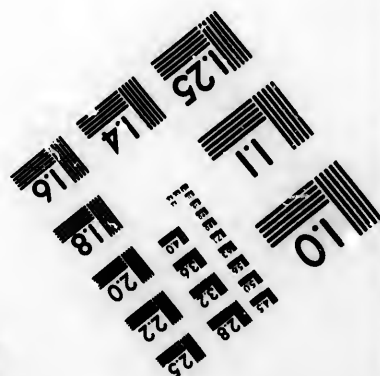
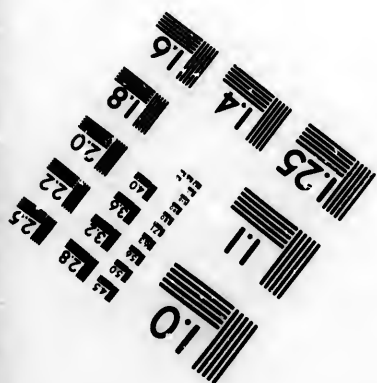
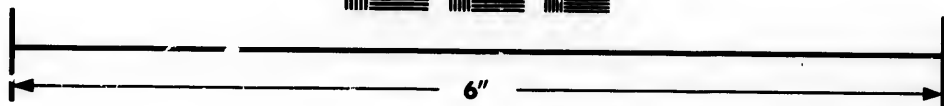
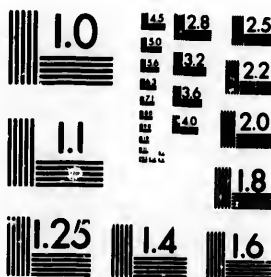


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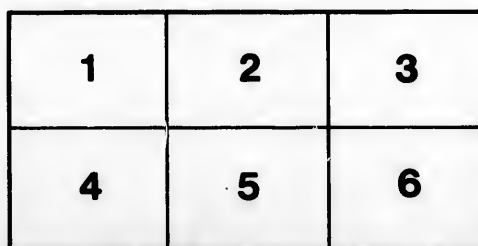
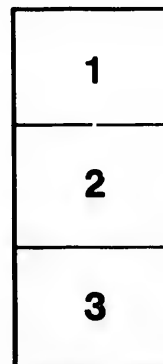
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Patriotic Odes

—BY—

JOHN MCGALLUM,

—AUTHOR OF—

“THE AULD DORIGTONQUE,” “REVISITED,” &c.



“Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said
This is my own, my native land.”



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PATRIOTIC ODES.



(The following Odes are respectfully dedicated to CAPT. PAUL, Kingston.)



Home

Amid earth's changing scenes—
Alternate joys and fears—
One word the heart can ne'er forget,
'Mid rosy hope or vain regret,
Refreshed by memory's tears ;
Where e'er we roam
Beneath heaven's dome,
We treasure still, thro' good or ill, the sacred name of home.

Though lowly be the cot
To which our fancy strays,
Yet to the owner's partial eyes
It seems a perfect paradise,
Beyond his utmost praise ;
Where love and mirth
Smile round the hearth,
And all our holiest aspirations there have birth.

If o'er our hapless head
Blows chill misfortune's wind,
Then like the needle to the pole,
To thee how quickly turns the soul,
True sympathy to find !
Where heart clasps heart,
And every smart
That wounds the one, the other gladly shares a part.

The backbone of the State,
Where valiant hearts and true
Are moulded faithfully apace,
In every leal, ennobling grace
That patriots pursue ;
Aggressive might
All fearless smite,
And bow before no power, save justice, God and right.

Patriotic Odes.

The Twenty-Fourth of May

All hail ! our Queen, our gracious Queen !

 Canadians lead the chorus ;
Long may the Union Jack be seen
 Full proudly waving o'er us.
Be this to-day our darling toast,
 From mountain, vale and river,
And may it roll from coast to coast—

 " Our Queen and home forever."

