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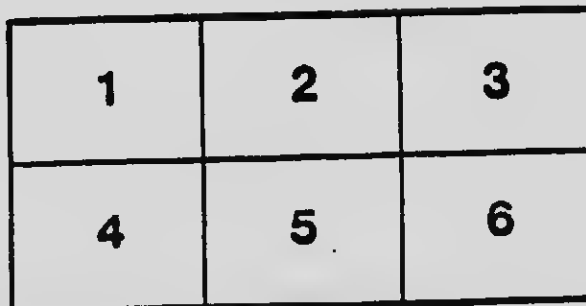
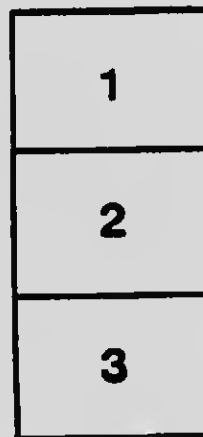
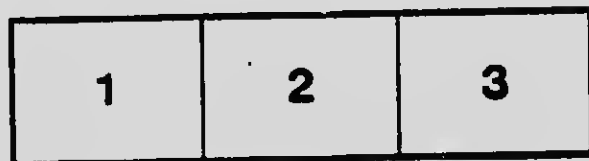
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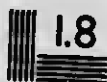
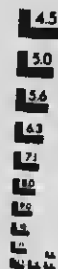
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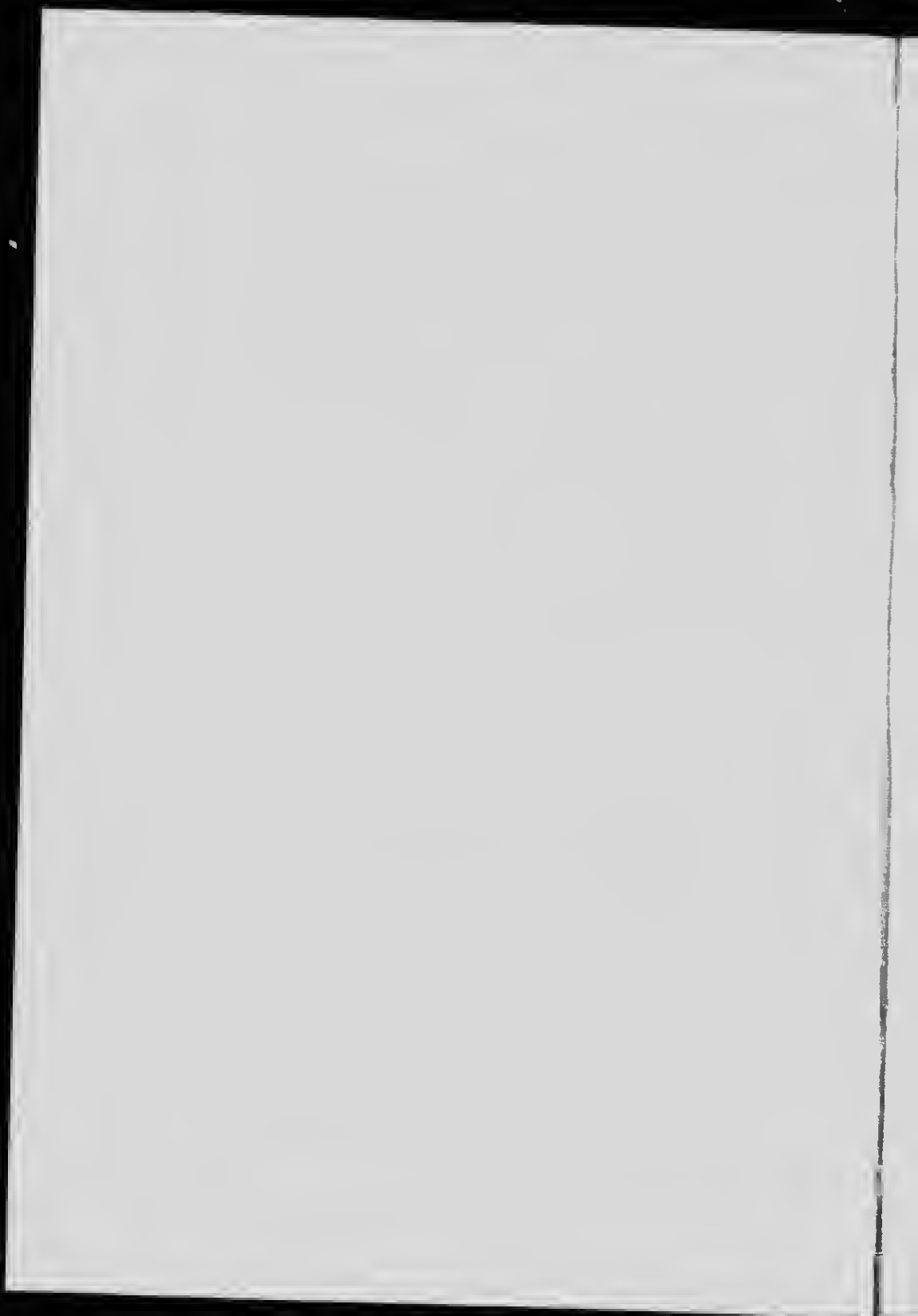
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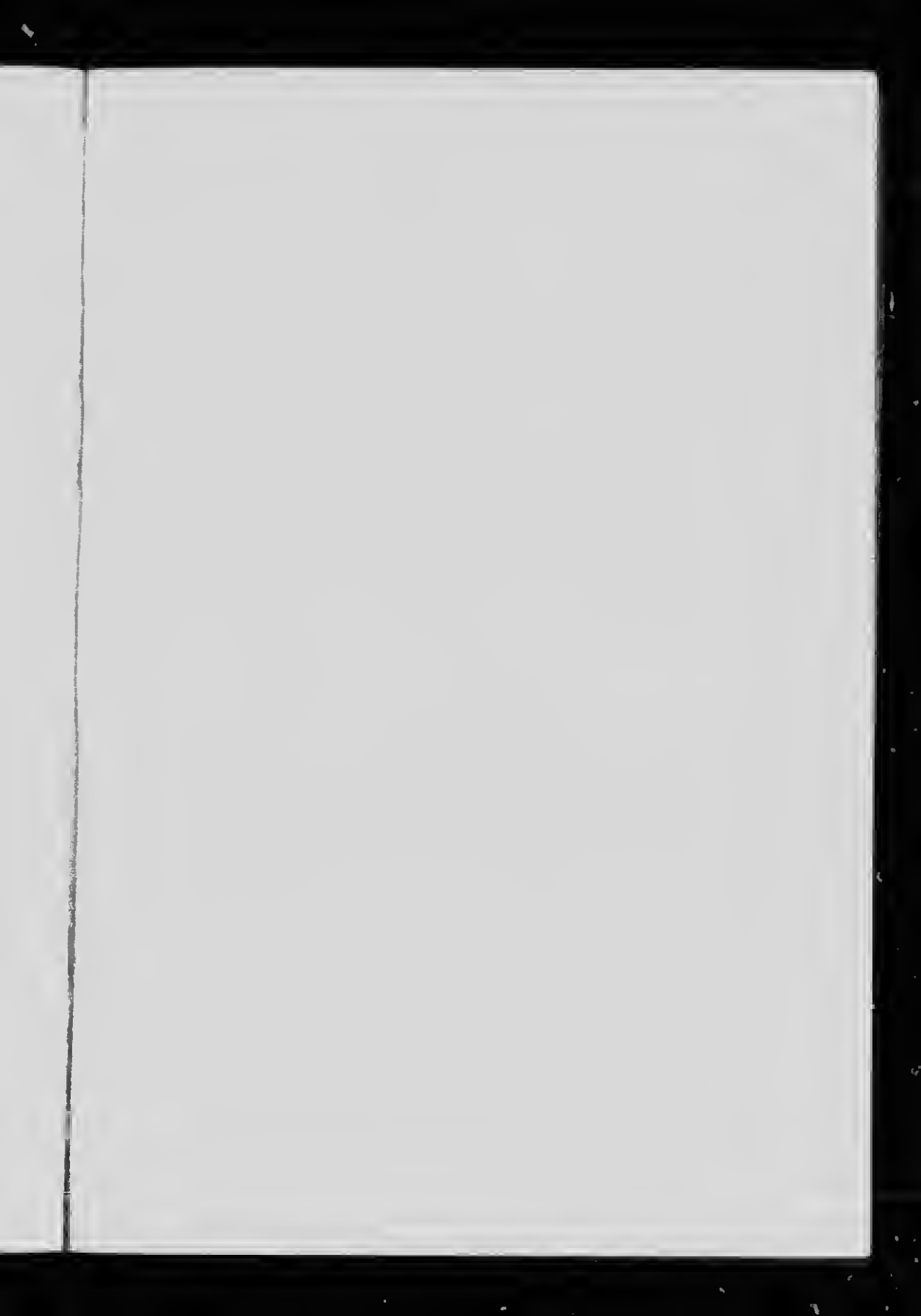


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Yours Truly
Mae,

Original Poems

37

BY

David Mil George

1911

CHICAGO



1860 - Truly
Yours
M. C.

Original Poems



....BY....

David MacGeorge

....1904....

GALT, :: ONTARIO, :: CANADA.

~~MacGeorge, D~~

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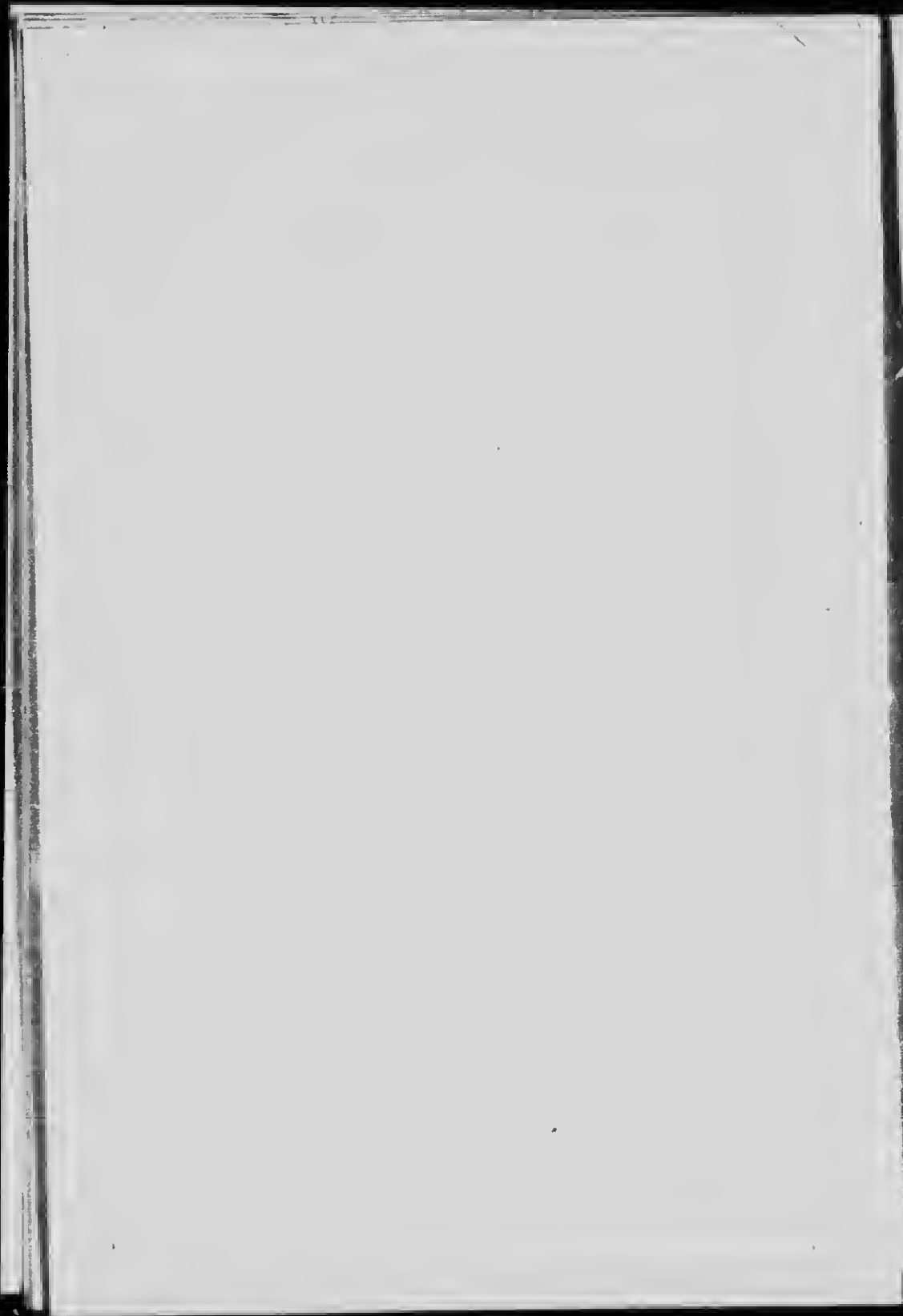
1904

Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada,
in the year of our Lord one thousand nine
hundred and four, by David McGeorge, at the
Department of Agriculture.



TO THE STUDENTS
OF THE G.C.I.,

Past and present, these
verses are dedicated,
with the fond hope that
they may prove a memory chime,
bringing back to many hearts re-
membrances of the happy school
days spent at Galt.





In The Morning.

JUST at the break of day
In Scotland far away,
A boy came forth, they say,
In the morning.

In December forty-five
They knew he was alive,
For to scream he hard did strive,
In the morning.

A December bird, you know,
Is sure to make things go,
If he'd only get a show,
In the morning.

That same boy is living yet ;
And seldom does he fret,
Whatever him beset,
In the morning.

Though sorrows have come round,
Enough to make him frown,
Still he's happy as a clown ;
In the morning.

He has worked at many a trade,
For you know he is a blade,
As of Scottish blood he's made,
In the morning.

He has crossed the raging sea,
With a twinkle in his ee, (eye)
To this fair Countrie,
In the morning.

So to the G. C. I.
Fortune made him hie,
Near sixteen years gone by,
In the morning.

So, boys and girls, good-bye,
As my ink-well has run dry,
I'll have to stop the cry,
In the morning.

My Sunday Hat.

COME, all ye jolly, would-be men, and
Listen to my chat,
A little story I've to tell
About my Sunday hat.

I'm but a youth, just in my teen's,
And have always worn a cap,
I thought myself nought but a boy,
Not long from mother's lap.

But school life did not suit me,
Seems I was not made for that,
So father said I'd have to work,
And he'd give me a dandy hat.

A Christy stiff he bought me,
With a great broad rim at that.
I put it on; he smiled, and said,
"That's just a splendid hat."

But my feelings I'd to smother,
Though I felt like saying, what—
But father's face, it seemed to say
Keep silence on that hat.

When Sunday came I went to church,
Of course I wore my hat,
And placed it down beside me,
Like any man at that.

When in my dad came quietly,
And quickly down he sat;
I screamed, and cried, that all might
hear,
"Take care, you're on my hat."

When up he rose, as if on springs,
I saw the thing was flat,
So with his fist he pressed it out,
And burst my Sunday hat.

But fifty cents did fix it o'er,
And pretty good at that,
But still I wished I'd never seen
That ugly Sunday hat.



The Happy Young Man.

OH, the winter, the merry, merry winter,
When it is robed in fleecy white,
I love the winter, the merry, merry
winter.
In its bracing air I do delight.

But the winter, the merry, merry winter,
Is swiftly drawing to a close,
I cannot stay the winter, the merry, merry
winter,
For the spring is poking in its nose.
But I won't forget the winter, the merry,
merry winter,
And the charming evenings I did spend,
In this winter, this merry, merry winter,
With the one I call my dearest friend.
Now the summer, the jolly, jolly summer,
When the birds will be singing 'mong the
trees,
Won't I love the summer, the jolly, jolly
summer,
When we'll go a-walking at our ease.
So I'm happy, yes, happy all the year,
Be it winter or summer if you may,
I am happy, yes, I am happy, don't you see;
It's my girl that makes me happy all the day.
There is a jolly time, a jolly, jolly time
awaiting,
If fortune will but favor her and me;
When we'll seal it, seal it, yes, we'll seal it,
With a jolly, jolly, jolly spree.

