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By Heath and Prairie

PETER GRANT

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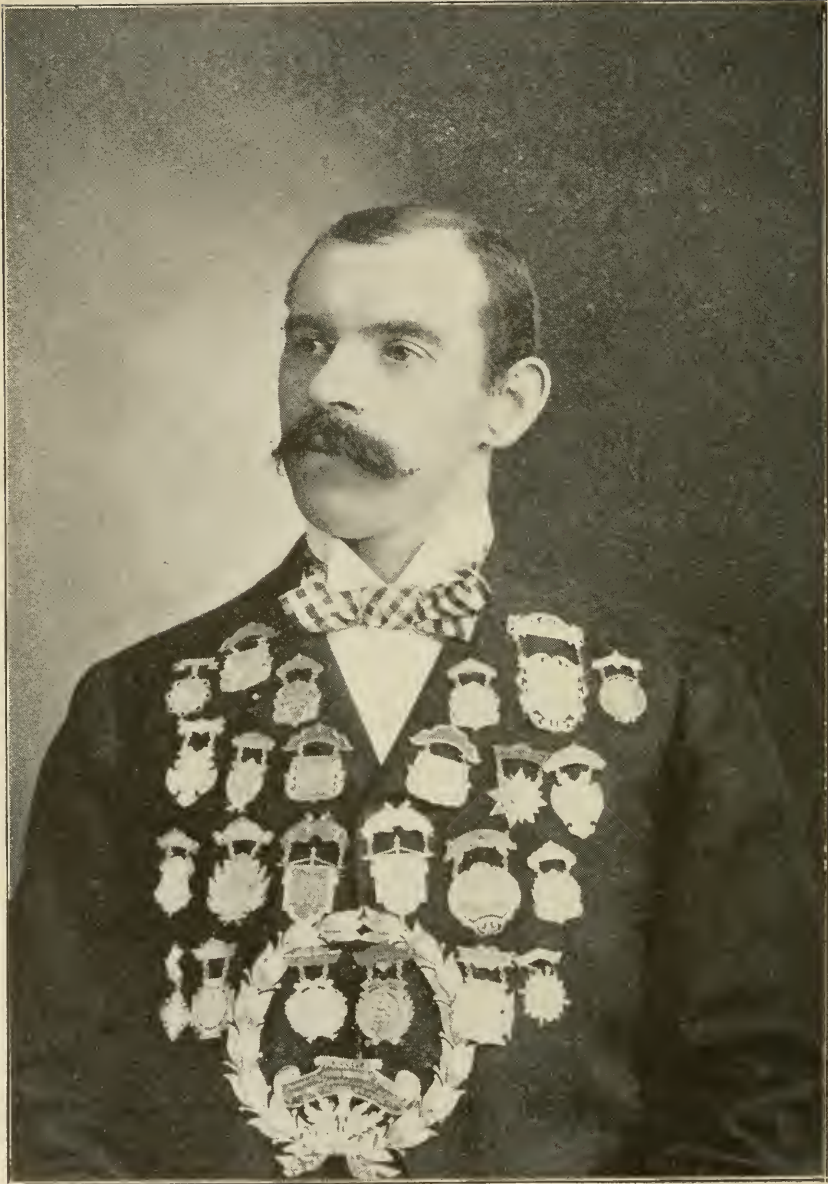
1900

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



Compliments of the author

Peter Grant



PETER GRANT

BY HEATH AND PRAIRIE

(Scottish and American Poems)

BY PETER GRANT

As the weaver plied his shuttle
Wove he, too, the mystic rhyme;
And the smith his iron measures
Hammered to the anvil's chime
—LONGFELLOW.

\$1.00

CHICAGO
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TO THE
CALEDONIAN SOCIETY OF CHICAGO

Which has nobly stood the test of time and fortune's changes, whose members are banded together for the advancement of Scottish music and poetry, for the well-being of their brother Scots and the honor of their native land, this Volume is respectfully dedicated by its Bard,

PETER GRANT.

PREFACE.

THE desire to express my thoughts in rhyme was first manifested when, as a bare-legged boy I tended cattle and sheep in the valley of the Spey. My youthful mind was keenly sensible of the sublimity of the northern hills, and the varied charms of vale and river. When ten years old I framed my first verses, which I carefully concealed from view. Even at that early age I fully expected to leave my native land, and I often found myself wistfully gazing on the scenes of beauty round me, as on that which I might never see again. So when the ocean rolled between them and me I found the scenes of childhood were imprinted on my memory—that “absence made the heart grow fonder.” Constant association with brother Scots served to keep alive in me the patriotic ardor and drew from my pen many of the poems which have appeared in Scottish and American publications. They have all been composed during hours of labor, to the accompaniment of the clang of hammer and the whirr of belt and wheel. Now, in response to the wishes of many friends, I have made a selection of those which pleased me best, with many others not hitherto printed. Besides those of special interest to British-Americans, there are many which present my impressions of life in a Western city. American Scots are so patriotic that they need little incentive to be true to the traditions of their native land; and men are so learned now that it is hard to bring a smile to their face; but if these simple verses cause a thrill of fond remembrance in an exiled heart, or beguile a weary hour, they shall not have been written in vain.

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FAREWELL TO STRATHSPEY.

THE last rays of twilight are slowly departing,
And eventide drawing its pall o'er the earth,
While deepest regret wrings my bosom at parting
With Scotia, dear Scotia, the land of my birth.

I weep, for life's tenderest ties shall be sundered
Ere hill tops are flushed with return of the day;
I now look my last on the home of my kindred,
And scenes of my childhood in bonnie Strathspey.

The sun has gone down, and the night is advancing,
As fondly I gaze on my dear Highland home—
At dawning of morn I shall see his rays glancing
On billówy ocean waves, crested with foam.

Farewell to each kinsman and true-hearted neighbor,
On this side the grave we may ne'er meet again;
No more may I join you in pastime or labor,
Or wake the glad echoes that sleep in the glen.

Here still you may dwell amid scenery's grandeur,
Where mountain peaks tow'r until lost in the sky;
While I must abide in the land of the stranger
With naught of its beauty to gladden my eye.

A solemn farewell, though in life's sunny morning
We look to the future with hearts undismayed;
Few, few of these friends may behold my returning,
And many be numbered, ere then, with the dead.

Farewell to the noble trees fringing the river—
The wide-spreading beech, and the evergreen pine;
Too soon from my vision they vanish forever;
The joys of remembrance, from henceforth are mine.

Farewell to the burnie that sings to the sombre
 And desolate moor, as it flows on its way;
 No more shall its cheery note soothe me to slumber,
 Or trill in my ear at the dawning of day.

Still brown is the heather, and stunted the bracken,
 And bare are the limbs of the bonnie birch tree;
 Where richest of foliage to life shall awaken,
 And heather bells bloom, but they bloom not for me.

Still bare is the sod where, in nature's profusion,
 The wild flow'rs of summer shall bloom on the lea;
 And gladden the heart; but, afar o'er the ocean,
 Their fragrance shall never be wafted to me.

Farewell to the cottage where oft 'mid the bluster
 Of wild wintry tempests, securely I lay;
 And sweetest of mem'ries shall evermore cluster
 Around the clay bigging in bonnie Strathspey.

Farewell to the landscape unrivalled in beauty—
 The wild, rugged grandeur of mountain and plain;
 Far, far I must roam in the pathway of duty;
 Farewell to the land I may ne'er see again.

SANDY JOHNSTON'S DOCHTER.

WHEN Sandy Johnston cam' tae Howe o' Mearns
 Fowk said he had a muckle kist o' siller;
 He had ae dochter, an' the neighbors' bairns
 Soon fand they werena tae be even'd till her.
 Ae day she lichtit on oor cobbler's den,
 Buskit sae braw in goon o' latest fashion;
 She brocht a pair o' denty shoon tae men',
 Which set oor young hairts in a lowe o' passion.

The 'prentice laddie wrocht wi' a' his micht;
 O' wax an' elbow grease he wasna sparin',
 Until thae denty bauchles shone as bricht
 As they'd been destined for an angel's wearin'.

The joke was on the bashfu' loon that day,
An' yet my ain hairt gie'd an unco quiver
At lowsin' time to hear the maister say,
"Heh! Jock, the angel's shoon ye maun deliver."

Sae when I mountit Sandy's muckle stair
A stylish youth was in the lobby waitin':
The auld man cam' an' speer'd oor business there.
The spruce chap answered, wi' his hairt wild beatin',
"I am a suitor for your daughter Belle;
To win her hand shall be my fond endeavor."
"Gang ben the hoose," said Sandy; "see hersel;"
Then turned tae me wi' little sign o' favor:

"Anither suitor for my doctor's han'?"
"I am a souter," I retortit, grinnin,
"But for her feet." He didna understan',
An' doon the cauld stane steps he send me spinnin'.
Sae I agree it isna safe tae crack
A joke wi' bumpkin o' the Scottish nation,
Unless a surgeon be at han' tae mak'
Upon his heid the needfu' operation.

THE HIGHLANDERS' WRONGS.

THE Highlander upon his native heather,
With stalwart form and spirit free as air,
Fears not the rude assaults of wind and weather,
But tends his plough, his flocks and herds, with care.

Upon the barren heath or stony brae,
He toiled from morn till night with busy hand;
Until his ceaseless care, from day to day,
Reclaimed and made it fair and fruitful land.

'Twas watered oft with sweat from off his brow,
And in the time of danger has he stood
To guard that land against a foreign foe,
Till it was redden'd with his heart's best blood.

Alas! that tyrant Law now stays his arm,
 When landlords, to all sense of honor dead,
 Evict him from his humble mountain farm
 To rear the sheep and wild deer in his stead.

So then he sets his face across the sea,
 And finds, as settler in the boundless West,
 A home 'mid freedom and prosperity,
 Where honest industry may yet be blest.

He had to go, but 'twas-not for transgression
 Of any law, nor for an act unjust;
 But the accurst rack-renting and oppression
 His spirit crushed and ground him to the dust.

Let us have Government control of land,
 Peasant proprietors, or what we may;
 But stay, O! stay the evictor's shameless hand,
 That's ruining our country day by day.

'Tis true, the landlords raise a mighty fuss
 About their vested int'rest in the soil;
 And, piteous, cry, "What will become of us
 If our estates are made a public spoil?"

Why should they not engage in honest trade?
 Why don't *they* emigrate? I say they should;
 Then of the rascals it might well be said
 "They left their country for their country's good."

O! vested int'rests, many a cruel wrong
 Has oft been perpetrated in their name;
 That this iniquity endures so long,
 Makes Scottish manhood hide its head in shame.

To think that laws framed in a barb'rous age
 Should bind men now—'tis too absurd to last.
 Does not experience teach both fool and sage
 To remedy the errors of the past?

So let us work to hasten on the hour
 When "landlords rights" shall go for what they're worth;
 Then, with the downfall of their misspent power
 Shall God's own people dwell on God's own earth.

ONE ON THE TOURIST.

THE day was hot, the rocky path unshaded,
That upward led by Scottish moor and hill;
The cold and cultured gentleman from Boston—
Though almost tired to death—was captious still;
He blandly smiled, in his superior wisdom,
To hear his guide, a stalwart mountaineer,
Boast of the distance that his practised eyesight
Could penetrate the mountain atmosphere.

He sneered. "Then I suppose you can distinguish
Columbia's shores afar across the tide."
"Oh yes, my man, we see a good bit farther,"
The Highlander, all unabashed, replied.
"What can you see beyond that wondrous limit?"
The tourist asked, with unbelieving smiles;
"We see the moon," his rugged guide responded,
"And faith that's farther nor three thousand miles."

WHEN I AM FAR AWAY.

AN exile on a foreign shore,—
My heart shall loyal be,
With wistful longing evermore,
My native land, for thee;
My dreams in stillness of the night,
My fondest thoughts by day;
Unbidden still shall wing their flight
To Scotland far away.

By woodland glades I loved to roam,
Those scenes of beauty rare;
The prairie now must be my home,
All featureless and bare.
Dame Nature wakens everywhere
The buds of early May;
But who shall pluck the blossoms fair
When I am far away?

By Heath and Prairie.

While skylarks sang their tale of love,
 To greet the waking morn,
 How oft my willing team I drove
 By fields of yellow corn.
 And I am loath to leave them now,
 The brown mare and the gray;
 Oh! who will guide my father's plough
 When I am far away?

I loved to scale, at early dawn,
 The rugged mountain side;
 To shout the war-cry of our clan,
 My bosom swelled with pride.
 Now who shall bear our banner high
 Upon the festal day,
 And who will raise the slogan cry
 When I am far away?'

No city structures, grim and soiled,
 Can e'er appear so grand
 As crag on crag majestic piled,
 In my dear native land.
 Though by Missouri's waters wide
 My wandering footsteps stray,
 I'll sigh for Aven's crystal tide
 In Scotland far away.

Oh! what can break the filial band,
 That strange and mystic tie,
 Which binds us to our native land,
 Unchanged until we die?
 To that fair land from whence we came
 Our hearts beat true for aye,
 And thrill with joy to hear the name
 Of Scotland far away.

 SIR WILFRID LAURIER.

WHEN the death-shot pours and the heroes bleed,
 As the war cloud hovers o'er them,
 Their young hands strike in the hour of need
 For the mother land that bore them.

And second to none in the kingly band
That faces her bearded foes
Are the stalwart lads from the northern land
Where the dear old maple grows.

Britannia weeps as her sons depart
To sleep in a foreign grave;
And she thanks her God for the loyal heart
That beats o'er the ocean wave.
When the bold and crafty foemen flee
From the fierce Canadian blows,
She bows to the man of destiny
Who rules where the maple grows.

The man who holds, with his native grace,
The reins of a mighty land;
And richly blest is the freeborn race
That trusts to his guiding hand:
To steer its course by the stars above
In the mists of a future day;
And he yields to none in his steadfast love
For the home land far away.

His aims are as pure as his heart is great,
And his world-wide fame inspires
The patriot youth to emulate
The deeds of their worthy sires.
With the love of man and the fear of God
Enshrined in the nation's breast,
The soul of progress finds abode
In this broad land of the west.

Which goes ahead with a giant's stride,
And fire in its youthful veins;
Men look to the land that is fair and wide,
Where a true born statesman reigns.
From the fruitful shores of the tideless sea
Far back to the trackless snows,
There's hope for the sons of industry
In the land where the maple grows.

MY HIGHLAND MAID.

AMID the groves of Windsor Park
 I roved at morning early;
 The scent of buds, the songster's note,
 My senses gladden'd rarely.
 Sweet flowers bloomed by mansion gates,
 By woodland, field and prairie;
 But ne'er a flower bloomed half so fair
 As my sweet Highland Mary.

The faint blush of the op'ning rose
 Her dimpled cheek adorning;
 Her smile, bright as the sun's first ray
 Upon a summer morning;
 Her voice, sweet as the warbling note
 Of bubul or canary:
 My heart is captive to the charms
 Of my sweet Highland Mary.

By woodland glades we rambled on,
 Our bosoms thrilled with pleasure;
 And oft I vowed her love I prized
 Above all earthly treasure.
 The sunbeams kissed the rustling leaves,
 And shed their glory o'er us;
 And crowned with garlands fair and gay,
 Life's path seemed bright before us.

At eventide, all crushed and dead,
 Were all our blossoms tender;
 But Mary's cheeks bloomed fairer still,
 In tints of sunset splendor.
 We said "Farewell" and homeward sped
 On footsteps light and airy;
 Though lost to sight, to mem'ry dear,
 Is my sweet Highland Mary.

WHERE HATH SCOTLAND FOUND HER FAME ?

FAR away from bonnie Scotland, in the bright and bound-
ing West,
Still the pride of Scottish lineage swells within my
patriot breast;

As I wandered 'neath the shade trees, laden with the buds of
spring
While the tints of sunset lingered, I o'erheard a maiden
sing—

And she sang with trembling pathos, sang it with her
heart aflame—
“Where hath Scotland found her glory ? Where hath Scotland
found her fame?”

And my vivid fancy bore me back o'er history's page sublime:
Set in grand array before me, heroes of the ancient time;

Sons of earth, yet almost God-like, men of more than human
might,
Who, through medieval darkness, blazed a path of living light.

I beheld the Caledonians brave the conquerors of the world,
And their courage never faltered as the fiery darts were hurled;

Hide-bound shields and naked bosoms, mustered in defence of
home,
Matched the brazen-armored legions and the glittering blades
of Rome:

Checked at first, those hardy woodmen and their half-forgotten
kings
Ever to the charge returning, clipped the Roman eagle's wings.

See our stricken nation bending 'neath the English tyrant's heel,
Hark! their prayers of faith ascending, as they whet their
blades of steel,

For the wrongs of Scotland righted, for a warrior stout and
brave,
Who should lead the clans, united, on to freedom or the grave

Nor in vain, the clouds are breaking at the glorious light of dawn,
Smoldering fires of wrath awaking, for the hour has brought the man:

Wallace, hero of the ages, master of the art of war;
In the fiercest strife that rages, proves her bright and morning star.

While old Scotland's spirit slumbered he was first to draw the blade,
Crushed the English host at Stirling, where the waves of Forth ran red.

Victory crowned the rampant lion, and again was Scotland free,
Till the fruits of war were blighted by the sting of Treachery.

Where King Edward sat in splendor he was borne to meet his fate,
Where the mockery of justice was replaced by cruel hate:

But his heart was true to Scotland, dearer since her cause was lost;
He had dared to strike for freedom, so his life-blood paid the cost.

Wallace, day-star bright and glorious, scarce hath sighed his spirit forth
Ere the sun of Bruce, victorious, gilds the mountains of the north.

Strong in war and wise in council, born to lead his fellow men
And the patriot band, undaunted, buckles to the fight again.

And they gather 'neath his standard,—all who yearn to be free,—
From the rude and brawny peasant to the flower of chivalry:

Darkly looms the way before him, for his head must wear a crown
Or be set, with that of Wallace, in the midst of London town.

Though at first his course is checkered, victory and defeat in turn,
Soon he shatters England's power on the field of Bannockburn.

Peerless leader, prince of patriots, stands he not on higher plane
Than the king who wars for conquest, or the chief who rules for
gain?

I beheld the doughty Douglas and his loyal Scottish train
Turn aside to fight the Moslem on the sunny fields of Spain.

When, a thousand foes surrounding, matched against his single
blade,
Douglas took the precious casket where the heart of Bruce was
laid,

Flung it 'mid the host of darkness, charged them with the
deathless cry,
"Lead, brave heart, as thou wert wonted, I will follow thee
or die."

In the ranks of death they found him, where he cleft his bloody
way,
Two brave hearts at rest forever where the sacred casket lay.

I beheld the Covenanters worship on the sloping heath,
In the face of persecution, faithful even unto death:

Heirs of apostolic teaching, they are bold to serve the Lord,
On their knees the open bible, by their side the two-edged sword.

Soon the clash of arms, resounding, shows the hell-hounds are
in chase,
Soon the horrid din of battle drowns the voice of prayer and
praise;

Soon the life-blood of the faithful dyes the moss and heather
brown,
Soon their stainless souls ascended to receive the martyr's
crown.

Long had reigned the prince of darkness, but the seeds of truth
are sown,
When arose a mighty preacher who defied both priest and
throne,—

Knox, who, in his generation, never feared the face of man,
He who bade a suffering nation laugh to scorn a Popish ban;

All the vengeful powers of error launched on his devoted head;
Thousands shrank in nameless terror when the fiery churchmen
said

All the world is set against thee." Swiftly his retort was
hurled.

Be it so, I take the issue; then I am against the world."

Nobly he fulfilled his mission, for his heaven-uplifted hand
Rent the web of superstition that o'erhung his native land.

Scots revere the man who saved them from a spiritual yoke,
And the system that enslaved them fell beneath his master
stroke:

For the Romish power so vaunted sank to an inglorious doom
While the standard that he planted waves triumphant o'er his
tomb.

I beheld the clansmen gather at the royal Stuart's call,
From Glenfinnan to Culloden marked his standard rise and fall;

And they charged the Saxon foemen with the fire of ages past;
Rash and headstrong, if thou wilt, yet brave and loyal to the
last.

And their hunted Prince they guarded with fidelity supreme,
Though a word had brought them fortune far beyond their
wildest dream.

I beheld the Ayrshire ploughman teach a nation to be free
From the bonds of superstition and of mental slavery;

Saw him 'neath the cloud of sorrow, cheerful in life's direst
strait,
Pausing by the upturned furrow to lament the daisy's fate;

Laureate of the toiling masses, fearlessly he led the van,
Sang the dignity of labor and the brotherhood of man.

Genius found his lowly portal, passed the princely dwellings by,
And hath made his name immortal, for his verse shall never die

Girt by ocean billows swelling, Scotia's spirit bursts its bound,
And her sons have made their dwelling wheresoe'er the race is
found;

Here amid the Western prairie, or the far-off Southern isles,
And from mines and forests bear the choicest of Dame Nature's
spoils:

Rugged work was pioneering, but though savage tribes oppose
Willing hands and hearts God-fearing, deserts blossom as the
rose.

Mingling with the myriad races of the bright and bounding
West
They display the manly graces native to a Scottish breast.

Send them forth, a noble leaven, leavening a hundred lands,
'Neath the favoring smile of heaven all things prosper in their
hands.

Hardy Scotsmen, born to glory, born a race of Nature's kings,
And their deeds shall tell the story whence old Scotland's
grandeur springs.

A PAWKY WOOER.

WE dauner'd 'neath the pale munelicht—
Young Kirsty Broon an' me—
An' wow, it was a blythesome sicht
Beside the River Dee.

Quo' I, " My lass, ye're unco fair,
Ye'd be a bonnie bride."

" Na, na," quo' she, " ye're haverin' noo,
For that will ne'er betide."

" Hoot, toot, my lass, ye're far owre young
Tae think o' sic' a thing;

For at yer waddin', weel I wat,
I'll dance the Highland fling."

" Weel, gin it ever come tae pass,
I promise ye'll be there;

But what o' that? I'm boun' tae be
An auld maid, I declare."

“ A thoosan’ thanks, I’ll surely come,
 Wi’ muckle joy an’ pride;
 An’ I will dance owre a’ the hoose,
 An’ still ye maunna chide.”
 Quo’ she, “ Fowk mak’ allooance on
 Occasions sic’ as these;
 Sae ye may dance wi’ a’ yer nicht,
 An’ jist whaure’er ye please.”

“ Weel, noo, there’s a’e particular spot
 I’d lo’e abune the rest.”
 “ Whaur is’t, my lad? O’ a’ oor rooms
 I promise ye the best.”
 “ Weel, lass, tak’ tent, ye’ve gi’en yer wurd,
 An’ daurna noo refuse;—
 The place whaur I’m sae fain tae dance
 Is—in the bridegroom’s shoes.”

THE PARTING HOUR.

ONE last glimpse of home and kindred,
 For the parting hour is come;
 And the last frail link is sundered
 ’Twixt me and my dear old home.
 I can feel the ocean heaving;
 Tempests shriek and billows roar,
 As they bear me, sadly grieving,
 Far from bonnie Scotland’s shore.

I behold the storm-clouds riven,
 As the deafening thunders roll;
 And the fiery bolts of heaven
 Terror strike to many a soul.
 Yet in danger’s trying hour—
 Born by hope—I know no fear;
 For I trust Almighty power
 Can uphold me even here.

Years of happiness unbroken,
Joys of youth, I'll know no more;
And the future gives no token
Of the fate it has in store.
Yet my spirit is not haunted,
Craven fears will never come;
For the wandering Scot, undaunted,
Finds in every land a home.

Youthful hope and expectation
Turn towards the setting sun;
Where, in some progressive nation,
Fortune's favors may be won.
There may friendship's charms surround me
Yet this hour I'll ne'er forget,
When the opening voyage found me
Face to face with unknown fate.

THE GIRLS GONE BY.

AIR—"Nae Luck About the Hoose."

A MAN of many loves am I,
A dozen less or more;
And oftentimes their inconstancy
Has vexed my heart full sore.
So while at work I daily sang,
To fan love's fitful flame,
The good old Scottish songs which rang
With each fair charmer's name.

CHORUS—I love to drive my big machine,
I love to sing, the while,
In praise of my "Scotch Lassie Jean,"
Or "Mary of Argyle."

By Heath and Prairie.

When first young Mary smiled on me,
 My feelings all found voice
 In "Afton Water's" melody—
 It made my heart rejoice;
 But when she tossed her pretty head
 And told me to begone,
 Then "Mary, Dear, Departed Shade,"
 I sang in doleful tone.

CHORUS—I love to drive, etc.

I sang the "Rose of Allandale,"
 To pretty Rose Kilgore;
 It suited her extremely well,
 And so I tried once more,
 "My love is like a Red, Red Rose,"
 From that she cut me dead;
 She felt insulted, I suppose,
 Because her hair was red.

CHORUS—I love to drive, etc.

I courted Maggie for a year,
 With all my youthful ardor,
 And charmed the dusty atmosphere
 By singing "Maggie Lauder."
 Sweet Jessie vowed she'd be my bride,—
 We both of us were fain;—
 And then I sang, with joy and pride,
 The "Flower of Dunblane."

CHORUS—I love to drive, etc.

When Annie vowed she'd love me still,
 Should rivals smile or sigh,
 I warbled "Annie Laurie" till
 My throat was parch'd and dry.
 Then charming Hattie captured me,
 Her name perplexed me sore;
 But I was singing, presently,
 The "Hat my Father Wore."

CHORUS—I love to drive, etc.

'Tis hard to find, for girls round here,
Their prototypes in song;
And I am fairly stuck, I fear,
When Beatrice comes along.
In thinking of the "girls gone by,"
I often get them mixed;
And then I pause and softly sigh,
"I wonder who'll be next."

CHORUS--I love to drive, etc.

BELOVED SCOTIA!

COME raise our banner o'er us,
And wake the pibroch's strain,
And join the swelling chorus
We've learnt by hill and glen.
Though far across the ocean,
Our hearts beat strong and free,
With fervor and devotion,
Our native land, to thee.

CHORUS--The nations quail before thee,
In commerce and in war;
What wonder we adore thee,
Beloved Scotia!

The ages tell the story
Of Scotia's peerless might;
Thy sons have earn'd their glory
In many a hard-won fight.
They won their independence,
And feared no foeman's frown;
And we, their brave descendants,
Inherit their renown.

CHORUS--When freedom needs defenders,
Our trusty swords we draw,
'Gainst tyrants and pretenders;
Beloved Scotia!

When record lies behind us,
 Let human hist'ry say;
 And future years shall find us
 Still foremost in the fray.
 While blooms the purple heather
 Upon the mouuntain side;
 The bonnet, kilt and feather
 Shall be our joy and pride.

CHORUS—And thus throughout the ages,
 Alike in peace and war;
 Thy sons are aye courageous,
 Beloved Scotia !

THE HOSE MY MITHER SPAN.

SHE fashioned them wi' tenty care
 Whan I wis but a loon;
 An' 'deed there wisna sic a pair
 O' hose in a' the toon.
 Nae weaver body east or wast
 Could match her skilly han',
 An' nocht could turn the wintry blast
 Like the hose my mither span.

But chasin' bumbees tae their bykes,
 An' a' the tear an' wear
 O' heather coves an' dry-stane dykes
 Soon hashed them unco sair.
 But in a crack she'd soothe my wae,
 As only mithers can;
 Till patched an' darned frae tap tae tae
 Were the hose my mither span.