 Then here's to Britain's loyal sons,
 Aye first in freedom's tussle ;
 Forever wed, in heart and head,
 The Shamrock, Rose and Thistle.

" God save the Queen." We hear the strain

 From o'er the mighty waters ;
And we take up the glad refrain—
 Canadian sons and daughters ;
And send the joyous notes along
 To fair Australian valleys,
Where echo's voice the notes prolong
 To Indian hut and palace.

 Then here's to Britain's loyal sons,
 Aye first in freedom's tussle ;
 For ever wed, in heart and head,
 The Shamrock, Rose and Thistle.

And British hearts, though sad or gay,

 And ever leal and ready
To toast the twenty-fourth of May,
 And our dear sovereign lady.
Aye pledged to Britain and its throne,
 Our glorious constitution ;
May justice guide the State alone,
 And thwart red Revolution.

 Then here's to Britain's loyal sons,
 Aye first in freedom's tussle ;
 For ever wed, in heart and head,
 The Shamrock, Rose and Thistle.

Our fathers shed their dearest blood
 For honor, truth and Britain ;
How oft have they on field and flood
 The stubborn foeman beaten !
And we the sons of sires renowned
 In many a thrilling story ;

We'll pledge anew, with reverence due,
 Our Queen and Britain's glory.

 Then here's to Britain's loyal sons,
 Aye first in freedom's tussle ;
 For ever wed, in heart and head,
 The Shamrock, Rose and Thistle.

Imperial Greece, nor haughty Rome,
 Claimed empire half so splendid ;
Of truth and equity the home,
 Of love and valor blended.
The sun ne'er sets upon the plains
 Whereon thy standard's planted ;
Isle answers Isle in loyal strains,
 From British hearts undaunted,
 Then here's to Britain's loyal sons,
 Aye first in freedom's tussle ;
 For ever wed, in heart and head,
 The Shamrock, Rose and Thistle.

The crushed and feeble turn to thee,
 As to their grand protector ;
And at thy word the dastards flee—
 The tyrant and subjector.
The fetter's clank, and dungeon's wail,
 And fierce oppression's leer,
Before the Royal Lion quail,
 And flee like frightened deer.
 Then here's to Britain's loyal sons,
 Aye first in freedom's tussle ;
 For ever wed, in heart and head,
 The Shamrock, Rose and Thistle.

The ocean owns thy sovereign sway
 In every known relation,
E'er since thy children crushed that day
 The Spanish proud invasion.
And oft since then have British guns
 Their voice of vict'ry thundered ;
As o'er the deep, the good ships sweep,
 And all the world has wondered.
 Then here's to Britain's loyal sons,
 Aye first in freedom's tussle ;
 For ever wed, in heart and head,
 The Shamrock, Rose and Thistle.

O'er all the earth, from zone to zone,
 Thy children shout together—
"Three loyal cheers for Britain's throne !
 Its glory fade shall never.
And three times three to her who sits
 Upon its sure foundation,
May heaven attend, and still extend,
 An undivided nation."
 Then here's to Britain's loyal sons,
 Aye first in freedom's tussle ;
 For ever wed, in heart and head,
 The Shamrock, Rose and Thistle.

The Maple.

TUNE—"The Red, White and Blue.

Long flourish the stout, sturdy maple !
 Its leaves ever welcome and green,
 An emblem, I trow, that's no fable
 To loyal Canadians, I ween.
 The rose may claim culture and beauty,
 The shamrock, wit, fancy and glee,
 The thistle may boast of stern duty,
 The maple proclaims liberty !

Though young be the nation that claims thee,
 There throbs in its life-blood no blight ;
 Long life to the people who names thee—
 The emblem of freedom and right.
 Thy root in the soil deeply planted,
 Thy head peering up to the sky,
 Betoken the people undaunted,
 Who've sworn to protect thee or die.