✻
A Reminder for Christmas, 1901.

THE summer's past and autumn's gone,
While winter it is here,
And Christmas time, of all the times
The jolliest of the year.

'Tis then a friend is known indeed,
By generous gifts bestowed
To needy or to youthful ones,
The kindly hearts o'erflowed.

Let every heart be open now,
Break ope' the purse's string,
Give something to the little boy
That does your paper bring.

And don't forget the porter boy,
For the trusted have regard,
How seldom he betrays his trust—
He's worthy of reward.



A Reply on Receipt of a Tobacco Pouch

From John E. Lundy, M.D., Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.

RESPECTED SIR, I cannot here
My gratitude express
For pouch received by mail to-day—
Enclosed was your address.

I do not need a pouch, nor ought
To keep memory fresh through life ;
I could not forget you should I try,
No, nor your loving wife.

Accept my thanks in humble verse,
I prize the spluchan fine,
The sight of it will oft recall
The days of auld lang syne.

May your wedded life be strewn with
flowers,
Nought but prosperity see,
Is the earnest wish of your auld freen
Mac.,
While I sign myself D. M. G.

♦

For a Valentine.

I LOOK for one that's good and true,
Among the fellows there are few
That come within my line.
There's only one, and that is you,
That I could risk life's journey through,
And make my Valentine.

♦

Hockey as Mac. Saw It From the Window.

I F you never saw a hockey game,
Allow me just to mention,
It's par excellence of all the games,
And worthy of your attention.
Look at it through the window—
See them fly upon the rink;
Down goes Blackwood, burly chiel,
He got an afa' clink.
See the puck they're chasing;
Koeppel has it all the time:
Watch him how he wobbles,
Like a fish caught on a line.

But at last he's lost it ;
See, Hilborn has it now ;
And with one dash he slugs it
Right on Wally's brow.

There goes Kelly sprawling—
I declare, it's awfu' fun ;
See how they crash together,
As the goal is nearly won.

There's Wattie at the goal,
Wi' shins all black and blue ;
Yet Kribs, Knowles and Cummings,
They canna put it through.

See Freddy how he shoots ;
He's a cracker, and so true ;
None better on the rink—
Just like him, there, it's through.

I used to play at shinny
When a boy at hame ;
But I never heard of hockey ;
For boys, it's just the game.



To Berta Brydon.

THE spring, with its new life abounding,
My spirit exultant doth raise ;
Nature's voices then are resounding—
Life everywhere seemeth to praise.

Each season as it comes round,
Has something our hearts to cheer,
The summer with flora abounds,
The autumn in new dress appear.

The winter some do not think nice,
Yet then I rejoice, when I see
The beautiful snow and the ice,
Where the youth all mingle with glee.

While life has its trouble and sorrow,
There is lots to make us rejoice;
No bird I ever heard borrow
A sorrowful tune to their voice.

There are people whose smile's full of grace,
Never a sigh to be heard, nor a frown;
Tho' I must confess they are scarce,
Yet such a nature I know who does own.

'Tis Berta, that dashing young girl,
Whose manner is perfect to me,
As the year with its seasons do whirl,
All the time she is pleasing to see.
May her lot be as bright as her smile,
And though she should never come back;
She will never be stripped from my file,
Nor ne'er be forgotten by Mac.

•
May Jeffrey, 1901.

'T WAS at the Easter holidays,
When spring was on its way,
There came from Stratford city
A visitor called May.

Just like the modest snowdrop,
A belle of purity,
And jolly as the robin,
Is this darling little May.

Like flowers of greatest purity,
Most tender, so they say,
But how charming to admire,
Just so is little Mav.

A nature sweet and loving,
And no awkwardness betray,
We all so much delighted,
With the visit of little May.

Too well, we cannot treat her,
While with us she does stay ;
Just like a blink of morning sun,
So bright is little May.

Her visit none will soon forget,
When she has gone away ;
We'll wish that she may soon return,
And come back some other day.



Johnnie o' the Glen.

MY heart is in a flutter,
I'm just like a cluckin' hen,
Since they tell me I was being eyed
By the Johnnie o' the Glen.

I sometimes look a wee asklent,
But no tae let ane ken,
That I'm ony wae taen up
Wi' him that's frae the Glen.

My lessons they are afa' hard,
He helps me noo and then,
I tell ye what he's very kind,
This Johnnie o' the Glen.

He'll lend me ony thing I want,
Be it pencil, book or pen,
He's aye sae wullin tae assist,
Is Johnnie frae the Glen.

He's no ata' like oor toon boys,
So discreet, and then
He has sich a manly way about him,
This Johnnie o' the Glen.

The 'ither boys are noch but chumps,
They seldom act like men;
The only one that's worth a snuff
Is Johnnie o' the Glen.

The girls, why they are horrid,
Yes, the whole batch o' ten;
Just to think they tease me so
About Johnnie o' the Glen.

✻

To Annie Renwick, Hespeler.

MY youthful friend, what can I say
On this your natal morn?
And mine as well, this very day
Both you and I were born.

Tho' I am getting old and gray,
And you are sweet fifteen;
My spirit's young as yours to-day,
However strange to you it seem.

Now, youthful friend, I wish you well
Throughout your years to come;
May sweet contentment ever dwell
In you and in your home.

'Tis not the years that ages one,
But worries, frets, and strife;
Reject all such if e'er they come
Across your path in life.

The secret of my happy heart
Lies in the God I love;
May you possess that better part,
That's gotten only from above.



With Compliments to W. J.

HO! for dear old Pittsburg—
I'm entirely gone on Pittsburg,
No place for me like Pittsburg,
I'll be there bye and bye.

I wish I was in Pittsburg,
Where the diamonds grow;
Some say they're all so black—
There is one that is not so.

Ho! — —

My mind is all on Pittsburg,
It's roving ever there;
When in the night I'm dreaming,
'Tis of Pittsburg, I declare.

Ho! — —

My Edna is in Pittsburg,
Earth's brightest diamond she;
Yet all the wiles that Willie had,
She cast aside for me.

Ho! — —

He trotted here, he trotted there,
And from her he could not stay;
He tried to make himself look young
And cut his beard away.

Ho! — —

My dad thinks I'm crazy
By the foolish pranks I play;
But ma thinks me pretty smart,
In ousting Willie Gray.

Ho! — —



An Address to Robert McIntosh, of
Preston, on Leaving the G.C.I.,
March 14th, 1900.

This world is full of sorrow,
And partings cease they never;
But blest are those whose hopes are
good
Of the land beyond the river.

There are certain walks of life
To part we seldom dream;
Tho' here at usual periods
A general parting comes.

It always brings a sadness,
And gives us inward pain,
To part with old associates,
Tho' we hope they'll come again.

Where is the eye that would not dim,
Of such there is no lack ;
To part with such a noble youth,
As our big strapping Mac.

The cadets they will miss you,
For your majestic form ;
With sparkling eye and noble brow,
The regulars you'd adorn.

The boys and girls assembled here,
In heart they join with me
In bidding you a fond farewell,
And much prosperity.



January and February, 1904.

THIS winter will be noted
As the winter of the snow,
For it beats the old folks' yarns
Of the years "long ago."

And the frost is something awful,
The like has ne'er been seen ;
It's pretty cold at zero,
When it blows a hurricane.

Then when the wind does cease,
And the snow clouds disappear,
The mercury drops to thirty-five—
Just a trifle too severe.

The trains are few and far between ;
Some are frozen to the rail ;
The fire won't burn, and then no steam,
It makes the poor men quail.

It rains when it is freezing,
And when it thaws there's snow ;
The banks stand high above us,
As high as we can throw.

But then you know it's this way ;
The cold has got to come,
Better far to have it now
Than when the flowers do bloom.

We'll have a lovely spring,
You can have my word on that ;
And the sun will shine in summer
Till you say it's far too hot.



Lines Written on the Death of
William Taylor, Fota
Island, Ireland.

FRIENDSHIP'S chain is breaking,
Link after link is dropping,
Sets strongest faith a-shaking
Despite one's brightest hoping.

What mystery clouds God's acts—
We fain would know the why ;
God's own, whate'er he lacks,
Shall know it bye and bye.

Cousin Willie, he is gone,
So loving, kind and true ;
I see his smile that ever shone,
As bright as morning dew.

Gone just when he had won
A pension good for life,
With prospects of his labor done,
And a rest from world's strife.

His life was one sweet song,
No discord from his youth ;
So saintly all the way along,
His every act was truth.

My heart is sad, but not for him,
For he's in glory now,
But for his loving kith and kin,
Their cups full to the brow.



Harvey's Plights.

THE twenty-first of January,
In the century's opening year,
Will long be kept in memory
Through a concert, so I hear.

I regret I was not there,
For it is my delight
In giving cheers and honors,
To our boys new from the fight.

I like to hear the speeches,
And listen to the songs
That tell us of heroic deeds,
And scorn the bitter wrongs.

Lots of our boys were in the crowd
That filled the house that night,
But there is one that does declare
His heart was in a plight.

Just like a Hawk, his eyes were quick
When looking for its prey.
So Lula he discovered
With a young man, and so gay.

This upset his equilibrium,
And marred his evening's fun,
To think a youthful tailor
In the race had him outrun.

So what was mirth to others
To Harvey there was none.
There is a moral here for all,
If ever there was one.

Where'er your body it does go,
Your mind should also be,
If success you would attain—
Without it failure you shall see.

A Mother's Retrospect.

BLEST be the day that you and I
Left merry England's shore,
Though from our breasts came many
a sigh,
For the land we still adore.

Though fortune has had many a turn
Since we saw Canadian land,
We've braved them all, dear husband,
And luck has blest our hand.

We've wrought together earnestly,
And with God's blessing see
Our offspring—how good they are—
How thankful we should be.

Our first-born child, a full grown man,
No worthier son could be ;
And Maggie, too, a woman grown,
How handsome too, is she.

And George, the mischief of the house,
But all that know him, say
He's bound to rise to something great ;
Good fortune's in his way.

And Julia has talents fine,
The household's peer is she ;
A wise and such a thoughtful girl—
A goodly wife would be.

Ross and Norman, just like twins,
Of them we may be proud ;
Two lovelier boys you ne'er could see,
Though you should search a crowd.

Well, wife, in all that you have said
I'm sure I do agree,
How God has blest us in the past,
We cannot fail to see.

Whatever is in store for us,
In God we'll aye confide ;
Let's do our best as in the past,
And take Him for our guide.



On Bertha Gilliland.

THE flowers in spring, how beautiful,
Their perfume fills the air,
But Bertha is the flower for me—
No flower is half so fair.

In modesty, the snowdrop hangs
Its tiny little head,
So Bertha like the snowdrop
In modesty doth lead.

The daffodil, in cloth of gold,
And roses may be grand;
But to me their beauty's nothing
Like Bertha Gilliland.

The carnation so divine,
And lilies at Easter-tide,
In grace they simply vanish,
With Bertha at my side.

There are boys who love to flirt
With any girl they see,
But as sure as I am Bertha's beau,
She's the only girl for me.



To Horace Howard, Toronto, Ont.

I OFTEN think of thee,
And of the reason why
Thy heart goes out so oft
In love to my little boy.

If he was was sick in bed,
Your sympathy might claim;
Or like the good Samaritan,
To help if he were lame.

But why this strict attention
With no compliment in store,
And you a perfect stranger,
Seen only from the door.

Little Charlie ne'er forgets
To watch for his man's train ;
And sure as Sunday morning comes,
The candies come again.

Your heart is large and open,
Like our Saviour's up on high,
Who shall reward such loving acts,
In the "Sweet bye and bye."

The reason of such kindness
On earth we may not know,
But to one there's nothing hidden,
Who sees all things below.

The Gathering of the Lambs.

MARCH is the month for lambs,
'Tis then they do appear ;
I like to watch the innocents,
And their little bleat to hear.

Edith had a lot o' lambs,
All gathered in her fold,
That needed Emily's wisdom
To tend them from the cold.

Helen's lamb was frisky,
Its wool was just like lint ;
'Twas just a little noisy—
It's voice was some like Flint.

Marie's was rather sickly,
So her lamb he did not come ;
She has one all the same,
But of course on that she's dumb.

Mary had a little lamb,
Which was so very slow,
That half a mile was all it could
Walk in two hours or so.

Annie had a bigger sheep,
That was so awful smart,
He had no time to say good-night,
Which almost broke her heart.

Marion, too, she had a lamb,
So loving, sweet and true,
That when they parted at the gate,
She loudly cried, "boo-hoo."

And Jennie had a little dear,
With no horns on his head ;
It must have been a fallow deer,
It was so easy led.

I saw the lamb that Nina had,
That traddled through the park,
'Tis said she blushed, but did not cry,
When he kissed her in the dark.

It was no lamb that Mary R.
Did swing along the street ;
A sheep, a sheep which had no wool,
For clean shaven was his cheek.

Maggie's lamb was awful quiet,
Which never gave a bleat ;
Though she hugged it fast and often,
Till it was nearly off its feet.

Gertie had a wee Scotch lamb,
And he had whiskers red ;
The first time that they tickled her,
She screamed, and hollered, "Fred."

Mary's Lament.

MY head is in a whirl,
And my heart it is sore,
When I think of that cruel one
That once I did adore.

When my memory does recall
Life's sweetest drops of bliss,
And hear the music of his voice
As he'd ask for just one kiss.

"I'll love none but Mary,"
The deceitful wretch would say,
And other fairy promises,
To be broken right away.

Unstable is his love,
So shall it ever be;
And that his present lover
E'er very long will see.

Oh, how little did I think
That night we went to tea,
That the glamor of another's eye
Would have cooled his love for me.

When the shades of evening fall
A-way down in the west,
I'll don my hat and mount my bike,
And pass him with a jest.

With his bike already waiting,
I know the spot he'll stand,
Till the one that so bewitched him
Wheels down the River Grand.

Then, oh then, just fancy,
The one I thought so dear,
Desporting with another girl;
The thought I cannot bear.

Now, maidens, take a warning
From my sad and lonely fate,
And never trust a young man
Beyond your father's gate.



In Memory of Archie McAuslan,
Who died suddenly, from the effects of an accident.

MYSTERIOUS are the ways of Him
Who rules on sea and land.
We see his workings every day,
But who can understand?

When man has reached life's limit,
Worn out by toil and strife,
We do not wonder that he leaves
The busy scenes of life.

But, oh, when Death calls suddenly
On those that's young and str'ing,
How ready are we to conclude
God's ways are surely wrong.

To-day we mourn with those
That's sadly torn with grief—
We cannot see why Archie's days
Should be so very brief.

One rash step—and who can tell
But God decreed it so,
That others may be saved thereby
From similar fate below.

The beaming smile has ceased
Like a star dropped from the sky,
But gone to shine more bright,
And we'll see it bye and bye.

Dedicated to Miss May, of Brandon.

COME, gentle muse, and lend thine aid,
My thoughts are roaming far away;
On one kind heart my fancy's played
On you alone, thou kindly May.

Each time I view the western sky,
Where the orb of light descends each day,
I think of thee, why should not I
Remember thee, thou kindly May.

Kindly acts beget such thought,
Brings imagination into play;
No sweeter theme was ever sought
Than even you, thou kindly May.

Thy name reminds me of the early spring,
When nature casts her gloom away,
Puts on new dress, and gladness brings
To gentle hearts like kindly May.

The wild flowers 'neath the brush do peep,
And high above the birds are gay,
The thoughts of thee oft mar my sleep,
And then I dream of kindly May.

How true it is that deeds of love
Makes friends of those that's far away,
Unseen to eye yet thou dost prove
A friend of mine, thou kindly May.

True Religion.

WHO would not be a Christian
In this world of toil and strife?
No religion like the Christian's,
When exemplified in life.

Man must have a religion,
But how many seek in vain
To satisfy the inner man,
And true happiness to gain.

'Tis not in singing psalms
Or in hymns, however good;
Not in teaching; no, nor preaching,
Nor in prayers, long and loud.