Whan neighbors' bairns were buskit braw
 Wi' hose new frae the mill,
 She wadna hae sic trash ava'
 But looped wi' richt guidwill.

But wi' a touch o' graceless pride,
I thocht, "Whan I'm a man,
I will be blythe tae fling aside
The hose my mither span."

But whan I thocht on a' her toil,
Hoo, mony a weary day,
She struggled sair tae fend us, while
Her hair was growin' gray:
The saut tears glistened in my een,
An' doon my cheeks they ran;—
Mair dear than hose o' silken sheen
Were the anes my mither span.

Noo far abroad my lines are cast,
An' I will ne'er repine;
But mony a relic o' the past
I prize, for auld lang syne.
In memory o' the love she gave
An' o' her eident han',
I cherish weel, among the lave,
The hose my mither span.

THE LAND WE LOVE.

WHERE snow-capped mountains pierce the heavenly
blue—
Upheaved by Nature in her wildest mood --
Peak over peak obscure the distant view,
And moorlands stretch in awful solitude.
The purple heather crowns the rocky steep,
The pine tree's giant arms are waving wide;
And crystal streams in foaming cascades leap
Through mist-clouds clinging to the brown hillside.

Sweet lakelets sparkle in the sunlight's sheen,
And breathe their freshness on the bright blue bell;
And graceful birches droop their tresses green
Round white-walled cottages where clansmen dwell;
Whose deeds are shrined in song and martial tale—
The home land of romance and chivalry—
Then marvel not that Scotsmen love so well
A land so fair and gloriously free.

There lived the heroes of the days gone by,
 Who left their footprints on the sands of time;
 'Twas not where languid southern breezes sigh
 But in that hard and rig'rous northern clime.
 There, in it's limpid mountain atmosphere,
 We breathe the spirit of the mighty dead—
 The mail-clad knight and hardy mountaineer
 Who gloried when the fiery cross was sped.

Now hushed to slumber are the dogs of war,
 And gentle peace reigns in our northern home;
 In quest of fortune we have strayed afar
 To wider lands across the ocean foam.
 And as our sires were foremost in the fray
 May we excel in every peaceful art;
 Through hostile ranks they cleft their bloody way:
 In industry we find the better part.

We dearly love this broad land of the free—
 Hallowed to fame by many a gallant deed—
 The land that crowns us with prosperity
 May count upon us in the time of need.
 But ne'er a lover's love can overthrow
 The love that to a mother dear we bore;
 The best love of our exiled hearts we owe
 To Scotia, first and last and evermore.

NO SCOTSMAN NEED APPLY.

THE street car rolled upon it's way,
 The bell rang overhead;
 As I o'erheard a sweet girl say,
 "No Scotchman will I wed:
 The pampered race expect too much,
 And that's the reason why—
 Unless he be both old and rich—
 No Scotchman need apply.

“ We girls should teach them duty’s path
In hopes they will reform;
If not, then let our righteous wrath
O’erwhelm them, like a storm.
Of Scottish blood they’d cease to brag,
If maids like you and I
Should wear, engraved upon a tag—
‘ No Scotchman need apply.’

“ So when a Scot from o’er the main
Fell captive to our charms,
And seemed to be unduly fain
To clasp us in his arms:
’Twould warn the poor, misguided elf
His pride had soared too high—
Ambition overleaps itself—
No Scotchman need apply.

“ ’Gainst other nationalities
I have no word to say;
For English, Dutchmen and Chinese
Are all right in their way.
We love the courteous sons of France,
The Yankees, too, stand high;
A colored brother has a chance—
No Scotchman need apply.

“ So when I get a stylish “hub”
I’ll find him lots to do;
He’ll wash the dishes, bake and scrub,
And do the shopping too.
Such things don’t suit the Scotchman free:
They’d have to, by and by;
If other girls would say with me,
‘ No Scotchman need apply.’”

THE WAR PIPE OF SCOTLAND.

PPIPE of the warrior race,
 Wake from thy slumbers;
 Let freedom's dwelling place
 Ring with thy numbers.
 Shrill as the eagle's cry,
 Heavenward ascending:
 Echoes from earth and sky
 Cheerily blending;
 Wild as the thunder's roll
 Ten times resounded—
 Wake in our Highland soul
 Raptures unbounded.

Pipe of the heather hill,
 Swell on the breezes,
 Whether 'tis good or ill
 Heaven decrees us.
 Peal forth the victory,
 Matchless in chorus,
 When sturdy foemen flee,
 Smitten before us:
 Sound where the widow's tear
 Falls unavailing;
 Over the bloody bier
 Coronachs wailing.

Pipe of my Highland home,
 Charged with devotion,
 Wake the wild echoes from
 Hilltop to ocean;
 Peal for the clansmen bold—
 Freedom's avengers—
 Far in the land of gold,
 Fearless of dangers;
 Swell where the Modder stream
 Runs red and gory;
 There let thy warlike scream
 Lead on to glory.

THE BARLEY BREE

MY love has got a red, red nose,—
He lo'es the barley bree;—
An' whan upo' the spree he goes
He mak's the siller flee.

My love is sonsy, big an' braw,
An' oh, he's kind tae me;
But I forbear my horn tae blaw
Whan Dauvit tak's the spree.

Oh! Whan we met at eventide
Aneath the trystin' tree,
Nae lad in a' the kintra side
Wis hauf sae braw as he:
But cursed drink has banished a'
The love-licht frae his e'e;
Oh! but I'm fain their necks tae thraw
Wha sell the barley bree.

'The gossips' clash across the way
Has fient a charm for me;
I dicht an' scrub the li'elang day,
As blythe as wife can be.
But eh, hoo aft it mak's discord
In natur's harmony
Whan lang-tongued neebors bring me word
That Dauvit's on the spree.

But whiles my love is unco fain
Temptation's path tae flee;
An' aye my hairt is meltit, when
He asks me tae forgi'e;
But, sittin' by my spinnin' wheel,
I dry my tearfu' e'e,
An' vow that he maun say fareweel
Tae whisky, or tae me.

LAND OF THE HEATHER HILL.

LAND of the heather hill, famous in story,
 Free as the wild waves that dash on thy shore;
 Under thy battle flag blazing with glory
 Nestles the shrine where thy heroes adore.
 Home of the warrior race, love's chosen dwelling place,
 Bravely thy thistle keen waves on the lea;
 First on the field of fame, here's to thy stainless name—
 Land of the heather hill—Freedom and thee.

Now that the mother land bows in her anguish
 Say, is the crimson stream pouring in vain?
 Nay, while her children in bondage that languish
 Welcome the death-shot that severs their chain.
 Not while the ages tell how noble Wauchope fell,
 Yielding his life-blood that slaves might be free;
 Pride of his native land, flower of the knightly band—
 Land of the heather hill—dying for thee.

Sons of the nations beheld it in wonder,
 Brave days of chivalry dawning again;
 When Britain's hosts, to the echoes of thunder,
 Smote the usurper afar o'er the main.
 Sons of the mountaineer smile through their bitter tear,
 Dread though the roll-call of victory be;
 Heard ye their battle-cry swell to the heavens high?
 "Land of the heather hill—Freedom and thee."

Scotia, the rage of thy foemen is warded
 Oft by the glow of thy patriot fires;
 Well be thy charter of liberties guarded,
 Sealed by the blood of our valiant sires
 So while the gowans bloom over the heroes' tomb,
 There let the flower of our loyalty be;
 Guarding the flame divine, still be our bosoms' shrine—
 Land of the heather hill—sacred to thee.

OOOR AIN FOLK.

WHILE mony men o' mony lan's
 Forgaither day by day,
 We lo'e them maist whase kindly han's
 Hae helped us on the way;
We've wandered mony a kintra side,
 By ocean, hill an' plain;
An' noo we say wi' honest pride
 There's nae folk like oor ain.

We meet fu' mony a lad o' pairts
 Wi' mainners frank an' free;
Whase clever heids an' lightsome hairts
 Mak' kindly company.
Though we applaud their foreign wit
 Wi' lauchter's merry strain
We lo'e the hamely Doric yet --
 There's nae tongue like oor ain.

Frae fertile field an' shady tree
 Resounds the songbird's voice;
The freshness o' the inland sea
 Gars ilka thing rejoice;
While cloudless skies are smilin' o'er
 Columbia's wide domain:
An' yet we lo'e Auld Scotia's shore --
 There's nae land like oor ain.

Whan neebors join in freen'ly crack
 As gloamin' shadows fa',
Afar we roam in mem'ry's track
 Sweet visions tae reca'.
Forgetfu' o' the wrinkled brow,
 Oor hairts are young again;
We grasp ilk ither's han' an' vow
 " There's nae folk like oor ain."

VISIONS OF HOME.

FAIREST of gems in the palace of art,—
 Dearer than all to a patriot heart,—
 Scenes of my childhood on canvas portrayed
 Wake fondest mem'ries of days that are fled.
 Visions of grandeur afar o'er the wave
 Waft me in spirit to Scotland the brave;
 Gazing enraptured on mountain and stream,
 Stretched in their beauty like things of a dream

There sits the chief in his ancestral hall,
 Greeting the clansmen who come at his call;
 Wild sounds the pibroch, it swells loud and long,
 Fitting refrain to the ancient bard's song,
 Sing they of glories that long since have flown,
 When pomp and splendor surrounded our throne;
 Love, truth and honor our heroes controll'd,
 Still undebased by the power of gold.

Those were the days of the brave deeds that crown
 Scots and their country with deathless renown;
 Fearless in fight 'gainst invaders they stood;
 Wrath once aroused was not quenched save in blood.
 Pride was their garment, and insult or sneer
 Swiftly repaid by the broadsword or spear;
 Lions at heart, still their friendship was true;
 Jealous, yet noble and chivalrous too.

Here came the Roman with brazen-clad host,
 World-wide the conquest his legions could boast;
 Onward through Europe in triumph they swept,
 Fear smote the nations, their proud spirit slept.
 Here, too, they triumphed, but short was their reign—
 Red ran the streams in the valley and glen:
 Back to their homes the invading hosts fled,
 Leaving no trace save the bones of their dead.

Ardent in love as undaunted in fight,
 Tender hearts beat 'neath the Scot's tartan bright;
 Charmed he the heart of the witching young maid,
 Clasped in the folds of his great Highland plaid.

Woe to the rival who came in his way,
Swift flashed their claymores in deadly affray;
Sooner he'd die by the bullet or sword
Than live bereft of the one he adored.

Home came our navies when western winds blew
Laden with gold from the mines of Peru;
High beat the hearts of the youthful and bold
As their wild tales of adventure were told.
Nobler their conquests than 'gainst armor'd foes—
Causing the desert to bloom as the rose;
Footprints they left in this land of the west,
Deep and enduring, can ne'er be effaced.

Sheath'd now the steel blades in blood often dyed,
Peace and prosperity reign side by side;
Church bells are ringing where heroes have bled,
Law sits enthroned where the fiery cross sped.
Sweet was the vision, but short was it's stay,
Ev'n as I gazed it had melted away;
Proud and serene may the thistle still wave,
Emblem of freedom and Scotland the brave.

THE EVERGREEN PINE.

THE oaks of old England her children adore—
Fit type of her gallant hearts, true to the core—
That built her those "wooden walls" backward that rolled
The tides of invasion in brave days of old.
But fairer to me is the one above all
That towers in it's beauty o'er cottage and hall;
The sweet recollections of childhood entwine
With wide-spreading boughs of the evergreen pine.

The southrons recline in the languorous shade
Of palm tree and olive that wave overhead;
The hardy Canadians that follow the plough
Rejoice in the shade of the maple tree bough.

But broadly embracing the rock-rifted soil,
 And swayed by the breeze of my own native isle;
 My fond heart rejoices in claiming as mine—
 The cloud-circled land of the evergreen pine.

In hist'ry it shines as the badge of the Grant,
 Though "vict'ries of peace" are it's principal vaunt;
 As straight as an arrow it pointed our way
 Aloft to the glorified mansions of day.
 When rosy young faces were shorn of their bloom,
 And loved ones appeared to be marked for the tomb;
 It breathed on their weakness with healing divine,
 The life-giving balm of the evergreen pine.

THE GLEN WHERE I WAS BORN.

WHEN the bloom is on the heather
 And the birch tree clothed in green—
 When the broad and silv'ry river
 Flashes back the sunlight's sheen,
 And the woodbine sweetly trailing
 'Neath the bracken's gentle sway—
 I return to view the beauties
 Of my old home in Strathspey.

When the birdies blythely twitter
 As their callow youngling flies—
 When the darkling shadows vanish
 And the early mists arise—
 While the face of earth rejoices
 In the freshness of the morn—
 There's a wonderland of beauty
 In the glen where I was born.

I behold the noble Grampians
 Fleck'd above with ling'ring snows,
 And the stately pine tree bending
 To the gentle breeze that blows;
 Here the wild rose and the gowan,—
 Nature's own bouquets—adorn
 Rosy-cheeked and dimpled maidens
 Of the glen where I was born.

Roaming in the fragrant meadows,
Sitting by the moss-grown stone,
Where, in other years, my sweetheart
Vowed she would be mine alone;
Now, my winsome bride, she sits here
With her warm hand clasp'd in mine;
And our love still true and tender
As in days of "auld lang syne."

Where a thousand mem'ries cluster
Round the dear old woods and braes,
Tales of love or wild adventure
In my boyhood's happy days.
When we grasp the hand of friendship,
Though our misty eyes o'erflow—
Oh! 'tis sweet to hold communion
With the friends of long ago.

Some are scattered, some are sleeping
In the kirkyard down the glen;
Now our hearts but cling the closer
To the few who still remain;
And when years of toil and struggle
Leave my spirit faint and worn,
I would wait life's evening shadows
In the glen where I was born.

A PHILOSOPHIC COW.

WHERE purple heather crowns the rocky height,
And Spey's broad waters lave the silv'ry sand;
The pawky worthies of the glen delight
To sing the praises of their northern land.
And there the birch tree droops its graceful head,
To kiss the foam that dances on the rills,
As underneath its grateful summer shade
I sit and sketch the rugged Scottish hills.

I see an old man lead his speckled cow
Unto the hillside pasture, scorched and bare;
And as he turns away to tend his plow
He thus comments upon her scanty fare:
"Thy situation, bonnie Bess, is meet
For such a grave and philosophic coo;
'Tis true there isn't very much to eat,
But then ye'll have a most superior view."

A HIGHLAND TOCHER.

EVENING shadows were descending in the valley of the Spey;

On the towers of Cluny Castle shone the sunset's parting ray;

And it shone on Coll, the henchman, on the turret lingering still,
While his eagle eyes intently watched the sunset on the hill.

He beheld a watchfire blinking on the mountain head afar,
And he shouted, "Ho, Clan Chattan, warning of the opened war."

Then the bold retainers gathered, dirk and broadsword by their side,

And they marked the watchfires blazing while the sunset glory died.

"Ho, Clan Chattan, rouse to battle, let the fiery cross be borne;
Let the loyal clansmen gather on the heath ere break of morn;
See, the watchfire in the distance warns us of the lurking foe;
'Tis the Cameron men who raid us; up, and give them blow for blow."

Spoke the aged chief of Cluny, and his bold and flashing eye
Showed the battle fire re-kindled, ardent as in days gone by.

And they brought the fateful symbol, seared with fire and red
with blood,

To arouse their mountain passions, fiercer than the pent-up flood;

While the summons of the war-pipe swelled on vengeance-laden breath,

Forth upon his fateful mission sped the harbinger of death.

Why sits Duncan glum and silent? Cluny's heir, Clan Chattan's pride:

He who tamed the westland reivers in the fight by Laggan's side:

Ah, his heart is pledged in secret to the fair maid of Locheil,—
While her image rules his bosom dare he cross her clansmen's steel?

"Father, ere the Cameron slogan shrills upon the mountain side,
I would fain embrace the fair one who is pledged to be my bride:

Let the loyal clansmen gather, fearless of a foeman's skaith.

I shall come in time to lead them to the carnival of death."

'Boy,' said Cluny, "Should the wilcat dally with the cooing dove?"

Nay, there's sterner work before thee, banish thoughts of flimsy love."

"On my bended knees I beg thee, father, do not say me nay,
When my blood may stain the heather at the dawning of the day;

If I fail to keep my promise, fail to bear me as a man,
Let my name, dishonored, perish from the annals of our clan."
"Go, my son, and God be with thee." Duncan waited for no more,

Sprang to where his Highland sheltie pawed the greensward by the door;

And the hoof-sparks flashed and kindled, like the fire-flies of the night,

As young Duncan urged his war-steed headlong on it's western flight.

Onward by the rustic sheiling, onward by the castle wall,
Onward where the calm lake mirrored giant rocks and pine trees tall;

Careless of the darkling shadows, fearless of the lurking foe,
Stumbling on the boulder'd pathway, panting, breathless, on they go;

Westward, ever westward hasting, 'neath the star-bespangled sky
Till the walls of Achnacarry gloom against the clouds on high.
There his love-born quest was ended, 'neath the frowning castle wall;

Soon within the vaulted chambers rang the lapwing's plaintive call:

'Twas the preconcerted signal for the secret tryst of love;
Soon in gentler tone re-echoed from a latticed tower above.
Soon a maiden form, emerging, trembled with untold alarms.
As the fair and gentle Margaret sank into her lover's arms.

Still the cross of fire sped swifter, ever swifter, on it's way;
To arouse the slumbering clansmen in the valley of the Spey;
And they gathered round their chieftain, sword and buckler
burnished bright,

Flashing like the bolts of heaven, in the torch-beam's dancing light;

Soon three hundred of the bravest mustered 'neath the castle wall:

Only Duncan was amissing, and they marvelled, one and all.
And they marched to seek their foemen, with the old chief at their head,

But the grim defile was silent as a city of the dead;

Still the watchfires brightly burning, flashed their message
down the glen,
Signal to the faithful clansmen, "Be ye ware of Cameron's men."
But the children of the wildcat watched the mountain pass in
vain,
For the dawning showed the raiders swarming on the eastern
plain;
Ha! the Camerons' wiles had triumphed, they had scaled the
mountain height,
Thus outflanked the men of Cluny in the darkness of the night.
From the woods and fertile meadows by the broad and silver
Spey,—
In the cover of the darkness—they had driv'n a noble prey;
Many fattened steers and bullocks, many ewes and wethers sleek,
And the blush of men outwitted mantled each Macpherson's
cheek.
Yet they knew their's was the vantage, for the Camerons' way
was barred,
Spent with toil and midnight travel, with their bulky spoil to
guard.
Cluny eyed his hampered foemen, exultation in his breast,—
"Shall the carrion crow go scatheless, that has robbed the wild-
cat's nest?
Nay! our claws, outstretched for vengeance, in his wizened
craig he'll feel;
Ne'er shall hoof nor horn of Cluny's pass the drawbridge of
Locheil."
And his eager host he marshalled, where the birk's green tresses
swing;
Resting on the sloping hillside, like a wild beast for the spring.
He would sweep the foe before him, or be numbered with the
dead;
Yet a horrid thought unnerved him, filled his warrior soul with
dread:
Where was Duncan? Cluny waited like a statue carved in stone;
For the old man's heart was breaking; reason tottered on it's
throne:
"Sound the onset," Cluny shouted; and the war-pipe shrieked
on high,
And six hundred of the bravest drew their blades to do or die:
When two Highland shelties, plunging 'twixt the lines of bur-
nished steel,
Bore young Duncan of Clan Chattan and fair Margaret of
Locheil.

“Sire, I come,” spoke Duncan, flushing ’neath the old man’s
glance of pride,

“And I bring a noble ally in my young and lovely bride:
We have come from yonder chapel, where the old priest tied the
knot;

Stay your hands, and at our bridal let your blood-feuds be for-
got.”

Here the bleating of the wethers, and the lowing of the kine
Roused old Cluny’s heart to fury, and he thundered, “Son of
mine,

Shall we lose our Highland cattle? Nay, I’ve sworn on naked
steel,

Ne’er shall hoof nor horn of Cluny’s pass the drawbridge of
Locheil.”

But the wily Cameron answered, “Tak’ the beasties, ane an’ a’,
They be bonnie Margaret’s tocher, we hae brocht tae Cluny Ha’.”
Then the lav’rock in the heavens sang with blyther note, I ween,
As six hundred swords and bucklers clattered on the bloodless
green;

Soon six hundred mingled clansmen rent the air with wild
huzzas,

As the erstwhile foemen pledged them brothers in a common
cause;

And the sun in glory breaking, chased the storm-clouds from
the sky,

While six hundred manly voices raised a joyful shout on high:
Saying, “Heaven bless their bridal, wha could help but wish
them weel?

Lang leeve Duncan Oig of Cluny, and fair Margaret of Locheil.”

TO IAN MACLAREN.

AS flits the busy bee by grove and pasture,
 The clover blossom and the heather bell;
 Extracting from Dame Nature's boundless storehouse
 The clustered sweets that mankind love so well:
 So thou who reapest in the vales of beauty,
 'Mid sainted lives and tales of ancient lore;
 Their hidden sweets unfoldest to the nations.
 Who gladly feast upon thy treasured store.

With thee we tread again the breezy moorland;
 With thee we sniff the caller mountain air,
 And clasp the hand of honest toil extended,
 Whose homely comforts we may freely share.
 We feel the impulse of their joys and sorrows.
 Their kind hearts that respond to nature's plea;
 Their characters by modern culture fashioned,
 Yet based on old-time faith and purity.

Let others spend their lives in reproducing
 The raven's croak, the howlet's doleful cry;
 Thou giv'st to us the burnie's rippling music;
 The mavis lilting to the summer sky.
 Let others tell the littleness of purpose,
 The strifes and jealousies of little men;
 'Tis thine to paint the truth and leal devotion
 Inherent in the children of the glen.

The happy days of childhood rise before us
 As backward roll the years that intervene;
 Beneath the sweet enchantment of thy genius,
 Which glorifies each simple household scene:
 Which stoops not to grotesque imaginations
 To please the critics of irreverent mind;
 Thy vivid tales, from glowing nature studied,
 In Scottish bosoms long shall be enshrined.

THE HIGHLAND REUNION.

THE pibroch's note is swelling high,
It thrills our bosom's core;
The clans are gath'ring from afar
As in the days of yore.
But not to harry Lowland plains,
Nor fight the Sassenach foe:
'Tis to enjoy a social eve
'Mid friendship's kindly glow.

We come from Scottish heath and glen,
From Caithness to Argyll:
From many a sunny Southland vale,
And Hebridean isle.
No flowing tartans we display,
No target nor claymore:
Yet Highland hearts still beat as true
As e'er they did before.

No scent of heath or bonnie broom
Perfumes the city air;
No mountain breezes fan our cheeks,
Or rustle in our hair.
Yet those delights we once enjoyed
Are shrined in mem'ry dear,
Though lost to sight and human sense
For many, many a year.

And has our spirit not been curb'd
By exile's chilling breath?
Nay! It is still as free as when
We strode our native heath.
Our Highland ardour ne'er shall fail,
But ever brighter glow:
While Highland blood flows in our veins
We'll fear no earthly foe.

But let us pray that useless strife
For evermore may cease:
And as our sires were great in war
May we excel in peace.
And in this more enlightened age
May gentle peace prevail,
And may goodwill to all mankind
In ev'ry bosom dwell.

A SPRIG OF HEATHER.

SWEET-SCENTED missive, winged with love,
 I gladly greet thee, knowing
 Thou comest from the shady grove
 Where grand old Spey is flowing:
 By Ocean wave, and plain and hill,
 Unscathed by wind or weather;
 With kindly wish and, dearer still,
 A sprig of Speyside heather.

Oft by Loch Angach's mossy dell
 I roved in life's gay morning;
 Where thou hast bloomed, sweet heather bell,
 The sylvan scene adorning.
 Now, 'mid the plains of Illinois
 Affection's ties still bind me
 Unto the scene of early joys,
 And friends I left behind me.

A Scottish name I'm proud to bear,
 Still prouder to inherit
 The sturdy Scottish character,
 And independent spirit.
 I love the bagpipe's stirring strain,
 The bonnet, kilt and feather;
 And long to set my foot again
 Upon my native heather.

Oh! here the skies in beauty smile
 On nature's face resplendent;
 While comfort waits on earnest toil,
 And man is independent;
 And skies are bright, and hearts are warm,
 Yet all these gifts together
 My exiled bosom cannot charm,
 Like this wee sprig of heather.

BY DULNAIN'S TIDE.

WHERE Dulnain's winding waters glide
The gloaming shadows fa',
An' Mary strays by Dulnain's side
Tae meet her laddie braw.
She sang tae Dulnain's wimplin' wave,
She sang richt cheerilie,
"I'll lo'e my laddie true an' brave
Until the day I dee."

Dark nicht cam' on by Dulnain's side,
The win' blew eerilie;
The Dulnain's cauld an' ghaistly tide
Ran past her tae the sea.
An' a' that leelang nicht she sang,
"My luve is bauld an' free,
The night is mirk, the way is lang,
But he'll come back tae me."

She thocht her Jamie maun be nigh
At dawin' o' the day,
But neebors fand him lyin' by
The auld gray Brig o' Spey.
The hoof-print o' his gude gray mare
Was on his noble broo;
His life-bluid clotted in his hair,
An' on his rosy mou'.

They bare him owre wi' herts o' stane,
An' laid him by her side;
The waefu' sicht has turned her brain,
By Dulnain's eerie tide.
An' aye she cried in wild despair,
"Na, na, it isna he,
My luve upon his gude gray mare
Rides owre the hills tae me."

They laid him low by Dulnain's side,
Tae sleep till judgment day;
Noo Mary wanders by the tide,
An' sings tae bank an' brae;
"My Jamie rides a lang, lang gate
Tae keep his tryst wi' me;
He tarries lang, but I will wait
Until the day I dee."

SCOTIA'S BAGPIPE.

OLD Scotia's wild, romantic pipe,
 Long linked with many a stirring tale;
 I love to hear thy martial note
 Come swelling on the morning gale.
 Pipe of a thousand battlefields,
 The music of the free-born Scot;
 The dauntless spirit of the North
 Is breath'd in thy soul-stirring note.

What noble deeds it calls to mind,
 Meet to awake a poet's lyre;
 Deeds that have taught unnumbered foes
 To dread the Highland warrior's fire.
 And kilted heroes guard our shores,
 Inspired by thy historic strain;
 A wall of fire, 'gainst which the tide
 Of rude invasion rolls in vain.

But when the sword again is sheath'd,
 And gentle peace is hailed with glee;
 Within our chieftain's noble hall
 Thou'rt sweetly tuned in sympathy
 Thy chanter blows it's merriest note
 When lads and lasses trip the floor;
 Or wails the mournful coronach
 For those who will return no more.

Peerless in realms of melody,
 Thou hast a charm that's all thine own;
 Though feared and hated by our foes
 The Highland heart is still thy throne.
 Sound the war-note, and kilted clans
 Will gather, eager for the fray;
 But change it to strathspeys and reels—
 We'll dance from dusk till dawn of day.

WHEN THE BLOOM IS ON THE
HEATHER.

