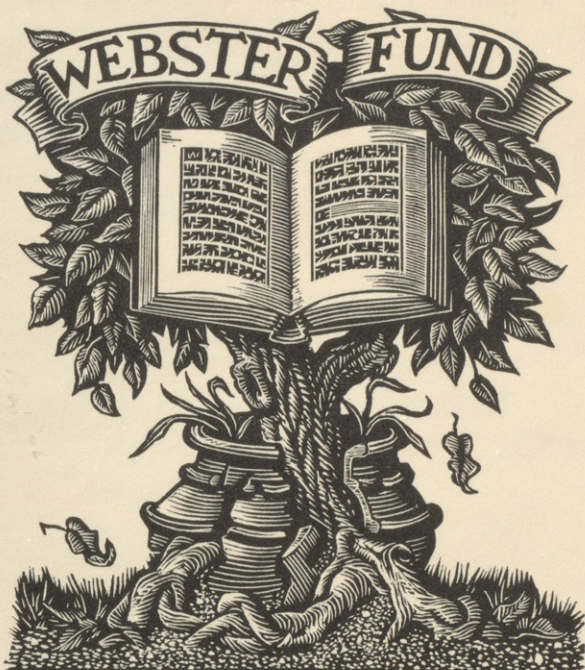


COLLECTED VERSE

"THE BLIND BARD OF
MEGANTIC"

ARCHIBALD McKILLOP





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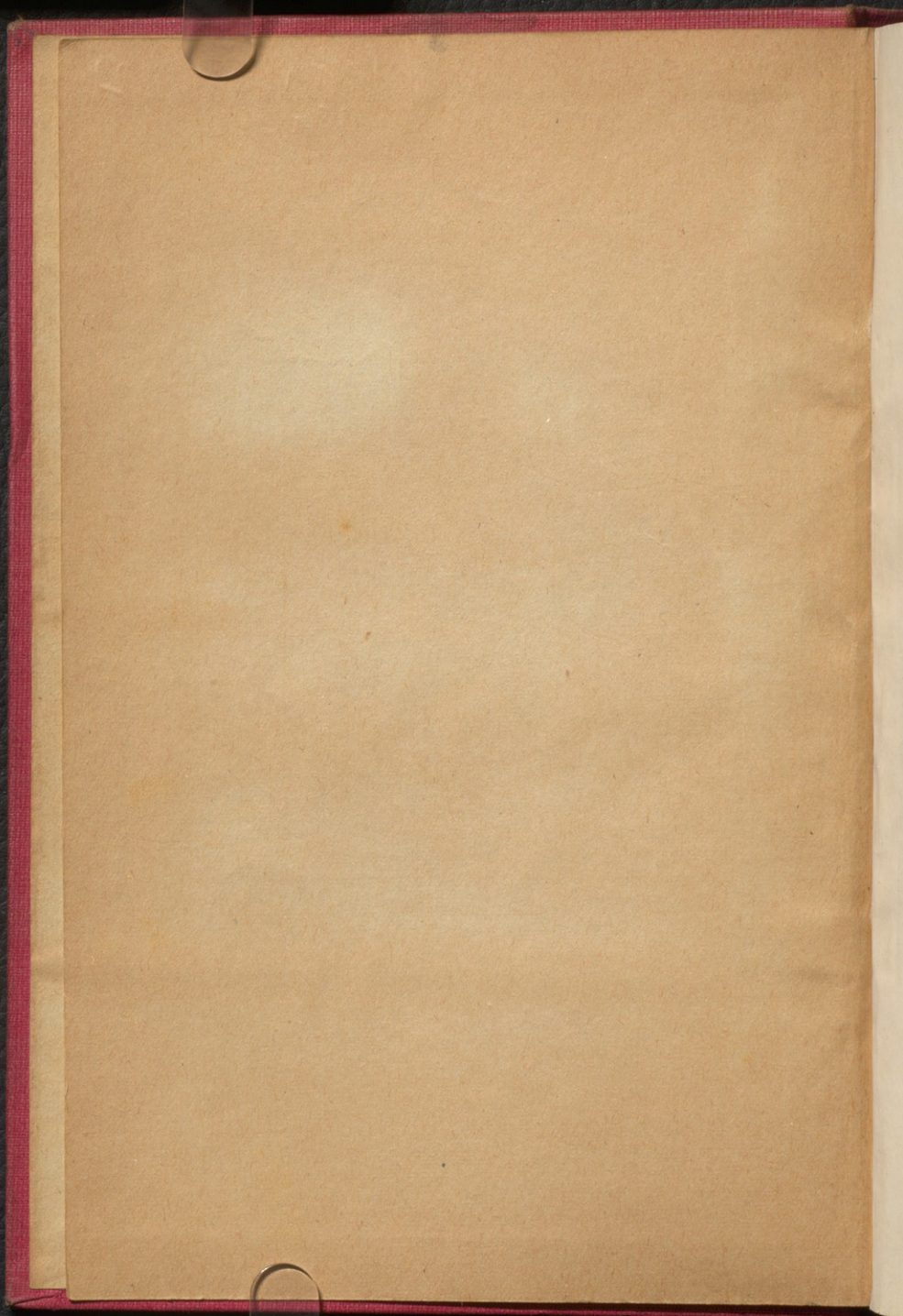
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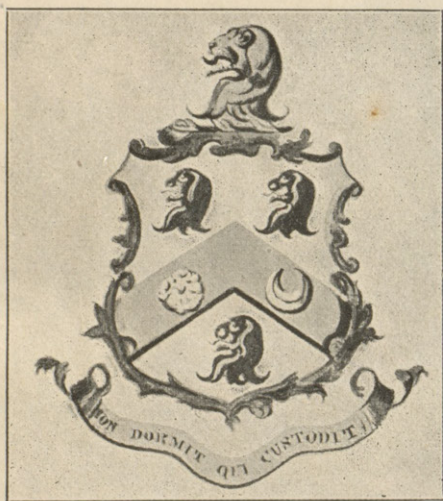
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COLLECTED VERSE

"THE BLIND BARD
OF MEGANTIC"

BY
ARCHIBALD McKILLOP

COLLECTED & FIRST

THE BLIND BARD

OF MEDFORD

INTRODUCTION

THE author of this book of verse, Archibald McKillop, better known as the "Blind Bard of Megantic" was born in "The Big House" at Loch Ranza, Arran, Scotland, on July 4th, 1824. His father, Archibald McKillop, was then "Tax Gatherer" for the Duke of Hamilton.

In April, 1829, a large party from Loch Ranza sailed for Canada in the brig *Caledonia*, under the leadership of Mr. McKillop. The author of these poems was then a lad almost five years of age. The party finally settled in Inverness, Quebec, where for years Archibald McKillop, senior, was the acknowledged leader of the colony. He went to Quebec at the time of the Rebellion of '37, as captain of a company of volunteers, whom he had gathered himself. After the war he was duly gazetted as colonel.

Young Archibald grew up on his father's farm, trained to hard work, such as the clearing of the heavily-timbered land, and the harvesting of the crops by hand. From his early youth he gave promise of literary ability. His father had been trained in Edinburgh University, and so all his family were brought up to value education. Archibald was sent to school at Lachine, Quebec, and after teaching school for some time, he went with his brother Malcolm to Toronto University. It was while home for the Christmas holidays that he received an injury to one of his eyes that brought on complete blindness in the course of a few years. With dauntless courage he refused to give in to his handicap. For years he was a well-known temperance lecturer throughout Canada. As a political and religious controversialist he was logical and splendidly vigorous. He was a great lover of children. Many who are now bearing the responsibilities of life remember with pleasure the kindly, blind gentleman who in their childhood days took infinite pains to please and amuse them.

INTRODUCTION

His great love for righteousness and clean outdoor life is shown in his poems. He was intensely loyal to his Scottish ancestry, and was a welcome and enthusiastic guest at the meetings of Scottish Societies, many of which honoured him as their Bard.

During his latter years he lived among the Scots of Glengarry. Failing in health he went to visit his nephew, Donald McKillop Solandt, at Kingston, Ontario, where he died in September, 1905.

These poems have been arranged for publication by Miss I. L. Henderson, whose novel, "My Canada," has been so well received. The expense for publication has been borne by Neil McKillop, a nephew of "The Bard" and a most ardent admirer of his.

The book is presented to the public in memory of a most optimistic, genial gentleman, whose soul never yielded to the handicap of blindness.

DONALD MCKILLOP SOLANDT.

September, 1913.

Winnipeg, Canada.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
INTRODUCTION	iii
1. RHYMES FOR THE TIMES. First Published in 1857.	
Saint Bartholomew's Day in Canada	9
The Death of Robert Corrigan	13
A Song for True Orangemen	26
Kansas : Peace with England : War with Popery	28
A Visit to Montreal	32
The Farce at Hoboken	35
Transubstantiation versus Common Sense	40
Bedini's Visit to America	42
Father M'Donald and the Scottish Youth	44
Appeal to the Freemen of America	46
The Runaway Slave	51
Letter to F. A. Ross, D.D.	53
The Drunken Bear	56
Father Bonnie's Address	59
Peter and Paul	60
A Will Case	63
We Will Publish the Bible	64
Father B. and Barbara Forman	66
Thoughts on Death, Heaven, and Hell	68
The Death of the "Maine Law" in Canada	71
The Murderess	72
Address to France	73
Address to the Queen	74
Another Song for True Orangemen	75
Conclusion	78
2. TEMPERANCE ODES AND MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.	
First published in 1860.	
The Drunkard's Child	79
The Good Example	84
The Awful Death	85
The Tavern Keeper	87
The Rum-selling Grocer	89
The Forty-Gallon River	91
The Cold Water Pledge	93
The Feast of Belshazzar	96

	PAGE
To the Friends of Temperance - - - -	98
The Rum-seller Outwitted by Himself - - - -	98
Bad Company and Rum - - - -	100
The Last of the Family - - - -	102
The Youth Admonished - - - -	103
A Strange Thing - - - -	105
Advice to the Labouring Classes - - - -	107
The Two Foes - - - -	108
Closing Ode for Temperance Meetings - - - -	110
Liquor at Funerals - - - -	111
An Appeal - - - -	111
A Tale - - - -	113
The Grand Trunk Railway - - - -	114
National Ode for Canada - - - -	115
The Bible - - - -	116
The Old Log Meeting-House - - - -	124
Gaelic Prize Poem - - - -	128
Translation of Gaelic Prize Poem - - - -	130

3. GENERAL POEMS.

I.—ON MEGANTIC

Megantic More than Forty Years Ago - - - -	135
Great Megantic - - - -	137
Old Megantic - - - -	139
“ One Evening in the Flowery Month ” - - - -	143
The Home in the Woods - - - -	146
The Ladies at the Fair - - - -	148
“ There’s an Opening on a Mountain’s Brow ” - - - -	150
Thoughts on Megantic, Past, Present, and Future - - - -	158
Three Cheers for Old Megantic Yet - - - -	159

II.—ON CANADA

Canada’s New Flag - - - -	165
Come to Canada - - - -	166
Fair Canada - - - -	167
Hail! Bright Colonial Star - - - -	169
Ontario’s Brave Defenders - - - -	170
Onward, Canada, Onward! - - - -	171
Our Land, the Ophir of Gold - - - -	172
Our Northland of Freedom - - - -	174
Our Own, Our Loved Canadian Land - - - -	175
The Land We Live In - - - -	176
The Star of the North - - - -	177
This Canada of Ours - - - -	178

CONTENTS

vii

	PAGE
III.—ON VARIOUS LOCALITIES	
A Tribute to St. Mary's, Ontario - - - -	180
Great Niagara - - - - -	181
Niagara - - - - -	183
Restigouche, Famous Charlo, and surrounding Scenery	184
Wallacetown, County of Elgin - - - - -	185
What a Blind Man Saw in New Brunswick - - -	187
IV.—TO ROYALTY	
Canada's Joyous Reception of the Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise - - - - -	190
Canada's Welcome to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales -	192
On the Death of Princess Alice - - - - -	193
Royal Thanksgiving Hymn - - - - -	195
The End of the Century - - - - -	196
The Royal Heroine - - - - -	197
Thoughts of the Blind - - - - -	199
To the Marquis of Lorne and Princess Louise - -	201
V.—ON QUEEN VICTORIA'S JUBILEE	
Jubilee Poem - - - - -	204
The Jubilee - - - - -	218
The Royal Victoria Jubilee Hospital - - - - -	220
VI.—ON SCOTLAND AND HER PEOPLE	
Hallowe'en, Ancient and Modern - - - - -	222
New Year's Greeting - - - - -	224
Our New Dominion Hallowe'en - - - - -	227
St. Andrew's Day - - - - -	229
St. Andrew, Great and Good - - - - -	234
The Crofters - - - - -	236
The Holy Fiddle - - - - -	237
The Land of Song - - - - -	241
The Language and Emblems of Scotland - - - -	243
The Sailor's Answer - - - - -	246
The Scotsman in Canada - - - - -	248
Thoughts for St. Andrew's Day - - - - -	250
VII.—ON TEMPERANCE	
Freemen's Song, Ontario - - - - -	252
Reformer's Rallying Song, West Elgin - - - -	253
Temperance Triumph in Megantic - - - - -	254
The Castle of Bacchus - - - - -	256
The Defeat of E. King Dodds - - - - -	259

	PAGE
The Malt that Lay in the House that Jack Built	- 261
The Plebiscite Vote in Ontario, 1894	- 279
The Temperance Triumph in Halton	- 280
The Temperance Vote	- 282
Triumph of Right	- 283
Beautiful Water	- 285

VIII.—ON RELIGIOUS SUBJECTS

A Christmas Carol	- 287
A Home Missionary Hymn	- 288
Armenia	- 289
Canadian Christian Endeavour Hymn	- 291
Christian Endeavour	- 292
Hope for the Union	- 293
Psalm Twenty-Third	- 295
Thanksgiving Hymn	- 296
"The Dead are in the Dreamless Tomb"	- 297
The Destruction of Babylon	- 299
The Glory of the Lamb	- 300
The Promised Land	- 301
Union	- 304
Will You be There, and I ?	- 307
In Memoriam	- 308

IX.—MISCELLANEOUS

A Letter to a Friend	- 313
Anderson	- 314
A Voice from Canada	- 315
"Erin Go Bragh"	- 317
"Great Britain"—not "England"	- 319
Grumbling at the Weather	- 323
Hallowe'en	- 325
On the Foundering of the <i>Victoria</i>	- 326
Song of Peace for Great Britain and the Colonies	- 329
The Auction Sale of Slavery	- 331
The Great Abomination	- 335
The Indian and the Slave	- 349
The Lightning Run	- 351
The Madness of War	- 353
Thoughts for the Times	- 355
To Alexander H. Wingfield	- 356
Two Acrostics	- 358
"Well May We Boast of Liberty"	- 359

COLLECTED VERSE

SAINT BARTHOLOMEW'S DAY IN CANADA

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN A STRANGER AND A CITIZEN OF MONTREAL IN REFERENCE TO THE MASSACRE OF THE 9TH JUNE, 1853.

STRANGER

Hail! citizen. Why weepest thou?
Thy cause of grief declare.
The city seems in trouble now,
There's mourning everywhere.

CITIZEN

Art thou but a stranger, and yet hast not heard
Our source of affliction and sorrow?
Then know that we mourn for relations laid low,
In a moment of ire, by a merciless foe,
While we the survivors were destin'd to know
Disconsolate grief on the morrow.

STRANGER

Pray tell me then did foemen dare
Disturb your quiet repose?
And did the military guards
Repel the country's foes?
Or did some den of infamy
Pour forth its lawless hordes
Of those who rob and kill, and live
By what their guilt affords?

CITIZEN

Ah! stranger, it was not the carnage of war;
 No foes were assembled in battle;
 Nor was it the fruit of the plunderer's trade,
 For Rome has enacted another crusade
 'Gainst freedom of speech; and the dying and dead
 Fell thick in the midst of the rattle.

STRANGER

Methinks I read the sequel now:
 If ROME has been the foe
 I wonder not that you can tell
 A tale of bitter woe.

CITIZEN

The day had been fine, and the morning was bright,
 With pleasure's illusions before us;
 We thought not of sorrow, but ah! ere that night
 Had veiled the bright prospects of earth from our sight,
 Like a dream of the past disappeared our delight,
 When death and destruction swept o'er us.

STRANGER

Speak, citizen, for I would know
 What motives could induce
 Th' adherents of the Holy (?) See
 Such horror to produce.

CITIZEN

Yes; since thou desirest, I cannot deny
 So kind a request from a stranger,
 Then know that a preacher, Gavazzi his name,
 Who once was a priest, but had come to proclaim
 The errors he left in that system of shame,
 And we heard him, but dreamt not of danger.

STRANGER

And was there danger? why so slow?
 Make thy recital brief;
 My sympathies awake to know
 If none could give relief.

CITIZEN

I said that the lecturer came to proclaim
The errors of Romish delusion :
But he scarce had commenc-ed, when Ribbonmen arm'd,
From hut and from hovel, in multitudes swarm'd
And assaulted the place, when the hearers, alarmed,
Began to disperse in confusion.

STRANGER

And was that all ? for I had thought
It was some sad affray—
That some were killed—but now I hope
They all got safe away.

CITIZEN

Alas ! courteous stranger, they gain-ed the street,
But found not the means of retiring ;
For there were arranged, in phalanx complete,
The troops that were placed to cut off their retreat.
And some *noted* persons were heard to repeat
The words that directed the firing.

STRANGER

But what ! and did they really fire
Upon the passing crowd ?
Who ever heard of such a thing
In British lands allowed !

CITIZEN

Oh yes, and their muskets were loaded with ball,
The shrieks of the dying were awful ;
In that sorrowful moment, the youth and the sire,
Successively fell, and were left to expire,
By the fiendish assassins controlling the fire,
While *Popery* rendered it lawful.

STRANGER

Ah ! citizen, what dreadful things
Are done in modern times !
And what a vile religion that
Which tolerates such crimes !

CITIZEN

But the trial that followed that notable day
 Should inspire all true freemen with terror.
 The men were arrested, but stood undismayed :
 The things that were done and the words that were said,
 Too plainly evinc'd that they were not afraid,
 And the whole was considered an error.

STRANGER

But tell me how could justice fail ?
 Am I to understand
 That no one is condemn'd to death
 For *murder*, in this land ?

CITIZEN

Oh yes, noble stranger.—But do you not know
 That Rome has her judges and juries ?
 The former invested with power to the full,
 The latter selected and train'd in her school,
 And Justice is baffled according to rule,
 While all that is *Popish* secure is.

STRANGER

Oh sir, it makes me sad to think
 That persecuting Rome
 Is gaining strength in Canada,
 While dying out at home.

CITIZEN

Oh yes : and indeed it must ever be so,
 Wherever the Rulers befriend them :
 And do you not know that when Brownson came here,
 The Catholics thronged unmolested to hear,
 The Priest and the people were strangers to fear,
 With Infantry placed to defend them.

STRANGER

But that must be an evil creed,
 Which conquers by the sword,
 As Papists and Mahometans
 Have done with one accord.

CITIZEN

These statements are bold, but undoubtedly true,
 I challenge the Pope to refute us,
 For the withering blight of his power is discerned
 Wherever the good of his church is concerned,
 And Pio may yet give the laurels they earn'd,
 To those who are eager to shoot us.

STRANGER

But shall not this apostate Church
 Account for such events ?
 Does not the word of God declare
 Her drunk with blood of saints ?

CITIZEN

Yes, stranger, it does ; and it also foretells
 The day of the Lord's indignation,
 When Rome and her tyranny shall disappear.
 The mother of harlots, her downfall is near,
 And those who exult in her cruelties here
 Shall share in her great tribulation.

HISTORY OF THE AWFUL DEATH OF ROBERT CORRIGAN,

FARMER IN ST. SYLVESTER, CANADA EAST ; WHO WAS AT-
 TACKED BY HIS ROMAN CATHOLIC NEIGHBOURS ON THE
 17TH DAY OF OCTOBER, 1855, AND DIED TWO DAYS
 AFTER, WITH PARTICULARS OF THE TRIAL OF THE PARTIES
 INDICTED.

Mortals attend my song, while I relate
 The thrilling story of a poor man's fate,
 Whose death, accomplished by a lawless band,
 Has rung through every cottage in the land ;
 Whose blood still calls for vengeance on the head
 Of those who wrought his death. His blood was shed
 In noonday blaze of light, on public ground,
 And *Robert Corrigan*—that name shall sound

In other lands than this, wherever Friar
Or Priest, or Pope, or Bishop may conspire
By open murder, or by fouler tricks,
To slaughter and extirpate heretics.

Th' October Sun was shining bright and clear,
And Nature seem'd to show no signs of fear ;
In beauteous order, pil'd around the sky,
The snow-white clouds bespoke no tempest nigh ;
The Autumn winds blew softly through the trees ;
The withered leaves fell fluttering on the breeze ;
In rich effusion plenty flowed around ;
The Saint Sylvester hills had just been crowned
With harvests rich. The pious were prepared
To own with gratitude the gifts they shared,
And bless high Heaven. " The memory of their hearts "
Arose to Him who every good imparts,
Indulgent on the sons of Adam's race,
Unworthy of the least of all his grace.

But ah, we said no tempest hovered nigh,—
So far indeed as time-bedimm-ed eye
Could read the page of future human life,
No omen dire appeared of war or strife.
But mortal vision lacks prophetic power
T' unroll the burden of one future hour.
How oft a day of joy is changed to grief,
And nought but trust in God can give relief.
Unconscious of impending danger near,
As if insured of long existence here,
Man clings to life with a tenacious hold,
But death arrests him and his blood runs cold :
Then yawns the opening grave in all its gloom,
And Man, proud man, descends into the tomb.
His prospects blasted, his ambition gone,
His joys and sorrows with his hour-glass run ;
His pomp, his energy, his vigour o'er,
His glory faded, and himself no more.

How various are the ways in which our race
Is " made to mourn " ; description fails to trace

The numerous diseases, pains and woes,
Which are endured in dissolution's throes,
When all the maladies for which we sigh
Are as diversified as those who die.
Some pine away upon their beds of ease,
The victims sure of treacherous disease.
Some die of want, by famine overpowered,
In deserts some, by savage beasts devoured ;
The rolling seas conceal a mighty host,
The drowned inhabitants of Navies lost.
And cruel War, that scourge of fated man,
Destroyed its millions since the world began ;
And war is raging still ; in carnage dire
Contending armies muster to expire.
Transform-ed to a mass of shapeless gore,
Dissolving columns waste away before
Destructive engines of infernal shape,
Bomb-shells exploding, and the mowing grape.
The vast *Lancaster*, with its fiery bolt,
Or those dread implements prepared by Colt,
The blazing Sabre, and the whistling Ball,
And bloody Bayonet, make their thousands fall.

But though the instruments of war appear,
By far too numerous to mention here ;
Yet there's another weapon highly prized,
By wild Hibernians uncivilized ;
But only used by those whose every hope
And whole ambition centre in the Pope,
Who know no monarch but the " Man of Sin,"
And by their bloody actions seek to win
His favour, which he graciously extends
In sin-indulgences to all his friends.
And if the sword has pierced thro' many a heart,
The stout *Shillelah* too has had its part
In deeds of darkness, done in bloody style,
By those who are the dregs of Erin's isle.
The Cannibal, to human feeling lost,
Accounts him greatest who has slaughtered most.
The savage Heathen, in his battle fields
Ferocious and fierce, his war-club wields.

The Indian grasps his bow and scalping-knife,
And scarce is known to save a victim's life.
Barbarians kill without the least remorse,
And savage tribes are to be feared of course.
But if the *Black* in human gore delights,
He has his parallels among the *Whites*.
A class of men I never wish to meet,
Whose weapons, the shillelah and deceit.
It is with some of those I have to deal,
While thus describing what is known too well.
But oh! what pen is gifted to portray
The awful murder in the blaze of day!
The Cruelty! the Death! Oh, how we shrink
From such a scene! It makes us sad to think
How man's base "inhumanity to man"
Has scourged our race since human woes began.
Who has not heard of Cain, he that first
Was for a brother's murder branded, curst.
If infamy has marked him for his crime,
He has his equals in the roll of time.
But though the life destroyer may evade
The light of day, and seek the deepest shade,
Yet 'tis a truth, without a tinge of doubt,
That secret murder must, and will be out.
The conscience-smitten wretch enjoys no rest,
His life a burden, to himself a pest.
A murderer! Oh epithet of shame!
Humanity recoils at such a name,
And He that rescued Noah from the flood
Ordained that he who sheds a brother's blood
Himself must die: "by man his blood be shed,"
The curse of God upon his guilty head.
But what a Hell-born system that which shields
A deed so cruel in the open fields,
And leaves its perpetrators, all and each,
To wield anew their clubs of birch and beech.
The Church which guards them as her bosom friends
And best adapted to promote her ends,—
For are they not prepared as heretofore
To re-imbue their hands in human gore?—
The Saint Sylvester hills and fields may flow

Again with blood, and echo mortal woe.
 To that dark Parish what a boon is given,
 A vile fraternity, which numbers seven.
 The ancient Fratricide was doomed to roam,
 But modern murderers remain at home.

Go tell the residents of future peace :
 Will they not say : Thou vain deluder, cease.
 What peace can we enjoy who dwell beside
 The men who beat our neighbour till he died ?
 Will they not say : We live in constant fear,
 And only stay because our farms are here.
 Do we not see a lonely mother's grief ?
 The orphans too, demand our kind relief.
 In them are centred her maternal hopes,
 And for her little ones she daily copes
 With all the toils with which this world is rife,
 And leads in solitude a widow's life.
 O stranger, hast thou heard her tale of woe ?
 Or, being unacquainted, wouldst thou know
 How dreadful was the hour when slaughter'd fell
 The Husband and the Father ? Many tell
 The melancholy narrative with tears,
 To be remembered through the lapse of years.
 'Twas on the day we held our Annual Fair :
 With light and gladsome hearts we hastened there ;
 Calm was the twilight, and the Morning Sun
 In all his splendour rose, his race to run ;
 But scarcely had the source of heat and light
 Attained the glory of meridian height,
 Than pent-up wrath, and malice long concealed
 Out-burst in fury upon Machell's field.

The busy multitude that thronged the place
 Beheld at once *Rome's* triumph and disgrace,—
 Beheld a man clubb'd, butcher'd like a dog,
 And kick'd and roll'd about as if a log,
 For lo ! A moral hurricane has burst,
 And even here the earth with blood is curst ;
 For Robert Corrigan as we shall see
 With heart undaunted, and with spirit free,

Of frame athletic, and of powerful mind,
 Where strict fidelity and truth combined
 With moral principle, and honest pride,
 With other two was chosen, to decide
 The Prizes to be given then and there,
 And so he entered on his work with care.

Meanwhile a band of wicked, Popish knaves—
 Sworn Ribbonmen, as well as Satan's slaves—
 Behind a barn in solemn conclave met,
 Premeditating murder, and to set
 At bold defiance laws of God and man,
 Resolved that they would murder Corrigan.

This Corrigan was once a Romanist as they,*
 But led to see the error of his way,
 Renounced allegiance to the Church of Rome,
 Became a Protestant:—for this, his doom
 Is violent death, for are not Papists taught
 That murder is a deed with virtue fraught
 When to defend their Church they vent their wrath,
 And only Protestants are put to death?

So when this bloody conclave had agreed
 Upon a champion who should do the deed,
 The blow once given they should all unite,
 Complete the murder, and enjoy the sight.
 The whole disbanding came with one fell sweep
 On Robert Corrigan, while judging sheep.
 The chosen wretch who his associates led,
 Approached his victim, struck him on the head.
 The man was stunn'd; he reeled around and fell.
 His comrades swore their leader did it well,
 They clos'd around, regardless of his cries;
 With clubs they beat him when he tried to rise;
 They leaped upon his body, kicked his sides,
 With horrid oaths, "We'll kill him out," they cried,
 Exulting over him, the mob rushed in
 To share the murder and complete the sin.

* See Pamphlet published by R. Middleton, Esq., Quebec.

Like fiends from Erebus with fiery breath,
And mouths wide gaping for the work of death,
And furies glancing from each rolling eye,
They did their work, and left the man to die.

Then came another wretch, with hoary head,
To wield his club before the man was dead,
Upon the heretic his rage to vent ;
Should not this man be canonized a saint ?
Shall not some priest attest the holy act,
And send the Pope a notice of the fact ?

A woman* when she saw he would be slain,
Cried " Murder ! Oh ! my God ! " but cried in vain.
True, there was one whose heart was touched with grief,
Who sought to rescue, and to give relief.
But single-handed what could *Stockin* do
Against the force of such a lawless crew ?
So his humanity was forced to yield,
And bruised and wounded he forsook the field.
Long live the mem'ry of the one who sought
To save a man from death, as well he ought,
And in philanthropy so nobly shown,
To save a life, had nearly lost his own.

Then came a few kind friends who linger'd there,
And rais'd the dying man with tender care ;
They led him gently to a cottage nigh,
And on a couch they laid him down to die.
They dressed his wounds, they bathed his fevered head.
Like good Samaritans, his dying bed
They soothed, and sought to mitigate his pain,
By watching day and night ; but all was vain ;
His wounds were mortal, and he said he knew
Himself that death would speedily ensue.
And so it was : two days of anguish past,
In dreadful agony he breath'd his last.
But ere he died, his fervent prayer arose
To Heaven's great monarch, in behalf of those

* Mrs. Woodward.

Whose guilty hands were in his blood imbued,
For their forgiveness he humbly sued.

Here ends the story of this poor man's wrongs
But solemn mockery the scene prolongs ;
Our Rulers offer a reward of course :
A grand display of military force
Is made. The Parish where the deed was done
Is for a time by sycophants o'errun.—
A puerile host, they nothing did : they feared
To make arrests, although the men appeared
From day to day each one upon his farm,
Securely trusting no one would alarm :
And even if they should, they would depend
On co-religionists, who would defend
Their brethren to the last, defying laws
Divine as well as human, for the cause
Of Papal Rome, to show the world at large
How Pontiff-serving men their friends discharged.

Some months elapsed : at last the savage crew,
Advised by priestly menials what to do,
Came forth to Justice, being well assured
Complete impunity would be procured,
Jurors and Judges would be all their friends,
And base their verdict upon selfish ends.
Comrades should swear, and Advocates should plead ;
Despite all evidence they should be freed,
And sent triumphant over all the land
As was old Cain but without his brand,
To show to Protestants of every clime,
Their slaughter is a virtue, not a crime.

Next came the Trial, an outrageous hoax,—
A well selected jury in the box,
Disbanded once, empannelled all anew,
The choice of Rome, to shield the wicked crew,
The O's and Mac's were represented there,
And well instructed for the vile affair.
Their minds submissive to their father Priest,
Received no evidence but what they wished,

Against the clearest testimony given
 Did they not lie before the God of Heaven ?
 And long before the evidence was through
 Express their sentiments and verdict too ?
 Two learned worthies overruled the joke
 To wink at murder, and at sin to mock,
 To charge the jury what to do and say,
 And guide their consciences in every way.
 But men like these, unworthy of my lay,
 Shall be rewarded at a future day,
 When God's eternal wrath and power shall be
 Revealed on those who set the guilty free.

And next in order learned Lawyers stood,
 To call good evil, and call evil good ;
 To baffle evidence by lying art.
Sheep-face and *All-wit* nobly played their part,
 While by their side another priestly tool
 Ingored the truth, and proved himself a fool,
 Expended wit, his talents, and his time,
 In palliation of an awful crime.
 The wild, half-witted O. was active there,
 A certain Doctor too must have his share
 Of praise ; if praise is due to one who bends
 To any influence, for private ends.

O powerful Rome ! thy helping hand extend,
 Whene'er these gentlemen (?) may yet depend
 Upon thy suffrages ; when they aspire
 To seats in Parliament, let Priest and Friar
 Proclaim their virtues, all their gifts display,
 And get them thus returned without delay.
 Such men as they will never fail to vote
 For all that will thine interests promote.
 But *Brown* and *Cameron*, and all that clan,
 Oppose and preach against them all you can ;
 For they are Protestants, and will of course
 Contend for equal rights without remorse.
 Like faithful watchmen from their prospect towers
 They raise their voice against aggressive powers.
 Exposing monkish mendicants, who ask

Incorporation Bills, for every mask
 Which avaricious Prelates can invent,
 To cloak the endowment of each Popish saint.
 Such men are rare, but yet a few are found,
 Who never shrink on Legislative ground.
 Unlike the poor confession-fettered souls,—
 The captive minds which Charbonnel controls,
 Such men are righteous, honest, true and just,
 They never can or will betray a trust.
 Ye free electors, when ye make your choice,
 Sustain such upright men with heart and voice.
 But *Office-seekers* should be all sent home,
 Whose aim is to enrich themselves and Rome.
 True to the Vatican, and naught beside.
 A Prelate's smile their glory and their pride,
 His frown their death, destruction, and dismay,
 If they survive at all, 'tis to obey.
 Rome's venial sinners are not first expelled,
 But priestly absolution is withheld
 Till, with a burden of unpardoned sin,
 The most inveterate come crouching in :
 Or if they still resist, as some will do,
 Then Purgatory blazes in their view :
 And those who wield the ever-potent *keys*
 Extort obedience when and where they please.
 But should a *Drummond* vote for common schools
 Or *Cauchons* overlook their Missal rules,
 The keen-eyed Bishop lets his thunders fall,
 And excommunicates them one and all.
 Too many deem a Bishop half divine,
 And sacrifice all conscience at his shrine ;
 Or if, by careful training, perfect grown,
 Some never have a conscience of their own,
 Most servile abjects they beneath the skies,
 A Bishop's wants bring tears into their eyes,
 And be it stated to their lasting shame
 That many such are Protestants in name.
 But there are some, our noblest men they are,
 True as a magnet to the polar star.
 Unflinching, bold, courageous, they withstand
 The Horseleech cry of many a vulture band.

The Bishops when they finish their design
May send the Pope of Rome their names and mine.

But to proceed ; the prisoners were convened
Before the Bar, the witnesses subpoenaed,
The lawyers quibbled, and the Judges played ;
Successive witnesses came undismayed,
They told the simple tale, unawed, unmoved,
Each one confirming what the other proved.
The artless narrative, declared on oath,
In brief distinctness, bore the marks of truth,
And was in fact so uniform throughout,
No honest mind could entertain a doubt
That Corrigan had been a murdered man.
Yet in the face of all, the verdict ran
" NOT GUILTY," no, not guilty, how could *one*
Be chargeable with what they *all* had done ?
The man is dead, but killed by whom, and how ?
This, this, and only this, the question now,
For though he vanquished fell by brutal force
Each one but partly wrought his death of course ;
And so must all with innocence be crowned
Unless the real murderer be found !

Thus spoke and taught those learned men at large ;
Such doctrine is embodied in the charge
Unto the jury given ; the lawyers smiled,
The Judges winked, the jury was beguiled :
The culprits understood the matter well ;
And from the thronging mob arose the yell
" Not guilty ; no, not guilty ; bear them out "—
And at the door they raised a general shout,
Then spake a mad, loquacious M. P. P. :—
" Ye victors, now be generous, be free."
And rushing from the steps, the mob completes
The tragedy, escorting through the streets
Their worthy friends. The citizens, alarmed,
Beheld the mob with flags and banners armed.
The savage crew were eloquent in praise
Of those who led their brethren through the maze.
The Judges, Jury, Advocates, from them

Received applause, and doubtless the esteem
 Of such ferocious men is worth at least,
 And equal to the blessing of a priest ;
 And should be courted in all legal ways
 To lay the basis of historic praise :
 For Papal Rome has always highly prized
 Such services, and oft has canonized
 The merest scoundrels, men of blood and vice,
 But for the present time this must suffice.

And now ye *Ribbonmen*, one word to you,
 All ye who are the Pope's adherents true ;
 Whenever ye in earnestness intend
 To slay a Protestant, or stab a friend,
 Let more than one in solemn league unite,
 Then prosecute your project in daylight.
 Go, stab and kill conjointly, without fear,
 For Rome has found a way to set you clear.
 Her lawyers and her learn-ed men express
 That one is one, but more is something less ;
 And with this theory she now defends
 The foulest deeds of her united friends.

The tragic scene is over, but we feel
 A sympathy for wounds we cannot heal,
 And see in Popery's increasing power
 The dark foreboding of an evil hour ;
 For all her priests anticipate the day
 When the whole earth shall be their easy prey ;
 And it is sadly painful to behold
 Our Legislators lavish out their gold
 In thoughtless liberality, on those
 The worst of men, of liberty the foes,
 Whose only aim is to enslave the free,
 Implacable as fallen man can be.

The vassals of the Pope would banish thought,
 And fetter intellect ; the doctrines taught
 By papal Rome encourage evil deeds,
 At which the heart of every Freeman bleeds ;
 This statement is correct beyond dispute,

A fact which few will venture to refute,
For every one that knows the truth believes
That Rome's a den of murderers and thieves,
Who spare no cruelty of fire and sword
To slay the poor disciples of the Lord.
Unchanged and unrelenting, Rome is still
The same to persecute, the same to kill,
As in the days of bloody *Ferdinand*
When foul Inquisitors controlled the land ;
When superstition held unbounded sway
And thirty thousand victims fell a prey.

But many demi-popish writers say
That Rome is not so cruel in our day,
That she has felt the influence of the times,
And long deplored her bigotry and crimes ;
That she would all her former bulls retract,
And even sign the Toleration Act.
All this is moonshine : Rome is still the same,
The same in spirit, as unchanged in name.

Behold the tiger chained within his cage !
He seems so gentle, and forbears to rage ;
But loose his bonds, the doors be opened wide,
The savage creature slays on every side.
Untamed, and now unchained, he hastes to kill,
And thus develops all the tiger still.
Just so the Church of Rome her rage restrains,
For well she knows the limits of her chains,
But could she all her former powers regain,
How quickly would her fires be lit again,
Her guilty hands in martyrs' blood imbued
And *Saint Bartholomews* each day renewed :
Her sombre Priests would overrun the land,
Like spectred gnomes from some infernal band.
Against our Institutions, Commerce, Trade,
They would enact a horrible crusade,
Confiscate lands, their owners immolate,
And hourly deeds of horror perpetrate.
Our schools and colleges would then be turned
To dens of infamy, our teachers burned,

The ministers of God would have to flee,
 Our Bibles would be burned as well as we,
 And Literature, Learning, Science, Art,
 Before the moral midnight would depart
 And ignorant intolerance begin,
 To curse the earth with bigotry and sin.

But in conclusion, might we not suggest
 That public sentiment should be exprest
 By placing o'er the martyr's humble tomb,
 A monument, descriptive of his doom,
 To show to generations yet to come,
 Our just abhorrence of the Church of Rome :
 Nor do we think it would be much amiss
 To make th' inscription similar to this :—

R eader, whoe'er thou art that passeth here,
 O pause and drop a sympathetic tear.
 B eneath the sod which by thy foot is crushed,
 E ntombed there rests a fellow-creature's dust,
 R eminding thee that life is fleeting fast ;
 T hat there's " a time to die," but none to waste.

C ouldst thou desire to hear his tale of grief,
 O list a moment to the story brief,
 R obust and strong as most of men could be,
 R emoved from fear of sudden death was he :
 I n evil hour came those to Rome allied,
 G ave him the wounds of which he shortly died,
 A nd here he moulders in the silent tomb—
 N ow go in peace, and be aware of ROME.

A SONG FOR TRUE ORANGEMEN

Tune—" Boyne Water "

While here from time to time we meet,
 We recognise each other,
 And in fraternity complete,
 Let brother cling to brother.

Our aim is not to soar to fame,
Nor soar to lofty stations,
Nor to perpetuate our name
To future generations.

We meet, but not to foster pride,
Nor envious ambition ;
And so let every man abide
Content with his condition.

We glory in our Country's cause,
Maintaining our allegiance,
And giving to all righteous laws
Our true and prompt obedience.

And so against aggressive powers,
We shall be found protesting,
And Popery shall find that ours
Is union everlasting.

We fear no Bishop, Pope or Priest,
Nor do their Bulls alarm us,
Let gratitude pervade each breast,
That here they cannot harm us.

And knowing what they did in France
Before the Revolution,
How they revoked the law of Nantes,
With cruel persecution.

And also what they sought to do
In Ireland's day of slaughter,
When God led brave King William through
Who nobly crossed Boyne Water.

On these and many other acts,
Too numerous to mention,
But which are undisputed facts,
We base our apprehension.

So we unitedly repel
Their insolent assailing,
And in the Lodges where we dwell
Are peace and love prevailing.

COLLECTED VERSE

And Roman Catholics shall see
 That we will not annoy them,
 But we have rights as well as they,
 And therefore shall enjoy them.

And let them also bear in mind,
 That we avoid offences,
 But he a stubborn foe may find
 Who first the war commences.

For we are brave, but never fight,
 Except to save a brother ;
 But since our cause is good and right,
 We will defend each other.

KANSAS: PEACE WITH ENGLAND: WAR WITH
POPERY

Let us, the sons of Liberty,
 Whose standard is the Eagle,
 Our freedom claim, in more than name,
 Let Congress not inveigle.

Why should the country be alarmed
 By all that Franklin Pierce is ?
 We Northern men the day shall win,
 Although the South so fierce is.

Let wild Missourians go on,
 And burn from lake to ocean,
 Intestine war will but prepare
 The Union for explosion.

Foreseeing this, the President,
 And those with him consulting,
 Are grieved to find Old England kind,
 In spite of their insulting.

For they have gone in search of war,
 Provoking other nations,
 But great John Bull is not a fool,
 He exercises patience.

And so the South must stand alone,
Upon its vile position,
Or sink to death, beneath the breath
Of Northern Abolition.

For Slavery, that curse of man,
Is blowing up the Senate ;
And woe to those, our freedom's foes,
Who shall be found within it.

Alas for Pierce ! Alas for Brooks !
Alas for Caleb Cushing !
Alas for all who slaves enthrall !
En-masse to ruin rushing.

The strenuous efforts being made
To introduce to Kansas
The negro's toil against free soil,
The more their guilt enhances.

But we have even in the North
Our cotton politicians ;
But such may yet enjoy the fate
Of Pharaoh's old magicians.

And all good Freemen shall abide
Victorious survivors,
When all the knaves who own the slaves
Go down with their connivers.

For we're determined to be free,
In spite of all coercion ;
The South shall know that we shall show
The prowess of exertion.

Why should New England States be made
A field for negro trappers ?
If slaves escape in any shape,
Are we to be kidnappers ?

If we obey the law of God,
And give them food and raiment ?
If we extend a helping hand
Without reward or payment ?

COLLECTED VERSE

No, verily, the South may rage,
 And use intimidation,
 And make us laws; but we will cause
 Their instant revocation.

But if our Southern senators
 Determine upon fighting,
 Then welcome war, with fire and tar—
 The last they much delight in.

For we would rather lose our lives
 Than prove ourselves inhuman;
 Much sooner fight for freemen's rights,
 Than capture man or woman.

For Northern men are not prepared
 Their consciences to stifle,
 Though Pierce's band go hand in hand,
 And Tories burn and rifle.

'Tis time that Southern men should have
 A moral reformation:
 For though they boast of freedom most,
 They hate Emancipation.

But soon the curse of slavery
 Shall come to desolation:
 And then shall we indeed be free
 In more than appellation.

PART II

But if we must have foreign war
 To keep the Union steady,
 Then let us cope against the Pope,
 His troops are here already.

Now let the North and South unite
 Against the Priests' aggression;
 But give them all the rights that fall
 To every man's possession.

But since their aim is to promote
Allegiance to a stranger,
Let no one think that we will shrink
When FREEDOM is in danger.

And so we would remind John Hughes,
His Priests and their connections,
That they may preach, but must not teach
Rebellion at Elections.

For Rome has all along put forth
Her efforts bold and daring,
Her Bishops eye some era nigh
For which they are preparing.

For it is said that they have hid
Beneath each towering steeple,
Sufficient stand of arms on hand
To arm the priest-led people.

And therefore it shall be our part
To keep them in subjection ;
These noble States are ours, and we
Allow no insurrection.

For they would fain recall the days
Of bygone persecutions,
That they might wage destructive rage
Against our Institutions.

But chief against our Common Schools
They show their indignation ;
And if they could we know what would
Be done to Education.

For they would have us on a par
With Rome and its environs ;
Without a school but prisons full,
And multitudes in irons.

COLLECTED VERSE

Not only would the Bishops toll
 The knell of erudition,
 But furthermore they would restore
 The Holy (?) Inquisition :

That their Inquisitors might check
 The freedom of opinion ;
 That all might die who would deny
 The right of their dominion.

For cruelty and Rome must be
 Infallibly united ;
 In all the realms she overwhelms
 Prosperity is blighted.

So let us Freemen have at heart
 The Union's preservation ;
 From mitred Priest or Romish Beast
 And Popish immigration.

And may this land be ever free
 From war and all invasions ;
 And *Nothing Know* of slave or foe
 In future generations.

A VISIT TO MONTREAL

Once in my youthful days, I chanced to pay
 A passing visit to a crowded town ;
 A Royal Mountain stood in bold array,
 And gave the city its impending frown.

The dwellings, generally neat and clean,
 Displayed a due regard to taste and health,
 And rows of merchants' shops that stood between,
 Revealed the source of its increasing wealth.

But strangers never fail to mark the street,
 Where Banks and Offices uprear their towers ;
 The pavement well arranged beneath my feet,
 I gazed at all attractive points for hours.

But passing westward from the noble square,
 The "Witness Office" rose before my gaze,
 And then I thought of him who labours there,
 To testify against all wicked ways.

A "witness" for the truth, he stands alone,
 His *Messengers* throughout the country wide
 He sends. The good he's doing, and has done,
 Shall live when he has laid his pen aside.

The other *Witness* may indulge his wrath,
 Vituperation, Insolence and Gall;
 But like the man that came of old from Gath,
 This great Goliath of the Priests must fall.

For sin and error shall not always reign;
 Soon shall the long predicted era come,
 When truth and love shall universal gain
 Entire ascendancy o'er fallen Rome.

But to proceed; the great Cathedral caught
 My eyes, as with inviting doors it stood;
 And full resolved to see the Faithful (?) taught,
 I entered there in solemn, sober mood.

Nor did I enter there alone, a band,
 Yea more, a multitude was pouring in,
 And each in holy water dipped a hand,
 And looked as grave as if it cleansed from sin.

Then passing up the spacious aisle, I gazed
 In silent wonder at the dazzling sight.
 I could not see the use of such a blaze,
 But soon I learned they called it holy light.

I always thought that tapers were designed
 T' illuminate the gloomy hours of night,
 But Rome with other follies has combined
 Th' absurdity of *adding* to daylight.

"Thou shalt not bow to idol gods the knee,"
 Spake the Eternal, while His thunders roared.
 Is this an idol temple? Can it be
 That idols are in Christian lands adored?

COLLECTED VERSE

Such were the thoughts that rushed upon my mind,
While in the so-called Christian house of prayer.
How did my inward spirit grieve to find
Idolatry in pristine glory there.

For round about the lofty walls appeared
An host of images and painted saints,
And whether God was worshipped or revered,
The Virgin was adored at all events.

A gilded crucifix upon the Altar stood
And seemed designed to aid devotion's tide ;
The worshippers in humble attitude
Adored the Cross, instead of Him who died.

O vile apostacy ! when forms and rites
Are made to take the place of holy love,
And it is thought that sordid gold incites
Devotion's flame to rise to heaven above.

Such thoughts were interrupted by a bell
Which rung, and accurately tolled the time ;
Then came a priestly menial to tell
Us all to kneel, for standing was a crime.

I cast a glance around a seat to find,
And shuddered at the thought of such a sin,
And with companions of a kindred mind,
I found a vacant pew and sat therein.

For we were Protestants and could not kneel ;
For who would bow before an idol shrine ?
We knew, we felt, and trust shall ever feel
That God alone our Maker is divine.

Perhaps they thought us heretics, and were
With pious zeal resolved to set us right,
But God's true worshippers can never dare
With the idolatries of Rome unite.

Next came the Preacher with his shaven crown,
He seemed as if prepared to teach by charms :
Was he a Spanish monk or Maynooth clown ?
Or was he nurtured in old Pio's arms ?

That he was foreign any one could tell,
 His tone, his accent, banished every doubt,
 But he performed his evolutions well,
 And taught his flock by turning round about.

Five simple words, when understood by all,
 By far exceed ten thousand undefined.
 So thought the great, the wise apostle Paul ;
 Apostate Rome has otherwise designed.

For where the Powers of Antichrist prevail,
 They keep the Bible from the labouring class,
 But they delight to make the million quail
 Before the nonsense of a Latin Mass.

We mused a moment on the various ways
 In which the nations have been long deceived,
 The mummeries which Papal Rome displays,
 And left the place, unedified and grieved.

THE FARCE AT HOBOKEN :

KIRWAN DISTURBS THE BONES OF ST. QUIETUS

Ye pious Roman Catholics,
 Approach with awe ; behold, adore :
 While Bishop Baily will produce
 His new discovered relic store ;
 And bless the day of Holy light,
 That brings St. Quietus' bones to sight.

'Tis Sabbath morn ; a balmy breeze
 Sweeps gently o'er Hoboken's plains,
 But on the day of sacred rest,
 The air is rent with martial strains ;
 For lo ! a Romish farce is wrought,
 And God's commandment set at nought.

COLLECTED VERSE

The incidental facts are these ;—
 The simple narrative is brief,—
 A Romish chapel is in debt,
 And to the Priests a source of grief.
 But their ingenious minds are set
 On plans to liquidate the debt.

The Newark Bishop comes along,
 Chief actor in the great event,
 And in a brilliant casket bears
 The precious *relics* of a saint.
 The masses hasten to the gaze,
 And each his quarter-dollar pays.

Alas that millions should be led,
 The willing dupes of priestly guile,
 To desecrate the day of God,
 His so-called temple to defile
 With dead men's bones, and rites untold—
 And all for gain in paltry gold.

Behold the puny set of bones
 In grand procession borne along ;
 Inaugurated midst the pomp
 Of Holy (?) mass and solemn song ;
 And then in mystic order laid
 Among the ranks of holy dead.

But who was he ? inquirers ask :
 Let all such impious thoughts be hushed,
 Enough to hear the Bishop say
 It is his genuine, sacred dust.
 And though he cannot tell you where
 He lived or died, his bones are there.

But when the Bishop's end is gained,
 And cash is poured into the box,
 He'll smile to find how well he played
 His part in the successful hoax ;
 Then blush to think how low he stooped,
 To have his flock completely duped.

And when the solemn farce is o'er,
 St. Quietus shall in silence lie,
 To grace some consecrated niche,
 No more to meet the public eye,
 Unless recalled in future days
 To rule a fête, or "make a raise."

But should occasion yet require,
 Another saint shall soon be found,
 To swell the pile of holy things, (?)
 And gather devotees around.
 The tomb resources ever meet
 The fresh demands of every cheat.

For all the Catacombs are full
 Of bones of each convenient size,
 And when Tradition finds a name,
 The Pope and Priest will canonize,
 And curse the heretic that dares
 Reject the new-made saint of theirs.

But should his home resources fail,
 Let Bishop Baily quell his fears;
 Exhaustless Rome will yet supply
 The skeletons of bygone years;
 For Pio in his stock on hand,
 Will find a saint for each demand.

But though he is infallible,
 The old decrepit man forgets,
 And in his eagerness to please,
 He often labels double sets.*
 But then of course the holy ones
 Were all possessed of double bones.

* A SLIGHT MISTAKE—MIRACLE OF MULTIPLICATION.—In return for the splendid present sent by the Queen of Spain to the Pope, his holiness sent her the skeleton of St. Felix the Martyr. The value of the gift has, however, been somewhat diminished since it has been discovered that Spain has already *two veritable* skeletons of the same saint!—*Extract from Canada Evangelist.*

COLLECTED VERSE

But Kirwan and his faithless crew,
 Who dare such fallacy expose,
 The Bishops doubtless will denounce
 As Pio's most malignant foes ;
 But though the Pope himself should curse,
 Shall Kirwan be one whit the worse ?

The powers of Antichrist may frown,
 Anathemas, and curses roar,
 But Rome shall shortly be destroyed,
 And men shall be deceived no more.
 Then Truth and Righteousness shall reign
 O'er Superstition's wide domain.

Hoboken ! may thy nights be clear,
 And Newark ! luminous thy tombs,
 That the deceiver may descry
 The bony treasures he exhumes ;
 That he may see to ply his spade
 At his resuscitating trade.