All creeds and forms alike
Are but an empty shell,
No satisfaction in them—
'Tis life alone that tell.

And such life must be single,
As Christ's was here below;
The only perfect pattern
That history has to show.

Christ in the heart is love,
True sight unto the eye,
Light on the path we tread,
Turns sorrow into joy.

He makes our actions clean
No matter what we do;
In Him no foe we fear,
Victorious in Him too.

Christ is my peace and joy,
His life my only guide;
To Him I look both night and day,
In Him at last to hide.



In Memoriam

Of William Lovett, Ayr, Ont.

AND art thou gone, my friend and
brother;
No more thy face on earth to see,
And left thy father and thy mother
And other friends to weep o'er thee?

Oh, Death, thou art a cruel king
To call a subject off so soon;
Well hast thou been called a sting,
For hearts are pierced, and homes in
gloom.

Methinks I often hear thy voice
When at my work alone I go,
How glad to think you had made choice,
Of Christ the Saviour, here below.

Thy comrades of the G. C. I.
Did ever hold in high esteem,
"Doc." Lovett, as all knew thee by;
God took thee to the great unseen.

Ambition strong was in thy breast,
Thou studied hard the goal to win,
But God decreed a better rest,
And now thy studies here are done.

Thou wast an honest faithful son,
A friend I never shall forget,
And when on earth my work is done,
In heaven I hope to meet thee yet.



Lines on the Grammar School.

THERE is an ancient school in Galt,
Well known to many a boy,
The Grammar School of Tassie days,
Now known as the G. C. I.

Ancient of date and of design,
A rare specimen of art ;
If an architect it ever had
He must have lost his chart.

But what of that, in olden times
'Twas good accommodation ;
No other school, I'm safe to say,
Excels in situation.

For education it is famed
Above any in the land,
And noted all the world o'er
For Tassie's iron hand.

Those days are gone, but not forgot,
For some are living still,
And prose and poetry oft relate
Their school days on the hill.

So years roll by, and changes come
With methods more humane—
The incorrigible now gets the strap
Where once he got the cane.



GALT COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE.



But, dear o' dear, those Tassie boys,
I've heard the people say,
The worst in all creation,
No fear of canes had they.
Those that boarded at Tassie's house
Were the worst of all the crew ;
Some thirty boys, and sometimes more,
Had the Doctor to subdue.
When walking down the street one day
There was one met Farmer John,
With a wagon load of ladders
That he was perched upon.
"Have you those ladders for to sell?
If so, I'll buy the lot."
"Why, yes, that's what I have,
And they're good ones that I've got."
So, just to bind the bargain,
He gave John a dollar bill,
Saying, "Take them up to father,
He lives right on the hill."
The boy sneaked home another way,
As fast as he could run ;
And the farmer, he came slowly up
And laid the ladders down.
So Tassie, he was called upon
For payment for the lot ;
Imagine Farmer John's disgust,
And the surprise poor Tassie got.
Many other stories I've been told—
There's the cow that was bought
upon the street,
Like the ladders, was sent up to father,
And he had the bill to meet.

At night they went prowling around
Stealing the hens and ducks,
Then hied themselves into the bush
To roast them by burning some
sticks.

There's a story I must not forget,
No better has ever been told;
No fiction about it, but true,
And nothing the worse when it's told.

One night as the supper was done
The Doctor remarked, if alive
On the morrow, he'd fix up the phaeton,
And away to the country would drive.

The boys overheard what he said,
And, as usual, were bent on a lark,
Tho' the night was terribly wet,
With no moon, 'twas dreadfully dark.

But this did not spoil their bit scheme,
For a few of them gently went out,
And as quietly went to the shed
And soon turned the pheaton about.

So out on the street they did go,
And for several long miles did they
pull
The ponderous old pheaton—and Tassie,
Unknown to the boys of the school.

When their energies seemed to exhaust
They suddenly came to a halt,
And decided to place in the ditch,
Then wend their way homeward to
Galt.

But just at this moment, you see,
The voice of the master was heard ;
The tables were turned on the boys,
Not one of them ventured a word.

But turned the old pheaton around
And dragged it wearily home—
Brave warriors conquered for once—
And with patience awaited their
doom.

No wonder the school got the name
Of the "Reformatory up on the hill."
And many will say to this day
That it certainly filled up the bill.

But now it's a school, up-to-date ;
As regards the teaching, I'd say
No better the Province has got,
And its equal there're few at this day.

There's Thomas Carscadden, the chief,
For twenty long years has been there ;
Through him great success it has come,
For he ruleth with wisdom and care.

Five noble assistants has he,
In Logan, Wright and DeGuerre,
With Evans and Hamilton, too,
There's a staff par excellence here.

Long life to the old classic seat,
May it never diminish in fame,
Is the wish of your most humble servant,
None prouder that he of the same.

Lines Written in the Memory of Checker Playing.

AS I sit all alone in my green house,
Awaiting my fire to burn,
The days that I often remember.
To my memory again return.

Those days when I used to play checkers
With the boys that came to the school;
I'm sure they'll never forget
How often I tried them to fool.

Dan Slater I never could beat,
Though I often made him believe
That I never was playing my best—
Perhaps it is wrong to deceive.

Dave Eagle, a match for us all,
I sometimes did beat in a hurry;
And then I would shout and rejoice,
When Snoggles was sure him to worry.

Rothsay, Clemens and brave Gordon Laird,
How often they'd give me a crack;
And then I'd be teased without measure,
Because they had beaten old Mac.

There's Brewster and Hilborn, too,
They were both dons at the dams;
I could handle them easy with time;
Why they were nothing but clams.

But at last we had to forego
The game that expanded the brain,
For the edict it came from above,
So I soon put a stop to the same.

And the boys are nothing the worse—
Bright stars in their business line,
For boys that are good at the dams,
In the world they surely will shine.



Dedicated to Elsie Oliver.

OH, for one brief moment
Of the muses brightest strain,
For to write a song or sonnet,
Come help me once again.

I've heard of fairies dancing
When Luna hid her light,
Of Brownies gaily prancing
In the darkest hour of night ;

And have seen the stormy cloud,
When darkness did prevail ;
And heard the thunder loud,
When the rainbow I did hail.

I have seen the morning star,
Which shines so bright and clear,
Twinkling in the heavens so far,
As the sun rose in the rear.

The little snow-drop in the spring,
As it peeps from the frozen earth,
And the crocus, sweet, sweet thing,
They'd make gloom into mirth.

I could sing of the rose in bloom,
Of the daffodils in gold,
Of many a flower with sweet perfume,
And the rich color they unfold.

But when sick at heart and sad,
And weary of life's toil,
Give me a glimpse of a face that's glad,
Just Elsie's daily smile.



Notes on Third Form of 1901.

SCHOOL life is to some very hard,
It almost breaks their heart,
To others it is charming—
From such they're loath to part.

Among the youthful students,
Some like their studies well ;
But oh, the great number,
How cheap they could them sell.

How oft I find amusement,
In watching this and that,
And noting jolly characters ;
About some I'd like to chat.

I'll begin with Maggie Moffat,
Bright as the rising sun,
How often she goes round the Knowles
Whenever he does come.

As in the song of old,
Jennie sings low and sweet,
"When ye gang awa', Jamie!"
To the Third Form I will greet.

Helen, short and dumpy,
She never shows a frown,
She's fair and also comely,
But I doubt she'll turn to Brown.

And little Jennie Rennie,
She's always looking high,
Peering all around her,
To catch a Martin's eye.

See Emily, kindly Emily,
Look at Hudson on the sly;
I do believe he knows the Rodd,
So he'll get there bye-and-bye.

And there is Maggie Amos,
Her Kribb(s) it must be small;
But of this I'm not so sure,
It appears so very tall.

For a spin upon a wheel
There's none that is so smart
As Jessie and wee Curly;
Why, yes, I saw them start.

Some like to study French,
But for Jenny German's Main,
In the Second Form she takes it
Ever since Gladstone came.

Black to some may sober seem,
But Edith is sedate,
She admires it in the Wood,
Both morning, noon and late.

Cherry's a delicious fruit,
Admired by one and all;
Bolder far than Wallace great,
Her talents are not small.

Laird, to the Scotch
Sounds big and high,
Equal to the Alvin heights,
To none else could apply.

Now I will close with Bertha,
And you're sure to hear her sing,
"I am Cumming(s), Cumming(s),
And so is lovely spring."

G. G. G. G.

WHERE are noo thae bonny girls
That were sae blythe and gay,
That always in a cluster gaed—
Nane like them here the day.

I mind when they in secret sat,
To form their famed society,
And called it something nae ane kens,
But just G. G. G. G.

Where could you find eleven girls
That would chum so well together,
And keep the secrets everyone?
I believe 't would be a bother.

Many a scheme was tried on them
To get one to turn tale,
Teacher and taught, they tried their
best,
And even wily Mac. did fail.

And still it stands a mystic name
As far as their confession,
For never a one did break the oath
They took on their admission.

Mary Cooper and Mable MacKay,
Edith Nairn and Ada King,
Annie Kersell and Maggie Deans;
Made more than half the ring.

Sarah Barrett and Ethel Tovell,
Alice Tye and Beatrice White,
With Alma Crozier, last not least ;
Made the G. G. G. G. right.



St. Andrew's Supper.

GUID evening, Tam, I hope yer well,
Am no that ill, an' who's yersel ?
A little sleepy, Tammas chiel,
I was at the feast.

Man, Sandy, but am awa' vexed,
I meant tae gang, but things got mixed,
But haeth I'll no forget the next,
If spared, at least.

I tell you what, it was a hummer,
The crood an' sure was near a hunner,
Nae whusky there, which was a winner
On sich a nicht.

The supper was a glorious feed,
Soda scones and atemeal bread,
But the haggis, man, it took the lead,
It was a' richt.

A leddy blin', and ne'er could see,
Sang Scottish sangs, the sang for me ;
How sweet she sang The Rowan Tree,
An' Davie Lad.

The Rev. Knowles, of oral fame,
Spake highly of auld Scotia's name,
And Mr. Howell, in witty strain,
Did no sae bad.

But Duncan Murray cowed them a',
For he read without a flaw
A list of Scotchmen great an' sma'
Since Adam fell;

Which showed that Scotchmen took
the lead
In every great and glorious deed;
But nothing there was in the screed
About himsel'.

Yet, he's a man that history shall
Han' doon tae generations all,
A hero brave at duty's call,
He's always there.

Ye mine when he did gain renown
In tearing that verandah down,
While Caldwell, he could only frown,
And dae nae mair.

Then my wun was taen awa'
Wi' the funniest thing I ever saw,
I cannot it describe ava,
Tho' I wul' try.

A box that on the table sat,
An' through the funnel came the chat,
Sangs, speeches and I don't know what,
Without a lie.

I tell you what, that Newlands' chiel
Must be connected with the de'il,
'Twas him the box did fix and feel,
And work aroon.

What he'll hae next, I canna say,
I saw him ride the ither day
In a horseless carriage, all so gay,
Right through the toon.

Noo, Tam, winna tell ye mair,
But solemnly I do declare
That o' my head the very hair,
Stood up with fricht.

Noo when the mannie in the chair
Saw the crood make for the stair,
Says he, "Sing Lang Syne ance mair,"
We said guid nicht.



The King's Bee.

THE summer's nigh at hand
For the bees are bumming round,
On each flower they're sure to land,
Where the honey it is found.

CHORUS.

And there's a Bee I often see
Fleeting to and fro,
And at the King I hear its ring,
As often as I go.

There's bumble bee and honey bee,
The bees that often sting,
But there's a Bee, don't you see,
That don't do such a thing.

Chorus—

The honey bee and bumble bee
In winter they are still,
But there's a bee, don't you see,
That's always brooding ill.

Chorus—

The bumble bee and honey bee,
They both have got a mate,
But Miss Bee, don't you see,
Such fortune's not her fate.

Chorus—



St. Patrick.

ST. PATRICK was an Irishman,
Though not of Irish birth,
Canonized by Ireland
Because of saintly worth.

How appropriate to remember
And honor once a year,
Such a loyal, zealous Christian,
His very name is dear.

'Tis not where one is born,
But what the motive power,
That moves the heart and spurs the will
To labor hour by hour.

Brave acts and noble deeds
Have always their reward,
Though seldom do the hero
In that light such regard.

When duty calls them on the scene,
What e'er that duty be,
"Aye ready" is their watchword
On land or on the sea.

Let us emulate St. Patrick,
In love for fellowman,
Of faith in God and purpose firm,
Doing all the good we can.



The Lovely Six of Ayr.

I'M not so young as I used to be,
So then, of course, beware;
Love has no blind for me, you see,
As I look on the girls from Ayr.

If I were a lad just in my prime,
My look might not be square,
The truth I will tell in every line
When I speak of the girls from Ayr.

Six little tots and equal, you see,
As the steps of any stair,
And bright as any summer bee,
Are the six little girls from Ayr.

'Tis nice to see how they chum with each
other,
Like a brood of young chicks, I declare,
And always so cheery, they give me no
bother,
The six little girls from Ayr.

Margaret and Anna so trig,
Adorned with luxuriant hair ;
They could spare an old wife a wig,
They are two of the six of Ayr.

Adeline and Lizzie so sweet,
And just like the other pair ;
Aye, pleasant whenever you meet
The dear little girls from Ayr.

There's Jimmy the boss of them all,
And Ethel the one that's so fair,
Should fortune but give me a call,
I'll visit them all yet in Ayr.



The Semi-Centennial of the G.C.I.

FIFTY long years have come and gone
Since first it started low and lone,
But soon it gained a great renown,
Galt's famous Grammar School.
From small beginnings oft do rise
That which seems wondrous in our eyes,
But that's the fruits of enterprise
When wisdom's ways do rule.

Galt's citizens may well be proud,
And shout its praises long and loud ;
It's always foremost in the crowd ;
'Tis now the G.C.I.

We're now to have a gala day,
To mark its progress on the way
To greater eminence, I say,
Yes, a college bye and bye.

Come, old boys, across the sea,
And those in Yankee-land that be,
Come, everyone, we'll welcome ye,
And have a jolly time.
Old memories it will restore,
Renew our youth like days of yore ;
Make glad our hearts, shake hands once
more,
Just for auld lang syne.

CHORUS.

Three rousing cheers for the G.C.I. ;
The Alumni boys will raise the cry
At the semi-centennial banquet high—
Hurrah ! hurrah ! for the G.C.I.



Lily of the West.

THE lily, the handsomest lily,
With grace and beauty drest,
Reminds me of my Lily,
The Lily o' the West.

The lily o' the valley,
With what fragrance is it blest,
But sweeter far is Lily,
My Lily o' the West.

Which is the sweetest Lily ?
If that were your request,
I would tell you straight and honest
'Tis my Lily o' the West.

Art may paint a lily,
And pen may do its best,
Yet my thoughts you can't convey
Of Lily o' the West.

Though I've never seen her face,
Nor the heaving of her breast,
Yet I know she loves me,
The Lily o' the West.

For she wrote to me a letter,
And the thoughts therein expressed,
Prove that she loves me dearly,
This Lily o' the West.

My mind is all on Lily ;
I cannot, will not rest,
I long to see her lovely face,
The Lily o' the West.



Domestic Science.

DID you hear that noted lady,
Speak on science in the home—
Of the change in education
That ere long was sure to come ?

To such as did not hear her,
Or her scheme don't understand,
I'll try my best to make it plain,
For her plan is something grand.

She says our boys had better
Be all taught manual drill,
So that in things domestic
They can labor then with skill.

Domestic science, it is just
Doing chores about the house—
From the handling of a bucksaw
To the trapping of a mouse.

They must learn to wake at five
And don their working suit,
Rake the stove and make a fire,
And clean the ashes out.

But who's to teach it to the boys
Is a mystery to me;
Unless it be the janitor,
Who knows it all, you see.

The girls who now can do no work,
Will all be working girls;
And their mothers, they'll be ladies,
With their hair done up in curls.

We'll have to get a dressing-room
With a wardrobe for each one,
As their clothes would all get soiled
Before their work was done.

But where they'll get domestic work,
I've been wondering, all the time,
Unless Mac. lives right in the school,
Why that would be just fine.