WHEN the sunbeams glint sae bonnie
On the burnie's dancin' foam,
An' the wee birds' blythesome chorus
Tells that simmer days hae come;
Then I'm houpin' tae forgaither
Wi' the freens o' bygone days—
When the bloom is on the heather,
An' the gowan on the braes.

Oh! I'll hear the skylark singin'
As he wakes the caller morn;
An' my een sae wistfu' gazin'
On the glen where I was born;
An' the bluebells saftly noddin'
Tae the simmer breeze that blows—
When the bloom is on the heather,
An' the blossom on the rose.

Oh, the neighbors' bairns will gather
Whaur I sit aneath the trees,
An' I'll tell them wondrous stories
O' the land ayont the seas;
An' their artless wiles shall banish
A' the sorrows I hae seen—
When the bloom is on the heather,
An' the dewdrop on the green.

'Mang the scenes o' hame an' childhood
Mony years shall backward roll,
Wi' the rush o' tender mem'ries
Thrangin' ower my waukened soul;
In the hairst o' life regainin'
A' the freshness o' the spring,—
When the bloom is on the heather,
An' the bird upon the wing.

OUR MOTHER ISLE.

WHY sits our mother isle in proud dominion,
 Peerless among the nations of today?
 Queen of the ocean, marvel of the ages,
 Around the earth extends her gentle sway.
 Fearless in fight, surpassing wise in council,
 On boundless seas her banner reigns supreme;
 New worlds her enterprising sons have conquered,
 Beyond great Alexander's wildest dream.

Vain conquest 'tis that breaks a nation's spirit,
 Turns joy to fear and freemen into slaves;
 And leaves behind the low, sad wail of anguish
 O'er desolated homes and new-made graves.
 But peace and plenty follow in the footsteps
 Of each true-hearted British pioneer;
 The sacred rights of man are still safeguarded,
 And law enthroned, since love has cast out fear.

Our hands and hearts entwined in bonds of friendship
 With those who, erstwhile, were our deadly foes:—
 Our banners bring deliv'rance to the captive,
 The trackless desert blossoms as the rose.
 Our coming breaks the fetterlocks of darkness,
 Disarms the monster, drunk with human blood;
 And good engrafts upon the root of evil,
 Till joy-bells ring where sullen headsmen stood.

Live friends are more to us than slaughtered foemen;
 We aim to save, to civilize and bless;
 And savage tribes, now in the van of progress,
 Bear testimony to the work's success.
 Heirs of a thousand bloodstained heathen customs—
 They love the power that bade these horrors cease;
 That power supreme whole nations hath adopted
 Into the heritage of joy and peace.

Then marvel not, ye venturesome tail-twisters,
 That whensoever the British lion roars
 His voice of thunder, round the world resounding,
 Wakes answering growls upon a hundred shores.
 Stands he alone? Nay, 'tis an idle notion,
 His cubs are grown and ready for the fight;
 Eager to aid their parent in maintaining
 Th' eternal principles of truth and right.

A STORY OF LIFE.

IN the home land of the North
Sat a widowed mother weeping;
Like an angel keeping watch
Where her only boy was sleeping.
“He has need of rest,” she said,
For his ship sailed on the morrow
For a far-off western shore,
And her head was bowed in sorrow.

Guarded by that mother’s love—
Which would follow him for ever—
He had grown to man’s estate
In the hamlet by the river;
But his little world had been
By the neighb’ring hilltops bounded;
And ambition urged him forth
Where the din of life resounded.

See him now, ’mid city’s strife,
Bearing him with native spirit,
Pressing onward to success
By the force of simple merit;
Till a false step laid him low,
And ’neath grinding wheels he perished;
While his last words told the tale
Of a mother’s love still cherished.

In the home land of the North
Sits a childless widow mourning;
And the lamp of love still beams,
She had lit for his returning.
But her snow-white head is bowed,
And her aged heart is breaking
For the loved one lowly laid
In the sleep that knows no waking.

BONNIE SCOTLAND'S SHORE.

O! I am far frae hame,
 An' scenes o' infancy;
 Whaur on sunny days I play'd
 Upon the flowery lea.

Oh! for a single hour
 O' the gowden days o' yore,
 'Mang the bloomin' heather bells
 On bonnie Scotland's shore.

O! here the sunbeams droop
 Tae kiss the flow'rets gay;
 An' the face o' nature smiles,
 Beneath their ardent ray.
 But fortune frowns on me,
 An' my háirt is unco sore
 For the smiles I left behind
 On bonnie Scotland's shore.

O! here, though gowd an' gear
 Are rife on ilka side,
 Yet the weary sons o' toil
 Maun pu' against the tide.
 This is a favored land,
 But naebody favors me;
 For I'm but a friendless lad
 Frae a far countrie.

Nature's beauties charm nae mair,
 For, far across the foam,
 I'm borne in fancy's flight
 Back tae my dear old home.
 An' oh! 'tis sweet tae think—
 Ere mony years are o'er
 Love shall guide me back again
 Tae bonnie Scotland's shore.

THE PIPER OF DARGAI.

THERE was a man, to fame unknown
Till he braced himself against a stone,
And played the charge with all his might
While the Gordons stormed the Dargai height.
I am that man whom they talk about,
And now I am trying to figure out
Whether I'm Irish, French or Scotch,
Or part of each in a grand hotch potch;
And whether I blew the pibroch grand
Or fife or drum or a whole brass band;
And whether I lost a leg or wing,
Or head or foot or the whole blamed thing.
I used to think, in the days of yore,
I was a Scotchman to the core,
But since I've read the press reports
I find I'm a man of a dozen sorts.
The Scotchmen claim, wi' a muckle stir,
I'm honest Peter Findlater,
While others haud, wi' richt guidwill,
I'm a' that's left o' Geordie Milne.
Of course they say, wi' one consent,
That the bagpipe was my instrument,
And kindly they compare my work
To the deil that played in Alloway Kirk.
The English claim I'm Charlie Green,
And played that march on a mandolin;
And I neither flinched nor turned tail
Cause I swigged all day at Bass's ale.
The Irish swear by Saint Pathrick's shade
That Barney Flynn was the man that played—
On a harp that was decked with shamrocks green,
And drank a bottle of ould poteen.
The Dutchmen say I'm Yawcob Strouss,
And blew a trombone as big as a house;
They say no wonder I knew no fear,
'Cause I vos drunk mit lager beer.
And I suppose that the Yankees want
To prove me a cousin to General Grant;
They say I sat, with a broken hand,
And played that march on a 'cabinet grand.'

And now it puzzles my old head
 How many different tunes I played:
 At least a score of old strathspeys,
 "God save the Queen," and the "Marseillaise."
 I thought I blew for all I was worth
 That grand old march, "The Cock O' The North;"
 But then I'm not supposed to know,
 When the papers have it, it must be so
 And I'm not a bit surprised to hear
 That the bullets chopped away my ear,
 And then my head, and then my nose,
 And then some twelve or fifteen toes.
 I had six bullets through my leg,
 And forty holes in my philabeg;
 And if they write just a little more
 They'll leave me a grease-spot on the floor.
 It is a very much mixed affair,
 But this much I can safely swear,—
 That while the Afghan bullets flew
 I sat and blew, and blew, and blew;
 So when they shot, and shot, and shot,
 And still I blew, the Afghans thought
 I must be a creature of a dream,
 Or some blamed thing that went by steam.
 But whether I lost my foot or head,
 Or whatsoever tune I played;
 And whether I'm Irish, Scotch or Dutch,
 Or piper or drummer, we know this much;
 That the Afghans fled from wild Dargai
 When they had heard the pibroch play:
 That deed is on the roll of fame,
 And the Gordons got there just the same.

WHERE THE PURPLE HEATHER GROWS

ON fancy's wings I soar to bonnie Scotland's shore —
 The hardy mountain land I love the best—
 Her myriad charms displayed in autumn's mellow shade,
 And there my spirit finds a grateful rest.
 Where mountain heights sublime defy the hand of Time,
 Their hoary summits crowned with early snows;
 And nestling close between, in nature's garments green,
 The valley where the purple heather grows.

Where Nethy's crystal tide leaps high in mountain pride,
While hurrying on to join the rapid Spey;
Where every rock and tree recall afresh to me
Sweet memories of many a happy day.
While Highland charms abound the fairest scenes are found
Where 'neath the spreading birch the streamlet flows;
Oh, life is wondrous sweet where sparkling waters meet,
In the valley where the purple heather grows.

Among those woods and braes I spent my youthful days,
With ne'er a line of care upon my brow;
My boyish heart as light as a swallow in his flight,
Their echoes wake within my bosom now,
While western plains are bare, and snowflakes fill the air,
And from the frozen lake the storm-wind blows;
I think, with many a sigh, of happy days gone by,
In the valley where the purple heather grows.

One hope, above the rest, still lives within my breast—
Unquenched by years of exile's chilling breath—
That, in the time to come, I may recross the foam,
And set my foot upon my native heath.
Though far abroad I rove, I look with yearning love—
Such love an exiled bosom only knows—
To the land that gave me birth, and the dear old family hearth,
In the valley where the purple heather grows.

THE SWEEPIN' O' THE LUM.

THERE'S peat reek in oor mornin' brose,
There's peat reek but an' ben:
It brings the teardrap tae oor een,
Like dule that winna men'.

The buirdly callans rin at lairge,
At hame they downa bide;
An' sin' the chimla winna draw,
Oor mither daurna chide.

Noo rosy-cheekit Jeanie dichts
 The draps frae oot her een,
 An' says tae mither, "I jaloose
 The lum is nae owre clean.

"Auld Mistress Broon says that nae mair
 She'll pass oor auld door cheek;
 'Cause last time she ca'ed in aboot
 She near-han' smor'd wi' reek."

"The glaikit hizzie," mither said,
 "I dinna gie a haet;
 But sin' the cleanin' maun be dune
 We'se better up an' dae't.

"Whaur's a' thae plaguit callans gane?
 Hey, Jock an' Rab, d'ye hear?
 Gae, get the chimla cleaned at aince,
 An' dinna mak' a steer."

Sae little Rab brocht heather coves
 Tae Jock, sae stoot an' strang;
 An' wi' a pole they riggit up
 A besom twal' feet lang.

The callans rakit oot the fire,
 An' linkit aff the crook;
 Then reeshled in the lum sae heich,
 Till a' the biggin' shook.

The sooty cluds cam' tum'lin' doon,
 The hoose wis black wi' stour;
 It lichtit on the white hearth-stane,
 An' on the sandit flure.

Sae Jeanie an' oor mither thocht
 That they could baith be spared;
 An' sae they socht the caller air
 Oot in the wee kailyaird.

But noo the soot is in a pock
 Whilk Rab has ta'en awa';
 The hearth-fire dancin' bricht again,
 An' a' thing snod an' braw;

Auld Mistress Broon staps in aboot,
 An' unco gled she's come:
 She says oor hoose looks brichtsome, sin'
 The sweepin' o' the lum.

BACK FRAE THE AULD HAME.

(WRITTEN FOR MR. WM. GARDNER.)

SIT ye doon, my freen, in the ingle neuk,
By the hearth-fire's kindly blaze;
For I'm fain tae hear o' my ain countrie,
An' the freens o' bygane days.

For ye hae been whaur the heather blooms
By mony a hill an' howe;
Whaur the muircock craws in the early morn,
An' the birk-tree wags it's pow.

O, hae ye roved whaur the mornin' dew
Lay saft on the gowany lea?
Whaur the woodbine trails it's witchin' faulds,
An' the broom waves bonnilie?

Hae ye seen the burn whaur we aften dook'd
When oor herts were free frae care?
An' weel content wi' the sports o' youth,
An' oor castles in the air?

An' ye hae gazed while the sunset glow'd
Like a lowe, in the western sky;
When the gloamin' fell on the kintra side,
An' blythe Nature closed her eye.

Hae ye heard the peewit's plaintive wail?
The scream o' the wild curlew?
An' the lav'rock's sang, like an angel voice,
Far up in the heavenly blue?

An' ye hae sat 'mang the rich and great
In their lordly ha's, I trow,
But speak tae me o' my auld thatched cot
That stood on the birken knowe.

An' hoo's a' noo wi' the neebors' bairns,
An' oor cronies ane an' a'?
Dae they sigh tae think o' the guid auld days,
An' o' them that's far awa'?

Hoo mony hae gane tae their lang, lang hame
 Sin' we crossed the ragin' sea?
 Hae ye seen their graves in the auld kirkyaird,
 'Neath the weepin' willow tree?

Hae ye bowed your heid in the auld grey kirk,
 The pride o' the ancient toon?
 An' raised your voice in the Psalms o' praise
 Tae an auld familiar tune?

Hoo mony a tale o' the olden time
 Did your weel-kent face reca':
 An' mony were blythe tae grasp your han',
 An' wae when ye cam' awa'.

As the needle points aye tae the frozen north,
 Tae guidè the mariner's eye,
 Sae oor herts aye turn tae oor native land,
 Till the springs o' life rin dry.

DECORATION DAY.

(AIR "SCOTS WHA HAE.")

ROUSE, tis Decoration Day,
 Fellow patriot haste away,
 And your yearly tribute pay
 To the mighty dead;
 To the gallant, true and good,
 Who to save the Union stood;
 For it's cause their heart's best blood
 In battle freely shed.

Highlanders of Illinois
 Oft have shared this nation's joy;
 Should we not our aid employ
 In it's sorrow too?
 March we then with reverent tread
 Where low lies each warrior's head,
 Who have marched and fought and bled
 Clad in loyal blue.

Highlandmen who stood the shock
Of the furious rebel stroke;
Stubborn as their native rock
 Ever held their ground;
Many a Scot from o'er the wave
Fills a Union soldier's grave;
On the death-roll of the brave
 Their honored names abound.

So when other patriots come
With cornet and fife and drum,
Shall the pibroch's note be dumb?
 Can we thus refrain?
No, we shout forever No,
We shall to God's acre go,
And our tears shall freely flow
 For our noble slain.

Shades of Wallace and his men
Who won Scotland's freedom then,
Saw their spirit live again
 In their children here;
When through fire and blood they went
With the mighty General Grant,
A Highland Scotchman by descent,
 Whose name we all revere.

Guarded by their valiant hands,
Still our Union firmly stands;
Envy of all other lands;
 We the blessings reap,
Blessings once so dearly bought,
Let us prize them as we ought,
And adorn each sacred spot
 Where our heroes sleep.

THE BANNOCKS O' BONNIE DUNDEE.

TO the Scots of Chicago 'twas Shirlaw that spoke,
 "Ere clansmen go hungry they must be dead broke:
 Then brave Caledonians should eat, wi' their tea,
 The braid, sonsy bannocks o' William Dundee."
 Come, fill up my cup wi' tea o' the best,
 An' rax me the bannocks, they suit a Scotch taste:
 We'll dirl the roof-tree wi' mirth an' wi' glee
 Discussin' the bannocks o' bonnie Dundee.

Dundee he gets up in the mornin', I trow,
 Tae see that his bannocks are fired through and through:
 That glum indigestion they never may dree
 Wha feed on the bannocks o' William Dundee.
 Come, fill up my cup, etc.

There's mony ane tryin' his goods tae surpass,
 There's Fraser an' Morrison, Wilson an' Glass;
 There's Bryce an' there's Deuchars a' strivin', ye see.
 Tae bake better bannocks than bonnie Dundee.
 Come, fill up my cup, etc.

Then awa' wi' your sour krout an' pickles sae braw,
 Macaroni, limburger an' sausage an' a':
 A bicker o' guid, halesome parritch for me,
 An' weel-buttered bannocks o' William Dundee.
 Come, fill up my cup, etc.

IN MY AULD HAME.

WHEN the early mists are falling by the winding meadow
 land,
 And the pine-tree's lengthened shadow tells that
 gloaming is at hand,
 I must turn my lingering footsteps to the setting of the sun,
 From a dream of bliss awakened as the summer day is done.
 When the wee birds wake the echoes with their songs of blyth-
 est cheer,
 From the birches green with verdure in the glad time of the
 year:
 Bonnie Scotland's vales are smiling underneath the northern
 sky,
 But the parting hour approaches when the fount of joy runs
 dry.

From the broad land of the prairie I returned in summer's bloom,
When the blush is on the heather and the tassels on the broom;
Welcomed by the friends of childhood,—we discourse with smiles and tears
Of the mingled joys and sorrows of some four and twenty years.
O! The fires of youth rekindle with the old-time melodies
That the bairnies sing in chorus as they gather round our knees;
In their artless glee recalling, through the years that intervene,
Other voices that have mingled when my boyish heart was green.

When I looked unto the future with a child's implicit trust,
Ere the scroll of life, unfolding, laid my idols in the dust;
When my spirit soared unfettered o'er the marches of the glen,
And would fain abide life's issues in the crowded haunts of men:
As the callow eaglet flutters,—from the rock-bound eyrie hurled,—
So my untried pinions hovered on the threshold of the world;
While behind my father's dwelling beckoned, with its door ajar,
Bright ahead loomed fame and fortune that were mine to make or mar.

Many dear ones whispered, "Courage, give no place to craven fears,"
Loving parents smiled upon me through the mists of unshed tears;
"Go my son, and God be with you, wheresoe'er your footsteps roam,
For the brave and hardy wand'rer maketh every land his home."
Words of heartening that refreshed me as the dropping of the dew,
When the ocean waves were rolling, when the prairie breezes blew;
And I quailed not in the struggle when life's skies were overcast,
For my pathway was illumined with the sunshine of the past

So I come to the fulfilling of the hope that cheered my soul,
And in darkest hours inspired me on to many a hard-won goal;
Once again I tread the heather and my heart bounds wild and free,
On the moorlands where my fathers fought for God and liberty.

Gowans deck the fragrant meadows, skylarks pour their song
 ou high,
 Wavelets sparkle in the sunshine where the burnie wimples by;
 Still the mountain breezes rustle through the pine-tree's sway-
 ing bough:
 Years have left no deeper impress than the wrinkles on my
 brow.

In the dreamy haze of morning by the fields of new-mown hay,
 I behold the night shades scatter at the coming of the day;
 And no echo of life's tumult may disturb my soul's repose
 While the blush of dawn is mirrored in the dewdrop on the rose.
 As my soul drinks in the beauties of historic vale and stream
 I rejoice in the fruition of an exile's fondest dream;
 And I wander still enchanted till the last beam fades away,
 By the mingling of the waters in the bosom of Strathspey.

Oft I scale the rugged hillside where the foaming cascades leap,
 Musing o'er departed glories by the frowning castled steep;
 But the bonnie bluebells cluster where the old-time heroes bled,
 And the lambkins frisk unhindered where the fiery cross was
 sped,
 For the warrior reigns no longer as the uncrowned king of men,
 Nor the vengeance-laden slogan wakes the echoes of the glen;
 Nevermore let hostile breezes fan the smoldering fires to flame, —
 Sweeter is the clasp of friendship than the blood-stained roll of
 fame.

Here no wild unrest is brooding; men accept life's joy and pain
 As the glowing of the sunshine and the patter of the rain;
 Taking time to live serenely "all the measure of their days;"
 Morn and eve their voice ascending in a bounteous Father's
 praise.

"Peace on earth, good will to markind," I behold their lives
 fulfil,
 Things the man of God hath taught them in the old kirk on the
 hill;
 Men may sway the world of fashion with the words of pomp
 and pride,
 But the old, old story conquers where our Scottish hearts abide.

But my brow is darkly shaded when my cottage home appears;
 Hallowed by the sweetest mem'ries of my boyhood's happy years,
 Where a hundred of the dearest came to speed me on my way,
 Not a hand is stretched in welcome to the wand'rer of to-day.

For the door is off it's hinges and the windows lack their panes'
Gaunt and smokeless is the chimney, and unbroken silence
 reigns;
And the moss-grown walls are crumbling, and the roof is almost
 gone,
Weeds and nettles only flourish round my mother's dear hearth-
 stone.

In the old kirkyard I wander, in the moonbeams glistening
 bright,
Where the dews of evening sparkle like a million gems of light;
By the sculptured stones that awed me while my youthful mind
 was stored
With the nurture and,—more frequent,—admonition of the
 Lord.
There are loved and lost ones lying underneath each grassy
 mound,
In the sleep that knows no waking till the trump of God shall
 sound;
O! What boots my wistful gazing on the woodland, plain and
 hill,
When the honored head low lieth and the loving heart is still.

Bonnie Scotland, I have loved thee in the springtime of my days,
Dear and dearer still I hold thee in soft autumn's mellow blaze;
Fondly would my footsteps linger where I've been so sweetly
 blest,
But the voice of duty calls me to the broad land of the west.
I return to gilded exile with the passing of the day,
In my life new joys implanted which shall never fade away;
Other scenes of earth may charm me, but these golden days shall
 be
Aye the fairest page to dwell on in the book of memory.

Now farewell ye vales of beauty, for my course is nearly done,
Field and forest, lake and river, glist'ning in the setting sun;
Flowery braes and snow-capped mountains, lowly cot and feudal
 hall,
In the secret of my-bosom memory hath enshrined you all.
Soon we part, my native Scotia, soon my dream of youth is o'er,
For I know my mortal vision shall behold thee never more;
Let thy heath for ever blossom where the soul of Freedom glows,
And thy thistle wave defiance to the raging of thy foes.

THE PRIZE BANNER.

WHEN the Campbells, braw an' leal,
 Gather 'neath their silken banner,
 They salute the sturdy chiel
 Wha did maist tae win the honor.
 Whan they march intae the ha',
 In a gran', inspirin' pageant,
 They unbonnet, ane an' a',
 Tae their boss recruitin' agent.

Bold Chief Anderson, I wat,
 Soun's their praises late an' early,
 An' the gowden badge he gat
 Has been wrocht for lang an' sairly.
 He has sped the "Cross o' Fire"
 By the woodland an' the heather;
 An' the heicht o' his desire
 Is tae see the clansmen gather.

Mony glib-tongued lads, I ween,
 Sing the praise o' mony orders:
 But he has nae peer between
 John-o'-Groat's Hoose an' the borders.
 Let there be a worthy man
 Stan'in' at the ways divergent—
 He'll be steered intae the clan
 By oor boss recruitin' sergeant.

THE LION AND THE EAGLE.

I have seen the red fox prowling,
 I have heard the jackal howling,
 Marked the spoiling of the raven,
 And the lumbering carrion crow;
 Now they seek their dismal dwelling,
 And the song-bird's note is swelling,
 Since the eagle rules the heavens,
 And the lion roars below.

I have seen the captive nations
Thrill with new-born aspirations;
I have seen the dawn, all glorious,
Of their day of liberty;
Riven are the chains that bound them,
Stars of freedom shine around them,
Since Columbia stands victorious
And Britannia rules the sea.

British hearts with ardor beating,
Send the message of their greeting,
From across the tide that rages,
In our day of victory;
And our land, with pride unbended,
Grasps the friendly hand extended
By the giant of the ages
And the home land of the free.

Not for flags of conquest streaming,
Nor for empire-builders' dreaming,
But to sweep aside the barriers
In the path of liberty;
For the rights of man are shielded,
When the sword of fate is wielded
By Columbia's peerless warriors,
And the men who rule the sea.

O! The bells of joy are ringing,
And the fruits of earth up-springing,
And the sors of men partaking
Of it's bountiful increase;
For the night of strife is ending,
And their morning songs ascending,
As the day of God is breaking
On their heritage of peace.

May the future ages find us
Loyal to the ties that bind us,
On which Freedom's hopes are anchored.
As we face our destiny;
Kindred souls by birth and breeding,
In the van of progress leading,
Since Columbia stands unconquered,
And Britannia rules the sea.

THE GREAT MACCALLUMMORE.

MEN of wealth and proud position,
 Men of rank and high ambition,
 Pass away, with names untainted,
 Leaving no one to deplore;

But the Campbells true and loyal
 Pay their homage, just and royal,
 To the mem'ry, dear and sainted,
 Of the great Maccallummore.

When the gilded world was wholly
 Wrapped in it's capricious folly—
 Revelled in it's festive season,
 Or around the flowing bowl:
 Far above life's pride and passion,
 And the flutter of it's fashion,
 He esteemed the "feast of reason,"
 And the genial "flow of soul."

Neighbor lords were busy shooting,
 While his pen was contributing
 To the intellectual treasures
 Of old Scotia's mountain land;
 And the rulers of the nation,
 In the halls of legislation,
 Smiled approval of the measures
 Framed by his illustrious hand.

When the faithless were assailing,
 His allegiance was unfailing
 To the kirk of his forefathers,
 In the good old Scottish style;
 Highland hearts with joy were swelling
 When the old chief made his dwelling
 With his faithful clan, that gathers
 In the valleys of Argyle.

For his mind, supremely gifted,
 For his life, by grace uplifted,
 Is our noble chief lamented,
 As for honors that he bore;
 Till we meet him over yonder
 Shall the faithful clansmen ponder
 On the mem'ry, dear and sainted,
 Of the great Maccallummore.

THE CITY PAVED WITH GOLD.

A FAR across the foam, in my dear old-country home,
Ambition's voice kept ringing in my ear:
"My lot has been misplaced, for my talents run to waste
My energies can find no outlet here."
I deemed I should be blest in the bright and bounding west;
And so I crossed the ocean to behold
The treasures, rich and rare, of the glorious World's Fair,
And splendors of the city paved with gold.

I mingled in the throng which surged, the whole day long.
The dreamland city's palaces to view;
I joined in song and dance in the world-renowned Plaisance,
My life a round of pleasures, ever new.
The sun shone overhead, and the wine was rosy red,
And I exclaimed, "The half was never told
Of western power and might, and the fountain of delight
That sparkles in this city paved with gold."

Too soon those joys were flown, when, friendless and unknown,
To seek my promised fortune I was fain;
But hard times pinched me sore as, with many thousands more,
I strove to find employment, but in vain.
Grim famine stalked the land, and, with wealth on every hand,
I suffered want and misery untold;
When, to complete my woe, I was forced to clear the snow
From thoroughfares I dreamt were paved with gold.

My dreams of fortune fair gave place to dull despair;
I saw no hope for me in my distress,
But I conquered in the end, for a single-hearted friend
Has set me on the pathway to success.
And now, at last, I'm blest in the bright and bounding west,
Where Fortune's favors wait upon the bold:
But I'll mind until I die how I dreamt in days gone by
Of Chicago as a city paved with gold.

FOR WIVES AN' WEANS AN' A' THAT.

WHAN Hielan'men, in days bygane,
 Unsheathed their dirks an' a' that,
 'The daurin' chiel that crossed their steel
 Sune turned his tail an' a' that.

For a' that an' a' that,
 Their fechts an' feuds an' a' that;
 Their valiant hand preserved oor land
 Frae slavery's chains an' a' that.

Noo far awa' their pibrochs blaw.
 Their slogan peals an' a' that;
 They ding their foes wi' sturdy blows,
 For Freedom's sake an' a' that.

For a' that an' a' that,
 The Boers are wae for a' that;
 For weel they ken oor kilted men
 Will claw their hides an' a' that.

They fear nae blow frae mortal foe,
 They're true as steel an' a' that;
 But wives an' weans, ahint the scenes,
 Maun wring their han's an' a' that.
 For a' that an' a' that,
 Cauld puirtith's waes an' a' that;
 The weans wha claim a sodger's name
 Maun bear the brunt o' a' that.