But should some learned bishop say
 That they are sent direct from heaven,
 Or brought by angel bands from Rome,
 Implicit credit must be given ;
 And woe to him who disobeys,
 Or doubts the truth of what he says.

Who would not scorn the meanest wretch,
 Who should attempt the same deceit ;
 And why should mitred charlatans
 Exult in success so complete ;
 And with renewed tricks, secure
 The scanty earnings of the poor ?*

* Father Chiniquy, well known in Canada, has accused his Bishop of "iniquity" and "tyranny," has compared him to "Judas Iscariot" and "the impious Ahab," and his fellow priests to "dogs," and declares him more expert in the art of *pocketing money* than in his clerical duties. "Yet Father Chiniquy has taught his people to see God in the Pope, the Pope in the Bishop and priest ; and therefore according to his own principles, he is opposing God." This is nearly equal to one Pope's excommunicating another.

Ye Freemen wake to common sense,
Assert your liberty ; be free :
And with united hearts renounce
The high demands of Popery.
Now let Americans unite,
To bless the world with Bible light.

The Pope and Priest may rule and reign,
A few more days or years at most,
Till in the day of righteous wrath,
The mystery of sin be lost.
When God to desolation brings
The merchandise of holy things.

Go read the Revelations, ye
Who doubt the guilt of Papal Rome ;
And in that sacred volume see
The prophecies of wrath to come
When Babylon the Great shall fall,
And shall be found no more at all.

The Anti-christian Beast may rage,
And to his inmost cell retire ;
But Power Divine shall fetch him thence,
To judge him in His righteous ire ;
For though He seems to tarry long,
God shall avenge His people's wrong.

Then shall the truths of Holy Writ
Be known, and read from shore to shore,
And earth rejoice in freedom's light,
When Priests and Relics are no more ;
Then truth, and love, and Gospel light
Shall chase the gloom of Papal night.

TRANSUBSTANTIATION VERSUS COMMON SENSE

A TALE

A lady liv'd—no matter where,
 Provided that my tale be true,
 Of noble lineage, young and fair,
 A Protestant, and wealthy too :
 Betrothed to one whose every hope
 Of heaven was centred in the Pope.
 An earnest Lutheran was she,
 A rigid Romanist was he.

At length he brought the parish Priest,
 Who sought to have her views reform'd ;
 But she recanted not the least,
 For she was very well inform'd ;
 And though the Priest from day to day
 Was teaching her the better (?) way,
 Yet common sense with hers prevail'd,
 And all his elocution fail'd.

The lady was no easy prey,
 Rejecting all the arts employed,
 She loved the good old Bible way,
 At which the Priest was much annoyed ;
 At length the wily friar thought
 To have his victim fairly caught,
 For he should wield with high command
 His Transubstantiating hand.

The lady gave assent, but said
 With all benign and due respect,
 That she herself would find the bread :—
 Of course the Priest could not object,
 But ere with mutual consent,
 The lady to her baking went,
 They fixed the time, the day, the hour,
 When he was to exert his power.

They met around the holy (?) feast,
 The elements were all arranged,
 "We bless the bread," rejoined the Priest,
 "And it is all divinely changed."
 "And is it really so?" inquired
 The sceptic lady; who desired
 To see the miracle take place,
 Before she finished Rome's disgrace.

"Oh yes, it is indeed," he said,
 "Be it distinctly understood
 This wafer is no longer bread,
 But Jesus Christ, His Body, Blood.*
 Divinity and Soul complete,
Hic corpus meum, take and eat,
 For Jesus when He blessed the bread,
 'This is my body,' plainly said."

The lady answered undismayed,
 The more convinc'd of the deceit;
 "If it be truth that you have said,
 You need not hesitate to eat;
 But for my part I'm much afraid
 To taste the wafer I have made:
 For after all your Latin prayer,
 There's deadly poison lurking there."

Th' intended husband quickly saw
 How Transubstantiation failed;
 The whole assembly, struck with awe,
 Eyed the Confessor while he quailed
 Beneath that righteous woman's eye,
 As pale as if about to die;
 But in the midst of all pretence
 He gave the sway to *common sense*.

* "And it has always been the faith of the true Church that immediately on the consecration the true body and the true blood of our Lord Jesus Christ are, together with his soul and his divine nature, present under the form of the bread and wine."—Council of Trent, sixth article.

COLLECTED VERSE

For he himself did not believe
 The "lying wonders" that he taught,
 And in his efforts to deceive
 Was ever mortal better caught?
 From sudden death the Popish elf
 Had wit enough to save himself,
 But in a foul deceiver's name
 He found his infamy and shame.

Ye Roman Catholics attend
 The gracious and the heavenly call,
 And trust in Christ, the sinner's friend,
 Who freely gave Himself for all:
 The Mass for Sin can not atone,
 But Jesus Christ, and He alone,
 The only Sacrifice for Sin,
 Your love and confidence should win.

BEDINI'S VISIT TO AMERICA

T here is an ancient Hermit among the Roman hills,
 H e seems to be determined to conquer human wills,
 E xpecting no one to oppose, but all to bear his ills.
 P oor old decrepid creature, how strong is his desire
 O n earth to reign supremely through Bishop, Priest and
 Friar.
 P ride, sin, and arrogance in him *infallibly* complete,
 E arth's monarchs he would have to cringe like vassals at
 his feet.

Could the Pontiff of Rome have his wishes fulfill'd
 The Inquisition would flourish, and Protestants burn,
 But the cup of iniquity soon will be filled,
 And the ages of darkness shall never return;
 For the blood of the saints has long deluged the earth,
 The martyrs of Jesus for vengeance do call,
 The Lord shall arise in the day of His wrath,
 And doomed to perdition shall Antichrist fall.

Great Babylon, drunk with the blood of the saints,
 Shall receive the reward of her manifold crimes.
 The Lord is preparing important events,
 As we can perceive by the signs of the times,
 For the world is aware there is trouble in Rome,
 The day of the Lord, which approaches each hour,
 We believe to be nigh, for her terrible doom
 Is as clearly revealed as her progress and power.

And now that the Vatican's getting too small,
 And the Son of Perdition is trembling with fear
 He makes an attempt to enslave and enthrall
 America too; and be sovereign here.
 So he sent us a Nuncio named *Bedini*,
 Who came in disguise, as a traitor could do,
 But soon we discovered 'twas he who had skinned
Hugo Bassi alive, so we bade him adieu.*

It seems that his Holiness (?) thought that the Union
 Would acknowledge *Bedini* and forward his cause,
 But we let him return to inform *Pio Nono*
 We should never submit to canonical laws.
 He had come with great pomp, but departing in sorrow,
 Left the Bishops in tears, and the Priests without hope,
 His unsanctified soul was o'erwhelm-ed with horror
 When he found we rejected the claims of the Pope.

Ashamed of himself, and much more of his mission,
 And stung to the heart at his failure complete,
 The world never heard a more doleful confession
 Than he made to the Pope while he knelt at his feet.
 It was said that he wept, and 'twas scarcely a wonder
 That his Catholic (?) soul should be rent with alarms,
 But his holiness thought the infallible blunder
 Might yet be corrected by valour of arms.

* "The butcher *Bedini* was sent out as his representative to America. The blood of *Hugo Bassi*, and of a host of noble patriots, the slow martyrdom and agonies of many a liberal and high-minded youth, now rotting in the dungeons of Rome, and finally, the late revival of all the terrors of the infamous Inquisition, sufficiently point out *Pio Nono* as a relentless tyrant."—*Montreal Witness*.

So he sent an infallible Bull of instructions
 To a man in New York and the rest of his clan,
 Who now faithfully seek to control the Elections
 And return Popish members wherever they can.
 'Tis chiefly by stratagems that he succeeds :
 Grim hosts of deceivers are ever at hand,
 And by skilful manœuvres and treacherous deeds
 His agents are active in every land.

For the Romish Hierarchy knows no allegiance
 But what is sworn to the Pontiff while kissing his toe,
 And the masses instructed in passive obedience
 Will follow the Priesthood wherever they go.
 These things have too long been regarded as trifles,
 Till they've almost obtained a supremacy here,
 But now we'll oppose, without cannon or rifles ;
 The KNOW NOTHING army will check their career.

FATHER M'DONALD AND THE SCOTTISH YOUTH

A TALE ABOUT PURGATORY

Fair Scotia rears her mighty hills
 Where clans were wont to rally
 In days of yore, when Druid lore
 Was echoed through each valley.

The land where Bruce and Wallace bled,
 (Were heroes ever bolder ?)
 The land of brooks and sturdy oaks,
 And rocks that never moulder.

Land of the Thistle and the Lark,
 And mountains clothed with heather,
 Land of no slave, but where the brave
 Unconquered dwell together.

Land of our father's sepulchres—
 Fond fancy loves t'unravel
 The great events which memory paints,
 Where Queens delight to travel.

We might relate a thousand facts
Of Scottish resolution,
But now we tell no thrilling tale
Of bloody persecution.

But we relate a story brief,
About a *Romish* friar,
How he essayed to cheat a lad,
And how he proved a liar.

A Scottish youth had gone abroad,
To scenes of hardship hurried,
Years rolling round, returned, he found
His father dead and buried.

The priest apprised of his return,
He hastened to condole him,
And brought the comforts of *the church*,
On purpose to console him.

The friar said "My worthy lad,
Your father was anointed
With holy oil, but all this while
He's sadly disappointed.

"Your father was a pious man,
But we are very sorry
To have to say, that such as he
Is still in Purgatory.

"He paid us well, and we have prayed,
For we would not deceive him,
But yet alas! another mass
Is needed to relieve him.

"For after all the prayers we've said,
To have his soul retriev-ed,
Tis sad to think, while on the brink
His toes are not reliev-ed.

"And now, my lad, if you have aught,
You'd better see about it,
If cash be given, he'll go to heaven,
He cannot do without it."

COLLECTED VERSE

"Oh, sir," replied the youth, while he
 Did in his heart disdain him,
 "If father's out, without a doubt
 His toes will not detain him."*

APPEAL TO THE FREEMEN OF AMERICA

Tune—"Caledonia"

Children of the Pilgrim Band,
 Who came over to this land,
 Suffering nobly, hand in hand,
 In a righteous cause.
 Poor, afflicted and disdained,
 They the loss of all sustained,
 While your freedom they obtained,
 And the world's applause.

Did your fathers come by stealth?
 Did they seek for hidden wealth?
 Sought they undecaying health
 As their great reward?
 No, the Pilgrim Fathers were
 Men of holiness and prayer,
 Forced to seek a refuge, where
 They might serve the Lord.

Much they suffered here below;
 Ye their trials fully know,
 Forced to foreign lands to go,
 Struggling to be free.
 Prelates in an evil hour
 Sought to exercise their power,
 Nonconformists to devour,
 With bloody cruelty.

* However ridiculous the above may appear, it is certainly not more so than many incidents recorded in "McGavin's Protestant." The man's name was Anthony MacDonald, Priest of the Parish of Small Isles, Scotland.

COLLECTED VERSE

47

Then a noble Band, and free,
 Braved the dangers of the sea,
 Firmly they resolved to be
 Spiritual slaves to none.
 Left the Bishops and their slaves,
 Crossed the great Atlantic waves,
 Trusting in the Lord who saves
 And protects His own.

Landed safe on Plymouth Rock,
 Thus an aged Pilgrim spoke ;
 " Now we're free from every yoke,
 On a foreign shore ;
 God the giver of all good,
 Our defence in dangers stood :
 He will now provide our food,
 Him let us adore."

When upon the barren sand
 Knelt that persecuted band,
 God was pleas-ed to command
 His blessing there to rest.
 They, exiled to foreign parts,
 Felt the joy His grace imparts :
 Jesus makes believers' hearts
 Joyous though distressed.

Did your Fathers thus employ
 All their efforts to enjoy
Freedom, and shall Rome destroy
 Freedom's bulwark here ?
 No. Their sons resolved to *Know*
Nothing, but their freedom. Go
 Arm in arm to meet the foe,
 Without thought of fear.

Children of such noble sires
 Wake up ! Wake up ! it requires
 Courage to oppose the Friars—
 Freedom's deadly foes.

COLLECTED VERSE

Vassals of a foreign power,
 Seeking whom they may devour,
 "Now's the day, and now's the hour,"
 Their inroads to oppose.

Men of energy and might,
 Peaceful, yet resolved to fight
 In the cause of truth and right,
 Firmly take your stand.
 This the doctrine ye should teach,
 Equal rights for all, for each :
 Priests and Bishops ought to preach,
 Not to rule the land.

Go ye forth then to protect
 The equal rights of every sect,
 Stand prepared in this respect,
 For whate'er revolves :
 While undaunted forth ye go
 Never persecute a foe,
 Let the Priests and Bishops know
 Ye are not the *wolves*.

If you think 'tis too severe
 Thus to represent them here,
 Go to Rome where they appear
 In their colours true :
 See the oppressive tyranny,
 See the abject misery,
 Fruits of Popish villainy
 Deeds of darkest hue.

Go to Erin's ruined Isle,
 See the fruits of priestly toil,
 Death, confusion, and turmoil,
 Renew-ed every day.
 Fertile fields in ruin see,
 Multitudes in beggary,
 All because that Popery
 Has unbounded sway.

Turn to Lower Canada
Where the Clergy rule the day,
See how rigorously they
 Drain the public purse,
To endow each Popish saint
Through a yielding Parliament;
They the wealth that God has sent
 Change into a curse.

Ever withering far and wide
Are th' effects of Popish pride,
It can never be denied,
 But 'tis always so ;
For there never was a land
Where the Priests had sole command
But was filled on every hand
 With misery and woe.

If you do not now prevail
Over those whom you assail,
Days may come when you will quail
 At their wolfish howl :
Your noble institutions then,
Which produce such worthy men,
Shall be each a Dragon's den
 Full of Friars foul.

They'll oppose your Common Schools,
They'll pronounce your teachers fools,
And enjoin on all the rules
 Of the Popish way ;
Then will all have to confess,
And the Priest will never bless
With forgiveness, unless
 There is cash to pay.

Where a kingdom is enslaved
To a system so depraved,
Ichabod is then engraved
 On its very soul.

COLLECTED VERSE

The fairest land beneath the skies
 Never can to affluence rise,
 Wealthy beggars in disguise,
 Priests devour the whole.

Oh! the sorrows of the day
 Should this land become their prey!
 Knowledge then would flee away,
 Days of woe begin.
 Then would ignorance extend
 To the land's remotest end,
 Modern *Tetzels* yet may vend
 Indulgences for sin.

Then shall Protestants expire
 'Neath the rage of Popish fire,
 If these bloody men acquire
 All the power they seek.
 Nothing else need you expect
 If your freedom you reject,
 Fost'ring such a wicked sect,
 Seem they e'er so meek.

Then must all obey the Priest,
 From the greatest to the least,
 Giving glory to the Beast,
 The Beast that was and is.
 But his reign shall end below,
 For the Scriptures fully show
 He shall to perdition go—
 Then shall trouble cease.

Then the church shall be restored,
 And the people of the Lord
 Shall exult with one accord
 In their songs of praise.
 Superstition's reign shall cease,
 Many prisoners find release,
 And the earth be filled with peace
 In the latter days.

THE RUNAWAY SLAVE

A TALE

“ Ho! hunters, here’s a job for you!
A young mulatto lady
Has run away; ye must pursue—
So get your horses ready.

“ She fled before the break of day
And left her *all* behind her;
I *calculate* she’s gone that way,
Your dogs will surely find her.

“ If she should gain the *Under Ground*,
To Canada they’ll send her;
I wonder where she can be found—
What trifles did offend her!

“ ’Tis true, I sold her only child,
And this has sadly grieved her;
But I was merciful and mild,
And thought I had relieved her.

“ And when she laid him last to rest,
How fondly did she kiss him;
But he was such a little pest
I thought she’d never miss him.

“ So when the Negro-trader came,
His lawful trade pursuing,
I thought it neither sin nor shame
To do as all are doing.

“ For you’re aware we all allow
A negro is a chattel,
And so we buy and sell him too
As Britons do their cattle.

“ But when she found her child was gone
 She made a *deal of bother* ;
 I really never thought till then
 That she was such a mother.

“ I never saw such agony,
 Nor heard such lamentation,
 But you must bring her back to me—
 She’s worth my whole plantation.

“ And when you overtake *the gal*,
 Don’t let the dogs abuse her ;
 I can afford to pay you well,
 But can’t afford to lose her.”

The hunters brought their horses out
 To seek the missing booty,
 Pursued their way with yell and shout,
 And Congress called it duty.

They plung’d their steeds through mire and mud,
 Determin’d to reclaim her,
 Their dogs advancing far ahead,
 They found and overcame her.

How long they fought, no tongue can tell,
 But she was overpower-ed,
 And there the feeble creature fell
 By savage dogs devour-ed.

And ere their masters come in sight
 All animation ceases,
 The dogs in their extreme delight
 Have torn the slave to pieces !

Ye northern freemen ! wake to wrath
 At this narration awful,
 An injured woman bit to death,
 While the Congress makes it lawful !

But do ye not regard with awe
 The words that God hath spoken ?
 His righteous and His higher law
 By Congress proudly broken.

The wrath of God may yet descend
 And strike His foes with terror,
 And show slaveholders in the end
 Their folly and their error.

In the *Montreal Gazette* of November, 1856, a letter appeared copied from an American paper, written by an Alabama Clergyman, of which the following is an extract :

“ God has permitted the anti-slavery men in the North, in England, in France, and everywhere, so to blind themselves in hypocrisy as to give the southern slaveholder his last perfect triumph over them. For God tells the planter to say to the North, to England, to France, to all who buy cotton, “ Ye men of Boston, New York, London, Paris—ye hypocrites—ye brand me as a pirate, a kidnapper, a murderer, a demon, fit only for hell—and yet, ye buy my blood-stained cotton. O ! ye hypocrites ! Ye Boston hypocrites—why don't you throw the cotton into the sea, as your fathers did the tea. Ye Boston hypocrites—ye say, if we had been born in the days of our fathers we would not have been partakers with them in the blood of the slave trade. Wherefore ye be witnesses unto yourselves, that ye are the children of them who in fact, kidnapped, and bought in blood, and sold the slave in America ! For, now ye hypocrites—ye buy the blood-stained cotton in quantities so immense, that ye have run up the price of slaves to be more than a thousand dollars, the average, of old and young ! O ! ye hypocrites—ye denounce slavery, then ye bid it live, and not die, in that ye buy sugar, rice, tobacco, and above all, cotton ! Ye hypocrites—ye abuse the devil, and then fall down and worship him ! Ye hypocrites—ye New England hypocrites—ye old England hypocrites—ye French hypocrites—ye Uncle Tom's Cabin hypocrites—ye Beecher hypocrites—ye Rhode Island Consociation hypocrites. O ! your holy twaddle stinks in the nostrils of God, and He commands me to lash you with my scorn, and His scorn so long as ye gabble about the sin of slavery, and then bow down to me, and buy and spin cotton—and thus work for me as truly as my slaves—O ! ye fools and blind—fill ye up the measure of your folly and

blindness, and shame. And this ye are doing. Ye have, like the French infidels, made reason your goddess, and are exalting her above the Bible. And in your unitarianism and neology and all modes of infidelity, ye are rejecting and crucifying the Son of God.

"Now, my brother, this controlling slave power is a world-wide fact. Its statistics of bales counts by millions. Its tonnage counts by hundreds of thousands. Its manufacture is reckoned by the workshops of America and Europe. Its supporters are numbered by all who must be clothed in the world. This tremendous power has been developed in great measure by the abolition agitation controlled by God. I believe, then, as I have already said—that God intends one of two things. He either intends to destroy the United States by this slave power—or He intends to bless my country and the world by the unfoldings of His wisdom in this matter. I believe He will bless the world in the working out of this slavery. I rejoice, then, in the agitation which has so resulted, and will so terminate, to reveal the Bible, and bless mankind. Your affectionate friend,

"F. A. Ross."

TO F. A. ROSS, D.D., HUNTSVILLE, ALABAMA

Right Reverend Sir! what mighty wrath,
And wond'rous light to thee is given,
That thou canst thus distinctly state
The great and wise designs of Heaven?

Astride upon thy "cotton throne,"
Abuse and slander all mankind,
And pour a flood of malice forth,
To ease thy dark, deluded mind.

Preach Slavery, a boon to man,
O'er which Eternal Love presides,
Let "Curs'd be Canaan" be the text,
And say *thy god* "ordains" *cowhides*.

Perhaps he does; you must adore
Some Golden Calf, or Moloch elf,
Ideal Balaam, or perchance
Some "cotton-Dagon" like thyself.

But dost thou really think that we
 Oppose the Bible and the Creed,
 If we shall not slave-holders be?
 What kind of Bible dost thou read?

Or wouldst thou hear a part of ours,
 Which doth all selfishness condemn;
 "And as ye would that men should do
 To you, be sure you do to them."

Go, read that passage, Reverend Sir,
 Thou cruel as the yawning grave:
 Go square thy conduct by that rule,
 And at thy peril own a slave.

O cruel Ross! dost thou presume
 To say the poor oppress-ed blacks
 Are beasts of burden, made by God
 To bear thy burdens on their backs?

Blasphemous Ross! how canst thou dare
 Insult thy Maker to His face,
 Sustain a most inhuman law,
 And charge "decrees" with thy disgrace?

A Frenchman in a tempest caught,
 While thunders rolled, and lightnings shone,
 Addressed his Maker; "Cease thy storm,
 Or I will shoot thee on thy throne."

Jehovah heard the blasphemy,
 Which rose amid the thunder's roar,
 A moment's pause—another flash—
 The man was dead! he spake no more!

Take warning, Ross! take warning all
 Ye *Bonnies* of the southern States,
 Who glory in your Cotton trade.
 And charge our God with what He hates.

Go on! enslave thy fellow-man,
 Go, buy and sell him—bring him low;
 Enrich thyself with unpaid toil,
 And say that God would have it so.

COLLECTED VERSE

And deprecate all those who doubt
 As "hypocrites" and "twaddle stink"—
 It was from some Missourian
 You learned that pretty word, I think.

Indignant Ross! if thou hast been
 To that dark place where demons dwell,
 In search of foul and angry words,
 In truth thou hast succeeded well.

Were we to judge thee by thy speech,
 Or by the foaming of thine ire,
 Then might we "guess" thy thoughts were forged
 Where human tongues are set on fire.

Do we "abuse the devil" when
 The wrongs of slavery we tell?—
 Now, sir, I always did suspect
 The Institution was from Hell.

Audacious Ross! resume thy pen,
 Prove slaves a boon to thee and thine;
 And wilt thou tell us in thy next
 "*Legree*" and "*Gordon*" were divine?

THE DRUNKEN BEAR; A TEMPERANCE TALE

(Founded on Fact)

A savage Bear of mighty form,
 A sad voracious glutton,
 Who oft through hours of mighty storm
 Devour'd his stolen mutton.

And who, when midnight hours were toll'd,
 And flocks enjoyed their slumbers,
 Had quietly entered many a fold
 And thinned the scattered numbers.

COLLECTED VERSE

57

For it appears he never thought
To do an honest action :
Of all the arts which nature taught
He only learned *Subtraction* ;

But though this creature had received
Such limited instruction,
The angry farmers soon perceived
That he could teach *Reduction*.

At length one farmer (injured man !)
Against his deeds protested,
Devising many a curious plan
To have the brute arrested.

In vain was laid the well-spring'd gun,
In vain the poison'd mixtures ;
For Bruin thought it best to shun
All kinds of dang'rous fixtures.

So when much time was spent in vain,
Nor trap nor snare could catch him,
The farmer counsell'd with his men,
And they resolv'd to watch him.

The farmer said : " Such doings can
No longer be endur-ed :
So let us try some better plan
To have the thief secur-ed.

" We'll make a ' mess ' of meal and grog
Well sweetened with molasses,
And place it in a hollow'd log
Along the way he passes.

" And you, my lads, will watch all night
With muskets ever ready,
And when the creature comes in sight
Be sure your aim is steady."

COLLECTED VERSE

His servants heard his wise advice
And hasten'd to obey him,
They thought the bear would be so "nice"
If they could only slay him.

And so they made a clean, new trough
To hold the preparation,
And then retired a short way off,
And all was expectation.

For several nights they watch'd in vain
Without a sight of Bruin,
For Bears avoid designing men
Who only seek their ruin.

And then 'tis one of nature's laws
(What other laws are stronger?)
That extra watching doth dispose
The human frame to hunger.

So one cold night the weary men
Partook of Bruin's toddy;
For drunkards ever will maintain
That liquor warms the body.

They liked the food, but they surpassed
The bounds of moderation;
And so they laid them down at last
In quiet intoxication.

Then Bruin came instinctively,
And found the mess delightful;
The sleeping hunters could not see
Their own condition frightful.

But when the Bear had far-ed well
The world grew dark about him,
And there the drunken creature fell,
And there the farmer found him.

For when day-light had fairly shone,
Nor hunters had appear-ed,
The farmer went, but 'tis unknown
How much he felt or fear-ed.

But who can judge of his alarm
 When on the ground he spied them,
 With Bruin's dark majestic form
 Extended close beside them.

He seized a gun, dispatched the bear;
 His death will end the story;
 He roused the men, who rose to share
 Their portion of the glory.

FATHER BONNIE'S ADDRESS TO HIS ASSOCIATES
 AT THE INAUGURATION OF BUCHANAN

(See "The Result"; "Dred.")

Blow ye the "Trumpet of Liberty," blow!
 Union is strength, and Buchanan is in—
 Count ye the price of your "niggers"; ye know
 Heaven sanctions the trade and it cannot be sin;
 And ye, my brave comrades, be ready for war,
 Now let us all unto Kansas repair,
 And treat the Free-soilers to feathers and tar:
 New England Fremonters may die of despair.

"I'd tar and feather these Northern abolitionists if I could
 get at them."—*Bonnie*.

ANOTHER

Blod-hounds may run four years at least
 Upon the trail of the oppressed.
 Cowhides in human blood be tann'd,
 High-pressure slave laws hourly plann'd;
 Are we not free to do our will?
 Now Father Dickson you be still,
 As God did slavery "ordain,"
 Nay more, "enjoin," it must remain.

PETER AND PAUL

The following lines were occasioned by a discussion which took place at a Young Men's Christian Association, as to whether Peter or Paul was the greater Apostle :

I don't expect to make a speech,
 Much less do I intend to preach ;
 But to be plainly understood
 I must pronounce the essay good.
 On one great point I clearly see
 The essayist and I agree ;
 And though the rest should differ wide,
 We will support it side by side,
 Because it is our firm belief
 That Paul has always been the chief,
 And if there ever was a greater,
 We hardly think that it was Peter.
 Paul travelled much from clime to clime,
 Accomplished more in much less time ;
 If usefulness will be the test
 He'll take the palm from all the rest ;
 He did more good, and wrote much more
 T' instinct the church till time be o'er :
 Can Peter be compared to such ?
 He did much good, but not so much.

But what's the use of making speeches ?
 Just hearken to what Scripture teaches.
 Come take this Book, and there you'll see
 Who laboured most abundantly.
 'Twas Peter, was it ? no, 'twas Paul,
 Who laboured much more than they all.

Divinely taught, as all will own,
 He made the gospel fully known ;
 Conferring not with flesh and blood,
 He went commissioned by his God,

The choice of Heaven, sent to proclaim
 Salvation through Emanuel's name
 To each far land and distant shore,
 Where Christ was never named before.
 Possessed of a superior mind,
 He left the others far behind ;
 Accomplished great and glorious things,
 And preached the gospel even to kings ;
 The great philosophers confuted,
 And in Tyranus' school disputed ;
 Confounded Judaizing teachers,
 And all the circumcision preachers.
 Instant in preaching and in prayer,
 The Churches were his daily care ;
 Appointed Bishops to conduct them,
 And wrote epistles to instruct them.

Aspiring not to worldly fame,
 To all men all things he became :
 Philanthropy and zeal combined,
 Made him the brother of mankind.
 He sought his fellow-creature's good,
 Resisting even unto blood.
 Unwearied in his Master's cause,
 This greatest man that ever was,
 Enjoyed the brightest smiles of Heaven,
 Had visions of bright glory given,
 Caught up by God to Paradise,
 He saw his Saviour in the skies ;
 His soul enraptured at the sight
 Saw visions of eternal light.
 Yet such an humble mind was his
 He gloried in infirmities ;
 " I care not what I am," says he,
 " That Christ's own power may rest on me."
 Thus scorning all distress and pain,
 To live was Christ, to die was gain ;
 He counted all his gains but loss
 Compared with Jesus and his cross.
 But time would fail to tell you all
 The wonders of the apostle Paul ;

Enough to say that when he died
No mortal man his place supplied.
The Church of God sustained a loss
When fell this champion of the cross ;
He was, as some historians say,
Beheaded near the Appian way,
For bloody Nero rul-ed then,
And put to death the best of men.
Much like the Popes of modern times,
This was a tyrant steeped in crimes,
Their prototype at all events,
In persecuting of the saints,
For which the Catholics display
Such aptitude, that one might say
That Nero must have given the rules
By which they guide their training schools,
For Priests who (if they had the power)
Would all the Protestants devour.
Grant them but this, and then you'll see
They will revive th' *Auto-da-fe* ;
Then would our Legislators learn
That they must soon recant or burn.
And I am quite surprised to find
Our Legislators grown so blind,
As to supply with eager hands
Their most exorbitant demands,
Endowment bills, both great and small,
Lands, cash, cathedral bills and all—
In short whate'er is lost or gained
The Romish Priesthood is maintained.
But lest they force me to confession,
I must return from this digression,
And say that mortals cannot trace
The glories of the heavenly place,
Where Jesus reigns supremely high,
And wipes all tears from every eye.
No eye hath seen, no tongue can tell
Of joys that are unspeakable,
Which are in heaven reserved for all
Who follow Jesus as did Paul.

A WILL CASE

"The *Columbia South Carolinian* states that celebrated case of Mr. Willis, who took a coloured woman to Ohio, freed her, and bequeathed to her and her children (who were also his own) all his property in South Carolina, has just been decided by Judge O'Neil. The will was set aside."—*Montreal Witness*.

Let us suppose the learned judge soliloquizing as follows while retiring from the Bench:—

(See a similar case, Chap. 8th, Vol. 2 DRED.)

O poor Mrs. Willis! her children are orphans,
The Will that her late husband gave her
Is worthless as vapour, the merest blank paper;
We found it our duty to "shave her."

What though she was purchased and freed by her husband
We stript her of all her possession;
In this land of freedom, as in that of Edom,
To plunder we deem no transgression.

The Arab marauder may lurk in the desert,
A robber beyond contradiction,
But we do the matter much neater, much better,
By virtue of *lawful* conviction.

Congressional wisdom, as centred in Filmore,
Has found out a patent invention,
By which all our "niggers" are made slaves and beggars,
Most worthy Buchanan's attention.

No matter how wealthy the lady in question,
She'll find to her indigent sorrow
That we have decided the "made and provided,"
She's "just like a mule in the furrow."

Equal rights, law and order, have lately attained
The zenith of glory in trio,
Our soul-driving hunters have baffled Fremonters,
And we are at war with Ohio.

Hurrah for the Union! Buchanan's elected,
 And *Brooks* with his canes and revolver; *
 Bad luck to the *Beechers*, those marvellous preachers,
 Who constantly seek to dissolve her.

Messrs. *Titmarch* and *Gordon*, with *Cushing* and *Jekyl*,
 Such men are our diligent toilers;
 The dogs of Missouri may lend them their fury
 In fully out-rooting free-soilers.

But all *Father Dicksons* are certainly crazy;
Claytonian measures we shield not,
 We trample their feelings who vote for repealing;
 We'll trample themselves if they yield not.

Hurrah! for the Union; hurrah! for Buchanan,
 Hurrah! for the system we cherish!
 The cowhide shall flourish while cotton we nourish,
 But poor Mrs. Willis may perish.

WE WILL PUBLISH THE BIBLE

A BIBLE SOCIETY HYMN

How important that all should be found with delight
 "Coming up to the help of the Lord,"
 If union is strength, let us firmly unite
 In our efforts to publish His Word.

And while we assemble in unity so,
 Let divisions and *isms* disappear;
 And what an encouragement is it to know
 That none can imprison us here.

Let the grateful emotion each spirit inspire,
 That we do not with Tuscany cope;
 We fear not the scoff of the infidel's ire,
 We dread not the wrath of the Pope.

* Preston S. Brooks has lately been presented with 17 canes, a revolver, and a cowhide.—*Montreal Witness*.

COLLECTED VERSE

65

To the humble Madai who suffered so much
Are Protestant sympathies given,
And the Scriptures assure us that blessed are such,
For theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Our hands should be strong, and our hearts should be brave,
While forth with the Bible we go,
And here are a few of the reasons we have,
For uniting our energies so.

We will publish the Bible, because it reveals
That holy ineffable Name,
Whose glorious presence immensity fills,
For ever and ever the same.

We will publish the Bible, it teaches that Man
Disobeyed his Creator and fell:
From that sorrowful moment the sinner became
An heir of destruction and hell.

We will publish the Bible, because it declares
How Jesus came down to deliver
The lost and the perishing, making them heirs
Of celestial glory for ever.

We will publish the Bible: the Spirit of Truth
Is so clearly reveal-ed therein,
By whose operations the world is convinced
Of righteousness, judgment, and sin.

We will publish the Bible: it teaches that any
Believer to Jesus may pray;
But the Romanists supplicate advocates many,
By their spiritual guides led astray.

We will publish the Bible: in spite of the laws
Of the man of perdition and sin;
The whole Romish Priesthood reject it because
They are clearly denounc-ed therein.

We will publish the Bible, though Catholics rage
And seek the blest Book to destroy;
The hearts of believers in every age
It has filled with unspeakable joy.

We will publish the Bible : the Bible our Creed,
 And that without comment or note ;
 We will leave all *Tradition* to those who may need
 Such instructions to keep them afloat.

We will publish the Bible in every land,
 We'll sell it, we'll give and bestow,
 That all, in a language which they understand,
 The words of their Saviour may know.

FATHER B. AND BARBARA FORMAN ;

OR,

“THE TENDER MERCIES OF THE WICKED ARE
 CRUEL.”—SOLOMON.

A CHILD BEATEN TO DEATH BY A ROMISH PRIEST FOR ATTENDING
 A PROTESTANT SUNDAY SCHOOL.—On Saturday evening Councilman
 Paddock received information that a German child, named Barbara
 Forman, had just died from the effects of a severe beating received
 at the hands of her teacher, in the St. Mary's (Roman Catholic)
 parish school, who is also a priest. He informed Chief of Police
 Stedman who having satisfied himself that there was good reason
 for believing the story true, gave information to Coroner Irwin,
 and an inquest was held yesterday. After a long and patient
 investigation, the jury unanimously gave the following verdict:—

“That the deceased came to her death in consequence of whipping
 and beating received from and by the hands of Frederick Bauer,
 on or about the 21st of September, A.D. 1856. The said whipping
 and beating having been done with a stick or other weapon.”—
Cleveland Herald.

Where Cleveland drinks a placid stream
 Which through Ohio flows,
 There lived a person nam-ed B.,
 As many a reader knows.

And being thought a learned man,
 He taught St. Mary's School,
 And unto many a wayward child
 Applied his stout ferule.

But chief among delinquents were,
And first to feel the rod,
The children who presumed to read
The holy word of God.

For Father B. resolved to show
That they were erring fools,
Who sent their children to be taught
At ragged Sunday Schools.

A certain maiden, mild and fair,
A child of tender age,
Attending at a Sabbath School,
Incurred his priestly rage.

'Tis true she heard of Him who died
Us sinners to redeem,
But *Barbara Forman* must not read
A Book condemning him.

On Monday morn he called her up,
Obeying Pio's creed,
And said that she must then and there
Do penance for the deed.

Come now, Miss Forman, you are doomed
To lie upon this chair.
He seized a cane, he laid her down,
He took her by the hair.

"Take that! you heretic! take that!"—
He struck her with his cane—
He sat upon her, kept her down,
While writhing with the pain.

Her cries were piteous and loud,
She begged the wretch to spare,
But all her pleading was in vain,
The man of sin was there.

When Father B.'s instructions were
Infallibly complete,
In hopes her heresy was cured,
He sent her to her seat.

COLLECTED VERSE

Poor little Barbara! she wept;
 Convulsively she cried;
 Her young companions led her home
 And that same week she died!

Proud *Pio Nono* now look down,
 Behold what Rome has wrought!
 Come see what Father B. has done,
 As by thy doctrines taught.

Come, Pio, canonize this man
 If thou art Holy (?) Pope,
 But if he gets what he deserves,
 He'll play upon a rope.

When Herod learned that Jesus came
 To save our ruined race,
 At Bethlehem born, he sent and slew
 The children of the place.

But Barbara Forman has been slain
 In this our modern day
 Because she loved to hear of Him
 Whom Herod sought to slay.

THOUGHTS ON DEATH, HEAVEN, AND HELL

PURGATORY A CHEAT

Behold humanity, in ceaseless column,
 Drop, one by one, into the silent tomb;
 The closing hour of life is always solemn;
 Without the Bible it would all be gloom.

But there's a ray, by holy truth supplied,
 Which sheds immortal light on joys to come;
 'Tis this has cheered our race since Adam died,
 And it will cheer us till the last be dumb.

Eternal Truth declares that we are dying,
That death is cutting off Old Age and Youth,
And all the sepulchres around us lying,
Confirm our sad experience of that truth.

And while my trembling hand the pen is holding,
A shade of death is passing o'er my lines,
For on a mountain-slope within beholding,
A mourning band to dust a friend consigns.

Friends and relations weep ; it is no error ;
And neighbours sighing, deeply sympathise ;
But Faith and Hope disarm the grave of terror,
For God hath said, " The dead in Christ shall rise."

All who have trusted in a Saviour's merit,
Their spirits wafted to the realms above,
A life of endless joy they shall inherit
Around the throne of the Eternal Love.

No eye hath seen the glories unreveal-ed,
The sunless light in which the saints adore,
But in the spirit-land there's naught conceal-ed,
Where mortal vision can exist no more.

A day of judgment and of wrath impending
Awaits the impenitent who die in sin—
A place replete with torments never ending,
Shall be their portion with the wicked one.

Rewards and punishments are represented,
The first in glory, and the last in hell ;
An intermediate place has been invented,
And we allow the cheat succeeded well.

A Purgatorial fire in operation
Is said to purge all errors unforgiven ;
The priest on earth receives a compensation,
And dupes believe their friends escape to heaven.

While pontiffs, priests, and bishops are denouncing
 The doom of heretics on those who doubt,
 Let us adhere to Bible truth, pronouncing
 The Purgatorial farce a cheat throughout.

And we prefer to rank with "*unbelievers*,"
 Than *fate* with those who teach a monstrous lie ;
 For we esteem them covetous deceivers
 Who buy and sell the souls of those who die.

Ye poor, deluded Catholics, attend !
 Go read the Bible for yourselves alone,
 And learn the love of Christ, the sinner's friend,
 How God-man Jesus did for sin atone.

And humbly on His finished work relying,
 Accept Him as your Prophet, Priest, and Head ;
 Then will you need no Holy Oil when dying,
 Nor priest to pray for you when you are dead.

Behold a dying Saviour, who addresses
 Th' expiring malefactor by His side,
 (Without a word of purging fire or masses.)
 "To-day in Paradise thou shalt abide."

How sad to see the French Canadian nation
 In such complete subjection to the Pope ;
 To rites and forms they trust their whole salvation,
 And die bereft of any solid hope.

Ye Protestants of every name, endeavour
 To teach the French the holy word of God,
 That they may know the truth and live for ever—
 Their sole reliance on the Saviour's blood.

The doom of priests and pontiffs is recorded,
 Who make the merchandise of souls a trade,
 And with confusion they shall be rewarded
 When they shall fail to find the place they made

THE DEATH OF THE "MAINE LAW" IN CANADA.

"A Man's a Man for a' that."—BURNS.

Ye liquor dealers, lend an ear,
Ye publicans, and a' that;
Pursue your work, devoid of fear,
Distil, and sell, and a' that;
You've gained the day, rejoice and shout,
Renounce the pledge, and a' that;
The Maine Law Bill has been cast out
By So and So, and a' that.

They pledged their honour to uphold
The temperance cause, and a' that;
But, traitor-like, they went and sold
Themselves, and votes, and a' that.
Some better men were laid aside,
In humble life, and a' that;
But So and So, they swelled with pride,
Betrayed their trust, and a' that.

And then how wondrous wise they were
When asked the cause, and a' that;
Some said they "thought it was not fair,"
And so opposed, and a' that.
But when the next elections come,
Our M.P.P.'s, and a' that,
We'll let them walk before the drum,
To cheat no more, and a' that.

Perhaps they dearly loved their Ale,
Their Brandy, Wine, and a' that,
And so jumped in to turn the scale,
To favour self and a' that.
Ye liquor-men, with one accord,
Express your thanks, and a' that;
Send them Champagne for their reward,
They'll serve you yet for a' that.

THE MURDERESS

Far in the distant regions
Of sunny Maryland,
Where negroes die in legions,
With no kind friend at hand,
There lived a certain woman—
We'll call her Mrs. G.—
Who proved herself inhuman
As Southern *whites* can be.

One lovely summer evening,
To rest she did repair,
A tender infant leaving
Beneath a maiden's care.
Awhile she watched it sleeping,
And careful vigils kept,
But o'er her sorrows weeping,
The weary maiden slept.

The midnight sounds were dying
Beyond the distant hill;
The infant waked up crying,
The servant slumber'd still.
The mother roused from slumber,
She found her sleeping there,
She seized a piece of timber,
And killed her in her chair.

Her head completely shattered,
Her brains upon the floor,
The murder "*little mattered*,"
The *loss* they could endure.
The mangled corpse was carried
Before the rising sun,
And secretly was buried,
As was "Aunt Milly's" son.

No trial, judge, or jury,
 Annoyed the guilty one,
 For could she not assure them
 The slave was *all* her own?
 And so she slew the woman,
 None asking "*why*" or "*how*,"
 By treatment more inhuman
 Than butchers would a cow.

She stood upon the morrow,
 A murderess confessed,
 But breathed no word of sorrow,
 While she her babe caressed.
 We leave this savage creature
 To quote the law she pleads;
 The laws in every feature
 We blame for all such deeds.

ADDRESS TO FRANCE

O Land of Revolutions! land of France!
 Shall we record thy fame in human tears?
 Who shall essay a brief historic glance,
 Or write a prophecy of future years?

O land of Guillotines! thy crimson pall
 O'ershadows thee with gloom. Bereft of hope
 A bold usurper from thy throne may fall,
 And in his turn be helpless as the Pope.

Thy bayonets, like a flood of glittering spears,
 Are clustered round the old enormous pile;
 The "*Man of Sin*" has reigned a thousand years,
 And thou wouldst now perpetuate his guile.

O land of Huguenots! the Pope may toil
 From sin infallibly to set thee free:
 But *Charles the Ninth's* unprecedented guile
 Shall ever be a stigma upon thee.

O land of massacres ! thy guilt so great,
 What priestly absolution can efface ?
 Can penance purge the throne where Louis sat,
 Or St. Bartholomew's deep stain erase ?

No verily ; the Pope himself may bless
 And send his benediction to thine heirs ;
 But there's a God who rules in righteousness,
 And if He bless not, vain are Latin prayers

And though thy infidels deny His Name,
 And wily Jesuits usurp His power,
 His Attributes immutably the same,
 Shall yet be glorious in His vengeful hour.

ADDRESS TO THE QUEEN ON THE FALL OF SEBASTOPOL

God bless Our Gracious Majesty the Queen,
 And crown her life with happiness and peace,
 And though the earth around at arms is seen,
 Bid WAR, with its impending terrors cease.

The Russian Despot thought to conquer all
 The Earth, and be supreme from sea to sea ;
 But his mistake is written in his stronghold's fall ;
 The tale is linked with glory and with Thee.

The Allies wave their banners o'er the spot,
 With all good faith as yet on every side,
 But France is faithless ; we should trust her not ;
 Napoleon may throw the mask aside.

For though it suits his purposes to go
 Forth in connexion with the noblest Fleet,
 The " faithful Ally " yet may be the foe,
 And prove the very essence of deceit.

Astounding wonders yet may rise and set ;
 Is France a Kingdom ? and is he the heir ?
 The self-made Emperor of Gaul may yet
 Seek to avenge an uncle's doom *somewhere*.

The Pope is closely linked with France : alas !
 We can but fear results, too blind to see
 How God will bring His own designs to pass ;
 But still we pray for England and for Thee.

And though the continent should rise to arms,
 And Gog and Magog should contend for Rome,
 The Lord preserve Thee safe from all alarms,
 From foes abroad or treach'rous friends at home.

When Britain has subdued despotic Czars,
 Then shall the nations of the earth be free ;
 But midst the toil of commerce and the din of wars,
 The holy and the pious pray for Thee.

VICTORIA ! Thy throne be ever free
 From " base usurper," and from popish knave ;
 That noble flag unfurled on every sea,
 Which never casts a shadow o'er a slave.

And shouldst Thou deign to read my verses o'er,
 Poor, artless, and unworthy though they be,
 No gift or patronage do they implore,
 But simply happiness to Thine and Thee.

ANOTHER SONG FOR TRUE ORANGEMEN

We sing no dirge of bloody war,
 Where man with man is fighting,
 In which the angry nations are
 From time to time delighting.

Our song is not of fallen Tyre :
 O'er Babel's doom we sigh not ;
 The Sheik and Sultan may expire
 In sorrow's bower, we cry not.

COLLECTED VERSE

The great Mogul may be no more,
 The Czar to judgment hurried ;
 We weep for no forgotten shore
 Where kings and queens are buried.

We brood not now o'er China's doom,
 Where fire and sword are raging.
 Sebastopol may sink in gloom,
 But other war we're waging ;

For we oppose the horn-ed beast,
 Whose mountain-heads are seven,
 The Man of Sin, the Antichrist,
 The foe of earth and heaven.

Some make the Pope their god, and so
 They every homage pay him.
 But we will never kiss his toe,
 Nor worship nor obey him ;

For in the holy word of God,
 We have his rise reveal-ed,
 His Name,* his nature, his abode,
 All truthfully fulfilled.

* Does not the title "Vicarius Filii Dei," as assumed by the Popes, indicate the number of the Beast—666? Let the following table, based upon the Roman method of computation, explain :—

V	5
I	1
C	100
A	0
R	0
I	1
V	5
S	0
F	0
I	1
L	50
I	1
I	1
D	500
E	0
I	1

666 !!!

See Rev. xiii. 18.

But yet remains his fearful doom,
The day of wrath and terror,
When in one hour his end shall come,
For all his sin and error.

For popes and priests on earth have reigned
In long and dark succession,
And their apostacy has gained
The climax of transgression.

The Pope is not his Holiness,
We fear no charge for libel ;
He would have all to him confess,
He interdicts the Bible.

His church is but a dragon's den,
Full of abominations ;
Is not all this recorded in
The book of Revelations ?

For this he hates those truths, and still
Endeavours to destroy them ;
Instructs his followers to kill
Those who are guided by them.

So we oppose this evil power,
And all for him contending,
For self protection, every hour
Our energies are blending.

And we commemorate the day,
The day of wrath and battle,
When brave King William led the way
Amid the cannon's rattle.

And as King James was forced to flee
In such complete confusion,
So we expect we soon shall see
The end of Rome's delusion.

And now we pray, God speed our right,
From all our foes defend us,
And while we in his fear unite
No evil shall attend us.

COLLECTED VERSE

We fear no Pope's anathemas
Nor Prelate's indignation ;
Our watchword in our righteous cause,
Is, PEACE TO ALL CREATION.

CONCLUSION

Unto His Holiness (?) the Pope
We recommend this volume,
He will perceive the truth, we hope,
Of every word and column.

But should he read with frowning eyes
In spite of his conviction,
Then let him know that we despise
His curse and benediction.

Poor man ! we pity one whose doom
Is hourly drawing near him,
But since he is the Pope of Rome
We neither serve nor fear him.

God bless Her Majesty the Queen,
From Pio's wiles defend her ;
Surround her throne with righteous men
Who NEVER WILL SURRENDER.

TEMPERANCE ODES

THE DRUNKARD'S CHILD

"Why weepest thou?" I asked a child
Whose tears were flowing fast;
"I do not like to tell," she said,
"But we have neither wood, nor bread,
And cold, and hungry; I'm afraid
That we must starve at last."

"Have you a mother?" I inquired,
"O yes,—but she is sick."
"Where is your father? Is he dead?"
"O, no," reluctantly she said,
"But yet he never brings us bread,
And we are all so weak."

I eyed the hovel, else a house,
Where these poor sufferers dwelt,
Great chinks let in the keen cold air,
Such utter wretchedness was there,
That words can scarcely now declare
The sympathy I felt.

And while her simple tale she told,
In accents weak and mild,
She did not ask to be relieved,
But yet a trifle she received
With gratitude, while I perceived
She was a drunkard's child.

COLLECTED VERSE

And as I went my way I thought
 Of the distiller's power,
 And wished the drunkard-makers were
 Assembled, and condemned to share
 The miseries that I witnessed there
 But for a single hour.

Who makes the drunkard? He who dwells
 In yonder spacious hall,
 A man of opulence and rank,
 Who puts his money in the bank;
 'Twas from his still this poor man drank;
 To that we trace his fall.

And all the cruelty and wrong,
 His wife and children bear,
 The wealthy brewer does not know,
 Perhaps he does not often go
 To wipe a tear, remove a woe,
 Or make the poor his care.

Nor does the wealthy grocer think
 Of families in need;
 Enough for him that cash comes in,
 When out goes brandy, rum and gin;
 If drunkards drink, theirs be the sin,
 He does not guilty plead.

So does the grog retailer raise
 A plea of innocence,
 While doing on a smaller scale
 What great professors do wholesale,
 And so he doles out rum and ale,
 And takes the drunkard's pence.

He cares not for the house of God,
 And seldom enters there,
 But well he knows, the liquor runs
 To him through church frequenting ones,
 Then branches off to all the dens
 Where drunkards curse and swear.

With coaxing words, and winning wiles,
And hardened heart, he asks
Each one who hastens to his sink,
"Well, friend, what will you have to drink?
I keep the best, for only think,
A Christian fills my casks!"

The publican of honied lips
Receives a thousand cheers,
And then his victim's choice is made,
And from his scanty earnings paid,
Regardless of the children's bread,
And of the mother's tears.

Alas! how many groups endure
Affliction, want and cold,
While drunken fathers seek their homes
Reeling, and less like men than gnomes,
And while they stretch in bedless rooms,
The landlord counts his gold.

And oft around the tavern bar
The Sabbath hours are spent,
And oaths and blasphemies arise
In wild confusion to the skies,
While at his ease the brewer lies
At home, self-deemed a saint.

So grocers sell, and drunkards drink,
Till sense and shame expire;
And every cent they earn they spend,
But when delirious horrors end
Their days on earth, their souls descend
Into the lake of fire.

March on, ye Sons of Temperance,
Your banners be unfurled;
But ye who sell this maddening drink
By gallons, gills, or puncheons, think
What will ye say when on the brink
Of the Eternal World?

How shall ye bear the guilty load
Of drunkard-making crime ?
Then shall ye curse the glittering gold
For which ye measured out and sold
The liquor whose effects unfold,
Beyond the years of Time.

How shall ye meet the ruined souls
That ye have sent to dwell
In that dark place of fell despair,
Where drunkards shall for ever bear
The wrath of God, if ye must share
With them the flames of hell ?

Say, will ye tell the Judge of all
The living and the dead,
That whisky, brandy, rum and gin,
Were needed in that world of sin,
That ye were doomed to traffic in
To gain your daily bread ?

Or will ye plead, as an excuse,
That Legislators said,
That all who bought a licence might
Sell ardent spirits day and night,
And so your course must have been right,
For it was in your trade.

Some brewers and distillers think
When they destroy our grain,
That they are doing all they can
To benefit their fellow-man,
Because they have devised a plan
To increase the farmer's gain.

And grocers think that they must keep
Intoxicating drugs,
To make the tea and coffee sell,
And thus they every scruple quell,
Since others do it, we as well
May fill the whisky jugs.

But let this plausible excuse
Be brought to honest light,
Say, would you sell or lend a knife,
To one in haste to take his life,
Or else to kill a child or wife,
Because another might ?

No, no, you say ; then wherefore fill
The intoxicating bowl ?
Dispensing by your trade accursed
A liquid fire to burning thirst—
This poison kills the body first,
And then destroys the soul.

Now is your time, awake, repent,
While days and grace are given,
Give up your trade, your casks remove,
Which act the conscience must approve,
And by repentance, faith, and love,
Prepare for death and heaven.

