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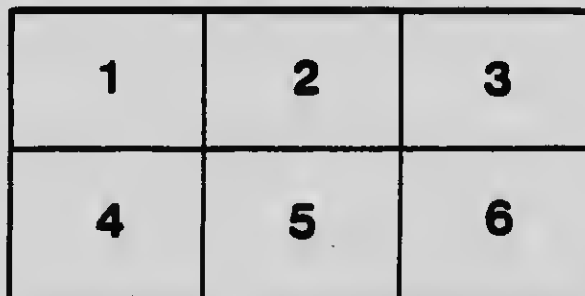
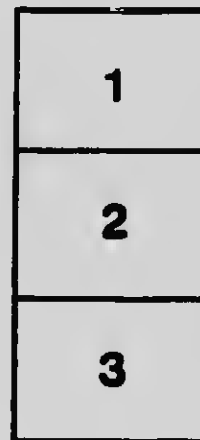
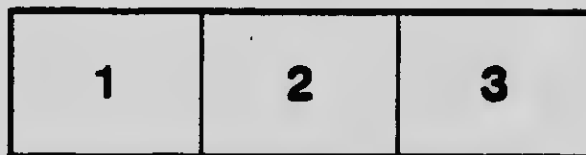
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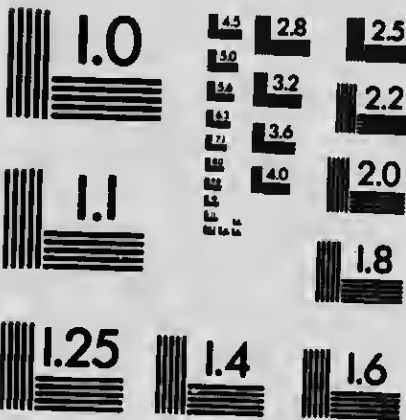
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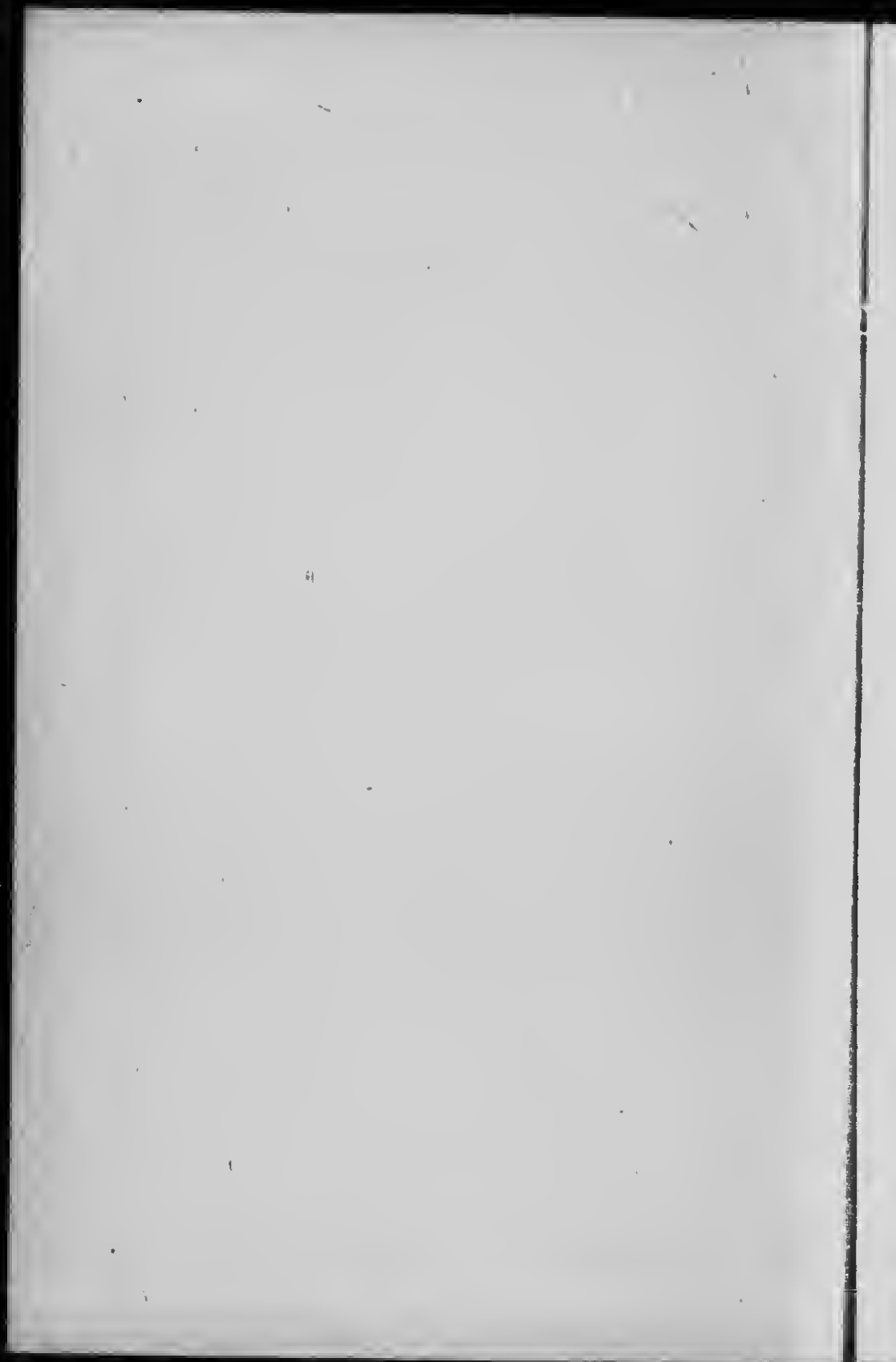
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# **Poems and Addresses**

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BY

**ROBERT NAIRN, B.A.**



Toronto  
**WILLIAM BRIGGS**  
1912



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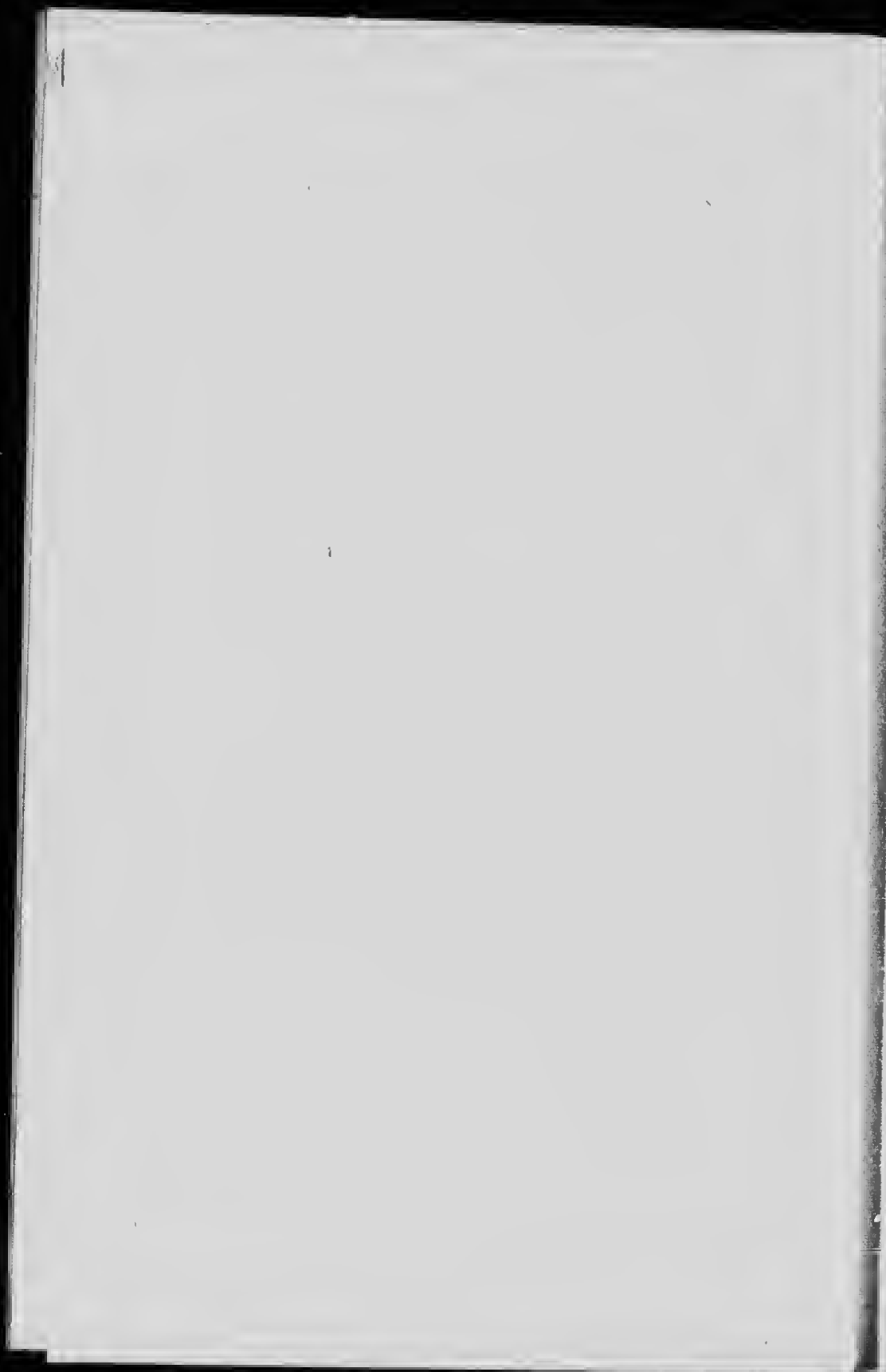
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**DEDICATED TO MY WIFE**