Noo far abroad we bear oor load
 O' cark an' care an' a' that;
 But we'll unite an' send oor mite
 Tae soothe their waes for a' that.
 For a' that an' a' that,
 Let future years reca' that,
 We join oor han's wi' brither clans
 For Scotland's weal an' a' that.

Sae let us pray oor Picnic day
 May cloudless be an' a' that;
 That God's ain smile may cheer oor toil
 For widows, weans an' a' that.
 For a' that an' a' that,
 We'll dae oor best for a' that;
 We'll ne'er be beat whan bairnies greet
 For parritch, kail an' a' that.

THE OLD GUARD OF SCOTLAND'S HONOR.

WHEN the guard of Scotland's glory
Tell her fame in song and story,
Vowing by their native heather,
That "There's nae land like oor ain,"
Many kind and sonsy faces
Smile in their accustomed places,
And I sadly wonder whether
I shall see the like again.

We have read in hist'ry's pages
How the Scot, in former ages,
Thrilled the world with deeds of daring
In the death-grasp of the foe;
Worthy sons of valiant fathers
Are the patriot band that gathers,
Scotia's banner nobly bearing
Where the prairie breezes blow.

Scottish hearts beyond the ocean
Thrill with fervor of emotion
When MacMillan's voice is ringing
In his country's well-earned praise;
Mirth and joy attend our meetings
In MacEwan's whole-souled greetings,
Or a Gardner's tuneful singing
Of the songs of other days.

Loyal clansmen greet with pleasure
Fiery Fleming, Highland Fraser,
With their forms erect and portly
And a word and smile for all;
Or, when reason's feast is ended,
Grasp a Shirlaw's hand extended;
While his noble mien and courtly
Graces our assembly hall.

Gentle Latto's words endear him
To the hearts of all who hear him;
Bold Buchanan's prove inspiring,
With a power of their own;

Pawky Scott, his orbs are shining;
 Worthy Morrison reclining
 On the arm of love untiring,
 Since the light of earth is gone.

There are men from glen and corrie,
 Sturdy Bain and studious Gorrie,
 Kindly Spence, whose face is beaming
 Love to all humanity;
 Bryce and Deuchars ever vying
 In their loyalty undying;
 Forrest's shafts of logic gleaming,
 And the smiles of a Dundee.

There are leal ones gone before us
 Who have sung in heartsome chorus,
 "Auld Lang Syne," so grandly swelling,
 And our martial "Scots Wha Hae;"
 Tender ties that death has broken
 Fill our hearts with grief unspoken,
 But they've reached a fairer dwelling
 In the land of perfect day.

Just a few more scenes of pleasure
 In the days no man can measure,
 And the souls with ardor glowing
 For their darling Scotia's weal
 Shall return unto their Giver,
 To exalt His name forever,
 Where the stream of life is flowing
 In the home land of the leal.

HIGHLAND ASSOCIATION'S RECEP- TION ODE.

(TUNE: "SCOTS WHA HAE.")

HIGHLANDERS we welcome you,
 Sons of Glen and mountain blue,
 If your hearts are staunch and true
 To their memory;
 Hither come each kilted clan.
 Noblest of the race of man,
 Meet to lead the world's van
 On to liberty.

Once a month we mingle here,
Mirth and song and social cheer,
Mem'ries of auld Scotia dear,
 We can them recall;
Scottish lads and lassies join
In the melody divine,
While our hearts and hands entwine
 Welcome one and all.

BURNS' ANNIVERSARY.

AS each succeeding year this day returns,
 The assembled thousands throng in every place
 To hail the anniversary of Burns,
 The Poet Laureate of the human race.

Where'er the friendly English tongue holds sway,
 And where the Scottish Doric, too, finds voice,
The sons of freedom celebrate this day,
 Their pulses quicken, and their hearts rejoice.

How wonderful, how gentle is the power
 Of song, by which he charmed the minds of men,
• Through all the years, down to this very hour,
 When, with new strength, it charms us o'er again.

And were those wondrous breathings all his own?
 Did not such thoughts each freeborn heart inspire?
Yea! verily, but Robert Burns alone
 Could frame, and charge them with poetic fire.

Here lies the secret of our Bard's success,
 For, in his noblest passages we find
'Tis not alone his own thoughts they express;
 They voice the sentiments of all mankind.

As granite boulders in the cold earth sheath'd,
 No outward mark to indicate their worth,
Those soul-inspiring strains had ne'er been breath'd,
 Save for his master-mind that gave them birth.

Some poets write in polish'd, highflown phrase:
 Though we admire them, they can ne'er control
Our sympathies, while Robin's simplest lays
 Yet strike a chord in every human soul.

Long may his minstrelsy delight the earth;
 In fame's great temple he hath found a place;
 Then well may we commemorate his birth:
 The Poet Laureate of the human race.

TRUE TILL DEATH.

“**T**HERE'S gowd an' gear ayont the sea,”
 Said winsome Willie Gray;
 “An', Nannie, will ye wait for me
 Upon the banks o' Spey?
 My arm is strong, my heart is true,
 There's Ane abune tae guide;
 Your gentle faith ye ne'er shall rue
 The day ye are my bride.”

The lassie vowed that she wad wait.
 In faith an' constancy;
 An' winsome Willie daur'd his fate
 A far ayont the sea.
 An' while he wrocht for gowd an' gear
 On far Columbia's shore,
 She wrote him words o' love an' cheer,
 An' dreamed o' joys in store.

But while the bark was on the main,
 That bore him tae her side,
 The angels cam' tae claim their ain,
 An' wadna be denied.
 She murmured wi' her partin' breath,
 “My love I ne'er shall see;
 But tell him I was true till death,
 An' lo'ed nae ane but he.”

Blythe Willie cam' a'e simmer day,
 Wi' gowd an' gear an' a';
 They showed him whaur his Nannie lay,
 An' sadly turned awa'.
 They fand him there at morning tide,
 His een were closed for aye;
 An' noo they're sleeping side by side
 Upon the banks o' Spey.

TO AN HONORED SCOT. HON. T. C.
MACMILLAN.

DEAR brother Scots, my muse would fain erect
A tribute of regard to one whose name
Commands our highest honor and respect,
Emblazoned on this nation's roll of fame.
A Scot who represents, in highest sphere,
Their sturdy character, old Scotland's pride;
The principles each Scottish heart holds dear,
In which our heroes lived, and martyrs died,
For freedom and their God, upon the bleak hillside.

His lot was early cast among the great,
And,—conscious of the fierce and searching light
That glares on those who steer the ship of state,—
Was ever found upon the side of right.
Aye ready to respond to duty's call,
He served the nation long and faithfully;
And this one service surely crowns them all,—
Exposed to manifold temptations, he
Preserved a spotless name, and strict integrity.

Since party politics defile the touch—
A hotbed of corruption undisguised—
A statesman who has lived above reproach
Will find his public spirit fitly prized.
Men of ability this country needs,
Combined with sterling honesty and worth;
And here we have a man whose words and deeds
Do honor to the country of his birth;
The land of Bruce and Knox, the lions of the north.

His kindly nature prompted him to lend
A helping hand to others in distress;
And grateful hearts acknowledge him the friend
Who set them on the pathway to success.
His brother Scots may fitly learn of him
To stand for principle with all their might,
In this fair land which holds in high esteem
The man who dares for liberty to fight:
And honors all who trust in God and do the right.

CENTENARY OF BURNS'S DEATH.

MY brother Scots, who hail with mirth and glee
 The day held sacred to our Robbie's fame;
 The bard of Scotland and humanity
 Another, sadder tribute now may claim.

Methinks the course of time has backward rolled
 To old Dumfries, a hundred years ago;
 While summer days their bursting charms unfold,
 The dew of death is on his noble brow.

While bonnie Jean watched by his dying bed—
 Faithful as guardian angel to her vow—
 "When I am dead a hundred years," he said,
 "I'll be respected higher far than now."

Nor have the years betrayed his sacred trust,
 But more and more have recognized his worth;
 His body mingled with the kindred dust,
 His spirit lives in song throughout the earth.

Too soon, alas, his tuneful lyre unstrung;
 Stern winter's breath to blight the flowers of June;
 Too soon, alas! We sigh for songs unsung;
 His life's sun set in glory of the noon.

Was he to blame? Yea, doubtless. Did there live
 A man exempt from error? No, not one.
 He has atoned—the world may well forgive;
 Let him who sinless is first cast a stone.

Let prudes reprove and carping critics rage, —
 They cannot dim the lustre of his crown;
 His faults were but the fashion of the age,
 His virtues and his talents all his own.

Ev'n from his birth the fates appeared unkind,—
 The world surveying him with hostile glance
 Exemplifies the triumph of the mind
 O'er grinding toil and adverse circumstance.

Trained to the plough in nature's solitude,—
A nobler legacy did Burns bequeath
Than conquering hero's, born of fire and blood,
Who revelled in a carnival of death.

If Bruce achieved the freedom of our race,
And drove th' invaders from his mountain home:
If Knox, who never feared a human face,
Upraised his voice, and burst the chains of Rome:

Then Robert Burns enshrined in classic song
The aspirations of the brave and free—
The soulful pathos of his native tongue—
And tore the mask from veiled hypocrisy.

And whence the potent charm that dwells within
Those quaint word-pictures, by his genius drawn?
'Tis nature's touch, that makes the whole world kin,
And binds man's heart unto his brother man.

His works shall be the Scotsmen's treasure trove
Till they forget their country and their God;
Until the youths and maidens cease to love,
And freemen bow to kiss the tyrant's rod.

A hundred years ago the funeral knell
Of Robert Burns rang on the summer air;
Again it rings across the ocean swell,
Reaches our hearts, and finds an echo there.

Now is the time to realise the dream
That Scotsmen here have cherished faithfully:
Let bronze and marble tell how we esteem
The Bard of Scotland and humanity.

A SONG OF MANHOOD.

LET magnates rejoice in the pride of their station,
 Let weaklings repine in the breath of the slums;
 I deem it unworthy of man's aspiration
 To reign at the banquet or pick up the crumbs.
 The spirit may droop though with grandeur surrounded,
 And coffers o'erflow with the treasure they hold;
 The soul has ambitions that may not be bounded
 By wielding of power or hoarding of gold.

The chariot may roll on the boulevard, bearing
 The victor of life on his triumphal way;
 There's naught that appeals to my manhood in wearing
 The tinsel'd regalia of pomp and display.
 My knee to no Moloch of fashion is bended—
 Serenely contented whate'er may betide,
 I mourn not my simple career, unattended
 With fountains of pleasure or trappings of pride.

I scorn the gay banquet with kingly attendance,
 My nature was formed for a simpler career—
 The plowshare upturning my life's independence,
 And pleasures that cost not a sigh nor a tear;
 The conscience untarnished that calls forth the smiling
 Of Him who abides in the heavens above;
 The glow of true friendship, life's seasons beguiling,
 The pleasures of home and the sunshine of love.

GATHER UP THE FINGERS.

LET us gather up the fingers
 That are scattered on the green;
 Let us wrap them up and put them
 Where they'll never more be seen;
 Let us find a crumb of comfort
 In reflecting—if we can—
 'Twas his patriotic ardor
 That has maimed our little man.

He had saved up all his pennies
And perhaps a dime or two
For the crackers and the fireworks
And the nigger chasers, too;
To do honor to the nation
In his simple, boyish way,
He would join the noisy racket
Held on Independence day.

He was rosy with excitement,
And his childish glee we shared
Till one pesky thing exploded
When he wasn't quite prepared.
Now his little hands are bandaged
And he's lying very still;
And he wonders why it happened
To a boy that meant no ill.

Strange we never prized those fingers
Till the giant cracker's roar
Stripped them from the hand they grew on,
And we'll never squeeze them more;
And they'll never pull our whiskers
Nor be thrust into our eyes;
For to patriotic ardor
They have fallen a sacrifice.

BETTER DAYS.

IN the dim and distant future, when creation moves aright,
Sons of men shall live as brothers, and the clans shall cease
to fight;
When the useful plough is guided by the hand that drew the
blade
Men of peace shall sit serenely, 'neath their vine and fig-tree's
shade.
Peace on earth, goodwill to mankind ruling to earth's utmost
end —
Hate and strife shall be forgotten, every man his neighbor's
friend;
And the sun of bliss shall cheer us with its glad, effulgent light,
In the dim and distant future, when creation moves aright.

In the dim, uncertain future, when the power of love shall rule,
Men shall hail the day with gladness, and their cup of joy be
full;

Honesty and upright dealing shall transform the marts of trade,
When the greed of gold is vanished, and the golden rule obeyed.
Mother earth producing plenty for the use of man and beast—
Half the world shall cease to famish, and the other cease to
feast;

Happy mortals shall be students, learning truths in God's own
school,

In the dim and distant future, when the power of love shall rule

In the bright and happy future, when the mists that cloud our
eyes

Shall be scattered by the sunbeams, falling softly from the
skies—

Then our foes shall cease to hate us, and our friends be still
more dear,

When within our happy circles perfect love shall cast out fear.
Thus emerging from the shadows which the deadly war-clouds
cast—

Since the new light of the ages shows the errors of the past—
Vice and crime, alone, shall murmur, as they shun it's blessed
ray,

In the bright and happy future, when the mists shall flee away

In that bright, enchanting future, when the bondmen shall be
free,

Songs of praise shall rise to heaven from the hosts of liberty:
When the human mind and muscle stoop not to the galling
chain,

Brotherhood of men and nations shall begin it's gentle reign,
Breaking down the old-time barriers 'twixt the tyrant and the
slave,

With their mutual hatred buried deep in dark oblivion's grave:
Ev'n the heavenly host shall envy earth it's sweet felicity.

In the dim and distant future, when the bondmen shall be free.

Thus the up to date reformers their ideas have outlined,
They who seek a panacea for the ills of all mankind;
And they paint us roseate pictures, but accomplish little more.
For the right and wrong shall struggle, as they've ever done be-
fore.

They are oftentimes discouraged, for the task is all too hard,
Yet their single-hearted efforts fail not of their due reward;
When our sisters and our brothers do their duty as they see,
They are treading in the footsteps of the Man of Galilee.

Many consecrated spirits, who address the heedless throng
With unswerving resolution to annihilate the wrong,
Point the way of life, with fingers manicured and undefiled:
Better bear a cup of water to a tired and thirsty child.
Where the hand of God is heavy there is suffering to allay.
In the homes, by sorrow shaded, there are tears to wipe away;
Whatsoe'er we find of service let us do it with our might:
'Tis by units, not by masses, that the world shall move aright.

A FAREWELL.

THE sun has arisen, the shadows have fled,
And thrills my young heart with an infinite dread;
For fate, all relentless, is beckoning me
A journey, the end of which none can foresee.

Farewell, my dear parents, your hearts must be sore
To think you may look on your daughter no more;
When far from your presence, with dangers beset,
Your kindness and love I will never forget.

I go for an object I mean to attain,
Though in the pursuit I may chance to be slain:
For why should not woman, so frail and so fair,
Accomplish, like man, just whatever she dare?

For love of a man they will face every woe,
For love of the heathen the dear ones will go
And serve the good cause just as well as they're able,
Till served up themselves on a cannibal's table.

I go not to preach to the heathen afar,
Nor yet as a nurse to the African war:
I go not to be an adventurer's bride:
I'm going upon my first bicycle ride.

MELODIES OF HOME.

COME hither, love, while twilight falls around us,
 The stars shine out as day's bright glories fade.
 And from the city's fevered pulses stealing,
 We'll lose ourselves in evening's gentle shade.
 While others in the playhouse sit enchanted,
 Or tread soft measures in the gilded hall,
 Here, hand in hand, we'll stray as in the morning
 Of love's young dream, the sweetest time of all.

Sing to me, love, the dear old songs of childhood,
 Their sweet simplicity hath power to please
 When the proud world of talent cannot charm me
 With all its wealth of hireling melodies.
 Though loftier strains enthral the gay assembly,
 Thy dear, familiar voice I love to hear;
 For fraught it is with household memories tender,
 Attuned to soothing a distracted ear.

I care not for the artificial twitter
 Of painted cage birds, sighing to be free,
 While wood and vale resound with grander chorus,
 Unstinted floods of soulful melody.
 The voice of nature soothes my toil-worn spirit;
 I breathe the lingering fragrance of the flowers;
 What need to plunge in fashion's heartless flutter
 To speed the passing of the honeyed hours?

Those garden walls inclose a little kingdom
 Where love is throned, and here our lives are blest;
 While hurrying throngs awake our soul's compassion—
 Wan victims to the demon of unrest.
 Our loving hearts in unison still beating,
 Unto the last link of life's golden chain,
 We'll pluck the roses from their thorny setting.
 And, dying, feel we have not lived in vain.

MY BROTHER BORE.

WHILE valiant Stead, who raised the mask of evil
And probed it's graceless secrets to the core,
Inflames the English temper with his pamphlet
Entitled "Shall I Slay My Brother Boer?"
We rustic bards who strive with desperation
To emulate the fame of Burns and Moore
Are oft constrained, by sense of rank injustice,
To question "Shall we slay our brother bore?"

We sing our sweetest songs, we write our sonnets,
To charm our fellow men; and if we fail,
Why, there are others. Take the man, for instance,
Who keeps on telling "good things" that are stale:
Then he resents our vain attempts at laughter
O'er jokes we've heard a thousand times before;
And as we sadly mourn a ruptured friendship
We wonder should we slay our brother bore.

Then there are those who urge with fiery ardor
A scheme to banish every human ill;
Who yearn to usher in on suffering mankind
A rosy-tinted era of goodwill.
We justly dread the fourth-rate politician
Who tells how "other fellows" cheat and rob;
Although we venture not to contradict him,
We know he merely talks to hold his job.

Then some insist on telling us their troubles
Which Kiple's stalwart men are paid to heed;
And others claim the right to give us volumes
Of friendly counsel which we do not need.
Oh, blest is he who has no cherished weakness
Which causes men to clamor for his gore;
Who has not set his best friends to debating
The question "Shall we slay our brother bore?"

THE MAN WITH THE STUFF.

LET the nobles brave and fearless
 Boast of lineage long and peerless
 With unbounded zeal and vigor,
 For they mean it right enough;
 But we find throughout the nations,
 In the bulk of life's relations,
 That the man who cuts the figure
 Is the one who's got the stuff.

Men have seldom controverted
 What the sages have asserted,
 "'Tis not wealth nor lofty station
 That should win the world's regard;"
 In our circles democratic
 Its endorsement is emphatic,
 Yet its daily application
 May be found a trifle hard.

Let them try life's earnest battle,
 And go tending sheep and cattle,
 On the prairies wide and lonely,
 Or get down to chopping wood;
 And an overseer's flouting
 Soon would set their minds to doubting
 The old bard who sang, "'Tis only
 Noble to be pure and good."

Honest worth and noble breeding
 Evermore should do the leading;
 We proclaim it long and sweetly;
 Yet it's something of a bluff;
 In a sentimental ditty
 "Nature's nobleman" sounds pretty;
 But he's handicapped completely
 If he hasn't got the stuff.

CATS THAT WAIL IN THE NIGHT.

I have heard the voice of thunder when the fiery bolts were sped,
I have heard the din of battle when the bravest blanched with dread;
And have heard the tempest howling as our good ship plowed the wave,
And the savage echoes mutter in some subterranean cave;
But no sound has so appalled me as the histrionic might
Of the cats that wail in concert in the watches of the night.

Oh! I hate the man who borrows what he never will repay,
And the wretch that stole my raiment while I bathed one morn
in May;
But there rankles in my bosom hatred more pronounced and deep,
Of the feline host of darkness which conspires to murder sleep;
Though from melodies artistic I derive extreme delight,
I despise such serenading in the middle of the night.

I have slain the fleeing roebuck with a single well-timed shot,
But 'twas child's play to pursuing stray cats in the vacant lot;
As they scurry 'neath the sidewalk all my old-time valor fades,
And I heartily consign them to the diabolic shades;
Though the language I indulge in is more forceful than polite,
Can they chide me who have listened to these voices of the night?

VISIONS OF THE PAST.

'TIS but a little book, all soiled and faded,
The record brief of half-forgotten days;
Long hidden in a heap of musty volumes,
That suddenly arrests my wandering gaze.
Lightly at first, and then with rapt attention,
I turn the leaves with mingled joy and pain;
As in the midnight stillness of my chamber
I live those days, in fancy, o'er again.

Spellbound, I gaze upon the quaint life pictures
 Snatched as by magic from oblivion's shade;
 More thrilling than romance's brightest pages.
 A problem solved, a riddle that is read.
 My tear-dimmed eyes, my bosom wildly heaving,
 Re-echo the emotions of the past:
 Of hope and joy when life's glad sun was beaming,
 Of doubt and fear when skies were overcast.

Once more I join the eager rush of business,
 Where countless thousands strive for mastery;
 Again, within the gilded halls of pleasure,
 I join the mazy dance with careless glee:
 Again I face the men of wind and muscle
 In fiercest contests on th' athletic ground;
 Or wander with my loved one in the gloaming
 While weird, fantastic shadows fall around.

How vain and fruitless were the hopes I cherished—
 On which the searchlight of my memory plays—
 And oh, how baseless were the fears that haunted,
 Viewed from the vantage ground of later days.
 The future, bright with promise, was before me,
 Now, looking back on stern reality,
 I sigh, "How much of evil were averted
 If I had only known what was to be."

What mingled feelings rise within my bosom
 As memory's checkered vistas I retrace;
 Henceforth among my dearest cherished relics
 This little book shall find an honored place:
 Type of a greater book of human record,
 A diary inscribed by angel pen;
 Alas! how much that I have here omitted
 That scroll of truth eternal will contain.

MY BROTHER JACK.

WHEN Brother Jack came home to-day
His clothes were soiled with mud,
And on his rosy face appeared
A speck or two of blood.
He looked just like he had been through
A cyclone or a fight;
And so ma asked him tenderly
What caused his sorry plight.

“’Twas this way, ma; the gang an’ me
Wus comin’ home from school,
An’ played that we were breakin’ in
A stubborn Texas mule.”

“Well, did your little band subdue
The savage creature’s pride?”

“You bet your boots they broke him in,”
My brother Jack replied.

“Well, since your friends came out ahead,
My boy, why do you cry?
Your little comrades laugh and joke.”
He answered, with a sigh:

“’Twas easy for the other kids
To thump, an’ haul, an’ pull;
An’ so they’ve got no call to cry,
But, ma, I was the mule.”

DEATH IN LABOR’S WAR.

WHERE the Lincoln Park lagoon
Rolls it’s mimic waves, foam-crested,
I beheld an outcast swoon
On the park bench where he rested.
Soon recalled to life again
By our hands, unskilled but tender,
We inquired, with inward pain,
What assistance we could render;
Then he spoke; “There’s death afar,
Where the shot and shell are flying;
But right here, in labor’s war,
Men are dying, dying, dying.”

"I was born beyond the brine,
 In a continental region,
 Where the tyrant's right divine
 Was a part of my religion.
 There they praised Columbia's hand
 Which the bondman's chain had riven;
 And I hastened to the land
 That is freest under heaven,
 To the land so wide and fair,
 Where the starry flag is flying;
 Now in darkness of despair
 I am dying, dying, dying.

"Here I wrought for daily bread
 From the dawn till sunset's glowing;
 And my little ones were fed
 With the goods of God's bestowing:
 Till one day the builder prince
 To his men denied admittance;
 And—I've hardly eaten since,
 For I seldom asked a pittance:
 Oft my humble suit was spurned,
 And, Oh God of love! 'tis trying,
 When in midst of bread unearned
 I am dying, dying, dying.

"I have walked the marbled pave
 In the midst of wealth unbounded,
 Yet denied the right to slave,
 Where the bells of joy resounded;
 Turned adrift to starve and die,—
 On my knees so humbly bended
 I have prayed to God on high
 That this cruel strife be ended.
 Now the answer I await,
 In my weakness, hoping, sighing;
 God,—Oh! God,—'twill be too late,
 For I'm dying, dying, dying.

"Plead, oh plead then, in my name,
 That the day of peace be hasted;
 Let them stay their hands in shame
 Ere another life be wasted.
 Message of my parting soul,—"
 Here his breath came faintly, slowly;

“Let a brother’s love control,
In the name of all that’s holy.”
’Tis the message of the dead;—
For in potter’s field he’s lying;—
When in midst of gold and bread
He was dying, dying, dying.

AN UNTIMELY JOKE.

ONE day of late I chanced to hear
Expressed, a rather witty sneer
Of singers, who, in quaveriug strain,
Have tried to charm us, but in vain:
“Swans sing before they die; ’twere no bad thing
Should certain persons die before they sing.”

The hall was small, the audience few,
The singer was a girl in blue;
Her voice was harsh and unrefined,
Her song a chestnut of its kind;
I thought: “A glorious chance, I do declare,
To spring that joke upon my neighbor there.”

He seemed a farmer, brown and tanned,
With bulging chest and horny hand,
I chuckled, as with inward glee,
I whisperéd, confidentially:
“Swans sing before they die; ’twere no bad thing
Should certain persons die before they sing.”

Then I got whipped; for why, you know
The husky fellow was her beau;
First with my form he wiped the floor,
Then fired me headlong through the door.
When next I criticise a girl in blue,
Be sure I’ll know frst whom I’m talking to.

SOMEWHERE BETWEEN.

SOMEWHERE between the poles and the equator—
 The strenuous extremes of cold and heat—
 Lies the fair clime whose soft and balmy breezes
 Makes every hour of man's existence sweet.
 No scorching suns oppress the frame with languor,
 The storm king's icy breath is never blown;
 And gentle spring, with fadeless flowers adorning,
 Sits evermore upon her vernal throne.

Somewhere between the breathless rush of business
 And the ignoble ease that sluggards find
 Lie the activities of earnest manhood,
 Which an all-wise Creator has designed.
 Some hoard their golden gains to the uprearing
 Of marbled tombs to hide their senseless clay;
 While others spend their lifetime in devising
 How they may shirk the duties of the day.

Somewhere between the zealot's blind obedience
 And halls of unbelief where scoffers rave
 There lies the shining way of truth eternal,
 Which leads men to the rest beyond the grave.
 Vain hope, to spread God's truth by sword and fagot,
 And doubly vain the teaching that designs
 To lower mankind to the brute's condition,
 And rob the world of every light that shines.

A CHICAGO KICK.

WHERE the dizzy footlights flared,
 And the spangles gleamed resplendent,
 There a famous actor shared
 The applause with his attendant:
 Who, in course of mimic war,
 Sowed the seeds of disaffection;
 Till by the aforesaid star
 He was kicked into subjection.

Now the actor, as he ought,
Tried to cut a dashing figure;
And his body servant thought
He was kicked with too much vigor.
So he fixed a board, you see,
Where it hung for the protection
Of his dear anatomy
In the hour of his correction.

So the cheerful curtain rose,
And the actor man, was spunky,
As his softly slippers toes
Sought the coat tails of his flunkey:
Then he hopped across the stage
On his one uninjured member,
And his howl of pain and rage
Was a something to remember.

THE EGOTIST.

WHILE lovers around us are sighing,
Despairing, and breaking their hearts,
And losing their senses, and dying,
Beneath Cupid's merciless darts —
When balked in their fondest endeavor, —
There's one imperturbable elf
Who basks in the sunshine of favor—
'Tis the man who makes love to himself.