Or else await the awful words,
“ Depart from me,” depart—
Your portion is the burning wave
Where all the lost for ever rave ;
For ye have peopled many a grave,
And broken many a heart.

For while the law of God requires
The love of heart and soul,
Pure selfishness is your pursuit,
The love of money at the root,
Your sinful race must have its fruit
In endless death—the goal.

THE GOOD EXAMPLE

A Gentleman lives on a snug little farm,
Who formerly kept an hotel,
And whether the weather was chilly or warm,
His bar-room was crowded, and there is no harm
In telling what lately befell.

One day in the barn he discovered his son,
Insensibly stupid with drink,
And he thought with himself that the evil begun
Should be instantly checked, ere the lad was undone,
Nor long did he tarry to think.

So back to his dwelling he hastily ran,
And said to his terrified wife,
"I'll out with these barrels, and empty each one,
And never a drop will I purchase again,
No, never a drop in my life."

"Why," answered his wife, "what has happened thee now?
Be sure you do nothing in haste,
The traffic is evil I freely avow,
But as to the liquor, I think you'll allow,
That we can have nothing to waste.

"You had better dispose of the stock, if you please,
And then we'll demolish the bar,
And so without loss, and with conscience at ease,
You can work yourself out of the trade by degrees;
This plan would be better by far."

"No, no! not a day will I harbour the foe,
Our son has been drunk in the barn,
And shall I continue to sell it, and throw
Him into temptation? No, never! and you
This incident also should warn.

“ But I am determined I never will sell—
This liquor shall go to the earth ” ;
And true to his words he immediately fell
To the barrels and kegs, and I think he did well,
And one and another went forth.

For there's always a way to a person who wills
To do right with deliberate aim,
And he that a good resolution fulfils
In even destroying his barrels and gills,
Will find a reward in the same.

And this very instance resulted in good,
The son from the danger is saved ;
The father is happy and I've understood
That even the *wife* has been led to conclude
It was well that the barrels were staved.

Ye liquor retailers, wherever ye are,
Behold an example for you ;
Relinquish your trade and demolish your bar,
Or something may happen more terrible far ;
This tale is undoubtedly true.

Remember the Sickle and Sheaf where they drank
Whose sequel illustrates the trade,
So accurs'd in its fruits, bearing poison so rank ;
Your daughters or sons may become just like Frank,
And yourself the unfortunate Slade.

THE AWFUL DEATH

The sun was shining on the eastern hills,
The lowly valleys were already shaded,
The power of frost had fastened down the rills,
And all the flowers that bloomed in spring were faded.

The forest trees stood stripped of every leaf,
Their branches bending 'neath their burdens hoary,
'Twas winter, when the poor require relief ;—
But I've to tell a sad and painful story.

I need not give the reader place and date,
Though many will the incident remember ;
The drunkard's awful death which I may state,
Took place so suddenly in cold December.

Such was the scene without ; alas ! within—
A hurricane of angry words was blowing,
A poor unhappy woman might be seen,
Careworn and weary bending o'er her sewing.

A little girl, a child of three short years,
Close to her mother, and the embers creeping,
In innocence, beheld her bitter tears
Shed o'er an infant in the cradle sleeping.

How very sad she must have felt that night,
Her sufferings were more than could be spoken ;
Her husband, dead to every sense of right,
Herself defenceless, and her spirit broken.

But who can pen the horror of the scene ?
When by her side her little daughter screaming,
Her husband seized the axe he had brought in,
And high above their heads she saw it gleaming.

A Power unseen restrained him in that hour,
And they escaped from death, though wounded badly,
And self-bereft of reason's guiding power,
The maniac rushed into the darkness madly.

He hastened to the tavern—drank, and filled
His old black bottle for another potion :
O ! what a dreadful shriek was that which thrill'd
Throughout the railway cars, in rapid motion.

The brakes went down, the train was stopped; alas!
Too late! His doom was sealed for ever;
And those who saw that bruised and mangled mass,
Can they forget that fearful sight? No, never!

THE TAVERN KEEPER

There is a town whose citizens can boast
Its appellation in the Gazetteer,
'Tis famous on a rich and fertile coast,
But for security unmentioned here.

And in that town there lived a certain man,
His name, denomination, I withhold;
But his employment was a common one,
He kept a public-house, and liquor sold.

One summer eve, some people passing by,
About the time when men retiring are,
Were startled by a most distressing cry,
Proceeding from the well-known tavern bar.

"Oh! murder! mercy! spare me, I implore,"
"Well, pay me for the liquor that you got."
"O! you were paid a thousand times before,
And now I cannot give what I have not."

"There then, take that, and that, infernal thief,"
And kicks and blows repeatedly were given;
You shudder, friends, and look as grave as if
He were the greatest scoundrel under heaven.

Not he; he was *respectable*, and lived
On the just gains a lawful trade provides,
And I was well informed, as I believed,
He was a member of a church besides.

Quite philanthropic in his own esteem,
 He was a gentleman, as people said,
 But I have other thoughts to think of him
 So perfectly described in "Simon Slade."

Was he a human being? Yes! but oh!
 With every thought humane and feeling drown'd,
 Grown rich by his profession, spreading woe,
 And poverty, and wretchedness around.

Was he a gentleman? Yes, he might wear
 As fine a coat as any lord can boast;
 And to his virtues many sots would swear,
 And say, with great respect, "Our worthy host."

Was he a citizen? O, yes! indeed,
 And one that did the town a *deal* of good,
 Although he seldom helped the poor in need,
 By counsel, clothing, fuel, cash or food.

How did he benefit his neighbours then?
 When never found engaged in works like these;
 He brought together many drunken men,
 Whose crimes and quarrels raised the lawyers' fees.

But while the business prospered in his hands,
 The fangs of gold were fastening in his soul;
 And when attraction raised the price of lands,
 He seemed desirous to possess the whole.

Years rolling round, a court house there was built,
 And then a gaol, to put offenders in;
 And Mr. Smith his own importance felt,
 And thought his lawful trade involved no sin.

Till on the evening introduced at first,
 The love of money rankled in his brain,
 And at the prospect of a trifle lost,
 He beat his victim till the man was slain.

And when secured within the very gaol
 His influence led the citizens to build,
 He asked, with a bewildered piteous wail,
 If Mr. Jamieson could not be healed!

“Impossible! you know the man is dead.”
 “Dead! Is he? Never! Oh, it cannot be!”
 His spirit failed; his self-importance fled,
 A guilty, blood-stained homicide was he.

Arraigned before a circuit court he stood,
 His guilt was evident, and undenied;
 Some thought incarceration was too good—
 He was condemned, and socially he died.

But yet he lives to breathe the bitter sighs
 That realize imprisonment for life;
 And near the scene of all their wedded joys
 Still lives his poor, and worse than widow'd wife.

Let then the free and living learn by this,
 That liquor selling is with evil rife;
 The affluence it gives is transient bliss,
 And often dearly paid for in this life.

THE RUM-SELLING GROCER

I asked a certain gentleman
 Who kept a grocery, and store,
 “And how have times, and matters been
 With you, since I was here before?”
 “Oh,” said the grocer, “I can tell
 My friends that I am doing well.”

And while I spied his yellow casks,
 Three little ragged girls came in;
 One had a jug, and two had flasks,
 Two asked for brandy, one for gin;
 The grocer served them—took their pence
 In self complacent innocence.

COLLECTED VERSE

But did he think while poring o'er
 The Holy Book, in Sabbath dress,
 That he supplied, the day before—
 To sots, the means of drunkenness?
 And did he kneel in prayer to tell
 His Maker, he was doing well!

If doing well is hoarding gold,
 To such we may allow the claim,
 But it is grievous to behold
 A man that bears the Christian name
 Retailing rum, with heart to tell
 The world that he is doing well!

A *Christian* selling *rum*! I thought,
 Would broken-hearted mothers say,
 That *he* was doing well, who taught
 Their husbands and their sons to stray,
 While boasting he was doing well,
 Because he bought a right to sell!

O, liquor seller, does the law
 Afford exemption from disgrace?
 No motive else, to guide or draw—
 But love of money all thy days,
 While men are by thy doing well
 Exposed to want—perchance to hell.

Go see that poor besotted wretch,
 With shattered nerves, and garments thin,
 Go meet that urchin, sent to fetch
 Thy drink to quench his thirst within;
 Return to fill his jug, and tell
 Thy friends, that thou art doing well!

Thou sayst, the drunkard loves his drink,
 And thou mayst sell since others will;
 Indeed! perhaps assassins think
 Since others murder, they may kill;
 But few assassins like to tell
 Their friends, that they are doing well!

If thou canst justify thy work
With consequences all involved,
Be thy connection with the church
And Christianity dissolved,
At once, Eternity will tell
If selling rum is doing well!

THE FORTY-GALLON RIVER

Ho, ye that think a man may drink
With moral good intention,
A simple tale I have to tell—
To which I crave attention.

A cattle show, as all must know,
Was held at Leeds, Megantic,
And what occurred, as I have heard,
Has set some people frantic.

A house, that stood beside the road,
Was entered (some are cunning)
And through a hole King Alcohol
Was quickly set a running.

The man who bought the cask had thought
To make a handsome profit,
And so was well prepared to sell—
For he had plenty of it.

When night came on, the deed was done,
Which some have reckoned clever,
The cask was pierced, and out there burst
A Forty-Gallon River!

Speed on, I say, for run he may,
According to his pleasure,
Let rum escape, in any shape,
If not in liquid measure.

COLLECTED VERSE

Still on it flowed, along the road,
The atmosphere was foggy ;
And what a sight, the morning light
Revealed, the road was groggy !

And those who came to take a dram,
With lips as dry as tinder,
Might walk around, to smell the ground,
For there was none to hinder.

And wheeling round, they raised a sound,
A doleful note of terror,
And styled the Sons, the guiltiest ones
That fill this earth with error.

But not a sip could wet the lip,
And not a drop was tasted ;
And tears to grief bring no relief
When shed o'er liquor wasted.

So let them weep, in sorrow deep,
And mourn their loss unhallow'd ;
But I'm inclined to think they'll find
'Twas better spilt than swallowed.

And many stood above the flood,
As if they fain would stop it ;
'Twas vain to ask an empty cask,
Whose work it was to tap it !

When turned around, a hollow sound
Was all its declaration ;
The power of sin, that reigned within,
Had gone to exhalation.

The fumes arose, annoying those
Who passed there on the morrow,
Some laughed outright, but one poor wight
Was almost mad with sorrow.

But though great guns denounce the Sons
 With insolence of manners,
 Fidelity, and Purity,
 And Love, adorn our banners.

The men of Leeds, do wondrous deeds—
 But who are the offenders
 Who take a stand, with heart and hand,
 Against the liquor vendors ?

Some men will guess, and then express
 The merest supposition,
 But those who know, had better shew
 A proof beyond suspicion.

But sure enough the show went off
 With neither strife nor quarrel ;
 And for such peace, without police,
 We thank the empty barrel.

THE COLD-WATER PLEDGE

(Written for the Havelock Division Sons of Temperance)

Tune—"The Teetotallers are Coming"

Wave the Temperance banner o'er us,
 There's a noble work before us—
 Though the publicans abhor us,
 And the Cold-Water Pledge.

Chorus.

"Better days are coming,
 We shall triumph by and by."

We'll go on in combination,
 Until every man and nation
 Shall put down intoxication,
 By the Cold-Water Pledge.

COLLECTED VERSE

Press we forward, then, resisting
Every barrier, and enlisting
Young and old, while thus insisting
On the Cold-Water Pledge.

We will tell the liquor-makers,
And the moderate partakers—
That they should, as grog-forsakers,
Take the Cold-Water Pledge.

We will say to all who buy it,
And to those who drink and riot,
That the wise, the good and quiet,
Take the Cold-Water Pledge.

What although the *Rummies* clever
Start exclaiming, "did you ever"—
Strong in union, we will never
Break the Cold-Water Pledge.

There are prejudices warring—
But we fear no petty jarring,
Nor the brunt of scandal scarring,
For the Cold-Water Pledge.

Be it then our pleasant duty,
While preserving health and booty,
Thus to welcome strength and beauty
Round the Cold-Water Pledge.

Midst so much of wicked vending,
Midst so much of foolish spending,
Future hopes are much depending
On the Cold-Water Pledge.

Forth in union then we sally,
Not with drunkenness to dally,
But to shout o'er hill and valley,
Take the Cold-Water Pledge.

Thus in city, town and village,
In the midst of rural tillage,
Meet we the destroyer's pillage,
By the Cold-Water Pledge.

When our Order's matchless motto,
We the gazing world will shew to,
Multitudes will rise and go to
Take the Cold-Water Pledge.

While our noble ranks are swelling,
We are publishing and telling
That they should in every dwelling
Take the Cold-Water Pledge.

Hoping that this congregation
Will accept this invitation,
And with no more hesitation
Take the Cold-Water Pledge.

We expect to meet on Monday,
Just the evening after Sunday,
And we trust that all will one day
Take the Cold-Water Pledge.

Still maintaining our position,
For the Maine Law we'll petition,
Till they give us Prohibition,
With the Cold-Water Pledge.

We approve of moral suasion,
As a means of reformation,
But we plead for legislation,
And the Cold-Water Pledge.

Then there shall be less of madness,
More of solid bliss and gladness,
When we're saved from liquor's badness
By the Cold-Water Pledge.

COLLECTED VERSE

See the tide of human slaughters,
 Flees before our healing waters,
 We are happy Sons and Daughters,
 Round the Cold-Water Pledge.

Death, confusion and disorder,
 Shall evacuate our border,
 When we banish rum and murder
 By the Cold-Water Pledge.

Every newspaper that read is,
 Shows how vile the liquor-trade is,
 It will perish, for the Ladies
 Take the Cold-Water Pledge.

THE FEAST OF BELSHAZZAR

The King was arrayed in the robes of his pride,
 And his wives and his concubines sat by his side,
 So charmingly gay and so beautiful :
 His lords in attendance, a thousand were there,
 And all that assembled his bounty to share
 Were known to be chosen and dutiful.

The Monarch commanded and said " Let them bring
 Us the vessels of gold that my father, the King,
 Took out of Jerusalem's treasures,
 In the day that the temple of God was his prey,
 That I and my lords, wives and concubines may
 Drink wine in their sanctified measures."

Then the voice of the heathenish king was obey'd,
 And the vessels of gold on his table were laid,
 For the use of his wives and his princes :
 And O, what a lesson the sequel affords,
 When drunken with wine in the sight of his lords,
 The monarch his folly evinces.

Of the red flowing wine they partook, and extolled
 The idols of wood, stone, silver, and gold—
 The gods of their own preparation ;
 And Bacchus had many a worshipper there,
 Belshazzar the king, and his concubines fair,
 And the lords of the Chaldean nation.

But a part of a hand was sent forth in their sight,
 And the king and his princes grew pale with affright
 At the mystical words that were written :
 Ere the dawn of the morn as the prophet revealed—
 His terrible doom on the monarch was sealed,
 In the midst of his drunkenness smitten.

The drunkards of Ephraim had warnings of old,
 And the fate of Belshazzar the king may be told,
 To shew every drunkard his error.
 But if all the great lords who get drunk, and carouse
 Should be slain—there are some in our Parliament House
 Who have manifold reasons for terror.

And what can the people expect from such men,
 As are known to be drunken again, and again ?
 'Tis true we may pray and petition—
 But those who are fond of the liquor themselves,
 May give us our statutes in quartos and twelves,
 But they're sure to oppose Prohibition.

Yet have we some men in the temperance field
 Who from the destroyer their country would shield,
 Of such Cameron is the most noted :
 We *par excellence*, style him "the Temperance Man,"
 His honours are brightest—deny it who can,
 And OUR CAUSE he has greatly promoted.

COLLECTED VERSE

TO THE FRIENDS OF TEMPERANCE

Let every friend of Temperance
 Perform a faithful part.
 That we may be a brotherhood
 United heart to heart.

Should tempters prove successful
 In causing some to fall ;
 In efforts to reclaim them,
 Be earnest, one and all.

Then shall the ranks of tipplers,
 And those who take a glass,
 So greatly be diminished,
 That it may come to pass,—

That every liquor-maker
 Shall fall into disgrace,
 And every grog-retailer
 Shall blush to shew his face.

So let us work in unity,
 For " Union is our Strength " ;
 And God will prosper our desire,
 To bless the world at length !

THE RUM-SELLER OUTWITTED BY HIMSELF

A lecturer once had occasion to tell
 A story remarkably curious,
 Concerning a man who determined to sell
 The liquor that makes people furious.

For a great many years he had been in the trade,
 And would have continued it longer,
 But in common with others he noticed with dread,
 That the temperance feeling grew stronger.

And when the authorities ventured to say
That whisky and rum were not wanted,
He showed unmistakable signs of dismay,
For no "license to sell" would be granted.

At once he determined the village should know
That his entertainments were needed,
And the rest of the tale is sufficient to shew
How wondrously well he succeeded.

He surrounded his house with a high board-fence,
To prevent any further intrusion,
And by way of revenging a public offence
He retired into private seclusion.

But the friends of the cause would be nothing abashed,
Though such walls were much higher and thicker,
And the temperance people united with haste
To open a house without liquor.

And the traveller, coming or going would stare,
And ask why the tavern was boarded;
Then turn in to share the superior fare
The temperance mansion afforded.

As might be expected the rum-seller found
That he was completely outwitted,
So he hastily levelled his fence to the ground,
And his tavern for lodgers refitted.

But he learned with regret and undignified shame
That his premises lost all attraction;
And he secretly wished there was some one to blame
But himself, for the blundering action.

Success to the "Temperance Union Hotel!"
But shame on all rum-selling sinners;
And why should not travellers, far from the smell
Of the bar-room, get excellent dinners?

BAD COMPANY AND RUM

A man who hastens to be rich,
A worshipper of gold ;
Prepares a house, puts up a sign,
Secures a stock of rum and wine ;
" Accommodation," his design,
The rest is quickly told.

How deep his guilt whose work ensnares
A fellow-creature's soul !
The drinking usages begin
The tide of misery and sin—
Which strengthens by indulgence in
The fascinating bowl.

All ages, ranks, frequent the place,
At morn, and eve, and noon ;
Amidst the revelry and mirth,
The landlord pours his liquor forth ;
He is " the finest man on earth,"
His house a " Grand Saloon ! "

A later hour, and we behold
Them in the open street,
The voice of quarrelling appalls
The citizens—and in their brawls
One draws a knife, another falls
At his companion's feet.

Amidst the darkness of the hour,
A woman screams " he's dead " ;
Among the mob assembled round
The corpse extended on the ground,
No blood-stained murderer is found—
The guilty man has fled.

Who is the murderer? A man
Well skilled in useful art,
Well educated—young, and gay,
One, who till lately led astray
From virtue's strait and narrow way,
Nobly fulfilled his part.

In vain the culprit seeks to hide
From an avenging God;
Arrested, we behold him stand
Before the judges of the land,
Found guilty—"blood is in his hand,"
A fellow-creature's blood.

Imprisoned in the common gaol,
A short allotted space;
He freely owned his heinous guilt,
And while in deep contrition knelt,
Expressed the confidence he felt
In God's forgiving grace.

At length the appointed morning dawned,
The fatal moment, when
He died to satisfy the law;
The city seem'd enwrapt in awe,
From earthly scenes cut off, he saw
No more his fellow-men!

And on the scaffold, just before
His voice in death was dumb,
His last—his dying counsels were,
"Oh, all ye young, beware! beware!
Of what has been my fatal snare,
Bad company and rum!"

And this is why this mournful tale
I tell, and keep in mind
The death, the infamy, and crime,
That mars the history of Time,
Because I thus would seek in rhyme,
The good of human kind.

Now therefore hear the warning voice
 Of one upon the brink
 Of an eternity of bliss
 Or woe—a world unknown to this—
 And as ye love your souls, dismiss
 Bad company and drink.

THE LAST OF THE FAMILY

The rays of the sun were exceedingly bright
 As he rolled on his way, like a king in his might,
 Diffusing his genial heat and light

To the verges of creation.

The blooming of flowers, and the music of birds,
 And the evident mirth of flocks and herds,
 Would baffle the most descriptive words
 Of mortal calculation.

'Twas morn, and the air serene and calm
 Floated o'er earth like a sea of balm ;
 And grateful hearts breathed many a psalm
 Of praise to the God of Heaven.

And many were they in wealth and pride,
 Who passed by the poor on the other side ;
 And many were they by sufferings tried,
 Their heart-strings all but riven.

As the king of day went on his race,
 Some professional men stood face to face,
 Then went with a slow and solemn pace
 To a sad and painful duty.

Stretched on a pallet, haggard and lean,
 Penniless, raving, and far from clean,
 Lay a poor lady, who once had been
 Renowned for wealth and beauty.

Impossible ! what adverse cause,
 Or foe, outraging all the laws,
 Could take the wealth of her who was
 Foremost in rank and honour.

'Twas rum that did it ; rum depraved,
Beguiled, bewildered, and enslaved,
Until in vagrancy she raved,
Her drunkenness upon her.

That was a cold and dreary night,
When she was found in a wretched plight,
Bedless, breadless, and frozen white,
In a vacant habitation.
Then the medical men assembled nigh,
And one of them said, with a deep drawn sigh,
The patient must either submit to die,
Or else to amputation.

And her limbs were severed one by one ;
But the sands of her wretched life had run
And she closed her eyes on the light of the sun.
And all to mortals meted.
To please his friends her husband drank,
And one by one their children sank,
And she but lived to fill a blank
Which her decease completed.

For rum their fine estate had been sold,
Her husband died and the lady grew old
And sought to live by the charity cold
Of the world—a besotted sinner :
But the last has departed, all of them died ;
In the grave of the drunkard they lie side by side,
Ensnared in the season of fashion and pride
By drinking wine at dinner.

THE YOUTH ADMONISHED

“ Come take one glass, 'twill do you good,
And cannot do you harm ;
I take a little when I'm cold
As well as when I'm warm.”

“ O, no, I do not drink at all,
And I sincerely think
That you had better not indulge
In alcoholic drink.”

“ O, nonsense! I do not believe
That liquor makes one ill,
See, there's a man who drinks, and he
Is strong and hearty still.”

The gentleman thus pointed out,
Was startled at the thought
That he was such a stumbling-block,
Although he knew it not.

And conscience-stricken in himself
He thus was led to think
Of many friends and comrades dead,
The sad effects of drink.

And turning to the youth, he said
“ Come, take a walk with me ; ”
And to the grave-yard then they went,
The monuments to see.

“ Behold the grave of one I loved,”
The moderate drinker said,
“ He was my only brother—but
He drank—and he is dead.

“ See there another ; he was one
Of talents bright and rare,
But he was fond of company,
And rum has been his snare.

“ Beneath that broken slab there lies
The bravest of the brave,
Ah! who would once have thought that he
Should fill a drunkard's grave.

“Look at this household-tomb! Five sons,
All drunkards, moulder there.
Their father drank;—their mother found
No solace in despair.

“One daughter sheds a widow’s tears,
In sorrow all alone,
Her husband was a maniac,
He drank, and he is gone.

“All these I knew, when I was young—
My comrades at the school;
But they are dead, and I am left
The only living fool!

“Surely these five and twenty graves
Should fill thee with alarm;
And wilt thou ever say again
That liquor does no harm!

“I feel that I am dying fast,
But I am now so old,
That I can scarcely hope t’escape
The fell destroyer’s hold.

“But if I could be young again,
How would I spend my breath
In loudly warning such as you
To shun the cup of death!”

A STRANGE THING

Strange it is that men enlightened,
With the truth that saves the world,
Should be found so sadly frightened
When the temp’rance flag’s unfurled.

COLLECTED VERSE

Zealously, on such occasions,
Doing all the good they can,
They would fain convince the nations,
Liquor is a boon to man.

When we show them the exceeding
Evil of the liquor trade,
Then they take the Bible, pleading
What the ancient writers said.

Truly they do execution,
Quoting Moses and his laws,
With an earnest elocution
Worthy of a better cause.

Alcohol, we say, is poison,
This, they venture to deny,
When they meet us criticising
Every argument we try.

When we point them to the madness,
Poverty, disease and crimes,
That produce so much of sadness,
In our own and other climes.

Then we hear such declarations,
"It is only the abuse
Of the blessing, that occasions
All those evils, not the use."

But the use of ardent spirits
Causes wretchedness and death ;
Scripture texts have certain merits—
Hear, then, what the Bible saith :

"Woe to him who gives his neighbour
Drink ;" and "Look not on the wine ;"
Read and ponder, ye who labour
To defend your "boon divine."

O ! intemp'rance is an evil
Of the greatest magnitude,
But the Maine Law, we believe, will
Stay the crime-producing flood.

ADVICE TO THE LABOURING CLASSES

O, Labourer, whoe'er thou art,
Whate'er thy calling be,
Endeavour to perform thy part
With honest, earnest, thankful heart,
Rejoicing thou art free.

Be diligent ; if thou art poor,
What thy employment brings
Economise ; when small thy store
Be sure to purchase nothing more
Than necessary things.

With shelter, clothing, food, and light,
And useful books to read,
The sons of toil and labour might,
Without much gold or silver bright,
Contented be indeed.

And if true comfort would be thine,
I earnestly advise
Thee, not to spend a single coin
In buying either rum or wine ;
Teetotallers are wise.

For almost all the misery,
And squalid wretchedness,
Which in our daily walks we see
Are evidently shown to be
The fruits of drunkenness.

COLLECTED VERSE

But many persons also spend
 Their gains—it is no joke—
 In such a way that they ascend
 In vapour; yea, their earnings end
 In worse than useless smoke.

How sad it is to think of those
 With families ill-clad,
 Who light a fire beneath their nose,
 Where dollar after dollar goes;
 And chewing is as bad.

Be wise, ye young, be wise in time,
 Contract no habit vile,
 But share in this, or other clime,
 According to my simple rhyme,
 The fruits of honest toil.

So you will have a mite to aid
 The cause of Holy Truth,
 And let your hopes on God be stayed,
 Who will provide your daily bread
 In manhood, age, and youth.

THE TWO FOES

An enemy is in the land,
 His name—Intoxication;
 If 'twere not for the temp'rance cause
 He'd soon destroy the nation.

He has a cunning helper, too,
 His name is Moderation;
 And both are constantly engaged
 In works of desolation.

In cities, towns, and villages,
 They bring to degradation,
 Unhappy victims, whom they take
 From every rank and station.

But those who die beneath the grasp,
Of foul Intoxication,
Are every one of them ensnared
At first by Moderation.

And many of the noblest men
That ever walked creation,
By him beguiled have lost their health
Their wealth and reputation.

He whispers to the sons of men
" Avoid intoxication,
But wine can never do you harm
If used in moderation."

The unsuspecting taste, and drink,
At first with hesitation ;
But soon they learn to love the wine
And its exhilaration.

Thus entered on the downward course,
That leads to death eternal,
The intemperate are captive led
Down to the pit infernal.

But we, the friends of Temperance,
An army well united,
Shall overcome the foes, by whom
The brightest hopes are blighted.

Then, blessings on the Band of Hope,
Good Templars, Sons and Daughters,
And all good men, who love the fount
Of Temp'rance' healing waters.

CLOSING ODE FOR TEMPERANCE MEETINGS

Tune—"O, come, come away"

O, come, come away,
 Our days are quickly passing
 And death shall soon our eyelids close,
 O, come, come away.
 Then let us raise our standard high
 That we may triumph by and by,
 King Alcohol shall die—
 O, come, come away,

O, come, come away,
 Intemp'rance is destroying
 Our fellow men in multitudes,
 O, come, come away.
 And while we stem its fearful tide,
 And faithful to our pledge abide,
 Our beacon Star will guide ;
 O, come, come away.

O, come, come away,
 Our hearts in union blending,
 And let us strive for purity ;
 O, come, come away.
 So let each member never cease,
 From earnest efforts to increase
 Sobriety and peace ;
 O, come, come away.

O, come, come away,
 'Tis duty bids us sever ;
 We part in hope to meet again,
 O, come, come away.
 And may we all be led aright
 To walk, as in our Maker's sight,
 For time is on its flight ;
 O, come, come away.

LIQUOR AT FUNERALS

A moderate drinker from his cups returning,
Mistook his way, and fell into a river ;
Alone in death—his brain with fever burning,
That gloomy night—his spirit fled for ever.

The neighbours, his untimely fate bewailing,
And for th' interment making preparation,
According to a custom long prevailing
Procured some liquor for the sad occasion.

But *one* objected, and the rest addressing,
Said, "I am grieved to see this drink before us,
I cannot ask the Lord to grant his blessing
On what has brought this grief and sorrow o'er us.

"If any one can pray o'er the 'good creature,'
Go on, and do it with my disapproval ;
For while I know the liquor's damning nature,
I cannot pray for aught but its removal."

Then came abuses like a torrent flowing
On him, who was in duty so persistent,
But he possessed his soul in meekness, knowing
That all teetotallers should be consistent.

And even to this day, in country places,
We find old customs held in veneration ;
And liquor used at funerals, disgraces
The better judgment of the population.

AN APPEAL

Whene'er the tempted stray from virtue's path
And seek anew the luxury of death ;
Too many raise the hand of feeble scorn,
And gladly say, "we knew they would return."

Instead of feeling for a feeble worm,
Frail as themselves, and struggling to reform—
Yet overcome in dark temptation's hour,
And doomed afresh to feel the demon's power.
Instead, I say, of sympathy with such
Their self-complacent pride would say as much.
As this, "I'm wise, and cowards only sign
The pledge of total abstinence from wine.
I love my rights, I wish to be a *man*,
And show my independence while I can ;
Just free to take it, and to leave it off,
And fit to judge when I have had enough.
Since liquor is a God-sent gift to man,
His creatures ought to use it while they can."
O, erring mortal! I am grieved to think,
That you are thus, an advocate for drink ;
You see the sad effects of drink—you knew
Some who were killed by rum, I knew them too ;
But we are seeking to remove the ban,
And you, a *Christian*, cannot aid the plan !
Yet, rest assured, that life is fleeting fast,
And you must give a strict account at last.
If influence be yours, and it is spent
On the wrong side—though not with ill intent,
But from indifference, you stand aloof,
Nor give the weak example nor reproof
But know that Temperance, like the banyan tree,
Shall spread its branches over land and sea ;
'Till every isle and continent shall know
The blissful fruits that 'neath its shadows grow.
Yes, friends, the happy time will surely come,
When earth, delivered from the power of rum,
With peace and gladness shall be yet arrayed
Though you withhold your influence and aid.

A TALE

Delirium Tremens! O terrible stare,
At reptiles and fiends, from the realms of despair!

* * * * *

A youth of bright talents, attractive and gay,
Beguiled by the wine cup, at first went astray;
But warned of his danger, with praiseworthy haste
He solemnly vowed no more liquor to taste:
Reformed, and respected, his prospects were bright,
And a lovely young lady became his delight.
Accomplished and beautiful, wealthy and kind—
He loved her with pure elevation of mind:
She loved in return—and they spake of the day,
When youth's single blessedness passing away
They would enter as one on the journey of life,
And comfort each other as husband and wife:
The holidays came—'twas a season of joy,
And he glanced at his fair with a soul-speaking eye.
His merry companions, with evil design,
Combined to beguile him by proffering wine:
With firm resolution, by foiling each art
He added new strength to his fortified heart.
But then came the lady, the one he loved best,
And taking his hand, which she tenderly pressed,
And blandly she said, "If you love as I do,
Now prove your affection unchanging and true.
If your motives are worthy in making me thine,
You'll please me by tasting, *just tasting* this wine."
She conquered his will, he tasted and drank,
His craving returned, and he rapidly sank.
He lost self-respect, reputation, and wealth,
Deep potions and penury injured his health;
In delirium tremens, suffice it to tell,
He perished, exclaiming, "I'm going to hell."
His once lovely tempter, beheld, and bewailed
The hour when the charms of affection prevailed;
That she was the cause of his ruin she felt,
And her reason gave way 'neath the load of her guilt.

THE GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY

(Composed on the cars while returning from the Temperance
Convention, held at Montreal, September 30th, 1859)

A journey on the Grand Express
Conveyed the writer, nothing less
Than forty miles an hour ;
The trees, receding from the sight
Like routed armies in affright,
Displayed the engine's power.

The fire ahead—the rolling wheels—
The pleasure—when a person feels
Like riding on a gig ;
While dashing on like speed of mind
And leaving all the world behind
Without the least fatigue.

Should Solomon or Socrates
Return to see such roads as these,
How wondrous it would seem ;
To see our engineering might
Annihilating distance quite
By all the power of steam.

Behind that locomotive-thing
To find us safely journeying
At such a rapid rate ;
To find beneath the rolling sun
Th' Egyptian horses quite outdone,
And asses out of date.

A railway journey is a thing
The wisest and the richest king
Was forced to do without ;
Nor Greek philosopher divined,
That fire and flood would be combined,
To carry us about.

But let our railway companies
Be careful that their employees,
Are men who take no wine;
And they shall find their recompense
In our increasing confidence,
And safety on the line.

Throughout the earth such iron bands
Uniting kingdoms, countries, lands,
Shew man's progressive powers;
And though our *neighbours* like to puff
Their "lines" and "roads," yet sure enough
They've none to equal ours.

That wondrous bridge of matchless fame,
Which bears the most illustrious name
Of our beloved Queen,
Stands like a monument of art,
Skill's triumph shines in every part,
Its equal nowhere seen.

Our Gracious Queen, Victoria,
Thy gentle sway in Canada
We hail with gratitude;
And pray the God of heaven to bless
Thy reign, majestic patroness
Of all that's great and good.

NATIONAL ODE FOR CANADA

We sing of the land we have chosen to live in,
So famed for its forests, its rivers, and lakes;
United to Britain—and favoured by Heaven,
The noblest of Colonies Canada makes.

Exemption from war is a national blessing;
No country on earth is more peaceful than ours;
And cities and villages, vastly increasing—
Are studded with colleges, churches, and towers.

Our laws and religion give social pleasures,
 Each home is a castle, each citizen free ;
 Agriculture and trade are increasing our treasures—
 And proud of our union with Britain are we.

Of mineral riches most ample our share is,
 Our resources have only begun to unfold ;
 And lo ! we have sent unto London and Paris,
Superior copper, and nuggets of gold.

But we, the teetotallers, earnestly cherish
 Fond hopes that the day of our triumph is near ;
 Let the traffic in all that intoxicates perish,
 And Temperance insure our prosperity here.

And while we enjoy our exalted position,
 With freedom unknown to tyrannical knaves ;
 We give to our neighbours all due recognition—
 But hold no communion with owners of slaves.

Our soil is productive, our climate is healthy,
 Our winters are pleasant, our summers serene ;
 And while we are happy, and loyal, and wealthy,
 Our watchword shall ever be " God save the Queen."

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

THE BIBLE

Methinks I behold, in light as of old,
 Mount Zion exalted on high ;
 And Israel's race, with favour and grace,
 Turning many an anxious eye
 To the land they delight to consider by right,
 As well as by promise, their own ;
 The fertile abode of the servants of God,
 Where the story of grace was made known

To prophets inspired, who spake and desired,
The day of fulfilment to see ;
The advent of Him who came to redeem—
And suffered for you and for me.

The Bible alone is the Book which makes known
The way of Salvation to men
Nor shall they succeed, who wish to impede
The Bible Society's plan ;
For the Book shall go forth, to the ends of the earth,
In every language of men,
And the nations shall read, and revere, and give heed
To the words that are written therein.

Each doctrine is pure, and each promise is sure,
Its history ancient and true ;
It reveals the First Cause of the natural laws,
Of Time and Eternity too.

A fathomless mine is the Volume Divine
And if it were taken away,
All Nature would be a mysterious sea
Of ignorance, doubt, and dismay.

The kingdoms of Time would struggle in crime,
Anxiety, passion, and care ;
Like a ship on the tide, without rudder to guide,
And death would be hopeless despair.

No race-running soul could discover the goal,
Nor climb to the portal of light ;
But void of all hope, the nations would grope
In worse than Egyptian night.

But the Bible is given a message from Heaven,
When truth is impressed on the heart,
And the darkness and gloom that encircle the tomb
Before its refulgence depart.

So, friends, let us read, and always give heed
To Moses, and David, and Paul ;
For books without end, have been printed and penned,
But this one excelleth them all.

And those who despise a Teacher so wise,
And leave it to mould on their shelves,
Cannot tarnish a line of the Volume Divine,
They only can injure themselves.

Those who fain would expel the Bible, as well
Might assemble to darken the sun ;
Or gather to fight with the stars of the night,
Or roll all the seas into one.

For the truth-telling Book shall withstand the rebuke,
Of every infidel tongue ;
And it gives to the world, in beauty unfurled,
The glory of battle and song.

With pleasure I muse, on the lands of the Jews,
Where the Patriarch's pitchéd their tents ;
And the studious mind, reflection may find
In many astounding events.

And chivalrous deeds, whose valour exceeds
The story of warriors now ;
How Gideon prayed, and his foes were dismayed,
And Jephthah's deplorable vow.

'Tis pleasant to pore o'er Biblical lore,
To find what old heroes have done ;
How Jonathan slew the Philistine crew,
By the help of his servant alone.

We must not forget the shepherd, who met
Goliath the great, with a stone ;
Nor valorous Jael, with hammer and nail,
Who fastened the Captain alone.

What stranger event can history paint,
Since wonderful things came to pass,
Than the fate of his foes, when Samson arose,
To handle the bone of an ass.

I hope you intend, your leisure to spend
In tracing historical things,
From Moses to Saul, Elijah and all
The prophets, and judges, and kings.

Go back if you choose, with Adam to muse
The progress of science to mark ;
With Enoch to walk, or with Noah to talk,
While busy preparing the ark.

The deluge comes next, and some are perplexed,
To know if all countries were drowned ;
But I must be brief, though I notice with grief,
That in drunkenness Noah was found.

And he was the first, who indulging his thirst,
Set such an example to men ;
But I think I may say, that after that day,
His name is not mentioned again.

We read of the tower, which for pride and for power,
The descendants of Noah would build,
And find all and each disagreeing in speech,
As the wisdom of Deity willed.

Then follow that race unto every place
Where Japheth and Ham have been driven ;
See how wicked they are, and given to war,
And their cry is ascending to Heaven.

But, believer, rejoice ! An Immutable Voice
Hath said that the earth shall be stilled,
And warfare shall cease, in the advent of peace,
When the words of the Lord are fulfilled.

In hope that the end of war is at hand,
We return to the children of Shem,
Still further to muse, on the fate of the Jews,
And predictions relating to them.

Selected by God to make his abode
Among their divisions and tribes,
To Egypt they went, by Providence sent,
As Moses so fully describes.

Read Exodus through, that you may pursue,
The way that deliverance came,
How God led the way, in a pillar by day,
And by night in a luminous flame.

It is worthy of note, that they travelled on foot,
Dry-shod, through the midst of the sea ;
Then Miriam sang, and the wilderness rang,
With the sounds of her minstrelsy.

But leaving that shore, with haste we pass o'er
The space of the forty years,
Till that numberless host, we rejoin on the coast
Of the land, where the Jordan appears.

The river divides for the warrior tribes
And Oh ! what sensations they felt ;
When, their journeyings o'er, they set foot on the shore
Of the Canaan where Abraham dwelt.

Then we follow them round, while trumpeters sound,
Till Jericho's walls are o'erthrown ;
For they fought and excelled, and the heathen expelled,
Till the land was by conquest their own.

See Joshua's skill, and his faith on the hill,
Behold him commanding the sun,
To rest on his way, and continue the day,
Till the work of their slaughter was done.

So the great orb of light stood still in his might,
While the armies of God were at war ;
For He who controls the whole earth as it rolls,
Is greater and mightier far,
Than all the great men, who were valiant then,
And his power is for ever the same ;
So the people had rest, when the land they possessed
And the heathen acknowledged their fame.

But Jeshurun grew fat, and his Maker forgot,
Ashtaroth and Baalim adored,
And foemen from Gath, came and slew them in wrath,
And they fell by Assyria's sword.

But when they returned, repented, and mourned
For their sin and idolatrous crime ;
The Lord raised up men to deliver them then,
And the country had rest for a time.

Then the people grew vain, and desired one to reign
Over them, like the heathen around ;
And the Lord gave them Saul, so comely and tall,
But in him there was wickedness found.

So he took him away, as the Chronicles say :
" And he took him away in his wrath " ;
The Philistines slew brave Jonathan too,
And " great was the triumph in Gath."

Then David was king, and his lyrics we sing,
Nor poet can equal the strain ;
And Solomon rolled in wisdom and gold,
And dazzled the world with his reign.

The temple he built, and Israel dwelt
In security under his sway ;
But then we are told, when the monarch was old,
That a *multitude* led him astray.

The Proverbs he wrote all tend to promote
The wisdom and morals of men ;
And though he did err, yet we safely infer,
That when old he repented again.

Rehoboam the fool, beginning to rule,
The people an embassy sent,
But the monarch despised what the elders advised,
And the kingdom was instantly rent.

But two tribes remained where Solomon reigned,
The worship of God to uphold,
And the people began, in Bethel and Dan,
To worship their idols of gold.

And envy and spite, and mutual fight,
And pestilence, famine, and woe ;
The certain reward of forsaking the Lord,
Laid Judah and Israel low.

When divisions at length had wasted their strength,
The ten tribes were taken away
To some foreign place, which I now cannot trace,
And there they remain to this day.

The Jews, it appears, for seventy years,
To the rivers of Babylon were driven ;
Their thralldom was long, and their harps were unstrung,
But it ended with favour from Heaven.

For the Jews were restored to their land, and the Lord
Preserved them from every foe ;
Rabshakeh was foiled, and Sanballat toiled
In fruitless attempts to o'erthrow
The work of their hands, but Jehovah's commands,
(Delivered through Cyrus), declared
That the temple, and all the circumference wall
Of Jerusalem, should be repaired.

But we shorten the tale by drawing a veil
Over several hundred years ;
And hail the glad light of an era more bright,
When the "Star in the East" appears.

Bright angels proclaim the wonderful name,
Emmanuel coming to earth ;
The prophets of old His mission foretold,
The shepherds rejoiced at His birth.

He suffered for us, when He died on the cross,
And made an atonement for sin ;
In triumph He rose, and conquered His foes,
And ascending, "gave gifts unto men."

And multitudes now with reverence bow
To Jesus, Who calms all their fears ;
And myriads have gone, to surround the white throne,
In the last eighteen hundred years.

And many a band, in many a land,
Believing, rejoice in His name,
And look for the hour of His coming with power,
When the earth shall dissolve into flame.

The prophecies plain, unfulfilled that remain,
By some are considered obscure ;
But of all on record in the word of the Lord,
The fulfilment is certain and sure.

And then shall it be that the Heathen shall see
The light of the glorious Sun ;
When the Jews shall return into Canaan, and mourn
For all that their fathers have done
To the "King of the Jews," and no longer refuse
To receive the New Testament too ;
And a holier light shall burst on the sight,
Alike of the Gentile and Jew.

Then shall Gog come with haste, and design to lay waste
 The holy and beautiful land ;
 But Magog, his foe, shall determine to shew
 That he hath come forth to withstand
 The alien host, from the infidel coast,
 So terrible, cruel, and strong ;
 Preparing to fight with Megiddo in sight,
 And the war may bid fair to be long ;
 But sudden—a crash, like the lightning's flash,
 That equals a thought in its flight,
 Shall fill them with dread, as the Scriptures hath said,
 It shall come as a thief in the night.

Then shall Gog be disarmed, and Magog alarmed,
 At the sight of that wonderful sign ;
 And Michael the Prince, shall appear to evince
 That Jesus is truly Divine.

O glorious hour of quickening power
 When the spirit is shed all abroad ;
 And saints from the tomb shall awaken to bloom
 Like trees "in the garden of God" !

And now, my dear friends, creation attends
 The coming of Him Who shall reign ;
 And many are they, who fervently pray,
 " Even so, come, Lord Jesus, Amen ! "

THE OLD LOG MEETING-HOUSE

(A Scene in Megantic, Canada East)

One mild evening, sad and lonely,
 I pursued a silent walk,
 While I sought with Nature only,
 For one transient hour to talk.

Swiftly passing hills and meadows,
On, through dark sequestered wood,
In the sun's declining shadows,
On a mountain's brow I stood.

From the leafy bowers adjacent,
Not a whisper caught my ear,
Save the music sweet and pleasant,
Of the streamlet murmur'ing near.

Deep and dark the valley by me—
Silence reigned throughout the glen:
Not a human creature nigh me
Could disturb my musings then.

What sensations there passed o'er me,
I can feel but ne'er portray;
Our old Meeting-House before me,
In decaying ruins lay.

Then I thought, in days departed,
How we met to worship there,
When in accents simple-hearted
Rose the strains of praise and prayer.

Walls of logs on logs up-pilèd,
Without gallery, or pew,
Roofed with bark, and never tilèd,
While the windows were but two.

Rude in form,—of small area,
"Rough and right" the building stood;
City folks have no idea
Of such houses made of wood.

There our pastor, frail and agèd,
Spake the words of holy truth;
There our teacher was engagèd
In instructing us, the youth.

There we heard of Him Who suffered
To redeem our souls from woe :
There were fervent prayers offered,
That we all to heaven might go.

There the news of God's salvation
Rose upon the balmy air ;
Now, the place is desolation—
Not a voice is echoed there.

Doubtless many a building humble
Might throughout the land be seen,
Where there's nought but walls that crumble—
Where the House of God has been.

A new House has been up-rearèd
Nigh at hand, 'tis standing still ;
But the old has disappearèd
From the opening on the hill.

Those who'd have them both contrasted
Might a great improvement see ;
But the one that Time has wasted
Has been always dear to me.

Thickly stood the bushes round it,
Rank and rife the wild weeds grew,
And I left it where I found it,
There old scenes are always new.

Then returning through that valley,
Evening shades increased the gloom,
And I felt that death was really
Laying mankind in the tomb.

When with half-suppressed emotion,
O ! what stillness, whispered I,
Quick as thought, on mem'ry's ocean,
All my school days flitted by.

“Where,”—I asked with accents broken—
“Where are those who once did share
Youthful pleasures?”—Scarce I’d spoken,
When the mountains echoed, “Where?”

Some are living—others missing—
Some are dead, I know too well—
Many still to friends a blessing;—
But where all are, who can tell?

Serious thoughts were o’er me stealing,
While the darkness darker grew;
But how much increased the feeling
When our graveyard rose to view.

True, the spot is unprotected
By the presence of a cross:
All such emblems are rejected,
But the dead sustain no loss:

Neither was the place made holy
By a bishop’s mystic nod;
Is not consecration folly
While the Earth belongs to God?

Therefore may His children cherish
Hopes of resurrection-joys;
None of God’s redeemed shall perish,
They are precious in His eyes.

Twilight’s rays were growing fainter,
And by mild impulses led,
I resolved at once to enter
Silent converse with the dead.

There, two pastors’ graves surveying,
Side by side in peace they lie,
And they seemed conjointly saying
“Mortal, there’s a time to die.”

There, my neighbours, friends, relations,
 Wait to hear the judgment sound :
 Oh ! what solemn meditations
 May among the tombs be found.

As the grass this moment growing,
 In the next may lose its bloom ;
 So the form where health is glowing,
 Soon descends into the tomb.

Vain are earthly joys and sorrows—
 Life is but a passing dream ;
 While we fondly eye to-morrows,
 Yesterdays as nothing seem.

But the souls whose hopes reposing
 On the Arm that built the sky,
 Calmly smile while life is closing—
 They can triumph while they die :

For in Heaven their Father's home is,
 Faith descries those mansions fair,
 Realizing every promise,
 Grace on earth, and glory there.

“ NA GAEDHEIL 'S A CHATH 'S'NA GAEDHEIL AN
 SITH ”

(Achievements of the Highland Brigade)

'S e mo run a bhi cantuinn air morachd nan Gael !
 Cho treun ann an cath, a's an cairdeas cho fìor ;
 Cho dileas mar bhraithribh, 's an aonachd cho laidir,
 'S nach d'rugadh an ti sin' thug buaidh air an Tir.

Na saighdearean Gaidhloch a'n eididh ro-aluin,
 Bha misneachail dana, 's gun eolas air fiamh ;
 An claidheamh mor nan dorna 's a phìob 'deanadh ceold dhoibh
 Cha b'aithne dhoibh teicheadh, 's cha d'strìochd iad a riamh.

'S cha n'iongnadh nach teicheadh na daoine is treise—
 'S gun focal sa Ghaelic, ged tha i cho deas—
 Mar a deirear le daoine "retreat" anns a Bheurle ;
 Ach 's focal "retreat" nach bi'feum air am feasd.

O 's mor tha ri innseadh le aiteas a's fiorinn
 Mu ghaisgaich a bhreacain 's nam boineidean gorm—
 Chaidh ceud bliadhna seachad 's bu ghloirmhor an la 'ud ;
 'N uair 'thug iad *Quebec* o na Frangaich le stoirm.

Bha *Buonaparte* Uaibhreach 's a Fhrangaich robhuadhach—
 'S an duil iad 'thoirt sgrios air an talamh gu leir,
 Aig *Waterloo* chomhail na Gaedheil an t-ollach—
 A's mharbh iad a Fhrangaich, a's ruaig iad e fein.

A's choisinn iad cliu 'bhios cho-mairean r'an duthcha—
 Ri darach nam beann a's ri sleibhtean an fhraoich,
 Siad Gaedheil na h-Alba, aig cogadh mor *Alma*,
 'Chuir saighdearean *Russia* mar cheo leis a ghaoith.

'S na h-Innsean, teith grianail, bu ghoirt a's bu chianail
 An strith a thug saorsa do phrusunaich thruagh ;
 B' an-iochd-mhor, 's bu ghraineil mar chlachd Nina Sahib
 E fein, mu 'n d'thug, Breatunn 's na Gaedheil air buaidh.

Ach rug iad air *Delhi*, le cabhaig a's starum,
 'S rinn greim air an Rìgh 'n uair a b'aill leis dol as—
 'S air na daoine gun naire, 'mhort fir agus mnaibh
 A 's naoidheanean maoth, rinn iad dioghaltas gu cas.

'N uair 'chual *Calain Ciampbeil* gun robh *Lucknow* 'an tean-
 teachd—

Ghrad-tharuing e suas iad ri guaillibh a cheil' ;
 Cha robh cridh anna d'fhailnaich, 's ann dh'fhalbh iad gu
 gairdeach—

'S "Tha na Caimpeilaich 'teachd," bha a phiob 'cuir an
 geil.

A's chual iad 's a bhaile, an fuaim mar mhac-talla,
 Mu 'n d'thainig na Gaedheil an tearnadh 'o'n bhas—
 Ach ruig iad gu grad iad a's shaoradh air fad iad ;
 'S na cinnich na miletean bha sinnte air a bhlar.
 'N uair dhealraich a mhaduinn le cloinn agus mnaibh,
 'S ann dh'fhalbh iad g' an stuireadh gu ionnadh na dion ;
 Oir tha 'n Gael ro-thruacant, deadh-bheusach a's uasail,
 Ro-threun ann an cath, agus ciuin ann an sith.

Ciod e a ghne dhaoine 'bha marbheadh nan ceudan,
 Cha tuigeadh na h-Innseanaich 'dh andcoin an cridh' ;
 Bh 'iad sgeaduite mar mhnaibh a's bha ceol tighinn o' meadhon,
 'S cha robh duine anns na h-Innsean nach ruitheadh iad sios.

O Albuinn ! Mo dhuthcha ! air son fradharc mo shuilean*
 Bu tric 'bha mi' 'n dochas gu'n rachainn thar cuan—
 Ach dall 's mar a tha mi, Biodh cliu chlann nan Gael
 A' sior dhol am meud, 's bi' mo ghairdeachas buan.

Mar so, tha mi cantuinn air morachd nan Gael,
 Cho treun ann an cath, a's an cairdeas cho fìor,—
 Cho dileas, mar bhraithribh, 's 'an aonachd cho laidir,
 'S nach d rugadh an ti sin 'thug buaidh air an Tir.

TRANSLATION OF THE GAELIC POEM

I would sing the brave deeds of the sons of the Gael,
 So mighty in battle—in friendship so true,
 In union fraternal when foemen assail,
 So strong that no mortal their land could subdue.

For the sons of the Gael so nobly arrayed,
 Are courageous, bold,—unacquainted with fear ;
 They draw the claymore when the bagpipes are played,
 And they yield not—nor flee when the battle is near.

* This alludes to the author's blindness.