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## LAKE OF THE WOODS

THERE is not in the whole of this great Western land  
A scene so enchanting and sublimely grand  
As the Lake of the Woods, on which Nature smiles,  
And jewels her bosom with thousands of isles.

When the trees are arrayed in their mantle of green,  
And the sunlight of spring shines down o'er the scene,  
And the song of the bird is heard in the air,  
It's a sight and delight with which naught can compare.

I've roamed o'er lands many and sailed over seas;  
I've seen the South's glories and felt its warm breeze;  
But no place inspires me to sing forth its praise  
Like the Lake of the Woods, the theme of my lays.

When artistic old Nature, with brush in her hand,  
Went all round the world by ocean and land,  
To decorate landscapes and give them a grace,  
She halted right here as her favorite place.

## LAKE OF THE WOODS

She took blue from the sky and put in the lake,  
And silvery light from the moon she did take,  
And colored the waters with tints that are grand;  
The shores of the lake she sprinkled with sand.

She brilt up the islands, five thousand or more,  
And crowned their fair brows with splendor galore;  
Then withdrew from the scene, after doing her best,  
And left us a lake—the gem of the West.

Hurrah! for the Lake of the Woods, hurrah!  
It's the bonniest spot in all Canada;  
With its myriad islands and fairy-like nooks  
It's nature's perfection in grandeur and looks.

In summer, when visitors swarm round her shore,  
And young man and maiden each other adore,  
Then Cupid is busy and works over-time;  
But his work is successful, the best in his line.

**LINES SPOKEN AT BANQUET,  
ST. ANDREW'S NIGHT**

We all love merrie England,  
Inviolatè by the sea,  
The home of brilliantt statesmen,  
And the land of liberty.

And we'll ne'er forget old Ireland,  
Where the little shamrock grows,  
Where good St. Patrick preached and fought  
Against man's spiritual foes.

We adore the land we live in,  
With its oceans and its lakes,  
With its prairies and its mountains,  
And its rivers and its capes.

But there is another country,  
The dearest spot on earth,  
The country of my brave fathers,  
The land that gave me birth.



## LINES SPOKEN AT BANQUET

And that is dear old Scotland,  
Where the bonnie heather blooms;  
The lark there soars up to the skies,  
There it sings its sweetest tunes.

And Scotland's thistle wags his head  
With a bold, defiant air,  
Proclaiming to all enemies:  
"You just touch me if you dare."

The shepherd laddie from the hill,  
With his heart all in a flame,  
Waits to woo his bonnie lassie  
When the kye comes hame.

To-night our fondest memories  
Flash back to Scotland's hills,  
Where we pu'd the gowans bonnie,  
And sat beside her rills.

Man, when we were wee bit laddies,  
A paidling in the burn,  
Our towsie heads had then sma' cares,  
Few troubles then to mourn.

We've climbed up noo the hill of life  
Until we've reached the top;  
We'll soon be slipping doon the side—  
Time's clock we cannot stop.

## LINES SPOKEN AT BANQUET

Let us all have Scottish courage;  
We've had some gey hard knocks  
Since we left the dear old country,  
Scotland and oor ain folks.

But we're here to-night and happy,  
This is St. Andrew's night;  
Come, laugh and sing dull care away  
With all a Scotchman's might.

## TO MY CLAY PIPE

My black complected, faithfn' sinner,  
How oft you've cheered me after dinner,  
When "T. & B." did in thee simmer  
    Wi' fragrant fume;  
And great thoughts in my brain did glimmer  
    And shape assnme.

When first I took you in my hand  
You looked as white as preacher's band;  
My conscience, then you did look grand,  
    So white and clean;  
Bnt now you're colored black and tan  
    Wi' nicotine.

When folks speak rough and are unkind,  
And to my good points are quite blind,  
I take you down and have you prim'd,  
    And puff away.  
My certes, how you ease my mind  
    On such a day.

## TO MY CLAY PIPE

My wife, the partner of my joys,  
Kicks up at times a dreadful noise,  
When your black head I give a poise,  
    And from your stem  
I draw aroma joyous.  
    How soothing then!

O woman, if you only knew  
How hard your gudeman toils for you,  
To dress you fine and feed you, too,  
    You would be sweet,  
And not start up a noisy stew  
    'Bout bacca' reek.

Think of your man, who works and slaves,  
Who meets with rogues and crooks and knaves,  
And from the right he never strays,  
    Nor steps aside,  
But gives the Tempter's luring ways  
    A berth most wide.

O wifey, can you be so mean,  
When your old man comes home at e'en,  
From fighting competition keen,  
    That he may cope  
With others in the world's stream,  
    And keep up hope?

## TO MY CLAY PIPE

When he sits down beside the fire  
To smoke his pipe—good, honest squire—  
That you should heap your bitter ire  
    Upon his head,  
And make him wish you would retire  
    Among the dead.

Oh, you can flare and tear your hair,  
And talk of wealth blown in the air.  
Your dresses, ribbons, hats, I swear,  
    Cost more a day  
Than my small plug I use with care—  
    A week's outlay.

The greatest evil of the age  
Is not the weed that doth assuage;  
For I could write you many a page,  
    E'en tales of woe,  
How woman has devoured the sage  
    By dress and show.

The husband loves the simple life,  
A home that's free from debt and strife;  
And children are his very life—  
    Sweet flowers divine.  
But motherhood she does deride—  
    She wants to shine.

### TO MY CLAY PIPE

She must be here, she must be there,  
And whirl herself in social glare ;  
Her silks and laces, rich and rare,  
    She buys at will,  
And hubby's plunged in deep despair  
    To foot the bill.

## THE WIFE'S REPLY TO "TO MY CLAY PIPE"

WELL, my gudeman, it's clearly seen  
That you have had a bad pipe dream,  
The way you vent your bitter spleen  
    On womankind.  
I never thought you'd be so mean  
    And so unkind.

The faults we have are very few  
Compared with those of men like you.  
You ought to go to Timbuctoo,  
    'Mongst savage race,  
Where dusky girls have dresses few  
    And no fine lace.

I never heard such a harangue,  
Upon my life, from lips of man,  
As yours, when you do harshly scan  
    The gentler sex.  
Had I strength I'd give ye a bang,  
    Or neck I'd stretch.

## THE WIFE'S REPLY

If I were you my head with shame  
I'd bow, and ne'er lift up again.  
Men are the ones that you should blame  
    For all our sins;  
It's you that stirs up like a flame  
    Our love—dress whims.

You talk of our extravagance,  
And how we dress and whirl and dance.  
It is the women's only chance  
    To please the men.  
Men taught us all this in advance—  
    You should blame them.

And listen, there is one thing more,  
I've often mentioned it before:  
Whene'er there does go by the door  
    A stylish dame,  
Lord, how you look and her adore  
    Through window pane!

And then your trials, what are they?  
They're over at the close of day.  
Then you come home to rest and stay,  
    And take your ease.  
But I toil on without delay—  
    I've you to please.



## THE WIFE'S REPLY

My lad, had you to cook the meals,  
And soothe the baby when it squeals,  
And bake, and sew, and darn the heels  
    Of boys' socks,  
And mend their clothes, the little de'ils,  
    And make girls' frocks,

Then you would have some cause to speak ;  
Your nerves would play out in a week.  
Had you my work, I'd hear you squeak,  
    And squirm with pain ;  
Like wounded lamb I'd hear you bleat,  
    Or swear like Cain.