Then here's to the land of the maple !
 The home of the brave and the free ;
 And here's to the love that's the cable !
 That binds all thy children to thee.
 Thy sons are all brave and true-hearted,
 Thy maidens are faithful and fair,
 The sires to the sons have imparted
 This motto for freedom " We dare."

It may be that some lands are blander,
 Their vales have a lovelier glow,
 Thy mountains and valleys look grander
 To thy sons and thy daughters, I trow.
 There's grandeur from hill-top to river,
 There's beauty in each inland sea ;
 Then Canada flourish for ever !
 As grand as thine own maple tree.

Sir John.

"There have been few statesmen in any country that could boast of a longer period of popularity than our veteran premier, while neither in this nor any foreign country is there a statesman who can boast that his popularity has been founded on more substantial or more enduring service to his countrymen."

KINGSTON NEWS, DEC. 28, 1888.

Patriotic Odes.

7

Nae hackneyed theme my pen inspires,
But one 'twould grace the deathless lyers
Of bards whose music never tires,
 As years roll on ;
The muse finds a' her pet desires—
 In guid Sir John.

A statesman in the highest sense,
Wi' wisdom ripe and wit immense,
And patriotic heart intense,
 He stands alone ;
A foe tae shallow, sham pretence,
 Leal auld Sir John.

He holds the sceptre o' command
Wi' firm yet wi' gentle hand ;
A leader born, his plans will stand
 To build upon ;
His grasp o' things is vast and grand,
 Wise auld Sir John.

His heid's filled fu' o' classic lore,
His soul is generous tae the core,
Nae dour, dull, dry, dogmatic bore,
 Wi' heart o' stone ;
On Reason's wings his fancies soar,
 Sage auld Sir John.

He wastes nae time in senseless havers,
Nor condescends tae clashmaclevers,
What e'er he says wi' wisdom savors
 And lofty tone ;
Mean personal spleen he treats as blethers,
 Brave auld Sir John.

Nae mountibank wi' idle dreams,
Where self is first in a' his schemes,
And think tae mak' bombastic screams
 For sense atone ;
Such hollow cant he lightly deems,
 Grand auld Sir John.

Nae selfish ends his words conceal,
As a' his measures do reveal,
Tae doubt this truth, the very de'il
 Could not be known ;
His dearest thought's his country's weal,
 Dear auld Sir John.

Is there a sour concieted sump
Wha at these words would mutter " humph,"
Just let the numskull growl and groan,
 And grunt and grumph,
Among Canadian sons he's triumph—
 Great auld Sir John.

Patriotic Odes.

As do the wandering orbs o' night
 Withdraw their cold inconstant light
 When Phoebus rises in his might—
 Unmatched, alone ;
 So a' oor country's seers tak' flight
 Before Sir John,

His unmatched zeal can ne'er be told,
 His country's greatness to uphold,
 A glorious polocy to mould
 A' ranks might own,
 Has been the darling wish, and bold,
 Of shiewd Sir John.

Aye practical in word and deed,
Acta non verba is his creed,
 His country's saviour in her need
 In years bygone ;
 Wha kens him best maun say " God speed,"
 Tae, guid Sir John.

Lang be he spared, oor chieftain grand,
 Tae guide the interests o' oor land,
 And when at length wi' age unmanned
 And feeble grown,
 Lord tak' him tae Thy ain right hand —
 Bless'd auld Sir John !

Our Dear Adopted Land.

TUNE—"Auld Langsyne."

Ho ! ye who hail from o'er the sea !
 Come join in heart and hand,
 And sing this strain, with might and main,
 Our dear adopted land.
 Our dear adopted land, my friends,
 Our dear adopted land ;
 Hip, hip, hurrah ! for Canada !
 Our dear adopted land.

Th'ough dear the land we've left behind,
 Each vale and meadow bland,
 Yet still we'll sing, to thee we'll cling
 Our dear adopted land.
 Our dear adopted land, my friends,
 Our dear adopted land ;
 Hip, hip, hurrah ! for Canada !
 Our dear adopted land.