No wonder the bravest ne'er fled from a foe,
When their Gaelic, (although so expressive and neat),
Contains not a word like "retreat," but we know
That a Highlander never expects to retreat.

There is much to be told of the men whose array,
Is bonnets of blue and the tartan so bright,
Just a century past 'twas a glorious day,
When they captured Quebec, and the French put to flight.

Proud Bonaparte thought that the French would subdue
The whole earth,—as his armies in triumph he led ;
The Highlanders met him at great Waterloo,
They conquered the French and Napoleon fled.

And the fame that they earned, like their country, shall last,
Like the heath-covered hills and the forests of oak ;
At Alma they swept o'er the heights like the blast,
And the Russian warriors vanished like smoke.

In hot, sunny India, long and severe
Was the strife that brought freedom to poor oppressed
ones ;
Detestably vile, Nana Sahib's career,
Ere Britain prevailed through the Gael's brave sons.

But the city of Delhi they quickly subdued,
And the wicked old king, while escaping was caught,
And the heathen so shameless, whose hands were imbrued
In the blood of the guiltless, were terribly taught.

When the great Colin Campbell, of Lucknow's sad plight
Had heard—he assembled his Highlanders there ;
No brave heart grew faint, but they went with delight—
And "The Campbells are coming" was rung through the
air.

And long ere the Highlanders reached that dark wall,
Their echo-like music was wafted before ;—
But quickly they came, and delivered them all,
And the heathen by thousands lay stretched in their gore.

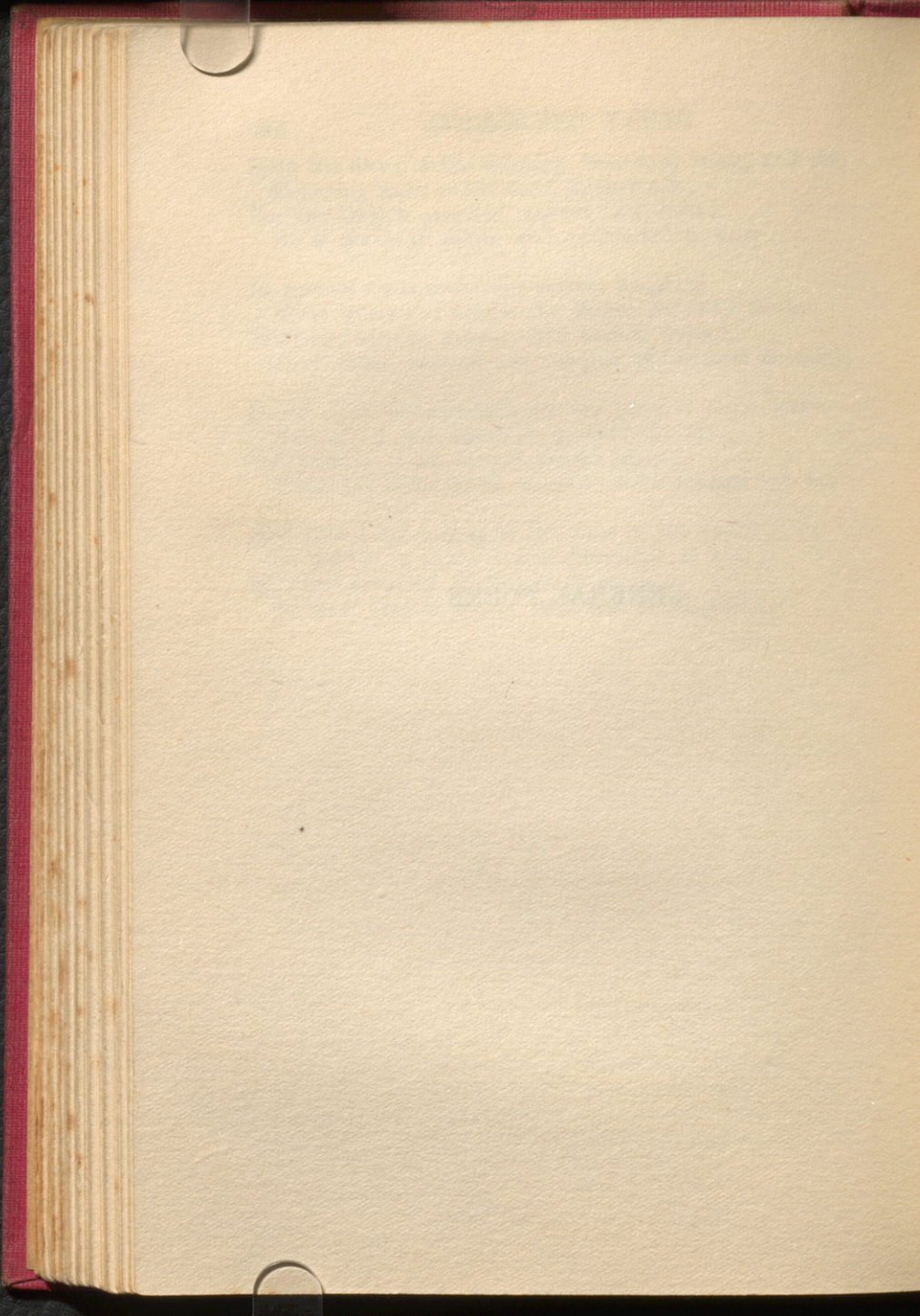
With the dawn of the morning, they took young and old,
Escorting them safely from danger afar,—
For the Gael is merciful, gallant, and bold;
He is gentle in peace, and undaunted in war.

In perfect amazement the natives enquired
What wonderful people the Queen had sent forth?
With soul-stirring music,—like women attired,
They would capture and conquer the fleetest on earth.

O, my dear native land! for the sight of mine eyes—
How oft' I had hoped to go over the sea;
But blind as I am, I will always rejoice,
When my countrymen famous—more famous will be.

And thus I have sung of the sons of the Gael,
So mighty in fight, and in friendship so true;
In union fraternal when foemen assail—
So brave that no mortal their land could subdue.

GENERAL POEMS



I.—ON MEGANTIC

MEGANTIC MORE THAN FORTY YEARS AGO

Old Megantic's banks and braes,
Lovely lakes and balmy bowers ;
Where, in childhood's happy days,
We have culled the fairest flowers.
See that mountain's towering head ;
See this vale so green and low ;
Mountains rise and valleys spread
Just as forty years ago.

Where the hills of Arran swell
High above Loch Ranza's shore ;
Few there are that live to tell
Of the friends they saw no more
When, from Scotia's favoured strand
Still unstained by conquering foe,
Sailed that hopeful, hardy band,
More than forty years ago.

Here the silvery streamlets pour
Down the dewy dell at morn :
There the mountain torrent's roar
Laughs the loudest laugh to scorn.
Here, when young, I loved to roam,
Nature's mildest charms to know ;
Here our fathers found a home
More than forty years ago.

Dark and dense the wild woods lay,
Gaily green, for leagues around ;
Here the savage beasts of prey
Undisturbed asylum found.

COLLECTED VERSE

Here with pioneering toils
Stalwart arms, with many a blow,
Felled the woods and burnt the piles,
More than forty years ago.

Now the ploughman guides his steeds
Where the great old woods have been ;
See our gardens, orchards, meads,
O, what changes have we seen !
Ordered by unerring Law
Seasons come and seasons go ;
Gone the rarest sights we saw
More than forty years ago.

Gone the camps and camping ground,
Old log meeting-house and all ;
Gone the schools assembled 'round
Fires that blazed against the wall.
Gone the barns and houses too,
Roofed with bark in many a row ;
Frames and shingles known to few
More than forty years ago.

Now we build our palace piles,
Some of wood and some of stone,
Roofed in strange fantastic styles,
Bark forgotten and unknown.
Gone, the simple ways of life
Early years were wont to know ;
Less of law and less of strife,
More than forty years ago.

Gone the fathers, they are dead,
Gone their kind endearing ways ;
Worn, the Bibles that they read,
Mute, their earnest songs of praise.
Gone, a generation gone !
All forgotten lying low,
Men whose noblest deeds were done
More than forty years ago.

We who live in Canada,
 Now "the New Dominion" styled,
 Still remember when we saw
 Inverness a desert wild.
 And Megantic all around,
 With the parishes below,
 But an Indian hunting ground
 More than forty years ago.

I am older, so are you,
 Growing older day by day;
 Surely we are dying too,
 Ah! how soon to pass away.
 But Megantic shall remain,
 Mountains rise and rivers flow—
 Who shall then in sweeter strain
 Sing of forty years ago?

January, 1874.

GREAT MEGANTIC

In this peaceful "land of wonders," far from all th' alarming
 thunders
 That the turning scales of battle pour upon the passing years,
 Guided by our Heavenly Father, in reunion sweet we gather
 To recount the great achievements of the early pioneers.

From the fairest of the islands in the far unconquered High-
 lands
 Came the Scotch who partly settled Inverness in 'twenty-nine;
 Then to Halifax so near us some removed, and now they
 cheer us
 By their presence and assistance, "For the Days of Auld
 Lang Syne."

From their homes in distant regions, if they do not come in
 legions,
 Old acquaintances we welcome as by hundreds they appear.

Midst the strains of music swelling 'round us, friends to
friends are telling
How their fathers and their mothers lived in tents erected
here.

Weary months on the Atlantic, no one dreamed of "Great
Megantic"—
Of this country grand and lovely they had never heard before ;
Captain Miller then commanding, from the *Caledonia* landing
Just imagine how delighted we all were to get on shore.

Sick of sailing, tired of tramping, on this very spot encamping,
Here they rested, fondly waiting—waiting for their promised
lands.
Few there are who can remember how in bleak and cold
December
They went forth to face the forest, with their axes in their
hands.

Ardent were the hopes they cherished, though their names
are all but perished,
There were joys as well as sorrows in their chequered path
of life ;
Friendship was not mere politeness where the chimneys
threw such brightness,
And the people lived as neighbours without council, tax,
or strife.

The impressions on the ranges left by great eventful changes
Records, annals, and traditions most minutely may recall.
Famous homesteads have been shattered, families divided,
scattered,
And the few "last leaves" remaining sered and withered,
soon must fall.

Look around you for an instant, taking in the mountains
distant
Or the towering sugar maple growing grandly by your side ;
Gratitude may be a duty—then be thankful for the beauty
Of the gorgeous carpet Nature spreads before you far and
wide.

Who will challenge the opinion that in all the great Dominion
 There is not a rural region that can make a better show ?
 North or south of the Equator, are the charms of Nature
 greater
 Than among these hills and valleys where such cooling
 fountains flow ?

While the ev'ning shadows lengthen, faith and hope alone
 can strengthen
 Pilgrims passing to a brighter and a better home on high ;
 Let the joys that round you cluster in reunion as you muster
 Be a foretaste of the blessings of the sweeter "by and by."

OLD MEGANTIC

(Suggested during a sleigh-ride over the hills that overlook
 Lake Joseph and the valley of the Thames, to the
 beautiful estate of the late Colonel Charles Campbell,
 near the village of St. Ferdinand, on the shores of Lake
 William, Halifax, January, 1879)

Have you heard of Old Megantic where the scenes are so
 romantic
 That the traveller often lingers on the landscape he admires,
 Stands to view the winding river while the balmy breezes
 quiver
 O'er the vast extending vista where the vision never tires ?

There are rough and rugged mountains, there are floods and
 flowing fountains,
 There are lovely lakes expanding in the valleys, to be seen,
 There are peaks that cast their shadows over undulating
 meadows,
 But the winter scene is grandest where the woods are ever
 green.

Yes, the winter comes with leisure, bringing much of social
 pleasure
 As to visit friends and neighbours in our carioles we go ;

Sires and matrons, lads and lassies, crowding every sleigh
that passes,
With their fleet and fiery horses dancing, prancing, o'er the
snow.

In the evening or the morning, going forth and then returning
To the humble, happy homesteads where such joy and peace
abound,
I have heard their cheerful singing, while the merry sleigh-
bells ringing
Echoed music o'er the mountains and the valleys all around.

Spring, delightful spring, and summer bring new joys to every
comer,
Whether on the lofty hillside or the valleys green and low.
As for autumn's golden colours—every treasure and the
dollars
Of creation all exhausted could not paint the landscape so.

Ye who live in cities only, viewing walls and steeples lonely,
Would that ye could stand and witness all the grandeur we
behold !
How each passing scene would capture every thought, and
you enrapture
With the grandest works of nature as they one by one unfold !

In the dark'ning distance yonder there are hills that stood
the thunder
Of the ages long departed ere this continent was known ;
Lofty woods of God's own planting, sylvan ranges gently
slanting
Downward to the chain of waters that for centuries has flown.

I have stood where crowds assembled, every nerve in tension,
trembled
As we gazed on rocks impending over gorges far below.
Was it weakness, then, or error, thus to stand in breathless
terror ?
If you think so, just get ready, for to see them you should go.

Passing o'er the shady summit take your sweetest tune and
 hum it—
 There are better, nobler songsters in the trees above your
 head,
 Nature's choristers, outrolling music thrilling and consoling,
 Fit to cheer a weary spirit, from the bowers around you
 spread.

I have found in great profusion, even in the dark seclusion
 Of the trackless mountain forest, flowers elsewhere never
 known,
 And I asked the world to fathom why God made them where
 I saw them
 In their beauty and their grandeur, for a garden all His own.

Lilies lovely, frail and slender, decked in robes of vernal
 splendour,
 Neither taking thought nor toiling for the gorgeous tints they
 wear,
 Teach a trust-inspiring lesson : theirs a mission to impress on
 Every heart that bears a burden that there's One who hears
 each prayer.

Can there be a single mortal who has entered Reason's portal
 Who can stand without emotion in a field of forest flowers,
 No amazement his, nor pleasure ? Sure his photograph would
 measure
 One who is a willing stranger to the bliss of Eden's bowers.

* * * * *

There are pleasing meditations o'er the persevering patience,
 Hardships, toils and great endurance of the worthy pioneers ;
 As from week to week, together they assembled (for the
 weather
 Did not have the power to hinder that it has in later years).

Well indeed do I remember how in rough and cold December,
 While assembled just as duly as in sunny May or June,
 We enjoyed the social meetings, shared the kindly, friendly
 greetings,
 Sang the sweet, melodious Gaelic where no organ was in tune.

But it was not all of pleasure, there were trials, though in
measure,
That might cast a gloomy shadow o'er the light of any path ;
Far be it from my intention to torment you while I mention
Mighty giants who defied us, though they never came from
Gath.

Big and burly bears went prowling through the country, but
the howling
Of a wolf in all Megantic was a sound unknown to me ;
There were many cunning foxes, and their track along the
rocks is
Just as regular this moment as it was in " thirty-three."

I have been among the bushes where I heard the rambling
rushes
Of the gentle little rabbit as it gambolled 'round its lair ;
I have heard the squirrels contending up and down the trees,
and blending
Sounds that never could be written with the echoes in the air.

* * * * *

Let the poets sing their ditties over towns and man-made
cities,
But the wonders of creation in the country never end ;
And in famous Old Megantic, where the hills are so gigantic,
Like a panoramic picture do the lights and shadows blend.

Fix your gaze, or let it wander over leagues of lovely grandeur,
Nature's richest hues extending round the lakes and river
Thames :
Then become pathetic, tender, and a tribute you will render
To this land of peace and plenty, with such famous British
names.

Stand where'er you will, surrounding you the homesteads
are abounding,
And the curling smoke ascending from the chimneys every-
where ;

You can hear the cocks' shrill crowing, bleating sheep, and
cattle lowing,
And the woodman's axe resounding through the summer's
balmy air.

Thus the streamlet, rill, and river flowing on may flow for ever
Till the sun and moon are darkened and the stars forbear
to shine ;
From this temple of creation ceaseless songs of adoration
Rise to Him whose works are praising power and goodness
so divine.

With His glorious work before us let us join the blissful
chorus
That to Heaven has been ascending from the earth in ev'ry
age.
Love the great Creator, fear Him, walking with and living
near Him,
And in His eternal kingdom in a nobler song engage.

" ONE EVENING IN THE FLOWERY MONTH "

One evening in the flowery month,
The pleasant month of May,
In meditative mood I sought
In solitude to stray.

My path lay through a forest dense,
By many a woody dell,
With here and there an opening
Where happy families dwell.

It was a very rocky road,
Unworthy of the name,
And scarcely passable. Perhaps
The people were to blame.

COLLECTED VERSE

At any rate, the trees were cut
Some thirty years ago
And stumps and roots allowed to rot ;
But stones decay not so.

For when the soil was washed away
It left the boulders bare,
And in their pristine dignity
The naked rocks are there ;

No drain nor ditch was ever made
Along that narrow line,
The water flowed where'er it would,
As you may well divine.

These circumstances may explain,
If not account in full,
The num'rous stones that filled the road
By many a muddy pool—

For while the road, for thirty years,
Was left to make itself
The sons of men were busily
Engaged in hoarding pelf.

And as I travelled slowly on
The scenes began to crowd
Upon my mind so rapidly
I almost thought aloud.

I thought of all the changes which
Megantic had gone through,
And like a flitting dream the past
Was present to my view ;

The prospects of Megantic stood
Before me in array,
It seemed as if a dark'ning cloud
Upon the future lay.

But I pursued my lonely way
Unto the River Thames—
For in our county we can boast
A few good British names.

Throughout the country may be seen
Some very pleasing sights,
Some beauteous vales and fertile plains
And most romantic heights.

It is a land of cooling springs,
Of fountains and of rills,
And winding streams and waterfalls
Are found among the hills.

Low swamps abound, where lurking bears
Their nightly vigils keep—
And issue forth at times to take
The fattest of our sheep.

But here we have no prowling wolves
Molesting us by night,
And on our fields or highway sides
No rattlesnakes to bite.

And when we settled here at first
Wild deer were often slain,
But we have hunted them until,
If any, few remain.

And where the native Indian roved
There's not an Indian now,
But in his oft-frequented haunts
The farmer guides his plow.

The woods are changed to fertile fields
And man is changing too,
Although the shifting scenes of life
Bring little strange or new.

Perhaps the bygone history
 Of Inverness may seem
 Too unimportant thus to be
 Selected for my theme.

But incidents of other days,
 When youthful hopes were strong,
 Have long been crowding on my mind
 As subjects for a song.

Nor did I think when I began
 About the rocky road
 That I should ask the world to read
 A long Megantic ode—

But I admire the river Thames
 And the adjacent lakes,
 And write these brief and simple lines
 Expressly for their sakes.

THE HOME IN THE WOODS

(’Neath the Shade of the Great Old Maple)

When the daylight faded in the west,
 And a mother’s voice her joy expressed
 For a home in the woods, they went to rest
 ’Neath the shade of the great old maple.

When the words of the Holy Book were read,
 And the evening prayer was devoutly said,
 They thanked high Heaven for a roof o’erhead,
 ’Neath the shade of the great old maple.

From the mountain glen and the heathery hill
 Where the gowans grow by rock and rill,
 They had come to the west, to toil and till
 ’Neath the shade of the great old maple.

With the wild Canadian woods to cope,
They built their house on a sunny slope ;
And their hearts were light with the joys of hope,
 'Neath the shade of the great old maple.

'Twas a home of logs all rough and round,
But the walls may be seen as firm and sound
As the day they were laid on the yielding ground,
 'Neath the shade of the great old maple.

And the days and the nights of the forty years
That have chequered life with their hopes and fears,
Have proved this world a vale of tears,
 'Neath the shade of the great old maple.

But the darkest hour that ever fell
On that old log house is remembered well ;
'Twas the day they lost their lovely Nell,
 'Neath the shade of the great old maple.

She was bright and blithe, she was young and fair,
She was good and gentle everywhere ;
And her voice was their household music, there
 'Neath the shade of the great old maple.

But her stay was transient here below,
For in early life she was called to go—
Like a gathered flower—from a world of woe,
 'Neath the shade of the great old maple.

On a sweet sunny Sabbath morn she died,
When the warblers sang on every side,
And their music was echoed by the tide,
 'Neath the shade of the great old maple.

She was laid in the low, in the silent tomb,
When the spring dispelled stern winter's gloom,
And the flowers appeared in their brightest bloom
 'Neath the shade of the great old maple.

In a shady spot in the trackless wood
 Where a spire or a churchyard never stood,
 They laid her to rest in the solitude,
 'Neath the shade of the great old maple.

Now the old are dead, and the young are old,
 And in summer's heat and winter's cold
 The tale of the home in the woods has been told,
 'Neath the shade of the great old maple.

But the scenes of time are fleeting fast,
 And the tree itself disappeared at last,
 Riven and torn by the lightning blast,
 Yes, gone is the great old maple!

Pilgrims and strangers from day to day
 Still clinging to life, we are passing away,
 For all upon earth is doomed to decay,
 Like the stump of the great old maple.

Fingal, Ontario,
April 24th, 1878.

THE LADIES AT THE FAIR

Busy scene at yonder village,
 Exhibition rich and rare,
 World of wonders! Oh, the splendour
 Of the Ladies at the Fair.

Rain all night and half the morning,
 Still incessant toward noon;
 Thronged the thoroughfares with people
 Coming late and coming soon.

Mud that reached to half the wheel-spokes,
 Dashing, splashing all around;
 'Mongst the horses and the cattle
 Scores of women on the ground.

Fancy hats with flowers and feathers—
Lace and muslin white as snow ;
When the rain descends in torrents,
Fine equipment for a Show !

Silken dresses long and dragging,
(Rustling richly when they're dry),
Sweeping mud through pools of water
Cost their wearers many a sigh.

Could we censure them for shedding
Tears of sorrow and regret,
When apparel so expensive
Was so miserably wet ?

“ Keep at home,” said an apostle
Eighteen hundred years ago ;
But he might as well have written
“ You must all go to the Show.”

Mothers, children, daughters, matrons,
Show themselves in grand array,
As the persevering patrons
Of improvement in our day.

And we say it to the honour
Of the enterprising fair—
What they cannot raise they borrow,
Even to a lock of hair !

(“ Boys, take charge of these my horses,”
Said a farmer to his sons,
“ Don't let those fine ladies near them
Lest their tails become chignons.”)

Fineries may serve to dazzle,
Please or captivate the eyes ;
By the fashions we discover
Who are foolish, who are wise.

Now we recommend the single
 Still to grasp this hope of life,
 Let not your ambition dwindle,
 You may be a barber's wife!

And should dames and matrons ask us
 For advice, we would reply :
 " Show yourselves on wise occasions,
 And your fineries when dry."

June 26th, 1875.

“ THERE'S AN OPENING ON A MOUNTAIN'S BROW ”

There's an opening on a mountain's brow
 Afar from the haunts of men,
 To that little spot I shall now devote
 The labours of my pen.

Very few were the trees that were ever cut
 From that little narrow field,
 It is grown, alas, with brushwood and grass!
 And never a crop did it yield.

Dost thou inquire why the work was done
 By the farmers' hearty toil,
 If not to build, or clear a field
 To be made into arable soil?

If thou would'st know what did transpire
 Some thirty years ago,
 From Mem'ry's leaf I will cull a brief
 And touching tale of woe.

In Eighteen Hundred and Thirty-nine
 We left our native shore
 And crossed the seas, to fell the trees
 Where no white man dwelt before.

And in the burning month of June
We come to the river's side
And on that green might our tent be seen
Where a little sister died.

A tool-chest broken up, they say,
Did the coffin boards supply—
For there were no mills among the hills,
No church nor graveyard nigh.

So into the forest the people went
And cut down the trees as I said ;
And the spot for years was bedewed with tears,
For there they buried their dead.

My little sister was the first
Committed to the ground,
But ere a year we had been here
The graves increased around.

For many aged ones among
That emigrating band,
Cut down by Death, resigned their breath
In this adopted land.

If Death is solemn when it comes
To those who dwell at ease,
Severer far the visits are
To tents among the trees.

Thus passed away the summer months,
And ere th' approaching fall ;
By labour hard they had prepared
Log cabins for them all.

Except the spots where diligence
Had burned the trees in piles,
The forest wide on every side
Unbroken was for miles.

But soon by persevering toil
The openings were enlarged ;
Our barns though rude were filled with food,
Our cellars overcharged.

Thus years rolled on, the young grew up,
(What changes Time will make),
And all their dead, as I have said,
Were buried "at the lake."

For eighteen years that little spot
An influence could wield
O'er many a mind ; all felt inclined
To guard that lonely field.

Then was the fence around the place
Repaired with tender care,
And cattle rude could not intrude
For posts and bars were there.

'Tis true no ornaments were seen
In that obscure abode,
No marble shone, nor e'en a stone,
But merely posts of wood.

No flowers adorned that humble scene
But those by Nature given,
And all was still upon that hill,
Except the breath of Heaven.

" There is no labour in the grave,"
No anxious toiling care,
Not so the life of living men
Involved in worldly care.

And the survivors soon became
So busy day by day,
That they forgot the little spot
Where their relations lay.

And wretched desolation o'er
The place its banner waves ;
Cold winds and air are left to care
For sepulchres and graves.

The fences fell, the posts decayed,
The bars all broken lie,
Stray cattle roam from tomb to tomb
No person asking, " why ? "

No gentle, kind, and careful arm
Protects " the dead and gone,"
But those who died are laid aside
Neglected and alone.

And few are they who come to weep
Where many a thistle blooms,
Not one to mow the weeds that grow
Among the humble tombs.

I lately walked around the place,
Dejected and alone ;
The posts of wood, that lately stood
To mark the graves, were gone.

I found some portions, but they fell
To pieces in decay,
The letters traced were all erased,
So weather-worn were they.

What noxious weeds are growing here,
Above these once-loved ones !
Fast-growing trees wave in the breeze
And flourish o'er their bones.

Three sisters and a brother sleep
In this most dreary place,
I think a state more desolate
No pen can ever trace.

Sad were my thoughts when I beheld
That thrilling scene of woe,
"When I am dead," I almost said,
"Shall I be buried so?"

Ah! who can tell? For who can look
On suns that yet shall rise?
What need I care to find out where
This mortal body lies?

Vain are the hours we often spend
In scanning days to come;
And I may find sepulture kind
A little nearer home.

For on a mountain's gentle slope,
Within my daily view,
Some graves are found enclosed around,
Which I must notice too.

There are two marbles in the place,
And only two as yet;
Though graves abound throughout the ground,
Few monuments are set.

And if around the early dead
Fat weeds and thistles grow;
That this may share as little care
Its present aspects show.

Rank are the weeds that choke the spot
We should so much respect,
Great bushes wave o'er many a grave,
And all is gross neglect.

But with this want of care and taste—
The bushes thick and tall,
Fences that break and go to wreck,
The open porch and all—

I think the chapel and the ground
Are worth preserving yet,
For days gone by, which you and I
Can hardly soon forget.

Here did I stray some time ago
With slow and solemn tread,
And on this spot some lines I wrote
Conversing with the dead.

I often for amusement write,
And what I write despise ;
But now and then I take my pen
When deeper sorrows rise.

The mind of man, so generous
When softened down by grief,
The more it feels, the more it yields—
Expression gives relief.

So has it been with me of late ;
Though I am much alone ;
I love to write and then recite
To make my sorrows known.

As man to man the wide world o'er
Should sympathy extend,
So bear with me in patience, ye
Who never lost a friend.

For I will not immortalise
The valour of the strong,
Nor shall I make the wars of men
The subject of my song.

The pride of emperors and chiefs,
The royalty of kings,
The wondrous works of art and skill,
And Nature's nobler things.

The beauty of the beautiful,
The prowess of the brave—
I leave them all to muse awhile
Beside another's grave.

Ah! Well remember I the hour
That humble grave was made,
Our thoughts were very sad that day,
And few the words we said.

And then our sympathising friends
And neighbours thronged around ;
The long and sad procession tracked
The hard and frozen ground.

Cold was that dark December day,
And keen the piercing blast,
And cold the heart our trembling hands
Committed to the dust.

Ay, freely fell the bitter tear,
And freely rose the sigh ;
To think that one so promising
Was called so soon to die.

To think that, in the prime of life,
He should resign his breath ;
To think those lips that preached the Word
Of God are closed in death.

To think those eyes are dim, that
Were so radiant with hope ;
To think of her who still survives
With earthly cares to cope.

And when we think he studied hard,
Then, when his toils were o'er,
Pass'd from the earth, we mourn his fate,
His early death deplore.

But yet our grief is not the grief
Of those to whom is given
No comforting, consoling, hope
Of meeting friends in Heaven.

And though the body moulders now
Beneath the mountain clod,
Faith eyes the ransomed spirit now
Before the throne of God.

Unfalt'ring faith can also view,
Amid dissolving skies,
"The resurrection of the just,"
When he shall also rise.

What union and communion then
The sanctified shall share,
Who shall arise, when Jesus comes,
To meet him in the air.

And certain sweet and tender flowers,
That blossomed and decayed
In early life, shall bloom again
In peerless light arrayed.

For all the saints of God shall shine
In garments pure and white ;
When that which fell in weakness shall
Be raised in glory bright.

No parting sigh, no grief, no pain,
No anguish, toil or care,
No sin nor frailty known to earth
Can ever enter there.

True glory and immortal bliss
In full perfection flow
Throughout the Paradise of God,
Which earth can never know.

Aspiring Faith and cheering Hope
 Shall be possessed no more,
 When all the saints, in perfect Love,
 Eternally adore.

THOUGHTS ON MEGANTIC, PAST, PRESENT, AND
 FUTURE

(The following was read at the Good Templars' temperance picnic, at the village of Inverness, County of Megantic, on July 1st, 1896)

Where mountains are green and rise in grandeur
 'Mid bowers of azure and blue,
 I roamed with delight, I loved to wander,
 The charms of nature to view.
 By river and lakes enclosed in wildwood,
 Like mirrors that shone in the day,
 The evening hours, how oft in childhood
 We spent in innocent play.

As years went by the people were scattered
 Away from that beautiful shore;
 And youthful joys and hopes were shattered
 By troubles and trials they bore.
 How many are gone! How few are living!
 May solemnly, truly, be said.
 But there is a precious hope worth having
 When youthful pleasures are fled.

Tho' few there are now who meet or gather
 To talk of their happiest days,
 'Tis blessed to know that our heavenly Father
 Is lovingly guiding our ways.
 In sunshine and shade, on hills, in valleys,
 Memorial tokens are seen;
 Where monuments rise and mansions tell us
 How great the changes have been.

The county still claims her sylvan beauties,
 The lakes are as bright in the sun
 As they were in the days when their settling duties
 By the old pioneers were done.
 Megantic survives the vilest slander
 That ever appeared in the *Mail*;
 Tho' thousands believe and share that blunder,
 Their falsehood and folly must fail.

In loyalty true and peace-promoting,
 The Liberals ever contend
 For freedom of thought, the right of voting,
 And victory comes in the end.
 "Three cheers" did we sing for Old Megantic,
 Again "Three Cheers" do we say;
 Tho' some may be sad and others are frantic,
 Great Laurier triumphs to-day.

His promise so true, so freely given,
 Is plebiscite voting by all,
 When union is strength, approved by Heaven,
 The castle of Bacchus must fall.
 Take courage, then, all ye temperance people,
 The dawn may be near at hand,
 Let gladness resound from steeple to steeple
 When Laurier takes the command.

THREE CHEERS FOR OLD MEGANTIC YET

Three cheers for old Megantic yet,
 With all her sons so brave,
 United, true, and loyal men
 Who fear no tyrant knave.

Her daughters, modest, beautiful,
 The fairest, best on earth;
 While aged sires and dames display
 The power of honest worth.

Of honest worth that never fails
To raise a people's fame,
And faithful memory is stored
With many a precious name ;

The old familiar Gaelic names
Of worthy pioneers,
Not only men, but women too,
Who toiled in early years.

By shot and shell let men repel
The tyranny of wrong ;
The heroes of the axe and hoe
Undaunted were and strong.

When Inverness was first surveyed,
Could Patrick Burke foretell,
That such courageous Highlanders
Were coming here to dwell ?

From famous Arran, in the Clyde,
Great Scotia's island-gem,
They came to these Megantic woods
So wild and new to them.

The country, one vast wilderness,
Unbroken lay around ;
But soon their homestead-farms transformed
The Indian hunting ground.

Broad acre after acre spread
Before each cottage door,
And though the fields were thick with stumps
Great were the crops they bore.

Then trials came and hardships too,
From which the mind recoils,
Yet Providence most richly poured
A blessing on their toils.

The women and the children, too,
And some were very young,
Who cleared and planted, raked and reaped,
Deserve a nobler song.

Let history immortalize
The men of olden times ;
The tale of three-score years and ten
Outgrows the realm of rhyme.

All honour to the pioneers
On mountain, plain and hill ;
Their ashes rest, while we can sing
Of old Megantic still.

In kingdoms, states and provinces,
Great cities far and wide,
Our kindred claim great Canada
And share our worthy pride.

And while corruption blights the earth
And other countries reel,
Let all good citizens confess
The conscious might they feel.

And let us not forget the ties
Each loyal subject claims,
For in Megantic we can boast
The best of British names.

For instance, we have Somerset
And Halifax and Leeds,
And Nelson, too—who can recount
That warrior's mighty deeds ?

While Inverness and Ireland are
Two townships side by side,
Let distant Thetford and Col'raine
The other part divide.

COLLECTED VERSE

Three cheers for old Megantic yet,
With all her noble names !
But who has seen, can e'er forget
The valley of the Thames ?

'Tis there the sights are beautiful,
'Tis there the woods are green,
'Tis there the great Lysander Falls
And Pleasant Bluff are seen.

From Caribou to Becancour
Extends the winding stream,
With lovely lakes and beauteous bays
That in the sunlight gleam.

When one in solitude recalls
The wonders he has seen,
How charming are the sunny heights
Of everlasting green !

The great romantic hills of Leeds,
The streams unknown to song,
The fertile fields and flowery meads
That I have loved so long.

Lake Joseph is as picturesque
As in the days of yore,
When cedar-raft and pine canoes
We steered from shore to shore.

We knew each overhanging tree,
Each cosy, shady nook ;
The old Scotch Landing to the north,
And southward Duncan's Brook.

From east and west on either side,
Each bend and bay we marked,
And many were the inlets where
We landed and embarked.

COLLECTED VERSE

163

And that fair spot, the village lot,
Is well remembered still,
Great thickets now conceal the graves
On the adjacent hill.

Ye winds, deal gently with the waves
That lash and lave the beach,
The silent slumbers of the tomb
Their murmurs cannot reach.

Blow gently, balmy breezes, blow
Among the forest flowers,
Kind Nature's dewy teardrops fall
Where fragrance fills the bowers.

Peace! verdant valley of the lakes,
Long may thy mirrors glow,
Reflecting azure skies above,
And earthly scenes below.

The Rapids' and Lake William's charms
No change has e'er destroyed;
How famous were the falls when owned
By Clapham and by Lloyd.

Though passing Time obliterates
The marks of bygone years,
Arrayed in Nature's gayest garb
Megantic still appears.

Ye poets! What a noble theme
This country and her charms,
And Great Megantic, Old and New,
So free from war's alarms.

And those who read and ridicule,
This brief imperfect sketch,
May go and view the other lakes
And see how far they stretch.

COLLECTED VERSE

Then measure the asbestos mines
Of Thetford and Col'raine,
Take all the iron, copper, gold,
From every rock and vein.

Pick up the jewels missed or dropped
From caskets new and old,
And then despairingly exclaim,
"The half has not been told."

Let painters paint the beautiful,
Let poets tune the lyre,
Let old and young by faith and hope
To higher joys aspire.

Three cheers for old Megantic then,
And blessings on her soil ;
Let Peace and Plenty crown the days
Of all who till and toil.

Quebec, *May 18th*, 1874.

II.—ON CANADA

CANADA'S NEW FLAG—A SUGGESTION

Be ours the whitest, brightest star
E'er sketched by skilful mortal,
To mark the great Atlantic shore
With Canada its portal.
'Tis our star, the new star,
The true star whose glory
In maple dells where freedom dwells
Records and tells our story.

The great North Star, the light of yore
Of many a would-be freeman,
Is still the bright unerring guide
Of traveller and seaman.
'Tis our star, the new star,
The true star whose glory
In maple dells where freedom dwells
Records and tells our story.

There is a sun that never sets
Upon the empire loyal,
While nations, great colonial stars,
Surround the centre royal.
'Tis our star, the new star,
The true star whose glory
In maple dells where freedom dwells
Records and tells our story.

And while the world is rolling on
And time is passing quickly,
Though lights and shades and hopes and fears
Should crowd the future thickly—

COLLECTED VERSE

'Tis our star, the new star,
 The true star whose glory
 In maple dells where freedom dwells
 Records and tells our story.

Whate'er may change from green in spring
 To golden hues in autumn,
 The good and wise pursue the lines
 Of light, that Truth has taught them.
 'Tis our star, the new star,
 The true star whose glory
 In maple dells where freedom dwells
 Records and tells our story.

O Canada, fair Canada!
 Whatever else may sever
 The white star shines, while we exclaim
 "The Maple Leaf For Ever."
 'Tis our star, the new star,
 The true star whose glory
 In maple dells where freedom dwells
 Records and tells our story.

COME TO CANADA

Fair Scotia's Highland hills are noo
 A scene o' desolation,
 An' mighty men frae moor and glen
 Are swept by emigration.
 Come on, come hither, come a'thegither,
 For Canada will sustain ye;
 An' leave the worthless lords and lairds,
 Let no a chiel detain ye.
 Come Ronald, come Donald, come a'thegither,
 Ye'll be a' the welcomer early;
 There's nae a lan' in all the warl
 Compares wi' Canada fairly.

They've gi'en your hill to deer, your glens
 To sheep and cattle grazin',
 An' rents and rates on their estates
 By taxes they are raisin'.

Come on, come hither, come a'thegither,
 For Canada will sustain ye,
 An' leave the worthless lords and lairds,
 Let no a chiel detain ye.
 Come Ronald, come Donald, come a'thegither,
 Ye'll be all the welcomer early ;
 There's nae a lan' in a' the warl
 Compares wi' Canada fairly.

Here Freedom, Peace and Plenty reign
 The whole Dominion over,
 On this fair shore frae Labrador
 To distant far Vancouver.

Come on, come hither, come a'thegither,
 For Canada will sustain ye,
 An' leave the worthless lords and lairds,
 Let no a chiel detain ye.
 Come Ronald, come Donald, come a'thegither,
 Ye'll be a' the welcomer early,
 There's nae a lan' in a' the warl
 Compares wi' Canada fairly.

FAIR CANADA

The millionaires on earth rejoice
 To count their golden stores,
 And poets sing the worthy praise
 Of other sunny shores ;
 But Canada, fair Canada, we ever sing of thee,
 The great, the happy land we love,
 Dominion of the free.

While nations go in search of war
 And others fight at home,
 As from a firm, unshaken rock
 We eye the distant foam.

O Canada, fair Canada, we ever sing of thee,
 The great, the peaceful land we love,
 Dominion of the free.

The rains of California,
 The waters of the Nile,
 The dews of tropic regions
 Make the face of Nature smile ;
 But Canada, fair Canada, we ever sing of thee,
 The great, the fertile land we love,
 Dominion of the free.

Unconquered on the Scottish hills
 The thistle may be seen,
 While England's beauteous rose entwines
 With Erin's shamrock green.
 But Canada, fair Canada, we ever sing of thee,
 The beaver land, the maple land,
 Dominion of the free.

Let Peace still wave her olive branch
 While Plenty pours her horn,
 Let Time bring forth his laurel leaves
 The kingdoms to adorn.
 But Canada, fair Canada, we ever sing of thee,
 The great, the glorious land we love,
 Dominion of the free.

When truth and righteousness prevail
 Religion shall abound,
 Where God and man defend the right
 The earth is hallowed ground.
 O Canada, fair Canada, we ever sing of thee,
 The great, the blessed land we love,
 Dominion of the free.

January 29th, 1878.

HAIL! BRIGHT COLONIAL STAR

Hail! Bright Colonial Star,
Free from alarm of war
Be thy blest shore.
Most peaceful land on earth,
Great realm of wealth and worth,
Light up the golden north
For evermore.

Hark! Hark! the Nation's call—
"One song, a song for all,
One sweet refrain.
Loud, loud the anthem raise,
Great Canada we praise,
How bright her golden rays
From main to main."

The British Lion's tones
Resound through all the zones
To guide the world,
Till tyranny shall cease.
When knowledge shall increase
The great white flag of peace
Shall be unfurled.

Long, long, this Northern Light,
So brilliant and so bright,
Has loyal been;
And still the Land of Fame
To which our fathers came
Rings forth the glad acclaim,
"God Save the Queen."

Maxville, *May*, 1898.

ONTARIO'S BRAVE DEFENDERS

(Suggested by the monument to those who fell at Ridgeway)

No cooler spread the maple shade
 By great Ontario's waters,
 Nor ever marshalled truer men
 The pride of wives and daughters,
 Than on the day we lent our ear
 To news and rumour vendors.
 To arms! To arms! the foe is near,
 Ontario's Brave Defenders!

Then forward sped with dauntless tread
 Our troops, the bugle sounding,
 To rally by their battle-drums
 The British flag surrounding.
 No patriot or volunteer
 One cherished right surrenders.
 To arms! To arms! The foe is near,
 Ontario's Brave Defenders!

By war's alarms when called to arms
 Went sternly forth to duty
 A true, a tried, heroic band,
 The pride of worth and beauty;
 When parting kiss or falling tear
 Foreboding thought engenders,
 'Twas thus we felt when foes were near,
 Ontario's Brave Defenders.

But never yet can we forget
 The kind farewells they bade us,
 Those dear loved ones, who fought and fell
 By Ridgeway's lengthened shadows.
 The trump of war resounding clear—
 To rout the raid-pretenders
 They rose to arms, our volunteers,
 Ontario's Brave Defenders.

They come, they come, with muffled drum,
The victor host returning ;
A pall is spread around the dead,
The country wrapped in mourning.
And lo ! This sculptured stone appears,
The gift a nation renders
To those departed volunteers,
Ontario's Brave Defenders.

And while we weep for those who sleep,
And grateful mem'ries cherish,
From Canada, true Freedom's shore,
Let all invaders perish !
For nobler far than lords or peers
Or knighted court-attenders,
Our true, our loyal volunteers,
Ontario's Brave Defenders.

And suns may gleam on lake and stream
In peaceful calm reposing,
All echoes die beyond the hills
When daylight's eye is closing ;—
But should the tocsin wake our ears
Amid these glowing splendours,
To arms will rise our volunteers,
Ontario's Brave Defenders !

ONWARD, CANADA, ONWARD .

Onward, Canada, onward !
Fairer, brighter shine
Northern Star of Freedom,
Great the future thine.
Thine the golden mountains,
Prairie-plains and hills,
Valleys, rivers, fountains,
Ocean-lakes and rills.

COLLECTED VERSE

Onward, Canada, onward !
 British, loyal, free :
 Guarded by Omnipotence
 Ours from sea to sea.

Our contingents, fearless,
 Braved the brunt of war ;
 Our dragoons are peerless,
 Famous near and far.
 Optimists may blunder,
 Pessimists complain,—
 Evil cannot sunder
 Love's Colonial chain.

Onward, Canada, onward !
 British, loyal, free :
 Guarded by Omnipotence
 Ours from sea to sea.

Jealousy may hinder,
 Envy may oppose,
 Nations well may wonder
 How an empire grows.
 Time, with ceaseless tolling
 Ends a hundred years ;
 Britain's power, controlling
 Half the world, appears.
 Onward, Canada, onward !
 British, loyal, free ;
 Guarded by Omnipotence
 Ours from sea to sea.

Maxville, *December 31st*, 1900.

OUR LAND—THE OPHIR OF GOLD

We will sing with delight of this beautiful land,
 'Tis the country we claim as our own,
 Of its mountains and lakes, and the plains that expand
 Far away into regions unknown.

Of its fruits and its flowers and its shady maple bowers,
And the scenery, grand to behold,
And the great North shall for evermore remain
"Our Land—the Ophir of Gold."

Showers in April and May, with the warblers in tune
To enliven creation around,
And the roses that bloom in the sunny days of June
In the greatest profusion abound.
For the sounds and the sights in the land of such delights
Are as precious this day as of old.
And the great North shall for evermore remain
"Our Land—the Ophir of Gold."

Then hurrah for the People, the Country, the Day
So happy, so grand and so clear!
With the blessings of peace and the pleasures of play
Crown "the First of July" in each year.
Is it boasting to say that on each Dominion Day
The great British flag we unfold?
And the great North shall for evermore remain
"Our Land—the Ophir of Gold."

In their gayest attire when the thousands go forth
To share in the National glee,
Let the nations consider this part of the earth
As the home of the loyal and free.
Let the pessimists creep into corners—let them weep,
Let our neighbours declare we are bold,
But the great North shall for evermore remain
"Our Land—the Ophir of Gold."

Now let all who rejoice in the favour of Heaven
Sing a song for the country we prize,
For it was not in vain that this land has been given
To a nation so great and so wise;
We with Solomon may say on this bright Dominion Day,
"It is pleasant the sun to behold,"
And the great North shall for evermore remain
"Our Land—the Ophir of Gold."

Men of war in the front, men of peace in the rear,
 With no traitor disturber between,
 While the young and the gay in procession appear
 Still our anthem is "God Save the Queen."
 But whatever we do, "it is righteousness true
 That exalteth a nation," we're told,
 So our great North shall for evermore remain
 "Our Land—the Ophir of Gold."

Maxville, *July 1st*, 1899.

OUR NORTHLAND OF FREEDOM

Great Northland of Freedom, we sing of thy beauty,
 Fair Canada, famous for wealth and renown!
 Thy patriots loyal their national duty
 Evince by their zeal for Britannia's crown.
 How high is the banner, in sunlight unceasing,
 That marks the achievements of Britain below!
 How great are the blessings of knowledge increasing
 Wherever the Celt and the Saxon may go!

Our share in the Kingdom and Empire—expanding
 So greatly, so grandly, to regions unknown—
 Is to help on the work, civilizing, commanding
 The earth unto peace where our bugles are blown.
 Let Canada prosper, despising the smallest
 Of creatures that peep from their inky domains;
 Our editor-neighbours and poets the tallest
 See nothing but snow on our prairies and plains!

Great Northland, the flowery, the golden! Thy treasures
 Half dumb with amazement the nations behold;
 Unknown to thyself and the world are the measures
 Which Nature has stretched o'er thy mountains of gold.
 Great Northland of Beauty, the home of the loyal!
 Divinely appointed two oceans between,
 As true British subjects we honour the royal,
 So sing we most fervently, "God Save the Queen."

Maxville, *May 22nd*, 1899.

OUR OWN, OUR LOVED CANADIAN LAND

Great Canada, when gentle Spring
Has crowned the earth with fragrant flowers
Thy poets, all inspired, may sing :

“ How glorious is this land of ours !
O how charming, O how grand,
Our own, our loved Canadian land.”

When Summer's balmy breezes sweet
Pervade the shady maple bowers
Thy patriots may well repeat :

“ This most delightful land is ours,
O how charming, O how grand,
Our own, our loved Canadian land.”

When Autumn pours her golden grain
Into our granaries and towers
Most grateful for the yearly gain

We sing : “ This fertile land is ours,
O how charming, O how grand,
Our own, our loved Canadian land.”

And when the days of winter bring
“ The Beautiful ” in welcome showers,
Where Friendship greets us, there we sing :

“ This land of blooming health is ours.
O how charming, O how grand,
Our own, our loved Canadian land.”

Great Heaven, protect this happy shore
From all invading evil powers,
And bless with peace for evermore
This loyal British land of ours !

O how charming, O how grand,
Our own, our loved Canadian land.

Maxville, *April*, 1898.

THE LAND WE LIVE IN

O Canada, fair Canada,
We ever sing of thee,
The great and glorious land we love,
Dominion of the free.

We sing of the land we live in,
'Tis the fairest under the sun,
And we raise our thanks to Heaven
For the triumphs we have won.

We sing of the floods and the fountains
And the bonny maple dells ;
Of the moors and the glens and the mountains
Where many a freeman dwells.

We sing of the lovely landscapes
By the great Canadian seas,
Till our songs, the songs of freedom,
Are wafted on the breeze.

We sing of the pioneering
When the mighty forests fell,
Of the chopping and the clearing,
And the work we have done so well.

We sing of the worth of the wealthy
In many a homestead pile ;
Of the brave and the young and the healthy,
Where the charms of beauty smile.

And we sing of the banner o'er us,
And the British Lion's roar,
And then we join in the chorus
That will ring from shore to shore.

O Canada, fair Canada,
We ever sing of thee,
The great and glorious land we love,
Dominion of the free.

THE STAR OF THE NORTH

On Canada's beautiful strand
We battle for freedom and right ;
We've done it, we'll do it, we stand
Unbroken, a phalanx of might.
From ocean to ocean afar
This Maple Dominion we claim,
And woe to the tyrant or czar
Who tarnishes Canada's fame.
Then cheerfully ring the tribute we bring
To the Star of the North, 'tis the home of the free.

The Maple more beauteous still
Shall flourish and bloom as of yore ;
While we with a heart and a will
Defend it on Canada's shore,
Unsullied by stain or reproach
A gem in Britannia's crown—
Invaders who will may encroach
But who shall our prowess put down ?
Then cheerfully ring the tribute we bring
To the Star of the North, 'tis the home of the free.

In union for all that is good,
The triumph of Honour and Truth ;
We stand as our fathers have stood
In the days of Britannia's youth.
From every nation the true
In bonds of fraternity blend ;
Our motto, " Be right, and pursue
The path to the glorious end."
Then cheerfully ring the tribute we bring
To the Star of the North, 'tis the home of the free.

O Canada, Land of the Free!
 The home of the loyal and brave!
 Thou Land of the great maple tree!
 Thou refuge and hope of the slave!
 Let science, religion and truth
 Annihilate error and wrong;
 And wisdom teach manhood and youth
 To join in one national song.
 Then cheerfully ring the tribute we bring
 To the Star of the North, 'tis the home of the free.

Ottawa, *July 22nd*, 1875.

THIS CANADA OF OURS

Oh, what a charming, happy land,
 This Canada of ours!
 While Nature in her gardens grand
 Adorns the spring with flowers.

When summer comes with genial heat
 And soft refreshing showers,
 Calm leisure finds a cool retreat
 In shady maple bowers.

Then Autumn reaps the ripen'd fields,
 And by the will of Heaven
 Abundance for the Winter yields,
 Most bountifully given.

And when the cheerful Winter comes
 What social joys abound!
 Great wealth, and health, and happy homes,
 And pleasure all around.

COLLECTED VERSE

179

In crowded schools and college halls
And churches through the land
Fond friendship, in her welcome calls,
With Peace goes hand in hand.

And loyal still, as heretofore
The glory of our sheen
A British light, from shore to shore
We pray, "God Save the Queen."

April, 1898.

III.—ON VARIOUS LOCALITIES

A TRIBUTE TO ST. MARY'S, ONTARIO

Where beautiful St. Mary's
Lies nestling 'mongst the hills,
The pleasing prospect rare is,
Its grandeur me entrills.

From flow'ry gardens nigh me
The balmy breezes blow ;
The classic Thames runs by me
With peaceful, gentle flow.

What kindly, friendly greetings
Have cheered me on its shore ;
And O ! such temperance meetings
I've never seen before.

Good Affleck, Pierce and Manning,
Carswell and Watson too,
With famous Ross were planning
What temperance men should do.

(For here, in Grand Division,
The Sons of Temperance met,
To work for Prohibition,
The law that we must get.)

Thou town of peerless beauty ;
Ye friends so kind to me ;
It is my pleasant duty
To sing this eulogy.

Such scenery nowhere is
For many leagues around ;
And in this fair St. Mary's
Let peace and wealth abound.

GREAT NIAGARA

(Composed on Table Rock at the earnest request of a friend
June 28th, 1876)

Art thou the great Niagara ? How awful is thy roar,
Whichever way I turn the sound seems louder than before.
So very near and yet so far, above, around, below,
Like one unending thunder-peal is thy terrific flow.

How terrible the turbulence of this tremendous splash ;
The sinking, surging, swelling sounds, the soul-subduing
crash
That makes me feel so very sad, as if appalling fears
With giant force had seized my brain and paralyzed my ears.

I hear it all, I feel it, as on Table Rock I stand,
While by my side a trusty friend still grasps my trembling
hand.
I hear the mighty dashing of the everlasting spasm
With which the stormy Erie pours the floods into the chasm.

The deep, deep tones that never change, the spirit-thrilling
sound
That silences all voices else and echoes far around,
The voice of many waters as it falls upon my ear
With penetrating power proclaims, " Omnipotence is here."