And there you sit and puff and smoke,  
Until I'm almost like to choke ;  
You've no more feeling than a block  
    O' dead hardwood.  
Oh, may the Lord gie ye a shock,  
    And make ye good.

What's that you say? You'll leave the house,  
And go and get upon the booze?  
My tongue is serpentine when loose,  
    And stings you sair.  
Unless I keep as quiet's a mouse  
    You'll go elsewhere.

## THE WIFE'S REPLY

Just then he lifted up his hat,  
And said he never would come back.  
"I'm tired of you and your click-elack ;  
    It drives me mad.  
I'll go and live in some lone shack  
    In Trinidad."

"Stop, stop," said she, "don't go away ;  
What have I done? Forgive me, pray.  
Dearie, sit down and smoke your clay ;  
    I'll ne'er scold more.  
I've whin'd and chattered like a jay ;  
    I've hurt you sore.

"You have your failings, I have mine,  
With all your faults I like you fine ;  
And you have told me many a time  
    That I'm a queen ;  
And you have bought me hats sublime,  
    And you're not mean."

Domestic rackets now and then  
Are blessings in disguise to men ;  
As their wives' love they ne'er would ken  
    'Twere not for tiffs.  
They clear the air ; send more of them ;  
    They're love's uplifts.

## THE CLIMAX

“ COME on, boys, come on ;  
Let's go and have a time ;  
At twelve o'clock to-night  
Come all with me and dine.  
Where, you ask? Well, you'll see,  
Be sure and come with me.  
You know my rooms right well,  
You often have been there,  
And revelled with me  
Till morning light did stare  
Into our faces flush'd,  
And on our bloodshot eyes.  
So come with me again,  
And see a big surprise.  
The feast shall be the best  
Which you have ever had.  
Now, come along with me.  
No, no, I am not mad.  
When you all have feasted,  
And the old clock strikes one,

## THE CLIMAX

A stut you'll surely see  
Which cannot be outdone."  
Everyone went with him;  
The supper was a gem.  
"We're finished," said the host;  
"Now, listen to me, men:

"My mother died when I was born,  
I never knew her care;  
Brought up was I expensively,  
Because I was the heir  
To all my father's thousands,  
And all his big estate.  
I was shielded, fondled, cuddled,  
And taught that I was great;  
My father fairly spoiled me—  
My father was an ass—  
He said I did not need to work,  
Work would degrade my class.  
He died, and left me all his cash  
To gratify my tastes.  
So I started in for pleasures  
Exciting and unchaste.  
To passion's reins I gave full swing.  
Said I, 'By Heaven, I'll have my fling;  
The god of pleasure is my guide;  
No other shall lead me aside,  
Or stop me in my wild career;  
The god of pleasure has no peer.'

## THE CLIMAX

Sin's pleasures were my daily food ;  
I wallow'd with the guilty brood  
Of those who did not care a straw  
In smashing up the moral law.

“ Now, comrades, you have heard my tale ;  
A fortune I have spent wholesale,  
And made me what you see, a wreck  
In morals, health and self-respect.”  
He paused a moment, then began,  
“ Look, look at me, a ruined man  
In body, soul and all that's pure.  
Remorse no longer I'll endure.”  
Quick as a flash he fired a shot  
Into his brain, a vital spot.  
He reeled and staggered, then he fell,  
And spoke no more this side of hell.

## HEAVEN

THE greatest orators of the day  
Have talked of Heaven, so far away.  
With eagle sweep their mind has soared  
Into the mansions of the Lord ;  
And from their brain have pictures shown  
Of glories that surround the throne ;  
Of pearly gates and streets of gold,  
The half, they say, hath not been told.  
Spellbound, the people take it in,  
But still they love this world of sin ;  
Are not in haste to leave and go ;  
Are still content to stay below  
On earth, where they can eat and drink ;  
This world is good enough, they think.  
Attractions of the future place,  
Set forth with much rhetoric grace  
By poets, preachers, speakers great,  
Don't make folks wish to emigrate.  
Some old ones here and there, it's true,  
Whose fight with life is almost through,

## HEAVEN

Have in their pain expressed quite strong  
A wish to join the angelic throng.  
Average man has no desire  
To quit this earth and go up higher.  
There may be gold and rubies, too,  
Up in yon place beyond the blue;  
There may be fruits and sweets untold,  
No day, no night, no winter's cold,  
Nothing at all to mar one's bliss;  
Yet, what's on earth they would not miss  
For all the pleasures, rich and rare,  
Located in the higher sphere.  
What do you think the Church should do?  
Lapses from her are not a few;  
She's lost her hold on many men;  
How can she bring them back again?  
It's not by preaching hell-fire dope,  
Where lost souls burn and squirm and smoke,  
And devils make the victims roar,  
And torture them for evermore.  
I don't deny there is a hell;  
But is it an eternal yell  
Of wretches who are singed with fire  
To placate God's eternal ire,  
For sins which they have done on earth?  
Or were they damn'd before their birth?  
Created by this awful fate,  
And could by no means change their state?

## HEAVEN

Future punishment there is sure,  
But God knows what one can endure.  
Brutality's not in His mind;  
His name is Love; His heart is kind.  
Get men to see that Heaven's a state  
More than the gold or pearly gate;  
That Heaven is being kind and good,  
That earth's the place where Christ once stood.  
He lived in Heaven while He was here;  
It's not beyond this earthly sphere.  
Men have it who are pure in heart,  
Who live and act the Christlike part.  
It's true that Heaven beyond this earth  
Does not attract our men of worth;  
The future glory they let go,  
And do their best right here below.  
Who knows but what the better land  
Shall be the spot whereon we stand.  
Let's aim to drive out crime and vice,  
And make this earth a paradise;  
Let men here live the Christlike life,  
Here seek to conquer sin and strife,  
Talk less of church and sects and creed,  
Minister more to those in need,  
The broken-hearted, sore distressed;  
Help them, and surely you'll be blest;  
For Heaven comes down into men's hearts  
Who live and act the heavenly parts.



## THE HOME-COMING

" O DEARIE me, is this my son  
Whom I've not seen for years?"  
And down the mother's cheeks there ran  
Love's symbol, in love's tears.

She threw her arms around his neck,  
She drew him to her breast,  
And wept with joy at his return--  
Perhaps you know the rest.

It was a scene for angel eyes  
To look upon and smile;  
A pure and holy sight on earth,  
A bit of heaven meanwhile.

They sat and talked far in the night;  
He told where he had been,  
The work he'd done, the money saved,  
The things which he had seen.

He was a manly, honest lad,  
She was a mother true;  
The purest joy known on earth  
Was that which these two knew.

## MAN'S BETTER HALF

MAN'S better half, she has been termed,  
By men of note and scholars learned ;  
And yet, at times, she seems a plague,  
And for men has much trouble made.

Some years ago, we mind it fine,  
We thought that she was just divine,  
An angel come from higher sphere,  
Our inmost soul did her revere.

Her voice so sweet, in heavenly tones,  
Electrified our very bones,  
And made us tremble in her sight,  
Lest we might dim her image bright.

But years have come, and years have gone,  
And now we live with her at home.  
We love her, though she has a will,  
We love her still, especially *still*.

## SATAN'S VISIT TO KENORA

WHEN Satan left his home one day  
He travelled to Kenora Bay.  
" My agents have been here before,"  
He said, as he stepped on the shore.  
" They've done good work, I'm glad to say ;  
It's up to me to raise their pay."  
The first place where he made a call  
Was at the court in the fire-hall.  
Drunks were being tried by Mac ;  
Satan smiled when he saw that ;  
He knew Mac erred on mercy's side ;  
The boozers would not long reside  
In durance vile ; with sentence short  
They soon would have another snort.  
" Booze," said he, " has served me well ;  
It's just the thing to build up hell.  
Preachers may preach till they are blind,  
But when a man to drink's inclined,  
He's heading fast to my old home,  
Where thousands of his class have gone."  
His Majesty Beelzebub  
Next visited some leading pub.