In thee we've found a happy home,
By freedom's breezes fanned ;
And friendship's smiles, and beauty's wiles,
Our dear adopted land.
Our dear adopted land, my friends,
Our dear adopted land ;
Hip, hip, hurrah ! for Canada !
Our dear adopted land.

The past has found thee staunch and true
To duty's stern command ;
Thy shield, I wot, contains no blot.
Our dear adopted land.
Our dear adopted land, my friends,
Our dear adopted land ;
Hip, hip, hurrah ! for Canada !
Our dear adopted land.

Though varied clines thy children claim,
Yet love to thee's the band
That links the whole in heart and soul,
Our dear adopted land.
Our dear adopted land, my friends,
Our dear adopted land ;
Hip, hip, hurrah ! for Canada !
Our dear adopted land.

We need no seer's eye to see
Thy future great and grand ;
Thy deathless name, entwined with fame,
Our dear adopted land.
Our dear adopted land, my friends,
Our dear adopted land ;
Hip, hip, hurrah !
Our dear adopted land.

A Song of Labor.

Ho ! ye horny-fisted toilers !
Building up a nation's walls ;
Sowing seed, while loud-mouthed boilers
Waste their breath in useless brawls.
Ply the shuttle, wield the hammer,
Guide the sickle, mould the clay,
Leave to schoolmen greek and grammar,
Labour's sons are Britain's stay.

Patriotic Odes.

Were it not for brain and muscle,
 Britain, trade-mart of the world,
 Could not have through many a tussle,
 Freedom's flag so long unfurled.
 Ply the shuttle, wield the hammer,
 Guide the sickle, mould the clay,
 Leave to schoolmen greek and grammar,
 Labour's sons are Britain's stay.

Knew ye not 'tis dint of labour,
 Battles fought on bloodless fields.
 That's our country's stay and sav'our,
 And her greatness guards and shields.
 Ply the shuttle, wield the hammer,
 Guide the sickle, mould the clay,
 Leave to schoolmen greek and grammar,
 Labour's sons are Britain's stay.

In the snorting of the engine,
 In the whirl and birr of wheels,
 Superstition in her dungeon,
 Hears the sound her fate that seals.
 Ply the shuttle, wield the hammer,
 Guide the sickle, mould the clay,
 Leave to schoolmen greek and grammar,
 Labour's sons are Britain's stay.

In the harsh discordant voices
 That arise from forge and loom,
 Britain's mighty heart rejoices,
 And her brow is cleared of gloom.
 Ply the shuttle, wield the hammer,
 Guide the sickle, mould the clay,
 Leave to schoolmen greek and grammar,
 Labour's sons are Britain's stay.

From the whisking sound of axes,
 From the pit shaft dark and and cold,
 Come the sinews of our taxes,
 Britain's prestige to uphold.
 Ply the shuttle, wield the hammer,
 Guide the sickle, mould the clay,
 Leave to schoolmen greek and grammar,
 Labour's sons are Britain's stay.

Deep within her iron-ribbed bosom
 Lie the treasures of our land,
 There 'mid dangers thick and gruesome,
 Labour earns her triumphs grand.
 Ply the shutte, wield the hammer,
 Guide the sickle, mould the day,
 Leave to schoolmen greek and grammar,
 Labour's sons are Britain's stay.

He who spake as man did never—
Words 'twill live through all earth's storms—
Consecrated once for ever,
Toil in all its varied forms.
Ply the shuttle, wield the hammar,
Guide the sickle mould the clay,
Leave to schoolmen, greek and grammar,
Labour's sons are Britain's stay.

Think of Him, the world's Redeemer,
Brow begrimmed with labour's stain,
No utopian, aimless dreamer,—
Toiling on with hand and brain.
Ply the shuttle, wield the hammer,
Guide the sickle, mould the clay,
Leave to schoolmen greek and grammar,
Labour's sons are Britain's stay.

