No—peace and comfort he alone can share,
No death nor tears can him revisit now.

Such is the life, and such the peace alone,
The heaven of heaven's only can contain,
Souls of the blessed encircle round the throne,
For endless ages ever to remain.

A WORD TO BOTH.

Turn, O sinner, turn I say,
Repent and leave your wicked way ;
No longer tread your hopeless road,
Refrain from sin and turn to God.
True is the statement which I tell,
There is a heaven, there is a hell ;
Where peace or punishment's the fate,
Return, before it be too late.

To you, O christian, I would say,
Go on rejoicing on your way,
And pray to God your soul to guide,
As long as you on earth abide.
Tho' straight the path you must pursue,
With trials and troubles not a few ;
Peruse that guide that God hath given,
Its truths will guide your soul to heaven.

I draw this subject to a close,
Since I have shown the sinners woes,
And I have told what they will find
If they possess that spiritual mind.

ON FINISHING A LETTER LATE.

My friend, I brought this letter
To rather an abrupt close ;
Because my wife has gone to bed—
Perhaps she may get froze.

Then the blame would rest on me, sir,
If she caught any harm ;
For the Scriptures, I think, tells me
We should keep each other warm.

So I closed it in a hurry,
With all haste to bed I got ;
My wife grumbled at my lateness,
But the bed was nice and hot.

IN A LETTER TO A FRIEND POSSESSED OF A GOOD WIFE.

An affectionate wife more precious is than gold ;
No power of man her value can unfold ;
Her love, her care, her tenderness we own,
Knowing not her worth, until that she is gone.

Let you and I our truest affection give
Unto our wives, praise, bless them, while they live ;
Give them to know, ere death us separate,
Their heaven-sent love we do reciprocate.

LINES OF THANKS.

TO THE SCOTTISH AMERICAN JOURNAL FOR SEND-
ING TO ME A PACKAGE OF EXTRA COPIES,
CONTAINING THE FIRST PIECE I SENT TO
THAT PAPER FOR PUBLICATION.

Free you mailed them, and I hailed them,
With a heartfelt joyful glee ;
Mirror papers, 'twas the papers
You in kindness sent to me.

The wrapper sundered, and I wondered,
What those papers did contain ;
I did view it, then I knew it,
On first page my verses plain.

No vain ambition showed fruition,
O'er my heart it left no trace ;
Fruits it brought, sir, when you thought, sir,
My lines worthy of a place.

Not my lines, sir, gift of thine, sir,
O'er my home bound thoughts transcends ;
Your act showed it, well you knew it,
I would wish some for my friends.

Some I folded, in wrapper rolled it,
I addressed to whom and where ;
O'er the ocean, friends devotion,
Dear Auld Scotia and friends there.

Love is deep, sir, one I'll keep, sir,
As an heirloom for my son,
He may need it, yes, and read it,
When his father's race is run.

Thanks I tender to the sender,
For those copies sent so free ;
May naught ever, but death sever
That new love twixt you and me.

IN MEMORIAM.

WRITTEN FOR MR. ADAM KING, DOURO, UPON THE
DEATH OF HIS BELOVED WIFE AND CHILD.

Four years ago a youthful couple stood,
Both full of hope, health's prospects bright and
good ;
Their hands were joined with words of solem force—
They pledged their vows—for better and for worse.

Youth's tinted buds, just bursting into bloom,
In manly pride stood up the happy groom ;
In maiden beauty she stood by his side,
Cheeks, roses' emblem, showed the blushing bride.

Youtlis' happy scene, on their bright wedding day,
No cloud appearing to bedim their way ;
Long years of pleasure rose before their view,
On new life entered, two hearts bound so true.

Youth, health and love held up their shadowed
light,
Their earthly life and plans seemed fair and bright ;
Perhaps they thought their marriage pledges clear,
Secured long life and sweet enjoyments here.

Hope ; ah, how vain, and how uncertain life,
How short the space our friend called her his wife ;
Their honeymoon had scarcely time to wane,
Before cruel death his youthful wife had slain.