## SATAN'S VISIT TO KENORA

And bar-rooms where men congregate.  
The liquors he pronounced "first-rate."  
He drank with many business men,  
And it was mooted there and then,  
A man of rank had come to town,  
A lord or duke of great renown.  
His perfect manners, high-bred grace,  
Got him friends in every place.  
His clothes were of the latest style;  
His pleasant face and winsome smile  
Soon increased his social fame;  
He carefully did hide his name.  
"Tell us," said one, "isn't it so,  
You're some great prince incognito?"  
He laughed to put them off the scent;  
To them it was acknowledgment  
That he was one whose rank was high;  
Therefore they all resolved to vie  
In showing honor and respect  
To one who came from hell direct.  
His huge brain had many a plan  
To lead astray the creature man.  
He tempted youth, he tempted age,  
The ignorant as well's the sage.  
He led them all into some sin,  
Then o'er his face there was a grin.  
When Sunday came, with pious mien  
To church he went, where he was seen

## SATAN'S VISIT TO KENORA

To put ten dollars on the plate.  
No one his act did imitate.  
The preacher preached on saving grace;  
His words, however, found no place;  
Satan influenced every heart  
By his destructive, cunning art.  
Men's thoughts were thoughts of earthly gain,  
Women's of dress which made them vain.  
Everyone in church that day  
Had strong desires to go astray;  
To go from church and have their fling,  
To drink, enjouse and dance and sing,  
And go forever to the bad.  
Their sinful wishes made him glad;  
They never dreamt he changed their heart.  
By his infernal, wily darts.  
He assumed a goodness rare  
By holy look and saintly stare.  
Ladies of the Upper Ten,  
Whose daughters yet had not got men,  
Began to plan for them a match.  
They had a schemo which they would hatch,  
To bring the foreigner to time,  
And wedding bells would sweetly chime.  
Mammas, with feminine conceit,  
Resolved one afternoon to meet.  
Each one kept hid her strong desire  
To have the nobleman aspire

## SATAN'S VISIT TO KENORA

To take her daughter by the hand,  
Declare his love in language grand.  
Women met, proposed a ball,  
Which had approval of them all.  
The dresses made the next few days  
Were simply dreams in gauze and lace.  
When Satan heard of this big stunt  
Of women on a husband hunt,  
He laughed until his sides would split,  
And said, "By gosh, I'm surely It."  
And so he was, without a doubt,  
The one who was most talked about ;  
Aristocratic, rich and young,  
His praises were on every tongue.  
All things come to those who wait ;  
The ball came off in wondrous taste.  
They danced until the morning light ;  
The scene was dazzling, gay and bright ;  
There never had been such a ball—  
That was the verdict of them all.  
I dare not give the names that night  
Of some who were sublimely tight ;  
Heads were turned and hearts were broke ;  
Each maiden loved the foreign bloke,  
Hoped he would not go away,  
But 'mongst them make a lengthy stay.  
He smiled, and made a bow profound.  
Next day no trace of him was found ;

## SATAN'S VISIT TO KENORA

He'd sped away to his domain,  
And glad to get back home again.  
"Kenora people make me tired,"  
Said he. "Perhaps I'll have them fired  
Some day into my biggest blaze,  
Unless they change their naughty ways."  
Oh, ye who read this truthful tale,  
Take heed, and see you do not fail  
To lead a good and honest life.  
Keep free from sin, keep free from strife,  
And shun the devil if you can,  
Although he seems a gentleman.

## THE ACCIDENT

EVERY day the old man came  
Into the rink to see the game;  
And oh, but he was glad to see  
The curlers aiming for the "T."

Whenever a good shot was made  
He shouted with the lads, "Well played!"  
"Tam, hae a drink," some skip would say,  
And Tam had sev'ral every day.

Noo Tam had a pecul'ar cap,  
Which made him known to every chap;  
In keen, cold days, when frost would bite,  
His ears were covered out of sight.

A spell of cold, intense and fierce,  
Into his bones one day did pierce;  
He drew his cap doon o'er each lug;  
My certes, they were warm and snug.



## THE ACCIDENT

Next afternoon he heard the news  
That he had lost a lot of booze;  
A skip had called to him meanwhile,  
“ Say, Tam, come on and have a smile.”

He did not hear, because his ear  
Was blocked up to a sound so dear.  
He never wore his cap again;  
A christy-stiff adorned his brain.

The boys saw the change, and said,  
“ Tam, you look queer about the head.  
Where is the cap you used to wear?”  
Said Tam, “ I’ve never worn it mair

“ Since that sad day that I lament,  
The day I had the accident.”  
“ The accident?” said one and all;  
“ We’re sorry such should you befall.”

“ Aye, aye,” said Tam, “ it was real bad;  
For when a skip said, ‘ Come here, lad,  
And have a drink,’ I didna hear;  
So nevermore my cap I’ll wear.”

## THE BURIAL OF WAUCHOPE

### Part I.

NEAR Modder River's township, several thousand miles  
away,

On the twelfth day of December, a hot and sultry day,  
When Afric's sun was sinking, in glorious tints of gold,  
There were fifty Highland Scotchmen, the boldest of  
the bold,

Who lay motionless on the ground, cold in the arms of  
death.

A Highlandman will never yield until his latest breath.  
Grim and stern those dead men looked with their faces  
towards the sky,

Their great hands clasped on their breasts, in agony did  
they die.

Their big brows knit so keen and firm in the stern lust  
of the fight,

Their comrades shedding scalding tears while gazing on  
the sight.

A sound is heard both shrill and clear, 'tis in the dis-  
tance there,

'Tis the music of the pipes, which comes floating on the  
air.

## THE BURIAL OF WAUCHOPE

Oh, Wauchope, the good and noble, so soon shall join his  
men,  
And side by side he'll sleep with those who on the field  
were slain.  
The pipers march so grandly, there were sixteen great  
tall men;  
They play their unique music, some strains of their  
native glen,  
"Flowers of the Forest," a well-known air, rings out  
loud and clear;  
Defiance stern on each man's face is seen through blind-  
ing tear.  
The big brave son of Scotland just sobbed like a little  
child,  
As solemnly he marched with dead in dreary foreign  
wild.  
He laid his general gently down in dark earth there to  
sleep,  
While loving hearts were more than filled with grief  
both keen and deep.  
No more will they ever hear their great and gallant chief  
speak.  
They think of it, and bow their heads, and piteously they  
weep.  
Once more they firmly grasp their pipes, and there  
sounds forth again  
A music that cuts the silence like cry of sharp, keen  
pain.

## THE BURIAL OF WAUCHOPE

Hark! hark! what tune is this we hear? 'Tis "Lochaber  
no more";

With lightning flash their thoughts go back to dear old  
Scotland's shore.

Rises before their mind's eye does the dear old Highland  
home,

Wings of fancy carry them where they hear the widow  
moan.

Never more shall she elasp again her brave, heroic son,  
Until faith's battle is ended, and heaven at last is won.

## RAT PORTAGE SCOTCHMEN'S SUPPER, 1899

THERE was a sound of revelry by night,  
Brave Scotchmen met together with delight  
In Louis' dining hall, the best of all,  
For noble sons of heather to corral.  
St. Andrew's night they came to celebrate—  
St. Andrew was a Scot of high estate.  
That night the frost was keen, a cold wind blew,  
But what was weather to these men so true?  
They came for haggis rare, mysterious potch,  
Concocted by the philosophic Scotch.  
What a merry night these Scotchmen had!  
The haggis they devoured like men gone mad;  
They toasted army, country, home and Queen,  
They sang of heroes gone to lands unscen.  
The very moment all the toasts were o'er  
The Highland piper stood upon the floor.  
His music stirred the soul of every Scot,  
Who danced around like any Hottentot.  
The piper quick and quicker blew,  
The dancers quick and quicker flew;

## RAT PORTAGE SCOTCHMEN'S SUPPER, 1899

They reeled, they set, they jigged and jumped,  
The very floor moved as they thumped.  
The occupants of rooms upstairs  
Thought wicked men were sowing tares.  
With boisterous noise and wholesome Scottish glee  
St. Andrew's eve they spent most merrily.  
The hours unnoticed winged their sable flight,  
The music, fun and mirth went past midnight,  
Until a beam or two of daylight came,  
With lightning flash shot through the window pane,  
When Murdoch cried, "It isn't the morn;  
Yon's the moon, I say I ken her horn."  
But Allan said, "That canna be,  
You'd better go at once and ask D. C."  
D. C., an expert judge, excelled by none,  
Said, "Boys, it is, it is the morning sun."  
Then every man sprang quickly to his feet,  
Formed in a line to make a sure retreat.  
The piper led them through the open door,  
Upstairs along the winding corridor;  
He blew his pipes and made them skirl,  
Till the roofs and windows there did dirl;  
The boarders who were startled out of sleep  
Cried, "Kobold surely must be slaughtering sheep!"  
The piper wheeled, went down the narrow stair,  
To give his men a sniff of caller air.  
"Play on!" they cried; "play on, you piper bold,  
We do not heed the morning's cold.