Some lovers are bashful to show it,
In secret their young hearts rejoice;
But he lets the universe know it,
That all may applaud his wise choice.
He's never remiss in his duty,
The public parade he selects,
Where, to his own virtues and beauty,
He pays his profoundest respects.

While others dejected, are toiling,
 He's in a fool's paradise blest;
 Our consciences smite us for spoiling
 His hand-painted haven of rest.
 And yet poor unfortunates, chasing
 Fair visions that baffle our search,
 Are driven by his vain self-embracing
 To call such a man off his perch.

Secure against inward dejection,
 He's monarch of all he surveys.
 For naught but his matchless perfection
 Comes under the autocrat's gaze.
 With ardor that knows no abating
 He'll never be laid on the shelf,
 For certain success is awaiting
 The man who makes love to himself.

BROTHER JACK'S PUNISHMENT.

MY Brother Jack was plaguing Ma
 With all his little might;
 He'd slipped an onion in the tea,
 Which spoiled her appetite;
 He had upset the parrot's cage,
 And tumbled from the swing;
 So Ma opined that it was time
 To stop that sort of thing.

And so she reached for little Jack,
 And laid him on her knee,
 And then applied her slipper, where
 It hurt his dignity.
 Jack struggled in her grim embrace,
 And tried to make excuse;
 And so Ma sternly said, to point
 A moral for his use.

"Now Jack, don't think it pleases me
 To punish you, I pray;
 For why, I feel it just as bad
 As you do, anyway."

"Well maybe that is so," Jack said,
 While tears ran down his face;
 "It hurts you just as much as me,
 But—in a different place."

HONOR THY FATHER.

WHEN the sweet breath of roseate childhood flutters
A little breast, untouched by earth-born fears;
When the small voice its plaint of weakness utters—
The embodied innocence of angel spheres:—
Who can portray the joy with which a mother
Marks the unfolding of the infant mind?
Unmatched her yearning love is by another
Affection in the ken of human kind.

And in the days when childish footsteps faltered,
The parents' first delight was watching o'er
Those budding lives, their tender care unaltered,
Their hearts unchanged, except to love the more.
The depth of their affection what can measure?
Constant to us, alike, in sun and shade;
We bear the record in fond memory's treasure,
Graven in characters that will not fade.

Then let our warmest sympathies be glowing,
As heavily upon the staff they lean;
'Tis theirs to reap sweet fruit of bitter sowing;
'Tis ours to love and serve for what has been.
When, spent with age and untold burdens bearing,
They near the outlet of life's tangled maze;
May we our noblest mission find in cheering
The gloom that haunts the evening of their days.

Then say not, with the worldling, shallow-hearted,
"They shall receive their due reward on high;"
Who write their filial love to the departed
On marbled tombs, their name to glorify.
But let our kindest feeling find expression
Ere tyrant Death has reaped the bearded grain;
Too soon the cold earth-chamber claims possession,
When flowers are strewed, and tears are shed, in vain.

THE POET AND THE FUNNY MAN.

THE flowers on the prairie are blooming,
 The woodlands with melody ring;
 But the poet is slow in recording
 The advent of "beautiful spring."
 His muse is asleep, and his verses
 Unformed, for he knows they would be
 The butt of the funny man's satire,
 And ridiculed mercilessly.

I know not why humorous writers
 Should deem them legitimate prey,
 For naught of a magazine's pages
 Can be more inspiring than they.
 Who sings of the beauties of nature,
 By riverside, valley and fell,
 And praises those wondrous creations,
 Thus lauds their Creator as well.

They soothe us in anguish of spirit,
 Our troubles arise and depart;
 And they voice, in their smooth-flowing cadence,
 The noblest impulse of our heart.
 But the funny man's jokelets are bitter,
 The charm of his wit they destroy;
 When his pencil is pointed with venom,
 His pen dipped in gall, to annoy.

Then rouse from thy lethargic slumber,
 Thou poet of nature, awake
 And tell us of beauties abounding
 By mountain and woodland and lake.
 Sing on, for thy sweet, tuneful measures
 May live in the ages to come,
 When the funny man's jokes are forgotten,
 And the voice of the scorner is dumb.

SONG OF THE TRUSTS.

BROTHERS, shall we place reliance
On the men of modern science,
Who commend great corporations
To subserve the public good?
Or bewail their power controlling,
As the knell of freedom tolling
And the children of the nations
Born to hopeless servitude?

Ne'er before has time recorded
Such increase of millions hoarded,
Such a fierce and bitter struggle
Of the weak against the strong;
Men with itching palms unheeding
Freeman's right or poor man's pleading
As their stocks and shares they juggle,
In a carnival of wrong.

Must the fiend of gold be sated,
With the wealth our hands created?
Unopposed be its endeavors
To intrench its power and pride?
And the old things that we cherish,
Must we calmly see them perish,
And accept the niggard favors
That monopolists provide?

They will be our friend and neighbor,
They will let us live and labor,
By renouncing all pretension
To possession of a soul;
If we yield all God's resources,
All our great industrial forces,
All the triumphs of invention,
Into their supreme control.

They are loud in admiration
Of this free, enlightened nation,
Watch and ward eternal keeping,
Lest the state be overthrown;

For they bask in fortune's shining,
 In their gilded halls reclining,
 And their hands, outstretched, are reaping
 What their fellow-men have sown.

BROTHER JACK'S PIETY.

WHEN Jack came home from Sunday School,
 With prim and pious air,
 You'd reason that no better boy
 Existed anywhere.
 Ma looked at him with fond regard
 And thought, no doubt, that she
 Was greatly favored to possess
 So good a boy as he.

At length she asked her hopeful son,
 "Jack, dear, what did you say
 When Billy Jenkins tackled you
 Upon the road today?"
 "I didn't say a word," said Jack,
 "I kept quite nice and cool,
 Although the snoozer roasted me
 For gwine to Sunday School."

Then Mamma smiled and said to Jack,
 "That boy is very rude;
 Don't mind him when he mocks at you
 For trying to be good."
 "Well, he's a bigger boy than me,
 Or else I'd ha' got back
 By thumpin' blazes outen him,"
 Said pious Brother Jack.

THE RETURNED HERO.

I'VE felt the jar of the opening war,
 When the big guns boomed like thunder,
 And I meant to tell of what things befell
 When the Spanish fleet went under,
I craned my neck on McCulloch's deck,
 And saw the dons get roasted;
But the men I meet on Chicago street
 Are vastly better posted.
'Twas little I knew of the eastern war,
 To tell on my returning;
But, now I've come where the wise folks are,
 I tell you, boys, I'm learning.

I had little to say when, at lunch, to-day
 I was asked to tell the story,
While others could speak, like a flowery streak,
 Of those "deeds enshrined in glory."
So the tale was told by a hero bold,
 Who had read the war news daily,
While he wined and dined and—in his mind—
 He licked the Spanish gayly,
He kept as still as a man could be
 While the shot and shell were flying;
But now for the cause of liberty
 He wants to do some dying.

I knew no fear when the foe was near,
 And the death hail poured around me;
And each command of our leader grand
 At my post of duty found me.
But my head is bowed in the social crowd,
 Where my name and fame are toasted:
Small heed they pay to the words I say,
 For they think they're better posted.
This warrior talk comes hard to me,
 And my salt I'm scarcely earning;
But since I've come where the hot ones be,
 I tell you, boys, I'm learning.

CHICAGO TO DEWEY.

HAIL to the chief of our soul's adoration,
 Great in his manhood, to liberty true;
 Bravest and best of the sons of the nation,
 His was the portion to dare and to do.
 Foes of his fatherland reeled from his mighty hand,
 Shorn of their pride by our man of the sea;
 Guard of his people's fame, praise to his honored name.
 George of the iron hand, greeting to thee.

Hearts of the nations are thrilled with his story,
 Laurels undimmed in the years that are run;
 Freemen exult in the tale of his glory,
 Sacred to fame are the deeds he has done.
 Swelled not our bosoms when he and his merry men
 Stood to their colors that men might be free?
 Bringing surcease of strife—crown of a warrior's life—
 George of the iron hand, welcome to thee.

Once 'twas the carnage that reddened the waters,
 Fired his bold heart at the dawning of May;
 Anthems of joy from Columbia's daughters
 Ring in his ear with return of the day.
 Nor in his cup we mix statecraft and politics;
 Straight from the people's hearts greeting shall be:
 Voice of the mighty west hails thee its honored guest;
 Flower of the warrior race, welcome to thee.

Hovering unpinioned in gay, gilded cages,
 Long had the way of his coming been barred,
 But as the vintage improves while it ages,
 So is the flow of our pent-up regard.
 Then while the buds of May smile on our holiday,
 Making the face of earth fairer to see,
 Join we the loyal throng, singing both loud and long,
 "George of the iron hand, welcome to thee."

JACK ON A TEAR.

MY Brother Jack had dropped into
A misanthropic mood;
He said, "I don't see any use
In trying to be good
I can be bad at any time,
And do not need to try;
And 'tis the meanest boy that gets
The biggest piece of pie.

"You know my Ma had company
To tea, the other day;
And as I listened at the door
They gave the snap away.
They all agreed that punishment
Should be the last resource;
It's apt to make a good boy bad,
And make a bad boy worse.

"My Mamma and her chums agreed
There's more contrary chaps
Reformed by cakes and sugar plums
Than by maternal straps.
And so I've started raising Cain
With all my might, for why,
The meanest boy 'most always gets
The biggest piece of pie."

THE MAN ON THE FENCE.

WHEN the parties meet in battle,
And their wordy volleys rattle,
And the common herd are drinking
At the candidates' expense;
Silver tongues may briefly charm us,
Pessimistic bores alarm us,
But the man that does the thinking
Is the man upon the fence.

They may howl in wild derision
 O'er the shortness of his vision,
 Even old friends join their flouting
 To the burden of his grief;
 But his spirit is unbending;
 In his quiet way contending
 "There's more faith in honest doubting
 Than in insincere belief."

His support was ever hearty
 In the councils of his party,
 Till its rule appeared a fetter
 On a freeman's sovereign mind;
 And unworthy seemed the actions
 Of the legislative factions,
 Each proclaiming they were better
 Than the rest of human kind.

On the eve of an election
 How they talk with circumspection!
 "Equal justice to the toilers"
 Is the burden of their song;
 But whene'er the votes are counted
 And the chair of state is mounted,
 Then the motto of the spoilers
 Is "My party, right or wrong."

When the voters take for granted
 All the patriot zeal that's vaunted,
 'Tis the future days that tell us
 If their words were all pretense;
 And in post-election slighting
 Of the men who did the fighting,
 Many a partisan is jealous
 Of the man upon the fence.

BROTHER JACK IN TROUBLE.

MY Brother Jack dropped in to see
His comrade Billy Gray;
"Sit down," said Billy, cordially,
Jack said, "No, not today;
Your chairs, I know, are soft as silk,
The best I ever saw;
But—sitting is no comfort since
I disagreed with Ma.

"I started early in the week
To raising Cain, you see;
Which raised some welts and bruises on
My own anatomy;
I ran things for a day or two—
My hopes were all surpassed—
Then Ma spoke something of the worm
That turns around at last.

"Then she let up on sugar plums,
And grabbed her strap again;
So mem'ries of that interview
Are fraught with grief and pain.
No, thank you, Will, I'll take a seat
Next time I come, we'll hope
That bad boy racket's all right if
You know just when to stop."

A PASSING BIRD.

THOU untamed bird above the dust clouds soaring,
An angel visitant, with circling flight,
I marvel what strange fancy led thee hither,
'Gainst smoke-grimed walls to dash thy plumage bright.

Like sons of earth who come to seek their fortunes
 And find a grave, art thou, by discontent,
 Impelled afar from purer haunts of nature?
 With noxious vapors thou'rt already faint;
 Thou'rt out of harmony with thy environment.

Return, O! wanderer, ere foes assail thee,
 Ere thou art blinded with the city's glare;
 Turn thou again while spotless is thy plumage,
 Thy feet untangled in the subtle snare.
 And wing thy rapid flight where golden sunbeams
 Fall unobscured on forest, stream, and plain;
 The green grass watered by the dews of heaven;
 And tell thy feathered mates who there remain
 They're vastly wiser than the sordid sons of men.

THE AGE OF SLANG.

IN times of old, and even somewhat recent,
 The gifted scribe who wrote for human kind
 His best ideas couched in language decent,
 Befitting products of a cultured mind,
 So an admirer of the old-time breeding
 May clasp his hands in horror and amaze,
 To find the language of the slums succeeding
 The polished courtesies of earlier days.

And marvel not if he inclines to quarrel
 With public taste. Dejectedly he sees
 Word-counterfeiters wear the modern laurel,
 Their contributions never fail to please.
 They write not, they, to aid the mind's progression,
 But for the delectation of the "gang,"
 Whose spurious "coin" they put in circulation;
 A ribald riot of unmeaning slang.

If some Napoleon awaits a mission,
 His fame by grateful thousands shall be sung,
 Who'll place beneath the ban of prohibition
 This wholesale murdering of the English tongue.
 Should flowers of language bloom and die neglected
 While fair ones wear bouquets of noxious weed?
 Nay, then, the printed page must be protected,
 Or self-respecting ones shall cease to read.

THE PENALTY OF FAME.

WHEN lion-hearted Dewey at Manila
Applied the strap to Spain's unruly boy,
And sent a hostile navy to the junk heap,
His grateful countrymen went wild with joy;
But deeds of knightly fame are overshadowed
By idle gossip; shame it is to tell
That shafts of vain detraction pierce the bosom
Which braved unscathed the Spaniards' shot and shell.

His ears assailed by mingled praise and censure
Of those who would control his aims and ends,
He sadly meditates: "My foes were easy,
But, Lord of mercy, save me from my friends."
The friends who yearn to hold in social fetters
The nation's hero, and his charming wife;
And cheerfully aspire to superintending
Each thought and word and action of their life

We cannot but despise these things of evil
That hover round him like the carrion crow,
And perch upon his back yard fence, observing
The tides of household life that ebb and flow;
And whatso'er they find to call in question
With zeal unholy they communicate
To the ill-favored votaries of scandal,
From Coney Island to the Golden Gate.

Our hero's modest dignity appeals not
To jealous rival, or censorious dame,
Who stoop to slander and misrepresent him;
And thus he pays the penalty of fame.
But he may well ignore the paltry errors
Laid to his charge by those of little mind;
By their unworthy action emphasizing
The fact that there's no bigger fault to find.

BROTHER JACK IN COMPANY.

THE house was very quiet and prim,
 For ma had company,
 And she was saying nice things to
 The ladies after tea;
 When Brother Jack came bouncing in
 And shouted: "Ma, I say,
 I've lost the buttons off my blouse,
 Please fix them right away."

Then ma was very much displeased,
 And said: "Why Jack, you're rude;
 It matters not how much I try,
 You never will be good.
 I cannot hope to entertain
 My company, you know,
 If you bring all your troubles here
 And interrupt me so."

Then, in maternal way, she stooped
 To give the boy a kiss;
 And as she stroked his golden curls
 She said, "Remember this,
 Don't ever speak till I get through."
 Here Jack began to weep;
 "I'll have to wait, then, mamma dear,
 Until you go to sleep."

THE GLAD TIME OF THE YEAR.

WHEN the leaf is on the shade tree
 And the bird is on the wing,
 And our thawed-out hearts rejoicing
 In the "fullness of the spring;"
 We may wander on the prairie,
 As the early flowers appear,
 And adorn our heads with garlands,
 In the glad time of the year.

From above the mellow sunbeams
Shed their radiance on the scene;
Merrily they skim the wavelets,
Flashing back their silv'ry sheen:
To the west the glad Haymarket
Spreads its busy mart of trade;
Rich with squash and beet and carrot,
And the luscious cabbage head.

Now the coy and graceful maiden—
Up to date from plume to heel—
In abbreviated costume
Whizzes past upon her wheel;
And the lovesick couples linger
In the park's recesses, where
They select the benches furthest
From the arc-light's chilly glare.

Verdant lawns and hanging blossoms
Now refresh the weary heart;
Nature's beauties, supplemented
By the busy hand of art.
Yet I know of maids and matrons
Who prefer the winter drear,
Since the nightmare of house-cleaning
Mars the glad time of the year.

DRIFTING APART.

DRIFTING apart; our pulses start,
Our eyes are fain to weep
For those who sailed life's stormy tide,
Smoothly and gently side by side,
Now tossed upon the deep:
Drifting apart, drifting apart.

Drifting apart; the poisoned dart
Has entered a loving soul,
And rude and angry passions rise,
Swiftly o'ercast the smiling skies,
While love has lost control;
Drifting apart, drifting apart.

Drifting apart; a broken heart,
 A world of vain regret;
 Two sundered lives now tell the tale
 Of fond hopes wrecked amid the gale;
 Pursued by angry fate;
 Drifting apart, drifting apart.

THE OMNISCIENT MAN.

THERE are cranks of every fashion,
 And our souls are stirred to passion
 By the pessimists' decrying,
 And the cheerful idiot's bawl;
 Busybodies try to serve us,
 And their efforts make us nervous;
 But the one that is most trying
 Is the man who knows it all.

Though he never went to college
 He has boundless stores of knowledge,
 Quite a mine of information
 To impart to you and me;
 If the helm of state were guided
 By his counsels, (now derided),
 He would steer this mighty nation
 To untold prosperity.

While the midnight oil is burning,
 And the men of science learning
 Secret facts of our existence,
 With their causes and effect:
 He expends his time in guessing,
 And his fancied skill expressing
 To a crowd that sometimes listens
 With appearance of respect.

Though the bulk of his predictions
 Prove unsound and baseless fictions,
 Yet at times his errant judgment
 Makes a hit; and then we laugh.

For he'll cause a mild sensation
By his self-congratulation,
That a grain of wheat found lodgment
In the bushel of his chaff.

Though he's sadly inconsistent
Yet he's tirelessly persistent,
Though his light is oft extinguished,
There are more to take its place;
Facts may put him to confusion,
But he clings to the delusion
That his name will be distinguished
In the annals of our race.

BROTHER JACK'S CHOICE.

THE boys were playing pirates in
The vacant lot, one day;
But Brother Jack was in the sulks,
And so he would'nt play.
Their swords and spears were sticks of wood,
Their faces daubed with black;
And the first captive that they took
Was little Brother Jack.

A clothes line bound his slender limbs,
A napkin stopped his squeals:
A brace of pirates at his head —
Another at his heels,
Then spoke the bold, relentless chief,
With fiercely bated breath;
"What say you, shall we let him choose
The manner of his death?"

The men were silent for a space —
A trying time, indeed —
Then one by one they answered him,
"Why, yes, we are agreed."
The pirate chief removed the gag,
Jack said, 'mid snorts of rage,
"All right, ye murderous band, I choose
To die of sheer old age."

MY LADY LOVE.

MY lady love is not divinely fair,
 As gem of Grecian sculpture, chaste and rare;
 Nor graceful as a flow'ring tropic plant,
 But then she loves me—that is all I want.

Nor does she bear a name of high renown;
 'Tis commonplace as Smith, or Jones, or Brown;
 Unknown in science, politics or war;
 But then she loves me—that is better far.

She has no hoarded wealth at her command,
 No acres broad of fertile prairie land,
 Nor herds that roam afar on plain and hill;
 But then she loves me—that is better still.

Her looks discount my own, so people say;
 Her name—well, she's to change it anyway;
 We'll have enough, I ween, and some to spare;
 We love each other—that is all I care.

A GAME OF HEARTS.

A bouncing grocer's clerk am I,
 Employed in Thompson's store;
 I tend to the delivery
 Twelve hours a day, or more.

A little way along the street
 Lives charming Beatrice May;
 I pass her home—'tis on my beat,—
 A hundred times a day.

She loves to sit upon the stoop,
 Beneath the summer sky;
 The center of a merry group
 Of numbskulls, such as I.

I dearly loved to pause awhile—
 When driving up and down—
 And talk with her; sometimes she'd smile,
 But oftentimes she'd frown.

One day I stopped my jaded beast,
 Some stupid things to say;
 That bored her, for it was, at least
 The twentieth time that day.

For lack of news in meeter strain,
 I asked, "Do you play euchre?"
 "Why, yes, at times," she said, and then
 A fit of laughter shook her.

I asked, "What knowledge of the art
 My rivals would outclass?"
 She said, "The most important part
 Is—knowing when to *pass*."

This hit me hard; I drove away—
 My youthful ardor checked—
 And then, a hundred times a day
 I'd *pass*, with head erect.

She seemed to half repent the joke
 That put me in the dumps;
 And as I passed one day she spoke,
 "Well, Richard, *what is trumps?*"

"A *heart*," I answered, mournfully,
 "A broken one, alas!
 This *game* has *played the dence* with me,
 So I believe I'll *pass*."

"Why, no," she said, "the *winning card*
 May well be in your hand,"
 Her hidden meaning was not hard
 For me to understand.

"Come, be my partner, Beatrice May,
 My *queen of hearts*," I cried;
 "And all the *knaves* and *bowers* may play
 Upon the other side."

"I'm *queen of hearts*," exclaimed the maid;
 "The *king*, then, looks like you;
 This *takes me*, for the *king*, 'tis said,
 Is *stronger* of the two."

This *trick* won the eventful *game*:
 My rivals put to rout:
 In two weeks she will change her name—
 Our wedding *cards* are out.

AT THE WALL.

THE friend that turns his back in time of trouble
 Has ever been a subject for reproach,
 By men who always seem upon the outlook
 For some kind-hearted citizen to "touch."
 'Tis true that such remarks are not uncalled for—
 Misfortunes come alike to great and small;
 The friends who flattered, when the sun was shining,
 Neglect us when our back is at the wall.

Yet men of feeling have been blamed unjustly,
 When unsuccessfully besieged for aid
 By victims of the 'long vacation' habit,
 Whose hard-luck stories are their stock in trade.
 Who look for some one else to do the hustling;
 They never prospered and they never shall;
 The fellows they appeal to for assistance
 Have got no time to loiter by the wall.

Though kind hearts often prompt to heedless giving,
 Or to get rid of importunity,
 The beggars' trust, that shuns investigation,
 Reveals a state of things that should not be.
 The sons of men are not so misanthropic
 That each in his own strength must stand or fall;
 Yet many choose what calls for least exertion—
 To loaf around and lean against the wall.

JACK AT THE THEATER.

MY Brother Jack had passed the day
 Without a single fight,
 And so our Mamma took him to
 The theater at night.
 It cost her fifty cents or so,
 But Mamma felt resigned,
 Because the evening's show was of
 The realistic kind

And, happily, the villain was—
In progress of the play—
Consigned to the infernal pit
Where Satan holds his sway.
The brimstone blazed up from beneath,
The demons danced in rage
Around the mouth of hell, which was
A trapdoor in the stage.

The villain was extremely stout,
The trapdoor none too wide;
They could not get him down below,
No matter how they tried.
The youngsters clapped their hands in glee
To see him wriggle back;
“Oh, goody, goody, hell is full,”
Screamed little Brother Jack.

FIFTY YEARS MORE.

FIFTY years longer of franchise,
Truly a modest demand;
Mark how the bosses of transit
Stretch their monopolist hand
Towards the throat of the public;
Striving, by every known means,
That they for another half-century
May pack us in cars like sardines.

Last night when, in pushing my way out,
My overcoat buttons came off,
Some swear words were yearning for utterance,
I smothered them down with a cough;
But even young ladies seemed anxious
To talk back—I wonder they don't—
To hear the conductor's “Step forward,
There's plenty of room up in front.”

We counted the billowy horse car
 The worst of humanity's ills,
 But the trolley by screw pressure loaded
 The cup of our bitterness fills.
 Our tempers are ruined in the jostling;
 Our bodies are battered and sore;
 And yet, with this record of service,
 They ask us for fifty years more.

LETTERS OF THE DEAD.

AS the silv'ry mists on the meadow
 Disperse with the glow of the sunrise,
 As the bubbles that foam on the river,
 In the swirl of the perilous rapid:
 As the raindrop that falls in the desert,
 So perish the words that are spoken.

Like winds in the treetop that rustle,
 The fond lover's passionate breathing,
 The sulphurous accents of evil,
 Are past, and they leave in our bosom
 The mystical balm of the healer,
 The sting of the serpent that rankles.

But love and devotion recorded
 On pages for ever held sacred
 Endure 'mid the wreck of my day-dreams,
 And open the floodgates of memory,
 While shadows of midnight are round me,
 And sleep hath deserted my chamber.

I gaze on a packet, unfolded,
 Of missives that postmen deliver
 To hearts that are heavy with waiting
 For tidings of good or of evil:
 Whose whistle presages the coming
 Of light in the hour of their darkness.

The joy and the sorrow long hidden,
 The story of friendship imprinted
 On sheets that are musty and mildewed,
 Their characters faded and yellow,
 Recall to my memory the writer
 Now far in the mansions of glory.

The fond heart is stilled in its beating,
The fingers in kindred dust molder,
The red lips, whose accents inspired me
With courage, are silent forever;
The bright eyes that shone like the starlight
Are sealed now in darkness eternal.

How oft in the stillness of evening
She sat in the home of her childhood
While others were softly reposing,
And out of her heart's sweet abundance
She fashioned the message of greeting
Which gladdened my heart on the morrow.

Like rains on the shadowless prairie,
That nourish the flowers to their blooming,
Her love-begot message inspired me
With zeal in the pathway of duty;
Possessed me with courage that failed not
When dark was the future before me.

The simple delights of the village,
The sports of the young men and maidens,
The coming of bud and of blossom;
The welfare of friend and of neighbor
Beloved in the days of our childhood,
I find in these pages recorded.

The clangorous hum of the city
Is hushed, as the storm-wind that passes;
I stand where the wild flowers are springing,
I drink in the breath of the rosebud;
I list to the voice of my old friends
Like far distant music that echoes.

Together we walk in the green fields
And sit in the shade of the woodland;
They tell of their joy and their sorrow,
Their pioneer struggle and triumph:
I speak of the marvellous city,
The daughter of numberless nations.

The song-birds have folded their pinions
And hushed are their notes in the twilight;
We join in the home circle gathered
Around the red glow of the hearth-fire
To hear the instruction of scripture,
And raise the sweet psalm of thanksgiving.

Our spirits ascend with the prayer
 That falls from the lips of the aged,
 Commending our ways to the guidance
 Of Him who abides in the heavens;
 Ere yet we retire to our chamber
 To dream of new joys for the morrow.

Alas! for the joys of our being,
 Like fire-flies they flash on our vision
 Then vanish, to mock our pursuing:
 Though sweet was the dream I indulged in
 Yet sad the awaking which finds me
 Alone in untold desolation.

Alone with the wrack and the ruin
 Of air-castles fancy had builded:
 Still grasping a handful of letters,
 With characters faded and yellow;
 Scarce seen in my dimness of vision
 Through fountains of sorrow o'erflowing.

O! Thou who wert dear to my bosom,
 Who blessed my young life with thy friendship
 Whose missives I tenderly cherish:
 Couldst thou not across the dark border
 One message of comfort convey me?
 From regions by mortals untrodden.

The postman's shrill whistle resounding
 Hath oft brought delight to my bosom:
 And now it would welcome with rapture
 The trump of the heavenly bearer:
 If thou, by Omnipotence guided,
 Couldst bridge the dark gulf that divides us

My soul is consumed with impatience,
 And yearns, with unspeakable longing,
 If but for one moment's communion
 With one who abideth in glory;
 A sunbeam to lighten the shadows
 That compass my mortal existence.