Though thy walk in life be lowly,
Though disheartened oft ye feel,
Labor makes thy pathway holy,
Consecrates the frugal meal.
Ply the snuttle, wield the hammer,
Guide the sickle, mould the clay,
Leave to schoolmen greek and grammar,
Labour's sons are Britain's stay.

Not to downy bed and pillows
Always comes the sweetest rest ;
Oft they feel like surging billows
To some Croesus' troubled breast.
Ply the shuttle, wield the hammer,
Guide the sickle, mould the clay,
Leave to schoolmen greek and grammar,
Labour's sons are Britain's stay.

Men of every phase of labour,
Faint not in the role ye play ;
By a wise and stern endeavour,
Truth and worth will win the day.
Ply the shuttle, wield the hammer,
Guide the sickle, mould the clay,
Leave to schoolmen greek and grammar,
Labour's sons are Britain's stay.

Eye Manly Play Your Part.

We canna a' be wealthy, we canna a' be great,
We canna a' be rulers in either kirk or state,
We canna a' hae god-like power o' intellect and nerve,
Where one is born to rule and guide, a thousand's born to serve.

Patriotic Odes.

And yet though humble and obscure our place in life's stern fight,
 We may as deathless laurels win as star-bejewelled knight,
 And they wha face life's duties a' that lie near to their heart,
 Hae done their best, wha can do mair?—aye play a manly part.

Though sometimes it is hard to bear the stings and slings o' life,
 There's yet a calm and peacefu' goal to a' its din and strife,
 Wha finds the sweetest, softest rest, unvexed by abject fear?
 'Tis those, though tried and tempest-tossed, have yet a conscience clear.
 Oh, sweet is sunshine after rain, and pleasure after grief,
 How dear when dreary winter's past, the opening bud and leaf,
 And sweet to many a weary wight, wha under troubles smart,
 The thought that sufi'ring nerves the soul,—aye play a manly part.

At times we think 'tis folly pure to try and stem the tide,
 But just rest idly on oor oars and wi' the current glide;
 But never yet was victory won without some sacrifice,
 The greater barriers to o'ercome, the greater aye the prize.
 And danger faced and overcome maun fill the heart wi' glee,
 Unfelt by a' save those who've fought 'gainst odds to victory;
 And looking proudly to the past what joys maun through them dart.
 That knave or caitiff ne'er can feel,—aye play a manly part.

'Tis said oor acts oor angels are, that whether guid or ill,
 That in the lang, lang life to come, they'll bless or haunt us still;
 Gin that be true we canna tell, but this we brawly ken,
 That virtue is its ain reward to a' degrees o' men.
 And gin oor lives be in the right, although at times we fail,
 The motive justifies the deed, as moral does the tale,
 And though a thankless part we play in life's big, changefu' mart,
 Let's learn to "labour and to wait," and manly play oor part.

Canada.

Hurrah, hurrah! for Canada, the bonnie and the brave!
 Long may the beaver rear its head, the vernal maple wave,
 As emblems of thy hardy race, the gallant and the free,
 Who'li ne'er submit to red-eyed wrong not crouch to tyranny.

Thy fame shall never cease to be applauded o'er the world,
 Where ever men o'er martyr's graves have freedom's flag unfurled;
 And sooner shall the hills take flight that guard thy native plains,
 Than will Canadians cease to sing thy patriotic strains.

Here valour dwells and justice reigns, the patriotic flame
 Is part and parcel of thy life and not an empty name;
 And if a time should ever come when State must stand or fall,
 No son of thine will fail, I trow, to answer to thy call.

A nation's, like a man of worth, is measured not by threats,
 Too often is the braggard's boasts fast followed by regrets,
 The frothy stream that boils and broils is shallow at the best,
 The ample, wide, majestic lake seems placid and at rest.