They tell me how the sunlight gleams upon the misty pile,
How radiant rays of rainbow-tints are visible the while ;
I cannot see the grandeur though I feel the showery spray,
It seems that on this Table Rock it rains both night and
day.

Goat Island like a monarch stands to see the waters riven,
And by a firm decree to us the greater part is given ;
To us who live in Canada beneath the maple tree,
To us who greatly now rejoice to find that slaves are
free.

The Horseshoe Falls and Table Rock may poets well
inspire
In Canada to fan the flame of patriotic fire.
While others may delight to boast of prairies and of powers,
Yet of this mighty cataract the greater part is ours.

Let those who view the splendour dwell enraptured on the
scene,
The yawning gulf, the clouds of mist, the floods of white and
green ;
How fierce and wild the rolling tide that leaps from yonder
rock
And shakes the overhanging cliffs as with an earthquake
shock !

The boisterous boiling waters and the booming loud and
long
Are themes for eulogistic thought, in prose as well as
song.
Have not the feet of voyageurs from many a foreign strand
Been planted on this very rock, where I bewildered stand ?

And yet in all that strikes the ear, or gay admirers scan,
No sight or sound reveals the hour when first this storm
began ;
And when ten thousand tons have rolled, and twice ten
thousand more,
The deafening echo never dies along the quivering shore.

Rush on, thou might river, rush down deep into the
foam !
Thy thunderings shall follow me wherever I may roam,
With vivid recollections of thy overwhelming power
To occupy my busy thoughts in many a lonely hour.

The evening shades are falling fast and visitors depart,
 My faithful friend reminds me now that we must also start.
 Yes, such is life—we come and go, each generation dies,
 And still these mighty waters fall, and misty mountains rise.

To think of seasons yet to come that I shall never see,
 To think of great Niagara, this vast immensity,
 Still rushing, rolling, roaring on till time shall be no more!
 Lost in the magnitude of thought, I tremble and adore.

NIAGARA

(Suggested by seeing a picture of the Falls)

Roll on, mighty river! so fearfully dashing;
 The mist is obscuring thy gambols below,
 Thy floods upon floods, everlastingly washing
 The rocks that were clean generations ago.

The man that could see thee without great emotion,
 Who sees not the power of Jehovah in thee,
 Must surely possess but a pitiful notion
 Of all that is grand in the earth or the sea.

Goat Island has stood, like a watchman, for ages
 So calmly majestic, at rest on thy brow;
 But where are the poets, and where are the sages,
 Who spake of thy wonders, Niagara, now?

They have gone to the land where immortals assemble,
 They have left here behind but a fragment of rhyme;
 And crowds of new visitors see thee, and tremble—
 While thou art unchanged in thy grandeur sublime.

O, say, did Jehovah determine thy wonder
 Before there was Man to behold or admire?
 When did the Indian first quail at thy thunder,
 Comparing thy wrath to the Great Spirit's ire?

In vain do we look for historical data
 On thy flood-smitten rocks, or thy volumes in air ;
 Or could we discover thy deep-hidden strata,
 What mortal could read thy chronology there ?

Rush on in thy glory with motion defiant,
 Regardless of those who are quailing in fear ;
 Thy voice of great waters, like that of a giant,
 It thrills through the soul while it falls on the ear.

And just as thy torrent that knows no controlling
 Is sweeping incessantly into the foam,
 So the tide of humanity, constantly rolling,
 Is bearing its myriads to their last home.

The Scriptures assure us there is no abiding,
 Experience proves it is solemnly so ;
 Alas! for the multitudes carelessly gliding,
 Unsaved and unwarned, to the vortex of woe !

But how much severer the terrible sentence
 Of those who the message of mercy despise ;
 Their doom shall be sealed, but too late for repentance,
 " Where the fire is not quenched and the worm never dies."

But those who convinced of their sinful condition
 Have turned to the Lord with their whole heart's desires,
 Unto whom is imputed no sin or transgression,
 These, these shall exult when creation expires.

RESTIGOUCHE, FAMOUS CHARLO, AND SURROUND- ING SCENERY

In Charlo, famous Charlo,
 The sky is still as clear,
 The bay, the shore, the mountains,
 As grand and bright and near.

Nine years have passed so quickly,
Sad changes there have been,
That helping hand—that friendly smile—
No longer felt or seen.

In Restigouche and Charlo,
Where tourists take delight,
Some old arm-chairs are vacant,
The homesteads still in sight,

Two names I fain would mention,
The aged, and the young ;
Ye friends, there is no parting
In that triumphant throng.

Look, then, beyond the shadows
To that celestial shore,
Assured of blest reunion
With those who went before.

Farewell ! ye friends in Charlo
And all the country 'round,
To me you make New Brunswick
Like some enchanted ground,

Where loneliness and blindness
May be forgotten long :
And now once more in parting
Accept my grateful song.

Charlo, N.B., *September 22nd*, 1896.

WALLACETOWN, COUNTY OF ELGIN

On the sunny shores of Erie
In the fair and fertile West,
Where the villages of Elgin
By the Southern Railway rest,

COLLECTED VERSE

There's a town, above all others,
 Where heroic freemen dwell—
 That which bears the name of Wallace
 Must inspire the Muse's spell.

There my countrymen and clansmen,
 Patriotic, brave and true,
 Cheer the weary wandering stranger
 By their kindness ever new.
 Wallacetown must grow and flourish
 With its fame resounding far
 While Great Britain owns the lustre
 Of this North Colonial Star.

Where the thistle and the heather
 Wake a thought, or send a thrill,
 There my countrymen will gather
 'Round their cherished mem'ries still.
 Honest, loyal, wise and fearless,
 Scotsmen engineer the world ;
 And throughout this great Dominion
 Is our noble flag unfurled.

Here let science and religion
 Cheer the old and guide the young ;
 Here let all that's evil perish,
 Here a union psalm be sung ;
 Here be each reform triumphant,
 Here let all the wicked quail ;
 And in Wallacetown and Dunwich
 May the Temperance cause prevail.

Till from every home and dwelling
 All intoxication cease ;
 Health and wealth, to each a blessing,
 Fill the land with joy and peace.
 So let Wallacetown be famous,
 Famous in the years to come ;
 Frogtown lost—and gone for ever
 All the ravages of Rum.

Southwold, *March 25th*, 1876.

WHAT A BLIND MAN SAW IN NEW BRUNSWICK

In Charlo, famous Charlo,
I breathe the purest air ;
The sky, how clear and cloudless,
The fields, how fresh and fair.

Although but seen in fancy,
Enraptured by the spell
'Twill give me life-long pleasure
Of all its charms to tell.

The " Bay of Heat " before me
One vast, bright mirror spread,
Full thirty leagues expanding
Far as the Gaspé Head.

New Brunswick, great New Brunswick,
The treasures of the deep,
Enriching thy free people,
Around thee largely sweep.

Engedi and Eglaim
Shall be with nets o'erspread ;
But here are tons of salmon
All frozen for the trade.

Then turning to the westward
Fair Campbellton appears ;
Dalhousie too, so famous
For trade in bygone years.

Inch Arran by the seaside,
The pride of all the bay ;
'Tis there the weak and wealthy
For health and pleasure stay.

COLLECTED VERSE

Ye poets and ye tourists
Who wake the tuneful lyre,
These everlasting mountains
May well your thoughts inspire!

Dalhousie Heights ascending
Their matchless beauty trace,
Let patriotic freemen
Protect the lovely place.

Give architects their castles,
Let walls and towers be strong—
But I will sing of Nature
And teach the world my song:

How high the hills beyond me,
How green the bay before,
The beach how bright beside me!
Great Nature, nothing more.

The Sugar Loaf how lofty,
The Restigouche how grand,
That grasps the distant woodlands
As with a mighty hand.

I fain would sing the praises
Of every sunny side,
But I return to Charlo
Where dear, good friends abide.

Two most romantic rivers
Pursue their winding way,
Till side by side in beauty
They glide into the bay.

I've travelled, sung, and lectured,
Recited, heard, and read,
But I must say of Charlo,
"The half has not been said."

COLLECTED VERSE

189

The evening shadows lengthen
Else might I, wandering on,
Pursue this pleasant ramble
To Bathurst and St. John.

But where the sun shines brightest
Dark clouds may intervene;
The shades of bygone ages
Like spectres may be seen.

How sad to see around us,
As in the days of yore,
Old superstitions mingling
With dregs of gipsy lore.

But, light and truth prevailing,
The world shall see the day
When old and grim ideas
Shall all have passed away.

For holy men are workers
With God, as truth declares;
And Christ shall come in glory
When Zion he repairs.

And when in earth or heaven
They join the ransomed throng,
The worshippers of David
Shall learn a nobler song.

Let Education, Science,
And Truth go hand in hand
To bring the end expected
And peace in every land.

Farewell, my friends in Charlo,
So faithful, true and good,
For all your Christian kindness
Accept this tribute due.

IV.—TO ROYALTY

CANADA'S JOYOUS RECEPTION OF THE MARQUIS OF LORNE AND PRINCESS LOUISE

When the woodlands wide had laid aside
Their mantle of green and gold ;
When the songsters sang their sweetest lays
Ere they fled before the cold,

To the verdant vales of the sunny south
Where the winter never chills ;
When the frosty flakes from a frowning sky
Came down on the northern hills ;

When the great old leafless maples stood
Where the floods and fountains freeze ;
When the evergreens in their rich attire
Held forth to the bracing breeze ;

When the busy beavers built their dams
In the rivers of the north ;
When the drowsy bears lay down in lairs
And wandered no longer forth ;

When the nimble squirrel had treasured up
Whate'er the nut-tree yields ;
When the antlered deer came down to browse
On the gleanings of the fields ;

When the icy breath of November plays
On the mountain stream and lake ;
There is joy and mirth by each homestead hearth
Of which young and old partake.

For the gathered fruits of the harvest field,
Well stored with lavish hand,
Give us ample proof that the gifts of Heav'n
Are showr'd on this favoured land.

'Twas thus we raised our hearts to Him
Whose blessings are rich and free ;
When the nation's anxious, longing look
Was turned to the sounding sea.

Then a sudden burst, like an echo, fell
Upon every listening ear,
And a thousand ringing wires proclaimed
The great " Sarmartian " near.

They have safely come, the noblest pair
That ever crossed the tide,—
The Marquis of Lorne, a Royal Scot,
With a Royal English bride.

" Cead mile failte " to him who brings
The daughter of the Queen,
But a few short days since we said good-bye
To the Earl of Dufferin.

For we come and go on the tossing tide,
On the tide of Time as well ;
But the British Empire spreads her sway
Where the kingdoms rose and fell.

And the great old flag that braves the breeze
'Neath the lurid Indian skies,
Is the same that floats from sea to sea
Where the New Dominion lies.

'Tis the banner bright, the Union Jack,
The glorious flag of the free !
Be its ample folds in peace unfurled,
For " Britannia rules the sea."

And the brightest gem in her peerless crown
 Is this Canada of ours,
 Where the brave and free may well be proud
 Of the British Lion's powers.

For a joyous day has surely dawned
 On this fair Colonial strand,
 When a Princess comes to dwell with us
 And a Marquis rules the land.

And now let us sing "Long live the Queen,
 With each Prince and Princess too ;
 Long live Lord Lorne and his Royal Bride,
 In the work they have come to do !"

Should the Queen herself be pleased to come
 On a visit to Rideau Hall,
 May we live to welcome her, and prove
 We are loyal, one and all.

And long may peace and freedom reign
 In the light of the British Throne,
 Till the "Bears" and "Eagles" wake to own
 That the "Lion" rules alone.

In the rays of a never-setting sun
 Every heart and tongue employ ;
 Let the anthem rise "God Save the Queen !"
 And the Empire thrill with joy.

Inverness, *December*, 1878.

CANADA'S WELCOME TO H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES

Welcome to Canada, visitor Royal !
 Prince so illustrious never was seen ;
 By hundreds of thousands the brave and the loyal
 Are waiting to welcome the son of our Queen.

Come, then, to the land we have chosen to live in,
 So famed for its forests, its rivers and lakes ;
 United to Britain and favoured by Heaven
 The noblest of colonies Canada makes.

Exemption from war is a national blessing—
 No country on earth is more peaceful than ours ;
 Our cities and villages, vastly increasing,
 Are studded with colleges, churches, and towers ;

Our laws and religion give innocent pleasures,
 Each home is a castle, each citizen free ;
 Agriculture and Commerce are mining our treasures ;
 And proud of our union with Britain are we.

Our soil is productive, our climate is healthy,
 Our winters are pleasant, our summers serene—
 And while we are happy and loyal and wealthy
 Our watchword shall ever be, "God Save the Queen."

ON THE DEATH OF PRINCESS ALICE, DUCHESS OF HESSE

The country is mourning, the great and the noble
 At home and abroad are in grief and distress ;
 Tears flow—freely flow—for young Alice Maud Mary,
 The lovely, the Royal Grand Duchess of Hesse !

Let the words of the wise, and the deeds of the mighty,
 Instruct and enthrill through the ages of times ;
 Let the works of the sculptor, the painter, and poet
 Encircle with splendour the grand and sublime.

If the volumes of wisdom the sages have written
 The treasures of science and knowledge unfold ;
 If the annals of battle that fame has recorded
 The names and exploits of their heroes have told ;

How surpassingly tender and touching the picture
 Maternal affection presents to the view !
 When one so exalted, a princess, a mother,
 The promptings of love could no longer subdue !

Embracing her child in his sickness and sorrow,
 Receiving the fatal, the feverish kiss !
 Silence, ye Homers and Miltons, your fancies
 Have never produced such a picture as this !

Go to your pencils, ye artists, emblazon
 The name of the royal, the loving, the good ;
 Give to imperdible marble her story,
 And say of the Princess, " She did what she could."

Tell of her usefulness, tell of her kindness ;
 Tell how the suffering speak of her worth ;
 Tell of her virtue, her humble demeanour ;
 Tell of her high and illustrious birth.

Tell of the Grand Duke. The light has departed
 From his once happy home, now enveloped in gloom.
 Words of condolence to one broken-hearted
 May alleviate grief in the shades of the tomb.

Tell of Her Majesty's painful bereavement ;
 Tell of her children united in love ;
 Tell of the banner that waves o'er the nations,
 Guided and guarded by Heaven above.

Heralds of truth ! while instructing the people,
 Speak of the holy, the good, and the pure.
 Fleeting is life ; it is only a vapour :
 Love, the immortal, shall ever endure.

Tears for the dead ! To the Royal, the loyal
 The sympathy show that so deeply we feel.
 Joy of our hearts ! what a strong consolation,
 " Earth hath no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal."

Inverness, *December*, 1878.

ROYAL THANKSGIVING HYMN

Our Father, Thou of all good gifts the giver,
Thee we adore beneath this hallowed dome.
Thou art the King invisible for ever
Yet present here. O may Thy kingdom come!

Thy will is done on earth as done in Heaven,
For Thou delightest to be gracious here;
Lord Jesus, unto Thee all power is given,
Who didst in pity touch the passing bier.

The widow's son restored to life and vigour
By Nain's gate beheld the Anointed One;
His weeping mother—sad and lonely figure,
With tears of joy received her living son.

And lo! within a royal palace portal
A gracious miracle we now confess;
And though no eye hath seen the King Immortal,
We praise thy loving kindness none the less.

For Thou alone disposest all that's human,
And not a sparrow falls without Thy hand,
The Mother, Widow, Queen and Christian Woman
Beholds her son restored at Thy command.

Like Hezekiah in his sickness pining,
Weak, helpless and unconscious as he lay,
We saw the Prince upon his couch reclining;
His Consort in her grief retired to pray.

And twice ten thousand voices interceding
In Jesus' name before the Throne of Grace;
Our Father, Thou didst hear the Nation's pleading,
Here with a Nation's thanks we seek Thy face.

O Thou Almighty One Who art in Heaven,
 Thankofferings of praise to Thee we bring.
 His Royal Highness bless, to him be given
 Long life, and grace to be a Christian king.

O bless the Queen, his Royal Widowed Mother,
 May she go forth rejoicing on life's way ;
 And when in Heaven they recognize each other,
 Join her good Albert in eternal day.

THE END OF THE CENTURY

(My last tribute to Queen Victoria)

While broader and higher expansively floating,
 Ten thousand bright emblems are gaily unfurled,
 The progress of commerce and science promoting
 Britannia's banner is guiding the world.

An Empire is growing and vastly increasing
 In power and wealth from the south to the north ;
 Great Britain is surely in sunlight unceasing
 Upholding the standard of Truth in the earth.

The covenant blessings of Abraham cluster
 Around the great throne in the Isles of the Sea ;
 The Lion and the Unicorn sharing the lustre ;
 Victoria reigns, and the nation is free.

Colonial union enjoying, maintaining,
 The prestige of Canada proudly we claim,
 The " Fullness of Nations " most clearly explaining
 The greatness that clings to Britannia's name.

The century ended, beginning another
 In labours of love may the churches increase ;
 Let Righteousness triumph while brother with brother
 Endeavours to hasten an era of peace.

Britannia rules, and the wide world all over
The marks of her measuring line may be seen.
Victoria reigns, let the millions who love her
Pray earnestly, fervently, "God Save the Queen."

THE ROYAL HEROINE

I have stood beside the Falls,
I have gone to hear the dashing,
And my mem'ry still recalls
That tremendous thunder crashing
In my ears.

Pleasure-seekers, what a throng!
Pressing on from ev'ry nation,
And the world—in prose and song—
Their unbounded admiration
Often hears.

First to those who see or hear
That terrific torrent tumble
Comes a momentary fear
Lest the quivering rocks should crumble
Where they stand;
With a wider view, though brief,
Comes a sinking sense of sadness;
Then an outburst of relief
With enchanting thrilling gladness,
All so grand.

But in times of frost and snow
When ten thousand gems are lighted
By the sun, admirers go
Charmed, astonished, and delighted,
From the sight.
While we pity those who find
Cause for neither joy nor pleasure,
Persons of exalted mind
Know no language fit to measure
Their delight.

COLLECTED VERSE

In your album write the name
 Of Louise, the Princess Royal;
 For a nobler never came
 To be welcomed by the loyal.
 Note the day
 When, defying frost and cold
 Where the bravest often scrambles,
 As the graphic tale is told
 She the foremost in their rambles
 Led the way.

Rarer courage ne'er was seen :
 Down beneath the tossing water
 On she hastened : England's Queen
 May be proud of such a daughter,
 Brave and strong.
 Yes, for she is truly brave ;
 And when sages tell the glory
 Of Niagara's winter wave
 Let us hear the thrilling story
 In a song.

While the Marquis and Louise
 Having seen the mighty splendour
 In such frosty days as these
 Free and fearless tribute render
 To the scene,
 Patriots! the theme renew,
 Tell of the untarnished merits
 Of the royal and the true,
 And the virtue she inherits
 From the Queen.

On the ice-clad rocks below,
 Could her photograph be taken!
 Where the yawning waters flow
 There the Marchioness, unshaken,
 Knows no fear.

Calmly she approached the scene,
Saw the awe-inspiring wonder,
Like a Royal heroine
Heard the whisp'ring of the thunder,
"God is here!"

Inverness, *January 29th*, 1879.

THOUGHTS OF THE BLIND

(Suggested by the sickness and recovery of H.R.H. the Prince
of Wales and the cowardly attacks on Her Most Gracious
Majesty)

I love to sing of her that rules the mighty realm of Britain.
While emperors and kings and queens, by war's reverses
smitten,

Have wandered from their palaces and all their regal splendour,
The British people love their Queen; they love and will
defend her

From every fool and knavish tool whose malice would destroy
her.

And was not his a felon's hand uplifted to annoy her?

But brave John Brown secured the clown—his name shall
live in story,

My country rings with joy and sings her son's triumphant
glory.

Fair Scotia! thy heather bells, unconquered rocks and waters
And Gaelic pure shall long endure to cheer thy sons and
daughters.

Ye British peers, allay your fears and all your pride surrender;
My native land provides the Queen with one who will defend
her.

Well guarded be the stately tower we call the "Palace
Royal";
Securer far the Monarch's throne when love inspires the
loyal.

When dark'ning clouds of grief and gloom around the Queen
were falling,
Her subjects in ten thousand homes on God were humbly
calling

In earnest prayer, that He would spare the youthful Prince
and save him.
And now they raise a peal of praise in thanks to God who
gave him

As if from Death anew to life. While all around were
weeping;
His consort in that solemn hour her prayerful vigils keeping;

His Royal Mother by his side disconsolate in sorrow;
Then, lo, a ray dispersed the gloom and brighter dawned
the morrow.

"All joy! all joy!"—the news went forth—"all danger
now is over,
The God of Heaven be praised, he lives; he lives and will
recover."

A Nation's joyous ecstasy in such a demonstration
Was never seen by king or queen since Adam ruled creation.

"Long live the Queen! Long live the Prince! Long live
each prince and princess."
Re-echoed and re-echoing, the Nation's joy evinces.

At home, abroad, all 'round the earth, on island, sea and
ocean,
The grief, the joy, true British hearts have stirred with deep
emotion.

And here among the drifting snows, that bury half my dwelling,
Ev'n I have heard the joyful word the ocean lines are telling.

But ah! how dark and dull the days, how sadly I employ them!
I feel my papers and my books and wish I could enjoy them.

Oh! what a life-long weariness this want of reading only—
But let me not forget my theme, tho' blind and sad and lonely.

Victoria, the Great, the Good, is loved by every Briton;
While fallen tyrants meet their fates without a throne to sit on.

Great kings and czars may wage their wars, and presidents may bluster;
But our good Queen's majestic mien outshines their brightest lustre.

True greatness never seeks for war, provoking other nations;
And great John Bull is not a fool—he exercises patience.

And when the British Lion roars let all the nations quiver;
That war may cease and perfect peace triumphant be for ever.

February, 1872.

TO THE MARQUIS OF LORNE AND PRINCESS LOUISE

(Written when they were expected to visit Canada
on their wedding tour)

Be thou the brightest spot on earth
O Caledonia yet.
Thy mountain monuments that rise
Unconquered still, to meet the skies,
What Scotchman can forget?

Yea, he may plough the distant main
And dig the deepest mine,
While marching pioneering forth
To teach and civilize the earth,
Far as its utmost line;

But while he climbs the highest peak
Or grasps the farthest pole,
The fragrance of thy heathery hills
And music of thy bounding rills
Enchant his very soul.

'Tis his to engineer the earth
In every clime and zone,
And sagely prove as well he can
The art of benefiting Man
By duty nobly done.

His heart may be the bravest heart ;
And his the brightest face,
But while he breathes, or acts, or wills,
The memory of his native hills
No distance can efface.

From frozen North America
To burning Hindustan,
Turn where you will, you'll find the Scot ;
Be wealth or poverty his lot,
A friendly honest man.

In Canada the snow lies deep
When winter locks the tide ;
But where do warmer hearts await
Than ours, to welcome one so great,
With such a royal bride ?

Lord Lorne, with fame ancestral crowned
By many a noble deed ;
With courage true and rare success
Has wooed a beautiful Princess
And brought her o'er the Tweed.

"CEUD MILE FAILTE," illustrious one,
Though I shall see thee not.
Victoria's greatest son-in-law
Does well to visit Canada,
Himself a royal Scot.

Thrice welcome also, Lady Lorne,
Fair partner of his fame ;
The daughter of the greatest queen
That ever reigned o'er living men
Has won a Highland name.

The Queen might come herself, she sent
Her noble sons of yore ;
And now we see the Thistle's pride
And Rose's beauty side by side,
As never seen before.

From ev'ry nation here we join
To trade, and till the soil ;
Nor is our loyalty the less
While with this welcome we address
The heir of great Argyle.

We dearly love the British oaks
And blooming heather bells,
And yet the Thistle and the Rose
Might blossom where the Maple grows
In our Canadian dells.

We long have played "The Campbells Come,"
And may they come for sure ;
Such visitors are rarely seen.
And let us pray "God save the Queen,"
And long may peace endure.

V.—ON QUEEN VICTORIA'S JUBILEE

JUBILEE POEM

The joy of joys is over,
The crushing crowd has gone,
Our gracious Queen—we love her—
Still on the British throne.

Of Britain's peerless glory
And great Victoria's reign,
Proclaim the pleasing story
In song and glad refrain.

Divines and Christian teachers
Throughout the realm this day
With all the saints and preachers
Devoutly, humbly pray.

“Great King of Kings, bestower
Of bliss beyond the sky,
O, save the Queen, and show her
The path of life and joy.

“Prolong her days, and give her
The fullness of Thy love
And with Thy saints for ever
A crown of life above.”

By Grace she reigned the longest,
By Grace she is the best ;
By Grace her kingdom strongest
By all the world confessed.

While fond anticipation
With wistful, hopeful eye
Would fain give every nation
The better by and by.

While earnestly beholding
The land to Abraham given
Great Britain stands unfolding
The great designs of Heaven.

And well may she be proudest
Of wisdom, wealth, and worth.
The Lion, roaring loudest,
Can terrorize the earth.

Ten thousand men of valour
Into the North we trace,
To Habor and Gu Halah
Thence came the Saxon race.

At Port Nan Gall they entered
The European coast;
At Galloway they centred,
A great, unconquered host.

The great Gu Halah nation,
Historians declare
Beyond all confutation,
Grew great and mighty there;

Their dwelling-place extending
To regions far unknown,
To other nations lending,
And borrowing from none.

The heirs of Jacob's blessing
As numerous as the sand,
The gates of foes possessing
May claim the Holy Land.

COLLECTED VERSE

“ Great Britain’s future glory ”—
 The theme is grand and great.
 God’s book embossed before me
 I read, believe, and wait.

The saints, like Enoch walking
 With God, meet and commune ;
 Together often talking
 Of what is coming soon.

They know that Judah’s Lion
 Shall be exalted high
 When God shall visit Zion
 In that sweet by and by ;

The greatest of the nations,
 God’s banished ones, brought home.
 O Reader ! If thou waitest,
 Pray, pray “ Thy kingdom come.”

The millions who attended
 The Diamond Jubilee
 Have seen, in beauty blended
 With righteous Monarchy.

The union of the people,
 The power that rules the realm—
 By tower and towering steeple
 Enough to overwhelm,

Surpass, eclipse, and silence
 Whatever mighty Man
 On continents and islands
 Achieved since earth began.

And foreigners in legions
 Who came and went away
 Have brought to distant regions
 Rich relics of the day,

Mementos of the splendour.
The like was never seen,
Great nations met to render
Their homage to our Queen;

Returning to impress on
The world the views they caught—
But they have heard one lesson
That ne'er should have been taught.

Of "England's flag" while singing
By gnomes of error driven,
What worship were they bringing
Before the King of Heaven?

If such mistaken treason
Acceptable appears
To any one with reason
Who reigned for sixty years,

Then let them rave and blunder
And sign what they compose—
A laughing-stock and wonder
To friends as well as foes.

Misleading simple creatures
Who sing without a thought
As do misguided preachers
By that great Bishop taught.

Ye Peers: let me remind you
That Huguenots from France
Are not one whit behind you,
Nor yet the Welsh and Manx.

Nor do we hear them boasting
With such unhallowed brag,
Like idiots, and toasting
A phantom of a flag.

COLLECTED VERSE

Go, take that Bishop, shake him
And make him sing his song ;
Let sorrow overtake him
Until he owns he's wrong.

On England's flag insisting,
Come, let the thing be seen !
The Prince of Wales assisting,
Present it to the Queen.

Let royal hands unfold it
And spread it forth to view,
That they who can behold it
May be as wise as you.

'Twas Scotland, famous Scotland,
The classic land of song,
Our dear unconquered Scotland,
That made Great Britain strong.

Had England been deserving
Before King James was crowned
Of greatness worth preserving
She might be more renowned.

By ways and means contracted
They brought the union on,
And righteous laws enacted
To guard the British throne.

To break those laws is treason,
No Bishop can deny
That there's a time and season
When traitors all should die.

The British flag shall go where
The wealth of nature spreads ;
The " English flag " is nowhere
Except in empty heads.

But great Colonial Nations,
With British flags unfurled,
At forts and coaling-stations
Encircle all the world.

Great ships of war that thunder,
The men of war who fight,
What foe can awe or sunder
When Union is their might ?

By Scotsmen pioneering
In every land and zone
Exploring, engineering,
A glorious work is done ;

The work of civilizing
Wherever " man is vile."
Instructing, Christianizing,
Our missionaries toil.

On every shore and landing
The march of progress stirs,
Great Britain's power expanding,
No pent-up kingdom hers.

And who shall dare or cow us ?
The march of freedom rolls,
And British plack and prowess
May surely grasp the poles.

But there's a mighty people
With Presidents, not Kings,
From many a hall and steeple
Their Bell of Freedom rings :

A mighty nation growing,
The people gathering still,
A great republic showing
Much enterprise and skill.

COLLECTED VERSE

Give those beyond the river
The British Coat-of-Arms ;
Our neighbours, near for ever,
The Eagle and her charms.

Spread o'er their spangled banner
The darts her talons hold,
For they delight to scan her
On silver and on gold.

And though great Talmage preaches
About their Dragon name
What Revelations teaches
Should put the man to shame.

From ocean unto ocean
We honour every star,
Though Britons scout the notion
That they the greatest are.

Great Senators are ringing
The Bell of Liberty,
And black and white are singing
" My Country, 'tis of thee."

(For not one single slave is
Beneath their sunny skies,
Secession crushed, Jeff Davis
In dust forgotten lies.)

Americans are sending
Great missionaries forth,
God's people freely lending
Their gold to bless the earth.

And every one believing
The truth by God revealed
Must have the light, perceiving
His promises fulfilled.

Great Ephraim and Manasseh
True brethren were of yore,
The God of Jacob bless them
With peace for evermore.

“ Waft, waft ye winds the story
And you ye waters roll,
Till like a sea of glory ”
Peace “ spreads from pole to pole ;

“ Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.”

Victoria most Gracious,
Great Britain's Queen is she,
In Canada how precious
Has been her Jubilee !

Historic facts comparing
With English nonsense now,
If I'm too bold or daring
Just tell me where and how.

The Bishops when consulted
Who wrote those famous lines
Could not have more insulted
The Scots, and Scots divines.

And daft Munro may babble
Until his eyes grow dim,
And teach the cockney rabble
The chorus of his hymn.

Ye bishops and ye preachers,
Ye rulers at the helm,
Instructors, leaders, teachers,
In all the British realm :

Give, give to all the nation,
Including Ireland too,
One great grand appellation
Euphonious and new.

A name to stand for ever
While rolling ages glide,
And thus by wisdom sever
Stern truth from English pride.

Another chiel offending
Against the British Crown ;
His fame and talent's blending
With Tennyson's renown.

His patrons eulogizing
(His aim is to excel
Beyond all criticizing)
They think he writes so well.

But I would say to Austen
The Poet Laureate now,
" Without one grudge I fasten
The England on thy brow.

" For thou art loon-like soaring
O'er seas of English pride ;
The British name ignoring
With gulls on every side.

" Why join the Queen's composers
Who rank as learned men ?
When death their eyelids closes
Their history—what then ?

" Perverters of the nation,
Their name what time endures ;
Take then this consolation
For surely it is yours."

O for some mighty Wallace!
O let some Bruce arise!
In Parliament and palace
To open British eyes.

Ye Scots o'er all creation
Protest against this wrong,
And teach the British nation
A truer, better song.

And time shall tell our story
And what our work has been,
Who stand for Britain's glory,
And pray "God Save the Queen."

PART II

Victoria most Gracious
Great Britain's Queen is she;
To all the world how precious
Has been her Jubilee.

How sweet the fairest flowers
That peep when daylight dawns
How beautiful the bowers
By England's lovely lawns!

Old Kensington exposes
Foundations firm and strong,
Enthroned among the roses
'Tis worthy of a song.

O Kensington! so grandly
Majestic is thy fame!
Let others praise thee blandly,
The loyal love thy name.

COLLECTED VERSE

Let royal memories cluster
 'Round Kensington so gay,
 'Twas there the blooming lustre
 Of childhood passed away.

There grew the charming Princess
 In majesty and grace,
 Well trained, as truth evinces,
 To rule the British race.

Then came those brighter beamings
 A mother could explain ;
 With gracious, conscious gleamings
 That she was born to reign.

'Twas there mid scenes of gladness
 The Queen's first days were spent.
 Her mother in her sadness
 Survived the Duke of Kent ;

With love maternal, tender,
 Retiring, meek and mild,
 She lived for years to render
 Allegiance to her child ;

She knew that God had sent her
 The British realm to sway.
 But one cold, dreary winter
 The Duchess passed away ;

The Court was wrapped in mourning,
 While we were also tried,
 'Twas on that same dark morning
 My own kind mother died.

"A time to die" the Preacher
 By inspiration wrote,
 Man is a mortal creature
 In palace and in cot.

And when the King's last illness
So sadly closed the scene,
Then o'er the nightly stillness
Arose "God Save the Queen."

With firm enunciation
A great Archbishop's voice
Has called the British nation
To waken and rejoice.

In that great Abbey spacious,
So ancient and renowned,
Victoria most gracious
Was gloriously crowned,

With Jacob's pillow under
The coronation chair.
Above the cannon's thunder
Glad voices rent the air.

And though Great Britain's glory
Has spread for sixty years
The coronation story
So fresh to us appears.

And well do we remember
In Canada afar
How mighty mountains trembled
As in the time of war.

The loyal joy, resounding
Through all colonial spheres,
Re-echoing and rebounding
Has been for sixty years.

But this is a digression
From which we must return,
The glory of the nation
Is what we have to learn.

The Queen in blooming beauty
Became a happy bride ;
Devotion, love and duty,
Prince Albert by her side.

Give man his best employment
And let his strength be shown ;
A woman's true enjoyment
Is caring for her own.

The Queen a mother, teaching
Her children to excel,
Saw her example reaching
The wide, wide world as well.

As we can feel but faintly
When Royalty is tried,
We draw the curtain gently
When good Prince Albert died.

Esteemed ! beloved ! respected !
Prince Albert, now no more,
Still lives in fame connected
With Crystal Palace lore.

The widowed Queen still reigning
Has nobly done her part ;
The British realm is gaining
In wealth and power and art.

What power can shield to-morrow
From trouble, pain, or care ?
Of trial, grief, and sorrow
The Queen has had her share :

Good Albert gone before her,
A Prince and Princess too,
God's love a banner o'er her
May she her strength renew !

In holy blest reunion
Upon a tearless shore
The saints in sweet communion
Are crowned for evermore.

There is a world celestial,
And "Not so far away,"
Where no dark cloud terrestrial
Can dim eternal day.

O blissful consolation!
O joy beyond compare!
The heirs of full salvation
Christ shall make perfect there.

Victoria most gracious,
Great Britain's Queen is she,
To one so blind how precious
Has been her Jubilee.

Her Majesty still reigning
Beholds the vast increase
Of Britain's power, maintaining
Prosperity and peace.

Her great Trade Wind advances
"Britannia rules the sea,"
The British Lion glances
Protection to the free.

Tell, tell the new, new story,
Great Britain's flag unfurl;
Sing of her future glory,
The wheel of progress whirl.

Go, tell the listening legions
Wherever Britons are,
That proud of our allegiance
All true Canadians are.

The great, great joy is over,
 The grand, grand touching scene ;
 Let all the people love her
 And pray, " God Save the Queen."

THE JUBILEE

Come, Tennyson, thou sweetest bard that sings,
 Unfold with me the record of the kings,
 Sound the roll-call—how few have lived to see
 A prosperous, peaceful reign and jubilee.
 Spread out the dingy parchment by the Thames,
 Explore the sepulchres and mark the names
 Of those within that venerable pile ;
 If some were righteous many more were vile,
 And fain would we ignore what only pains
 And drop a curtain o'er their dark remains.

Turn from the scene to where a brighter shines :
 Ye poets, bring your richest, choicest lines
 In praise of her whose gracious presence cheers
 Our hearts as it has done for fifty years.
 Shout, shout, ye Britons ! Queen Victoria reigns
 And rules an empire vast on India's plains,
 She reigns where'er the British flag's unfurled
 And sways the sceptre over half the world.
 Long may she live in peace, and reign to prove
 A nation's loyalty, devotion, love,
 Respect, esteem, and praise ; she stands alone
 The most illustrious star that ever shone
 On England or on Britain, noblest crowned,
 Above all kings most worthily renowned
 Since that first pair of human race went forth
 From Eden, driven to possess the earth.
 Victoria the Good, and truly great,
 What skill of sculptor to perpetuate
 Thy goodness and thy fame can be prepared !

To live in marble would be cold reward
For excellence and virtue such as thine,
And in the sunlight beams that ever shine
With richest blessing on the realm behold
A monument, not marble, bronze, nor gold
But one of love, undying love to thee,
Thy subjects raise on this thy jubilee.
All round the wide, wide world, on land and flood
The millions call thee, "Mother great and good."
A Christian mother! All the dazzling charms
Of regal splendour, blazing coats-of-arms,
And courtly titles vanish and depart
Before the name that moves the nation's heart;
Protecting, shielding, reaching every zone,
A Christian mother on the British throne.
The joyous, loud refrain creation hears,
"Our Queen has reigned a half a hundred years."

Just fifty years ago a youthful queen
In maiden beauty blushing, might be seen
With conscious right accepting crown and seal,
And pledged to govern for the country's weal.
A wife, a mother as the years rolled on,
And then a graceful widow on the throne;
And more than once in sorrow's trying gloom
A mourner weeping by the silent tomb
But still sustained by Him who wisely spares
The useful life, and sympathy she shares.
Established on the throne, while on their course
The wheels of Time have sped, Britannia's force
Has been, and still is, felt in every clime,
While Learning equal to the course of Time
With Knowledge, Art, and Science by her side
Has made Trade, Commerce, Skill and Wealth our pride.
Great colonies dependent like our own,
Into a multitude of nations grown,
Already great, much greater yet shall be
Extending Britain's power o'er land and sea.
We hold the gates in spite of envious foes!

THE ROYAL VICTORIA JUBILEE HOSPITAL

Let all who love the singing
 Of birds among the springing
 Of flowers, review the fifty years and scan the future too ;
 Ye loyal and ye dutiful,
 Admirers of the beautiful,
 Behold the brightest ornament the city ever knew.

I thought of great Mount Royal,
 The country all so loyal,
 The kingdom great, the empire vast, the Queen so nobly
 crowned,
 The city near that slumbered,
 Its towers and spires unnumbered,
 And Canada, the Northern Star, so famous and renowned.

The pleasing prospect brightened,
 The vernal sun enlightened
 The world, the joyous jubilee with all its splendours came ;
 While on the grounds extending
 Around, in beauty blending
 With strength, appeared an Hospital with great Victoria's
 name.

The future stood revealing,
 The curing and the healing,
 I heard the words of blessing from the suffering poor that
 fell.
 The Queen may search creation
 From nation unto nation,
 Is there on earth a monument that honours her so well ?

Ye miser money fumblers,
 Ye greedy grudging grumblers,
 Who never use your wealth for good, but hoard it till you
 die,

We say, "God bless the donors,
Long live the Queen it honours,"
This monument shall stand when you and yours forgotten
lie.

Let Time's historic pages
In all the coming ages
Record the worthy names of those whose princely gift we
share;
While Canada, confessing
Such wealthy men a blessing,
Proclaims their gift the noblest acknowledged anywhere.

With Montreal before us
We join the joyful chorus,
While twice ten thousand voices say the like was never
seen.
How sweet the thought reflective,
How grand the view prospective,
When after fifty years we join to sing, "God Save the
Queen."

VI.—ON SCOTLAND AND HER PEOPLE

HALLOWE'EN, ANCIENT AND MODERN

Genius! Wandering east and west,
North or south as suits thee best,
Art thou come to be a guest
At our Hallowe'en?
In this new Dominion, where
Ilka nation has a share,
Scotia's children strong and fair
Haud their Hallowe'en.

Met as oft we met before
Tell us now in mystic lore
A' they did in days of yore,
Haudin' Hallowe'en.
Tell us gin the fairies danced,
Gin the wizard's coursers pranced,
Lads an' lasses how they glanced
Ilka Hallowe'en.

Tell hoo mony a bonny lass
Ate her apple at the glass,
Watching for a face to pass,
Ilka Hallowe'en.
Tell us hoo kail runts were torn,
Hoo they measured stakes o' corn,
Hoo the nuts they paired wad burn,
Ilka Hallowe'en.

Tell us hoo the leams were ta'en
An' arranged on the hearth-stane—
Twa wi' water, ae wi' nane,
Ilka Hallowe'en.

Tell us hoo the wad-be bride
 Dipped her sleeve beneath the tide,
 Watching wha wad see it dried,
 Ilka Hallowe'en.

Tell us hoo hempseed was sawn,
 Hoo the ears o' corn were drawn,
 Hoo the clues o' yarn were thrawn,
 Ilka Hallowe'en.

Tell hoo mony a lass forlorn
 Gaed her lane into the barn,
 Flail in hand, to winnow corn,
 Ilka Hallowe'en.

How she'd drop the frail at last,
 Standin' tremblin' and aghast
 Gin an apparition passed,
 Ony Hallowe'en.

Hoo then thus the eve was spent
 Auld and young wi' ae consent
 To the buttered sowens went,
 Ilka Hallowe'en.

Hoo, when a' was done an' said,
 Weddings planned and matches made,
 Some gaed hame an' soon tae bed,
 Ilka Hallowe'en.

Costumes hae been changed an' tossed,
 Many usages were lost;
 Noo we canna see a ghost
 Ony Hallowe'en!

Aye, hoo altered are the times—
 Here we meet in distant climes
 Where dear Scotia's music chimes
 Ilka Hallowe'en.

Airs the sweetest well approved,
 Scottish warriors hairts hae moved;
 Gie us what they prized and loved,
 Ilka Hallowe'en.

COLLECTED VERSE

In this lan' o' maple dells
 Where true British freedom dwells,
 Mony frien's beside oorsels
 Haud their Hallowe'en.
 A' because we ken an' feel
 We are Scotia's children leal,
 Scottish customs we reveal
 Ilka Hallowe'en.

Genius gentle! On this shore
 Bide wi' us, nor wander more!
 Bacchus' reign for aye be o'er
 At oor Hallowe'en.
 To the lan' o' mist an' shade
 Whaur oor forefaithers are laid,
 Be oor annual tribute paid,
 Ilka Hallowe'en.

Noo, a telegram indite,
 Send it ower the ocean quite,
 Let them ken this verra nicht
 We haud Hallowe'en.
 Kindly greetin' a' aroun;
 Montreal's a noble town
 Worthy o' a royal crown,
 Ilka Hallowe'en.

Harriston, Ontario,
November 25th, 1875.

NEW YEAR'S GREETING

(To the officers and members of the Celtic Society of Montreal)
 Friends and countrymen assembled in the famous Morrice
 Hall,
 Hoping you are well and happy, New Year greetings to
 you all!
 Yours the favoured classic city by the Royal Mountain's
 side,

Where so many learned scholars and such worthy Celts
abide.

'S ann agaibh a tha'm Baile greagnach 's an Cnoc Rioghal
'a chul-thaic ;

Oirbhse biodh gach beannachd saoghalta, "gus an la a
chi 's nach fhaic."

Here the great Dominion rises, richly, grandly, all around,
Part of that old lost Atlantis Christopher Columbus found.

Canada is ours, the brightest gem in Britain's peerless
crown,

Land of freedom, many races share thy national renown !

Here we meet in social circles, English, Irish, French and
Dutch,

Will they pardon me, or censure, if I eulogise the Scotch ?

For in Stormont and Glengarry there are citizens as true

To their name and to their country as the Highlands ever
knew,

Also in Dundas and Russell, Carleton and the counties 'round
Thousands, brave as Bruce or Wallace ever mustered, may
be found.

Where the great old woods they conquered and their castle-
homes appear

Victor voices sound their triumph through the forests loud
and clear,

"Auld Lang Syne" so sweetly ringing, o'er the hills and
far away,

While the maple dells re-echo proudly, loudly, "Scots wha
hae."

By Ontario and Erie and the greater lakes as well,

In the fields of toil and learning do our countrymen excel ;

While in far Prince Edward Island and the provinces below

Thousands speak the ancient language as their Gaelic papers
show.

And in famous "Old Megantic" amidst scenery so grand

There are those who prize the Gaelic books they read and
understand.

(Though the county has been slandered, made a byword
everywhere,

It was all so false. I tell you Morrison was never there.

But the editors have blundered, dare they meet me face to
face ?

Judge Dugas and his detectives never went to watch the place.)

You may pardon this digression, but I cannot tell you all
The great interest awakened by your work in Montreal ;
For in country, town, and city, east and west from shore
to shore,

Noble-minded men and women read the Gaelic more and
more.

That they have the best translation of the Scriptures ever
known,

Nearest to the Greek and Hebrew, can most readily be
shown ;

We can challenge all revisers, English scholars everywhere,
And predict their utter failure if translations they compare.
Where is then the wayward Scotsman so unworthy of the
name

As to hate the very country whence his own ancestors came ?
Speaking evil of the Highlands and the clans that were of
yore,

Bursting into indignation at one word of Celtic lore,
One who scatters and despises all the books his parents read
And for him the Gaelic preacher might as well be dumb or
dead,—

For he wanders o'er the border where he gathers Yankee
slang

And returns so Anti-British that he might be Li Hung
Chang—

There are such, and I could sadly show you where they may
be seen,

But I also tell you gladly, " they are few and far between."
While in Canada rejoicing at our great commercial powers
In the ancient fame of Scotland, what a heritage is ours !
On our banners, in our mottoes, heather bells and gowans
fine

With the royal Rose and Thistle and the Shamrock leaves
entwine ;

But the Maple Leaf, for beauty and the brilliancy of gold,
Stands unrivalled in creation, as the nations must be told.
Friends and brethren, in conclusion, I must tell you, I believe
That the great old Celtic language more attention should
receive ;

Of its many living branches, Cornish, Irish, Welsh and Manx,
Are unfathomed mines of knowledge. Surely he deserves
our thanks

Who is now that great instructor of that philologic lore
That enriches earnest students 'round the world on every
shore,—

As among the hills of heather where the Thistle stands alone,
Emblem of the Scottish valour that maintains the British
throne.

Uine sin mo chairdean Gaidhealach, bithibh dileas agus
fior,

Chum 's nach bi air chall aon fhocal, feumail, priseal lan
do bhrìgh.

Long as maple-dells delight us with their wreaths as bright
as gold

Let us cherish the sweet language of the Paradise of old.

Inverness, 1895.

OUR NEW DOMINION HALLOWE'EN

Frae oor hame in the isle of the far distant ocean
We steered to the west, owre the blue rolling sea ;
An' licht blink't oor een as we hailed wi' emotion
The bonnie St. Lawrence, i' the lan' o' the free.
Wi' the great British banner a flutterin' owre us,
Fu' mony political changes we've seen ;
An' noo wi' oor national glory afore us,
In oor ain New Dominion we haud Hallowe'en.

The manners and customs oor faithers hae cherished,
To us, their descendants, maun ever be dear,
Dinna tell us the days o' the bagpipes hae perished,
The music sae sweet to the true Scottish ear !
Oor dear native Scotia's airs are as thrillin'
In war and in peace as they ever hae been ;
Wi' her soul-stirring music oor loyal hairts fillin'
In oor ain New Dominion we haud Hallowe'en.

An' a haun' o' kind greetin' we gie tae a' ithers
 Wha join us whaur freenship's bricht laurels are strawn,
 The English and Irish and French are oor brithers
 Whaur the maple grows green, an' the nation is yin ;
 But chief o' the emblems o' Confederation
 The tartan an' great Scottish thistle are seen—
 Tell the warl' an' oor kintrymen owre a' creation,
 That in oor New Dominion we haud Hallowe'en.

Write a message o' love an' true filial devotion
 An' breathe it along the bricht wires 'neath the sea,
 Tae whisper in tones o' deep, saftened emotion
 'Mangst the tombs of our sires, that their children are we.
 Tell oor brithers in strength an' oor sisters in beauty
 We aye shall be yin, though the ocean's atween ;
 Sae faithfu' to freenship an' national duty,
 In oor ain New Dominion we haud Hallowe'en.

True, we pu' nae kail runts, an' nae hempseed we scatter,
 (Sin' fairies an' warlocks hae fled frae the earth)
 We seek nae oor fortunes in luggies o' water,
 Yet we fin' oor enjoyment in innocent mirth.
 But wha can forget the dear lan' o' oor faithers,
 Wha defended their richts wi' the claymore's bricht
 sheen ?
 Fond, fond are the musings that memory gaithers
 Aroon us, when haudin' oor ain Hallowe'en.

When oor faithers an' freens gied the mountains o' heather
 An' braes o' Loch Ranza yin last look an' lang,
 They only exchangit yin lan' for anither—
 For Scotsmen are Scotsmen wherever they gang.
 Oor dear native lan' ! May all blessings attend thee !
 Thy children shall never forget thee, I ween ;
 Ilka year, as it passes, oor greetin's we'll send thee,
 As in oor New Dominion we haud Hallowe'en.

Speedside, Eramosa, Ontario,

November 20th, 1875.

ST. ANDREW'S DAY

The years and ages fly apace
O'er every kingdom, country, place,
With blessings on a mighty race,
As in days of "Auld Lang Syne."

What land in all the earth can claim
Such great divines of deathless fame
As Scotland, whence our fathers came,
In the days of "Auld Lang Syne" ?

Not here and there, but everywhere,
The noble men who do and dare
Of honour take their worthy share,
As in days of "Auld Lang Syne."

Would I not tell you, if I could,
How Andrew the Apostle stood
A patron of the great and good
In the days of "Auld Lang Syne" ?

And still my countrymen go forth,
In all the power of truth and worth,
To teach and civilize the earth,
As in days of "Auld Lang Syne."

This world is weary to the blind ;
But History is well designed
To prove St. Andrew good and kind
As in days of "Auld Lang Syne."

Beloved among the heather bells,
The gowans fine, and dewy dells,
Where many a stalwart hero dwells,
As in days of "Auld Lang Syne."

COLLECTED VERSE

And where th' unconquered thistle grows
St. Andrew charms his friends and foes
With music, poetry, and prose,
As in days of "Auld Lang Syne."

From "Auld Edina's" classic hill
He views each lovely lake and rill
Where Nature whispers, "Peace, be still,"
As in days of "Auld Lang Syne."

He claims fair Arran, in the Clyde,
My birthplace—still my joy and pride,
Where friends and relatives abide
As in days of "Auld Lang Syne."

Fair Arran, with its towering heights
Where tourists gather their delights
In viewing ancient scenes and sights
Of the days of "Auld Lang Syne."

He smiles upon the Northern Star,
Our Canada: and here we are
In friendship true, and brave in war
As in days of "Auld Lang Syne."

We sent contingents of a kind
That England's power could never find;
Who did the work to them assigned,
As in days of "Auld Lang Syne."

Though blind for more than forty years,
Great Canada to me appears
A land of hope, as well as tears,
As in days of "Auld Lang Syne."

For noble Scotsmen not a few
In Stormont and Glengarry too
Are British, loyal brave and true,
As in days of "Auld Lang Syne."

The Cornwall citizens may stand,
Each man a standard in his hand,
Freeholders in this mighty land,
As in days of "Auld Lang Syne."

Dear Scotia! the land of song,
Of social joys, where life is long,
And every home a castle strong,
As in days of "Auld Lang Syne."

Fair Scotia! despised, accused,
Her patriotic rights refused,
And by the Saxons much abused,
As in days of "Auld Lang Syne."

They claim for England every act,
The Kingdom, Crown, the King in fact;
Their books and sheets with falsehood packed
As in days of "Auld Lang Syne."

Who can the King of England be?
Not Edward, crowned so recently—
Great Britain's King in him we see,
As in days of "Auld Lang Syne."

The late Victoria may have been
The wisest monarch ever seen,
But she was never "England's Queen,"
In the days of "Auld Lang Syne."

But certain London editors,
No wiser than their striving curs,
Drive British steeds with English spurs,
As in days of "Auld Lang Syne."

A fact, a "chiel that winna ding,"
Is, that without great Scotland's king
Old England might have taken wing
In the days of "Auld Lang Syne."

COLLECTED VERSE

Great Britain, by the will of Heaven,
 To whom a king and queen were given,
 Has crowned the noblest of the seven,
 Like the kings of "Auld Lang Syne."

To those who hate the Welsh, the Manx,
 And Irish too, like silly cranks,
 Give their reward in scorn, not thanks,
 As in days of "Auld Lang Syne."

The harp of famous Erin stirs
 The world—to give her all that's hers,
 Great Wellingtons and Kitcheners,
 Like the men of "Auld Lang Syne."