Nay! then, we must sleep with our fathers
 Ere yet the bright dream is unfolded;
 But oft shall these letters remind me,
 Through years so uncertain in number,
 Of fond and undying affection
 That brightened my life in its springtime

USE OF THE TRUCE.

WHEN the clouds of war are rolling
Upward from the field of fame;
And the batteries on the hilltop
Belch their sheets of living flame;
Foemen press the bitter struggle
With the rage of fiends let loose,
Only pausing when exhausted
For a few short hours of truce.

To the hero of the trenches
'Tis a welcome breathing space,
And he wipes the smoke of battle
From his grim, unshaven face.
For a time the hardy foemen
Mingle in the neutral zone;
While the rifle's crack is silent,
And no screaming shells are thrown.

Then they speak of friends far distant,
Children dear and faithful wives;
And bewail the strife that causes
Men to seek each other's lives.
But their judging of the distance
Shall be put to deadly use,
When the warriors sight their rifles
At the ending of the truce.

JOYS OF HOLIDAY.

WHEN the poplar flings its shadow
Far across the village street,
And the tinkling of the cow-bell
Wakes the echoes low and sweet;
I forsake the haunts of Nature,
And the joys of holiday;
To resume life's weary burden
In the city far away.

Here I wandered, like a pilgrim
 Seeking for a better land;
 And the townsmen, free and hearty,
 Took me warmly by the hand:
 And I joined in sport and pastime
 With their sons and daughters fair,
 'Neath the apple blossoms dancing
 In the balmy summer air.

Oft upon the river's bosom
 We embarked, a merry throng;
 While our feathered oars were flashing
 To the measure of our song:
 Oft on airy wheels we glided
 By the fields and woodlands green—
 Swiftly flashing on our vision
 Like a panoramic scene.

Oft our hearts were thrilled with mem'ries
 Of fair Scotia's mountain land,
 As we scaled the heights of "Bald Head,"
 With its wastes of silv'ry sand:
 But with cheeks and temples glowing
 We attained the crest at last;
 And, reposing from our labors,
 Viewed a prospect unsurpassed.

Oh! how gladly would I linger
 In the sunny vales of rest;
 But I hear the call of duty
 From the bright and bounding west:
 Soon the wavelets gently lapping
 'Gainst the rowboat's painted keel
 Must give place to clang of hammers,
 And the whirr of belt and wheel.

Many snap-shots we have gathered —
 That delight the artist's gaze,—
 To be scanned with yearning fondness
 In the mists of future days:
 And no fairer page to dwell on
 Than these golden days shall be,
 When our thoughts retrace the vistas
 Of awakened memory.

TALE OF A ROSE.

THEY strolled on the Lincoln Park driveway,
 Beneath the pale light of the moon;
 On one side the lake's heaving bosom,
 On the other the slumbering lagoon.
A rose in his buttonhole blooming
 Attracted her eyes, large and bright;
And she asked, in a voice of entreaty:
 "Dear George, may I wear it to-night?"

He stooped to inhale of its fragrance
 Before he replied, with a sigh:
"My dearest Clarinda, it grieves me
 Your simple request to deny;
For the sake of the maid who bestowed it,
 And the words that she spoke in my ear;
Had you seen and heard, you would know, love,
 The reason I hold it so dear."

Now she's tortured with fears of a rival—
 Ne'er dreaming that he would deceive —
And she hates the rose and its giver;
 So her mind it would greatly relieve
To know that he got it that evening
 In the little store under the trees,
From the freckle-faced florist's assistant,
 And her words were, "Twenty cents, please."

THE WINTER CYCLIST.

A wintry chill is in the atmosphere,
 As from the heaving lake the storm wind blows;
 And weak-kneed brethren of the cycle fear
 That brings the riding season to a close.
Jack Frost assails us with his wicked thrusts;
 Our polka-dotted mufflers are on guard;
And many a good wheel in the basement rusts
 Which should be speeding down the boulevard.

And shall we join the patient, suffering throng,
 Which crowds the rumbling street cars to the door?
 Which kicks against the service loud and long,
 But keeps on riding as it did before?
 Nay! Perish such a thought. On every street
 The hardy wheelman has the right of way;
 No ancient female comes to claim his seat;
 No cable breaks, no lumbering teams delay.

Our hearts beat high, our life-blood dancing flows,
 Though ice-flakes sparkle in the biting air;
 While street-car heaters, every patron knows,
 Are but a vain delusion and a snare.
 The steed that bore us through the woods, aglow
 With sunshine, where the morning-glories creep,
 Will bear us safely through the mud-streaked snow
 Until it lies at least five inches deep.

THE LIGHT OF LOVE.

WHEN shadows gloom upon our earthly way
 The light of love turns midnight into day;
 Restores the ring of gladness to the voice,
 And bids oppressed and careworn men rejoice.

When joys of love in human hearts abide
 The common things of earth are glorified;
 They cheer our lives throughout the passing days,
 And wrap the future in a golden haze.

The joybells ring with impulse born of love—
 A foretaste, here, of better things above,—
 But care and sorrow with the hearts abide
 That only look upon its darker side.

The eye of love is swift to read mischance
 In clouded brow, or half averted glance;
 And to the ear of love a word or tone
 Speak volumes, in a language all its own.

Where flow'rs the rose of love the way is spanned
By thorns that pierce the bold and careless hand;
But who of love, sweet love, would live forlorn
Through dread of his impalement by the thorn?

And ev'n the fairest of the fair will own
That love was never meant to pine alone;
Forth from the throne of God 'twas sent, to share
The matchless sweetness of its blossoms fair.

THE CROWN OF INDEPENDENCE.

AIR;—"STAR SPANGLED BANNER."

O! say, have you seen, at the dawning of day,
The smoke wreaths of industry heavenward ascend-
ing?

And bright is the gleam of the sun's early ray,
On sons of the Nation to business attending.

But four years ago, my friend, 'twas not so,
The chimneys were smokeless, for business was slow;
Then praise to the man who prosperity gave
To the land of the free and the home of the brave.

While brightly the sun of prosperity beams—
Though sweet, silv'ry tongues may create a sensation—

O! say, should we turn to the dreamer of dreams,
And trust to his guiding the course of the nation?

We may find it once more, as in days gone before,
No work for our hands, and the wolf at the door;
For the bondman of debt must be somebody's slave,
In the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Let princes exult in their right so "Divine,"
The crown of their pride and the joys in attendance;
Nor gems of the ocean, nor gold of the mine

Compare with the crown of a man's independence.
We are learning at last, by mistakes of the past,
That the flag of our sires should be nailed to the mast:
O! say, are we tired of prosperity's wave?
In the land of the free and the home of the brave.

GILHOOLY'S DAUGHTER.

OCH, sure I'm bouncin' Barney M'Tartar
 A rollickin' Oirish bhoy;
 I loved ould man Gilhooly's daughter,
 She was me pride an' joy.
 But me an' the ould man didn't agree—
 I had licked him wanst or twice—
 An' so he thought to get square wid me
 By givin' her this advice,
 "Oh! Kit, steer clare ov Barney
 He's nuthin' but blow an' blarney;
 The young spalpeen aint fit to be
 A son-in-law of mine;
 So give the could shouldher to Barney
 Or there'll be trouble. I warn ye;
 I'm goin' to kape ye at home, bedad,
 To feed me cows an' swine."

I worked for a docthor in Ballymacorry,
 The nearest market town;
 An' Kitty tould me all her story
 Nixt toime that she cum down,
 An' so I gave her some innocent shtuff
 To put in the ould man's tea;
 She said she'd do it sure enough,
 An' lave the rist wid me.
 Siz I to her so swately,
 "I love yez most complately,
 An' sure an' I have got manes enough
 To kape ye in iligant shtyle."
 Siz she, "Me jewel, Barney,
 I loike that kind av blarney,
 Bedad you're the swatest an' bouldest bhoy
 That stips on the Oirish soil."

That blissid night Gilhooly got sick,
 An' I was'nt a bit surprised;
 They sint for the docthor double quick,
 An' I wint in his place disguised.
 Siz he, "Oh! docthor, must I die?
 I'm sound in flish an' bone."

“Indade it’s hard to tell,” siz I,
“Your nirves are almost gone,
You’ve got to take things aisy;
Why should it drive ye crazy
Because your iligant daughter’s bound
To marry just whom she plaze?”
Siz he, “I dont loike Barney,”
Siz I, “Ould man, I warn ye,
Dont let it excite ye or you’re apt
To die av heart disase.”

The innocent shtuff soon lost it’s power,
He paid me the docthor’s fee;
I got him to slape in half an hour,
Then danced a jig wid glee.
An’ nixt toime that I met the ould man
(I was Barney M’Tartar again)
Siz he, “That boss av yours is wan
Av the smartest kind av men.
Now Barney though it grieve me
That Kit should go an’ lave me—
Since I am thratened wid heart disase
I will not shtand between.”
So since the ould man’s relinted
My Kitty has consinted
To marry me nixt spring
Whin the dear ould sod is green.

McKINLEY AND PROSPERITY.

AIR:—"MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA."

LET Parties shout their battles cries, made up of empty bluff,
 The wise man backs the policy that brings him in the stuff;
 "McKinley and Prosperity," I guess that's good enough,
 While we are marching to glory.

CHORUS:—

Hurrah, hurrah, it got us there before,
 Hurrah, hurrah, it's good for four years more:
 McKinley and Prosperity one more success shall score,
 While we are marching to glory.

It was the battle cry that paralysed the "popocrat,"
 And let the records tell if we were talking through our hat;
 McKinley and Prosperity, we'll let it go at that,
 While we are marching to glory.

CHORUS:—

It takes the boys of Illinois to lead the Western States,
 We march again to vict ry, 'neath the banner of a Yates;
 McKinley and Prosperity, they are our running mates,
 While we are marching to glory.

CHORUS:—

The Populist of Kansas, with his whiskers made of hay,
 Has paid his debts and mortgage, 'cause he couldn't have his way;
 "McKinley and Prosperity," he's shouting night and day,
 While we are marching to glory.

CHORUS:—

If we support the other side we hit ourselves a blow,
 For every time they rule the land, our trade is bad, we know;
 McKinley and Prosperity has brought us in the dough,
 While we are marching to glory.

CHORUS:—

ONE ON THE TEACHER.

THE morning breezes blew both loud and shrill,
And beat against the schoolhouse on the hill;
Frost-pictures sparkled on the window panes:
The hoof-beats thundered in the frozen lanes:
A hundred little heads were bended low,
Though twinkling eyes and rosy cheeks aglow
Belied the solemn, reverential air
With which they listened to the morning prayer.
The old familiar prayer the teacher said,
With folded hands and meekly drooping head;
His mild gray eyes were closed, or seemed to be,
And yet they watched him most suspiciously:
For, though he had a sympathetic heart,
He dearly loved to make the youngsters smart
Whene'er they bade defiance to his rule,
Or hindered the decorum of the school.
The prayer is done, and all, with solemn faces,
Betake themselves to their accustomed places;
But as the echoes of their childish steps resound
The teacher's glance, which follows them around
To see that none engage in youthful tricks,
Just rests upon a little chap of six:
With eyebrows elevated in surprise
The teacher beckons to the lad, and cries,
"Here, Johnnie, how did you come down today?
Come to my desk, I want you right away."
The boy approached, as oft he'd done before,
Mistrusting that a licking was in store.
"John," said the teacher, with a solemn face,
"This morning as I passed your father's place,
The doctor's rig was standing by the door,
Now can you tell me what they brought him for?"
"Naw," said the boy, whose fears had vanished quick,
"They didn't tell me any one was sick."
The teacher said, "Then, John, my little man,
Just you run home as quickly as you can:
Find out directly what the matter is,
And then come back and tell me, if you please:
For if it is of an infectious kind
You cannot come to school, now Johnnie mind."

The boy put on his hat and trudged away;
 The teacher called the lessons for the day,
 Instructing them with all his mental power.
 But every head was raised when, in an hour,
 The door was opened and the boy drew nigh,
 A gleam of mischief in his bright blue eye;
 When, with suppressed impatience in his tone,
 The teacher asked, "Well, what's the matter, John?"
 "Teacher," said John, "The cause of all the fuss
 Is that new boy the doctor fetched to us.
 A little thing, he cannot even creep,
 I think they must have got him real cheap;
 Or course you know ma's feelin' kind of blue,
 But dad, he thinks that need'nt worry you.
 So, boss, you can go right on with your teachin',
 The doctor says the trouble is'nt ketchin'."

THE LADIES' CANDIDATE.

AIR:—"YANKEE DOODLE."

WHEN party bosses pay their court,
 You do their bidding blindly,
 So when the ladies ask support,
 We hope you'll give it kindly.

CHORUS:—

For we have got a candidate,
 And we are bound to land her,
 For we're to vote as sure as fate,
 For Mrs. Alexander.

Although we're new to politics,
 The world you know is moving;
 Already we have learned some tricks,
 And all the time improving.

CHORUS:—

Her nomination's no mistake,
 Her very rivals own it;
 She's business-like and wide awake,
 Her own affairs have shown it.

CHORUS:—

She will not stand for party "pull,"
And all the ills attendant:
For why, she owns no boss's rule,
She's free and independent.

CHORUS:—

And if you men of common sense,
Your manly votes accord her,
She'll justify your confidence,
And keep the men in order.

CHORUS:—

IN THE SPRING.

THE snow lay deep on the bare hillside,
And the fountain slept beneath;
It's ripples that flashed in their wilful pride
Congealed by the storm-king's breath.
The mist clouds drooped till the mountain head
Was lost in their clinging fold:
All nature seemed to be lying dead,
And its shroud was white and cold.

But the sunbeams pierce, with their kindly ray,
Through storm clouds dark and drear;
And the fountain sings on it's joyous way
In the glad time of the year.
The trees awake and with blossoms choice
Their shapely limbs array;
And the hearts of careworn men rejoice
In the glow of the summer day.

My way was drear and my life blood chilled
By the cold world's pomp and pride;
And the fount of love in my bosom stilled,
And I walked on the shadowy side.
The night winds thrilled with my desolate cry
That sighed in the leafless tree,—
"I care for nobody, no, not I,
Since nobody cares for me."

But sovereign Love assumes control
 By the sway of its magic wand;
 And new hope thrills in my darkened soul
 To the clasp of a gentle hand.
 Fair earth proclaims to the azure skies
 That the summer of life is come;
 As I read my fate in the love-lit eyes
 That speak when the lips are dumb.

THE AULD HOOSE AT HAME.

O! I'm far frae the land whaur my walie cronies bide,
 Whaur I roved wi' neebors' bairns ower a' the kintra
 side;

Sae I sigh for auld lang syne, an' my hert is aye aflame
 Wi' the mem'ries o' Auld Scotland, an' the wee hoose at hame.
 'Twas a laigh an' lanesome biggin' theckit ower wi' heather

Whaur my heid wis bienly happit whan the cauld blasts sough'd
 aroon';

But 'twas brawer than a palace tae the een o' infancy,
 An' the dearest spot o' ony in my ain countrie.

Whan the lav'rock liltit blythely at the dawin' o' the morn,
 An' the sunbeam kissed the dewdrap frae the blossom on the
 thorn,—

I wad tryst wi' neebor laddies, an' we'd vow wi' muckle glee
 There wis nae lan' under heiven like oor ain countrie.

Whiles we spiel'd the birks sae soople, whiles we guddled in the
 burn;

Whiles we gar'd oor faithfu' collie gie the sheep an' kye a turn;
 There wis rowth o' halesome parritch for a laddie's hungry
 wame

Whan oor sonsy mithers beck'd us tae the auld hoose at hame

But the glint o' gowd wis bonnie, an' the warld wis fair an' gay'
 An' they waled me frae the biggin' that had fen'd me mony a
 day;

Sae wi' ither rovin' callans I wad up tae dae or dee,
 An' wad seek a lan' o' promise in a far countrie.

There were gowans on the lea rig, there wis sunshine on the
brae,
There wis mither's rede an' fairfa' that should licht me on my
way;
But the tear wis in my e'e, an' what saul o' man wad blame,
Whan I stuid an' look'd my hin'maist on the auld hoose at hame.

Noo the hairst o' life is here, an' my hair is streek'd wi' gray,
An' my haffets sairly runkl'd wi' the steer o' mony a day;
But I've tauld my kith an' kin that they downa steek my e'e
Till I've heard the mavis singin' in my ain countrie.
For my fit maun pree the heather on my native Scotia's shore,
An' my auld hert sing the owrecome o' the gowden days o' yore;
O! the freens o' auld langsyne, wull their cracks be aye the same
As in days whan they forgathered in oor auld hoose at hame?

'Tis a snod an' canty hald that my mem'ry fain reca's,
Ne'er ootshone by hames o' plenty whaur the great folk match
their braws;
An' mair precious tae me shall that lanesome biggin' be
Than the stately ha's they boast o' in a far countrie.
An' whan clans o' earth shall gaither as the cross o' fire is sped,
An' the King in a' His glory comes tae judge the quick an'
dead,—
At the richt han' o' grace, cleansed frae a' oor guilt an' shame,
We shall bide tae life eternal in oor New Hoose at Hame.

MEMORIES OF VAN CLEAVE.

WHEN the party chiefs are prating,
 And their heelers speculating
 On the post-election favors
 They are likely to receive;
 We've a feeling vague and haunting
 That there is a something wanting,
 And we wonder much whatever's
 Come of James R. B. Van Cleave.

He was full of vim and vigor
 When of yore his portly figure
 Swayed the councils of the nation,
 In the old convention hall;
 When his name and fame were toasted,
 And his posters widely posted
 Where unstinted admiration
 They evoked from one and all.

Freed from cares of state involving,
 He may safely leave the solving
 Of the vexing silver question
 To the idols of the hour;
 He escapes the formal dinners
 That were tendered to the winners,—
 And were ruinous to digestion,—
 In the zenith of his pow'r.

Now the golden days are waning
 Of the picturesque campaigning,
 And the strifes and sores of party
 Make the gentler spirits grieve;
 There was less of plain mud-slinging
 When the crowded halls were ringing
 With the pleasant-toned and hearty
 Voice of J. R. B. Van Cleave.

THE CREED AND THE DEED.

These verses were written in answer to an address recently delivered by M. M. Mangasarian before the Society of Ethical culture in Steinway Hall. Mr. Mangasarian was formerly a Presbyterian minister. His subject was "The Creed and the Deed," and in course of his address he assailed the Christian doctrine of the atonement. While acknowledging the pre-eminence of Jesus as an ethical teacher he denied His Christly mission as a Saviour of men. While esteeming Him as a leader in earthly things, and professing to model his life after the example of Jesus, Mangasarian disavowed any belief in His divinity. Three days later these verses were sent to the society through an adherent, with a request for a reply, but none was forthcoming.

I.

The prophet spoke. I heard with expectation,
'Twas Mangasarian in his brightest vein;
His logic trained to the emancipation
Of warped and clouded minds from error's chain.

II.

'It is enough to set our lives in order,
If heaven there be we'll find an entrance there;
But what exists beyond earth's troubled border
We neither speculate, nor know, nor care.

III.

"The earth-born Jesus, in his generation,
Taught earthly men to live from error free;
But we reject the fable of his passion,
His Christly mission, and divinity.

IV.

"'Jesus,' the man, we follow in his teaching,
Our perfect lives denote a perfect guide;
His Christly calling, theme of faith and preaching,
With modern science does not coincide.

V.

"'Jesus,' the friend of man, is emblematic
Of the best joys our mortal nature craves;
'Christ' is intolerant, austere, schismatic;
His dupes drag out their lives in open graves.

VI.

“Jesus, his love and goodness are unbounded,
 His sympathetic kindness overflows;
 But, as a ‘Christ,’ with priestly bonds surrounded
 He only shines where hell-fire redly glows.”

VII.

Vain man, his self-delusive views I sighed for,
 As he proclaimed the ethics of his faith;
 The truth that David sang, and Jesus died for,
 He deemed he had demolished at a breath.

VIII.

Such specious logic faithless ones rely on
 To controvert the truth of Scripture’s page:
 Yet stands unmoved the holy hill of Zion.
 In majesty serene, from age to age.

IX.

What says he? “Christian doctrines are corroded
 With rust and mildew of the ages gone;
 And Christ’s alleged divinity exploded:
 From Jesus’ grave we’ll roll away the stone.”

X.

Rail, Mangasarian, in thy cold derision,
 Close thou thine eyes, and vow there is no day;
 Yet, as it smiles on my unclouded vision,
 Thou canst not intercept a single ray.

XI.

Where is the warrant for thy devious teaching?
 Is it a revelation from—below?
 Or but the ebbtide of thy former preaching,
 Like captured ordnance trained upon the foe?

XII.

The flimsy structure of thy mind’s creation—
 In days of Christian zeal—thou may’st undo,
 But tamper with the rock of its foundation,
 And thy temerity thou’lt surely rue.

XIII.

Take thou our Jesus for thy Lord and Master,
But rob Him of His attributes divine,—
Why, then: Mohammed, Buddha, Zoroaster,
Offer attractions far discounting thine.

XIV.

Jesus is Christ, or nothing. Freely given
By His own lips, the evidence we gain:
“If I be not the Christ come down from Heaven
Then hear me not, for all my words are vain.”

XV.

Wouldst thou appropriate His truth and beauty?
Bask in His smiles, and yet ignore His frown?
Canst thou accept the hire, and shirk the duty?
Reject the cross, and yet attain the crown?

XVI.

Then may'st thou claim, while summer flowers are blowing,
The storm-king's breath their petals shall not blight;
Thou may'st affirm, while noontide beams are glowing,
That there exist no shadows of the night.

XVII.

“God cannot justly doom the souls he gave us,”
Say'st thou, “to an eternity of pain.”
But if there be no hell from which to save us
Then verily hath Jesus died in vain.

XVIII.

If Heaven be worth our preaching, singing, praying,—
The best devotion of enlightened man—
Give us a good, old-fashioned hell, worth staying
As far away from as a mortal can.

XIX.

Should I embark with thee on life's vast ocean?
No pilot save thy self-sufficient crew,
No helm to guide thy vessel's wayward motion;
Without a compass, nor a port in view?

XX.

Destroy the beacon light my course that guided,
 And cast away the anchor of my soul:
 And whither should I steer, all undecided,
 While controversial billows round me roll?

XXI.

Thy faith is built on Jesus' life and teaching,
 Absorbs His person, but rejects His creed;
 But ours, more comprehensive and far-reaching,
 Embodies Jesus in both word and deed.

XXII.

Take thou the husk, and cast aside the kernel.
 Take thou the body, pass the spirit by;
 But both are ours, His life and truth eternal.
 To teach us how to live and how to die.

XXIII.

Our ancient faith is born of revelation,
 It's claims historic cannot be gainsaid;
 Thine is the fruit of dubious contemplation;
 Doubt and denial are thy stock-in-trade.

XXIV.

"We know no future state of good or evil;"
 "We know not whence we came, nor whither bound;"
 Such teaching lowers mankind to the level
 Of the dumb animals that browse around.

XXV.

The scope of thy self-culture is too narrow:—
 With all the ethics faithless man has taught
 Thou mayest cultivate, and plough, and harrow;—
 Without the seed thy labors come to naught.

XXVI.

What seed should germinate unto our saving,
 And yield our industry its due increase?
 Look on the Christ-sown fields; their harvests waving
 Betoken seeds of love, and joy, and peace.

XXVII.

Are we of those who walk 'mid shadows gloomy?
Who "merit Heaven by making earth a hell?"
Nay, then, until the mother earth entomb me
I'll sing, for Jesus doeth all things well.

XXVIII.

I know He'll keep that which I have committed
Unto his care; and Peace reigns in my breast;
Then are thy followers rather to be pitied,
Who strive to lull their consciences to rest.

XXIX.

We render homage to our God in spirit—
The Lord of Hosts, unseen, but not unknown—
The call to worship sounds and all men hear it,
Yea, even those who bow to wood and stone;

XXX.

In face of this you raise your idol, saying,
"Love is my creed, my god humanity;"
Go, learn thou logic of that infant praying,
With folded hands, beside a mother's knee.

XXXI.

Thy faith unworthy seems of my embracing,—
With an immortal soul to lose or save,—
'Tis but a broken reed to mortals facing
Eternity, with all its issues grave.

XXXII.

Nay, Mangasarian, vain is thy endeavor,
My simple faith is proof against thy blow;
Rather it is more firmly fixed than ever,
Since I have seen the weakness of its foe.

THE SUMMER GIRL.

SHE is dainty as a rose
 In a sunny arbor blooming,
 Where it's sweetness overflows,
 All the neighborhood perfuming.
 And what though some hours of time
 Have been spent in her adorning?
 The effect is just sublime
 As a glorious summer morning.

Let the critic shake his head—
 On life's ceaseless duties harping—
 Still the fin de siecle maid
 Turns a deaf ear to his carping.
 As a "thing of beauty" rare
 She will find her style in favor,
 While her youthful friends declare
 That she is a "joy for ever."

Sober thoughts may ne'er control
 Her impulsive word and action,
 But she envies not a soul,
 In her own self-satisfaction.
 Though her frolics be unwise,
 And her mirth at times uproarious;
 Yet with her we sympathize
 Rather than with prudes censorious.

We uphold her cause with zeal—
 Fairest product of the nation—
 On the golf links or awheel
 She commands our admiration.
 Let St. Joe. across the lake,
 Boast of peach trees bravely laden;
 But Chicago takes the cake
 With her glorious summer maiden.

TO MRS. CATHARINE YATES..

A MONARCH may bestride a royal saddle,
And hold the reins of power uncontroll'd;
But the maternal hand that rocks the cradle
Still rules the world as in the days of old.
The giant oak tree stands with limbs extended,
A tower of strength, impervious to the storm;
But when at first its sapling stem was bended
The forest king received its graceful form.

So they who train the rising generation
Should lead them in the paths of rectitude,
Presenting, for their zealous emulation,
The bright examples of the pure and good.
'Tis the reward of long and faithful training
To see the seeds of virtue taking root;
'Tis pleasant to behold, when life is waning,
Thy noble precepts bearing noble fruit:

When citizens who seek a standard bearer
For this, the proudest of our sovereign States,
Exclaim, with one accord, "No name is dearer
To loyal hearts than that of Richard Yates."
They who have marked his youthful life unfolding,—
His faithfulness alike in storm and shine,—
Look to his stainless honor for upholding
The best traditions of a noble line.

When uprightness prevails in state transactions:
When truth and justice rule our western land—
Which oftentimes groaned beneath unjust exactions—
Our citizens shall bless thy guiding hand,
By which of old the sapling stem was bended,
Which rears its form in strength and majesty;
Whose zeal and upright manhood are commended
To lead the phalanx of the brave and free.

THE SUICIDE CRANK.

HE was a man of up-to-date ideas,
 Who nurtured every fad that warps the mind,
 And had imbibed materialistic notions,
 Or gave folks an impression of the kind.
 When last we met he glowingly unfolded
 The most beneficent design of all—
 I groaned to think another wheel was spinning
 Beneath the roof of his "machinery hall."