The past has stamped upon thy heart a lesson great and grand,
That when occasion calls thee forth thou'rt fit to take thy stand,
And show by dint of word and deed, in conflict foul or fair,
Thy sons are ready for thy sake to do what men may dare.

Thy victories of peace and war, unsullied by a spot,
'Twould make a freeman hang his head in palace or in cot,
Must fill each patriotic heart with reverence and pride,
To guard thy honor as his own, whatever may betide.

Within thy fair and vast domains, what treasure good and grand,
Has nature not bestowed on thee, with kind and lavish hand?
In field and forest lake and shore, in dells and mountain rifts,
Are scattered broadcast far and near her best and choicest gifts.

A land of beauty—nameless fair, of every varied mood,
From cataract with voice sublime, to deepest solitude;
From smiling valleys robed in green and laced with silver rills,
To summits clothed in virgin snow among the pathless hills.

Thy future looms with prospect bright, of honour, prestige, power,
When wisdom shall thy borders gird and valour guard each tower,
When pessimistic, peevish plaint no more shall lift its voice,
But steadfast in its righteous strength, a nation shall rejoice.

The blood that pulses in thy veins, has flown from sires renowned,
Who have been in the ages past, by every virtue crowned;
And bound up in thy morning life are elements as grand
As those that made the parent stock, the pride of ever land.

St. Andrew's Day.

Oh, ye wha claim oor patron saint,
Whose hearts nae foreign air can taint
And mak' them slight the land they spent
Life's opening May;
Be this toast pledged without restraint
"St. Andrew's Day."

May joy and happiness preside,
As sitting jovial side by side,
Ye toast the land far ower the tide,
Wi' muckle glee;
O' a' the earth the wale and pride—
The auld countrie.

What Scot but kindles at the strains
That paint his dear, his native plains,
Where honor dwells and virtue reigns
Wi' lofty name;
And sociality attains
Her highest aim.

Patriotic Odes.

Dear favoured land o' deathless song,
 What praises meet tae thee belong?
 Thy sons hae faced and vanquished wrong
 In many a fight;
 Have dared the scaffold and the thong,
 For God and right.

And Scotia's sons are still the same,
 As leal tae truth, as fond o' home
 As when ilk sire engraved his name
 On fame's proud roll;
 Aye pledged tae friendship's sacred flame
 Frae pole tae pole.

Though many o' thy sons hae been
 In grander land and climes, I ween,
 Yet nae where seems the grass sae greer,
 Nae hills sae grand,
 As what we find tae feast the een,
 In auld Scotland.

Nae flowrets bloom sae fair and sweet,
 Nae bidies hae the same "twit' twit,"
 Nae maidens hae such charms complete
 As Scotia boasts;
 Sae let's wi' mirth the auld land greet,
 In a' oor toasts.

And first we'll toast auld Scotia's fame,
 And next her maids—ilk bonnie dame,
 Her hardy sons, though far frae home,
 Their part will play:
 And pledge ilk year, wi' hearts aflame,
 St. Andrew's Day.

*F*riendship.

I crave not for wealth, or the pomp that it brings,
 I court not the laurels of fame,
 But, oh! my heart pants for the solace that springs
 From a friendship that's always the same.

No matter how humble the *role* we may play
 In life's mystic drama all through,
 We ever may bask in the sunshine of May
 If friends would prove faithful and true.

That heart must be lonely and never at rest,
 Though it beats in the breast of a king,
 That knows not a friend who will aye stand the test,
 No matter what fortune may bring.

But rare as the visits of angels, I trow,
 Is the friendship that's aught but a name,
 Let an adverse Simoon one whiff on you blow,
 And your gay friends are off as they came.