He watched his loved wife draw her parting breath,
And kissed her cold lips closely sealed in death ;
All his bright hopes with her bade him adieu,
Death laid her low before her worth he knew.

The saddest day in that fond husband's life
Was when the grave closed o'er his loving wife ;
The wife and mother to the grave resigned,
Death took her, but she left a babe behind.

Oft would that father view its infant face,
With tearful eyes, its mother's features trace ;
In its sweet slumber, or when wide awake,
Kiss and caress it for its mother's sake.

The loveliest flowers have but a short time to live,
Oft those die first that sweetest fragrance give ;
That Heaven sent babe a father's hope and joy,
Death's icy breath the bud and stem destroy.

Scarce was the first wound healed within his heart,
When Death, again remorseless, threw its dart ;
Plucking that sweet flower from its father's care,
To plant in Heaven, where it will bloom more fair—

Close by its mother's, a small grave they made,

Close by her side, her lifeless child they laid ;
Their life on earth them short enjoyment gave,
Long will they sleep together in the grave.

They sleep unconscious of each other there,
No mother hears, no child to lisp its prayer :
We hope their souls embask in purer love,
In sweeter friendship in that home above.

ON THE DEATH OF A BELOVED
WIFE.

The following piece was composed at the earnest request of
her husband. He gave me a short sketch of her life and desired
me to state the incidents I have attempted to notice. Line^s
upon the life and death of Elizabeth, wife of John Brown, Esq.,
formerly of Smith. I must say, for this piece, I was handsomely
rewarded.

In Ireland her first breath she drew,
As years rolled past her knowledge grew ;
While but a tender child at school,
Advancement was her chiefest rule.

Still holier thoughts her mind prepare,
The sabbath school, we find her there ;
Three hundred scholars, large and small,
She gained the highest prize from all.

When youth shone forth in bright array,
While vice or virtue strove to sway ;
Protected from the snares of life,
She stood a pious, loving wife.

Think not upon her wedding day,
She cast her useful life away ;
Soon as her teaching was required
Her very soul with zeal was fired.

To hear that mother's earnest strains,
While she to them the truth explains ;
Around her knees her children stood
To hear her words, so kind, so good.

Kind mother, yes, and loving wife,
To soothe the partner of her life ;
Oppressed with troubles, trials or care,
Her cheering words were always there.

The dearest friends that God doth give
Has but a few short years to live ;
From husband, children, she must go,
Relentless death has laid her low,

Death brought no terrors to her breast,
In Christ her soul had found a rest ;

Weep not, O, friends at her decease,
For death to her brought life and peace.

The blood which was on Calvary shed,
Made her's a peaceful dying bed :
Her breath is gone, her pulse doth stop,
She fell asleep, she died in hope.

Bereaved friends, cease, weep no more,
Your friend has only gone before ;
God's laws obey and Jesus love,
Prepare to meet with her above.

I was informed by her son that the closing stanza was chosen by him and placed on her tombstone.

Esteemed by all while living here,
A loving mother, wife most dear :
Beneath this mound her body lies,
Hope points to life beyond the skies,

SARAH'S LAMENT,

TO ROBERT MACLENNAN, A BLIND MAN, FORMERLY
OF ASHBURNHAM, UPON THE NEWS OF HER
HAVING TO LEAVE HER FIRST HOME.

For twenty years the light I have not seen,
No friends nor home—a wanderer I have been ;
With dog and staff in darkness grope my way,
Relying on strangers every night to stay.

In Mariposa lived a good old pair,
Oft in my wanderings I found shelter there ;
Two youthful daughters soothed their fading years
Sarah, the youngest, once I found in tears.

Her plaintive voice assured me of her grief,
I enquired the reason, proffered her relief ;
"Robert," she said, "the reason you shall know,
Alas ! to me relief you can't bestow.

"We must remove to Pickering, I am told,
My father has our land and homestead sold ;
Place of my birth, home of my early years,
Well may I sob, and bathe my cheeks with tears.