St. Andrew kens the world is wide
 Ayont the seas on either side,
 He greets his friends with clannish pride,
 As in days of "Auld Lang Syne."

But truth shall triumph in the earth;
 We therefore send our greeting forth,
 Proud of our nation and our worth,
 As in days of "Auld Lang Syne."

A good St. Andrew's night to all!
 Let music ring from wall to wall,
 Hark, hark! I hear the pibroch call,
 As in days of "Auld Lang Syne."

Where great Carnegie's gifts abound
 Increasing knowledge must be found;
 The earth shall yet be hallowed ground,
 As in days of "Auld Lang Syne."

Rejoice, my friends, creation moves
 As every change in nature proves,
 But every Scot his country loves
 As in days of "Auld Lang Syne."

O! What a glorious land is ours,
Such mighty forests, golden towers,
Great mountains, prairies, fields and flowers!
As in days of "Auld Lang Syne."

Some people may delight to blow
Their trumpets o'er eternal snow,
They please themselves with all they know,
As in days of "Auld Lang Syne."

"When chill November's stormy blast
Laid fields and forests bare," and waste,
I've seen the orchards blooming fast,
In the days of "Auld Lang Syne."

In dull December's shortest days
I've seen the sunny slopes ablaze
With flowers that botanists would praise,
In the days of "Auld Lang Syne."

This is the day, the night, the hour,
To feel a soul-consoling power,
Where such abundant blessings shower,
As in days of "Auld Lang Syne."

St. Andrew might be proud this night
Of every Scotsman in his might,
Whose motto is, "God and my Right,"
As in days of "Auld Lang Syne."

God Save His Majesty, the King,
Our noble, gracious, British King,
All round the realm the anthem ring,
As in days of "Auld Lang Syne."

ST. ANDREW, GREAT AND GOOD

Recited by the Author at the banquet of the St. Andrew's Society and Sons of Scotland, of Cornwall, at Carleton House, Cornwall, St. Andrew's Night, November 30th, 1903.)

Friends, friends, friends of great and good St. Andrew,
 Tell, tell, tell his praise in prose and rhyme ;
 While the heather blooms in beauty,
 Noble Scotsmen do their duty,
 And their influence is felt in every clime.

Meet, meet, meet, keep up your annual meeting,
 Fast, fast, fast, as Time revolves his wheel,
 Be St. Andrew's fame recorded,
 And our countrymen rewarded
 For the friendship and the clannishness they feel.

March, march, march, still onward, onward, marching,
 Ours, ours, ours, be union evermore ;
 Be the British language spoken
 Where the sunlight shines unbroken
 All around this busy world on every shore.

Teach, teach, teach the Heaven-appointed language,
 All, all, all the nations have to learn ;
 He is certainly in blindness,
 Though his heart be full of kindness,
 Who the common speech of man cannot discern.

Play, play, play, long live the skilful piper,
 Tune, tune, tune, the pibroch sweet and strong,
 Scotia's choicest music sounding
 To enliven joy abounding
 Must remind us of the classic land of song.

Sing, sing, sing, your patriotic singing
Sound, sound, sound from Canada afar ;
 May our friends be all united
 And enjoy this night delighted
With the climate and the country where they are.

War, war, war, with all the woes of warring,
Gone, gone, gone, shall surely disappear,
 Yet the evil-doers tremble
 Where the British troops assemble,
And our own contingents brave and true are there.

Sons, sons, sons of great unconquered Scotland,
Wise, wise, wise ye are, and doing well ;
 By the gracious power of Heaven
 Canada to us is given,
And the blessings of the future, who can tell ?

Spread, spread, spread from ocean unto ocean,
Wide, wide, wide is the region we command,
 We Canadians are not raiders,
 Nor yet boundary-invaders,
We are peaceful in a free and happy land.

First, first, first our country, then the Empire,
Next, next, next our neighbours by our side ;
 Old Monroe had his opinion,
 But we have a great Dominion,
And we do not take his doctrine for our guide.

Now, now, now the world is all before us,
Dark, dark, dark although it is to me,
 Let us send a cheerful greeting
 To each true St. Andrew's Meeting,
From the land where nature crowns the maple tree.

Hoist, hoist, hoist the British banner o'er us,
High, high, high, all evil to repel,
 True, there may be raiders working,
 And beyond the border lurking,
But rebellion is unthought of where we dwell.

Great, great, great, Britannia be, and greater,
 Rule, rule, rule the wave in every zone,
 In our freedom we are loyal
 To the King, the rightful Royal
 Heir of Britain's great and glorious throne.

THE CROFTERS

Success to the Crofters, their cause must prevail,
 The cause they have cherished for years,
 For the land of his birth is the home of the Gael
 And his Gaelic the language that cheers.

We have heard of a sound in the mulberry tree
 In a book that is sacred and old,
 Let the tale of the Crofters be borne on the breeze
 Till the tale of their triumph is told.

Let the thunders from Erin—the echoes from Wales
 And the voice of the Highlands and Isles,
 Be wafted afar upon Liberty's gales
 To the terror of tyrant Argyles.

Down, down with the haughty, the cruel and vain,
 Like a lion enraged in his den!
 Let the thousands of acres he calls his domain
 Be restored to the children of men.

The Rephaim may rage: we have entered the field,
 For the earth unto Adam was given;
 And seed-time shall be and harvest shall yield
 While the sun is a witness for heaven.

And let every man on the face of the earth,
 In your country, another's, and mine,
 Have the freedom of life; coming in, going forth,
 From his cot 'neath his fig tree and vine.

If the Ahabs that lived and whose memories rot
Gave your lands and your vineyards to peers,
Still the land of his birth is the home of the Scot
And his Gaelic the language that cheers.

But when forced by oppression and tyranny, ye
Must forsake the dear land of your birth ;
Come away to the West, for this land of the free
Is becoming a power in the earth.

In the States of the Union and Canada, too,
We are free from the thralldom of peers ;
And when ye are coming, the loyal and true,
Bring your Gaelic, the language that cheers.

THE HOLY FIDDLE

Ance i' the far-famed lan' whaur blooms the heather
There leev'd a man, they ca'd him Donald Fee,
The verra chiel to face a' sorts o' weather ;
Bold, darin', brave and dexterous was he.

An', while his stalwart airm could daur the doin',
Large was his heart, benevolent an' kind.
" The even tenor o' his way " pursuin',
He leaved at peace wi' God and a' mankind.

An' there was Maggie, bonny an' confidin',
The saintly portrait o' a woman true,
Fast by th' apostle's holy laws abidin'
She kenned her duty weel, an' did it too.

But e'en the guid maun hae their relaxation,
They leeve on airth, an' leeving maun be seen,
An' sae the elder's wife on ae occasion
Was thus accosted by a neebour frien' :

"Hoots, Maggie woman, why in sic a hurry,
Say, can't ye bide an' gie us a' the news?
The bairns an' I are thro' oor scourin' flurry,
An' noo we'll hae a crack about the Jews,

"Americans, Mohammedans or ony
Ither sic subject that sae weel ye ken;
Sic as the various ways o' makin' money,
Or hoo the modern woman rules the man.

"Wha's sick? wha's dead? and wha is gaun to marry?
An' wha's in debt an' summon to the court?
An' a' the crimes committed i' the parish,
Wha droun himsel' an' wha has cut his throat.

"The accidents on rail-roads, an' the wreckin'
O' vessels lost on a' the oceans 'roun,
The price o' produce, an' what banks are breakin',
Or any ither gossip o' the toun."

"Oh, Jenny, dear, I dinna gaither stories,
O' foreign matters I but little ken,
I dinna care for Garibaldi's glories
Nor for the richt we hae to rule the men.

"There's Donald, nae a better elder's breathin',
He rules his house accordin' to St. Paul;
An' gin there's trouble i' the Session, he then
Maks peace and rules an' over-rules them all.

"The follies o' the age distress him fairly,
He's groanin' o'er the nation's sins an' crimes;
But sins o' worldly pleasures grieve him sairly,
He says he never saw sic waefu' times."

"Hoots, Maggie woman! Donald's ower pious;
Noo, there's oor meenister—the best o' men—
He plays the fiddle ilka day he rises.
An' wad ye cast him in a lion's den?

“ Or banish him frae grace an’ the Communion ?
 O, a’ the saints i’ airth an’ Heaven aboon !
 Ye’re grown sa unco’ guid it’s my opinion
 Ye’ll shak the dust agin us frae your shoon.”

“ He plays the fiddle ilka day he rises !
 Och ! och mo bhron cha n’eil e fìor qu beachd !
 Noo, Jenny, that a maist confounded lee is,
 Hoo wickedly ye slander Maister Clarke !”

“ Stop, stop the noo, I heard frae Jessie Dydler—
 An’ folk may weel believe whate’er she says—
 The meenister’s a maist delightful fiddler,
 An’ she is like to dance whene’er he plays.”

“ Oh dear ! a fiddlin’ dance-provokin’ minister,
 What wad the rulin’ elder think o’ that !”
 Wi’ haste she told him a’ the tale sae sinister,
 An’ Donald quickly rose and took his hat.

Firm as the rocks o’ Ailsa an’ Ben Lomond
 Was Donald’s fortitude, his courage cool ;
 He could na doot the story o’ the woman
 But his inquiries maun be made by rule.

Sae aff to ither elders—Jock and Charlie,
 Baith auld men, grey an’ reverend their wigs.
 “ I’ve heard a rumour that should grieve us sairly ;
 Oor meenister’s accused o’ playin’ jigs !

“ An’ on a fiddle too, I do assure ye
 Such practices were never orthodox.
 We’ll hae to ca’ the Session, haud a jury,
 An’ gin it’s true we’ll put him frae the box.”

Soon said an’ done. An’ Donald, Jock and Charlie,
 By vote unanimous, were sent to see.
 An’ men endowed wi’ cautious prudence rarely
 As weel as keen discernment waur the three.

Charged wi' their mission, at the manse arriving
 They were admitted. Donald led the way :
 " Hoo are ye, Maister Clarke ? " and then contriving
 To make their object kent began to say :

" We hear—we heard—we hope it isn't true, sir—
 That you—they say—that you the fiddle play,
 I beg your pardon, naething could we do, sir,
 But cam an' spier it o' yersel' the day."

" Ay," said the meenister, " it is your duty
 Tae keep doon evil in sic times as these,
 But praise is comely, holiness hath beauty,
 We'll gang into my study, if you please."

They followed timidly but wi' decorum,
 His kindness dissipating ilka qualm.
 An' being seated wi' their books afore them,
 Said Maister Clarke, " We'll sing the Hundredth Psalm."

(Noo Elder Donald was a bonny singer
 An' had preented in the kirk for years ;
 An' Jock and Charlie, too, wad gladly linger
 Wherever melody assailed their ears.)

Sae Donald set the tune an' a' united,
 The meenister still playing while they sang.
 The elders waur astonished and delighted
 As far ayont the manse the music rang.

" At times when I am weary in my study,"
 Said Maister Clarke, " I sing and play the while,
 Ye ken that cheerfu' music helps a body,
 The weariness o' study to beguile."

The neebours couldna tell what kind o' meetings
 Were being held at kirk and manse that day.
 And after interchanging smiles and greetings,
 To tell their tale the elders went away.

Then Donald to the Session anxious waitin'
 Made his report—wi' numerous *but's* and *or's*—
 "Oor preacher's fiddle's no a harp o' Satan,
 But a muckle holy fiddle, like a kist o' drawers."

"A Holy Fiddle" was at once repeated
 Frae ane to ane, an' echoed through the town;
 The gossipers were silenced and defeated
 And Maister Clarke proved worthy o' his gown.

May 27th, 1874.

THE LAND OF SONG

(Written for the St. Andrew's Society)

His step was light, his eyes were bright,
 His heart was brave and young;
 When called to leave his native Isle,
 The lovely Land of Song.

When, tempest toss'd, the seas he crossed
 His ardent hopes were strong;
 Though tears bedimmed thy parting shades,
 Thou peerless Land of Song.

The bravest here may shed a tear;
 To weep it was not wrong
 When last he saw that star of earth,
 The holy Land of Song.

And when he reached the sunny beach
 Of China's famed Hong Kong,
 Ev'n there, he heaved a sigh for thee,
 The flowery Land of Song.

And when on shore at Serampore
 He joined the conquering throng,
 Beneath the palms they sang thy praise,
 Thou cheerful Land of Song.

COLLECTED VERSE

Though Delhi's powers and Lucknow's towers
Were fortified and strong ;
They fell before thy gallant sons,
Thou mighty Land of Song.

And when with toil they gained the Nile,
Where Moses wept when young,
Among the pyramids they 'claimed
The classic Land of Song.

In burning sands and distant lands,
Privations great and long ;
Thy melodies sustain their hearts,
Thou Land of Sacred Song.

Amid the strife of savage life,
In many a foreign tongue,
My countrymen contend for Truth
As in the Land of Song.

And where God's name they do proclaim,
With Right to conquer Wrong,
The nations learn to imitate
The peaceful Land of Song.

But when a Czar goes mad for war
And beats his battle-gong ;
Thy heroes take his Malakhoffs ;
Thou giant Land of Song.

And blissful days of peace and praise
Like ours, may God prolong ;
The British Throne sustained by thee,
Unconquered Land of Song.

Well may the peers allay their fears,
And find the Kingdom strong.
Our gracious Queen delights in thee,
The faithful Land of Song.

At home, abroad, on land or flood,
Where'er thy children throng,
They celebrate thy worthy praise,
Thou matchless Land of Song.

While history weaves the Maple leaves
Around the Thistle's prong
The Rose and Shamrock must confess
A nobler Land of Song.

This country claims the greatest names
That to our race belong ;
And we will make young Canada
A famous Land of Song.

While year by year, assembled here,
We greet the old and young,
As do our dearest friends at home
In that sweet Land of Song.

Hark ! hark ! the strains o'er hills and plains,
The pipers come along—
The music thrills our very hearts,
Dear Scotia, Land of Song.

November 30th, 1872.

THE LANGUAGE AND EMBLEMS OF SCOTLAND

Down by the great St. Lawrence's flowing waters,
Beneath the shelving rocks, I sought repose
And shelter from the whirling wind that scatters
The maple leaves with every breeze that blows.

The loud and piercing locomotive whistle
Announced a rushing railway train at hand ;
While from the other side great guns did bristle
From that old famous battery, called the Grand.

There did I muse o'er days and years departed,
 And those brave veterans who climbed the steep,
 And General Wolfe, who fell—the lion-hearted—
 While o'er the plains the Highlanders did sweep.

Yes, over scenes historic calmly glancing,
 A host of heroes passed in grand array;
 And I rejoiced to find the world advancing
 To peace and glory at no distant day.

When, lo! before me stood a giant hoary,
 Of mien majestic and with words sublime.
 I asked him whence he came and what his story,
 "Earth's registrar I am—my name is Time.

"Each language mine, the very Gaelic spoken
 Ere tempter's tongue assailed the sacred bowers,
 Or Babel's builders with their union broken
 Were sent to dwell in tents and meaner towers.

"I saw a vulgar crowd confused, confounded,
 From bricks and mortar all in haste to flee.
 To one great chieftain by his clan surrounded
 I gave the sacred tongue in trust for me.

"The language of the heart outlives confusion,
 It never shall by tyranny be crushed;
 Speak it, ye brave!—seers die in their delusion—
 Time shall proclaim your triumph o'er their dust."

(The words he uttered, like the echoing thunder,
 Rolled over earth and sea to Scotia's strand;
 The nations stood aside in silent wonder,
 To hear Time's truthful tribute to my land.)

"O Star of Earth! unstained by conquering warrior,
 Thou sacred land of poetry and song,
 Eternal Truth in thee has built a barrier
 Against oppression, tyranny and wrong."

He paused, I looked, and lo! a light was beaming
Broader and brighter round old Albion's shore;
And in the rays I saw his visage gleaming
With richer radiance than it did before.

It seemed as if all nations and all ages
Had well conspired to decorate his form;
His garb the garb of patriarchs and sages,
And on his head he wore a "bonnaid ghorm."

And all around that bonnet blooming heather
Entwined into a wreath adorned his head;
And over Adam's coats of skins and leather
His plaid of tartan gracefully was spread.

I stood entranced, astonished at the vision,
When lo! a sturdy thistle rose to sight—
'Twas thus he silenced scorning and derision,
While thus he held the Scottish emblem bright.

Invulnerable Thistle! Be thou cherished
By every worthy son of Scottish name;
While weaker weeds on other shores have perished
Be Caledonia's emblem still the same!

And like the Danes shall all invaders stumble
Whose puny power would crush thee to the earth;
Thou "Giogan mor!" whatever crowns may crumble,
The flag that bears thee guards a peaceful hearth.

O land of heroes! let thy fame in story
Still live where'er the British flag's unfurled;
Thy sons sustain their thistle and their glory;
Their country—where they dwell, their home—the world.

O land of Fingal, Wallace, Bruce and Ossian!
Land of the language spoken first of yore!
Be thou the brightest spot in earth and ocean
Till worlds shall cease and time shall be no more.

The vision vanished, and I took the heather
 And placed it in my bonnet as you see ;
 The thistle and the tartan go together,
 The emblems of a nation great and free.

THE SAILOR'S ANSWER

A gallant ship, that long had braved
 The dangers o' the sea,
 Wi' snowy sheets outspread approached
 The rivers Don and Dee.

Her skipper, hale and hearty man,
 Was maister o' his keel ;
 For navigation as an art
 He kenned and practised weel.

Her officers and crew were sic
 As never yield to fear ;
 An' yet wi' tearfu' een they see
 Their native lan' appear.

The heathery hills o' bonny blue,
 Far in the distance seen,
 Enthralled their hairts, as they approached
 The port o' Aberdeen.

There, anchor cast, wi' joyfu' haste
 They quickly gaed on shore ;
 An' mony a tear o' joy was shed
 At mony a cottage door,

An' mony kindly words were said,
 An' mony a kiss was given,
 An' mony a prayer arose that nicht
 Of thankfulness to Heaven.

Ae chiel gaed hame to greet his wife—
The hero o' oor sang—
His bonny Jean, wha told the year
Sae dreary, dread and lang.

An' there before the cottage door
She stood in all her charms;
An' wi' a mither's love she placed
Their bairn in Sandy's arms.

What were the faither's feelings then
I leave you to divine,
As roun' the cottage fire that nicht
They talked o' auld lang syne.

Misanthropists may gloor an' froon
At humble scenes like this,
But if there's happiness on earth
'Tis found in wedded bliss.

Then said the sailor, "Bonny wife,
I think, an' ye be pleased,
I hae na lang tae bide at hame,
We'll hae the bairn baptized."

While thus the loving pair discussed
Their duty tae their son,
"My ain gude-wife," the sailor said,
"I think we'll ca' him John."

The manse was nae a mile awa',
The meenister at hame—
A self-conceited gentleman,
We dinna gie his name.

The gossips said he was in love,
Perhaps it micht be true,
An' had agreed that afternoon
To hae an interview.

COLLECTED VERSE

To disappoint his lady-love
 Would never do ava,
 An' he wished the sailor an' his bairn
 A thousan' miles awa'.

"The tar is nae a fool," said he,
 "As I can weel discern,
 But gin he disna' ken the Buik
 He maun gang hame to learn."

The Catechisms, Short and Lang,
 Were answered through and through,
 For every point o' law an' grace
 That canny sailor knew.

"Confoun' him," thought the meenister,
 "But noo I'll tell ye what,
 I'll put him through Church History,
 I ken he'll fail i' that!"

"Kirk History?" the sailor said.
 "O, ay, ye ken it means
 The history o' the Kirk hersel',
 Seceders an' the friens."

"Wha was the first Seceder then?
 Noo see if ye can tell."
 "I think," the canny sailor said,
 "It was the Deil himsel'."

THE SCOTSMAN IN CANADA

(Written for the Canadian Highland Society, Inverness,
 August, 1859)

Frae the isle o' his hame i' the far distant ocean
 He steers to the west ow'r the blue roarin' sea;
 An' lichts blinks his een as he hails wi' emotion
 The bonnie Saint Lawrence i' the lan' o' the free.

When fairly he's landed no long did he saunter,
But seeks out some work that's baith useful and pays;
For weel dis he ken that the honest maun banter
Wi' life like a hero, and toil a' his days.

An' in ilka position connected wi' honor,
We find baith the Scotsman an' Hielandman too.
They aye lo'e their "Kintra," bring blessings upon her;
To the "powers that be" they are aye leal and true.

Yea, the Scotsman is active the Province a' over,
An' whate'er he begins he maun carry a' through,
As statesmen mak' laws, and as lawyers discover
The spirit o' law as nane ither can do.

Our Members o' Parliament, ay, an' oor printers,
Oor Governors, Councillors, bankers an' a'
Are Scotsmen; and round them an influence centres
Wi' freedom o' thocht an' wi' glory o' law.

Frae the Premier doon to the usefu' mechanic
We boast o' the Scots, an' 'tis muckle I fear
That the great Board o' Works wad gang doon in a panic
If 'twas no for the help o' the Scots engineer.

An' the Scots are oor merchants in amaisit ilka village
An' city an' toon frae the East to the West.
An' Canada owes them as muckle for tillage
As she dis for the learnin' wi' whilk she is blessed.

As doctors they ken a' the cause o' diseases,
An' gi'e ilka dose wi' judicious care;
They ne'er let a sufferer dee as he pleases,
An' their kindness and skill are esteemed ilka where.

In College and School they mak' excellent teachers,
An' some are weel up to the writing o' sang;
An' last but no least, are oor guid Scottish preachers
Wha point to the way whar the holy maun gang.

When my faither an' frien's gi'ed the mountains o' heather,
 An' braes o' Loch Ranza a last look sae lang,
 They only exchanged a'e land for anither,
 For Scotsmen are Scotsmen wherever they gang.

Noo the trees frae oor fields ha'e departed for ever,
 An' the plough an' the sickle are passin' instead,
 But shall we forget thee, Auld Scotland? Nay, never,
 The land where oor faithers wi' Wallace ha'e bled!

THOUGHTS FOR ST. ANDREW'S DAY

Kindly greeting, welcome, cheer,
 Unto all assembled here,
 "Mile fail 't" another year,
 Scotia's loyal bairns!
 Bairns of patriotic sires,
 "Scots wha hae" each heart inspires,
 Famous warriors tune their lyres
 By the crags and cairns.

Cairns that guard th' unconquered shore
 Mark the battlefields of yore,
 Built by heroes now no more.
 Their descendants, we

Gladly throng St. Andrew's Hall,
 True Canadians one and all,
 Guard the great Dominion wall
 Stretched from sea to sea.

Come from other lands afar
 Worthy citizens there are,
 Brightly beams the Northern Star
 O'er the country wide.
 Great in our Colonial might,
 "Peace" our motto and delight;
 While we rally for the right
 Union be our pride.

Yes, with right to conquer wrong
Let each citizen be strong
Making this a "Land of Song"
Through the sunny hours—
When the summer days are past
And the snow is falling fast,
Sounding o'er the stormy blast,
"Canada is ours."

Right across the bound'ry line
Dwells a people grand and fine,
Fitly fond of many a shrine
With their Stripes and Stars.
Still, with such good neighbours nigh,
Hopeful of the by and by,
Britain calmly keeps an eye
On the signs of Mars.

Friendly greetings then to all
Scots on this terrestrial ball,
Born to stand—not one to fall
As a coward slave.
Honoured Scotsmen in our day
Stand for truth and lead the way,
Noblest, greatest heroes they,
Bravest of the brave.

Inverness, Quebec,
November 20th, 1894.

VII.—ON TEMPERANCE

FREEMEN'S SONG

ONTARIO

Our favoured land is bright and fair,
And all should equal freedom share ;
The right to live, the right to vote,
And comfort, health, and wealth promote.

Ontario, Ontario,

May surely claim her rights to know,
But now her foe, with ruthless hand,
Would take away her border land.

Ontario, Ontario,

Arise and lay the traitors low.

All righteous freemen well may hate
The very name of Syndicate ;
Monopolists, and all their crew,
In former years we never knew.

Ontario, Ontario,

May surely claim her rights to know ;
But now her foe, with ruthless hand,
Has squandered half our prairie land.

Ontario, Ontario,

Arise and lay the traitors low.

As Britons we may proudly boast
A flag that waves on every coast ;
That marks the kingdom of the brave
But never shades the cringing slave.

Ontario, Ontario,

May surely claim her rights to know ;

But now her foe's enslaving hand
Has gerrymandered all the land.

Ontario, Ontario,
Arise and lay the traitor low.

Up, up, ye freemen, follow Blake,
Away, away your fetters shake,
Your country's weal still keep in sight,
And God defend and speed the right.

Ontario, Ontario,
May surely claim her rights to know,
For now her foe, with taxing hand,
Would grind the poor and crush the land.
Ontario, Ontario.

REFORMER'S RALLYING SONG

WEST ELGIN

Ring the knell of thraldom, boys ; we'll sound it loud and
long,

Ring it with a spirit that will wake and thrill the throng ;

Ring it as Reformers ring, a thousand, thousand strong,

For we are marching to victory.

Hurrah, boys, hurrah, boys ! for Blake will make
us free,

Hurrah, boys, hurrah, boys ! our leader he shall
be ;

Freemen rally 'round him, from the centre to the
sea,

For we are marching to victory.

Rouse we then the people, boys, enlist them one and all ;

Let every man who has a vote be true to duty's call,

And we will send the traitor knights, like beggars, to the
wall,

For we are marching to victory.

Hurrah, boys, hurrah, boys ! etc.

Hector's Frenchmen in Quebec, are Tories tann'd and tarr'd,
 John, to please them, sets aside the boundary award,
 But we will vote for honest men who will our rights regard,
 For we are marching to victory.

Hurrah, boys, hurrah, boys! etc.

Sir John may swear by Jupiter that he has hived the grits,
 Since he has cut the counties up and carved them into bits;
 Does he forget that they may swarm and give his party fits?
 For we are marching to victory.

Hurrah, boys, hurrah, boys! etc.

Gerrymandering trickery has wakened just alarms;
 Old Ontario is stripped of all her ancient charms,
 And might it not be justly said, "To arms, ye free, to
 arms!"?

For we are marching to victory.

Hurrah, boys, hurrah, boys! etc.

This is the sunny month of June, the year is eighty-two,
 And every man must make his mark, as all Reformers do;
 And while we work for Edward Blake, we vote for Casey
 too,

For we are marching to victory.

Hurrah, boys, hurrah, boys! etc.

TEMPERANCE TRIUMPH IN MEGANTIC

There is a star whose shining light
 Has oft illumed the drunkard's night,
 Its lustre spreads afar;
 A blessing beams in every ray
 That turns the darkness into day;
 It is the Temperance Star.

There is a rule to mortals given,
The maxim came to earth from heaven,
It sends the world to school ;
The wisest sages never taught
The holy soul-inspiring thought ;
It is the Golden Rule.

There is a page of sacred truth,
The stay of age, the guide of youth,
From an inspired pen ;
With love, sobriety and peace
It teaches how we must increase
The happiness of men.

It teaches me, it teaches you,
There is a work for all to do
In this dark world of sin ;
A debt that every mortal owes,
To save himself, his friends, his foes
From whisky, rum and gin.

Now there's a will and there's a way
To do this work by night and day
And precious time employ ;
To find the foe and hunt him down ;
To break his neck and crack his crown ;
And all his works destroy.

Ye Temperance workers tried and true !
The public's thanks we offer you
For such a blazing fire ;
The best, the brightest form of law
That old Megantic ever saw,
Old Whisky's funeral pyre.

The court-house lights were all aglow.
The vendors felt a stunning blow
That made them stand and stare.
And though the learned lawyers twist
The law, and on their briefs insist,
The brave will do and dare.

Then here's my hand to every man
 That lives to do whate'er he can.
 With right to conquer wrong.
 And when ye search and seize the coops
 And burn another pile of hoops,
 I'll write a Temperance song.

THE CASTLE OF BACCHUS

There are castles in the mountains, there are "castles in the
 air";
 There are dungeons dark and dismal, there are "Giants of
 Despair";
 There are men enslaved by evil, by their passions captive
 led;
 There are souls that sin and suffer, vainly wishing they
 were dead;
 There are torturing diseases, there are accidents and ills,
 There are conflicts where in battle bloody man his brother
 kills;
 There are widows, there are orphans, made by war's accursed
 sweep;
 Ships are lost upon the ocean, there is death upon the deep;
 There are plagues and there is famine upon many a blighted
 shore;
 There's a dread of coming evil that was never known before.
 Earth is like a sea of sorrow, full of suffering and woe,
 Millions wandering in darkness to a darker world below,
 On the ocean-tide of error by the billows tossed about
 Full of gloomy apprehension, anxious fear and dreadful
 doubt.
 Multitudes are going crazy, there is mental, moral blindness—
 There are men with hearts so stolid that they never think of
 kindness.
 There are loungers on creation, drones that never gather
 honey;
 Villains have been known to murder when they thought that
 men had money;

There are raiders and marauders plundering on every shore,
Highway robbers and assassins leave their victims in their
gore.

What has happened yet may happen, what has been may
be again,

Oh, how dreadful and how shocking are the ways of wicked
men!

Yet though gloomy is the picture there is one more awful
still ;—

There are men that walk about us having licences to kill !
If the dynamite exploders through the darkness feel their
way

There are those that serve their master in the open light of
day.

In this " City of Destruction," in this wilderness of sin,
There are men who manufacture floods of whisky, rum and
gin.

See the slaughter-house of Bacchus, kept by Rum the Giant-
Killer,

And the butchers he commissions are the brewer and distiller !
See the stacks of sooty chimneys belching fumes of fury
forth,

Telling 'mongst the hosts of heaven how the devil rules the
earth !

See the hosts of liquor-sellers, for the paltry sums they pay
In the full and free enjoyment of a legal right to slay !
And their victims count by thousands, count the noble and
the brave

That are daily sweeping downward into ruin and the grave !
Mighty men, the very giants both in intellect and power,
Have been overcome by liquor in temptation's evil hour.

Hopes are blasted, hearts are broken, bitter things are thought
and said,

Whilst our money-loving rulers meet to regulate the trade.
In our legislative chambers there are men whose oaths are
taken

That the butcheries of Bacchus they will never see forsaken ;
While the Giant-Killer's castle they unitedly uphold

How they club and clutch and cluster 'round the dividends
of gold!

'Tis the revenue they care for—not the suffering and the
sighing

Of the ruined that are living, or the anguish of the dying.
Let the scroll of nations tell us if a fouler deed were done
Since the serpent entered Eden, since Jehovah made the sun?
Has a fouler scoundrel's shadow fallen on the light of God
Since the days when Huns and Vandals, Turks, and Turpins
stalked abroad?

There are other legislators, good and earnest, true and holy
And it is the bounden duty of the wealthy and the lowly
—Every one who is a voter—to sustain them in position,
To encourage and support them till they give us Prohibition.
Men like Ross and Clarke and Rymal, men whose honoured
names are known,

Men whose fame shall live in story when the traffic is
o'erthrown,

Men the country must rely on till we sweep intoxication
From this great and grand Dominion by removing the
temptation.

Not so very distant, surely, is the day when, sin assailing,
Truth and righteousness shall triumph, over evil good
prevailing.

Now, ye wise and patriotic, ye whose hearts are right with
God,

Rouse to war against the mighty, rise to stem the flagon's
flood!

Round the slaughter-house where Bacchus plies his Giant-
Killer's trade

Let us work for Prohibition till the tottering walls are laid
All in ruins, and our triumph rings with joy from shore to
shore;—

“Alcohol's strongholds are taken, and his kingdom is no
more.”

THE DEFEAT OF E. KING DODDS AT THE BATTLE
OF HALTON

Not a drum was heard nor a musical note,
As his steps to the station he hurried;
Not a voter declared his farewell vote
O'er the grave where the boaster we buried.

For we sent him away in a dreadful fright,
With scarcely a hope of returning;
In the murky glare and the glimmering light
Of the Licence Law dimly burning.

No useless honours adorned his crest,
Nor as E. King Dodd we crowned him;
But he fled like a carrion bird to his nest
With this rumseller's cloak around him.

Few and short were the praises that o'er him we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on his face as he fled,
And triumphantly thought of the morrow.

We thought as we followed the sparrow head
On his way to his lonely pillow,
That he, for the dangerous things he had said,
Should be sent far away o'er the billow.

Lightly we talked of the lecturer gone,
And for his old acts did upbraid him;
But little we'll reck, if they let him creep on
As low as great Halton has laid him.

But our voting task was thoroughly done,
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we left him to go on his journey alone,
While his last ray of hope was expiring.

Wholly and gladly we let him go down
From the county so famous in story ;
We carved not a line, but we heard his deep groan,
When he left us alone in our glory.

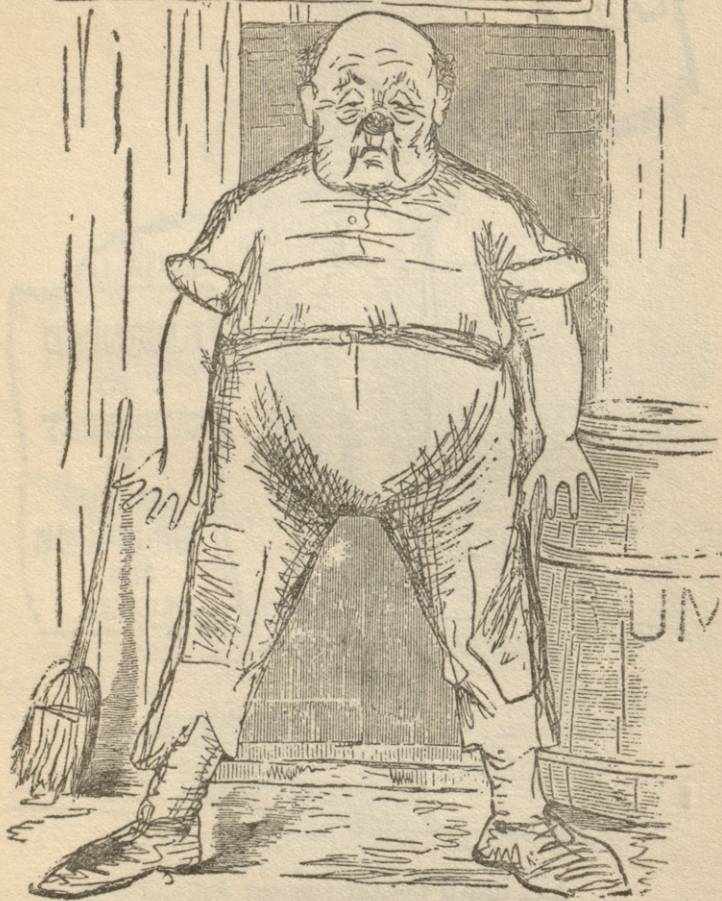
Halton, *September 10th*, 1884.

THE FLOOD OF DEATH;
OR
THE MALT THAT LAY IN THE HOUSE THAT
JACK BUILT

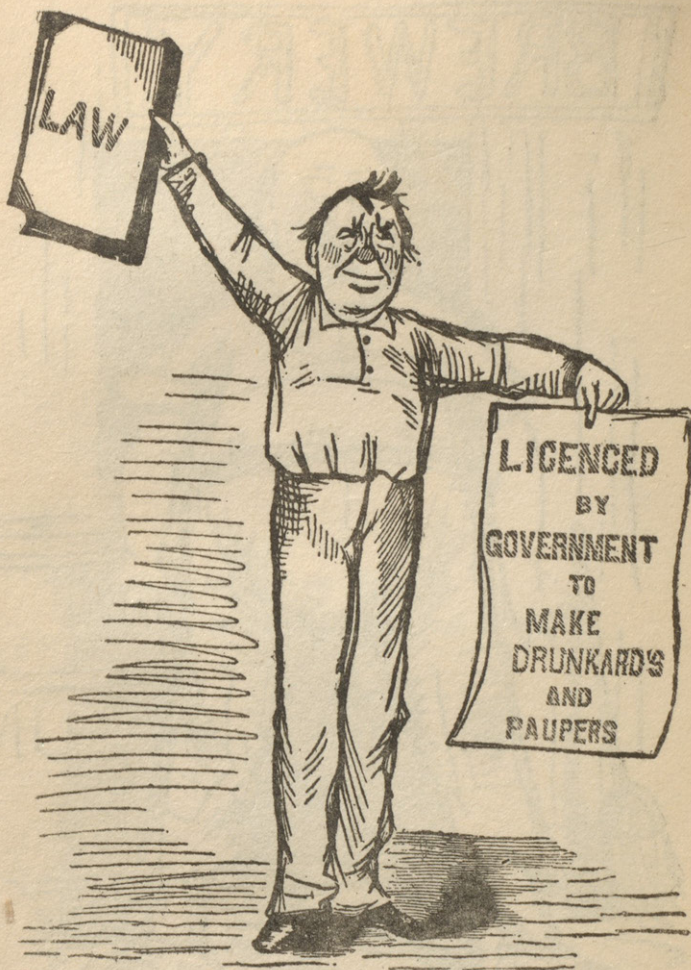
Illustrated by J. W. Bengough, Grip Cartoonist.

*Have ye heard of the Malt
That lay in the House that Jack built?*

BREWERY.



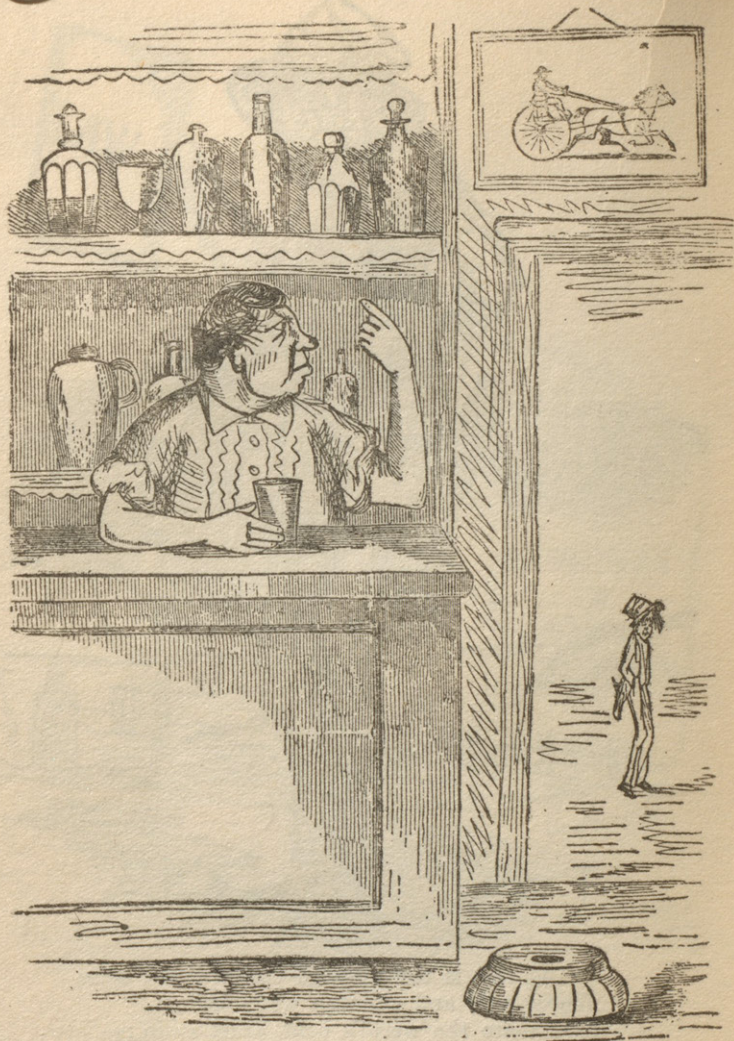
Well, this is the Man with Vat and Still,
Who spends his time, his wealth, his skill,
In making drink to poison and kill;—
Flooding the earth with whisky swill,
In many a river and many a rill;—
All made from the *Malt* that lay in
The House that Jack built.



And this is the Government Act and Might,
That gives the Brewer a legal right,
To make and sell, both day and night,
The stream that flows from the Vat and Still,
In which he spends his wealth, his skill,
In making drink to poison and kill ;—
Flooding the earth with whisky swill,
In many a river and many a rill.



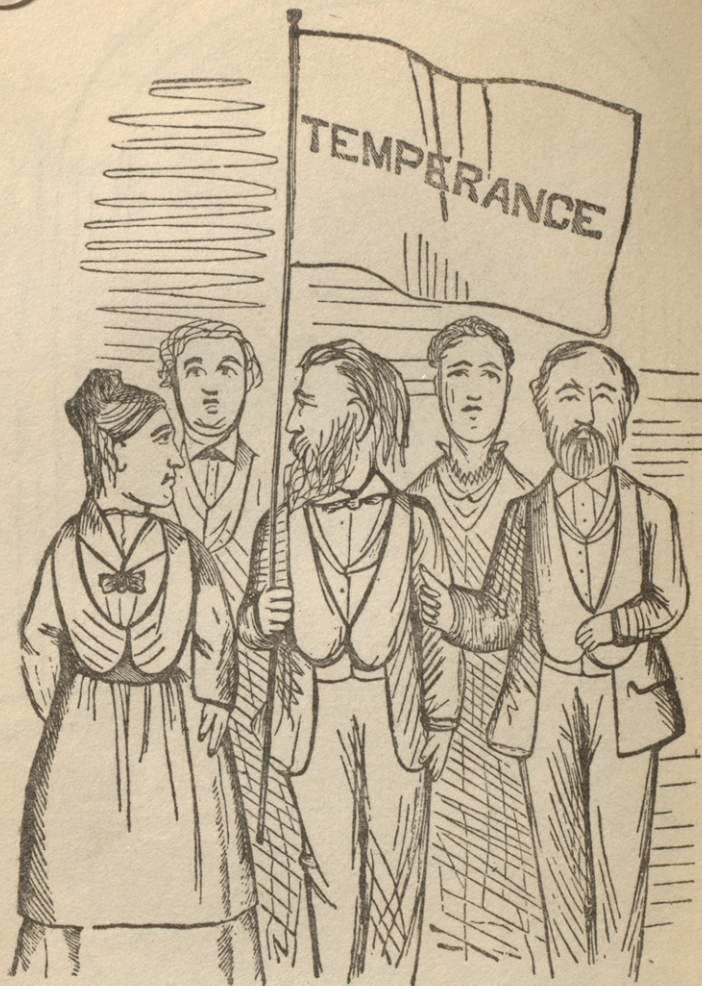
And this is the man all tattered and torn,
Whose wife and children weep forlorn,
And share the world's cold, cruel scorn ;—
Who spends his earnings night and morn,
According to Government Act and Might,
That gives the Brewer a legal right
To make, and sell, both day and night,
The stream that flows from the Vat and Still,
On which he spends his wealth, his skill,
In making drink to poison and kill ;—
Flooding the earth with whisky swill,
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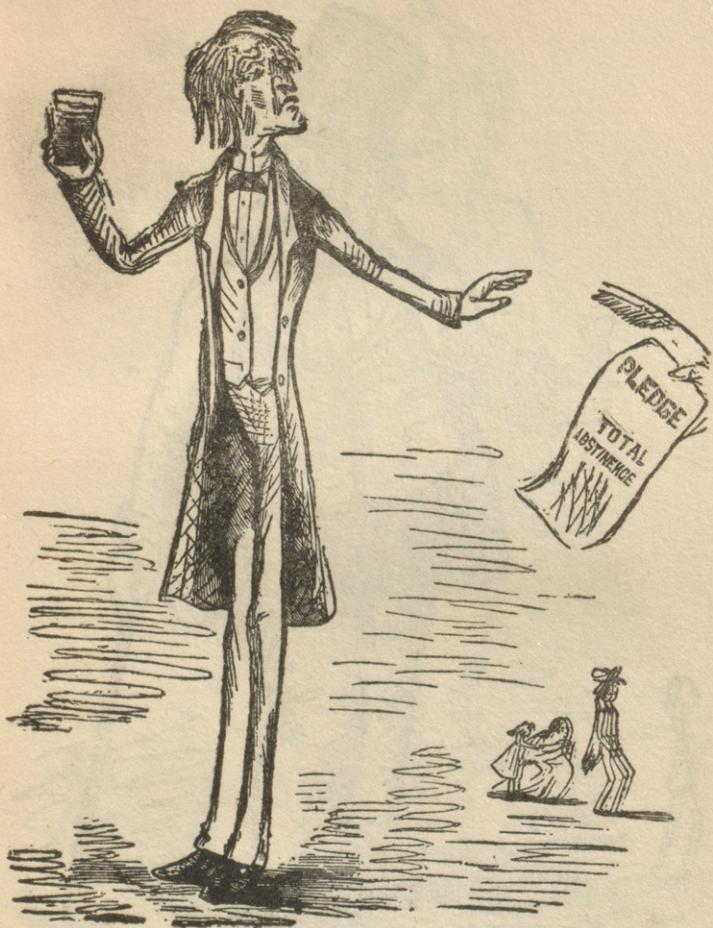
And this is the man with keg and jar,
That stands behind his tavern bar,
And swears how good his liquors are,
And slyly keeps his door ajar—
Enticing the drunkard tattered and torn,
Whose wife and children weep forlorn,
And share this world's cold, cruel scorn.



And this is the Pastor preaching truth,—
Admonishing age, and warning youth ;
Raising the standard, speaking for God
When the enemy enters like a flood ;—
Strong in the light of the Temperance star—
Sounding the trumpet loud and far—
Waging an everlasting war
Against the man with keg and jar,
That stands behind his tavern bar,
And swears how good his liquors are !



And this is the true and faithful band,
Still stretching forth a helping hand,
Who take a firm and noble stand,
To drive this death-flood from the land ;
For these are they who understand—
Do good to all, as God's command—
And aid the Pastor, preaching truth,
Admonishing age, and warning youth ;
Raising the standard, speaking for God,
When the enemy enters like a flood.



And this is the Pharisee, bold and brave,
Who thanks his God that he's no slave,
But will not sign the Pledge, to save
A Brother from a drunkard's grave :—
But who opposes the Temperance band
Still stretching forth a helping hand,
Who take a firm and noble stand
To drive this death-flood from the land.

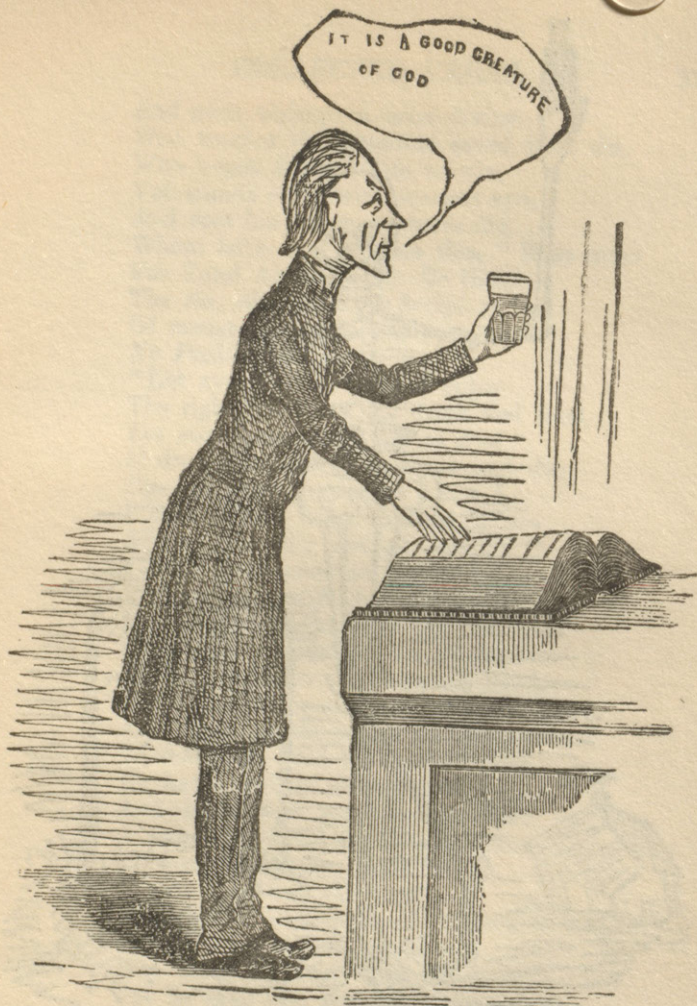


And this is the Levite stiff and stern,
Who knows enough, and will not learn,—
Who can no path of duty discern,
But passes by with unconcern
To follow the Pharisee bold and brave,
Who thanks his God that he's no slave—
But will not sign the Pledge, to save
A Brother from a drunkard's grave.



And this is the Christian saved from sin,
Who hopes eternal life to win,
Yet stands aside with tearless eye
And sees his fellow-creatures die!
Whose faith and practice this, "Who cares
For Total Abstinence? Be theirs
The sin, who pass the Scripture line
Of moderation, drinking wine!"
No Prohibition is his cry,

“ Let every man on earth enjoy
The right to choose his Drink and Food—
For *every creature of God is good!*
If drunkards choose to drink and die,
I'm not their keeper, no! not I;
I take a little wine, as Paul
Advises Timothy, and all.
I drink, but never to excess;
Receiving all with thankfulness.”
But well he knows it is the use
That leads all sots to the abuse.
He calmly views the Dragon's flood,
Destroying souls at home, abroad,
And sweeping thousands to the grave—
Without one word to warn or save.
Partaker of the Nation's sin
He sips his brandy, rum and gin,
He hates, abhors intoxication
And drinks with pious moderation.
A stumbling-block from day to day,
To lead the weaker souls astray,
A holy man serenely dumb,
Though half the world should sink in rum;
But oh! his memory shall rot
Who knew his duty—but did it not!
For he shall die, and leave this sphere
No better for his living here.
And so will the Levite, stiff and stern,
Who knows enough and will not learn;
Who can no path of duty discern,
But passes by with unconcern,
To follow the Pharisee, bold and brave,
Who thanks his God that he's no slave,
But will not sign the Pledge, to save
A Brother from a drunkard's grave.



And this is the man at holy shrine,
Who loves the clusters of the vine,
And says that God with kind design
Has made intoxicating wine,
And even whisky—a boon divine.
Who teaches the Christian saved from sin,
Who hopes eternal life to win,—
Yet stands aside with tearless eye,
And sees his fellow-creatures die.



And th's is the whole of this cursed trade,
What the Pharisee, Priest and Levite said.
And though the language be not fine,
My friends, take this advice of mine—
Withstand the man at holy shrine,
Who loves the clusters of the vine,
And says that God with kind design
Has made intoxicating wine,

And even whisky—a boon divine.
Who teaches the Christian saved from sin,
Who hopes Eternal Life to win,
Yet stands aside with tearless eye,
And sees his fellow-creatures die.
Whose faith and practice this, “Who cares
For Total Abstinence? Be theirs
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No better for his living here;
And so will the Levite, stiff and stern,
Who knows enough, and will not learn,
Who can no path of duty discern,
But passes by with unconcern
To follow the Pharisee, bold and brave,

COLLECTED VERSE

Who thanks his God that he's no slave,
 But will not sign the Pledge, to save
 A Brother from a drunkard's grave ;
 But who opposes the Temperance band,
 Still stretching forth a helping hand,
 Who take a firm and noble stand
 To drive this death flood from the land.
 Who read God's Word, and understand ;
 Do good to all, as His command,
 And aid the Pastor teaching truth,
 Admonishing age, and warning youth ;—
 Raising the standard, speaking for God,
 When the enemy enters like a flood ;—
 Strong in the light of the Temperance star,
 Sounding the trumpet loud and far,
 Waging an everlasting war
 Against the man with keg and jar,
 Who stands behind his tavern bar,
 And swears how good his liquors are,
 And slyly keeps his door ajar,
 Enticing the drunkard, tattered and torn,
 Whose wife and children weep forlorn,
 And share this world's cold, cruel scorn,
 Who spends his earnings night and morn.
 According to Government Act and Might,
 That gives the Brewer a legal right
 To make and sell, both day and night,
 The stream that flows from vat and still,
 On which he spends his wealth and skill
 On making drink to poison and kill,
 Flooding the earth with whisky swill,
 In many a river and many a rill,

ALL MADE FROM THE MALT
 THAT LAY IN THE HOUSE
 THAT JACK BUILT !

O Preacher ! Are there souls to save
 From endless woe beyond the grave ?
 And art thou set on Zion's wall,
 To warn the wicked, one and all ?

Renounce, thyself, the sparkling wine,
 And then shall thy example shine
 A burning light to mark the way
 To life and bliss in endless day.