How utterly nauseous is that fulsome cant,
 The sycophant whines in your lug,
 While if ye but hinted ye then were in want,
 He'd leave double-quick with a shrug.
 But precious the blessing, beyond all compare,
 When sunk in misfortune's quagmire,
 To know of some loved one our burden who'd share,
 Altho' 'twere thro' flood or thro' fire.
 Then here's to the friendship that never turns cold !
 That's faithful and true till life's end ;
 Its worth and its grandeur can never be told,
 Three cheers for an old trusty friend !

The Tide Will Turn Again.

TUNE—"Nae luck about the hoose."

How few have reached the goal of life
 Untouched by scratch or scar ?
 How many sick of care and strife,
 Have crossed the harbour bar !
 And yet we should not nurse our fears,
 Each trials will depart ;
 And life has smiles as well as tears
 To every honest heart.
 The tide will turn again, my boys,
 The tide will turn again ;
 The darkest night gives place to light,
 And sunshine follows rain.
 'Tis hard at times to stem the stream
 Against both wind and tide,
 While others idle sit and dream,
 And with the current glide.
 The Angel Hope can still beguile
 Each gathering care and fear,
 And who can prize aright a smile
 Who never shed a tear ?
 The tide will turn again, my boys,
 The tide will turn again ;
 The darkest night, gives place to light,
 And sunshine follows rain.
 This life—a scene of ups and downs—
 A lottery is at best ;
 This moment met by sneers and frowns,
 The next by love caressed.
 Within thy valley sombre, drear,
 To-day our feet may stand ;
 To-morrow we from Pisgah clear
 May view the promised land.
 The tide will turn again, my boys,
 The tide will turn again ;
 The darkest night gives place to light,
 And sunshine follows rain.

Robert Burns.

(Born 25th January, 1759—An anniversary Tribute.)

O Robin, Robin, bard divine! thy natal morn is here!
 To every patriotic scot the proudest of the year;
 Of what event can Scotia boast, to which a scotchman turns
 With half the pleasure, pride and praise than to the name of Burns?

And though for many years before our eyes had seen the light,
 To a land of song and beauty his spirit winged its flight,
 We still can see that manly form behind his frugal plough,
 The stamp of brightest genius imprinted on his brow.

He stoopeth o'er the daisy, and in one short-lived hour
 It burgeons forth in beauty—a loved, a treasured flower,
 And ever since it finds a place in every kindly heart,
 And gayer flowers we'd rather lose than with the "gowan" part.

And see, the ploughshare has upturned a lowly mouse's nest,
 And pity lurks within his eye, and fills his generous breast,
 He mourns the timorous, timid thing, in pathos so sublime,
 That ne'er forgot shall mousie be down thro' the stream of time.

He thinks on dear domestic ties, his bosom swells with pride,
 He paints that sweet and hallowed scene, the cotter's fireside;
 That sacred drama who can read with inmost heart untouched?
 Nor feel his grosser self abashed, his better self enriched!

And other themes the lowliest, 'twere known o'er Scotia's plains,
 Touched by the great high priest of song—the witch'ry of his strains—
 Sprung into light and beauty, and breathed a new-born life,
 That soothe our jaded spirits amid earth's ceaseless strife.

And yet though tender was his heart, the patriotic glow
 Lit up his great and dauntless soul, as few on earth may know;
 He gazed on pomp and pageantry, and all the lordling clan,
 But what was tinsel show to him if wanting were the man!

He knew no servile homage to primate, priest, or king,
 The language of whose lives had not the true and sterling ring;
 The rude, unlettered rustic, with naught but native worth;
 Wes dearer far to him than he—an accident of birth.

We feel his presence still to-day, the music of his lyre
 Sinks deep into each bosom to quicken and inspire;
 We cannot think of him as dead, a bard of others years,
 The spirit of his muse is wed to all our smiles and tears.

Oh, cold and dead that heart must be, his lyrics cannot thrill,
 Who never felt the witchery of his poetic skill;
 Then welcome this auspicious day as oft as it returns—
 With chorus, song, and three-times-three, for our immortal Burns.

MAY 30 / 20