All the housework they would do,
Dust and tidy up the rooms,
Darn our socks and mend our clothes,
Ere they change their morning gowns.

Now this is just an outline,
For those who do not know
What is Domestic Science,
For just now, it's all the go.

On the Death of Jack, the Crow.

'TIS sad enough to stand and sigh,
And wistful look as off they fly,
But sadder still, when no good-bye
Is ever heard.

So Jack, poor bird, he took his flight,
And left us all with no good-night;
No more with hens he'll ever fight,
For he is dead.

Tread lightly, friends, and let us bow,
Out of respect for Jack, the crow;
Superior of his kin, you know,
He was no thief.

He was a trickster, there's no doubt;
If he got in when we were out,
Nails, pins and what-not toss about
Like he was chief.

Yet many worthy traits had he,
When mounted high up in a tree,
As strangers came, them quick would see,
And then he'd cry.
But birds, like mankind, they must fall,
When Chieftain Death doth on them call;
For good and bad, yea, one and all
Has got to die.



The G. C. I. Light Brigade.

PERHAPS you do not know
The cadets are all the go;
When you see them in a row
They look fine.

With tunic all in blue,
And golden buttons, too,
And being slick and new,
How they shine.

I tell you they look gay
As in order march away
Like soldiers to the fray ;
They look bold.

All they want is just a band
To lead them o'er the land ;
Then the Captain in command
Scarce could hold.

The Instructor he is proud
Of his little fighting crowd ;
In his praises they are loud,
So I hear ;

When the Colonel comes to view
The drill they will go through,
Just like regular soldiers do,
Don't you fear.

The girls I hear them say,
As they pass along the way,
What gallant lads are they,
My, oh, my !

They are the light brigade,
So we need not be afraid
Should an enemy e'er invade
The G. C. I.



A Sprig of Heather.

The following lines with a sprig of real heather
on a Christmas card, was received by Mr. Mac-

George from his daughter, who resides in Galloway, Scotland, to which he makes the accompanying reply :

"I bloomed upon the hill o' health,
'Tween Lochenbreck and Crae,
Near by where Robbie Burns was moved
To gie us "Scots wha hae,"
And gin your heart at Xmas time,
Wi' ony feeling turns,
'Twill surely think o' aul' lang syne,
O' Galloway and Burns."

Geo. G. B. Sproar.

MAC'S REPLY.

Aul' Galloway has charms for me
Abune ony place I've seen,
For there I spent my boyhood days
Among its knowes sae green.

The hill o' health an' Lochenbreck,
Thae names bring back tae mine
The vera place I tended sheep
In the days o' aul' lang syne.

As I look upon the heather sprig,
My inmost spirit yearns
To rove ance mair among the hills
O' the land o' Robbie Burns.

An' should I ever cross the sea,
A' hope 'twill no' be lang,
I'll try an' fin' my brither bard,
And shake him by the haun.

A Few Lines.

Written in memory of the visit of Mr. Simon Gerrand, Verrand, Man., to Mr. MacGeorge, G.C.I., whom he had not seen for thirty-four years.

'T WAS a cold, cold day in January
In nineteen hundred and two,
When a farmer robed in bear skin
Approached me with, "How do you do?"
"Good morning, sir, 'tis very cold,"
I said, but looked and scann'd his face,
But ne'er could tell I'd ever seen
His form before; no, him I could not place.
"You don't know Simon Gerrand,
O' the days o' auld lang syne?"
"Well, well," with hand outstretched,
I grasped his hand in mine.
The boy I used to know so well
Has grown a bearded man,
Thirty-four long years of toil and strife
Since we together ran;
With energy and wisdom's guide,
And ambition in his breast,
He has gained a fair competency,
Now takes a three months' rest.
Oh how my memory was refreshed
With tales of long ago,
We talked of friends still living;
Living, yes, that's all they have to show;
While in this land of plenty
There is room for millions more,
With brains and fair industry,
What comforts are in store.

Little Georgie on His Holidays.

GOOD morning, sir; and how d'ye do?
I'm fairly well, and how are you?
I see you have a stranger lad,
Just sent from home because he's bad.
Well, friend, this time you are astray.
Bad? no, he's just the other way.
He's just the boy I like to see,
Brimful of pranks and laughing glee.
Of course he's young—just in his 'teens,
And often says not what he means;
You know he's just new from the city,
Which makes the boy with brains so witty.
And brains has he, and wisdom, too,
When grown to manhood then will show.
I sometimes am obliged to run
To other duties just to shun
Perplexing questions he will ask,
Would put a lawyer to the task.
Curiosity has thus him led,
Till not a corner in my shed
But he has seen and something found,
That made his heart leap with a bound.
He has got my trap, and it he set
To catch a rat; but, no, a chip.
This pleased so well again he'd try
To catch another on the sly.
He has now five safe in a box,
And when we pass it then he knocks
Till out they come into the light.
"Say Uncle, see the little ones so bright."
But, say! he's trapping still,
For yesterday he caught a squirrel.

So down our cage it had to come,
And soon the beastie's safe at home.
What are his thoughts, I cannot tell
For now an accident befel ;
He's lost his squirrel ; still he is bright,
He'll have another before it's night.
A bright-eyed boy with chubby face,
A temper sweet, ne'er out of place,
Agreeable with young and old,
I never yet had him to scold.
We miss him now since he has gone,
The children's grieved, yes, every one.
George MacDonald is his name,
His praises here are somewhat lame,
As talent's scarce, at least with me,
I'll say no more but D. MacG.



The False Lover.

MY spirit's forlorn, of joy my heart's
shorn,
Despondent I wander all day ;
Grief stricken am I, feel ready to die ;
My life it seems ebbing away.
For the one that I love, the dear little dove,
Has proved a false lover to be ;
Her manner so sweet I often did greet,
But now she has left me, you see.
Like a gem from the mine, she surely did
shine,
More precious than pearl or stone ;
How sad to confess that such is the case,
With another my darling has gone.

I could not believe that she would deceive,
Nor even my love would spurn,
But alas! 'tis the way of the world they say,
You never are sure of a turn.

Now darling, adieu! may your heart be as
true
To the one you are going to wed,
As mine was to you, though false through
and through,
The love to me that you shed.

I bear you no ill, but I hope you'll fulfil
True wifely duties to him ;
But my heart you have broke, so sudden the
stroke,
With sorrows I'm full to the brim.

No woman shall be confided by me,
I ne'er on another shall look ;
Life's lamp has gone out, in the darkness
I'll pout,
Till I turn the best leaf of my book.



The Season's Greetings.

The season's compliments to one and all
Is here conveyed by Mac.
May kind friends often on you call
And of presents have no lack.

Nineteen years of toil and strife,
Yet the happiest years of all my life
Are those I've spent at the G.C.I.,
I wish none happier till I die.

The G. C. I. Flagpole.

I'VE lived and grown in the forest,
The place that gave me birth,
Like a noble soul, I ever grew
Higher from this sin-cursed earth.
Like all mankind, I'm severed at last
From all my earthly ties ;
My garments are changed, for now I'm
white,
As the Christian beyond the skies.
Though dead, I've still a duty to do,
But the elements often me tease,
For I hold aloft the nation's flag,
As it floats and flaps in the breeze.



My Wife.

MANY years have come and gone
Since first her face I looked upon ;
No better eye hath ever shone
Than my dear Highland Mary's.
Oh ! it was a happy day
When to the Grange I took my way ;
There matrimony's band did play
For me and Highland Mary.
Misfortune soon upon me came,
Of such control, why I had nane ;
Yet friends forsook me a' the same,
But not my Highland Mary.
So bonny Scotland I did leave,
Altho' it made my heart to grieve ;

No other course I could perceive
But leave my Highland Mary.

And thus I came to Canada,
Took pick and spade and bucksaw,
And with a will I worked awa',
And a' for my Highland Mary.

She cheated friends who said that she
Would never dare to cross the sea ;
With Scottish pluck, and a' for me
She came, my Highland Mary.

Six sturdy bairns is our store,
Boys two and girlies four ;
And noble deeds and love they pour
On me and Highland Mary.

Through all these years she has been
A wife to me like any queen ;
No happier pair you've ever seen
Than me and Highland Mary.

Some say the honeymoon doth last
Only a few weeks at the most ;
To prove this false, just go and ask
My ain dear Highland Mary.



A Repeated Kiss.

THE noise was something awful,
But not of thunder loud ;
It was not the roar of cannon,
Nor the tramp of horses proud.

I had to stand and listen
To hear what it could be ;

My nerves were all unstrung,
And legs trembling at the knee.

One crack, and then another—
It must be something strange ;
Like an echo in the darkness—
Could it be in revenge ?

No one is surely murdered !
What thoughts do cross the brain
When you hear unusual noise ;
To check them is in vain.

One thing and then another
Did flash across my mind ;
I tried to run, but dare not ;
I was loath the cause to find.

When I got my nerves adjusted,
As the echo died away,
I ventured gently to the spot,
And to my great dismay

I found a pair of cooing doves,
Doves of the human kind,
And a pair of blushing cheeks
Was the worst that I could find.

✻

Recited at an Open Meeting of the Sons of Scotland

When 30 young Scotchmen were tendered a welcome on their arrival from the Old Land.

AND your the Scotch that's come tae toon,
Right sonsie chiels, and a' that,
Let's smile on them, and never froom,
Tae froom I canna fa' that.

Some may be bad, but watch and wait;
Treat them as guid for a' that,
Till ance ye prove, ye manna hate,
It's but guid British law that.

Some years gane by a chiel I met,
And by his tongue I saw that
He was a Scot, nor doubt it yet
Tho' a le'er thief and a' that.

I took the rascal by the han',
Took him for guide an' a' that;
The best I knew for him did plan,
Got boardings, Scotch, sae braw that.

He used my name, and that sae weel,
That work he got an' a' that,
Then got aroon a clergy chiel,
Who cled him wondrous braw that.

He promised sure to pay him back,
But, oh! he never saw that,
For off he fled just in a crack,
And paid no one for a' that.

I hope ye'r made o' better steel,
Right principles and a' that;
Then Canada will treat ye weel,
And Galt the chief o' a' that.

Thrice welcome to oor Scottish toon,
It's foremost o' them a' that,
The best o' blissings frae abun,
Mac. wishes ane and a' that.

A Christmas Box.

On receiving a Christmas box from the teaching staff presented by Miss Carter, M. A., who had been appointed to fill the position left vacant by A. W. Wright, B. A.

I THANK you most sincerely,
And in simple words reply,
'Tis grand to be the caretaker
Of the old G. C. I.

The staff that once was broken
Is now as good as new,
'Twas mended by Miss Carter,
May it last my lifetime through.

Again I thank you, madam,
And all you Masters here,
I wish you all a Merry Xmas,
And also a Glad New Year.

With Regards to the S. S. of Preston.

WHO thinks of me when morning
breaks,
And sings my praises as he takes
His books and lunch, for school he makes?
My, oh my.

With ear alert he waits the car,
His eyes the first to see 't afar,
With buoyant heart, without a jar—
My, oh my.

And when the day's work's at an end,
And each one then does homeward tend,

Who's heart does feel as if to rend?
My, oh my.

Who longs and counts the many days
When school shall cease, when freedom
plays,

Who'll take me on excursions ways?
My, oh my.

Who then will treat me at the fair,
Oft pull my tresses, stroke my hair,
And sometimes kisses take his share?
My, oh my.

Soon shall fortune make him stand
Right before the gown and band;
Who'll then take me by the hand?
My, oh who?



On Jamie and Raymond from Ayr.

THERE is a boy that comes from Ayr,
You know he's hardly on the square,
For he's ever here and there;
Did you see him?

You'll find him at the dinner hour,
And then again just after four;
You're sure to catch him on a splore;
Did you see him?

But at hockey he can play
Just like any in the fray,
Yet even there he cannot stay;
Did you see him?

And yet I cannot say he's bad,

For he's aye a cheery lad,
Still he often makes me mad ;
Did you see him ?

At poetry he tries his hand,
To offset me, if he can.
He'll beat me too, and that e'er lang ;
Did you see him ?

He would not be half so bad
But for that Thompson lad,
For he, too, is a perfect cad ;
Did you see him ?

I must cure them right away,
With my keys I will them slay,
For I cannot stand this fray ;
Did you see them ?

When ever you the rascals see,
Send them right along to me,
And the keys I'll use, d'ye see ?
When I see them.



Recited at the Entertainment given to
the Newly Arrived Scotchmen
in Central Church, Galt.

AN advice to the lads from over the sea
Is my subject to-night—'twas given
to me.

The author, no doubt, took me for a sage,
With a head full of wisdom because of my
age,

But before I'm through he will see his mis-
take,
For years does not always a wiseacre make.
But I hope you'll forgive me, I am only a boy,
If I make a slip, or your feelings annoy.
Now, my dear Scottish chaps, I would you
advise
To join our congregation, that is if you're
wise.
Doctor Dickson, our pastor, is Scotch to the
bone,
And the new fangled preaching he leaves
it alone.
The Session is Scotch, and staunch as a rock,
But some younger ones needed to attend to
the flock.
If your orthodox men, which I hope is the
case,
And able to wear a long sober face,
You're sure of a chance to be in the lect,
At the time when we make the Session
complete.

My second advise keep ever in view,
Forget not the dear ones that are thinking
of you ;
Those that have nursed thee when you were
young,
Cared and caressed, and sweet lullabies
sung ;
Forget not the hand that patted your head,
Or the lily white hand that laid you in bed.
'Tis not on this earth that we can repay
What love has done for us, do what we may,

But write to the dear ones, it always will
cheer,
Who knoweth but such may dry up a tear.

Cheer up my bonny lads,
I fear I mack ye sad,
I'm getting far too solemn,
I cam here to mack ye glad.

Advice it was my subject,
Which I have tried to gie,
Still I've another ane
That's come before my e'e.

When you left bonny Scotland,
And the friens that were sae kind,
What about the parting
Wi the girl ye left behind?

Be true to her what e'er you do,
'Twould be cruel and unkind
To forget your lassie,
The girl you left behind.

If she will only come to Galt,
Why lots have done the same,
The Doctor he will tie the knot,
And we'll gie her a welcome hame.



My First Shave.

With respects to C. Whitney.

I AM past sixteen, but don't you tell;
Whate'er I do I do it well,
And oft I've thought and more than
twice,

This I will do, and do it nice.
I know it is an easy thing,
Had I the tools, soon them I'll bring ;
Pa has one that he don't use,
He'll never know, I won't abuse.
The surface it is plain and clean,
I've often felt it, and in the glass I've seen,
At least I've looked, but, blame the thing,
Nought could I see, yet I will bring
It out, if out she'll come.
That's my intention when I get home,
But ma, plague on her, she will lark ;
Is't possible that I could do it in the dark ?
No, by gum, I'll no try that.
It's too ticklish by a long chalk.
I don't want to be a bull's eye
For chums at school, or even Mac., so sly,
But dog gon him, he would have it down in
verse.
Still I won't be beat, not I ;
When mother's out I'll do it on the sly ;
She went, but she was mighty slow,
Me shaking, and feelings all aglow.
So now in earnest I proceeded
To gather all the apparatus that I needed—
A water mug, a cup will do as well,
Cold water is just as good as hot, I've heard
mysel',
The soap secured, and then a brush.
Now time is flying, I must rush.
No brush; eh? well I don't care,
I'll take the one that does up our hair.
My coat off, and so my tie,
I got the razor, but felt rather shy,

I turned it first the one way, then the other,
Still it would cut the skin, how I did
shudder;

But what do you think, that in my haste,
I quite forgot my skin with soap to paste.
So having soaped my cheeks and chin,
I took the brush to rub it in ;

But, gee whiz ! it did not do a thing,
It only scratched my face and made it sting.
So I took the ugly weapon up again,
And did my best, although it gave me pain,
For there just right about my ear
I stuck the jaber in, no other place was hair.
For an hour and half I scraped like any fool,
To show folks I was cutting hair, while
there was only wool.

I got the glass, made close investigation,
Concluding when the girls me saw I'd cause
a great sensation.

I could not tell you how I felt when ma
came in.

