

In Memory of  
ALEXANDER McMILLAN



PARKDALE.

Ont.



THE LIBRARY  
of  
VICTORIA UNIVERSITY  
Toronto

By JB

Charles  
Macdonald  
Jr.



## RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

To the Members of Dunedin Camp,  
Sons of Scotland

—*By the Author.*

Come now and gather round his bier  
All that is mortal lieth here,  
The man himself's beyond our ken,  
He's gone the way of all good men.  
Here we can see the kindly face,  
The form we could in life embrace ;  
With feelings kind we can look back—  
A true leal-hearted man was "Mac."

No more we'll greet him in the Camp—  
His frame consign'd to regions damp—  
His manly voice no more we'll hear,  
He's transferr'd to a happier sphere,  
His memory we will kindly bear  
And in our hearts a place he'll share :  
With feelings kind we will look back—  
A true leal-hearted man was " Mac."



The songs of Burns and Waker Scott  
Were dear to him and ne'er forgot,  
The timid mouse, the daisy's form,  
O'ertaken by the adverse storm  
Found in his heart a resting place,  
When sorely driven in the chase ;  
With feelings kind we'll aye look back—  
A true leal-hearted man was " Mac."



He loved his country and his king,  
He loved the good in everything—

“ Who would not fight for such a land ?  
Then let him for a coward stand ”—  
And often from those pages bright  
He would whole passages recite :  
With feelings kind we’ll aye look back—  
A real Scottish heart had “ Mac.”



He dearly lov'd Eramosa's bard,  
His poems held in high regard,  
“ Paisley Abbey ” in ruins gray  
Or “ The wee Laddie's Summer Day,”  
Or if t'were love he would incite  
Remind you of “ Dear Mary White ; ”  
With feelings kind we’ll aye look back—  
A true leal-hearted man was “ Mac.”



Tho' earthly scenes he's left behind,  
Yet in the regions of the mind  
We'll always find a vacant space,  
No other one to fill the place,

Our Camp bereav'd, one member less,  
While those that's left his memory bless,  
With kindly feelings looking back,  
To think of true leal-hearted " Mac."



And when the wheel of time rolls round,  
On earth our place no more is found,  
Our journey clos'd, our sand-glass run,  
Our bookie fill'd, our earth-work done ;  
Then as we cross the mystic " burn "  
From whence such pilgrims ne'er return,  
We'll welcom'd be ne'er to come back  
By our leal-hearted Brother " Mac."