He said, "I am convinced that when a mortal
 Is old, and sick, and broken down with toil,
 It should be bounden on the state to aid him
 In gently shuffling off the mortal coil.
 When his career of usefulness is ended:—
 Debarred alike from business and from sport:—
 Don't you agree 'twould be an act of mercy
 To interfere, and cut life's journey short?"

I said, "For horses, mules, and faithful canines
 This fate has hitherto been set apart;
 But if you wish to rank with beasts of burden,
 My friend, I coincide with all my heart.
 As for myself, I've always lacked ambition
 To class myself with creatures such as these;
 So I propose to leave the brute creation
 To argue out the matter as they please."

BY THE BROAD ST. CLAIR.

AGAIN I come to taste the joys of friendship—
 From business cares a little while set free—
 Where broad St. Clair, with commerce heavy laden,
 Flows southward in unruffled majesty.
 A peerless river, on whose placid bosom
 The navies of the continent might ride;
 O'er which two nations clasp their hands in friendship,
 Their pennants floating proudly side by side.

While summer days oppress the soul with languor—
 A wearied citizen—I seek repose
Where in the freshening breeze the wheat fields rustle,
 And shady woodlands where the maple grows.
Where wild flowers bloom in Nature's rich profusion
 The wavelets kiss the green Canadian shore;
Sweet odors of the northern lakes diffusing,
 The glow of health and vigor to restore.

Like uncaged bird exults my careworn spirit,—
 I bid the ghosts of care and sorrow flee;
On every spray the feathered songsters warble,
 And fill the air with joyous melody.
Far hence the tide of life is fiercely surging,
 No echo, here, disturbs my bosom's calm;
I listen to the still, small voice of nature,
 To overburdened hearts a healing balm.

Where hospitality is still a virtue
 There dwells a people of the good old kind,
Who in their busy lives can still find leisure
 To cultivate the graces of the mind.
They prize their heritage of independence,
 And—children of the hardy pioneer—
They breathe the bold and self-reliant spirit
 That permeates the limpid atmosphere.

Where souls expand beneath the glow of friendship
 And loving kindness rules the heart supreme,
All things are fair to my enchanted vision,
 And life is happy as a fairy dream.
And when, in days to come, my heart is weary,
 And nature droops amid the city's glare;
I'll sigh for just one hour of sweet seclusion
 Beside the sparkling waters of St. Clair.

THE CHEAPEST FUEL.

THOUGH a bard of unknown name
 Finds it hard to get a hearing,
 I set out in quest of fame,
 And my progress was quite cheering.
 When an editor, one time,
 Forwarded an invitation
 That I write some things in rhyme
 For his weekly publication.

So I wrote, and wrote, and wrote,
 Verse enough to fill some volumes,
 But of all that stuff he's not
 Printed one word in his columns.
 Now I do not like to shout,
 But this hope deferred is cruel;
 And I wonder if he's out
 For the cheapest kind of fuel.

It has put me in the blues;
 And I'll wager cash upon it,
 That he never meant to use
 Either tale, or poem, or sonnet:
 I believe upon my soul—
 In the light of these conditions—
 That the man is saving coal,
 Burning up my compositions.

GOD DEFEND THE RIGHT.

RED run the sluggish streams of the Transvaal,
 Where hostile legions gather for the fight;
 And listening nations hear Paul Kruger call
 A God of justice to "defend the right."

What is the right those burghers would possess?
The fruit of honest toil to confiscate,
They claim the right to plunder and oppress
The strangers that sojourn within their gate.

The right to boast, through many a peaceful year,
Of Britons slaughtered on Majuba steep;
The right to goad, with ceaseless taunt and jeer,
The mighty power that let her vengeance sleep:

Though well they know that on that fatal day
The British were outnumbered five to one;
Exhausted with the perils of the way,
Their slender stock of ammunition done.

Their precious right to slaughter and enslave
The helpless, dispossessed aborigine;
While kindly Britons civilize and save,
And treat the native as their kith and kin.

Let those who laud the burgher's pious zeal
Excuse his vain, discreditable boast;
And show, while urging on his vengeful steel,
Why those who know him least respect him most.

Vain is his hope, to curb the lion's might,—
Can shifting sands resist the ocean flood?
Nay! Though they struggle till Majuba's height
Is red with Boer, as once with British, blood.

THE MAN BEHIND THE BOWLDER.

BRITAIN'S heart is sad today
O'er her army's brief reverses:
Bloodier still must be the fray
Ere the cloud of war disperses.
Her defeat is no disgrace—
Let the world forbear to scold her,
For it knows she's face to face
With the man behind the bowlder.

Take a soldier brave and true
 On the open plain advancing,
 With his foe concealed from view
 Save the eyes of fury glancing:
 When they aim the deadly gun,
 It would seem to a beholder
 That the odds are ten to one
 On the man behind the bowlder.

Six feet odd of British height,
 And the Boer as many inches,
 And what boots the soldier's might
 When his foes avoid the clinches?
 Let them meet him hand to hand,
 Nor by skulking foes surrounded,
 And what power on earth can stand
 When the British "charge" is sounded?

Jingo writers shriek for gore
 In their editorial columns,
 But experience teaches more
 Than their theoretic volumes:
 And their little minds might change,
 And their fiery souls grow colder;
 If they stood in easy range
 Of the man behind the bowlder.

THE SOLDIER'S LASS.

A soldier brave and gay
 Is the lad I love;
 I was happy many a day
 With the lad I love;
 But now he's far away
 In the thickest of the fray,
 And I can only pray
 For the lad I love.

It grieved me sore to part
From the lad I love,
But I knew the faithful heart
Of the lad I love;
When he weighed his loyalty
'Twi'xt his native land and me,—
I said, "Go, and angels be
With the lad I love."

Lord God of Hosts, be near
To the lad I love,
And I will have no fear
For the lad I love;
Where the death shot pours like rain
Still Thy shield is not in vain;
And I'll hope to meet again
With the lad I love.

TOMMY ATKINS.

HE is brave and he is true,
If a trifle absent-minded;
But what can a soldier do
When his leaders' eyes are blinded?
When he gets them hand-to-hand;
With their bayonets on the level,
Tommy Atkins can withstand
Frank or Russian, Boer or devil.
Fighting puffs of smoke and flame,
From the rock and brushwood flashing
Is an uncongenial game
To the soldiers gay and dashing.
They despised their rustic foes;
Now they see their error clearly;
Smarting underneath the blows,
They have learned the lesson dearly.
But the stern, unquestioned grit
Of the Anglo-Saxon nation,
With their ablest leaders' wit,
Shall retrieve the situation;
Till the British skies are clear
And the hour of danger passes;
And disprove the ancient sneer,
"They are lions led by asses."

Dodging 'mong the trees and rocks,
 Baffled in the act of striking;
 Crouching with the hunted fox
 Isn't much to Tommy's liking.
 Let him get them hand-to-hand,
 With their bayonets on the level,
 And he'll fearlessly withstand
 Frank or Russian, Boer or devil.

THE BIGGEST FOOL.

HE was just a spring-time poet
 With his glossy bangs uncurled
 And his genius undervalued
 By the cold and cruel world;
 And he shouted on the curbstone,
 "Friends, the most consummate fool
 Is the editor who edits
 With a square and six inch rule.
 "For the poem that I consigned him
 Was a masterpiece sublime,
 Which would send my fame resounding
 Down the avenues of time.
 But his highness has declined it,
 Placing, where it might have been,
 This forlorn and stilted sonnet,
 Product of some verse machine.
 "Thus he snips and pastes and edits
 By his mathematic rule;
 What recks he of mind or matter
 If he gets his spaces full?
 Measuring inherent talent
 By his sordid ells and feet;
 Soulless as the swarthy pavier
 Laying blocks upon the street.
 "There you see the slangy hustler
 Sitting in the judgment seat,
 And the polished laureate making
 Footprints on the muddy street.
 Yet I'd rather be the student
 Learning truths in nature's school,
 Than the editor who edits
 With a little six inch rule."

THE DUTCH-IRISH RAID ON CANADA.

BRAVE Canadians, stay at home,
Shun the far imperial battle;
With the bursting of the bomb
And the Mauser's dangerous rattle.
Having raised the Fenian ghost,
You will need your strength and science,
When Van Splutter's furious host
Joins the Caseys, Quinns and Ryans.

Irish "bhoys," I understand,
Have been patiently awaiting
To go in with any land
That would give John Bull a "bating."
They will set their iron heel
On your land left unprotected,—
If some patriot doesn't steal
All the funds they have collected.

Now that Britain's hands are full,
As the outcome of her quarrels,
Colonies that own her rule
Must be looking to their laurels.
Then entrench your battle lines
Or your foes may force a passage,
When the ould potheen combines
With the sour krout and the sausage.

They are slow to cross the lakes
For they know the job is risky,
And respect the land that makes
Such superior brands of whiskey.
But the nation's course offends,
And the boys resolved to spank her;—
Judging by the stuff it sends
'Tis a goodly land to conquer.

Fighting men can ill be spared
To go forth in search of trouble,
When the whoop of war is heard
In your fields of yellow stubble.
You'll remember "Sixty-six"
When a thousand stars shall twinkle
As you feel the vengeful licks
Of McCarthy and Van Winkle.

KIPLING AND BOBS.

“**L**ITTLE Bobs is brave and wise,”
 Says the poet in his raptures;
 Though he does not advertise,
 Fortune’s brightest smiles he captures.
 When his countrymen he leads—
 Britain’s foes intent on routing—
 He performs the gallant deeds;
 Other men may do the shouting.

But in social spheres we find—
 Though their standards they are raising—
 Many a man of shallow mind
 Taken at his own appraising.
 With a tongue that seldom fails,
 His assumption is unbounded;
 Though the trickster never tells
 Just on what his claims are founded.

Men who listen day by day
 Would delight to prick his bubble,
 But they know the world would say,
 “They are jealous— that’s the trouble.”
 So they do not call his bluff
 Nor disturb his smooth haranguing,
 For he’ll soon have rope enough
 To insure his autohanging.

True, they say the tempest’s weight
 Will undo the flimsy building,
 And men’s eyes will penetrate
 Masks of superficial gilding.
 Modest worth may win the game,
 But I have my spells of doubting,
 When I see it put to shame
 By the man who does the shouting.

BOER AND BOXER.

'T WAS young Dennis McNamara, of St. Patrick's jovial
race,

Wid a chip upon his shoulher whin he sees an Eng-
lish face;

An' he said, "'Tis only changin' av a letter in the name,
But I don't like our indorsement av the Boxers, just the same.
They say our only chance av gettin' even wid John Bull
Is treadin' on his coat tails ivery toime his hands are full:
To throwin' bricks at English heads we claim a right divine,
So whin the Boer is soundly licked the Boxer's nixt in line.

"The Boers were stout an' sturdy, an' we backed thim tooth an'
nail

Whin they were bouldly twistin' av the British Lion's tail;
Av course they kill the black men off save thim they want for
slaves,

An' white men have no loife at all where'er their banner waves.
But then they checked the English in their conquerin' career,
Which gives them licence to be called our frinds an' brothers
dear;

To help them in their fight we sint our comrades o'er the brine,
An' now our leaders have decreed the Boxer's nixt in line.

"The frisky Ashantee, I see has jumped into the ring,

All ready for a bloody war or anny other thing;

He cannot cut off heads enough whin bossed by British laws,
An' so to give him back his rights we have indorsed his cause.

His country was a slaughter pen ere John began his rule,

Which his'try has recorded to the credit av J. Bull;

An' so it rather goes against a natur' such as mine

To see the cut-throat niggers placed on freedom's fightin' line.

"Thim Boxers are the latest ones to try the murderin' trade,

In favor of the haythen chaps I can't say much indade;

The papers all describe thim as a vile an' savage crew,

But for our purpose they are boomed as patriots bould an'
true.

We're bound to show our inimity to England, I suppose,

By blowin' up canals at home an' helpin' foreign foes;

Our glorious record in the past our future will outshine

If we can kape our dacint bhoys on freedom's fightin' line."

WHERE THE UNION JACK IS FLYING.

IN the city's restless swim
 Where the thousands pass unheeding
 Many eyes with tears are dim,
 Many loyal hearts are bleeding.
 For their thoughts are far away,
 With the heroes who are dying
 In the foremost of the fray,
 Where the Union Jack is flying.

With their brothers and their sons
 All the brunt of war abiding,
 Facing rows of deadly guns
 And the foes that skulk in hiding.
 To their fierce, destructive hail
 British bullets swift replying;
 There is no such word as 'fail'
 Where the Union Jack is flying.

Outraged Freedom, in her plight,
 Looks to Britain as avenger,
 And her sons go forth to fight,
 Fearless of surrounding danger;
 In the midst of wounds and death
 And the blame that's far more trying,
 They uphold the British faith
 Where the Union Jack is flying.

While, of all a nation's woes,
 War remains the worst infliction,
 Yet humanity bestows
 On our arms its benediction.
 For it knows our aims are pure,—
 Grateful hearts alone enslaving,—
 And the rights of man secure
 Where the Union Jack is waving.

Onward, heroes of the north,
 Till the bondsmen's chains are riven,
 Lead the wretched captives forth
 To the glorious light of heaven.
 Till the hosts of liberty—
 All the powers of hell defying—
 Raise the chorus of the free
 Where the Union Jack is flying.

I WOULDN'T WONDER.

IF Britain were a tyrant state
That ground her subjects under,
And they objected forcibly—
Why, then, I wouldn't wonder.
But as her equitable laws
Discredit this contention,
The sullen hatred of the Boer
Is hard of comprehension.

If Kruger were a youthful brave,
His threats of blood and thunder
The outcome of his bumptiousness—
Why, then, I wouldn't wonder.
But hoary hairs and psalms of praise
Have strangely ill accorded
With greed of gold and lust of power,
His bloody rule recorded.

Or if the Afrikanders yearned
To burst the bonds asunder
Imposed by foreign force or fraud—
Why, then, I wouldn't wonder.
But Britain reigned as suzerain
On their own invitation;
When native hordes had threatened them
With swift extermination.

The liberty their leaders claim
They have denied to strangers,
Who dug their mines and made them rich,
In face of death and dangers.
An oligarchy organized
To tyrannize and plunder—
Their plea of injured innocence
Makes thinking nations wonder.

FREEDOM'S BATTLE LINE.

ON the battle line of Freedom, in the brave days of the past,
 Heroes of the fighting ages stood unconquered to the last;
 And their names shall be remembered to an everlasting day,
 When consigned to cold oblivion are the ones of common clay.
 There are Washington and Lincoln, Robert Bruce and William Tell,
 And undaunted William Wallace, whose renown we've cherished well;
 And in Fame's majestic temple where their names immortal shine,
 'Fighting Mac' and noble Wauchope stand on Freedom's battle line.

When our negro was regarded as a thing to sell and buy,
 And the sunny south was ringing with the horror of his cry,—
 On the honor of the nation 'twas a black and blighting stain,
 Till the glorious host of freedom burst his mediæval chain.
 But the infamies recorded in the country of the Boer
 Would discount the darkest mem'ries of our Mississippi's shore;
 So the great voice of the people, which is called the voice divine,
 Places French and Baden Powell in the van of Freedom's line.

But the little politicians and their office hunting friends
 Would distort the facts of hist'ry for their little aims and ends;
 So the hypocrite and bully, crazed by wild, fanatic pride,
 Is a Christian and a hero with the angels on his side.
 But the men who hold the balance of their mental faculties
 Turn the searchlight of their knowledge on transparent frauds like these,
 And this gem of truth unvarnished they have dug from falsehood's mine,—
 Little Bobs, and not Paul Kruger, leads fair Freedom's battle line.

Ho! then, for the blessed era that with victory has dawned
 Where the slaver held dominion and the servile masses fawned;

There the sands of gold are reeking with the blood of heroes
slain,
But the glorious flag they planted shall for evermore remain.
And the men who do the thinking—where the soul of freedom
glows—
Drink success to British banners and confusion to their foes;
Glorious names that miss the roll-call future ages shall enshrine,
Who, when blood and death surrounded, fought on Freedom's
battle line.

THE LION OF SOUTH AFRICA.

WHEN the wandering delegation
Of the Afrikaner nation
Told of glorious hopes extinguished
At the hostile cannon's mouth,
They referred in accents tender
To their country's bold defender,—
Gallant Cronje,— now distinguished
As the "Lion of the South."

While his present plight bewailing,
They have missed their mark in failing
To appreciate the lesson
Taught by his captivity, —
That a nation's surest trust is
In the principles of justice,
And who'er may bear oppression,
Sturdy Britons shall be free

Anglo Saxons' skill and daring,—
Joined with industry unsparing,—
Foremost were in contributing
To the infant nation's growth;
As the pick and spade resounded
They developed wealth unbounded,
Though they spent less time in shooting
Than the "Lion of the South."

But the Boer despised their leading,
For their fault of alien breeding;
And received them not as brothers
But to fill the bondsman's place;

Pity that a valiant nation
 Should inflict such degradation
 On the sons of British mothers,
 And Columbia's freeborn race.

By this graceless course pursuing
 They have wrought their own undoing;
 Tottering is their cause unholy,
 And their back is at the wall;
 And the price their land is paying
 Calls to mind the ancient saying,
 "Though the mills of God grind slowly
 Yet they grind exceeding small."

THE BRIGHTER SIDE.

A POET sat in his chamber lone,
 And sadly mused on the days bygone;
 On bright hopes scattered like leaves in the blast:
 On roseate skies by clouds o'ercast;
 How briars flourished, and wild weeds grew,
 Where flow'rs should display their brilliant hue.
 He heaved a weary and mournful sigh,
 And wrote, with a tear-drop in his eye,
 "Of all sad words of tongue or pen
 The saddest are these, 'It might have been.' "

I walk in the sunshine of life today,
 The light of love on my earthly way;
 And, looking back on the past, I find
 O'erruling fate has been wondrous kind.
 What dangers 'scaped, what plots laid bare,
 How oft delivered from tempter's snare;
 My path illumined in darkest night:
 And so, with thankful heart, I write:
 "Of all glad words of tongue or pen
 The gladdest are these, 'It might have been.' "

THE LION'S CUBS.

'TIS the lion's foes that quail,
'Spite of all their deadly engines;
Twisters of the family tail
Must abide the family vengeance.
They are troubled in their souls,
All their foolish boasts deploring;
And the boldest hunt their holes
Now the lion's cubs are roaring.

Long unknown their rugged strength,
And untrained their youthful voices;
But they thunder forth at length,
And the king of beasts rejoices.
For his pow'r seemed on the wane,—
They will aid in its restoring;
And his foes may rage in vain
Now his valiant cubs are roaring.

From the broad Canadian land,
From Australia's sun-baked regions.
We behold the white man's hand
Joined with India's dusky legions.
Filial love their only tie,—
They have never known subjection;
And they go to fight and die
As a token of affection.

When the fur begins to fly
It will cheer the grizzled fighter
That his valiant cubs are by,
And will make his burden lighter.
Where the vengeful blades are bared
And the crimson streams are pouring;
There the lion's praise is heard
In his cubs' spontaneous roaring.

CHINEE AND TURK.

“CAN you give a chap a pointer,”
 Said the Chinee to the Turk;
 “That will keep the nations guessing
 While I finish up my work?
 There’s John Bull, and Billy Kaiser,
 Uncle Sam, and Miss Patee,
 And the Bear, and Jap, and Dago,
 Want to thump me, don’t you see?”

“Just keep cool, my friend, and bluff them,”
 Said the Turk to the Chinee;
 “You’ve but one chance in a million
 If the nations all agree.
 Set the one against the other,
 Probing some old-standing sore;
 They may hate you good and plenty,
 But they hate each other more.”

“That’s all right,” the Chinee grunted,
 “But remember this, old chap,
 They’re aware, by long experience,
 That you’re handy in a scrap.
 For your men have proved their mettle
 On a hundred fields of fame,
 But they snicker at the mention
 Of the Chinese warrior’s name.”

Said the Turk, “Then up and show them
 You can quit yourselves like men;
 And it’s harmless ultimatums
 They’ll be firing at you then.
 Look at me, I smoke in comfort
 While the nations howl and rage;
 And ere they get down to business
 I’ll be dying of old age.”

THE MODERN HERO.

WHILE those who labored for the souls of mankind
Attain the martyr's crown, for which they've striven,
And from the rice fields of the flowery kingdom
Their blood cries out for vengeance unto heaven:
Enveloped in the flames of persecution,
The death wails of the innocent ascend;
And yet the fiendish glee of the assassin
Betokens the beginning of the end.

When ancient Nero, in his zeal unholy,
Had glutted his desire for Christian blood --
The minds of men revolted, and the monster
Was borne to swift destruction in the flood.
And so today the heathen Oriental --
Whose measure of iniquity is full --
Must cease his course of bloodshed and oppression,
Beneath the iron heel of foreign rule.

What though the fierce, misguided Boxers brandish
Their murderous weapons, dyed in Christian gore;
Believing that their actions do good service
Unto the puppet gods which they adore
They who would supersede the light with darkness,--
The laws of states with the barbaric deed,--
Shall find the hand of civilized advancement
Is also strong to smite, in time of need.

THE LUCKY HORSE SHOE.

SOME people who firmly believe
In witchcraft and magical rings,
The veil of the future would lift
By spells and enchantments and things.
There's luck to the person that finds
A rusty old horse shoe, they say;
And when they're so signally blest
Rejoicing they go on their way.

Of course there are all kinds of luck—
 The good, the indifferent, and bad;
 And I will recall with dismay
 The latest experience I had:
 For more of that species of luck
 I haven't the faintest desire,
 For my bicycle made the pick-up,
 And the shoe nails punctured my tire.

JACK AS A CORONER.

MY little Brother Jack forgot—
 In midst of boyish play—
 The lessons that he should have learnt
 To take to school next day,
 Then, hot and tired, he wandered in,
 And rummaged here and there
 To find the things that he required,
 His essay to prepare.

He nosed around a little while
 With various smothered sighs,
 And then into the kitchen came
 Where Ma was baking pies:
 "Oh, ma, I am a coroner,
 And some one must be dead,"
 "Land sakes! my child," poor Mamma cried,
 But Jack serenely said,

"I've found the paper and the pens,
 The blotter, too, is here;
 Now you may come and see me hold
 "An ink-quest, Mamma dear."
 Then Ma applied her vengeful strap;
 Jack howled remorsefully,
 "Oh! Ma, let up, or soon they'll hold
 An inquest over me."

A NIGHT AT HOME.

IN the hall of assembly where Scotsmen forgather
To cherish the mem'ry of Scotland the brave,
And lassies as fair as the bright, blooming heather,
Their hearts beating true to the land o'er the wave:
I sat with the lave, and, with raptures unbounded,
I listened the songs of the mountain again;
The "Banks o' Loch Lomond" so softly resounded,
Or "Robin Adair," like an angel's sweet strain.

The old Scottish melodies fondly we treasure,
We list with delight to the pibroch's wild note;
Oh! these are the seasons of unalloyed pleasure
That brighten the path of the wandering Scot.
No rumors of war can disturb our enjoyment —
Though traitors may plot, and alarmists may rave,
Serene, amidst all, we shall find sweet employment
In singing the praises of Scotland the brave.

And, grandest of all in that patriot meeting,
The banner of peace that was floating above;
The hearts that were sundered, in unison beating,
And hands clasped in token of brotherly love.
Then shame on the firebrand who'd use his position
To drag our revered Scottish name in the mire,
Would sacrifice all to his puny ambition,
And, for his own ends, set the heather on fire.

Still fiery the Scot, as in barbaric ages:
At times, with dissension, our councils are torn;
While rivals exult o'er the warfare that rages,
And point at our clansmen the finger of scorn.
Then wake the bold spirit of Scotia from slumber —
A spirit so proud that the world could not tame —
Come, true-hearted Scotsmen, and add to our number;
United we'll stand for her honor and fame.

GETTING A REST.

YOUNG Bridget from the kitchen came—
 'Twas on a morn in June—
 And said, "Oi'm givin' notice, sor,
 Oi'm to be married soon.
 Oi'll bake an' wash, an' scrub no more,
 Get some wan else instade;
 Me weary bones will get a rist .
 Whin Tin an' me are wed."

In midst of an October shower
 We chanced to meet again:
 And as we stopped to chat awhile
 I asked, in merry strain,
 "Well, Bridget, how's your weary bones?
 Have they got rest?" She said,
 "Och, yis, me jaw-bones. Be the pow'rs
 They're risted now indade."

EVIL TIDINGS.

A SHADOW amid life's sunshine, a cloud in the azure sky,
 And I pause amid toil and traffic, where the pulse of
 life beats high;

My spirit is sorely crushed, as by an o'erwhelming blow,
 For the bearer of evil tidings has brought me a message of woe.

Then away, in trembling haste, from scenes of bustle and riot,
 I sped to the home of the mourner, where reigns sepulchral
 quiet:

Where flow the unbidden tears, that ease our bosoms' pain,
 A little while, ere we join in the conflict of life again.

A solemn warning we read in the snapping of life's frail bond,
 And we seem to be closer drawn to the world that lies beyond;
 So let us fulfill our vows while yet it is called today,
 For the bearer of evil tidings is ever upon the way.

ANGUS MACLEAN.

LAY the worthy clansman low
 With the honors of his station,
 Borne to rest by comrades true
 Of his kindred and his nation.
Gone from us in manhood's prime—
 He was happy in possessing
The regard of honest minds
 And the poor man's fervent blessing.

Nevermore the genial smile
 Shall o'erspread his kindly features,
And the leal heart beats no more
 For his burdened fellow creatures:
But the good deeds he has done
 In their grateful mem'ries cluster:
And the world finds ne'er a spot
 That would dim his manhood's lustre.

When the clansmen meet again
 We shall miss his hearty greeting,
While his vacant chair proclaims
 That the days of earth are fleeting.
One by one they pass away,
 And our patriot circle narrows,
As the ring on Flodden field
 Shrank beneath the English arrows.

Sons of Scotland mourn his loss—
 Vain regrets our bosoms swelling—
As we sadly turn away
 From his desolated dwelling.
And we mourn the blighted home
 Where the heart of love is breaking
For the one who lies so low
 In the sleep that knows no waking.

BROTHER JACK AT SCHOOL.

WHEN foreign foes, by force of arms,
 Would overthrow our rule,
 A company of volunteers
 Marched past our village school.
 Our hearts with youthful ardor fired,—
 We cheered the little band
 That boldly marched to fight the foes
 Of their dear native land.

And when their train had steamed away,
 And we were left behind;
 The teacher labored to impress
 Upon the youthful mind,
 That freeborn hearts are ever fired
 With patriotic zeal;
 And bravely stand in freedom's cause
 To wielding of the steel.

He said it was a glorious thing
 To fight and win the day;
 And then he paused and asked the boys—
 In his impressive way,—
 "What motives took those men afar,
 To die beyond the tide?"
 "I think 'twas locomotives, sir,"
 My Brother Jack replied.

THE REASON WHY.

HE was an aged man of courtly breeding,
 Whose pen had won him worldwide recognition;
 His witching tales men never tired of reading;
 To charm their minds appeared to be his mission;
 Yet, in his native modesty, scarce heeding
 The plaudits that bespoke his high condition;
 The heroes of his pen philosophize
 And live and move, in all but human guise.