O Christian! Are thy sins forgiven?
 A child of God, an heir of heaven?
 Art thou redeemed from every stain,
 And doth the Holy Spirit reign
 Within thy heart, an earnest here
 Of life beyond this mortal sphere?
 Eternal life! O blissful thought!
 With peace and consolation fraught.
 O Hope! O joy! At Home above;
 Where God is light, and all is love.
 And is this sweet assurance thine,
 Partaking of thy brandied wine—
 Or selling it to those who drink?
 O, young Disciple, pause and think!
 What! if thy Master should appear,
 And say to thee, "What dost thou here?"
 Wouldst thou be found retailing rum
 To sinners, when the Lord shall come?
 If not, then quit the baneful trade,
 And elsewhere seek thy daily bread!
 O touch not, taste not, handle not,
 The beverage that makes the sot!
 Ye true Believers, one and all,
 O why not wake at Duty's call?
 O why not look around and see
 A world in sin and misery?
 O why not wipe the tears that flow,
 Where drunkards come and drunkards go!
 Rise, bid the homes of sorrow feel
 Your earnest philanthropic zeal.—
 O come and join the Temperance band,
 To drive this death-flood from the land!

When from the wilderness of sin
 The Church of God, all pure within,

Returns, Millennial bliss to share,
Shall there be liquor-dealers there ?
Or *Groceries* where rum is sold
By selfish men for sordid gold ?
Ye Pharisees and Levites too,
Is there but little hope for you ?
A haughty, hardened, selfish race,
With little feeling and less grace,
Ye watch the Dragon's flood ; and though
Ye drink it not, ye let it flow
In streams of whisky, brandy, gin,
Rum, wine and ale, through haunts of sin,
Where erring men, from day to day
Retail it out for sordid pay.
Whoe'er destroys the vat and still,
The Devil's servants never will !
Ye friends of Temperance, still endure
Firm to the end, the victory's sure.
Union is strength ; be earnest now,
And faithful to your pledge and vow.
Have we not good and holy men
Enlisted in our cause ? and when
The Kingdom comes, with power and peace,
This trade in Alcohol shall cease :—
And man to man, the wide world o'er,
Shall brother be, for evermore,
And not a grain, however small,
Of Malt be found on earth at all,
Or in the House that Jack built !

THE PLEBISCITE VOTE IN ONTARIO, 1894

It was 1894, ere the New Year's Day was o'er,
 Noble Temperance workers gave a telling vote ;
 " Prohibition right away," was the watchword of the day,
 For the country's weel they knew it would promote.

Joy ! Joy ! Clear the way before us,
 High, high wave the banner o'er us.
 From Atlantic's dashing roar to the far Pacific shore
 Sound the joyous Temperance triumph evermore.

While the people's voice is heard be the whole Dominion
 stirred,
 Deal destruction both to Licence and Saloon ;
 Full two hundred thousand strong join the great triumphant
 song,
 Oh, the better time is surely coming soon !

Joy ! Joy ! Clear the way before us,
 High, high wave the banner o'er us.
 From Atlantic's dashing roar to the far Pacific shore
 Sound the joyous Temperance triumph evermore.

By the tens of thousands dead, by the tears of living shed,
 We adjure you to secure the boon we seek !
 For the rulers can't refuse if you all your ballots use,
 They must hearken to the people when they speak.

Joy ! Joy ! Clear the way before us,
 High, high wave the banner o'er us.
 From Atlantic's dashing roar to the far Pacific shore
 Sound the joyous Temperance triumph evermore.

Grateful then to gracious Heaven for the signal victory given
 We will never cease to work and plead for more :
 Strong in union, toil and pray for the dawning of the day
 When the traffic shall be swept from every shore.

Joy! Joy! Clear the way before us,
 High, high wave the banner o'er us.
 From Atlantic's dashing roar to the far Pacific shore
 Sound the joyous Temperance triumph evermore.

THE TEMPERANCE TRIUMPH IN HALTON

O the victory won! 'Twas a glorious day,
 And the rowdies and roughs were in battle array ;
 'Twas a fight for Repeal, but their King ran away
 And left us to triumph in Halton.

Then Hurrah for the county! the noblest, the best,
 With its high flowing banner, the brightest confess'd ;
 For when tried so severely and put to the test,
 How grand the example of Halton !

For the temperance workers exerted their power
 And assembled to vote where the battle did lower,
 For they knew 'twas the day, and they knew 'twas the hour,
 For a glorious triumph in Halton.

September the ninth was exceedingly hot,
 And the tipplers and toppers were all on the spot
 With their rum-selling friends ; but they failed in their plot
 To reopen the dram shops in Halton.

And the poor silly creature who gave them his name
 To be used in defence of that system of shame,
 Has gathered but little of honour or fame
 From his circular published in Halton.

And the ignorant preacher who granted his aid
To the rum-selling party, may well be afraid
When a burden of guilt on his conscience is laid
By his evil example in Halton.

But, alas for the moderate drinkers at home,
When they cannot get beer, brandy, whisky, or rum,
If they all must get sick, and when speechless and dumb
Apply to the doctors in Halton!

When the great whisky ring had agreed on a plan
To destroy the Scott Act, and appointed a man
Who received his commission, and quickly began
His work of destruction in Halton.

All the growers of hops, and of barley, were first
On the field; and prepared, as they said, for the worst,
And their champion said there were thousands athirst
And longing for whisky in Halton.

But although he was Dodds, when he lectured he lied,
As the people did prove, when the voting was tried;
And we tell with delight, and we publish with pride,
The Temperance Triumph in Halton.

For the Christian people, men, women, and all,
At the camp, in their churches, in schoolhouse and hall,
Met, lectured, and prayed that the traffic should fall,
And it did, in the county of Halton.

When the dealers, the brewers, distillers, and Co.,
Had declared for Repeal, and the people said, "No,"
The whisky apostle received such a blow
That he fled from the county of Halton.

In the darkness of night as he made for the train
With a frown on his face and a fire in his brain,
He declared to his friends he should never again.
Give a cent for their chances in Halton.

O the victory won! To the Temperance band
 All honour is due, for so faithful a stand;
 And the fame is resounding through every land
 Of the vote that was given in Halton.

For the preachers and teachers, so faithful and true,
 Have taught us what wisdom and union can do,
 And let every Christian, and patriot too,
 Thank God for the triumph in Halton.

Assured Prohibition is coming ere long
 Let the counties around us be earnest and strong,
 And join in our annual thanksgiving song,
 On the Ninth of September in Halton.

Georgetown, Ontario,
September 10th, 1884.

THE TEMPERANCE VOTE

Free men! come, record your votes
 Where the Temperance banner floats,
 And around our noble standard join us in this holy war.
 Forward! forward! to the front,
 Bravely bear the battle's brunt;
 Firm and faithful, true and earnest, strong in union as ye are.

True the conflict may be long,
 For the enemy is strong,
 And it's only Prohibition that can lay the tyrant low;
 Still united be our powers,
 Till the victory is ours;
 Let us never faint or falter, as in rank we meet the foe.

By our dearest brothers dead,
By the tears our sisters shed,
By the tragic tales of horror in this Canada we love ;
By the wrongs of lovely Woman,
By the wreck of all that's human,
We have sworn eternal warfare, and our help is from above.

Let us strive by earnest prayer,
Let us rise to do and dare,
Till the battered shrine of Bacchus all in ruins we behold :
Till King Alcohol is caught,
And his votaries are taught,
That the dealer's only motive is his burning thirst for gold.

If our tears are vainly shed,
Over "Sins and sorrows" spread,
If we cannot always conquer, we are doing what we can,
While we temperance promote
We can agitate and vote,
And wherever we can find him, still support the temperance
man.

TRIUMPH OF RIGHT

With our banners floating,
Over regions wide,
Human weal promoting
Firm whate'er betide.
We will sing of water
Sing who will of rum,
And Right shall triumph over wrong
Before the end shall come.

COLLECTED VERSE

While our ranks are swelling
 Welcome all who join,
 Till from every dwelling
 We have banished wine.
 While we sing of water
 Sots may sing of rum,
 But Right shall triumph over wrong
 Before the end shall come.

In the world around us
 Much there is of wrong,
 Why should this confound us
 Though the foe be strong.
 We will sing of water
 While they sing of rum,
 And Right shall triumph over wrong
 Before the end shall come.

O, ye Legislators
 Give us righteous laws,
 We are agitators
 In a deathless cause.
 We will sing of water
 Sing who will of Rum,
 For Right shall triumph over wrong
 Before the end shall come.

Men, in high position
 Hearken to our prayer,
 Give us Prohibition
 Here, and everywhere.
 Sound the praise of water
 Ring the knell of rum,
 We know that Right shall conquer wrong
 Before the end can come.

BEAUTIFUL WATER

O, the water! the beautiful water!
As it springs from the flinty vein,
It oozes on and trickles down
From the mountain to the plain,
I have drank it so, and well I know
There's nothing like clear cold water.

O, the water! the beautiful water!
As it comes from the hand of God,
So sweet, so pure, and alway sure
To be found in the fields abroad;
In silvery streams, it glows and gleams,
O, there's nothing like clear cold water!

O, the water! the beautiful water!
As it lies in the well so deep,
Or issues forth from the great old Earth,
Where the laws of Nature keep
Their order true, since Adam knew
There was nothing like clear cold water.

O, the water! the beautiful water!
As it flows in the gentle brook,
It creeps and curls and sings and purls
Through many a flowery nook,
With vigour rife, a thing of life,
O, there is nothing like clear cold water!

O, the water! the beautiful water!
As the crystal fountains play,
Come fill your cup and drink it up,
For it will your thirst allay;
'Twill give you health, 'twill give you wealth,
O, there's nothing like clear cold water.

O, the water! the beautiful water!
As it glides in the mighty river,
So pure! so bright! a flood of light,
It flows and flows for ever,
A boon designed to bless mankind,
O, there's nothing like clear cold water!

O, the water! the beautiful water!
'Tis the drink that God provides;
'Tis better than ale or brandy pale,
It is better than aught besides;
Its worth untold is better than gold,
O, there's nothing like clear cold water.

VIII.—ON RELIGIOUS SUBJECTS

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

With hearts full of love
To Jehovah above,
Our Father, our God, and the Ancient of Days,
We hail the glad morn
When the Saviour was born.
With angels of glory hosannas we raise,
Creation rejoices
And heavenly voices
Are swelling our song and the chorus of praise.

To Jesus the King
We cheerfully bring
Ascriptions of praise and oblations of love.
We own Him divine
As we bow at His shrine,
And join with the ransomed who worship above ;
In glory before Him
They bless and adore Him,
While peace comes to earth on the wings of a Dove.

Our Christmas tree
Encircled we see
With garlands of beauty, and fragrant with flowers.
All gifts that are sweet
We lay at the feet
Of the King whom the shepherds of Bethlehem's bowers
Have worshipped before us.
They now in the chorus
Of Paradise praise Him, their Saviour and ours.

Hallelujahs of joy
 Our voices employ,
 From nation to nation the harmony send.
 Till kindred and tribe
 All glory ascribe,
 Dominion and majesty time without end,
 In blest adoration
 To Christ our Salvation ;
 And our songs with the bliss of eternity blend.

While seraphim sing
 To Emanuel King,
 Let joy and rejoicing re-echo afar
 The anthem of peace
 Which never shall cease—
 “ Goodwill to all nations, wherever they are.”
 With this in all ages
 Saints, poets and sages
 Have hailed the return of the bright Christmas star.

A HOME MISSIONARY HYMN

From the rugged Rocky Mountains
 To the sea on either side,
 On the prairies, by the fountains,
 Preach the Gospel far and wide !
 Speak for Jesus ! God the Father
 Loved the world and gave His Son ;
 Tell the joyful news and gather
 All the faithful into one.

Toil for Jesus ! 'midst the tillage
 Of the hardy pioneers,
 Watch o'er every rising village—
 They shall reap who sow in tears.
 Sow the seed beside all waters,
 Rich the harvest ye shall find ;
 Tell God's banished sons and daughters
 Jesus died for all mankind.

In the streets, the lanes, the byways,
 Seek the poor—your mission's there.
 By the hedges, on the highways,
 Speak for Jesus everywhere.
 Sound the tidings of salvation,
 High Emmanuel's banner raise,
 Till each home in this great nation
 Shall resound with Jesus' praise.

Read for Jesus; calmly, clearly
 Be the words of truth expressed.
 Bid the wandering and the weary
 Find in Him eternal rest.
 Sing for Jesus; till the cheerful
 Happy children know His name,
 Tell the doubting and the fearful
 Jesus saves from sin and shame.

Trust in Jesus, He will send you
 Needed grace for every hour;
 God will comfort and defend you
 By His Holy Spirit's power.
 Work for Jesus! Tell the story
 Of the Cross; and never cease
 Till the Kingdom of His glory
 Fills the land with joy and peace.

Speedside, Eramosa, Ontario,
 November 19th, 1875.

ARMENIA

"Let the oppressed go free, break every yoke,"
 I feel the words upon the sacred page.
 The Christian powers may righteous wrath provoke,
 Who could, but will not, quell the Sultan's rage!

We hear of slaughters, and the blood runs cold,
 Is poor Armenia thus to be destroyed ?
 "Complete extermination," we are told,
 The Sultan's aim, all treaties vain and void.

"Let the oppressed go free, break every yoke,"
 How easily and plainly understood ;
 Where can the wicked find excuse or cloak
 For deluging the earth with human blood ?
 Ye optimists, with views delusive, vain,
 Is this the Golden Age on earth begun ?
 Look round and see, is this the glorious reign
 Of truth and righteousness beneath the sun ?

Behold a statesman ! More than half adored
 By optimists who proudly, vainly preach,
 And say this world grown good may well afford,
 By arbitration and the power of speech,
 To cause all war for evermore to cease,
 To settle all disputes in every clime,
 And usher in the blessed time of peace—
 Behold him cringe before the Porte Sublime !

How is the mighty fallen, fallen low !
 Confessing weakness, poised on trembling knees,
 Apologising for the Sultan so,
 Yet boasting how Britannia rules the seas ;
 Proclaiming Britain powerless to restrain
 The fiendish fury of the Turkish power ;
 So poor Armenia may cry in vain
 While all surrounding nations cringe and cower.

'Tis merciful to succour those in need,
 To clothe the naked and relieve their wants,
 To heal the wounded and the hungry feed,
 By contributions, gifts, donations, grants.
 Ye Christian nations, mutely gazing round,
 Say, have ye all been civilised in vain ?
 Is there on earth no strong deliverer found
 The madness of the Prophet to restrain ?

Tossing and toiling on this earthly sphere
 Are millions of the human race to-day,
 And tyranny triumphant far and near,
 The rich exalted and the poor their prey.
 Among the many rulers of the earth,
 How few there are who fear the God of Heaven!
 They make their laws and send their edicts forth
 As if the Golden Rule had ne'er been given.

"Let the oppressed go free, break every yoke,"
 Oh, God, in mercy, stay this cruel wrong!
 Hasten the time of which the prophet spoke,
 Thy martyrs cry, "How long, oh Lord, how long!"
 Oh God, arise, shake terribly the earth!
 Thy power can cause this cruel wrong to cease:
 From Zion shall Thy righteous law go forth
 When Jesus reigns, the Shiloh, Prince of Peace.

CANADIAN CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOUR HYMN

Air—"The Maple Leaf"

Great Northern Star, Fair Canada,
 Bright shine from sea to sea,
 Blest land of peace and happiness,
 Our sweet home we sing of thee;
 Thy honoured name, enthroned in Fame—
 A nation's name for ever,
 We dearly love, and Heaven will bless
 Our Christian Endeavour.

Chorus.

Exalting Christ the crucified,
 Let us rejoice together,
 Assured of this, that Heaven will bless
 Our Christian Endeavour.

From shore to shore for evermore,
 Truth shall triumph and prevail;
 Then rally all at duty's call
 Every evil to assail;

COLLECTED VERSE

A mighty throng in union strong,
 Come, let us work together,
 In faith and love, and Heaven will bless
 Our Christian Endeavour.

Chorus—Exalting Christ, etc.

Though evil days and wicked ways,
 Cross our path on every side.
 Each day and hour the Spirit's power
 Is our Comforter and Guide ;
 He leads the way to realms of day,
 And endless life for ever,
 Where God is light, and Heaven will bless
 Our Christian Endeavour.

Chorus—Exalting Christ, etc.

Let us reclaim in Jesus' name,
 Weary wand'ers to the grave ;
 And tell them how the Saviour now
 Lives eternally to save ;
 For Christ has thus commissioned us—
 The work is His for ever—
 The glory His, and Heaven will bless
 Our Christian Endeavour.

Chorus—Exalting Christ, etc.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOUR

(“ Composed for the Christian Endeavour Convention held at Finch on September 25th, 1902, and read by Rev. D. D. MacLennan, Apple Hill, at the opening session ”)

While the banner of truth is unfurled
 For Christ and the Church in the world,
 A blessing to mankind for ever,
 Great Canada fair is our field,
 And faith in our Leader the Shield
 For workers in Christian Endeavour.

COLLECTED VERSE

293

True Christians at home and abroad
Are training the children for God,
A duty incumbent for ever ;
And dark as this world may appear,
The ills of our pilgrimage here
Are lightened by Christian Endeavour.

In teaching and guiding the young
Be diligent, faithful, and strong,
Assured of God's blessing for ever ;
And when these Conventions are o'er
Receive on a glorified shore
A crown for your Christian Endeavour.

HOPE FOR THE UNION

" O, Sacred Truth, thy triumph ceased awhile,
And Peace, thy sister, ceased with thee to smile."
When leagued usurpers seized the locks and bars—
Led to the action by the great Dunbars—
When Wright was wrong in marshalling his mates,
(The host that Union so intensely hates) ;
With picklock instruments they nightly wrought,
As did the zealots, who their axes brought,
And hammers, when of old with ruthless hand
The synagogues of God throughout the land
Of Israel were invaded and destroyed.
So were those anti-unionists employed—
Like men who love the darkness more than light—
And well they served their master in the night ;
Tore the time-honoured fast'nings from the doors,
And with their treacherous feet profaned the floors.
They set the watch of wickedness ; and loud
Arose the vauntings of the vain and proud,
Their noisy jabberings from wall to wall
Re-echoing : they sang no psalm at all,
'Twas not for worship they assembled there,
Nor was their conference for praise or prayer—
Or if they sang 'twas not the strains that tell

Of love and unity where brethren dwell.
 No holy thought of Union, Peace and Love,
 Goodwill to men and grace from Heaven above,
 Inspired the coward crew that sought that night
 Wherein to show their bigotry and spite.
 Defying law and order in their glee
 They kept the Kirk and pulpit under key,
 As on the sacred day they prowled about
 To keep the preacher and the people out.

Next Sabbath came a zealot to proclaim
 The pulpit vacant, in the awful name
 Of some mock Presbytery that never met,
 And like a hireling marked the place "To Let."

Alas! that men who bear the Christian name
 Should be so lost to every sense of shame
 As to suppose that conduct such as theirs
 Does not reveal the Wheat and mark the Tares.
 For violence and wrong shall not prevail,
 And deeds unconstitutional must fail
 Where truth is wanting and where grace is none
 To prove the cause espoused a righteous one.
 Nor can a one-man Presbytery, self-made,
 Declare a pulpit vacant; though his trade
 May be to wander from his place and preach
 To pieces every church within his reach.

Rest in your patience, ye whose cause is right;
 Justice must triumph; righteousness is might;
 The day is near when strife shall be no more
 And Union shall be strength on every shore.

"O Sacred Truth, thy triumph ceased awhile,"
 Yet on the earth shall Peace and Union smile,
 When envy, bigotry, and wrong shall cease
 Throughout the kingdom of the Prince of Peace.

PSALM TWENTY-THIRD

The Lord, the Good Shepherd of Israel, is mine,
My soul shall no indigence know,
For He makes me in pastures of verdure recline
Where the living still waters do flow.

He restoreth my soul unto peace when I stray,
For He loveth His sheep to reclaim;
And He makes me to walk in His own righteous way
For the sake of His glorious name.

Yea, e'en though I walk through the sorrowful vale
Where death's gloomy shadows appear,
I will fear naught of evil my heart to assail,
For Thou, my Good Shepherd, art near.

Thy rod to correct and Thy staff to sustain,
Bring strength day by day from above.
If joy be my lot, or if sorrow and pain,
I will ever confide in Thy love.

By Thee in the sight of mine envious foes
Before me a table is spread;
The cup of Thy bountiful blessings o'erflows,
And with oil Thou anointest mine head.

For surely Thy goodness, Thy mercy and truth
Shall follow me on through life's way
Until I ascend to Thy mansions above,
To dwell in Thy presence for aye.

London, Ontario,
October 29th, 1874.

THANKSGIVING HYMN

Our Father, Thou Almighty Lord of life, of light, of
 love ;
 Thy goodness is displayed on earth, Thyself in Heav'n
 above.
 Thy servants now before Thy Throne assembled, we
 adore
 The Power which year by year doth fill our basket and
 our store.

“ The year is with Thy goodness crowned ” well might the
 Psalmist say ;
 The holy men of old confessed the Power we bless this
 day,
 For Thou art still unchanged, to us our daily bread is given
 Direct from Thee as surely as the manna fell from heaven.

For each successive season doth revolve by Thy decree,
 “ Seed-time and harvest,” Thou hast said, “ shall never
 cease to be.”
 And when in Spring we humbly crave Thy blessing on our
 toil
 Thine own refreshing show'rs descend, to fructify the soil.

And then the glorious orb of day doth roll at Thy command,
 Conveying genial light and heat to each and every land ;
 And thus in Summer we behold Thy goodness and Thy power,
 See wondrous light and heat combine with each descending
 shower.

So when the sober Autumn comes in with white and ripened
 fields
 With joyful hearts we treasure up whate'er Thy bounty yields.
 Our barns are witnesses for Thee, they show how good Thou
 art—
 And now accept this song of praise from every grateful heart.

And when Thy stormy Winter comes and darker days are given,
 We will implicitly confide in Thee, the God of Heaven.
 Then may our poor be all relieved and no reluctance shown—
 For Thou desirest cheerfulness in giving Thee Thine own.

Thou art the God of Providence, how good are all Thy ways !
 Our verdant hills acknowledge Thee, our valleys sing Thy
 praise.

And when Thy creatures all with joy Thine attributes declare,
 Shall we alone unthankful be, who most Thy blessings share ?

No, we will raise to Thee our song, rejoicing in Thy love ;
 Assured that if we fail on earth we have a home above.
 But while Thou sparest us below Thy goodness we'll record
 And give Thee thanks in every thing, through Jesus Christ
 our Lord.

“ THE DEAD ARE IN THE DREAMLESS TOMB ”

The dead are in the dreamless tomb
 Where dust with dust is sleeping ;
 The living, in sad loneliness,
 Their tears of grief are weeping.
 Since Adam sinned, how many weep !
 Since Adam died, how many sleep !

Sin is the cause of every grief
 That rends a broken spirit.
 Since Adam fell his children may
 No deathless life inherit.
 But all his sons and daughters must
 Be “ earth to earth, and dust to dust.”

Sad fate of man ! If this were all
 We knew of Adam's story,
 A dark'ning cloud of hopeless gloom
 Would rest on human glory.
 But Jesus came, the Promised One,
 And darkness flees before the sun.

For in the time appointed He
 Became an infant lowly ;
 Assumed our nature without sin,
 For he was pure and holy.
 And then, by Pilate crucified,
 The guiltless for the guilty died.

A perfect Saviour is the gift
 That God the Father gave us ;
 And we all glory do ascribe
 To Him Who came to save us.
 We gladly publish all around
 The blessings of " the joyful sound."

For Jesus, rising from the dead,
 The powers of Hell defeated,
 Became the King of Glory, and
 The work of grace completed.
 And, this the surety of our race,
 Believers shall behold His face.

Then, wherefore weep when those who died
 Have only gone before us ?
 " A few more years " and we shall join
 In that triumphant chorus :
 " All glory, power and blessing be
 To the Eternal One in Three."

O Father, Lord of Heaven and Earth !
 We wait Thy sovereign pleasure ;
 Help us through grace to rise above
 These sorrows without measure.
 And then in Thy good time may we
 Be gathered to our friends and Thee.

THE DESTRUCTION OF BABYLON

“ Far away where the rivers of Babylon flow,
There we sat down in sorrow, deep anguish and woe ;
Yea, we thought of Mount Zion, the House of the Lord,
And wept for the waste of the conquering sword.
And mute on the willows, unused and unstrung,
The harps of our fathers in sadness we hung.
While the spoilers that wasted the strength of our years
Required of us mirth in the midst of our tears.
Yea, the heathen tormentors, who captive had led
Us away into bondage, exultingly said :
‘ Sing the songs of your Zion, the anthems ye raised
When the Lord of your fathers ye worshipped and praised.’

“ Oh, how shall we sing the melodious strains
Of the songs of the Lord, in captivity’s chains ;
Or mingle their notes with our sighs and our tears
To charm and to please the idolaters ears ?
Oh, Jerusalem ! Thou the desire of mine heart !
If I e’er forget thee let cunning depart
And wisdom and skill from my powerful hand—
If I cease to remember our Covenant Land.
Oh, love of the old, and hope of the young,
My boast, my delight ; let my eloquent tongue
Be silent and dumb—yea, let utterance cease—
If e’er I forget thee, thou Salem of peace !

“ Remember, O Lord, in Jerusalem’s day,
The days of destruction, of wrath and dismay,
The children of Edom who said in their ire :
‘ Rase, rase her foundations and burn her with fire.’
O daughter of Babel ! Destruction awaits
With terrible vengeance to enter thy gates.
O happy the man in the light of the sun
Who shall render to thee as to us thou hast done !
Yea, happy the victor thy children who takes
To dash them to death on thy stones for our sakes.”

Lo! The Persian comes in his power and his pride;
 He enters her streets through the path of the tide.
 'Tis night; and the lamps of the festival shine
 On the king and his courtiers drunken with wine;
 Belshazzar is feasting, his concubines fair,
 His lords and his captains, a thousand are there;
 And the sanctified cups of the Temple they use
 While they worship all gods but the God of the Jews.
 Now the monarch turns pale at the hand on the wall!
 His vain useless wise men may throng at his call
 But none can interpret the words of their doom,
 Nor tell that the hour of destruction is come.
 But the prophet of Judah, with heavenly lore,
 Announces their danger, they revel no more.
 "Weighed, numbered and wanting," they stand in
 amaze
 While their city is taken, their homes in a blaze.
 They are slain by the edge of the merciless sword
 For the sacrilege done to the House of the Lord.

THE GLORY OF THE LAMB

(Translated from the Gaelic of Peter Grant)

Hark! Zion ascribes in strains the sweetest
 All glory and praise to the Lamb;
 His unchanging love the theme for ever,
 He saved her from sorrow and shame.
 Hallelujah for aye resounds in Heaven
 Around the great throne of the King,
 And all upon earth the Lamb who follow
 This anthem exultingly sing:

"How worthy the Son of God we honour,
 He suffered the death on the cross,
 He saw our need and all our sorrow
 In tender compassion for us.

His stripes, His wounds, our life, the healing
 Of all our deep sorrow and woe—
 Go worship the Lamb, ye saints in Heaven,
 Adore Him, all creatures below!

“ How wondrously free Thy love to sinners
 Of Adam’s lost perishing race,
 Thou camest to earth to preach the gospel
 When no one could merit Thy grace.
 No refuge had we, no God, no ransom,
 No shield, no shelter from wrath;
 By the curse of the law we were onward driven
 To the fiery ocean of wrath.

“ But Jesus the Lamb redeemed His people
 And rising from death holds the key,—
 The joy of His heart is to give salvation
 To those He for ever makes free.
 On Calvary’s Cross their cup of sorrow
 He drank, when He died in their stead,
 Their mightiest foe He wholly vanquished
 By rising again from the dead.

“ See the conflict of wrath that marred His visage;
 The blood and the sweat on His brow;
 But fairer than sun or moon in brightness
 Is the light of His countenance now.
 Though He lay in the tomb He rose in triumph,
 Ascended to glory on high,
 Where He sits as a Lamb enthroned in power,
 The armies of Paradise nigh.”

THE PROMISED LAND

How sad to see the Promised Land
 So long a desolation,
 A country once so rich and grand
 Awaiting restoration.

COLLECTED VERSE

The very land where Abraham felt
The friendly hand of Heaven ;
Jerusalem where David dwelt,
To whom the throne was given—

The glorious throne that shall remain
Until the time appointed
When He whose right it is shall reign
On earth, a king anointed.

From Zion shall the law go forth
To quell the troubled waters ;
A voice shall echo in the North,
“ Give back my sons and daughters.”

The ships of Tarshish shall be there,
Protecting and conveying
The sons of Judah everywhere
Among their brethren staying.

For Israel's children shall return,
Their gold and silver with them ;
And they who only read to scorn,
That day may live to see them.

Oh ! Glorious hour, divinely bright,
A glimpse of grace and glory,
The holy men of old the light
Beheld, and told the story :

“ Arise and shine, thy light is come,”
Was surely spoken, written,
God's people shall be gathered home,
No more afflicted, smitten.

The days of mourning ended all
With glory on the morrow ;
No more oppressors to enthrall,
All sighing fled and sorrow.

While every day and every hour
The prophecies are clearer,
The promised times of peace and power
Are surely drawing nearer.

When David's throne, exalted high
Amidst colonial nations,
Shall make Jerusalem a joy
Of many generations.

A king shall reign from sea to sea,
With hope in full fruition;
His coming suddenly shall be
A conqueror on his mission.

The waiting, watching Lamb's shall then
In faith and love abiding
Exult with joy; while sinful men
Shall seek the rocks for hiding.

Alas! how many Christians say,
"Christ's coming would not please us";
His omnipresence day by day
Is all they want of Jesus.

Earthquakes and famines are the signs
Of great prophetic changes;
And who can read between the lines
The plan that God arranges?

But in the Islands of the Sea
The royal British Lion
Shall guard the "Stone of Destiny,"
Till it returns to Zion.

UNION

O Union! Strength in every age!
Whatever foes may rise or rage,
 Whatever billows swell;
By thee great victories have been won,
By thee shall nobler deeds be done
 Where Christians meet or dwell.

O glorious Union! Gift of Heaven!
Thou precious boon to mortals given,
 What tongue can speak thy worth!
Thy blessings let the nations prize
Till one harmonious song shall rise—
 Truth triumphs in the earth,

And in this great Assembly met
We hail the glorious day that yet
 Shall dawn on every shore;
When Christ, the Head, shall be confessed
By all His Church, as Prophet, Priest,
 And King, for evermore.

While faithful History proclaims
With deathless fame their worthy names
 Who, from Edina's towers,
Went forth, a self-denying band,
In Freedom's cause to take a stand
 Beyond the Patrons' powers.

Shall not the same unerring pen
Record the names of noble men
 Whose mission from above
Would all the former breaches heal
In wisdom, charity and zeal,
 With union, peace, and love?

When marshalled by the swelling flood
The vast united army stood

To hear the great command ;
" Ye chosen tribes of Israel's race,
Triumphant through Jehovah's grace,
Go in, possess the land."

And when to Jordan's banks they sped,
The dark, receding waters fled
And left the passage dry
Until the favoured people crossed,
The heathen saw the mighty host
And felt that God was nigh.

If faith and union did prevail
To make the sons of Anak quail
And own Jehovah's might,
Then be like faith and union ours,
And grace shall consecrate our powers
To stand for Truth and Right.

And this is Truth, the Truth of God,
Peace offered through atoning blood
To Adam's guilty race ;
That they who hear, believe, and live,
Might all be one in Christ, and give
The glory to His grace.

" Father, I will," the Saviour said
When for His Followers He prayed,
" That these may all be one,
Perfect in one, as we are one,
That to the world it may be known
That Thou hast sent Thy Son."

In Christian union lies the power
To combat evil, in the hour
Of peril and of strife.
Each heart sincere, each conscience pure,
They that unto the end endure
Shall win the crown of life.

How good and how becoming well
 When brethren all together dwell
 In unity and love :
 And labour in the Master's cause
 To guard His oracles and laws,
 Enlightened from above !

“ Go, preach the word in every land,”
 Is the Redeemer's last command,
 “ To all the world proclaim
 The story of the cross, till Jews
 And Gentiles hear the joyful news—
 Salvation in My name.”

Then leaving dreamers to their dreams,
 And vain philosophers their schemes,
 Let every Christian join
 To tell the nations all around
 That Christ is King, with glory crowned
 And majesty divine.

Oh sacred Union ! Be thy sway
 Extended at no distant day
 Truth's standard to uphold ;
 That all who love the Lord may see
 The promised time when there shall be
 One Shepherd and one fold.

Oh heavenly Union ! Be thy praise
 Resounded in the sweetest lays
 That fall on mortal ears !
 Before the throne of God on high
 The ransomed saints in Christ enjoy
 Blest Union's endless years.

WILL YOU BE THERE, AND I ?

We watch and wait for our coming Lord
And the sound of the midnight cry ;
When Paradise lost shall be restored,
Will you be there, and I ?

For the restitution of all things
Is swiftly coming nigh,
When Christ shall be the King of Kings,
Will you be there, and I ?

In his glory bright when the Lord appears
And the vanishing worlds shall fly,
His saints shall rejoice ; then dry your tears
For you'll be there, and I.

If we trust His word in every strife
He will guide us with His eye ;
And His promise is sure as eternal life
Till you'll be there, and I.

Let the blessed three, Faith, Hope, and Love,
Still cheer us when we sigh ;
For a rest remains in our home above
Till you'll be there, and I.

Oh, to join the great, the ransomed throng,
In that "sweet by and by,"
And to sing the full salvation song,
When you'll be there, and I !

Now the bliss, the glory, and the joy
Are unknown to mortal eye ;
But it shall be a life that can never die,
May you be there, and I.

IN MEMORIAM

(Translation or imitation of the well-known Gaelic poem composed by Mr. D. McLeod on the ministry, life and death of the Rev. Hugh McGregor, for three years pastor of the Presbyterian Church of Kintyre, Aldborough, Ontario, where he died in 1879 at the age of forty-two, deeply regretted by his congregation, friends and relatives, and much respected by all who knew him)

Our Kintyre is now a Bochim,
We are mourners here to-day,
Weeping for a friend departed,
Death has taken him away.
Friends and strangers, all who knew him,
Young and old our sorrow share ;
In the silent tomb he slumbers,
There is mourning everywhere.

Yes, he slumbers, Hugh McGregor !
Good and noble from his youth ;
Highly gifted, yet so humble,
He was mighty in the Truth,
On our Zion's wall a watchman
Faithfully he fed the flock,
Wisely guided us, and led us
Nearer to the Sheltering Rock.

With the hosts of Israel's warriors,
Mighty army of the Saints,
Raising high the Gospel Banner
O'er the Christian battlements,
Righteousness and love and favour
Sweetly beaming in his face,
We who heard him did behold him
Radiant with heavenly grace.

Chief among the chosen thousands
Young McGregor met the foe ;
Like a standard-bearing warrior
Gone to rest, we laid him low,
Gone from this, the earthly vineyard,
And his Master's work of love ;
Gone to meet the Church triumphant
And his full reward above.

Beautiful upon the mountains
Was the messenger of Grace,
Bringing tidings of salvation
To a lost and ruined race.
A most earnest gospel preacher,
Deeply versed in gospel lore,
He was faithful as a pastor . . .
We shall hear his voice no more !

Now his worthy, gentle widow
Almost broken-hearted weeps.
Who can wonder at her sorrow
Or the vigils that she keeps ?
For her kind and loving husband
Has been laid beneath the ground ;
Not among the hundreds 'round him
Could his equal have been found.

'Twas in Martintown, Glengarry,
(Of the great McGregor clan)
Where his Highland parents settled,
That his early life began.
There, among the brave and noble
Scotch, he spent his youthful days ;
Friends and neighbours well remember
All his kind and winning ways.

O the outburst of affliction
When the telegram was read,
Sent by speed of rushing lightning,
" Thy beloved son is dead."

Then his mother, frail and aged,
Sank in sorrow and distress ;
God assist her in her weakness
By His all-sustaining grace !

I am aged, life is waning,
Soon shall end my earthly race. . . .
I shall never see his equal
In Kintyre to fill his place.
Zion's Herald, how instructive
Thy discourses were to me !
In remembrance everlasting
Shall the righteous ever be.

Clear and lucid explanations
Of the Holy Book were thine.
Like the dew that falls on Hermon
Did thy Christian graces shine.
O how precious the example
Of thy godly life has been,
In a blameless, pure and holy
Walk and conversation seen !

Low we bow, for death has taken
Shepherd, pastor, husband, friend.
Talents, gifts and virtues rarest
In thy ministry did blend.
Thou didst give the poor and needy
Prompt assistance and relief,
With a sympathetic kindness,
In their penury and grief.

Often in the house of mourning
Didst thou comfort us and cheer,
Speaking peace and consolation
When the trying hour was near.
Carefully thy texts were chosen
And divided morn and night,
While the faithful application
Filled thy hearers with delight.

In the pulpit, truth expounding
With an unction ever new,
All denominations loved thee,
One so humble, good and true.
Who of all our famous preachers
Was comparable to thee,
Eloquent with Heavenly fervour,
Earnest zeal and piety ?

Sowing seed beside all waters
In the harvest field of grace,
Making known a risen Saviour
And His glorious righteousness ;
One by one from grace to glory
The redeemed have gone before,
Thou hast joined the ransomed numbers
Singing praises evermore.

“ Praise to God ! ” as angels sang it,
“ Glory in the highest heaven,
Peace on earth, good will for ever,
Unto us a Child is given ! ”
Guided by a star of brightness,
Bringing incense, myrrh and gold,
Eastern sages came to worship
Christ Emmanuel of old.

But alas ! how few receive Him
Or obey the Gospel call
When such preachers stand proclaiming
Full redemption from the Fall ;
Shiloh, Saviour, King of Israel,
Great Messiah, blessed theme,
Theme of seraphs, saints and angels,
God and man, the Christ supreme !

He who suffered and ascended
Into glory lives to reign ;
Friends departed are with Jesus,
Ours the loss but theirs the gain.

Though I would with power poetic
Touch what I have known so well,
Of McGregor's Christian goodness,
Yet the half I could not tell.

Aldborough,
November, 1885.

IX.—MISCELLANEOUS

A LETTER TO A FRIEND

My dear young friend ; the wise have penned
Great books that are instructing us,
And while we read let us give heed,
Their maxims well conducting us.

Great Solomon—who quite outshone
All kings, and could have smitten them—
Preached words of truth for age and youth,
In Proverbs he has written them.

The wealth of kings, and all such things,
He views and treats as vanity ;
The pomp of state that must elate
Too often brings insanity.

Can hoarded wealth give strength or health ?
Then why pursue so steadily
The glittering gold, so hard to hold
And that escapes so readily ?

The peace of mind that Christians find
Makes all on earth so beautiful ;
My dear young friend, to gain that end
Be faithful, good and dutiful.

Seek first the love of Christ above,
Who walked on earth in lowliness ;
Faith lights the way to endless day
Where all is bliss and holiness.

Westminster, *October 4th*, 1876.

ANDERSON

Friends of freedom! rally, rally!
 From each mountain, plain, and valley,
 From each town and hamlet sally
 To a glorious fight.
 Not to wield the sabre blazing—
 Not the captured cities razing—
 But to prove with power amazing
 Truth defending right.

Rouse, Canadian freemen, there are
 Men in power deep sunk in error;
 And the land is filled with terror
 At approaching shame.
 Shall unfeeling judge and jury
 Send the guilty to Missouri?
 Never! lest a nation's fury
 Burst into a flame.

Judge once high in estimation—
 Jury from a free-born nation—
 Now a guilty combination,
 Blind, or bribed, we fear.
 Self-bereft of understanding,
 Most unrighteously remanding
 One escaped to thralldom, branding
 British freedom here.

Northern freemen! aid us, aid us,
 Why should slavery degrade us?
 Why should foemen thus invade us
 For the sake of gold?
 Speak your minds, ye faithful preachers,
 Anti-slavery Browns and Beechers,
 Save, O save your fellow-creatures
 From the tyrant's hold!

While the Brantford hound is howling,
 While an angry judge is growling,
 And the negro-hunters prowling,
 Anderson is free!
 Home to England, home we'll send him,
 Righteousness will there defend him.
 To the care of Heaven commend him,
 Passing o'er the sea.

A VOICE FROM CANADA

(An Appeal to the Freemen of America)

Heroes of the A.P.A.
 Guard your freedom while you may,
 Vigilant from day to day
 "Keep your powder dry."
 True Americans awake,
 Life and liberty's at stake;
 Righteous preparation make
 For the by and by.

Never falter, faint, nor fear
 Though a crisis may be near,
 Strength in union well may cheer /
 All the brave and true.
 Knaves encompass land and sea
 Seeking to enslave the free,
 Sworn against the powers that be
 Whom they would subdue.

Is there not a foreign power
 Watching, waiting, to devour,
 One whose active agents scour
 Every region known?
 He who vows he will command
 Every country, kingdom, land,
 Playthings in his powerful hand,
 All their wealth his own.

COLLECTED VERSE

Know ye not what Rome has done
 In the ages past and gone,
 All the blood she caused to run—
 Gory streams of death?
 'Tis her boast and glory still
 That she has the right to kill
 Every heretic who will
 Not embrace her faith.

In the darkest days that were
 Inquisition fires did flare,
 Romish teachers all declare
 They shall blaze again.
 Their Octavos and their Twelves,
 As expounded by themselves,
 Teach the doctrine of the elves
 That they say must reign.

Three of these, unclean like frogs,
 With their treacherous feet in clogs,—
 Jesuits from the Tetzels bogs—
 Came on us at night.
 Entering through a burglar's hole
 Our subscription lists they stole,
 Satan did Himself console
 At our woeful plight.

But of wickedness, the fist
 Fell but lightly, for the list
 Stolen was but little missed
 As we gladly tell.
 Now the paper's wider spread,
 More and more our columns read;
 They would crush us, but instead
 They have served us well.

Shall we not the more expose
 All the plots and plans of those
 Who are Freedom's fiery foes,
 Till in every home

Men shall read and learn and know
 How to meet the common foe ?
 Spies and Abligates may go
 Back to Papal Rome.

“ERIN GO BRAGH”

To the heart of the Celt who has wandered abroad
 From the land of his birth, O how precious the sod
 Of that far-distant Island, the Gem of the Sea,
 Which to him is the dearest, the best, of the three !
 'Tis the Island of Beauty, The Land of the Green—
 Where the harp is so sweet and the shamrock is seen.

O'er a wide frowning world as he journeys afar
 With his eye firmly fixed on that emerald star,
 While his Kathleen he loves and she's faithful to him
 He is merry and blythe—for he lives in a dream
 Of the Island of Beauty, the Land of the Green,
 Where the harp is so sweet and the shamrock is seen.

If he works in the West where the railroads are long,
 If he favours the East with his wit and his song—
 While rejoicing in peace, or entangled in strife
 His “Erin go Bragh” is the joy of his life.
 'Tis the Island of Beauty, the Land of the Green,
 Where the harp is so sweet and the shamrock is seen.

Has he wrongs to remember, forget, and forgive,
 O how precious the maxim to “Live and let live.”
 Be the feud and the faction remembered no more
 Where the Gospel was preached by St. Patrick of yore,
 In the Island of Beauty, the Land of the Green,
 Where the harp is so sweet and the shamrock is seen.

Down, down with the curtain of Time, let it fall
 On the annals of battle in Tara's grim hall.
 We sing not of ruin, oppression or crime,
 While recording thy fame on the pages of Time.

O thou Island of Beauty, thou Land of the Green,
 Where the harp is so sweet and the shamrock is seen.

Now the triumph of truth do we hopefully hail
 When the holy and pure shall in Erin prevail;
 When the Celt and the Saxon, inspir'd from above,
 Shall live in the friendship and freedom of love,
 In the Island of Beauty, the Land of the Green,
 Where the harp is so sweet and the shamrock is seen.

For an echo of kindness is borne on the blast
 From Dublin to Galway, from Cork to Belfast;
 'Tis the simple home story, so tender and true,
 Of their love-lighted cabins and palaces too,
 In the Island of Beauty, the Land of the Green,
 Where the harp is so sweet and the shamrock is seen.

While "Union is Strength" petty lions may roar;
 For the Lion that rules on Britannia's shore,
 While a terror to traitors and envious foes,
 Shall ever be proud of the Thistle and Rose
 And the Island of Beauty, the Land of the Green,
 Where the harp is so sweet and the shamrock is seen.

On the field of Clontarf let oblivion close
 Where Sitric the Spoiler met valorous foes,—
 King Brian Borombe and his heroes are dead,
 But the Danish invaders for ever have fled
 From the Island of Beauty, the Land of the Green,
 Where the harp is so sweet and the shamrock is seen.

No more by the pike shall the helmet be riven
 When Hibernians joy in the favour of Heaven;—
 The Druids have left us their temples and towers
 And the Scotii have mingled their language with ours,
 In the Island of Beauty, the Land of the Green,
 Where the harp is so sweet and the shamrock is seen.

O Ireland fair! Thou Gem of the Sea!
 For beauty and verdure the Queen of the Three,
 Immortal in legend, and famous in song.
 Wherever thy generous children may throng
 They will sing of thy beauty, thou Land of the Green,
 Where their harp is so sweet and their shamrock is seen.

“ GREAT BRITAIN ”—NOT “ ENGLAND ”

(Written after hearing a lecture entitled “ England’s Future Glory,” in which the reverend gentleman (himself an Englishman) entirely ignored the existence of Great Britain and Ireland, persistently using such terms as “ English Crown,” “ Queen of England,” “ English laws,” and “ Englishmen,” as if the Scotch and Irish never existed, and Great Britain’s past, present and future glory should be accredited to Englishmen only)

Of “ England’s future glory ”
 Great lecturers may tell,
 And oft repeat the story
 Since Tel-el-Kebir fell.

But while so much is written
 Of those “ who do and dare ”
 My theme shall be—Great Britain
 And Ireland’s worthy share.

Her share in all the splendour
 That marks the victor’s way.
 For shouting “ No surrender ”
 The Irish win the day.

The union of the islands
 Maintains the British Crown,
 The heroes of the Highlands
 Have gained the world’s renown.

And he who stands to lecture
And takes not Ireland in
Must pardon the conjecture
That someone's brain is thin.

An Englishman may wander
From York to Liverpool,
If he comes here to blunder
He must be sent to school.

The British Lion's roaring
Commands the world to peace,
But fools, his strength ignoring,
Their boasting never cease.

"Of England's future glory,"
"England, Old England still,"
Till he is hoarse and hoary
May lecture he who will;

But while our foes are smitten,
Though Englishmen should rave,
Our theme shall be "Great Britain,"
The kingdom of the brave.

What wretched royal speeches
Daft Englishmen cajole!
They say that "England" stretches
Her sway from pole to pole.

Abominable treason
Is this, and surely wrong—
In teaching truth and reason
I'll give the world my song.

What though John Bull should bellow
With England on his shield?
Until the Rose turns yellow
The Thistle ne'er shall yield.

“ Am Foghannan mor ” for ever
Unconquered power maintains ;
The Shamrock green shall never
Be crushed on Erin’s plains.

In all colonial regions
The Union Jack is seen,
The joy of British legions
Who pray “ God save the Queen.”

But men with vision hazy
Are found on Britain’s shore ;
The thoughtless, proud, and crazy
Her name and power ignore.

The crowd of cockney creatures
From Chancellor to clown,
The bishops and their preachers,
Shout “ England’s ” great renown ;

Though editors, in vanity,
Are filling every sheet
With proofs of their insanity
And ignorance complete.

And foreign peoples, learning
The nonsense they proclaim,
Are far from yet discerning
Great Britain as a name.

Within their sanctums lonely
Such sentences they meet ;
“ The English Navy,” only,
But never, “ British Fleet.”

Her Majesty is blameless
In this respect, I know ;
But impudent and shameless
The English boasters blow.

COLLECTED VERSE

By lords and peers attended
 She reads but what they write,
 And should not be offended
 When truth is brought to light.

Must we submit in terror
 To what would truth eclipse?
 And shall I wink at error
 That falls from royal lips?

Is Canada conducted
 By perfect men this day?
 No schoolboy well instructed
 Would "English market" say.

The British market, nation,
 Queen, Army, Navy, too,
 Are terms the whole creation
 Must own correct and true.

The British flag shall go where
 Great victories are won,
 The English flag is nowhere,
 Beneath the rolling sun.

The Union Jack! In one sense
 The greatest flag e'er seen,
 The "English flag" is nonsense,
 And so is "England's Queen."

Victoria, Most Gracious,
 Great Britain's Queen is she,
 To patriots how precious
 Her Diamond Jubilee.

From David's throne, the royal
 Descent let History tell;
 In Canada ye loyal
 The British anthem swell!

Ye Scottish heroes, rally
Around the British throne
From hamlet, hill and valley,
And make your valour known!

Ye Irish, in your ardour
Be loyal, brave and true,
To guard the British border
So much depends on you!

In all that civilizes
The "Hearts of Oak" may join
Great Britain's enterprises
To earth's remotest line.

All round the earth rejoicing
Are loving subjects seen,
One British nation voicing
The prayer, "God Save the Queen."

GRUMBLING AT THE WEATHER

Do you fret because the weather isn't fair,
When it rains—when it rains,
And the water soaks through leather here and there,
When it rains—when it rains?
Can you change the seasons sent
By your murmuring complaint?
You had better be content
When it rains.

Do you fret because the weather is so cold,
When it snows—when it snows,
And the world looks altogether grim and old,
When it snows—when it snows?

Can your puny powerless arm
 Make the chilly day be warm
 By enchantment or by charm,
 When it snows ?

Do you shudder in the breeze overhead
 When it blows—when it blows ;
 And you see the fallen trees around you spread
 When it blows—when it blows ?
 You had better let them lie ;
 For you cannot, if you try,
 Change the wind—no more can I—
 When it blows.

When the scorching sunbeams beat, does it seem
 All is wrong—all is wrong ?
 When you languish in the heat, do you deem
 All is wrong—all is wrong ?
 Why in Jonah's angry mood ?
 All is working for your good,
 Why despondingly conclude
 All is wrong ?

There are blessings for the many everywhere,
 All is right—all is right.
 Why should you, or I, or any, then despair ?
 All is right—all is right.
 Travelling through a world of light—
 Though the path be dark as night—
 Guided by a higher sight
 All is right.

'Midst the raining and the snows on the ground
 All is right—all is right.
 'Midst the burning and the blowing all around
 All is right—all is right.
 One is waiting to redeem,
 Put your confidence in Him ;
 Life is but a passing dream :
 All is right.

HALLOWE'EN

Friends! for Hallowe'en a song,
Let your poet grant it ;
Patriotic, short or long,
Caledonians want it.

Be the metre blank or rhyme ;
Never mind the mountains,
Do not spend the precious time
Finding floods and fountains.

Sing not of great Maple trees
Nor of bowers most charming,
Give no chorus for the bees
Round the roses swarming.

Though the summer leaves you've seen
Bright as gold in autumn,
Do not tell us when or where
Dropping, you have caught them.

Witness yonder leafless tree—
Time is quickly fleeting ;
Far and wide, from sea to sea,
Friends their friends are greeting.

Life is earnest, find a friend
Faithful, then and clannish,
Steadfast, constant to the end,
All suspicion banish.

Hallowe'en is coming fast,
'Twill be soon upon us ;
All the saints on earth at last,
Surely none to stun us.

COLLECTED VERSE

'Tis the living, prowling round,
 Silly, wicked tricksters—
 Not the buried under ground,
 Move our gates and fixtures.

Time it is to give their tricks
 One eternal ending
 Where such friendly races mix,
 Peace and union blending.

Scotsmen may delight to sing
 Heathery hills and fountains;
 Richer far the chimes that ring
 Round our golden mountains.

Free Dominion! Famed land!
 Traitor tread thee never;
 'Tis our own from strand to strand,
 Canada for ever!

Maxville, *October 28th*, 1899.

ON THE FOUNDERING OF THE "VICTORIA"

(When nearly two hundred lives were lost in the Thames,
 London, Ontario, May 24th, 1881)

Who slew all these; who has laid them so low?
 From the thousands around us in sorrow and woe
 The cry is ascending. From whence came the blow?
 Who slew all these, who slew them?

Who slew all these? Was it ravaging war
 That hurled forth the dead from his thundering car,
 Gory and ghastly in death, as they are?
 Who slew all these, who slew them?

Who slew all these? Did the pestilence sweep
O'er the great Forest City to lull to sleep—
In but one short hour to awake and weep?
Who slew all these, who slew them?

Who slew all these? Was it famine that spread,
Strewing the beach with the dying and dead?
Now, as of old, may it truly be said,
Who slew all these, who slew them?