## RAT PORTAGE SCOTCHMEN'S SUPPER, 1899

Go on! go on! up Second Street,  
We'll march in line, and time we'll keep."  
To Gibson's corner they marched on,  
'Turned down a street called Matheson.  
Then Willie shouted, "Gang doon through Fort,  
And let's keep up this famous sport!"  
The piper played his rousing chanters,  
The men all waved their tam o'shanter's;  
Two Englishmen at Humble's block  
Fell down and died there with the shock;  
When all at once they made a halt  
Just opposite to Hilliard's vault.  
Then all of this distinguished crew  
Paced to their homes, excepting two;  
Fred and the piper didn't go—  
They talked of things about Glencoe.  
Then Fred glanced upward to the sky,  
Then looked into the piper's eye;  
"Play on!" he said; "let's have some mair,"  
And the pibroch floated through the air.  
And so the thirtieth of November  
Rat Portage Scots will long remember.

## TO A DISH OF PORRIDGE

WHAT food is there that can compare  
With thee upon the bill of fare?  
The best of men by thee's been fed,  
Men strong in body and in head.

The men who have been fed by thee  
Have heroes been on land and sea.  
There's not a country on this earth  
But what has learned of Scotland's worth.

O Porridge, nourishing and warm,  
A grace thou'rt worth as long's my arm;  
Thou'st helped to make old Scotland great,  
Her sons are first in church and state.

Gie me a man that's porridge fed,  
Wi' Catechism in his head;  
In righteousness he'll take a stand,  
'Tis such as he's made Scotland grand.



## TO A DISH OF PORRIDGE

O Porridge, thou hast done good work,  
Thy warm-fed sons will never shirk  
Their duty both to man and God,  
While climbing up the heavenward road.

D'ye mind that day at Waterloo,  
'The long sword which the despot drew?  
He wished to occupy a throne  
And rule the earth from zone to zone.

But Scots by thee were well prepared,  
Who never yet by foe were seared.  
They bravely face the mighty foe,  
To death or victory they'd go.

"Scotland Ever!" their battle-ery,  
Told that the despot's hour was nigh;  
'Twas thou, O Porridge, gained the day;  
Well art thou worthy of a lay.

D'ye mind again, in olden time,  
When Ed. came o'er the border line,  
With thousands of his Englishmen,  
To crush the Scotchmen in their glen?

## TO A DISH OF PORRIDGE

D'ye mind how Bruce rose in his might,  
And knocked them into death's dark night?  
And ever since Bruce's been admired—  
But then he was by thee inspired.

Oh, dainty folk, who porridge spurn,  
Think what was done at Bannockburn,  
And help a poor bard to relate  
The worth of porridge and oat-cake.

## DR. S. S.

THE Doc. has lived here many years,  
Some for his future have great fears.  
The narrow, small-souled, goody guys  
Think that the mansions in the skies  
Will not swing back their gates for him,  
And let the Doctor walk right in.  
They do not know the man at all;  
Their hearts are hard as a stone wall,  
Their brain's as small as a pin's head,  
They're color-blind, their love is dead.  
I wish the good Lord would some day  
Come down amongst us, just to say  
That Dr. S. has done more good  
Than all the hypoeritie brood.  
When we all meet before the Throne,  
And we are judged from what we've done,  
Should he be driven down below,  
Where'er he goes there I will go.  
I would not put a foot in Heaven,  
Unless they let the Doctor in.  
Some of his good deeds I know well,  
He'll never get a sniff of Hell.

## MOTHER

TIME passes on: a handsome face is mellowed  
With the light and warmth of sev'ral summer suns,  
And joys of years gone swiftly by have hallowed  
The dear old home, where mother's love brightly  
burns.

A home where angel fair might stay o'er night,  
And have no loneliness, or deep desire  
To fly back quickly to the realms of light,  
And join her comrades of seraphic fire.

Oh, strange, sweet blessedness of years ago:  
I did not see it then as I do now;  
We are so stupid, dense, and far too slow  
To grasp the sunshine on maternal brow.  
To-day it seems to me a mystery  
That I, while shelt'ring 'neath the lovelight glow  
Of parent's smile, have not a history  
Of kinder words and nobler deeds to show.

The youngest of the four was I, but one,  
And made things lively by my mirth and glee.  
Oh, how she watched us in our childish fun,  
And laughed to see us play so merrily.

## MOTHER

But time speeds on, and lads are full-grown men.  
I look upon a face, ploughed deep with care,  
I see her loving eyes, which smile again,  
And see a body bent, and snow-white hair.

And as I hold her hand again in mine,  
And think of burdens borne by her so true,  
I bow before the form, to me sublime,  
And bless the soul of greatness shining through.  
If I could look once more upon that form,  
And hear the music of her gentle voice,  
I'd brave the broad Atlantic's wildest storm,  
Spare no expense. Oh, how I would rejoice!

Ah, me! the old arm chair which stands by fire,  
In which a saintly lady sat and read,  
Is empty now; mother has gone higher;  
To gloryland her ransomed soul has sped.

## THE BOY TALKS

DADDIE, I was crying  
Last night in my room;  
Tell me where is mamma?  
Will she come back soon?

Can the doctor help her?  
When will she be home?  
Don't look sad, daddie, please;  
You're not all alone.

I'm your little boy.  
When I am a man  
I'll work and help daddie,  
And do the best I can.

When I say my prayer  
As I go to bed,  
I tell God my trouble,  
He's so good, you said.

## THE BOY TALKS

I wish God was nearer,  
He could talk to me;  
Then He would explain it,  
'Cause I cannot see

Why God don't love mamma,  
She's so kind and true;  
And she was so pretty—  
Guess you thought so, too.

Didn't you, now, daddie,  
Think she was all right?  
Oh, I saw you kiss her,  
Morning, noon and night.

Oh, I see you smiling,  
Thought you were so sad.  
Let me go to "Starland,"  
Give me ten cents, dad.

## MELANCHOLY

THOU fiend, why dost thou torture me?  
Thou almost makest me to take the fatal step,  
And plunge into the waters of the sea,  
Ending it all and paying Nature's debt.  
Only myself and the great God knows  
The terrible depression of my soul;  
No language can describe the unseen foes  
That rack and crush and o'er my spirits roll.  
O damned Melancholy, a monstrous ill,  
The worst that can befall a man.  
It kills the freedom and the power of will,  
And lays its victim low in helpless pang.  
Is there no medicine to be had,  
No balm to heal a wound so sore?  
If not, then death thou art not bad,  
Thou art a friend for evermore.



## MELANCHOLY

What, shall I, such a man as I,  
Court death and wish to quietly lie  
Among the dead, be free from pain?  
No, Melancholy, you'll be slain;  
I'll crush the life right out your heart;  
I'll live and play the manly part.  
I struck the monster such a blow  
He now lies dead and cold as snow.  
He'll never trouble me again.  
The villain's gone. Amen. Amen.

## ST. ANDREW'S NIGHT

(Held in Hilliard House, Rat Portage, Nov. 30, 1900.)

'Twas on a night when snow lay white  
In street, and lane, and rocky height;  
A night which Scotchmen all hold dear,  
And celebrate with right good cheer;  
Some eighty Scots, or maybe more,  
Assembled for an evening's splore.  
When town clock struck the hour of nine,  
'Twas then these men began to shine.

With eating and speaking,  
They chased the hours away;  
With laughing and chaffing  
They happy were and gay.

A Cameron man, of noble mien,  
Presided o'er the festive scene;  
Of all the men who gathered there  
He was the man to grace the chair.  
When each was seated in the room,  
The Celt who hailed from Wabigoon  
Blew forth a stirring air from pipes,  
To sharpen up their appetites.

## ST. ANDREW'S NIGHT

On matter and platter  
Descended knife and spoon;  
With supping and cutting,  
For "Menu" they made room.