She looked, " Why, Charlie, you look awful
thin,

So white about the cheeks, so very pale,
I'll call the doctor up, yes, without fail."

" Now, ma, I'm well enough, don't be dis-
tressed,

I only took an extra wash before I dressed."
Then made my sneak right off to bed ;
Thus ends the first shave that I had.



The Jolly Moulder.

O I'M a jolly moulder,
A sand rat, so they say,
As my horny hands do puddle
In the sand day after day.

I'm not afraid of labor,
Never was a lazy Scot,
And can tip the boxes over,
Pour the iron boiling hot.

Yet there's one thing I detest,
Comes twice in every week ;
The brass, the stinking brass,
It makes me always sick.

The devil must be in it,
For like a demon strong
It chokes me and shakes me,
Like to have me right or wrong.

But with spirits bright and happy,
Yet victorious I have been,
And to-morrow I'll be laughing,
And away on sporting keen.

With my rifle on my shoulder,
And my vest all hung with shot,
If the game will only show
I'll kill them on the spot.

For wintry winds and stormy blasts
I do not care a song ;
I love the sport of Indians' wild,
And can wander all day long.

Yes, I'm a jolly moulder,
And in summer, don't you see,
I take the rod and tackle,
And go fishing forth with glee.

When the shades of evening come,
And the sun sinks in the west,
I take canoe and paddle
With the girl that I love best.

And though I'm but a moulder,
I can always make good pay,
Which makes me independent,
And happy all the day.



Wee Jenny Wren.

I LOVE the little birdies
That fly from tree to tree,
But here I miss some favorites
That in Scotland used to be.

We have the golden robin,
Or the oriole so gay;
But where is little redbreast
Whom the wicked dare not slay?

And there are many others
That are of equal fame,
But the little Jenny Wren
Is the only one I'll name.

It is the smallest of the lot,
But mind you it is trig;
Tho' it never sings, but twitters,
As it flies from twig to twig.

It minds me of a little girl,
I doubt not but you'll ken,
Subtract three letters from her name,
And she too is Jenny Ren.

She is small, but she is sweet,
Why she's just a perfect gem ;
Some one is sure to pick her up,
This dear wee Jenny Ren.



An Address to the Teachers after Having Received Their Usual Xmas Box.

NEAR seventeen years since I came
To fill this place of trust ;
I've done my best respect to gain,
But did my duty first.

No man is perfect, far less I,
As no doubt you have seen ;
With conscience guided from on high
Your interests mine have been.

The harmony, that does exist,
And has been all the time,
To keep it up I'll do my best,
And make our life sublime.

The kindness you on me bestow
Makes heaven on earth to me ;
No happier man where'er I go,
At least I fail to see.

No better treatment could I get
Than what I get from you ;

The pupils all pay me respect,
Oft more than what is due.

No words of mine can full express
How glad that I came here,
I wish you all a Merry Xmas,
Likewise a bright New Year.

✻
With Respects to Tommy Barrett.

THERE is a boy, and he's a guy,
He spends his time at the G. C. I.,
Poking fun and playing tricks,
From early morn till near hand six.
He's the craziest boy in all the school,
We all declare he's like a fool;
To speak or advise it is no use,
From him we only get abuse.
A thousand lines, or even more
Would be no use to him at four.
So what will we do with the curly head,
That's ever on the wag when out of bed?
We all do like him, for he's just in fun,
But too much of a good thing can be done
So to stop his pranks just a wee,
A plot is arranged with the girls in C.
Now curly, my boy, a warning take,
In case your life be now at stake.

✻
The Boy With the Auburn Hair.

I'M a little soft I'll not deny,
And in nature, too, a little shy,
So all the girls I pass them by

As if I did not care ;
But the other boys I'll let them see
I'm not so soft as I seem to be,
So they had just beware.

My dad has kept me somewhat down,
When girls I'd mention he would frown,
And call me just a simpleton,
An idiot or a fool ;
But I'm getting now to be a man,
I'll crouch no longer than I can,
I'll soon be leaving school.

So I think it nothing out of place
To be tickled with a pretty face,
And sometimes even to embrace,
If one should come my way ;
And tell a girl a thing or two
About her lovely eyes of blue,
Even though they're only grey.

I know a girl, and she is swell,
Of all our girls she is the belle,
And how she glances ! well, O well,
Yes, just at me.
Jim's too stiff, and Tom's too bold,
And Clarence he is far too cold,
She well may see.

So these boys may give up,
For daddie I don't care a rip,
I'll drink of love's delicious cup,
And that e'er long ;
She does not admire my auburn hair,
So pretty and so very rare,
The boys among.

The Girl With the Golden Hair.

TIME moves swiftly on its course,
And many changes bring,
Some old pupils I forget, I
But not so Harriet King.

A charming girl, with form erect,
Courteous, kind and true;
No haughty air, but aye the same,
Like her there are but few.

A faithful student in the school,
In spare hours studied keen,
Yet time she took at intervals
To play the girls a tune.

She ne'er did flirt with any boy,
Her companion she was fair,
And she was known by every one
As the girl with the golden hair.

I'll ne'er forget her winsome smile,
Sweet memories she does bring;
She seemed so like my eldest girl,
Was graceful Harriet King.



Recited at the Hockey Banquet to the
Brantford Boys.

I CAME not here to make a speech,
Nor even sing a song,
I only came to watch the boys,
In case they had something strong.

I see they have behaved themselves,
As our boys always do,
At least when I am present,
If they don't they are sure to rue.

I hope you have enjoyed yourselves
At the game upon the ice,
And also at the festive board
I trust you'd something nice.

School life at best is pretty hard,
Be jolly when you can ;
Banish care and sorrow,
Let such be for the man.

This world it is a perfect heaven
If we choose to make it so,
Man's all to blame when sorrow comes,
At least one half I know.

Do your best for friend and foe,
Let no one see you grin,
A happy heart within the breast
Makes this world worth living in.



On Fred. Needham.

DO you know a little man
Whose name is Needham Fred ?
The C. P. R. is his resort
Before he goes to bed.

Up the steps you'll find him,
And that without a doubt,
For every evening he goes there
As sure as he goes out.

And like the coon within the bush
You'll hear him far enough,
When other boys do tease him
You'd think him rather rough.

But still the boys all like him,
He is aye so full of fun ;
When he's not dancing up and down,
He'll then be on the run.

He said I could not make a rhyme
Upon him if I'd try,
So, just to please the little man
I let my pencil fly.

A steady worker at his trade
On iron and on steel,
He never bums like other men,
He's always at his wheel.

He sometimes goes a shooting
When it comes a holiday,
Bob's finger was his greatest shot,
I am sorry for to say.

I might tell about his sparking
In Preston's pretty town ;
But I think I'd better n t,
In case he on me frown.

So I'll say no more at present,
This will let him clearly see
It's as easy for to write on him
As saying A B C.

Galt.

HAD I a poet's gift, I'd halt
To tell the charms of lovely Galt ;
Yet tho' genius it is scarce,
I'm forced its beauties to rehearse,
For from my mind I can't expel
The thoughts of Galt I love so well.
For situation it is grand ;
Its business portion it doth stand
On solid rock, and then, you know,
A river down its midst doth flow ;
Dame nature's gift, a priceless boon,
Sets mills and factories all to run.
In spring it is a mighty flood,
Majestic, grand, tho' sometimes rude ;
In summer it's the youth's delight,
For there they play from morn till night ;
There Cupid's darts make young men quail,
As, with their girls, they often sail
Canoe or boat as suits them best,
Just as the sun sets in the west.
And then in winter, it is nice
To see the youth skate on the ice,
Skimming along upon their steel,
Tho' bitter cold, yet they don't feel
Its biting breath, their spirits high,
No cold or frost doth them annoy.
Near by the river, on elevation,
There stands the seat of education ;
The G. C. I., far famed and known,
A massive structure, built of stone ;
Extensive lawn and grounds complete,
No lovelier spot your eye could meet.

Three public schools stand high in view,
Commodious, and stone structures too ;
A Separate School, quite up to date ;
A Catholic church and manse complete ;
Six other churches I could name,
Monuments of artistic fame.
A main street that's very pretty,
Sidewalks and roadbed fit for any city ;
Stores where latest fashions shine,
And seldom equalled in their line.
Our streets are all macadamized ;
A stranger is at once surprised
At the lovely sidewalks of cement,
And good work done where'er he went.
When Sol, his duty, it is done,
And other light is called upon,
'Tis wonderful how quick and bright
Comes forth our great electric light ;
And that same mysterious thing
Makes cars to run, and bells to ring.
Water in abundance, pronounced the best,
Pumped in a tank high in the west ;
A hospital, in which we pride,
Where gentle hands and hearts abide,
Diseases, all that you could mention,
Are treated here with best attention.
Our medical staff are seldom beat,
Tho' many a stubborn case they meet ;
Our luxuries, they are not few,
Mechanic's hall, and Library, too,
Where books of every sort and kind
To entertain and feed the mind.
By railways we are well supplied,
Three steam, and an electric road beside ;

Two daily papers, neat and clean,
Give latest news of what has been.
Galt's area is, as I'm aware,
Nearly two miles on the square ;
For landscape view 'tis simply grand,
When viewed from heights on every hand.
There is one place that takes the lead,
It is the "City of the Dead,"
But language fails me, it is even
Like a very gate-way into heaven.
No Lords or Dukes, with haughty pride,
As rich and poor walk side by side,
A peaceful people, free from vice,
Our town is just a Paradise !



The Girl With the Auburn Hair.

IN the G. C. I. there is a girl,
You will find her up the stair,
She's the girl that I admire,
The girl with the auburn hair.

She is never late in the morning,
Let the weather be wet or fair,
And always has a smile for me,
The girl with the auburn hair.

She is always neat and tidy,
In her class-work she is fair,
She never skips a lesson,
The girl with the auburn hair.

She has got no saucy look
But pleasant beyond compare,
She is modest and she's sweet,

The girl with the auburn hair.

She is not a foolish, empty girl,
And perhaps you're not aware,
That she reads no trashy novels,
The girl with the auburn hair.

She studies well her lessons,
And when she has time to spare,
A book on good wives she'll read,
The girl with the auburn hair.

She may not be tall nor handsome,
But for that I do not care,
She is sure to make a thrifty wife,
The girl with the auburn hair.

She does not know she's watched,
But some one will make it bare.
When she's a little older,
The girl with the auburn hair.

Now for once I'll prophesy,
That be he dark or fair,
She'll get a loving husband,
The girl with the auburn hair.



Mollie.

COME, give me your attention,
While a little girl I'd mention,
She's so spry.
She's of the Irish race,
You can see it in her face,
Such is easy for to trace,
In her eye.

She is aye so bright and jolly,
No, you dare not call it folly,
 She's so dear.

Her face is aye aglow
With the brightest smile I know,
And her ivories how they show,
 In the rear.

On fun she's always bent,
And if she don't take the tent,
 She will smart ;
For the fellows up at school,
Sure such wiles it is the rule,
Their affections for to pull,
 From their heart.

They'll be fighting with each other,
For such feelings will not smother,
 Don't you fear.

The lobsters sure you know,
In her Form they dare not go,
But at recess there're not slow
 To appear.

They have beat at the football,
And the next will be the squall,
 Over Mollie.

So I'd have her to take care,
And the boys to beware,
Or Mac will make it bare,
 And be jolly.

Dedicated to Katie Hughes.

WHAT a sweet little flower is the pansy,
As modest as modest can be ;
How slyly it turns up its face,
As if it were smiling on me.

What a bright little flower is the pansy,
With colors all blended so fine,
Colors equal to those in the rainbow,
It's a flower I admire all the time.

No flower has a charm like the pansy,
Should you only look down on its face,
You'll declare it has eyes that are laughing,
The picture of sweetness and grace.

And how brave is the dear little pansy;
It will live through the frost and snow,
And when winter gives way to the spring,
The pansy is ready to blow.

The school is my garden of flowers ;
Many beauties therein do grow ;
And the dear little pansy I see
In Katie, bright Katie, you know.



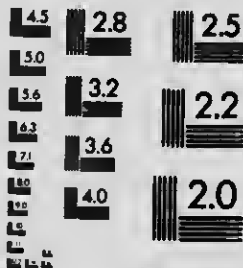
A Reply to an Invitation to Fred. McKee's Marriage.

CONGRATULATIONS, respected Fred,
With this postal here are borne,
May heavenly blessings on you shed,
On this your hymenial morn.



MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



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And may the sweet one of your choice
Share in the bounties from above,
And may your fate make hearts rejoice,
That ever you were caused to love.

May naught but sunshine cross your path
Where'er dame fortune leads the way,
My wife and me regrets that distance hath
Your kindly invitation to say nay.



Jennie o' the Glen.

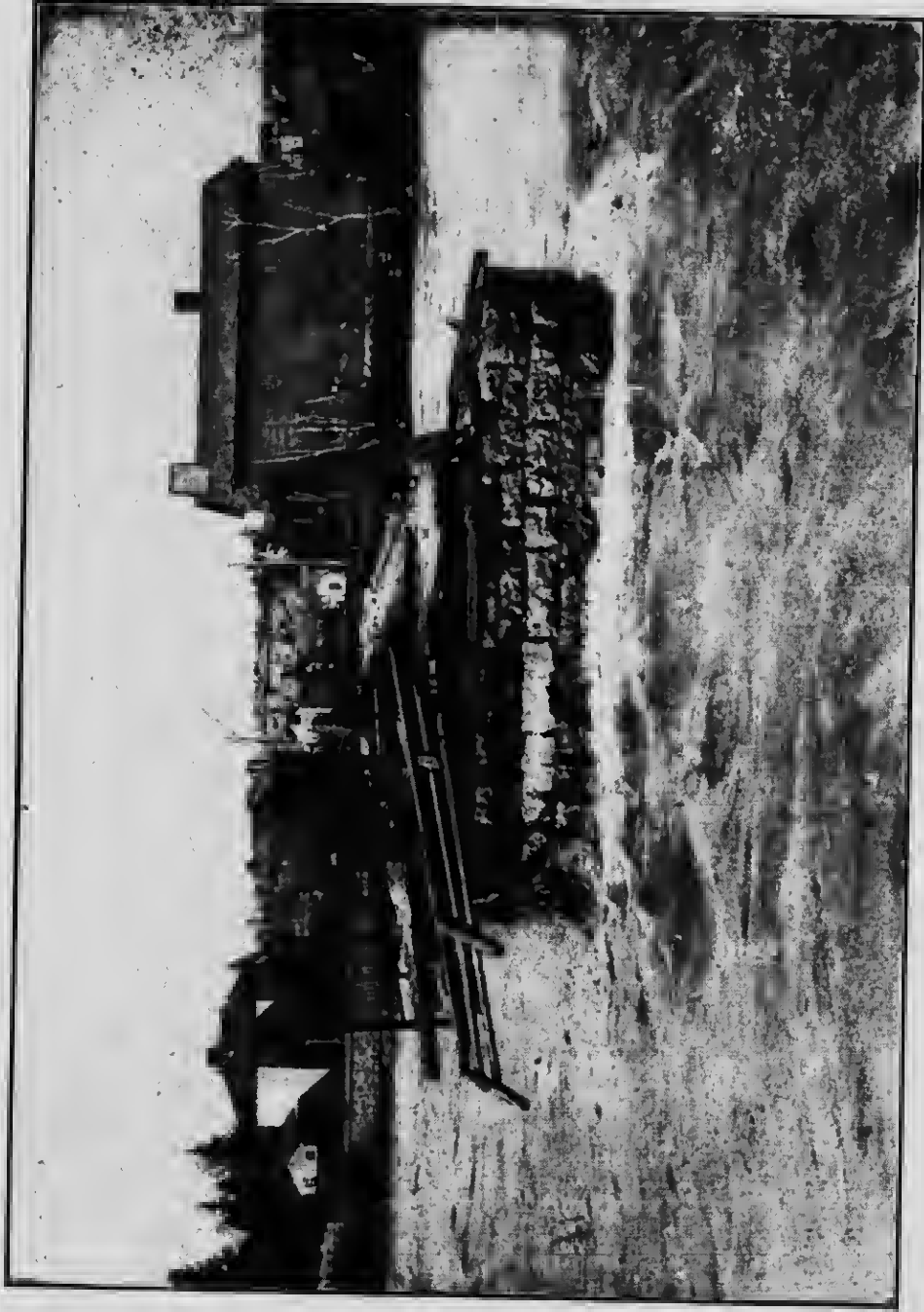
O, I WISH the muse would come
And make me lift my pen,
I'd write a song and that o'er long
On Jennie o' the Glen.