"Here I first learned to use my youthful feet,
With childish hands I pulled the wild flower sweet ;
Through fields and wildwoods daily I did roam,
Sporting in youth around my native home.

Amidst such pleasures years unnoticed flew,
Each still more joyous—I no sorrows knew ;
Grief was a stranger to my youthful heart,
I little thought joy would so soon depart.

"But as dark clouds before the storm appear,
My father's act has drawn the long-kept tear ;
Dashing my hopes and pleasures to the ground,
Now blighted hopes, anguish and grief abound.

"Robert, the cause of all my grief you know ;
True, with my parents, I intend to go ;
Though that new home may furnish scenes more
fair,
My dear old home will still be cherished there.

"Robert, perhaps you may again call here,
No Sarah's voice your dreary hours will cheer ;
Strangers will own this pleasant home and lot,
Which from my memory death alone can blot."

REPLY TO JOHN BUCHANAN'S
EPISTLE.

Awake from your slumber, the foe cometh forth,
The hiss of your bullet was heard in the north ;
The sharp crack of rifles, then loud boomed the
cannon,
And you were the gunner, poetic Buchanan.

I knew by the sound, as it passed o'er the hill
That the writer had swallowed a sectarian pill ;
As vapour ascends then descends from the skies,
So your bullet returns to bespatter your eyes.

I grasped at the substance your letter contains,
It vanished and left but one volume of names ;
Of trades, occupations, O, such a display !
From earth's deep explorer, to him that does pray.

How you grapple with David, his psalms you de-
pise,
Disuse them, abuse them as fables or lies ;
O, don't be so cruel, sir, abandon the fight,
He and Wesley's together, they will make it all
right.

In truth, Brother John, it seems obvious to me,
That you have commenced at the top of the tree ;
Tear his psalms from your Bible, cast them to the
flame,
For his poetry and prose they are one and the
same.

Professor of Physic, compounder of drugs,
Gilmour still wears his ears, sir, he never had lugs ;
Take a peep in the glass John, your own visage
scan,
You will there see a Jackass's lugs on a man.

Not for swiftness, but safety, Poole rides on your
back,

Beware lest like Baalam he lends you a crack !
It is true no good angel will cross o'er your way,
But his heart is a demon that often betray.

Poor Isaac was low, to his succor you fly,
His hopes now suspend between truth and a lie ;
Both he and his tutor must undoubtedly fall,
Their text is revenge—subject, nothing at all.

Poor innocent creature, O, how helpless your strain,
To Poole you have looked for a letter in vain ;
Why, sir, you have had it direct from that source,
Signed, yes, and saddled on his own hobby horse.

How he skulks, how he lurks in his safety stronghold
He dare not appear like a warrior bold ;
Like a lion in the thicket he waits for his prey,
He depends on his jackall to seize and to slay.

You may keep your own cash, there are few people
cares
To purchase your hymns or to pay up your shares ;
But to pluck from our Bible one feather or wing,
I tell you, friend John, you shall do no such thing.

Undirected your aims, unsuccessful your blows,
You never shall conquer nor rule o'er your foes ;
The battle is raging, you tread o'er your dead,
Attend to your dying and hold up their head.

The cannon is spiked and Buchanan has fled,
He throws down his arms and retires to his bed ;
He is weary of warfare, O, leave him to mope
From the scene I exit, singing "Hey Johnnie Cope."

THE END.

Long is the road that has no end,
Or without jar or crook ;
No doubt you need each of those
If you have read this book.

Perfection is not found on earth,
Though sought by skill or pelf ;
Remember poets and printers are
Erring creatures like yourself.

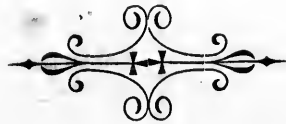
If I had soared on fancy's wing
Till thoughts and brain were dazed,
Leaving the reader wrapped in mist,
Why some would call me crazed.

Or, if I but the water skimmed,
Treating each subject shallow,
Some might assert my brains were clogged,
And head extremely hollow.

I strove to write between extremes,
Plain words and nature jointed,
To please the reader—hoping I
Will not be disappointed.