And when the "haggis" was brought in,  
Applause came forth with mighty vim;  
The bard addressed, with rev'rend face,  
The "chieftain o' the puddin' race."  
Then every man to right and left  
Set to with spoon to do his best.  
This glorious food of Scottish fame  
Stirred up the patriotic flame.  
Again the Celt from Wabigoon  
Paced to and fro across the room.  
His music and the haggis rare  
Seemed to populate the air  
With spirits of their fathers great,  
Whose deeds are writ in words ornate;  
On history's page they stand out bold;  
This night they were again retold.  
Kyle, when he had been fully fed,  
Sang, "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,"  
And roused the blood of every Celt,  
Who wished just then the foe to pelt.  
To one and all it seemed so clear  
That Canada had naught to fear:  
For her true men of Scottish blood  
Would settle every warlike feud,

## ST. ANDREW'S NIGHT

And drive off foes of "Maple Leaf,"  
And spare the land from mickle grief.  
Have not the Scots of Canada  
Done famous work in Africa?  
O Canada, remember this:  
When foes around your borders hiss,  
The sons of heather are all right  
To gain for you a glorious fight.  
Again the Celt from Wabigoon  
Struck up a patriotic tune.

With stamping and prancing  
The very floor did shake;  
With shouting and spouting  
The boarders they did wake.

Then Matt, whose heart was in a flame,  
Sang sweetly, "When the Kye Comes Hame."  
He ended, and an encore rang;  
He must needs give another sang,  
My! how he charmed our hearts again!  
He gave to us an old-time strain.  
Matt sang, with voice both strong and steady,  
The old, old song, "Rab Tamson's Smiddy."  
Again the man from Wabigoon  
His music quickly did resume.

## ST. ANDREW'S NIGHT

With lively songs and friendly cracks  
I'm sure no one was weary ;  
With stirring tales and funny jokes  
Their fun was very cheery.  
I have not got the power of muse  
To paint the scene so rosy,  
To tell how these men did enthuse,  
It fair beats all my poesy.  
The "Auld Scotch Sangs" was sung so sweet  
By one whose name was Crichton,  
Some callans they were like to greet,  
As bygone years they thought on.  
But sadder thoughts were dispersed soon,  
And mirth again was humming,  
When Celt who hailed from Wabigoon  
Played up "Campbells are Coming."  
Nae man can tether tide or time,  
The hours sped on right mirthful ;  
Some wee short hour the clock did chime ;  
To longer stay was hurtful.  
The parting song they now must sing,  
Of "Auld Lang Syne" so timely ;  
The fourscore Scots did make it ring  
With heart and voice sublimely.

## BURIAL OF WAUCHOPE

### PART II.

FROM the grave of their hero they turned their sad face  
To the heights where Cronje and his men held their  
place.

Their cheeks flushed deep crimson and their jaws were  
steel set,  
The awful disaster they could never forget.

Their rifles they clutched with firm, manly hands;  
The veins on these hands were like strong iron bands.

Not a word did they speak, but each face had a look  
Which was hard to portray, it was so resolute.

No orator's tongue or inspired poet's pen  
Could fully describe the stern look of these men.

Neither death nor hell, things above or below,  
Will keep them from striking the Boers a great blow.

## BURIAL OF WAUCHOPE

Once more they looked round where their general lay,  
While the sun was marking the flight of the day.

With eyes wet with tears they all took one last gaze  
At spot where their chief lay unconscious of praise.

No shot did they fire, but they gave the salute;  
Then campwards they marched with sorrowful look,

While the darkness of African night stole down,  
And rolled o'er the grave of a man of renown.

## TOO MANY CHURCHES

THERE is a mad rush  
'Mongst misguided men  
To gather in sheep  
To more than one pen.

Right in our own town  
One church would serve all;  
We have five or six,  
Each one with a call

To build up their own,  
Because they are sure  
That they have the truth,  
Unalloyed and pure.

One sect cries aloud,  
"If you would be saved,  
You must come to us,  
Be dipped in the wave.



## TOO MANY CHURCHES

"If you don't, you're lost,  
For ours is the place  
To get what you need  
In pure, saving grace."

Another poses  
As having come down  
From first apostles,  
In class of its own.

"Dissenters," she says,  
"Have strayed from the fold."  
She is the true Church,  
Established of old.

The Methodist folk,  
With fervor and heat,  
Think they are the ones,  
God's chosen, elite.

Followers of Knox  
Don't say very much;  
They quietly work on,  
With God keep in touch.

Though some of them, too,  
Are vain as the rest,  
They have a corner  
On Isles of the Blest.

## DOTTIE'S WISH

"MOTHER," said little Dottie, "when I look to the sky,  
I think of the dear Saviour who came to earth to die.

"He seems so very distant, beyond the azure blue,  
Oh, I would like to see Him, and mother, would not  
you?"

"But it's so far away, behind the starry height,  
Where Jesus has His home with angels fair and bright.

"But, mother, I've been thinking, some day I might  
have wings,  
And then I would be able to fly upon the winds.

"And if it should so happen that in the sky so blue,  
A small, round hole was seen there, where I could just  
creep through,

"Then I would hurry upwards, and through that hole  
I'd go,  
And have a talk with Jesus, because He loves me so."

## IN TROUBLE BE BRAVE

If ever you reach the realm of despair,  
And lose all your nerve, and don't seem to care  
What may befall you, you feel down and out,  
For Heaven's sake be brave and face right about.

And should trials drive you to your wits' end,  
Look up and remember who's your best Friend.  
Faith's eye will reveal Him, loving and strong;  
'Trust Him, and your life will be a sweet song.

When sorrows come like a bolt from the sky,  
And strike so hard your desire is to die;  
Ambition is lost and life has no charm,  
O never, O never, do thyself harm!

The man who in trouble takes his own life,  
And leaves behind him a sorrowful wife  
With children to rear, is a coward, the worst—  
A fool and a weakling. On him rests a curse.

## AN ADDRESS AT THE CURLERS' BANQUET

(Tuesday evening, 14th April, 1908.)

*Mr. Chairman*,—We have come to the close of the season for curling. We have all had a good time on the ice. Let us rejoice with those who have distinguished themselves, and who have been victors in the game. Curling is a great game, the grandest and the best of all winter sports. It is not a Scotchman's game merely, although it originated in Scotland some three or four centuries ago. It has spread all over the world, wherever conditions of climate are such to justify playing. Every man in Canada, no matter what his nationality may be, can join our rinks. Germans, French, English, Swedes, Irish and Scotch all meet upon the ice. One man is as good as another, and sometimes a great deal better. It is no class game, either. The rich and the poor meet together on the ice. The banker and the laborer, the preacher and the shoemaker, the professor and the teamster meet to play with one another. All class distinctions are obliterated. The man that is admired most is the one who plays the best. Take, for example, the rink that I have had the honor to play in.

## AN ADDRESS AT THE CURLERS' BANQUET

Our skip is a policeman, the lead a pugilist, the one who plays seconds a preacher, and our third man a gentleman.

There has been a new departure, too, this last season, which has been the cause of much rejoicing, especially to the younger Knights of the Broom. Young ladies have been led down to the ice by the young gallants, and have been initiated into the sublime game of curling. We all have been surprised, too, at the ability they have displayed in playing the game. I am not a prophet, neither am I the son of a prophet, but I think I can foresee what is about to come to pass:

“As I dip into the future far as human eye can see,  
I can see the vision of the world, and the wonders that  
shall be;  
I can see the ladies curling, skipping rinks and gaining  
fame,  
And the men are being vanquished in the good old  
roaring game.”

I have said that we are indebted to Scotland for the roaring game. It's true that over in Scotland they are very enthusiastic curlers. Think of a laird, an old man nearly eighty years of age, going with a number of others one winter morning to the loch to take a hand in the sport. The night before it has been snowing, not very heavily, but just enough to make it necessary to

## AN ADDRESS AT THE CURLERS' BANQUET

have the snow swept off the rink. Imagine the old laird, who had his big plaid with him, saying to the others: "Boys, it will be slow work to sweep off the snow with your besoms. I'll roll myself in my plaid and lie doon, and one of you can take me by the head and another by the feet and draw me along the ice, and that will be quicker and better than using the besoms." The thing was done, to the perfect satisfaction of all parties concerned.

I heard or read, it does not matter which, of a clergyman in Scotland who, after making a bad shot, spoke unadvisedly with his lips. After doing so he was heard to say, "I must give it up. I must give it up." One of his elders, who was playing in the same rink with him, put his hand on his minister's shoulder and remarked, "Never mind, sir. The best of us will make a slip. We don't want you to give up curling." "Oh," said the minister, "I'll never give up curling; but I was thinking I would give up the kirk."

The game of curling is symbolic of the game of life. In curling we play for the mark, we play for the broom which the skip holds at the spot where he would have us aim. When we make a good shot he calls back, "Well played, lad. Well played." We all try to do our best. Every true man in the game of life is endeavoring to do his best. He may make a poor showing at times. He may be up against it, get knocked out of position by

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others; but if he is in dead earnest he will play to the best of his ability the game of life, and never give in.