I ask not what her parents are,
As McDonald is her name,
Of Highland blood, she's sure to be,
Our Jennie o' the Glen.

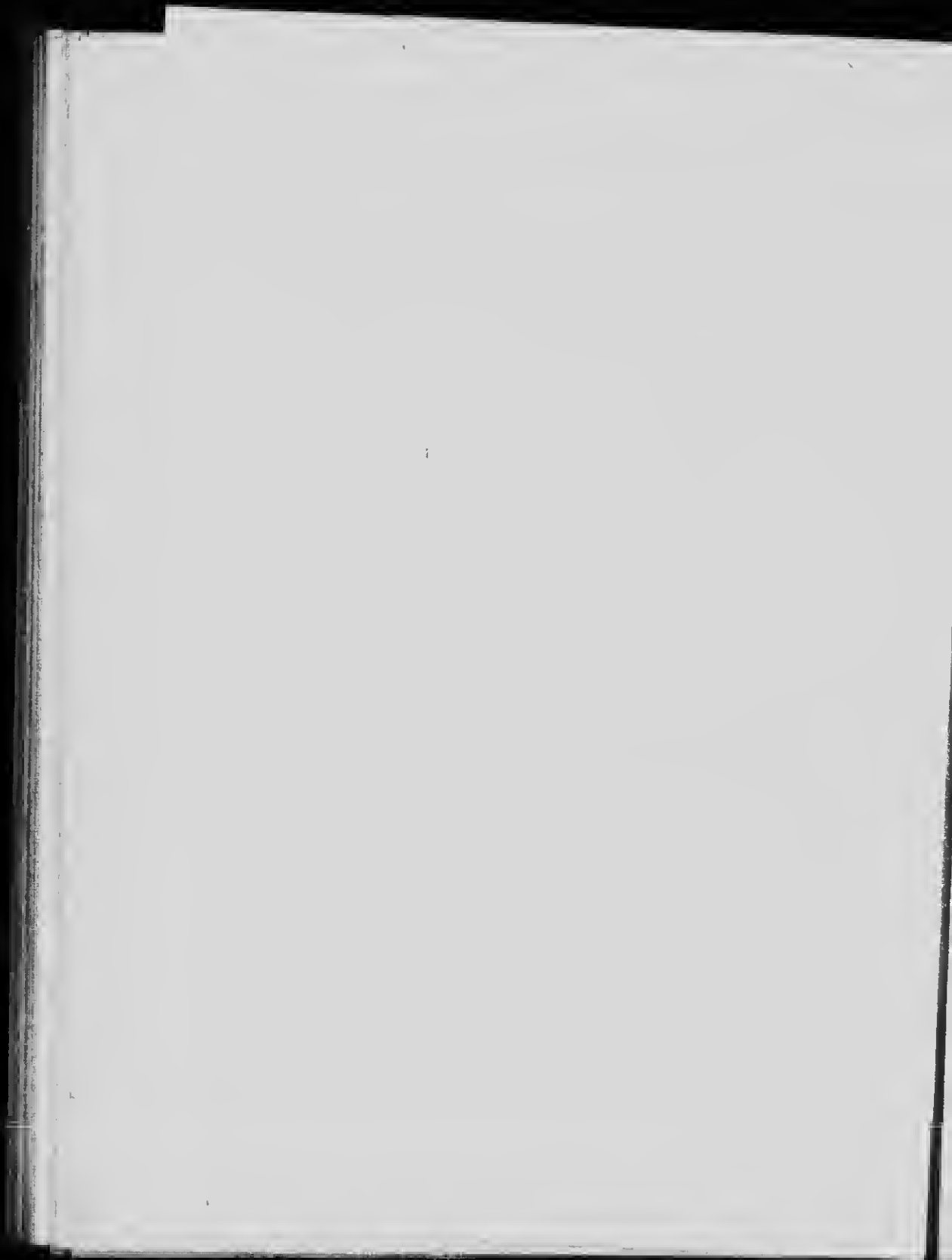
Some girls can scarcely get one beau,
But I'm sure she could get ten,
For a sweeter girl I've seldom seen,
Than Jennie o' the Glen.

With her you see no haughty airs,
None so modest that I ken;
And this she does not seem to know—
Quiet Jennie o' the Glen.

A kindly smile upon her face,
As I meet her now and then,
No gaudy dress, but always plain
Is Jennie o' the Glen.



A FLOOD SCENE ON THE GRAND RIVER.



No towering hat with ribbons gay
Needs she to draw the men;
She has attraction in herself,
Sweet Jennie o' the Glen.

May kind fortune always bless,
Good treasures to her sen',
None more worthy that I know,
Than Jennie o' the Glen.



The Girl With The Silver Hair.

OH, where is my Edith gone,
The girl with the silver hair?
No brighter star hath ever shone,
Or rose ne'er half so fair.

The Lily white and full of grace,
The Carnation so divine,
Would cast their laurels, yes, and place
Their beauty at her shrine.

Her life a stately palm,
Her smile beams as the sun,
A temper sweet and calm,
And always full of fun.

A sweeter girl ne'er graced the hall
Of the famous G.C.I.,
My favorite only, nay, masters all,
And ever girl and boy.

Oh, if she does come back again,
Her welcome will be rare,
We'll sing and dance a glad refrain
To the girl with the silver hair.

On the Robbie Burns Banquet.

EXCUSE me sisters, brithers, a'
A minute while a breath I draw,
For my wun is taen awa
Wi sich a meeting.

My thochs e'noo are o'er the sea,
Thae sangs and things hae made them flee,
Till I think a'm on the banks o' Dee,
And almost greetin'.

I'm proud this nicht tae be amang
Sae mony folks wi speech and sang,
I could stay here the hale nicht lang
Wi a' my heart.

But wa's me, hoo the minnets fly,
When brithers meet wi' spirits high,
Hoo fast the time is drawing nigh
When we must part.

Noo I'll sit doon and say nae mair,
But thank you for your dainty fare,
The haggis it was unco rare,
Sae seldom seen.

This nicht hae been a nicht tae me,
I'll no forget it till I dee ;
'Twas better far than onny spree
That e'er has been.



The Snallpox Scare.

OH, Galt, my heart is aching,
My spirits sad and lone,
I wist not why you're shaking—
Your life seems almost gone.

'Tis but a little while,
When all was gay and bright;
But now how few do smile—
'Tis like the dead of night.

No jolly gatherings in the hall,
The dance and song have gone,
Home circles now in place of balls,
The merry bells they moan.

The children romp not round the school,
And there they do not play;
In other years it was the rule
To bob-sleigh night and day.

The winter it is dreary now,
The frost is sharp and keen,
The coal bins are very low,
The like was never seen.

The smallpox pest is roaming,
That loathsome, dread disease,
Makes life a daily moaning,
And our life's blood almost freeze.

Though dark the cloud and mirk the air,
We should not be repining,
The sky will clear, do not despair,
The sun will soon be shining.



On Moyer.

WHO'S the hero of the day?
'Tis the boy that's always gay,
Like a cricket chirps away,
'Tis Moyer.

Who is he that runs the show?
When he commands we all must bow;
An orator like Cicero,
 'Tis Moyer.

Who is he that seldom frowns,
Would make you laugh like any clown,
Some day will be of great renown?
 'Tis Moyer.

Who is he with ready pen
Can draw a cut of mice and men?
His gift is great beyond my ken,
 'Tis Moyer.

Who is he that loves to play
With girls at tennis every day,
Until the snow them chase away?
 'Tis Moyer.

Who is he that we all love,
As gentle as a turtle dove,
And called an angel from above?
 'Tis Moyer.



Under the Hawthorn Tree.

O HOW I long for night to come,
When to roaming I am free;
My heart is light when with my chum,
Sit under the hawthorn tree.

Other girls parade the streets,
Not so with Jean and me;
Our fellows know the loved retreat,
Just under the hawthorn tree.

There under its branches spreading wide,
And away from public gaze, you see,
Love's sweeter far in the dark, beside,
When under the hawthorn tree.

All worldly care we such deride,
For a jolly lot are we,
When our fellows they sit close beside
Us, under the hawthorn tree.

What care we for the world's show,
We are happy as youth could be ;
There cupid's vows we pledged, you know,
Right under the hawthorn tree.

My visit to Galt I'll ne'er forget,
And parting with Jim, you see,
Near broke my heart, 'tis aching,
When I think of the hawthorn tree.



A Green Garter Snake.

A True Story.

ON an October afternoon,
As the sun shone bright and clear,
A message called me into town,
I chose the path 'twas near.

That path I've often trod before,
As winds around the dam ;
The water fall, you hear its roar,
And the placid water scan.

My thoughts were roaming o'er the scene,
When a wild shriek rent the air ;
A snake ! a snake ! was the scream
Of a lady, young and fair.

Two older dames in gay attire,
That strode the path so near,
Wheeled round as if they saw a fire,
And screamed with frantic fear.

I ran as if 'tween life and death,
To crush the viper's head;
But being almost out of breath,
I looked, but nothing said.

Where is the brute? I cried at last,
No beast at all is here;
You're at it, man! why kill it fast,
Or it will bite, I fear.

Imagination filled my brain,
A black snake might it be;
A great green thing, she said again,
Why there 'tis, don't you see?

"Is that the great green thing?" I said,
As I tossed it with my toe;
For snakes like that I'm not afraid,
As to bite they never do.

The foremost lady then spoke out,
"'Tis my garter, mercy me!"
With laughter loud, she turned about,
And away with the snake went she.

♦

Dedicated to Charlie Whitney.

THE winter's storms are here again,
The frosty winds do blow,
So boys get up your muscle
For the shovelling of the snow.

Get the rink put into shape
Go at it with a will,
Get water on incessantly,
And never mind the bill.

The ice is the important thing
If hockey you're to play,
And it's the game of all the games
That suits the winter day.

The ice is good, but for the snow
That hides its face so keen,
So go secure a hockey stick,
And get your skates in trim.

Some won't forget the roaring game
'Twas played two years ago,
When it blew a perfect gale,
And the mercury dipped so low.

There was Wallace, Bruce and
Dietrich,
And the mighty Alexander,
The MacNall's and McGivern,
McTague, Lees and Sauder.

Scott, Sheldon and Jack Jarvis,
With Bryden and Howard Tye,
Puddicomb and Cyrus Shantz,
All made the puck to fly.

And our brave little Whitney
Stood as white as any ghost,
Defending goal heroically,
Tho' he was froze the most.

For all had been frozen badly
And were forced to quit the fray,
But like a true born Britisher
He was the last to come away.

And, with his usual sunny smile,
Said he did not care a rap
For all the freezing that had been,
Save the freezing of the tap.

On the Death of Victoria.

OUR Queen, our ain wee Queen,
Is deid and gane;
But Britons all the world o'er
Will ne'er forget her name.

Such majesty was never seen
In all the world before,
And such a heart, sae fu' o' love—
A crowned head never bore.

Her power went far beyont her realm,
Her influence nane could stay,
And like the glorious sun,
Made darkness into day.

She was a queen indeed;
In matters high and low,
No duke or lord, however great,
Like wisdom e'er could show.

A heart like Christ's sae big;
Her sympathies, an ocean wide
Her interests, the world o'er
Encircled like the tide.

Her end so full of peace,
Like a sunset in the sky,
To arise again in splendor
In the glorious realm on high.



The Love Craze.

THIS is an awful age,
Why love is all the rage,
In every paper there's a page,
And more ;
In magazine and book,
In every print you look,
Is love galore.

On the corners of the street,
There lovers you will meet ;
Even at the church you greet
On the stair ;
Yes, in the school they be,
And what rivalry you see,
I declare.

You'll forgive me if I tell
Of some who have the spell,
Near drowned in Cupid's well,
So to say ;
I can see it in their eye
Every time I pass them by,
On my way.

There Quentin he is struck
By Midland's charming duck ;
There seldom is such luck
Him befall ;

When the door is opened wide,
And the master he does slide
To the hall.

Then the glances come and go,
And what lovely smiles, you know,
'Tween the damsel and her beau,
So I hear ;
But Quentin had beware,
There's a rival down the stair,
So I fear.

For Jammie's getting gay,
The fellows all do say,
As at recess every day
He's up the stair,
Just looking for one curl
Of Midland's bouncing girl,
For to wear.

And Arthur, sober youth,
I never once, to tell the truth,
Did think that he would love, for-
sooth,
But I'm deceived ;
'Tis Lizzie, I am told,
That has him in her fold,
And I believed.

And Clarence, lusty boy,
Love, too, does him annoy,
For Alice him decoy
On river's brink ;
Now reader, let us see,
It ever was, and aye shall be,
Just stop and think.

The G. C. I.

Written for "The Record" by Mac.

STRANGE, strange place, the G. C. I.,
Where boys and girls do often try
To learn so much they'll soon forget,
But such their brains does benefit.
'Tis only those, thus do you see;
Whose thinking powers can subject be
To stretching, as the moments fly,
Who should attend the G. C. I.



The Christmas Time.

Written for "The Record" by Mac.

TO-DAY, dear reader, I make my bow,
But to address thee, I know not how.
I am anxious to cheer, desirous to bless,
As the season approacheth the custom it is.
May suffering and sorrow ne'er loom in
your way,
But the sunshine of Heaven rest on you
each day;
Whether visiting friends or entertaining a
few,
Be courteous and kind, and always be true,
Cast sorrow behind thee, keep such in the
dark.
'Tis a season of joy, soar up like the lark,
Then the holiday season will bring its good
cheer,
In Xmas joy and a Happy New Year.

Remarks on the G. C. I. Girls.

OF all the girls we have at school,
And they are jolly as a rule,
With fun and frolic they are full,
With them you never weary.

There's Alma Stalschmidt takes the cake,
If you're asleep you'll soon awake
When she is near, and you she'd shake,
She's almost like to tear you.

And Edna Fraser, trig and trim,
A romping girl and full of vim,
She'll have a fellow fat or thin,
I know she won't be waiting.

Of Alice Elliott, let me say,
A perfect model of mortal clay ;
Were all the girls built that way,
No drill would they be needing.

For Lizzie Douglas, big and strong,
A perfect woman the girls among,
She'll be a wife, and that e'er long—
Maybe she won't be heeding.

Now when I come to think a bit,
It will take more than common wit
To do the justice that is fit
The next, she is a rare one.

Rosy faced and smiling sweet,
Whether at school or on the street,
Jessie Chapman is complete—
Of lads she'll have a spare one.

Brave Eva Mullett, I declare,
Has weathered through the smallpox scare,
It never touched her, not a hair
 On all her head.

Now here is one, I am loath to say,
I have failed to teach the better way,
For her, poor girl, that's Jessie Wray,
 My spirits bleed.

Our comic artists, they are swell,
But I've sworn to Marion MacDonnell
And Mary Oliver, not to tell,
 Or give their names.

I'll keep my word, I always do,
So I'll not break it now for you,
If I should do it, why, 'tis true,
 'Twould spoil the game.

I heard the cooing of the dove
Among the trees high up above,
So gentle, sweet, so full of love,
 I love it, oh, so dearly.

Take Bertha Wilson that's so meek,
Grace Dickson, too, who has no cheek,
Like turtle doves when they do speak—
 The likeness you'll see clearly.

There's Jennie Allan, fat and fair,
Minota Todd and she's a pair,
The fellows had o' them beware—
 They'll boss them, o severely.

To Sam.

OH! Hespeler, I think of thee,
And of thy flowing stream;
When sleep her mantle's o'er me,
I often of thee dream.

There something always charms me,
And makes my thoughts to roam,
Like fairy dreams of childhood.
When wandering from my home.

'Tis a girlish form that haunts me,
From my mind she will not part,
Her smile is so bewitching,
She's bound right to my heart.