Let mercy with your verdict blend,
Don't view each fault severely,
Show sympathy, while I remain,
Yours truly and sincerely.

W. T.



APPENDIX,

CONTAINING

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS RECEIVED BY THE AUTHOR

FROM MR. ROBERT H. THOMSON.

— o —

The following is some of the correspondence which passed between the author and Mr. R. H. Thomson, of Chicago, arising out of the several poems which came under his notice, and which are published elsewhere in this book.

EXPLANATION.

Perhaps some of the readers of this book may be anxious to know who this Robert H. Thomson was, who has taken so much interest in me. He was a Scotchman by birth, but had been a resident of Chicago over forty years, and was for many years connected with the largest hardware business in that city, Hibbard, Spencer, Bartlett & Co., but latterly with A. F. Seeberger, wholesale hardware merchant of Chicago. He took a lively interest in Canada. His brother, Wm. G. Thomson, was for many years a member of the House of Commons of Canada. He died about two years ago, while holding the seat, I think, of Welland.

WILLIAM TELFORD.

My friend, Robert H. Thomson, died on the 20th of June, 1887. I had a letter from him one week before his death, anxiously inquiring when my book would be ready. But alas! he will never see it.

W. T.

22 SEELEY AVENUE, CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 3rd, 1885.

MR. WM. TELFORD, Smith, Bard of the St. Andrew's Society, Peterborough :

DEAR SIR,—I send you a few copies of the numerous complimentary letters which I have received from my intimate friends, to whom I have mailed copies of your truthful and able productions, which I have duly received from time to time, just to give you a faint idea how much your writings are appreciated in the United States.

“THE PIONEER'S RETROSPECT.”

MY DEAR SIR,—My first duty to you is to apologize for my delay in writing to you—for which I know you will forgive me. Next, I will take as my text that able and much esteemed poem, “*The Pioneer's Retrospect.*” My pen and my language are insufficient to convey to you the high appreciation expressed by all of those who have received it. Numerous expressions of thanks, both verbal and by letter, are constantly being received, couched in beautiful language, for your able and truthful production.

Any expense and time spent by me is fully compensated by such honest thanks as daily come to me. Among others I received yesterday, was a letter from California, thanking me most kindly for furnishing them with such a beautiful and honest illustration. It has been read by the Governor-General of Canada, Sir John A. Macdonald, Mayers, and many other prominent men in Canada. In passing, I remark that the Governor-General will learn more from it about the early settlers in Canada than from any political associate. His appreciation of it was second to none. Knowing what real pleasure and information was afforded to all who would receive it, I have mailed it to friends in England, Ireland, Scotland, Oregon, Arizona, California, Iowa, Ohio, New York, Virginia, Pennsylvania, Indiana, Michigan, British Columbia, Louisiana, Wisconsin, Tennessee, Alabama, Missouri, and shall continue distributing them far and near. It has been read in churches, schools, Young Men's Christian Associations, and by some of the ablest intellects in this city.

I have not heard of any copy going into the waste basket, or being destroyed ; on the contrary, all are preserved as valued property. I am sure you will be much pleased, as well as myself ; and when you and I are called to another sphere of enjoyment, “*The Pioneer's Retrospect*” will be cherished as household words—not surpassed by any other writings, and serve to keep warm the memory of the author and sender of so sweet and instructive sentiments.

R. H. THOMSON.

TO ROBERT H. THOMSON, Chicago, Ill.

DEAR SIR,—Some time since you sent me a poem from your friend, William Telford, of Smith, Canada, which I prized very highly, and I have either mislaid or destroyed it. Many of my friends here read it, and were so much pleased with it, that they are anxious that I should write to you to know if you could favor me with another copy. There are a great many of the

old pioneers still living, and they are desirous to secure one to be read at a social gathering to be held next month in the Town Hall. Its name was the Early Pioneers, or to that effect. Grant request if possible.

Truly yours,

F. J. KERCHEVAL,
Merchant.

New Sennoy, Illinois., Nov. 26, 1885.