Let us so play the game of life that when we come to the last end and are about to deliver our last stone in obedience to the voice of the Eternal Skip, whose last call to us is "Inturn to the centre," we may play our part so grandly that we shall hear Him say, "Well played, lad. Well played."

## AN ADDRESS ON ROBERT BURNS' "COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT"

(Given before the R. Y. M. C. A., Kenora,  
Sunday afternoon, March 27th, 1910.)

THERE are two ways of approaching a gorgeous rose. You may come to it in the spirit of the botanist, take its leaves and stem and calyx asunder, and study it as a scientist. In this way you get facts which are of interest, but you lose, to a large extent, what the man gets who is endowed with a sense of the beautiful and who draws near to it, not to learn cold facts, but to enjoy its magnificent and delicate-tinted hues and its delicious fragrance.

You may take up a poem like "The Cotter's Saturday Night," and apply to it the sharp knife of the literary critic, analyze it, break it up, and you may learn something of grammar, the construction of sentences, and of metre. In coming to it in this spirit you will fail to catch the tenderness, the beauty, the pathos and the very soul of the composition.

I desire this afternoon to give you a brief exposition on this poem, to draw some moral lessons from it. I believe this age, and every age, can get from it wholesome and sacred teaching.



## "COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT"

"The Cotter's Saturday Night" is Robert Burns' masterpiece in the serious and pathetic line. He inscribed the poem to one Robert Aiken. Gilbert Burns, in one of his letters, refers to Aiken as a man of worth and taste and warm affection, a man who eagerly spread among his friends the merits of the new poet, Robert Burns. The first stanza is a tribute of respect and admiration for the man to whom he addressed the poem:

"My loved, my honored, much respected friend,  
No mercenary bard his homage pays."

There have been poets who have written for the "bread that perisheth," but the products of their pen have had an ephemeral existence. But a composition like "The Cotter's Saturday Night," which is the heart-spillings of the poet, the incarnation into words of the very best that is in his nature, can never die. It is a production thrown off from the white heat of a soul strongly impressed with the thought of God and the eternal verities, and to whom a pure, simple, honest, God-fearing life has been the torch to kindle the muse within him, to sing

"In simple Scottish lays,  
The lonely train in life's sequestered scene,  
The native feelings strong, the guileless ways,  
What Aiken in a cottage would have been."

## "COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT"

Robert Burns did not and could not send the fruit of his genius to a person in an exalted station, with the sole aim of receiving in return a monetary recompense. He had an honest pride that scorned a selfish end.

The second stanza tells of the toil-worn laborer quitting his work for the week. It is Saturday night, and the hard-working son of the soil is thinking of home, of wife and bairns. As he collects his spades and hoes he sends up to Heaven from his inmost heart a prayer of gratitude that on the morrow, the first day of the week, he will have ease and rest and the sweet, unbroken and sacred companionship of those dearer to him than his own life. What day is more welcome to the weary toiler than God's holy Sabbath? A curse upon those who would desecrate it for the sake of worldly gain and pleasure. Will a man rob God? Some men are mean enough for anything. The Sabbath to the humble laboring man is an oasis in the desert, a well by the wayside, where he may rest awhile and have body and soul refreshed and invigorated.

In the third stanza the toil-worn worker is nearing his home.

"At length his lonely cot appears in view,  
Beneath the shelter of an aged tree;  
The expectant wee things toddlin' stacher through  
To meet their dad wi' flichterin' noise and glee.

## "COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT"

" His wee bit ingle blinking bonnily,  
His clean hearthstane, his thriftie wifey's smile,  
The lispin infant prattling on his knee,  
Does a' his weary carking cares beguile,  
And makes him quite forget his labor and his toil."

This is the poetic description of a domestic scene which touches the human heart. In the distance the children see their father, and as he comes nearer they run to meet him. Their hearts are overflowing with joy because daddie's coming home.

I would draw your attention to the words, "The lispin infant prattling on his knee." I am afraid to make any comment upon it lest I might spoil the picture. On the wings of fancy we are taken into the "holy of holies" of the poor man's home. We get a glimpse of the paternal tenderness of his heart. A little child has led him captive. He forgets about the hard toil to which he was subjected during the week. His child's speech to him is a sacred elixir that brings to him new hope and life. Rheumatism and stiffness of body brought on by manual drudgery are forgotten in this supreme moment of domestic bliss.

And now we come to the stanza which relates how the older children come dropping into the house. The bigger boys have been engaged in ploughing for some neighboring farmers, the smaller ones doing lighter work. The eldest girl, Jennie, a woman grown, with love sparkling in her eye, has walked home from her place of service to

## "COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT"

spend a few hours with her parents, and to show perhaps to her mother a new dress, or it may be to give to her mother part of her hard-earned money, to help her in her struggles to keep the wolf from the door.

It is a happy reunion on Saturday evening. They are bound together by love's golden cords. Their hearts are opened to one another. Stand back, ye idle rich, don't come near a scene like this and mar it by your presence. Stand back, ye purse-proud, artificial member of society. 'This is not for you. The simple, holy grandeur of this scene may be tarnished by your disdainful smile. If any outsider would draw near this scene, let him take his shoes off his feet, for the place where he comes is holy ground.

Children and parents have much to say to one another. The fountains of the great deeps of the soul are stirred. The moments speed too swiftly away.

The practical mother, while she joins freely in the conversation, busies herself also in fixing up the boys' clothes; while the father, anxious for the moral welfare of his family, lets fall from his lips words of counsel and good advice.

The next part of the poem tells us that the father is not only concerned about their temporal welfare, but deeply solicitous for their religious life. While he exhorts them to be faithful to their masters' and mistresses' commands, he urges them to seek wisdom from on high.

## "COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT"

"They never sought in vain  
That sought the Lord aright."

Men of this stamp are worth more to a country than rich gold mines, than vast mineral wealth, than myriad acres of timber. The sea may give up each year its untold wealth, the soil may yield its golden harvests, but poor indeed is that country which has not good men and Christian homes.

Now we come to that part of the poem where the poet introduces an interruption to the happy conversation. "Hark, a rap comes gently to the door." If we draw upon our imagination a little, we can fancy that we see the mother putting down her needle and her shears; we can see her look at her husband and say, "William, I wonder who it can be at this time of night?" Jennie knows all about it. It was partly planned by her. There was a strange, mysterious music in the knock, the sweetness and power of which was known to Jennie and to no other member of the family. There was a melody in that knock which made the heart of young Jennie flutter, and with a blush upon her cheek like the golden hue of a new-born rose, and a graceful modesty in her whole bearing more beautiful and becoming to a true woman than costly diamonds and gay attire,

"Tells how a neebor lad came o'er the moor,  
To do some errands and convoy her hame."

## "COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT"

The mother, with an anxious heart for her daughter's welfare, inquires who he is. With a timid pride Jennie introduces him to all the members of the family. The mother is especially taken with his appearance. He is a big, handsome fellow, and what is more, she is highly pleased to learn that he is no worthless rake, but a respectable, good-living young man, and the son of God-fearing parents.

"Oh, happy love, where love like this is found;  
Oh, heartfelt rapture, bliss beyond compare."

While the father and the elder members of the family talk upon several topics of mutual interest, the mother busies herself preparing supper. When it is ready she announces the fact, and with a beaming countenance and kindly words upon her lips, bids them all take their places at the table, and you may be sure she gave Jennie's visitor an honored place at the simple board.

When supper is over they gather round the fire-place for worship. There is a reverential attitude in their conduct befitting the occasion. The father, with the grace of a patriarch, takes down the big Bible, received as a legacy from his own father, and as he reverently takes off his bonnet and lays it aside, his grey hairs are to be seen. He has been battling with the world; he has been fighting the good fight of faith. His white locks are honorable and are a crown of glory to him, because they are found in the way of righteousness. The priest-

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like father selects a portion from the Bible with judicious care,

" ' And let us worship God,' he says, with solemn air.  
They chant their artless notes in simple guise,  
'They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim."

When the sacred page has been read, the saintly father kneels down to the eternal King of Heaven and prays. His prayer inspires a hope within them, a hope that when one by one they shall depart this life, it shall only be to meet again in the homeland above, where all tears shall be wiped away, where no sin, no sorrow of any kind shall mar the perfection of their happiness. We have here a description of a pious home in Scotland where an angel might come down and stay over night, and yet not get home-sick.

" Compared with this, how poor religious pride,  
In all the pomp of method and of art,  
Where men display to congregations wide  
Devotions, every grace, except the heart."