Her sparkling eyes of beauty
Oft make me thrill within,
Her cheeks they blush like roses
Above her dimpled chin.

Her brow is large and noble
And coal-black is her hair;
Of all the girls in Hespeler
There is none half so fair.

In my arms I fain would clasp her,
Why, yes! I think I'm able,
Tho' I tremble while I think of it,
My dear and darling Mabel.



With Respects to Roy.

'T WAS on an April morn
That I wandered all forlorn,
When a happy sound was born
Upon my ear ;

'Twas my darling's cheery voice
That made my heart rejoice,
For she's my only choice,
The little dear.

She is a trifle small
In stature, I would call,
But in sparking she is tall,
Don't you fear.

She'll get there all the same,
If she don't she's not to blame,
For in love she's all aflame,
The little dear.

She is aye so very spry,
With a twinkle in her eye,
And she is never shy,
I'd let you know ;
For her match is not in town,
On her face there's ne'er a frown,
Now's she's caught on Master Brown
For a beau.

But it's only for to tease,
And to cause a little breeze,
From him she'll soon release,
You will see.

She says he's but a boy,
Why just a little toy,
And her heart is all on Roy,
That is me.

Now I'll treat her to ice cream,
In the parlor all unseen,
There I'll play the mandolin
To my dear.

This may cause her to forget
That I smoke the cigarette,
For on it she aye does fret,
And I fear

That her papa he may know,
If he does there'll be a row,
Then I'd have to let it go,
Or give o'er

The girl I love so dear ;
Such a thought I cannot bear,
So off smoking I will swear,
Never more.

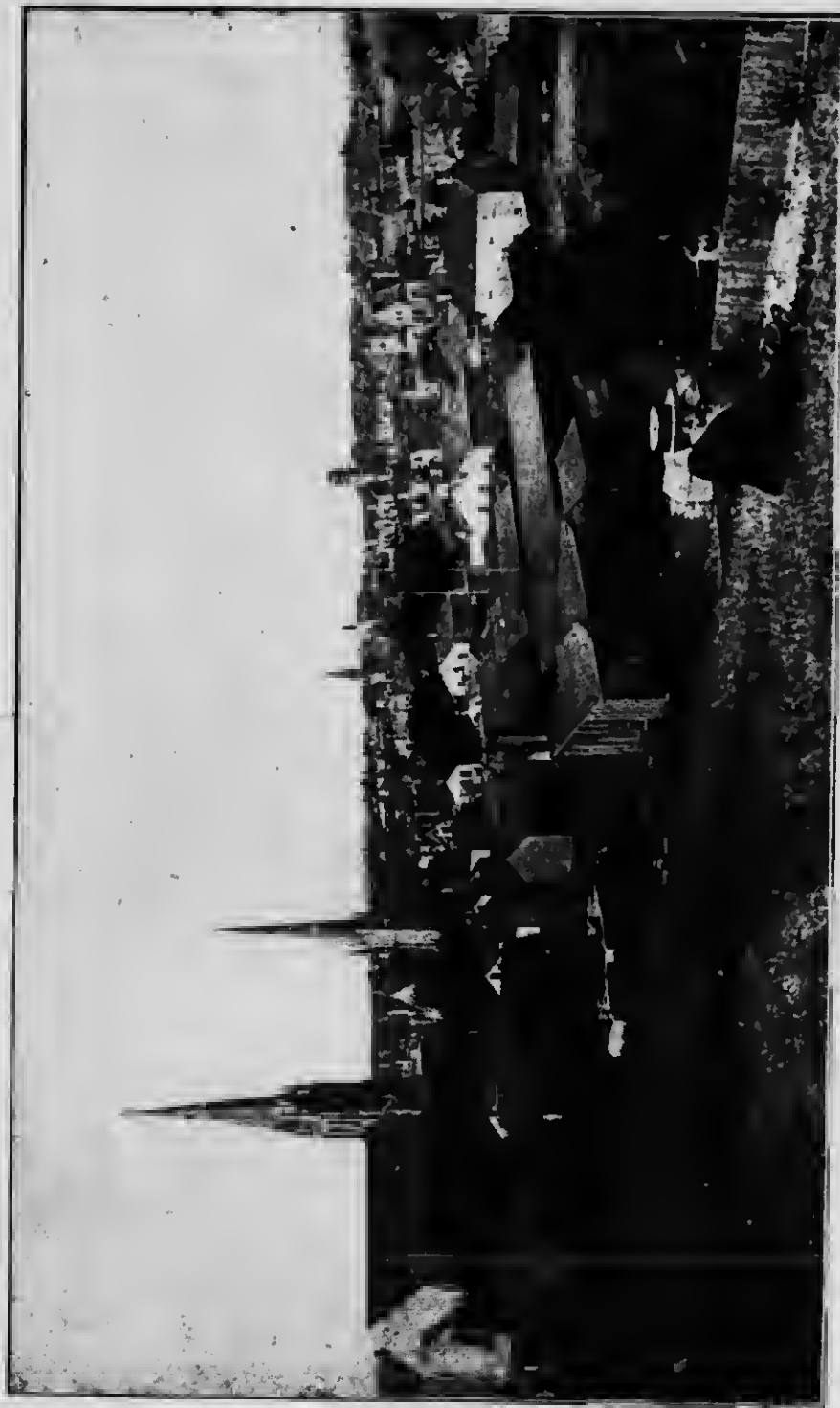


The Disappointed Girls.

ON an October morning
Just at the break of day,
Three girls both sweet and handsome
To Toronto hied away.

Each heart was light and cheery,
On fun they each were bent,
And to see our Royal Prince,
For this of course they went.

They were dressed in gay attire
Like ladies of the court,
Each wanted just a fellow
To join them in their sport.



VIEW OF GALT FROM DICKSON HILL

Arriving at the depot
Before the train was due,
And two hours waited patiently
Before the train came through.

With a sigh they stepped on board,
In the car they took their seats,
But sad—on their arrival
No fellows did them greet.

They saw the Duke and Duchess
And all the grand parade,
They heard the mighty cheering,
Yet never a word they said.

Tall and handsome Edith
Had seldom much to say,
But, oh, the disappointment
Took her very breath away.

And that little winsome girl
Whose name is Bella Brown,
Sad and mournful was her face
That seldom wears a frown.

Also that wise and thoughtful girl,
That they call Annabel,
Was fairly overwhelmed in grief,
Her thoughts she dare not tell.

Youthful spirits often go
Where wise heads dare not tread,
And trust were knowledge faileth,
Letting fortune take the lead.

And sorrow often is the price
That such have got to pay.
'Twas lucky for the trio
That they got safe away.

Lines on the B. B. War.

FROM Afric's sunny plain
An insulting message came,
That did the breast inflame
Of old Britannia.

From a deceitful Boer,
Known in days of yore,
And helped when he was poor
By old Britannia.

"Get out of this," he cried;
Thus Britain he defied,
On his burghers he relied
To oust Britannia.

Let old Kruger have his way,
The rebel Boers did say,
And we'll thrash her right away,
That's old Britannia.

They're just a trifle bold,
As they have been of old,
But they'll get nicely fooled
By old Britannia.

As Britain does not fight
Merely out of spite,
But battles for the right,
Does old Britannia.

She has a message to fulfill,
Tho' man's precious blood she spill,
Such is against her will;
Dear old Britannia.

To set the people free,
Tho' far across the sea,
And banish tyranny
Does old Britannia.

Her sons are far and wide,
But whatever her betide,
Ever ready they abide
To help Britannia.

Now, since the war began,
How readily they take their stand
To fight as only Britons can
For old Britannia.

And for country, or for Queen,
Such loyalty was never seen ;
Our Canadians, too, are in the ring
For old Britannia.

With maple leaf emblazoned high,
"Pretoria" the battle cry,
They are sure to do or die
For old Britannia.



A Reply to a Local Editor's Remarks
on the Grand River's Spring
Fresnet.

But he consigned it to the waste basket,
and the apology as well.

YOU say I'm a raging torrent,
And now in angry mood,
In spring, as I rush so wild,
I confess I am somewhat rude.

I've been kept so long in check
With Jack Frost and his icy bands,
No wonder I roar and rage
And venture even on lands.

I would not be so ugly,
To be pleasant is my rule,
But these nasty little drops
Have filled me rather full.

You know when you are full
You're more of beast than man,
So learn of me a lesson,
And keep patient when you can.

Keep patient for a little
And I'll be calm and bright,
When youthful ones will hug me
With joy and great delight.

The fourth verse as amended :

Oh, that man would learn
A lesson from my state,
And never take the little drop,
Before it is too late.

The Apology.

DEAR editor, I feel so bad,
That I must apologize
For the ugly lines I gave you ;
You're offended, I surmise.

When my rhyme did not appear
Within your printed page,
I thought the matter over,
And then got in a rage.

It was but a slip of the pen,
I meant no one, indeed,
Like others, I'm in error,
In future I'll take heed.

I here enclose another,
I hope 'twill suit this time ;
It is not personified,
No, not a single line.

So I hope you'll me forgive,
If my surmise should be
Correct, there let it end—
Yours humbly, D. McG.



Wally Gray.

WOULD you like to know the reason ?
Well I'll tell it right away,
Why some girls rush out so quickly
At four o'clock each day.

There's a cutter in the subway,
It's accident'ly on the way,
And in it there's a gentleman,
His name is Wally Gray.

His kindness is surpassing,
And he's so blythe and gay ;
It's well that he's a bachelor—
We all know Wally Gray.

He's just a trifle gone
On the ladies, so they say ;
Perhaps it's curls that tickle him
And stops him on his way.

The street-car conductors
Stare at him by the way,
As he picks up the beauties—
They don't like Wally Gray.

Some say he's rather spoony,
And has too many, by the way,
But I guess he's only fooling,
This wily Wally Gray.



Reflections for the New Year.

TIME moves on incessantly ;
The end, when can it be ?
Finite man to that is blind ;
'Tis God's alone to see.

Another year comes into view
Like a wave, makes for the shore ;
'Wisdom cries, Awake, oh, man,
Your days will soon be o'er.

In the past what have you done
To bless the world with light ?
Have you eased a brother's burden,
Or set a wanderer right ?

Have you calmed a throbbing breast,
Or dried a widow's tear ?
Or caused some one your name to bless,
In dispelling doubt or fear ?

Let the new year just approaching
Be filled with deeds of love,
And your life will be worth living,
And approved by God above.

A Pupil's Easter Greeting.

FAREWELL, dear teacher, girls and
boys,

I bid you all adieu;
The holidays are come at last,
How glad I am; aren't you?

May the sun shine bright above you
In all your journeys through.
And nothing mar your happiness—
That's what I like; don't you?

The winter's snow is almost gone,
And sleighing, it is, too;
The happy sleighride that we had
I can't forget; can you?

What fun to have this Eastertide,
I don't know what to do;
Let's all refrain from what is wrong,
I'm sure I will; won't you?

Now, I hope you'll be jolly,
And do nought you'll ever rue,
So I'll say no more at present,
But bid you all adieu.



Birthday Congratulations.

CONGRATULATIONS, Beatrice dear,
We extend on this event,
May your path be strewn with roses,
And God's choicest blessings sent.

May you ever look above you
To Him who guides aright,
For life is full of danger
In day as well as night.

May each returning birthday,
And we hope they'll not be few,
Be just as bright as this one,
Is our earnest wish for you.



Written for The G. C. I. Record.

HOW I long to be on the ice,
Just as soon as the lessons are done,
A chasing the puck with my hockey,
I tell you, it's rollicking fun.

No doubt it is health to the body,
Though whiles it flattens one's nose
When one gets a slap with the hockey,
But then, that's just as it goes.

And the skating, how perfectly lovely,
With a sweet little girl on your arm,
Skimming swiftly along on the ice
With nothing to hurt or to harm.

What vigor it puts in one's spirit,
Gives appetite where there is none,
At night you can sleep like a top,
The time when no skating is done.

The Lunch Stealers.

Written on two boys (ex-pupils) who stole some reserved lunch while the owners were playing hockey.

TWO hungry hawks a visit paid
One night at close of school,
Some pupils' lunch fared bad, they said,
But the hawks went out quite full.

The next time they a visit pay,
They had better watch for Mac.,
For he's alert both night and day
In case they should come back.



Sugar Beet.

WHAT'S that you hear where'er you
walk?

Why it is the sugar beet.
'Tis the farmers' daily talk,
At home and on the street.

Merchants, too, they have the craze,
And bankers, they'll have the beet.
This popular crop we all must raise,
Tho' we neglect the wheat.

The crop will pay, and no mistake,
And then, you know, 'tis sweet;
No golden brick or such-like fake,
But a sure thing sugar beet.

Promoters from our very home;
Our faith's in them complete,
No scamps, who o'er the country roam.
Say! Grow this sugar beet.

So let us all who till the soil,
Lay out our plans for beet;
For good returns are there for toil.
Yes! Just set us on our feet.



Georgia Bull.

MY school days are getting few,
And time is running fast—
Yet study, why, I cannot,
My "exam" I'll never pass.

My mind, it will not settle;
While once it seemed the rule
That I could study keen at night—
But now it's Georgia Bull.

She's fair upset my thinking powers,
With her my brain is full;
Her charms have got me all unstrung,
My darling Georgia Bull.

Some fellows to the opera go
To be hypnotized by Pull,
But I went there to treat my girl,
My own sweet Georgia Bull.

They may taunt and tease me as they
like
Each day I go to school,
But what care I for all their jests?
I'll bear it for Georgia Bull.

Some girls flirt with any man,
And make themselves a fool;
But she's true to me, her only beau—
My faithful Georgia Bull.

The Model Young Man.

HE has a temper sweet,
His smile is sure to greet
When you meet him on the street,
He will cheer.

It did not cost him ought,
But what happiness it wrought,
Though, perhaps, you never thought
That 'twas him

That dispelled the heavy sigh
Which fortune had brought nigh ;
But the cloud is lifted high,
All by him.

Of this world he don't complain,
Seeks more than earthly gain,
While his life it has no stain,
That you see.

Whate'er he seeks to do,
He is honest, faithful, true,
Be it for himself or you,
He's the same.

See how he loves his mother,
No work for her's a bother,
Her griefs he tries to smother
Best he can.

He's aye around at night
Doing chores with all his might,
For such is his delight,
Don't you see.

For the aged he has respect,
And the youth he don't neglect,
Their little faults to check,
But how kind.

His heart is full of love,
Born from heaven above ;
That's in his every move,
All the time.

A Dream of Spring.

WHEN dreary winter's storms are past,
And nature wakes from sleep,
Then gentle spring with balmy
showers

Makes buds and flowers peep.

'Tis then you see the violet blue,
And the Mayflower's tiny bloom,
And the delicate hepatica,
The first in spring to come.

And in the garden at the door
The snowdrop hangs its head,
With modesty it hangs its face,
Yet in purity doth lead.

The crocuses in colors mixed,
And daffodils in gold ;
Among the trees the little birds
A charming concert hold.

As I think of these sweet nature's gifts,
A form comes on the scene,
'Tis May's sweet face and sparkling eyes,
Which crowns my pleasant dreams.

Galt is Still Alive.

SOME folk say that Galt is dead,
And some would like it so,
But Galt's alive, and yet will lead,
As time will surely show.

The coal is dear and also scarce,
But she will weather through,
The smallpox scare was even worse,
Made business look so blue.

The Board of Health got on its track,
And grabbed it by the nose,
The M. H. O. gives it a whack,
As on his round he goes.

With Chief Clark at his command,
And money in the till,
He ne'er shall need a magic wand,
The dire disease to kill.

'Twas but a cloud that hid from view
Galt's sky that was so bright,
But now the sun is shining through,
And casts its radiant light.



A Citizen's Appeal.

AWAKE! ye listless ratepayers,
Your interests are at stake,
Come, don your thinking cap,
Again, I say, awake! awake

This by-law must be carried,
And your vote is what will do it,
Do it now, you have the chance ;
If you don't, you're sure to rue it.

It's an honor you should prize
To give what help you can,
Supporting schemes which benefit—
Vote one and every man.

'Tis a step up the ladder of progress,
An addition to the volume of trade,
Increases our population,
By which a city is made.