MR. F. J. KERCHEVAL, New Sennoy, Illinois.

DEAR SIR,—It affords me much pleasure to reply to your letter of the 26th inst. Have still a few copies of "The Pioneer's Retrospect"—am able to send you one. It is very gratifying to my friend, Wm. Telford, and myself to know that you and others who have received copies are so much delighted with it. Nothing can be more truthful, and I am quite sure that the old pioneers of your county, who meet at your social gathering next month, will fully appreciate the honest and Christian sentiments which it contains. The reading of it in your Town Hall will bring back many early recollections, and remind the pioneers of many events which transpired away back in the days of yore.

Remaining, yours truly,

ROBERT H. THOMSON.

The following note I found on my desk at 8 o'clock this morning, January 16th, 1885:

MR. R. H. THOMSON:

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Would I be imposing on your kindness to ask for another copy of Mr. Telford's last beautiful poem, telling us about the early Canadian settlers in the County of Peterborough. The poem is like all his others—beautiful, and I would like to get another, as it is positively necessary to my happiness.

With kindest regards to yourself and Mrs. Thompson,

I remain, yours very truly,

G. B. PATTERSON.

N.B.—This young man was laid in the hospital, and, I understand, had deserted from the parental roof, and is now repenting of his folly.

R. H. T.

"HOW THE SCOTCH BAIRNS WERE BROUGHT UP."

22 SEELEY AVENUE, CHICAGO Ill., Oct. 16, 1884.

WILLIAM TELFORD, Esq., Smithtown, Peterborough P.O., Ontario, Canada.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Your very interesting and welcome letter of September 23rd was duly received. It should have been answered before this, but to tell the truth I was scrimp on time. Your superb article on the Scottish rearing is looked upon here by our most intelligent citizens as the best production ever scattered here. Some of the most learned law judges have called upon me personally to thank me for sending them such a beautiful and interesting paper,

which, they all said, should be very carefully preserved. The Vice-President of Messrs. H. S. Bols—the largest concern of hardware in the world—was perfectly delighted with it. One afternoon he came to my desk to talk over what he said was worth millions upon millions of dollars to this country, if children would be brought up here in Scottish style, and as you and I were brought up. The numerous beautifully worded letters which come constantly, and the many verbal thanks which I receive from them, fully compensate me for my trouble and expense.

Far and near did hundreds of copies go, not only in U. S. and Canada, but to all lands, and many to our own dear old native land. Have been asked by church rulers in Iowa to allow your Scotch poem to be reprinted for the benefit of the people of that State, to which I gave consent to do as they choose—and, from what I have learned, find much good ensues from such a truthful paper. While I am spared health and strength, you may rest assured that none of your able productions will be put under a bushel—oh, no. I can appreciate your abilities, and believe that I am doing good in circulating freely your pointed, plain, and appreciative sentiments.

ROBERT H. THOMSON.

“GARFIELD.”

Your lines on our late President, Garfield, are excellent, and are now being sent all over this land, and, I am sure, will be kindly welcomed in every family who receives a copy. The following I mailed to Mrs. Garfield :

No. 22 SEELEY AVENUE, CHICAGO, Ill., March 26th, 1884.

TO MRS. GARFIELD, Cleveland, Ohio.

MADAM,—Many warm friends of your departed husband, who have seen copies of Wm. Telford's productions on the life and death of the ever-to-be-remembered, the late President, urged me to send you copies, and most respectfully ask your acceptance of same. With great respect for your family,

I remain, yours very respectfully,

ROBERT H. THOMSON.

Complimentary answer received, but have mislaid it; will send to you if found.

A CARD FROM R. H. THOMSON.

22 SEELEY AVENUE, June 10th, 1884.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Accompanying this card, I send you ten copies—five of “The Pioneer's Retrospect,” and five of “The Scottish Upbringing,”—the same to your friend, Mr. Charles Cameron. One thousand of each just received from the press at five p.m. Will mail them to my friends as rapidly as possible. Yours respectfully,

ROBERT H. THOMSON.

Messrs. H. S.
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