In this pious home in Scotland, when worship is over on Saturday night, the elder members of the family who are servants betake themselves to their respective masters and mistresses. The younger children of the cottage retire to rest. Then there is a scene fit for angel eyes to gaze upon, as the father and mother look upon

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the sweet and innocent faces of their little children "cuddled doon" in their bed fast asleep. The parents must needs remember them once more and bear them up before the Throne of Grace. It is the sacred aftermath of parental devotion, a postsermon prayer to the Eternal Father of all love, to throw the arms of His protecting care around their helpless babies. The father and mother pay their secret homage; they send up to Heaven the burning desires of their heart that He who will not pass by the clamorous hunger of the raven's nest without appeasing it, that He who paints the lily in a beauty that far transcends the power of any human artist,

"Would in the way His wisdom sees the best  
For them and for their little ones provide,  
But chiefly in their hearts with grace divine preside."

The last part of the poem is a prayer for Scotland, and especially for the hardy, rustic sons of the soil. He invokes Heaven that the simplicity of their lives may be conserved. He believes them to be the moral backbone and religious sinew of the nation. He earnestly prays that luxury's contagion may not make them weak and vile. Goldsmith says:

"Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,  
Where wealth accumulates and men decay."



## "COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT"

In this age of rush and push and excitement after the world's wealth and honor, in this age of frenzied finance and get-rich-quick, a poem like this reminds us that a man's life, that is, his true life, consisteth not in the things which he possesseth, but in character. The cotter described in the poem has little of this world's goods, still he belongs to the class of men "that made Scotland great."

"Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,  
An honest man's the noblest work of God."

Robert Burns teaches that even if a man is poor, yet if he is upright and honorable, if he has heart and soul virtues, he stands in the very front ranks of humanity, and is a king among men for a' that.

## “THE LADIES”

(St. Andrew's Banquet, 30th November, 1911.)

The Toast responded to by R. NAIRN, B.A., Kenora.

*Mr. Chairman*,—I count myself happy to be permitted to speak in reply to the toast. I consider it one of the most important on the list. Matthew Henry, a celebrated preacher of the past century, has said “that woman was taken out of man, not out of his head to rule him, not out of his feet to be trampled under foot, but out of his side to be equal to him, under his arm to be protected, and near his heart to be loved. If the man be dust refined, the woman is dust doubly refined, one remove further from the earth.” This same idea is emphasized by the poet Burns in a song:

“Auld nature swears the lovely dears  
Her noblest work she classes O;  
Her prentice hand she tried on man,  
And then she made the lassies O.”

I read somewhere a Hindoo legend regarding the creation of woman, which ran somewhat like this: “In the beginning, when the Hindoo Vulcan came to the

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creation of woman, he found that he had exhausted his materials in the making of man, and that no solid elements were left. In this dilemma, after profound meditation, he found a way out of the difficulty. He took the rotundity of the moon, and the lightness of the leaves, and the clinging of tendrils, and the trembling of grass, and the slenderness of the reed, and the bloom of the flowers, and the glances of the deer, and the joyous gayety of the sunbeams, and the weeping of the clouds, and the fickleness of the winds, and the timidity of the hare, and the vanity of the peacock, and the softness of the parrot's bosom, and the hardness of adamant, and the sweetness of honey, and the cruelty of the tiger, and the warm glow of the fire, and the coldness of snow, and the chattering of jays, and the cooing of the cuckoo, and compounding all these together, he made woman and gave her to man."

What is a woman? An incomprehensible, mysterious, beautiful, angelic, animated bundle of sublime contradictions.

How is it that there are more women in the world than men? Great scholars and brainy men have been endeavoring for some time to solve the problem, but have failed. A little girl in a mission school in darkest Africa has thrown much light on the subject. She wrote a composition on girls, in which she said: "The Bible which has been given to us by the missionaries says God made the world and then he made man; but not being satisfied, thought He could do better, so He tried again

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and made woman. He said she was so much nicer than man that He has made more women than men ever since."

In all ages men have acknowledged the sovereignty of woman and have bowed submissive to her will. The soldier who has fought the battles of his country has been rewarded by her smile. Inspired by her presence, the minstrel has brought forth from his harp finer music. By her the artist and painter have had the love of the beautiful quickened in their soul, and the sculptor has hewn out of the rough marble matchless forms. The deep thinker with broad brow, who has been endeavoring to solve the mysteries of life, has been consoled and comforted by the magic of her smile. Woman has been a great inspiration to the song writer and the poet. It was the tender and sweet recollection of a pure and lovely maiden that inspired Edgar Allan Poe to write that splendid pathetic poem, "Annabel Lee." It was love for a beautiful Scotch lassie that has enriched the song literature of Scotland. Poorer, indeed, would it be did it not contain that immortal song, "Bonnie Annie Laurie." Robert Burns' love songs thrill with a tenderness which cannot be described. "Bonnie Jean" and "Highland Mary" were the objects of his heart's strongest attachment. He has crowned them with a poetic glory that shall never die.

Woman holds a high place in the literary world. Elizabeth Barrett Browning has made the world richer by giving to it her splendid poetic gems. George Eliot

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has taken her place in the very front ranks of literary celebrities. Marie Corelli's name is familiar in thousands of homes where books are read. Elizabeth Cook sings to us of the sacred memories of the old arm chair, and Mrs. Hemans touches our hearts with "The Better Land."

Women are more truthful than men are. An evangelist who was addressing a large audience said: "Friends, I would like to put a test. All you married women who have not spoken a cross word to your husbands for the last two weeks, hold up your hands." Not a hand went up. "Now," said the evangelist, "all you married men who have not said an unkind word to your wives, who have done all in your power to make their lot a happy one, please stand up." One after another arose until there was a dozen. The speaker said, "Will you kindly come up to the platform. I would like to shake hands with you." They went. They were placed in line so that the audience might have a good look at them. "Ladies and gentlemen," said the speaker, "you see these twelve men? I want to tell you right here that they are twelve of the biggest liars in the United States."

Women are as brave as men. Our blood surges more quickly through our veins and our admiration for the heroic element in woman becomes intensified, when we read the thrilling story of how Grace Darling and Ida Lewis, on a wild, stormy night, risked their own lives in the angry waves of the Atlantic to save others from

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a watery grave. The pages of history glow with the heroic deeds, with the self-sacrifices made by the gentler sex. They have counted not their lives dear unto themselves that they might help and uplift suffering humanity. The names of Elizabeth Fry, Florence Nightingale, Frances Willard will shine as the stars for ever and ever.

For intensity of devotion to a good cause, woman surpasses man. On the tragic hill of Calvary, when the Son of man expired on the cross, the disciples fled; but women, with a devotion burning in their hearts which many waters could not quench, lingered around until the last. They did not leave until they sprinkled the sepulchre in which He was laid with love's purest and holiest tears. His most devoted followers to-day are women. Go into almost any church in the land, and you will find about two-thirds of the congregation women. Many of them to-day are toiling for the betterment of humanity, laboring with an enthusiasm born of the spirit divine, an enthusiasm which never wavers, which never turns back until the evils that are injuring the homes of the nation are destroyed.

I have often read Thomas Carlyle's writings, until I have closed the book and in a somewhat perplexed state have asked myself, Whence came this man's power? This man whose words flash before me like lightning and roll like the distant thunder? This man who is the iconoclastic denunciator of shams and foibles, who stands up so strongly for the brave and good, the pure

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and the true? Then I have remembered that he had a mother who taught him in his childhood the grand old truths of the Bible, that “man’s chief end is to glorify God and to enjoy Him forever.”

To-night, with some of us, our thoughts travel back many years to the old home across the sea, and in fancy we are led by a mother’s hand around the old homestead. We pluck again with childish hand the sweet forget-me-nots and enjoy the luscious gooseberries in the old garden, and a dream comes o’er us like a spell: we think we are but children again. The strongest, the deepest, and that which most resembles the love in the heart of the great Creator, is the love in the mother’s heart. The boy may grow up; he may go out from home; he may go down into the worst kind of degradation, and become a past master in crime, hated and despised by all; and if he dies a criminal or a murderer there is one heart that holds him dear, one love that throws its mantle around him, and that is his mother’s.

To-night let us take from our hearts the flowers of admiration, of tender recollections, flowers of affection and love, weave them into a crown of glory and place them upon the head of the woman whose love for us has never failed. Who is she? Her name is “mother.” May the undying aroma of that name inspire us all through life to do noble things. Mother o’ mine, I will enshrine in my heart thy memory forever.

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