No famine was there, no pestilence, war,
Nor any one thing of the evils that are.
Yet who will not say it was sadder by far?
Who slew all these, who slew them?

The babe and the mother, the father, the child,
The youth in his strength and the maiden so mild,
The poor and the wealthy together are piled.
Who slew all these, who slew them?

Tears! Tears for the dead, if our sorrow you share!
See the brave and the beautiful, noble and fair,
In their lifeless embrace—for true lovers they were.
Who slew all these, who slew them?

There were ransomed souls in that hour that rose
To the pearly gates that will never close
From the river that now so calmly flows.
Who slew all these, who slew them?

Oh! the once happy homes now in silence—bereft
Of their occupants all; not one living soul left
To join the sad wail, on the right and the left.
Who slew all these, who slew them?

Desolation and terror! The world stands in awe
At this greatest calamity Canada saw.
Some are talking of juries and proving by law
Who slew all these, who slew them?

Say, was it the man who constructed the craft,
That built it of pine—a mere shell of a raft—
Frail, flimsy, and leaking both fore and aft ?
Who slew all these, who slew them ?

Was it the officer chief in command
Who, viewing the thousands that stood on the land,
Knew not what tonnage his vessel could stand ?
Who slew all these, who slew them ?

Or was it the Company greedy for gain ?
We are earnestly asking, but asking in vain ;
Such queries will never restore the slain.
Who slew all these, who slew them ?

The mourners, by sorrow or sympathy led,
Are tolling the bells and interring the dead.
Oh ! the words that are spoken, the tears that are shed !
Who slew all these, who slew them ?

There is grief, there is wrath, at this terrible wrong,
“ They have murdered an innocent, helpless throng ! ”
If it's murder in prose what is it in song ?
Who slew all these, who slew them ?

Victoria—that name when emblazoned on high,
Or in print, shall bring sadness to many an eye,
When we think of the loved ones enshrouded that lie.
Who slew all these, who slew them ?

When the years rolling on shall return with the morn
Of the day when our gracious monarch was born,
Shall we meet to rejoice, or assemble to mourn ?
Who slew all these, who slew them ?

All is vanity here, but God is our might ;
“ Shall not the judge of all living do right ? ”
Save us, O God, from so awful a sight !
Who slew all these, who slew them ?

In the midst of our grief be our comforter still,
Give us, O give us to bow to Thy will :
Teach our authorities, "Thou shalt not kill."
Who slew all these, who slew them ?

Great Father of Mercy, thy love, it would seem,
Has saved my poor life by a terrible dream,
Or I might have also been lost in the stream.
Who slew all these, who slew them ?

Unable the terrible cause to unmask,
I have finished my sorrowful, sorrowful, task ;
God bless the sad warning to all who may ask,
"Who slew all these, who slew them ?"

SONG OF PEACE FOR GREAT BRITAIN AND THE COLONIES

What if war among the nations,
Fierce with fury fanned,
Scatters wide its desolations
Over sea and land ?
Never let the Rose and Thistle
With the Shamrock fight ;
Let them ever blow one whistle,
In one song unite.

Let the turks and tyrants rally
'Round their cannon rows ;
Over mountain, plain, and valley
March to meet their foes.
Never let the Rose and Thistle
With the Shamrock fight ;
Let them ever blow one whistle,
In one song unite.

COLLECTED VERSE

Be the kingdoms—broken, scattered
 Found no more at all!
 Be foundations razed, and battered
 Down each towering wall!
 Never let the Rose and Thistle
 With the Shamrock fight;
 Let them ever blow one whistle,
 In one song unite.

Should the swelling tide of error
 Rise to overwhelm,
 Persecution fill with terror
 Every land and realm,
 Never let the Rose and Thistle
 With the Shamrock fight;
 Let them ever blow one whistle,
 In one song unite.

Freemen, friends of law and order,
 True to duty's call,
 Guards around the British border,
 Loyal one and all.
 Never let the Rose and Thistle
 With the Shamrock fight;
 Let them ever blow one whistle,
 In one song unite.

Treason, riot, and rebellion
 Never more be seen,
 Faithful be the happy million—
 Faithful to their Queen.
 Never let the Rose and Thistle
 With the Shamrock fight;
 Let them ever blow one whistle,
 In one song unite.

Union is the strength of Britain's
 Still unconquered powers;
 While our history's being written,
 Be that Union ours.

Never let the Rose and Thistle
 With the Shamrock fight;
 Let them ever blow one whistle,
 In one song unite.

God of Heaven, let Thy blessing
 Rest on every shore!
 May the world rejoice, possessing
 Peace for evermore.

Never let the Rose and Thistle
 With the Shamrock fight;
 Let them ever blow one whistle,
 In one song unite.

THE AUCTION SALE OF SLAVERY

“Hear! all ye nations of the earth
 From Britain to Japan,
 The Union has resolved to sell
 Their property in man!
 The death of Brown gave such a shock
 That we were forced to bring our stock
 Of slavery to the auction-block
 To sell it, if we can.

“Who bids for slavery? Who bids?
 The creature must be sold.
 We hanged John Brown upon a tree,
 His lips are pale and cold,
 But yet he speaks—his spirit speaks!
 His voice is heard. Our Eagle shrieks
 And now, in desperation, seeks
 T’ exchange our slaves for gold.”

“Who bids for slavery? Who bids?”
 The cotton auctioneer
 Exalted on the Union-stump
 Would make the nations hear.

The sugar-eating North comes in—
 New York's Observer counts his "tin,"
 And fain would buy the giant sin,
 No matter cheap or dear.

"Who bids for slavery? Who bids?"
 The merchants are astir,
 And all the Abolitionists
 Their deadly hate incur.
 But Harriet Beecher Stowe draws nigh
 (For "Uncle Tom" and "Dred" run high);
 She scatters all the cotton fry
 Who vent their rage on her.

The Auctioneer denounces all
 Who "Yankee Doodle" sing,
 And says, "I'll find another mart
 For this detested thing.
 I'll go to Canada, perhaps
 I'll sell it to those British chaps."
 At this bright thought the Eagle claps
 And folds each starry wing.

"Who bids for slavery? Who bids?
 Canadians, won't you hear?
 I wish to sell you slavery,
 The Union sent me here.
 We'll sell it very cheap, cash down,
 We cannot stand the death of Brown,
 We cannot bear Creation's frown,
 The universal jeer.

"We thought we had the victory
 When Stevens we had hung,
 And of true freedom on the earth
 The death-knell we had rung.
 But oh! the intolerable dread
 That insurrection here will spread,
 And that our blood will yet be shed
 By those who suffer wrong!"

While thus he comes to Canada,
To make his offers vile,
Our indignation we express
In independent style.
We tell the South, the North, the World,
That Freedom's flag is here unfurled,
And every thing shall hence be hurled
That comes but to defile!

Downcast and sorely mortified
And almost dead with shame,
We find the cotton-auctioneer
Returning whence he came.
He soon arrives at Washington,
When gathered Congress waits upon
Their favoured auctioneering one
His progress to proclaim.

"Oh! Mr. President," he says,
"They took me for an elf,
And frowned upon me just as if
I murdered Brown myself."
Then says the President, "I trust
That you can sell it yet, you must
Or we shall all be shortly crushed.
Begone, and bring the pelf."

Straight to the British Parliament
His way he does pursue,
And gains a ready audience
As strangers always do.
But when his tale is told the Peers
Raise such a shout of hearty cheers
For Freedom—and the Yankee's tears
Begin to drop like dew.

And while the weeping auctioneer
Is groping for the door,
He hears a loud, majestic voice,
The British Lion's roar!

“Go back and tell the wicked knaves
That they should liberate their slaves
As Britain did of yore.”

The Eagle shrieks, he knows not where
To turn his weary eye;
But hope revives upon the earth
For Italy is nigh.
Perched on the lofty Alpine towers
He shouts, with all his native powers,
“Who buys this slavery of ours?
Italians, will you buy?”

Then Garibaldi's voice is heard
In language calm and clear,
“Shame on thy country! Shame on thee,
Thou wicked auctioneer!
Let no Italian be the slave
Of Northern Turk or southern knave,
Young Italy is free and brave!
We want no slavery here!”

The Eagle shrieks again, they go
To Russia afar
To shout, “Who bids for slavery?”
Before the mighty Czar.
But soon, alas! with flashing eyes
Th' insulted emperor replies,
“Go home, and tell the foolish wise
How free my people are!”

So, after shouting 'round the earth,
“Who bids for slavery?”
He comes to Washington, and says
“The world despises me,
I could not get a single dime
For slavery—your darling crime—
And now I really think it's time
To set the negroes free.”

The President hangs down his head
And Congress heaves a sigh ;
While every man who owns a slave
Forebodes destruction nigh.
With zeal unequalled heretofore
They free the slaves from shore to shore,
And now the Eagle shrieks no more
But nobly soars on high.

THE GREAT ABOMINATION,
OR
SMOKING, CHEWING AND SNUFFING TOBACCO

Whenever we politely speak,
We say "Sir," "Miss," or "Madam,"
Though things have changed, most sadly changed,
Since Eve conferred with Adam.

Geology may name the rocks
Of both diluvian ages,
While you and I may cast an eye
O'er Man's historic pages.

And O! the panorama dark,
Of sin and degradation,
As Time proclaims the passing names
Of every tribe and nation.

For Man, by God created good,
With upright pure intentions—
Has gone astray from wisdom's way,
Pursuing vile inventions.

To count the crooked ways of life,
By which commands are broken,
Might well exhaust the treasures vast
Of every language spoken.

The Oracles Divine declare
In Proverbs, wisely written,
How Man destroys his social joys
By fangs of folly bitten.

If he is mad who plays with fire,
As Solomon has told us,
What would he say if in our day
That Preacher could behold us ?

And well might holy angels weep ;
Those messengers of Heaven,
Who sally forth to visit Earth,
By sin and sorrow riven.

To see a reasonable man
Addict himself to smoking,
Producing fumes where'er he comes,
With insolence provoking.

The pipe's an idol made of clay ;
Cigars are nothing better,
And he who wants to smoke consents
To wear a burning fetter.

His pipe is fixed between his teeth,
His cheeks become his bellows,
He puffs and feels ecstatic thrills,
As smokers sometimes tell us.

What kind of pleasure can be found
In such a "*light* employment,"
Destroying health by burning filth,
And styling that enjoyment ?

To church he goes, with all his clothes
And pockets strongly scented,
Nor does he care, if half the air
From door to desk is tainted.

When some one faints he asks the cause,
In language gruffly grunted,
But little thinks how much he stinks,
With all his senses blunted.

Some simple youths begin to smoke
At first by way of frolic,
And some to ease or cure disease,
The toothache or the colic.

But how can human frames diseased
Return to healthy action,
By what deceives and only leaves
A burning satisfaction ?

And many half demented dupes
Go forth from foggy caverns,
To seek relief from lonely grief
And burning thirst in taverns.

For when the weed has lost the power
Narcotic, to control them,
The more they drink, the more they think
That whisky must console them.

Pursued through suffocating smoke
By foes that seem infernal—
Tobacco first, and then a thirst
That leads to death eternal.

A slave in chains, whose galling coils
Grow daily stronger, thicker,
Still owns his fears, and tells with tears,
The ruin wrought by liquor.

Then with returning appetite
And conscious degradation,
Again he fails, and smoke prevails
Throughout his habitation.

When once the breath and teeth proclaim
Approaching putrefaction,
O hope, farewell! we ring thy knell,
Despair becomes distraction.

A lady said to one who smoked,
And who desired to take her,
" 'Twould never do to marry you,
I'd smell you half an acre."

Whenever love and beauty fail
To win an erring mortal,
He should be sent in banishment
Beyond some penal portal.

Another said she never wished
To see her pastor enter,
For every book he opened took
The touch of her tormentor.

Behold an educated man,
A poor deluded creature,
Who belches fumes, and yet presumes
To be a Gospel preacher.

His hands, his clothes, his very breath,
The House of God defiling;
No wonder then, that from such men,
We find the truth recoiling.

When such a preacher leaves his home
To seek another station,
His study tells by stains and smells,
What was his occupation.

The slaves of habit must condemn
Themselves, without accusers—
The filthy will be filthy still,
Those vile tobacco users.

O why should graduates, when called
To be ordained as pastors,
Of this vile art, the smoking-art,
Be bachelors and masters ?

And why should students crowd the streets,
Offensive fumes upraising
In curling spires, their Moloch fires
Beneath their noses blazing ?

A preacher smoked behind a barn,
To hide from observation,
But ere he stopped, a spark he dropped,
Which caused a conflagration.

The great destruction, traceable
To this abomination,
Of property, on land and sea,
Defies all computation.

A student to the country went,
His gun upon his shoulder,
To his dismay, while on his way,
A spark blew up his powder.

His nerves were shattered by the shock,
We say: "It is no wonder,"
At least to one compelled to own,
It was a smoking blunder.

Another set his clothes on fire,
And scorched himself so badly,
That to escape in any shape
He took a drenching gladly.

A sorry sight it was to see
The hasty application—
The object wet, will not forget
The quenching operation.

When habit has become disease
And one is long afflicted,
The heart and will grown weaker still,
By thralldom self-inflicted.

Yet this tobacco-plague may be
Successfully resisted,
And in the war against it are
The best of men enlisted.

In this our age of great reform,
Political and civil,
How many wise, and otherwise,
Still dally with this evil.

"I, by the grace of God, can smoke,"
A famous preacher muttered,
"A good cigar," and though these are
The very words he uttered,

A strenuous effort has been made
To falsify the story.
It may be true that smokers do
Ascend from grace to glory.

For though tobacco-users bear
Their conscious condemnation,
'Twould be too much to say that such,
Like drunkards, miss salvation.

Why should a great divine refuse
To censure puffing preachers ;
And yet by rule from Sabbath-school
Expel all smoking teachers ?

All honour to the Conference
Of that denomination,
Before whose power the smokers cower,
And bear their condemnation.

God bless the worthy, faithful ones
Endowed with zeal and knowledge,
Proclaiming truth and teaching youth,
In church and school and college.

By precept and example, too,
And earnest exhortation,
Young men and boys are taught to rise
Above this foul temptation.

Tobacco, as a drug, they hate
Nor are they slow to tell it—
They neither chew, nor smoke; and do
Not raise, nor buy, nor sell it.

And noble women workers, too,
Devoted, good, and holy,
There are, who seek to lead the weak,
Away from ways of folly.

Could not the mothers give the world
A lasting reformation,
While they can reach, and train and teach
The rising generation ?

The world has witnessed woman's power
The dingy dens destroying,
Where drunkards choke themselves with smoke,
The passers-by annoying.

Go estimate the blessed work
Of Christian Endeavour,
And then confess it nothing less
Than going on for ever.

When Joel wrote his prophecies,
Of times so far outreaching,
Does it appear that he could hear
The army-women preaching ?

And though in part fulfilment fell
In Pentacostal blessing,
Yet how much more on every shore
The work is now progressing!

The old divines who dream; their dreams
Are earnestly explaining,—
Young men delight in visions bright
Of work for them remaining.

For truth extends to foreign shores
"Where every prospect pleases."
What cheering news! when Greeks and Jews
Believe, and trust in Jesus.

The Gospel sheds a purer light
On doctrinal confusion,
And maidens fair, and servants, bear
Their witness to the effusion.

And in the coming by and by
When this our world is better,
Shall women teach and vote, and preach,
Without restraint or fetter.

A preacher heard these lines, enraged—
His wrath did much upset him—
Red, white and blue he turned, and few
That saw it could forget him.

And in a neighbouring saloon
They said he was a thumper,
As one by one was called upon
To give his health a bumper.

One said he was as fine a chap
As Greek and Latin learning
Could make a man on any plan
Most famous for discerning.

Another praised his charity ;
" His friendly exhortations,
Are not severe," he said, " on beer
Or friendly fumigations."

O wretched praise ! accepted from
The men who treat and babble,
And crack their jokes because he smokes—
The hero of the rabble.

Poor man ! I pitied him, and so
Did all the congregation,
Except the few that round him blew
The smokers' consolation.

I almost think it sacrilege
That he should ever trample
God's holy house, while sots carouse
And quote his vile example.

And is not he a hopeless case
Who good advice despises,
And only finds a joy that blinds,
In smoke that round him rises ?

While he who only smokes pursues
A fiery avocation ;
The man that chews and smokes, enjoys
Two-fold abomination.

For, when his pipe is laid aside,
Amid a shower of ashes,
His " Honey-dews " he grinds and chews
With most repulsive splashes.

While from his chimneyed nose and mouth
His fetid breath emerges,
He squirts and spits, where'er he sits,
And all around submerges.

Why should our stores and shops be made
Such dens as I have found them,
Where loafers sit, and smoke and spit,
Polluting all around them.

And who can enter any place,
With floors and counters varnished
By what is blown about and thrown
And get away untarnished ?

Where tea and coffee, sugar, rice,
And dry-goods are so stinking,
That merchants mad might well be glad
To burn their stock I'm thinking.

A servant girl who went to work,
Where three young gents were spitting,
Declared at once she would resign
Her place, and took her fitting.

She plainly told the dandy dudes
That she could live without them,
Nor would she rub, nor touch, nor scrub
The filth they cast about them.

A lady to the office went
To get the evening papers,
And slowly found her way around
A graceless group of gapers.

A pipe, cigar, or cigarette,
Each puffed as for existence,
Or honour due, amidst a crew
Disgusting at a distance.

A self-appointed loafer sat
Their champion employing
His puffing powers, and squirting showers,
The lady's dress destroying.

Take such a man and pinion him,
And flog him most severely,
Within an inch of life, nor flinch
Till he repent sincerely.

A castigation may not seem
Just what the law comprises,
But would correct, with more effect,
Than criminal assizes.

And now, ye fair and gentle ones,
If you would wisely marry,
Don't throw yourselves away on elves
That large spittoons should carry.

I never could enjoy the sight
Of ugly pictures painted,
Nor would I blot a single jot
When truth must be presented.

No, never, I must speak the truth,
And truth itself shall clear me,
If I am wrong, I've lost my song,
If right the world shall hear me.

Tobacco does not fit a man
For prayer or exhortation,
And let me tell a truthful tale
By way of illustration.

"And is she worse?" the pastor said,
"O yes, she's hourly sinking."
"Should I not read and pray?" "Indeed
You might; but you're so stinking.

"She never could endure your breath,
She'd rather do without you;
Yes, sooner die than have *you* nigh
With such a smell about you."

I do sincerely pity him,
Who knows he should be holy,
His preaching good, his practice rude,
Himself a slave to folly.

The heralds of redeeming grace
Should set a good example,
And neither claim, nor seem to claim
The right on rights to trample.

I've travelled in the second-class,
And found it most provoking,
When clergymen and "gentlemen (?)"
Came in to do their smoking.

I'd put all smoking travellers
No matter whence or whither—
In one great iron cattle-car,
To smoke and spit together.

By those refined saliva-pumps,
It cannot be disputed,
That clothes are spoiled and houses soiled,
And even pews polluted.

And doctors, clerks and merchantmen,
All ages, ranks, professors,
Have been beguiled, and might be styled,
The puffing-up transgressors.

What would the old Apostles say,
Of preachers, elders, deacons,
Who love to whiff, and look as if
They should be burning beacons.

Would they not say a blast of death
Had swept away their senses?
And to the elves who smoke themselves,
The yearly cost immense is.

Let mingled scorn and pity rule,
When truth my race exposes,
And men take snuff, that filthy stuff,
With which they cram their noses.

Some ladies, too, of rank and taste,
I almost said, "Confound them,"
Take snuff, and sneeze, as if a breeze
From Greenland swept around them.

Behold that stately nobleman!
Was ever mortal prouder?
A box of gold he keeps, to hold
The nauseous, dirty powder.

In olden times the snuff was passed
From pew to pew unhindered,
And every nose received a dose,
Nor priest nor parson wondered.

Some ministers themselves were known,
And I could even name them,
Who took their stand snuff-box in hand,
Nor did their sneezing shame them.

A preacher from that noble isle,
Where grows the blooming heather,
A pocket had expressly made
Well lined with chamois leather,

And there he kept with constant care,
Though he would fain conceal it,
A full supply, snuffed on the sly,
Did not his face reveal it?

The evil of these habits vile
To greater powers entrusting,
I only say, as well I may,
'Tis perfectly disgusting.

In short, the man who undergoes
The thraldom of tobacco,
Might well succumb, with patience dumb,
To all the laws of Draco.

Away with this tobacco trade,
In one wholesale consignment—
Its filthiness of nastiness
Outrages all refinement.

I'd rather move to any part,
Beneath the whole horizon
Than spend my life, with man or wife,
Who loves tobacco poison.

O that this world were saved from all
The fashions foul that drown it,
That cleanliness and righteousness,
And holiness might crown it.

And now, my friends, the time is short
For any reformation,
But while your brains unburned remain,
With firm determination

Arouse, and in the strength of God
Your iron fetters sever,
Arouse, and vow you'll conquer now,
And may it be for ever.

And be your sphere of action here,
In low or lofty station,
Cleanse your hands from all that brands
This great abomination.

Lynn, *April 1st*, 1902.

THE INDIAN AND THE SLAVE

Is the Indian torn from the land of his birth
And sent to Orleans or the ends of the earth
At the will of a merciless trader?
Yea, he does not dwell in the forest wide,
Possessing himself, and his own his bride,
Fearless of foe or invader?

Unfettered and free he provides his food;
Though his raiment is coarse and his wigwam rude
Yet his household joys are many.
What mortal dares dispute his claim
To walk the earth a human name?
Not any, my friends, not any.

What power restrains the youthful joy
That swells the heart of the Indian boy?
Or who with chains has bound him?
And when that youth shall have manhood won
Shall he not live as his fathers have done
With his social bliss around him?

He can hunt his game through the prairie flowers,
Or sink into rest in the shady bowers
When the noonday sun is shining.
He can launch his canoe and the rivers explore,
Or loiter about his camp on shore,
No man his peace undermining.

But the negro is torn from his native shore
And the land of his fathers he sees no more
Despite of every feeling!
While the frantic scream and the deep-drawn sigh,
The writhing limb and the tearful eye,
The grief of the soul is revealing.

Let the Muse be aroused to words of wrath
To tell of the crew the slaver hath!

Above that deck and under
What earthly words can equal the wails
That rise beneath the foreign sails
That escape the British thunder?

Yet onward and onward the guilty ship
Plunges her way o'er the briny deep,
Her human freight within her.
Oh! the filth, and the heat, and the want of breath,—
And the weak who sink in the stench of death
Are overboard thrown to clean her!

No sooner in port than the slaver yields
Her fresh recruits to the cotton fields—
And now to the auctioneering.
“Hallo, Mr. Haley, what say you there?
Look at this damsel young and fair,
How do you like her appearing?”

Mr. Haley has studied the physical laws,
He opens her mouth and examines her jaws;
And while on the block she is mounting
He privately thinks her “the pick of the whole,”
And the price of the “article” body and soul,
In dollars and dimes he is counting.

“Two hundred dollars,” are offered, “three,” “four,”—
“O, a Christian is worth a great deal more”—
Then rapidly, “five,” “six,” “seven,”
Then “eight.” “How much? How much?” “Nine,”
“ten.”

And they buy and sell their fellow-men
In the light of a gracious Heaven.

She is sold and bought, but bought for what?
O, need I tarry explaining that
To those who are good at guessing?

An immortal spirit's exchanged for gold,
'Midst anguish of heart and grief untold
And partings most distressing.

And now all ye who can sympathise
With a sorrowful heart, wherever it lies,
O, think of the families severed!
And while ye may feel for the wild Red man,
Pity, O pity the African,
And pray that he may be delivered.

THE LIGHTNING RUN

Proclaim to the world in the light of the sun
The triumph achieved and the victory won,
For the Vanderbilt race has been quite outdone—
On the Canada Southern Railway.

The September sun was bright and clear,
When voices of joy and words of cheer
Sounded and echoed far and near,
On the Canada Southern Railway.

While an iron steed and a palace car
On a special train such wonders are,
This was the greatest sight by far,
On the Canada Southern Railway.

Out on the glittering steel they stood,
Enginemen in a merry mood;
For the line is straight and the rails are good
On the Canada Southern Railway.

All Aboard! All Aboard! It was said and done,
Then away in pursuit of the setting sun.
O, 'twas a grand, 'twas a lightning run!
On the Canada Southern Railway.

And the timorous passengers who thought
Insurance tickets were wisely bought,
A lesson of trust were quickly taught,
On the Canada Southern Railway.

. . . For though he went out like a flash of light,
Passing the birds in their airy flight,
Macomber came safely in that night,
On the Canada Southern Railway.

Nobles were there who had crossed the foam ;
Some were returning from ancient Rome ;
But Manager Muir was quite at home,
On the Canada Southern Railway.

With calm composure he seemed to view
The receding world as philosophers do.
'Twas a joyous, rapid ride all through,
On the Canada Southern Railway.

A race for minutes, a race for miles,
Steam has a power that time beguiles ;
But the miles prevailed, midst greetings and smiles,
On the Canada Southern Railway.

Sweeping by stations far between—
Sounds were unheard and sights unseen,
And whirlwinds sent to the wall, I ween,
On the Canada Southern Railway.

For a hundred miles and ten and one
In an hour three quarters were safely run,
And the fastest train on earth outdone,
On the Canada Southern Railway.

Onward and onward they swiftly sped,
Village and town and country fled ;
And dinner was quietly served, they said,
On the Canada Southern Railway.

Whirling through space like a flying dream,
Gone and vanished the world would seem.
Vulcan! Tell us the power of steam,
On the Canada Southern Railway.

I have travelled far and I ought to know,
And I will maintain wherever I go
That the smoothest, safest (fast or slow),
Is the Canada Southern Railway.

September 13th, 1877.

THE MADNESS OF WAR

(Partly translated from the German)

Our Father in Heaven with His bountiful hand
Refreshing the earth with His life-giving showers,
In proof of His goodness is filling the land
With delicate fruits and with beautiful flowers.

The fruits are to feed us, the flowers to please,
And the gifts of His love are most lavishly given;
Nor is there a soul in creation but sees
The kind all-providing indulgence of Heaven.

But had I the power to remodel it all
And grant your desires with a word or a breath,
Each melon should turn to a huge cannon ball,
To be eaten, not sent on a message of death.

Asparagus turned into bayonets should glow
Till each garden should gleam like a forest of spears,
And poignards and sabres and lances should grow
In place of the corn's farinaceous ears.

And lest any should look for the glorious day
When the sword shall be changed as the prophet hath
said,
Each plough upon earth should be taken away
And piles of accoutrements given instead.

Your barns should be turned into barracks of course,
And the dust of the earth should explode at your
tramp—
Each hoof be transformed to a cavalry horse,
Each orchard become an artillery camp.

No light upon earth but the flashing of arms,
And the atmosphere loaded with sulphurous fumes ;
All Nature's sweet choristers fled the alarms
And deafening din of your terrible drums.

And the juice of your grapes I would turn into blood,
Your plums into shot and your peaches to shell,
And then would I say, "It is all for your good,
Come, take the reward ye have merited well !

"Come, feed on your chosen munitions of war,
Let famine destroy and the pestilence slay ;
Your sins will correct you, ye fools that ye are,
Come now, and rejoice in your festival day."

Oh, when shall we hail the millennial dawn ?
And when shall this wild inconsistency cease ?
Each nation preparing new weapons, swords drawn,
While solemn conventions are praying for peace.

June 28th, 1875.

THOUGHTS FOR THE TIMES

How truly the sages while scanning the ages
The changes of centuries learn ;
But scoffers and doubters and prophecy-scouters
No signs of the times can discern.

But, as it is written, the earth has been smitten
By pestilence, famine and sword ;
While thousands, receiving the truth, are believing
That Paradise shall be restored.

Great Hope of the Nations ! In all generations
The Shiloh shall come to fulfil
The anthem from Heaven by Seraphim given,
" Peace, peace upon earth and good-will."

The nations who wrangle at every angle
Are wondrously willing to speak
One language. When spoken in accents unbroken
'Twill neither be Latin nor Greek.

But English most surely, with eloquence purely
Pronounced to a listening world ;
The great British races maintaining their places
With banners of Freedom unfurled.

How great are the people, the gathering people,
Their greatness let History tell,
Upholding their banner, the Star Spangled Banner,
And ringing their Liberty Bell.

Good men in the Union extend their communions
To regions unknown to Monroe
By free institutions and large contributions
To missions, wherever they go.

And surely by Heaven to Britain is given,
 On continent, island and wave,
 A mission to scatter the darkness, and shatter
 The fetters of every slave.

And blind is the doubter who cannot about her
 A cluster of nations behold ;
 Colonial nations, possessing in patience
 The promises given of old.

May Canada greater, yes, grander and greater
 Than any colonial shore,
 Inherit the blessing, her national blessing,
 With plenty and peace evermore.

Lynn, Mass., *February 22nd*, 1902.

TO ALEXANDER H. WINGFIELD

My honoured friend, accept this eulogy—
 A tribute due to Hamilton and thee.

Ambitious City for thy poets—now
 Grown famous—on thy tow'ring mountain's brow
 Be freedom's banner sung by many a bard,
 Admiring patriots their shield and guard.
 Whilst I—a stranger to such gifted lays—
 In some retreat obscure around the bays
 Of great Parnassus, still rejoice to find
 That Wingfield's genius aye instructs mankind.
 Yes, Wingfield, when the sacred muse inspires
 Her favoured sons to touch their tuneful lyres,
 Then, only then, are heard soul-stirring strains
 Felicitous as thine ;—From maple plains
 The brave and beautiful still throng around
 The Bard of Hamilton with laurels crowned,
 Whose warbling cadences melodious roll
 Till echo dies beyond the farthest pole.

Plead for the poets ; yes, with all my heart
I will, and emulate the rhyming art ;
Although I never shall attain the top
Of great Parnassus, yet I fondly hope
To write for pleasure and for bread—not fame—
And so I court the muse, and do the same as others did
Whose works are prized and read—
The learned authors with the famous dead.

Plead for the poets ; yes, because I love
With them through realms of history to rove,
And gather facts wherever they are found—
To weave a robe of poetry around.

Plead for the poets ; yes, but shall I plead
Without discrimination ? No indeed.
Too many from the line of truth depart
And spend on trifling fiction all their art ;
With minds depraved, they grasp at every bubble
That floats upon the sea of mortal trouble.
Not so great Wingfield, whose heart-thrilling lays
Have richly won his country's grateful praise ;
Amidst a thousand hammers' noisy tones,
The restless, roaring engines' thund'ring groans.
Heedless of all the dreadful, deafening din
That would have made inferior brains run thin,
He touches tenderly the silver chords
Of social life ; his boast pure Saxon words
Rising superior to the clang of steel,
Stern facts, his strength—who has a heart to feel,
A sympathy for truth, must gladly own
That Wingfield lives the Bard of Hamilton.

TWO ACROSTICS

A time to die, the great King Preacher said—
 N o truth more trite, and yet good men though dead
 D own through the ages live. Historic fame
 R enders immortal many a Scottish name,
 E ngraven deeply in memorial trust
 W hile misers moulder in forgotten dust.

C onvene the world's great men, the noblest, best
 A s countless as the stars from east to west ;
 R eview their works and register their names,
 N umbered and called according to their claims,
 E ach country's delegates to that great throng,
 G rand worthies all. My native Land of Song
 I n peerless pride the foremost ! crowning one
 E steemed, admired and praised in every zone.

2

A s when the sun with bright refulgent rays
 N ew life diffuses through the flowery maze,
 D ispels the dawn, and from his glorious height
 R ichly bestows the gifts of heat and light,
 E ven so a great, good man do we behold
 W isely and well dispensing wealth untold.

C onquerors and kings, though monuments are raised,
 A s nameless as their serfs may lie unpraised :
 R iches and wealth are vain. Time's truthful pen
 N o good records when selfish wealthy men
 E nd their career. But when a great, good man
 G laddens the hearts of thousands when he can,
 I n ecstasy of wonder, " Whence he came ? "
 E nquirers ask, with blessings on his name.

"WELL MAY WE BOAST OF LIBERTY"

Well may we boast of liberty
Where every mortal man is free—
Unawed by foe or tyrant knave—
 On British soil
 To rest or toil,
No man to claim or call him slave.

Not so the great Republic nigh
Whose vaunting words were loud and high,
Extolling oft the people's rule ;
 For there we see
 Among the free
Despotic power make man a fool.

The black in bondage to the white,
The white in terror day and night,
And slavery a curse to all.
 The burning brands
 Of Christian lands
Aloud to Heaven for vengeance call.

The blazing fires, the cow-hide lash,
The manacles, and maiming gash,
The auction-sale of little ones,
 Has roused at length
 The lion-strength
Of Afric's wrong-enduring sons.

When Israel's sons were slaves of old,
Where Egypt's muddy waters rolled,
Afflicted by a tyrant's hand,
 From burning flame
 The Great I Am
Sent Moses forth to plague the land.

COLLECTED VERSE

And in that Time-enduring book,
So full of counsel and rebuke
For such as evil-doers be,
Let those who need
The warning, read
The fate of Pharaoh in the sea.

The wretches ruling southern climes
Who love the man-enslaving crimes
And crush the poor with iron heels,
May soon go down
Without renown
As low as Pharaoh's chariot wheels.

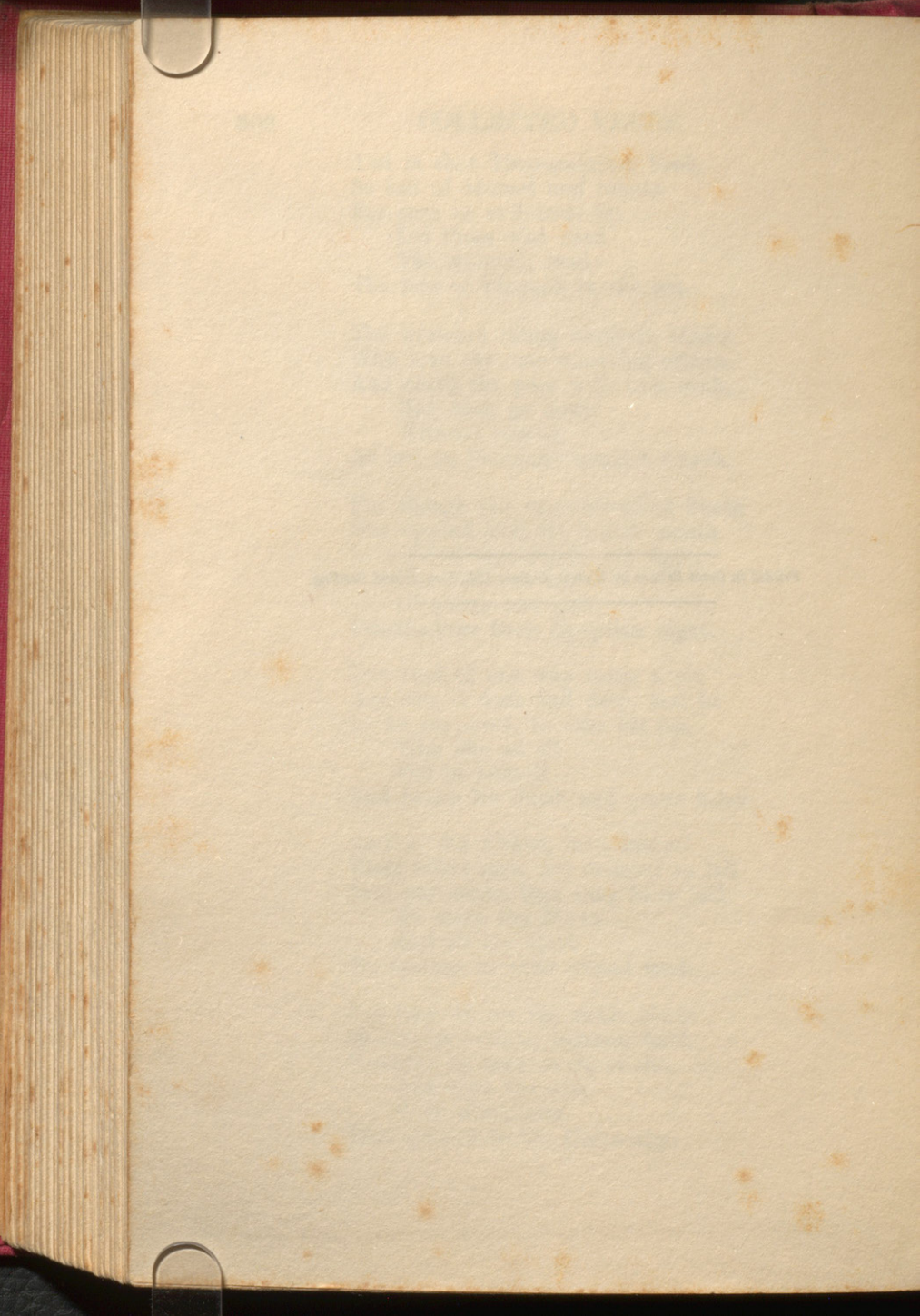
For though the man-degrading South
Has opened wide its hellish mouth
In ruthless rage for bloody fight,
The darkness felt
Of gloom and guilt
Foreshadows their Egyptian night.

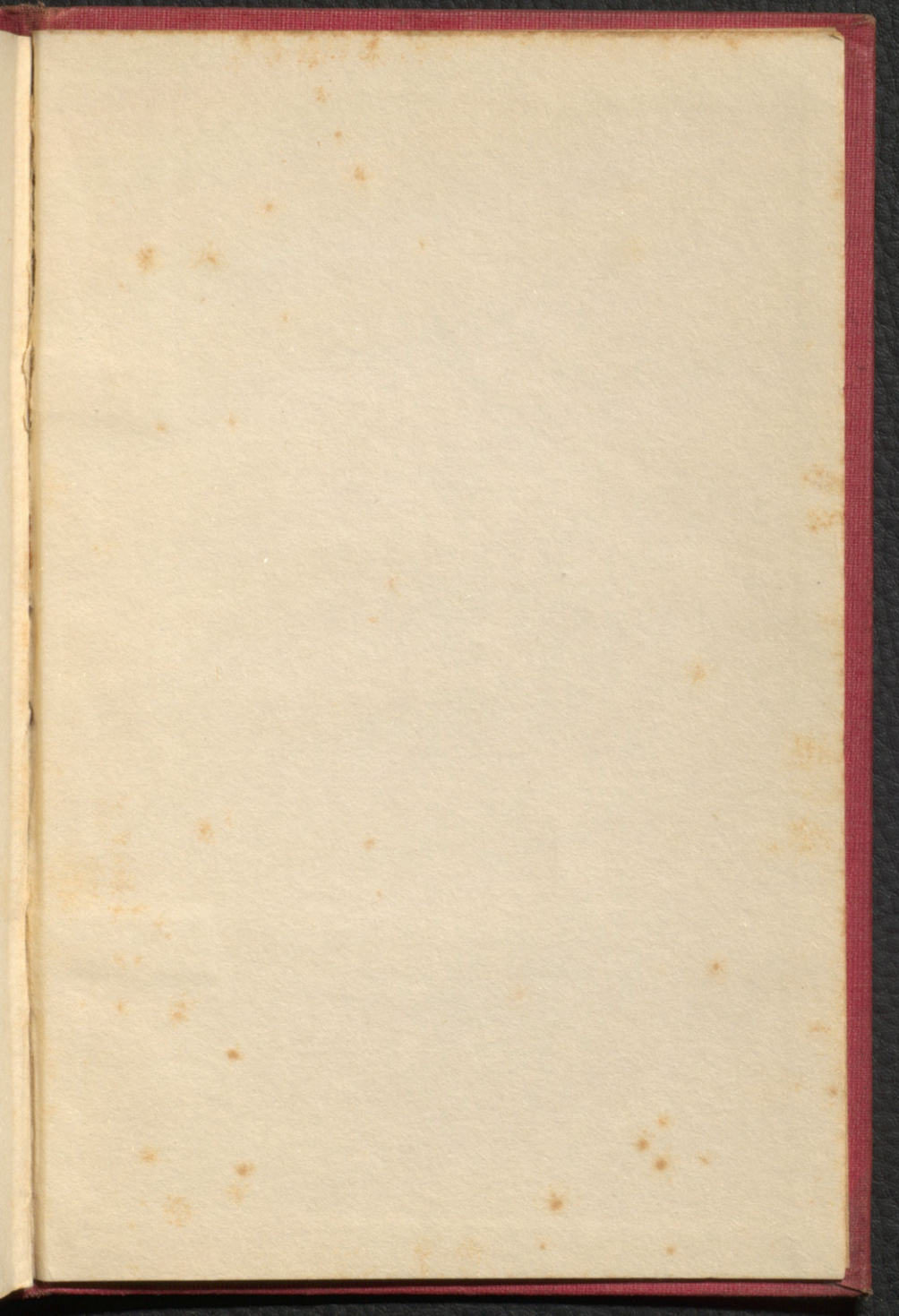
I've read of one who made a pit
And dug it wide and deep, and fit
As he supposed, to take his foe,
Who like an elf
Fell in himself
And found his death and grave below.

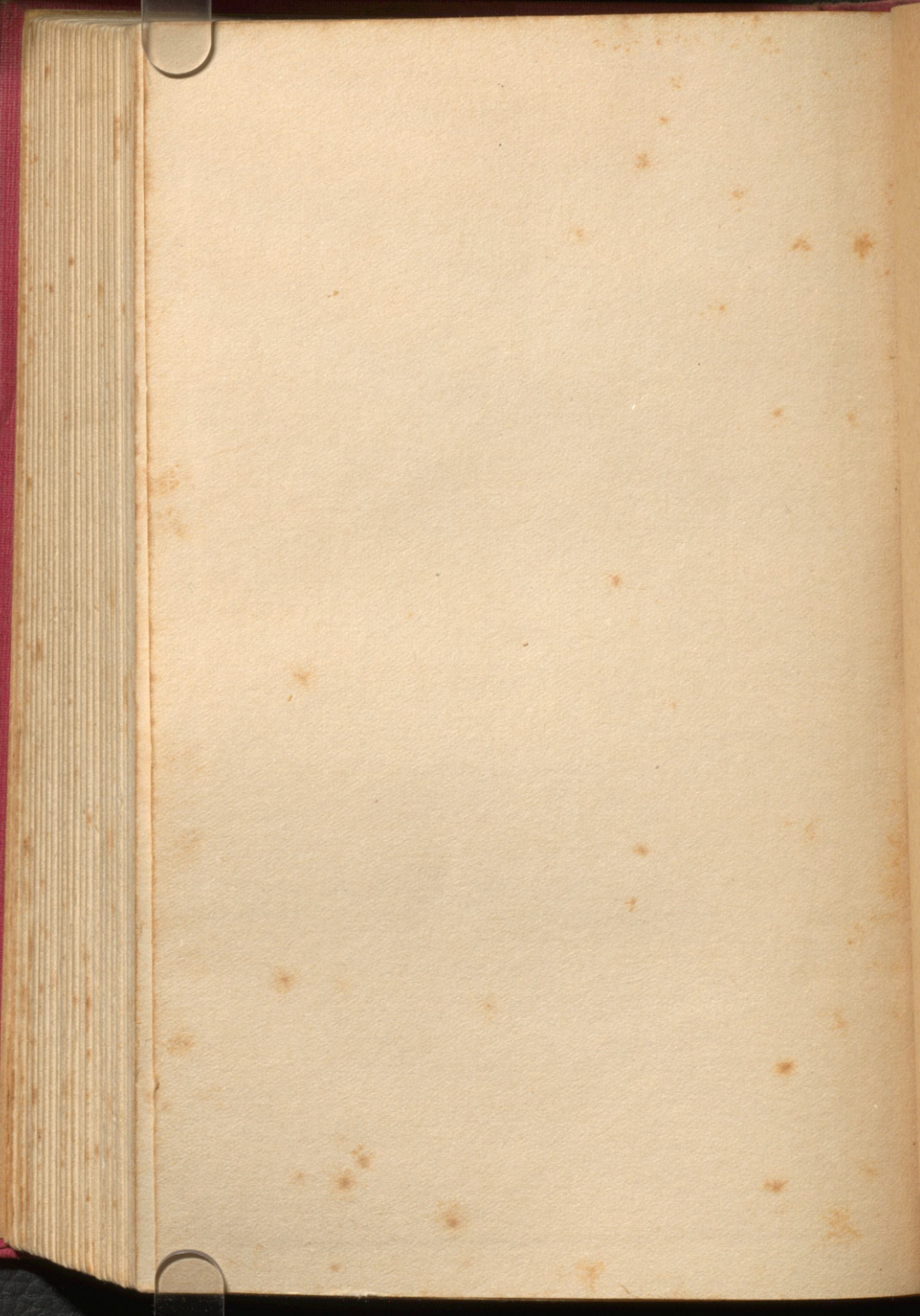
And so the wicked, who enthral
Their fellow-men, are doomed to fall
Into the snares that they have laid
To make the North
And all the earth
Do homage to their cursed trade.

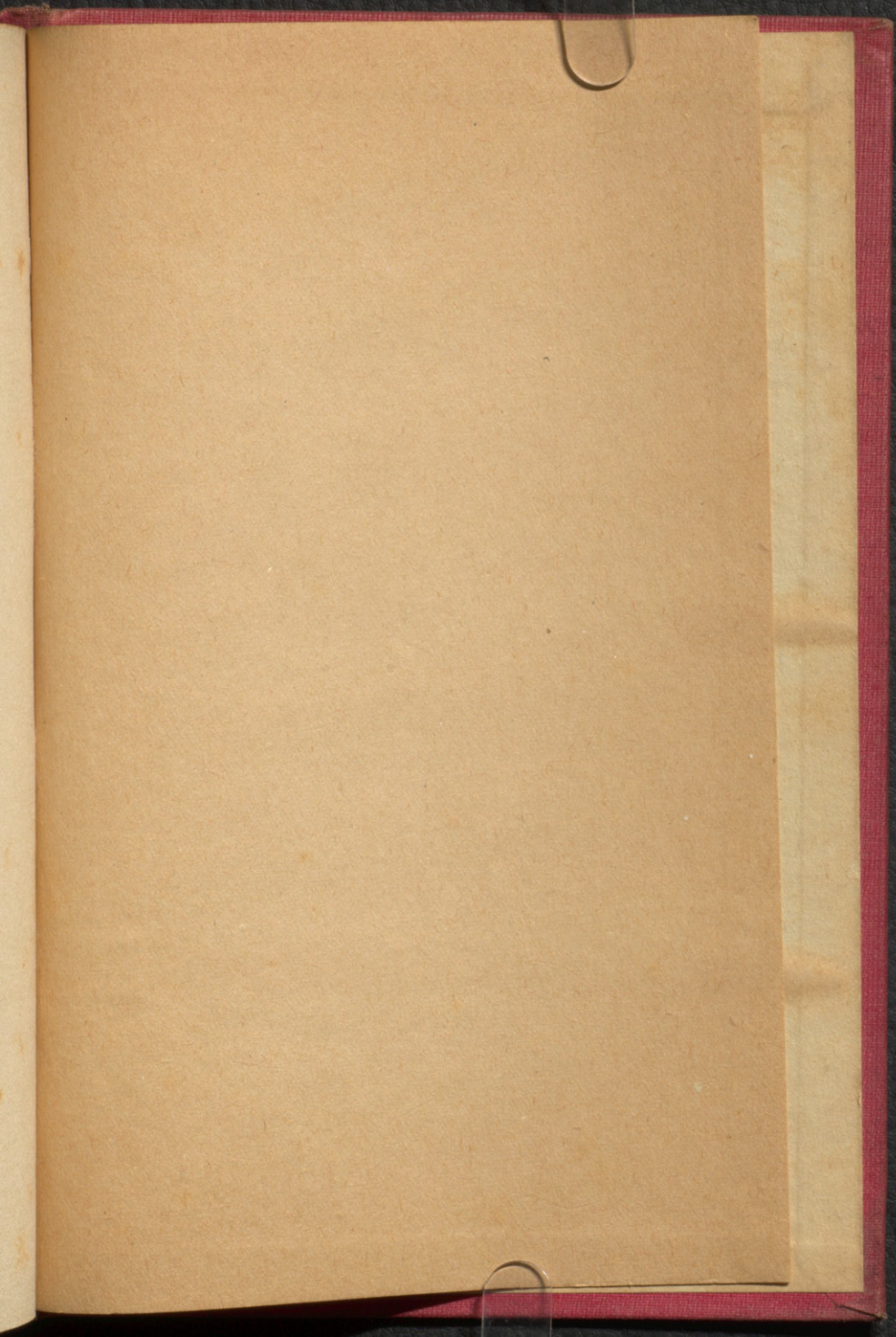
But now we see the noble North
In earnest sending freemen forth
Resolved at once to do or die,
And wipe the scar
From every star
That glitters in the Union sky.

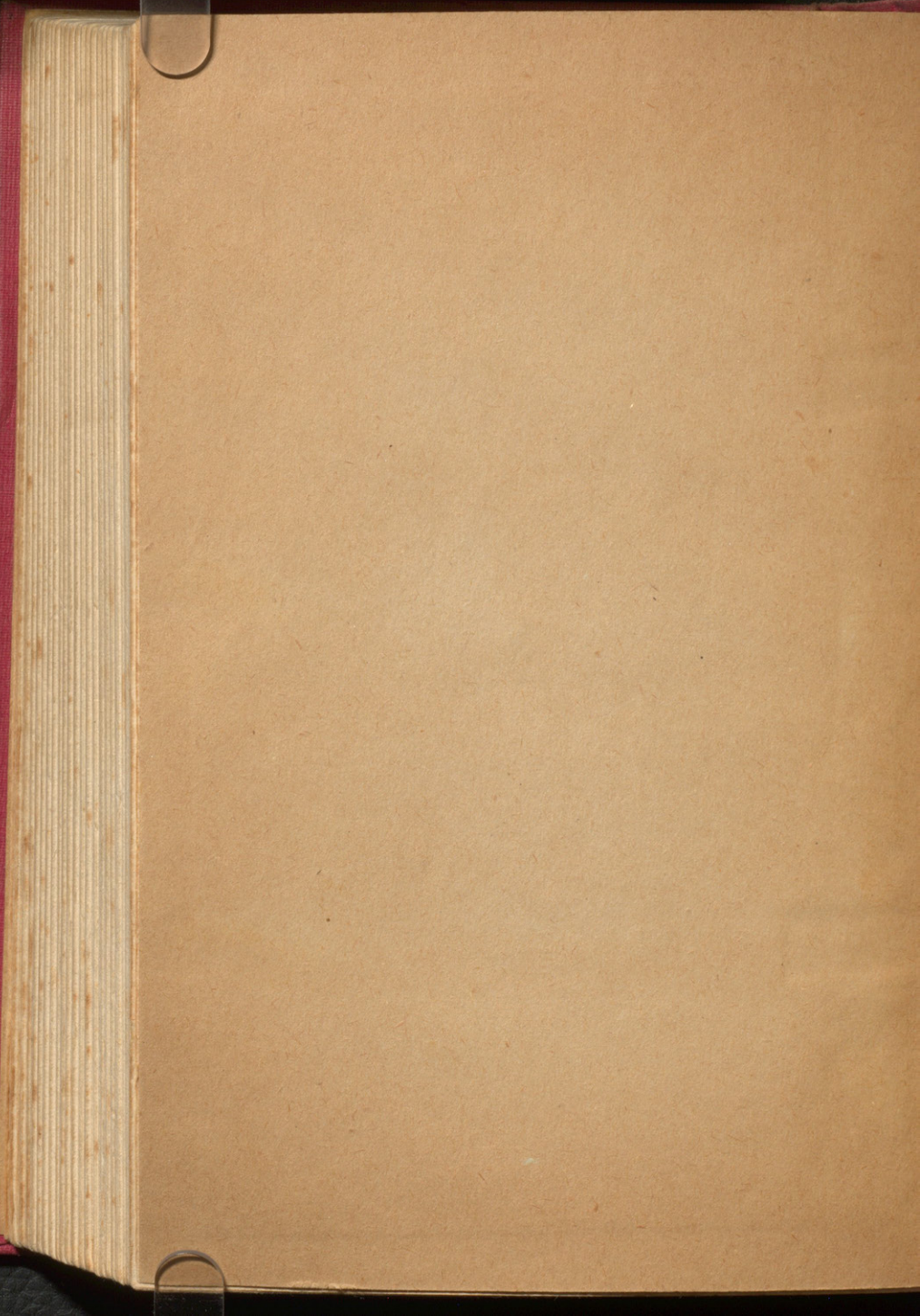
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