'Tis a wise and sound transaction
Our business men have planned,
Reward their noble efforts ;
For the by-law take your stand.



Callishangie.

GUID morning, Tam, I hope ye'r weel !"
"I'm no that ill, ma sonsy cheil."
"But whar ye gang, ye'r drest sae
braw ?"

"Tae Galt, ma man, no far awa.
They women they're an awfa bother,
They want whiles ae thing then another,
But A'm determint for to try
Tae save expense and time, forby."

"Man, Rab, just dae like me,
I get the kindly girls, ye see,
That gang each day tae the G. C. I.
They'll bring me liver, pork, or pie.
They never yet refused a thing,
Buttons, thread, or even string:
And then a message ye can send,
Or parcels to, tae ony friend;
I've known them tramp o'er a' the toon,
I tell you what, they are a boon.

And then they never seek a cent,
But with a smile, away they went."
"Noo, Tam, that's a thing I wa na dae,
Tae take advantage o' guid nature sae,
I'd rather pay ma fare twice o'er;
Such meanness I for one abhor;
But I must gang my weary way,
Sae now, I bid ye, Tam, 'Guid day.'"

Mac's Compliments.

For the Xmas.

MAC'S compliments to one and all
With this card is given,
May liberal friends upon you call,
Morning, noon and even.

May the horn of plenty you implore,
To search out those in need,
Give heartily out of your store,
And you'll have joy, indeed.

The Christian's Prospect.

TO-DAY I heard the robins
Chirp among the trees,
The harbingers of springtime,
And soon will come the bees.

The snowdrop and crocuses
Will be peeping from the ground,
And we'll forget the winter
When snow and ice abound.

'Tis well for us, poor mortals,
That there's such a varied scene,
That clouds and darkness endeth,
With sunshine so serene.

Such is the Christian's hope,
What e'er this life may be,
It will all be glorious sunshine
In the vast eternity.



A Recitation Given at the Sons of Scotland, Galt.

A Reply to Dr. Cummings' Lecture on
The Coming Man.

EXCUSE me, freens, if I this nicht
Treat my subjeck somewhat licht,
For your auld noddle I may fricht,
And mak' a din;
The man will come and heil be richt
Frae your ain kin.

A noted writer that's noo awa
Said, if your horn you dinna blaw,
It never will be blawn awa,
Don't you see?
Sae toot it loud baith ane an' a'
Where'er you be.

The world is moving fast, ye ken,
And needin' sair the best o' men
To guide it to a glorious en',
Let me just say
That Scotchmen's heid and Scotch-
men's pen
Will surely dae.

A worthy cheil frae Yankee lan'
Sometime ago did try his han'
Tae tell us o' the coming man,
And what he'll be ;
A mongrel breed frae every lan',
Without a lee.

Sick nonsense, freens, but him excuse,
He was nae muckle, sae don't abuse,
If he'd been Scotch then I wad lose
My tongue on him ;
Gin words wad dae't, I wad him bruise,
Yes, every lim'.

We're rising fast to place and power,
No man can mak' a Scotchman cower,
His nature's climb till ance he's our
The highest heicht ;
Till highest honors on him shower,
He'll no be richt.

A Letter.

DEAR Brother, I'm sure you'll think it
strange
That I'm so slow to write,
But when you read my letter through,
No questions you'll invite.
I'm having a jolly time, dear boy,
Since I came here to stay ;
Westover's such a little place,
I'm glad I got away.
I'm boarding with a lady
And she's so very free,

I can come and go whene'er I like,
And I oft go out to tea.
Now, don't you laugh when this I tell,
That I'm the belle of the town ;
Of course, I just overheard it,
So you need not swallow it down :
Yet, I think there's some truth in the story,
For the fellows all flock after me
Till, say, I am fairly bewildered
To keep them all going, you see.
There is one, and he is a swell,
And a good looking fellow is he.
We board in the same house together
And he is fairly crazed about me.
And up at the school, I declare,
The fellows are perfectly wild
To get only a glimpse of my face ;
Now mind, I am drawing it mild.
There is one, his name I won't tell,
Who often does peep on the sly,
He takes me to parties at night—
He's slow, but still he is sly ;
For when the dances begin
He quietly gives me a bow,
And we spend the rest of the evening—
But not in dancing, you know.
The conservatory, it is so quiet,
Together we slip in unseen ;
I'm a lover of flowers, you know,
And, well ! he said I was queen.
And there's he that's ever so kind,
Who picked me up off the street
When I slipped on the sidewalk and fell,
And set me right on my feet.

And still, there are others, I know,
Whose affections I easy could get,
So I just let them off with a smile.
It is hard! for I know they will fret.
Now, brother, I hope you'll believe me,
That I'm having some rollicking fun,
I will keep these all on a string
Until the school session is done.
Then I'll return to the village, Westover,
And the lad I never forgot ;
Galt fellows are a little bit green,
But some day they will find I'm not.
Good-bye for the present, dear brother,
I hear like a noise at the door;
It may be a bird with a weapon,
Such like I've seen there before.



Composed for the Horticultural Oyster Supper.

NOW, I would like to make a speech,
But what am I to say?
For those that have preceded me
Near took my breath away.

And I'm so full of oysters,
They have choked my speaking pow-
ers,
And then, I'm always sleepy
When near the midnight hour.

But do not be cast down,
Though such has been your fate ;
We cannot all be Scotchmen,
I'm sorry to relate.

Yet, we should be jolly
As long as we are here,
For the Horticultural Banquet
Comes but once a year.

Now, come along, my boys,
That's in the floral line ;
Suppose John Wells do sing a song
About the flower divine.

And Alex. Common, there, I see,
He's good for an oration
On sowing seeds and raising plants,
And general propagation.

Frank and Oliver, I declare,
There's nought can come between
Them and their dandy cyclamens,
Their like is seldom seen.

And there's George Brown, I do not
know
What we will get from him ;
'Twixt flowers and fruits, the cow, the
horse,
He's full up to the brim.

There are others, too, we cannot miss,
To cackle they'll be sure ;
That's Porteous and Lovel, there,
When they get on the floor.

Now, should you information want,
Anent this 'ere society,
Just call on William Colvin,
He'll give it right away.

Say, Ferrah, tho' you ain't Howell,
Surely you can holler;
That he who would a member be,
Should just give Baird a dollar.

Herriot, he will Ball in time (Ballan-
tyne)
If figures they are wrong ;
But, maybe, I had better stop
Till Welland sings a song.



To Sarah.

I'VE read of faithful Abram,
The patriarch of old,
But where he got his schooling
I've never yet been told.

I've read of Sarah, too,
His loving, faithful wife,
I know not if she got schooling
In the early part of life.

But I often think of her
And the kindness of her heart,
When she baked the scones for
strangers
E'er they from her did part.

Imagination draws the veil,
Her face appears in view ;
I draw a likeness of her face—
I see it clear in you.

The calm, soft smile you have,
The thoughtful eye ;
Demeanor quiet, yet free,
And never none too shy.

May you live as long as Sarah,
And win God's favor, too,
And find a faithful helpmate,
Is Mac.'s worst wish for you.



Maggie.

I THINK of thee, sweet maiden,
Thy name, it sounds so sweet ;
Reminds me of my boyhood days,
Of the girl I loved to meet.

I think of thee, and ne'er forget
Thy cheery, pleasant face ;
I do not know what others see,
But a frown I ne'er can trace.

No haughty pride, which often spoils
Dame nature's choicest gift ;
Tho' handsome, yet void of conceit,
Nor of good sense bereft.

Were I a gifted mortal
I'd sing thy praise in verse ;
But language fails me here—
Thy charms I can't rehearse.

I wish thee well, and may God send
Rich blessings from above ;
None more worthy of the same
Than my friend, Maggie Grove.

But such you do outshine,
Aught in nature's line—
You're a jewel from the mine,
Bessie Rife.

The girls and boys you praise,
Bessie Rife;
No complaints the teachers raise,
Bessie Rife;
A general favorite, see!
And I hope you'll ever be,
As you've always been to me,
Bessie Rife.



My Mother's Thoughts.

NEAR twenty years have now gone by
Since first I saw thy bonnie face;
Oh, lassie! how the moments fly,
You're now a woman, full of grace.

How often I thy form did hug,
And kissed thy lips so red;
'Twas your delight my hair to rug
As I tucked thee up in bed.

You were a purry little one,
A fiery tempered lass,
But, still, I thought that there were none
Like my own dear little Cass.

My only daughter, how could I
But bear thy childish prattle?
More dear to me, none neath the sky—
But now there is no battle.

For youth gave place to womanhood,
And childish tricks to sense ;
My future hopes for you are good,
Your actions this enhance.

Ervin.

HOW lovely is the winter,
When the snowflakes do appear ;
But how cold and dreary it would be
If Ervin was not here.

How lovely is the winter,
Though to some it don't appear,
But to me it's quite enchanting
With Ervin ever near.

How lovely is the winter,
No storms or blasts I fear,
But to me it would be different
If Ervin was not here.

How lovely is the winter,
And the frost, howe'er severe,
The cold, it never troubles me
With Ervin ever near.

How lovely is the winter,
But its end is drawing near ;
Yet what of that, it's all the same
If Ervin, he is here.

For the season makes no difference,
I am happy all the year,
And why should I be otherwise
As long as Ervin's here ?

Not Up-to-Date.

Lines suggested on reading a paragraph
in the Galt Reformer.

IN the vestry sat six men of grace,
In serious mood and solemn face,
With a heavy burden on their hearts
To be removed ere they should part.
A shepherd's needed for the sheep,
To feed and care, to watch and keep,
Lest they should stray to pastures new ;
And by all means, to steal a few.

A man of God whose face did shine,
Full of love and grace divine,
Sat patiently and waits review
Of those worthies, good and true.

The elder of the six he rose,
With dignity his questions pose ;
Says he, Do you adhere
To dogmas old, howe'er severe ?
You promise to the sick attend,
And to the friendless prove a friend,
And from the Press no help to seek
To make you popular in a week ?
To what I've said, what do you say ?
Right, brother John ! That's my ideal way.
Well, your ideal is somewhat late,
We want a shepherd that's up-to-date.



My First Love.

WELL, say, if it's so funny,
When I come to think of it—
Or can it be I'm lunny?
Whate'er it be, I'm hit.

Yes, hit, but feel no pain,
That is the funny thing;
A strange sensation in my brain,
And my ears they often ring.

I feel a want within my breast,
And langour in my eye,
And when in bed I cannot rest,
I'm almost like to die.

I long for what I do not know,
My spirit's sad and lone;
I'm good for nothing here below;
I wish that I was gone.

There's none on earth I care to see
But Eddie, oh, so dear;
I wish that he could come to me,
His voice aye charms my ear.

I'm not like what I used to be,
With spirits high and bright;
Since the first time he smiled on me,
I'll ne'er forget that night.

With Eddie I would risk my life,
Whatever should betide;
I'd fight with him if war was rife,
Or sail the ocean wide.

Fourth Form Girls, 1902-03.

Written for "The Record."

"**I**N last week's notes of the G. C. I.
A plaintive wail caught my eye,
By lonely girls of Form Four—
Their lamentations I deplore.
Now I would like to sit with them,
Being one of the 'coming men.'
A model of perfection, well,
I cannot here my virtues tell;
But my presence it would grace the
form,
And save them from such public scorn."

The aforesaid young ladies were at once
communicated with, and indignantly re-
sented the proffers of the poetic admirer.
Their reply was decisive enough :

"The 'coming man' is all a bluff,
The Fourth Form Girls all say.
The woman is the better stuff,
She's the leader of the day."



The Champions of the City League.

SO the hockey season's ended
And our boys are feeling gay,
For they've won the Evans trophy
In the last and final fray.

The Y. M. C. A.'s not in it
With the lads of the G. C. I.,
Nor any of the City League
Could even with them tie.

Little Allen in the goal,
He'd ne'er a puck let through;
Val Gourlay was the noble point,
So watchful, aye, and true.

Smasher Janney for a cover,
He would be hard to beat;
The moment one would him engage
They soon were off their feet.

Pickard was the rover,
And he flew like any bat,
While MacKay was in the centre,
And as fly as any cat.

Pete Hay was there as usual,
Right always on the wing;
With him the opposing players,
They could not do a thing.

And brave little Gilliland
He kept wobbling like an eel,
And Ballantyne when wanted
Was always true as steel.

Our joy is quite unbounded
O'er the victory they have won;
In the G. C. I. we'll raise the cry
Well done! my boys, well done!

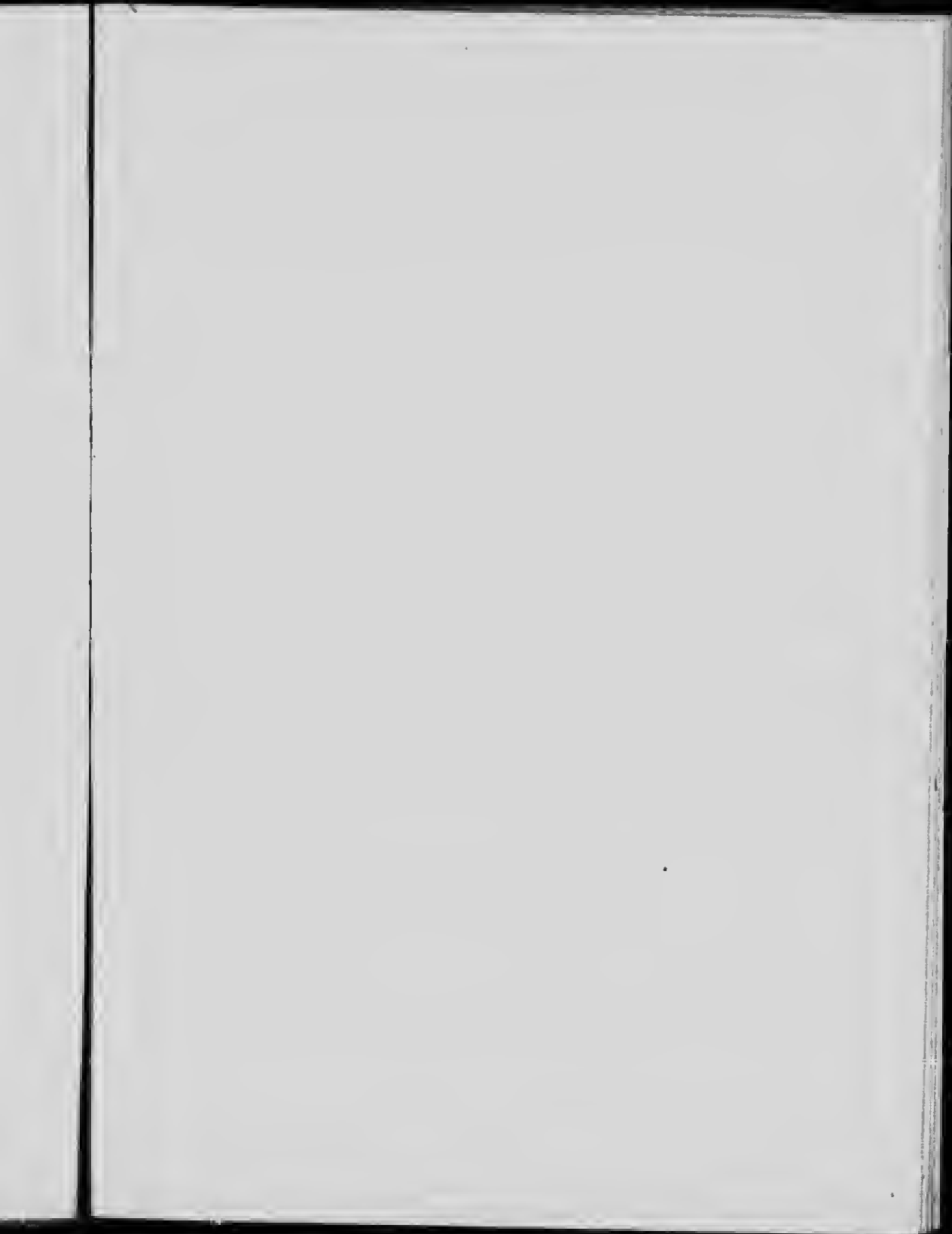


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