She was an authoress, a high-strung creature,
Who fairly doted on her avocation;
Her characters were false to art and nature,
And noticeably lacked in animation;
No point, no moral, nor redeeming feature,
So critics showed but small appreciation;
And yet the lady wanted to make sure
Her name and fame forever should endure.

And so she sought this wisest of the sages,
And thus inquired, her confidence abated,
“Dost thou opine that men, in future ages,
Will still admire the heroes I’ve created?
And shall they ever speak from printed pages?
To cold oblivion, sure, they are not fated.”
“Nay, madam, nay,” the master made reply,
“They never lived, so they can never die.”

IN MEMORIAM—GEORGE DRYSDALE

GONE to his rest in the fullness of days,
Every one loved him, they say in his praise;
Onward the path of the Christian he trod,
Richly endowed with the grace of his God.
Gently released from its dwelling of clay—
Enters his spirit the mansions of day.

Death and the grave have been robbed of their sting,
Richest reward for his service they bring;
Years may elapse but they cannot remove
Sweet recollections of one whom we love.
Deeply we grieve, for he showed in life’s span
All that was noblest and sweetest in man;
Loving and true,— when the last ties were riven
Earth was reluctant to yield him to heaven.

THE RULING OF THE ROOST.

COME all ye bhoys of Oirish blood, lift up your voice an'
sing

The praises av this glorious land, where Paddy rules
as king;

Though England's got her iron hoof upon our counthry's
breast,

'Tis we that do the thramplin' in this Oireland av the West.
We hould the reins of governmint, and dhraw the biggest pay,
For when we first were organized I've heard our leaders say,
"We'll live to see the triumph av the cause we've introduced;
In days to come our byes will have the rulin' av the roost."

What though we're true to freedom an' the cause av Erin's isle;
Why should it make some paiple mad, an' cause their blood to
boil?

With foes four thousand miles away we are the byes to fight,
We sind some omadhaun to blow thim up wid dinnymite.
We own the public sarvice for we run the city hall,
The police force, the public schools, the fire brigade an' all;
An' green ones landin' ivery day to give our cause a boost;
They know there's always spoil to grab where Paddy rules the
roost.

We make proceedin's lively whin the city council meet,
For we have got a solid gang that niver met defeat;
Av coorse their argymints are those av might instade av right,
An' show to best advantage in a rough-an'-tumble fight.
We've Caseys, Burkes an' Soolivans, an' Murphys an'
McGanns,

On pay day we are trated to a gatherin' av the clans;
An' though the civil sarvice rules our numbers have redooed,
Whin they're repaled, you bet yure loife we'll rule the city
roost.

This is a grand an' glorious land, the counthry av the free,
The very kind av place, bedad, our native sod should be;
Why should our dacint byes remain at home to slave an' toil,
Whin they may cross the ocean an' get rich on public spoil?
An' if they make the best av things they aint so much to blame,
The city's bound to go ahead an' prosper, just the same;
For you'll obsarve it ivery toime, where great things are pro-
dooed,

The Oirish byes are sure to have the rulin' av the roost.

TRAGIC.

'T WAS an old horse, lean and shaggy,
Led there by untoward fate;
And a hitching strap attached him
To a rusty iron weight.
There old Tom was left enjoying
Peace, that nothing could disturb;
And the weight lay on the sidewalk,
Forty inches from the curb.

Soon approached a fair young couple—
She was dressed in latest style,
And the city's fog seemed lifted
By the brightness of her smile:
He appeared a youth of promise,
Noble mien and cultured mind;
Striving to impress his virtues
On this best of womankind.

In that strap his foot was tangled,
Down he fell like one surprised,
With his silk hat in the gutter,
And his eyeglass pulverized,
And the swear word that escaped him
Made his fair companion sore,
Now the young man and the maiden
Strangers are forever more.

TO MISS HELEN J. STEVEN.

BLEST be the Scottish tongue that sings tae me
The auld Scots sangs I've lo'ed frae infancy:
An' blessin's on the hamely Scottish pen
Whase wit an' humor bear me back again
Tae scenes that charmed me i' the early days,
When pu'in' gowans on my native braes;
Which mak's the flooers o' springtime bloom anew,

An' smooths the gatherin' wrinkles frae my broo:
 Tae withered leaves restores the simmer's green,
 An' mak's the years as they had never been.

In fancy I can feel the norlan' breeze
 Come gently soughin' through the birken trees,
 Wi' a' the freshness o' the lakes an' rills
 An' brawly scentit frae the heather hills.
 I hear the hummin' o' the busy bee,
 The neighbors' bairns are sportin' on the lea;
 An' nestled 'mang the openin' buds o' spring
 Abune oor heids the bonnie birdies sing;
 Their melodies that on the breezes swell
 Blend wi' the pealin' o' the Sabbath bell.

Fu' blythe we daun'er doon the village street
 An' crack wi' ilka crony wham we meet;
 While foamin' yill the couthie carles pree
 The auld wives gossip ower their cup o' tea;
 The lads an' lasses tell the tender tale
 Whan gloamin' shadows darken i' the vale;
 The stars in heaven look doon an' smile tae see
 The licht o' love that kindles i' their e'e.

O! never while sic couthie tales are tauld
 Shall Scotsmen's patriotic zeal grow cauld;
 An' ilka day they live 'twill be their care
 Tae prove them worthy o' the name they bear.

I dearly lo'e the land that speaks tae me
 O' truth an' valor linked wi' modesty;
 Her pine trees rooted i' the rocky heicht,
 Her thistles keen that daur the nations' might:
 Her wild rose blushin' i' the shady dell,
 The modest droopin' o' her sweet blue bell,
 An' a' the beauties o' the woods an' braes
 Which glorious Robbie sang in bygone days.

May genius fire the children o' the glen
 Tae wieldin' o' her auld historic pen;
 Lest the traditions o' oor warlike fame
 In future days, be naething but a name.
 Unkent the glamour o' the Doric tongue,
 It's witchin' tales untauld, it's sangs unsung;

Anither prayer is answered ere 'twas breathed
 Anither Scottish name wi' laurels wreathed:
 Oor patriot hairts ha'e nae excuse for grievin'
 Sin' we ha'e writers sic as Helen Steven.

WHAT WORRIED HIM.

EARTHLY shadows round me hover,
Clouds of grief are on my brow,
Roseate tints of sunset linger,
But they cannot charm me now.
And my vexed and troubled features
Tell the tale of inward pain,
Woeful as the old-time monarch
When he "never smiled again."

Sorrow and humiliation
Mingle in my cup of woe,
For a fair and gentle maiden's
Was the hand that struck the blow.
Few her words, and softly spoken;
Yet they cause my heart to grieve,
And have turned to gall and wormwood
All the pleasures of the eve.

'Twas no fair and fickle charmer
Who has spurned my tender tale—
Made me feel as cheap as remnants
In some "inventory sale."
'Twas the girl that waits the tables
In the lunchroom where I sup,
And her words were: "Late as usual,
For the pie is all et up."

VISION OF A WANDERER.

AS on Lake Michigan's bright shore I stood at close of day,
 Watching the gentle waves roll in, each crowned with
 silv'ry spray,
 My thoughts turned fondly to my home and kindred, far away,
 Who dwelt 'mid Scotia's heather hills, beside the rapid Spey.

Though all around, in gay attire, the pleasure-seekers strayed,
 And on the beach, in youthful glee, the merry children played;
 I saw them not, for other scenes were to my mind portrayed.
 And other groups, of childhood's friends, in Scotia's kilt and
 plaid.

The merchant vessels gaily plowed the waters, far and near,
 Till on the blue horizon line I marked them disappear;
 But fancy pictured other lakes, whose waters, crystal clear—
 That mirrored Scotia's rugged hills—were to my heart more
 dear.

Behind me rose majestic piles of edifices tall,
 The mansions of the rich and great, with many a church and
 hall;—
 I only saw an old thatched cot, with homely, turf-built wall,
 Though humble, 'twas my childhood's home, and dearer than
 them all.

Around me grew, in stately rows, the richly foliag'd trees,
 And 'neath their grateful, cooling shade tired groups reclined
 at ease;
 But these groves, with their beauties tame, my fancy could not
 please,
 I sighed for Scotia's noble pines, swayed by the mountain
 breeze.

But not more dear is Scotland's shore than this fair land must
 be,
 For they have each, in turn, proved a pleasant home for me;
 And this they have in common, though divided by the sea,—
 Each nobly bears the honored name, "land of the brave and
 free."

THE STORM KING.

WHEN the snowflakes shoot from the clouds above,
And their legions bold assail us;
We find relief by the red-hot stove,
In the wraps that never fail us.
For the storm king rides in the icy breeze,
And his captives pose as martyrs;
And they fret and fume, but the wise man sees
That his ears are in winter quarters.
And young hearts long for the wintry time
For the pleasures it is bringing;
Their joy resounds with the sleighbells' chime,
And the ice skates sharply ringing.

The storm king comes from the frozen north,
And he sometimes raves and blusters;
Earth's beauties fade, and he drives them forth
By the countless host he musters.
He rules the land in his might supreme,
But we owe him blythe allegiance
When the ice bridge forms on the silent stream,
And the waste and watery regions.
Our young cheeks glow and our hearts are warm,
Though the wintry blasts are stinging,
And we find that life has a fadeless charm,
While the skates are sharply ringing.

The storm king comes with a despot's might,
But he rules us not in anger,
When footsteps bound and the eye is bright,
And the life stream knows no languor.
The air so pure is a priceless boon,
Ere the wintry siege he raises;
'Way 'long in the sultry days of June
We'll know to sing his praises.
When the sodden folds of our summer wear
To our forms are closely clinging,
We'll sigh for a whiff of the frosty air,
And the din of the ice skates ringing.

THE ROAD RACER'S FOE.

A MAN may be strong and athletic,
 Astride of a sixteen-pound wheel;
 His bosom be fired with ambition,
 His muscles trained finer than steel.
 He may be a dark horse unfolding,
 And careful of setting the pace;
 Yet numberless are the mischances
 May lose him the coveted race.

He may lose his head at the corners,
 Or in a collision be thrown;
 Or if he's asleep when the sprint comes
 He'll find himself riding alone.
 The scratch men may come at the finish
 And frustrate his fondest desire;
 But far more effective and deadly
 Is the nail that punctures his tire.

MY NINETY-NINE WHEEL.

WHEN cyclists were flaunting their colors
 On parkways and boulevards gay,
 Comparing new models and fashions
 With those that were passing away:
 I cheerily joined the procession,
 Astride of my ninety-nine wheel;
 Though winter's neglect had corroded
 The surface of nickel and steel.

But, carefully dusted and polished,
 I thought the effect rather nice,
 Till a gamin who sat on the corner
 Surprised me by bellowing "Ice."
 Then, struck with confusion, I hurried
 To a friend in the bicycle line,
 Who sold me an up-to-date model
 And purchased my old "ninety-nine."

Thus mounted, I thought of the youngster
Whose shrill voice had warned me in time;
So I leaned from my saddle and gave him
A volley of thanks and a dime.
"Say boss, you're all right," said the urchin,
"But, land sakes! that's payin' me twice,
For the wheel feller gives me a quarter
For sittin' and hollerin 'Ice.' "

THAT BOY OF MINE.

HE'S rosy as the summer sky
At dawning of the day;
His little "Goo-goo's" signify
The things that he would say.
He's innocent of all desire
In babyland to shine,
And yet the neighbors all admire
That little boy of mine.

Like many other baby boys
He dearly loves a row,
And oft I wish he'd stop his noise,
And smooth his troubled brow.
But when his little eyes are dry—
Where tiny sparkles shine—
The wealth of Klondike would not buy
That little boy of mine.

His faults are few—if faults they be—
I tell them in a joke
To visitors, but generally
Feel sorry that I spoke,
For ere they have a chance to laugh
His grandma cries, "Why! Joe,
You used to make more noise by half
Some thirty years ago."

Then as we lay him down to rest,
 In childhood's snowy bands,
 And fold upon his little breast
 His chubby little hands;
 In pure and perfect innocence
 He looks almost divine;—
 The sweetest gift of Providence
 Is that wee boy of mine.

THE MAN BEHIND THE SEARCHLIGHT.

S AINTS above would scarce excel us
 If we'd do what parsons tell us,
 With our lights all shining brightly
 By the lessons they instill;
 Then unlocked would be our purses,
 And we'd bless the folks that curse us;
 For the joy of doing rightly
 We'd return them good for ill.

When a smoothly shaven pastor—
 With the air of lord and master—
 Turns the ministerial searchlight
 Where it makes our conscience sting;
 And with sad and bitter wailings
 Sits in judgment on our failings,
 Men should call him off his perch, right
 At the starting of the thing.

He insists upon perfection;
 Not content with our correction
 When afar from grace we've wandered
 In the quest of power or pelf;
 But to judge by words and actions
 In his various lay transactions,
 Vastly easier is the standard
 He is setting for himself.

There is lots of dirty weather
When his leaders get together;
Fierce and stormy are their sessions
With a wondrous waste of breath;
Their debates are loud and scrappy,
And they're never quite so happy
As when spying out transgressions
Of a brother in the faith.

Though his stern rebuke may shock us
When he's got us in the focus
Of his searchlight glare, relentless,
He has troubles of his own;
So if we'd exchange positions—
I have got my own suspicions—
Many shrines would soon be saintless:
Many idols overthrown.

BROTHER JACK IN FINANCE.

MY brother Jack is rather short
On learning, I suppose,
And yet he turns to good account
The little that he knows.
He has ideas of his own
In matters of finance;
And I believe he'll run a bank
If e'er he gets the chance.

Today he asked the grocer man
Who runs the corner store
To change a dollar for his ma,
As oft he'd done before.
Now Hobbs is an obliging man,
We've known these ten years back;
And so he counted out the change
And handed it to Jack,

Who straightway started for the door
 As lively as could be;
 But this displeased the grocer man
 Who shouted anxiously,
 "Come, where's the dollar, little boy?"
 Jack turned around to say,
 "You'll get the dollar just as soon
 As Papa gets his pay."

THE POET'S REWARD.

A HOMESPUN bard within the sphere
 Of various lodge-room meetings,—
 I charm the smoky atmosphere
 With high-strung, flowery greetings.
 I'd given the best at my command
 Upon a late occasion,
 When a young clubman shook my hand
 And said in hearty fashion:

"How do, my literary friend?
 Still spinning rhyme, I see;
 Must have it at your fingers' end
 In wholesale quantity.
 You're like that instrument of note,
 With notices displayed
 To "drop a nickel in the slot,
 And be correctly weighed."
 And so, young seeker after fame,
 Another style you show 'em;
 'Tis 'drop a nickel,' just the same,
 'And you receive a poem.'"

I answered with a heavy heart,
"You're right in many ways;
But in the most important part
It does not suit my case.
That slot machine, I've always found,
Has quite a business head;
And will not weigh a single pound
Until the money's paid.
But when they would my muse inspire
My vanity they tickle;
I spin them rhyme at their desire,
But ah, I get no nickel."

MY WRITING MACHINE.

IT stands on my desk in the corner,—
A delicate framework of steel;
To which, as the muses inspire me,
My innermost thoughts I reveal.
And many a passionate love tale
And sonnet might never have been,
Except for the comfort unbounded
I find in my writing machine.

My penmanship ne'er was commended,
It is but a scrawl, I'm afraid,
'Twas harder than solving a puzzle,
The editors solemnly said.
But now that my copy is plainer
Than wandering scribe ever penned,
They'll have to invent new excuses
For burning the stuff that I send.

My pens are neglected and rusty,
My blotters are spotless and white;
My letters are promptly replied to,
And absent friends grin with delight.
And now I am earning the praises
Of those whose reproaches were keen;
The pleasures are mine, but the credit
I give to my writing machine.

THE MODERN EXCELSIOR

WHEN shades of night have flown away,
 And brightly beams the opening day,—
 'Tis then I ardently desire—
 To help me start the kitchen fire—
 Excelsior.

Our little girl is wondrous bright,
 She often crows in pure delight
 As she proceeds to analyze
 The make-up of her doll, and cries,
 Excelsior.

I got a present from a friend,
 A large sized box; and it contained
 Some crockeryware—not of the best—
 A glass or two, and all the rest
 Excelsior.

We've broken glass and crockeryware,
 But, cushioning my rocking chair,
 One gift endures—and one alone—
 I sit in solid comfort on
 Excelsior.

For packing things it fills the bill—
 And various nooks and corners—still
 Our goat, that feeds when'er it can,
 Likes hay for packing better than
 Excelsior.

THE EDITOR'S CHAIR.

HE turned from a desk that was littered
 With papers from every clime,
 And bowed in response to my greeting,
 Nor deemed my intrusion a crime.
His sanctum looked perfectly harmless:
 The waste basket empty and bare:
So the aspect of things reassured me
 As I stood by the editor's chair.

The great gilded throne that he sat on,
 The sceptre the autocrat swayed,
The devil that stood by his elbow
 And all his injunctions obeyed:
The scalps that he prized as mementoes
 Of victims by editors slain,
I thought, must be fancy's creations
 Evolved from the funny man's brain.

And when I presented my copy
 In rather a diffident style,
His features relaxed in a manner
 That almost suggested a smile.
He scanned it with business attention,
 And not like a lion at bay;
So all of my preconceived notions
 Were rapidly fading away.

He said, "I believe I can use it,
 'Twill need some retouching, I find;
But that I will do if you'll leave it."
 I murmured, "You're awfully kind."
And when I went out from his presence
 I seemed to be walking on air;
So pleasant, indeed, are the mem'ries
 That cling round the editor's chair.

RAID OF THE FIVE HUNDRED.

WHILE the Union Jack is floating in the country of the
 Boer,
 And the burghers' best and bravest penned on St.
 Helena's shore;
 While the freedmen speed the passing of the horrors that have
 been,
 Singing loud, exultant praises to the soldiers of the Queen:
 Mem'ry echoes back the war note that our British bugles blew
 When the bearded host surrounded, and the deadly bullets flew;
 Shows in vivid panorama the adventures that befell
 When with Jameson I galloped to the very gates of hell.

Hear me, ye whose minds are doubtful of the justice of our
 raid:

As the Bull Run of the Yankees, so our latter-day crusade
 Roused John Bull to do another of his thoroughgoing jobs;
 As John Brown to Grant and Lincoln so was Jameson to Bobs,
 'Tis not our success or failure that should win the world's
 applause,
 But the height of our endeavor, and the justice of our cause;
 Judged by such unfailling standard our unhappy raid might be
 Glorified as a revival of the days of chivalry.

We had heard the fateful message pulsing o'er the livened
 wire,
 "Come and save the helpless infant, strike the fetters from the
 sire;
 Save the flag of your forefathers from the taint of open shame,
 Save our lives from murderous bullets and our rooftrees from
 the flame."

Thus our kinsmen in Johannesburg flashed their message of
 complaint,
 And the son of far Orcadia knew just what that message
 meant;
 Thus his mission was unfolded. He who hesitates is lost,
 And the bluff, great-hearted Doctor staid not to compute the
 cost.

And he chose him trusty comrades, men who feared not wound
 nor scar,
 Veterans in the various branches of the deadly art of war;

And he spoke, while manly bosoms yearned to join the distant
strife,

“Men, ye shall not lack a leader while I draw the breath of life.”
Well we knew his dauntless courage, proven in the time of
need,

And we vowed that we should follow wheresoever he might
lead.

“To Johannesburg,” he commanded, “At the glimmer of the
dawn,

Strike a blow for British honor and the sacred rights of man;
Tell yon sanctimonious tyrant shrinking from your battle
stroke,

British shoulders are not fashioned for the bearing of a yoke.”

And we cheered our gallant leader, and we bounded on our
way

As the pent-up schoolboy rushes forth into the summer day.
Onward in the dewy morning, onward in the burning noon,
Hunger and fatigue forgotten—night descended all too soon;
Onward, ever onward pressing, still beneath the midnight skies
We could read stern resolution gleaming in each others' eyes.
Onward till the cloud of battle o'er us flung its shadow grim,
And no soldier's heart misgave him, for we trusted Doctor Jim.

Then our bearded foemen mustered to o'erwhelm our little
band,

Every tried and skillful marksman with his rifle in his hand;
And they gathered in their thousands, fierce as wild beasts from
the lair,

As the horrid vultures gather when the carrion scents the air,™
And their bullets fell like hail showers when November blasts
are blown,

But our trusty weapons answered in a fashion of their own.
And we fought from dawn till darkness, though outnumbered
ten to one,

In the dreamy haze of morning, in the blazing midday sun;
And the shadows of the evening by the fiery bolts were torn,
And still fiercer raged the conflict when another day was born.
Worn with toil and faint with hunger, forty hours of ceaseless
strife,

But my comrades never murmured as they yielded up their life,
Like their ancestors at Flodden, as the archers laid them low
“Grimly dying, still unconquered, with their faces to the foe.”
One by one my comrades perished on the parched and blood-
stained sod,

One by one fair Freedom's warriors going home to Freedom's
God;

And the only wish we cherished as each comrade bit the dust
Was to meet them with the bayonet, and exchange them thrust
for thrust.

For our foemen skulked in ambush by the brushwood and the
rock,

So we faced not men nor demons, only little puffs of smoke;
Why did we not take to cover? Ah! the time we could not
spare.

For our mission was to rescue, not to crouch like foxes there.
And they gathered in their thousands with the waning of the
day,

From Pretoria and Johannesburg, just a few short miles away;
And the hillside and the valley, belching fire, and shot, and shell,
Seemed to our imagination as the very mouth of hell.

Sleepless, wearied unto fainting, comrades envied those who lay
In the sleep that knows no waking; yet we kept those hounds
at bay

While a shot was in our locker; though we showed the white
flag then.

Ev'n our foemen bore us witness we had quitted us like men.

Need we mourn our purpose thwarted? Need we mourn the
loss entailed?

When it took the might of Britain to succeed where once we
failed?

Yet our efforts were not fruitless, though the barriers hurled us
back,

For we blazed the glorious pathway trod by Bobs and "Fight-
ing Mac."

Where they wrote in blood of heroes, "British hearts shall aye
be free,"

While the nations gazed in wonder on our glorious unity;
And the bristling guns proclaimed it through the lowering
battle smoke,

"British shoulders are not builded for the wearing of a yoke."

THE LAST FLY OF SUMMER.

'TIS the last fly of summer
That flits on the wing,
And my heart almost bleeds for
The poor, lonesome thing.
No mate of his old age,
No comrade has he,
To stick in my jelly
Or drown in my tea.

I know if I spare him
He'll roost on my nose,
Or, perched on my bald spot,
Disturb my repose.
Bereft of his vigor,
And shorn of his pride—
I'll send him to rest, where
The good flies abide.

So (swipe) let me finish
His earthly career;
When crash! goes a globe from
My best chandelier.
Then (swipe) and my weapon
Is launched on his head:
Alas! 'tis a flower vase
I've shattered instead.

But (swipe) in my hurry
I miss him once more,
And the evening's destruction
Is making me sore.
And now that securely
He hides from my gaze,
I guess that I'll leave him
To live out his days.

PASSING OF OOM PAUL.

“**A**FRIC for the Afrikander,”
 Said the modern Alexander
 From the railroad car he rode in.
 “Drench the land with British gore;
 See the fruits of patient scheming;
 We’ll be rich beyond our dreaming
 When we rule from sands untrodden
 To the ocean’s sounding shore.”

So this would-be empire builder
 Strove men’s senses to bewilder;
 And forthwith, at his jackass-call,
 Burghers gathered for the fray;
 And they rushed the Queen’s dominions,
 And for weary months the minions
 Of the hoary-headed rascal
 Kept the British troops at bay.

He exclaimed in tones of rapture,
 “Ere Pretoria’s forts they capture
 All the sons of earth shall stagger
 At the deadly game we’ll play.”
 British legions scaled victorious
 Kroonstadt’s heights and eke Pretoria’s;
 And the world, despite his swagger,
 Went serenely on its way.

But the land with brave blood streaming
 Through his pestilential scheming—
 Pounded ’neath war’s murderous pestle—
 Now bewails its sorry plight
 As the legacy he willed her;
 While this would-be empire builder
 Steals aboard an alien vessel
 Like a robber of the night.

Dire disaster and confusion
Make a pitiful conclusion:
Lo! the dreamer's disenchanted
And the puppet king uncrowned;
But one ray of hope's afforded
In the millions he has hoarded,
By his minions safely planted
In the land to which he's bound.

BROTHER JACK'S GENIUS.

MY Brother Jack came home from school
With a self-conscious air,
And to his Ma and all her guests
Proceeded to declare,
'I've always heard that young folks should
Be proud of honest praise;
Now I'm the genius of the school,
For so the teacher says."

"Why! Jack," said Ma, "Such pleasing news
I'm very proud to hear;
Now tell the ladies just what form
Your genius takes, my dear."
"Well Ma," said Jack, while busy tongues
Ceased their accustomed chat,
"She says I'm an inventor, so
What do you think of that?"

Then Ma was just in ecstasy;
The handsome ladies smiled
And asked, "What things do you invent,
You dear, precocious child?"
"The teacher says she just admires
How very quickly I
Invent new ways of spelling words."
Was Brother Jack's reply.

THE BRIGHT ONES OF LIFE.

WHERE ardent sunbeams kiss the buds of May,
 And streams recede beneath their glance of fire;
 The butterfly, fair as the summer day,
 Disports the charms that heedless men admire.
 Where beauty claims its homage, few desire
 To mark the busy bees with laden wing;
 Yet shall their praise be infinitely higher
 When to our feasts their honeyed stores they bring:
 And honored far above that aimless, fluttering thing.

'Tis thus with creatures of a higher race:
 Alas! The fairest mortals spend their days
 Selecting gems and fabrics that may grace
 Their fairy forms, to please the transient gaze.
 In rustling silks and clustered diamonds' blaze
 They rule, the uncrowned monarchs of their sphere;
 But future days shall have no word of praise
 For drones who feast while busy bees uprear
 This hive of industry, that stands without a peer.

We turn from these vain flutterers of the hour,
 The homage of our grateful hearts to pay
 To that bright band, whose intellectual power
 To fields of higher culture pave the way:
 The literary giants of the day,
 Who burn the midnight oil, and not in vain:
 With busy pen recording, as they may,
 The thoughts that elevate the minds of men,
 For fair humanity, and not for sordid gain.

Let fools pursue their trifles light as air:—
 Give me the man of elevated soul,
 Whose sovereign mind is still his chiefest care,
 And holds unworthy matter in control:
 The better to attain his promised goal,
 By the enlightenment of human kind;
 Or by the sick bed makes the sufferer whole:
 With superhuman skill who has designed
 Ears for the deaf and vision for the blind.

BROTHER JACK IN CHURCH.

WHEN Brother Jack came home from church
On Sunday afternoon,
He looked quite worried as he tried
To hum a sacred tune.
He didn't have the restful look
That church folks should enjoy;
So Ma was bent on finding out
What ailed her hopeful boy.

She said, "A penny for your thoughts,
That seem too deep for speech,"
Jack said, "I think that parsons ought
To practise what they preach.
Ours took an hour or two to tell
How very, very bad
It was to covet, in our hearts,
The things our neighbors had."

Then Mamma answered, earnestly,
"Why! Jack, that's very true."
But Jack replied, "He queered himself
Whenever he got through:
For then he sent four men around,
Each with a landing net,
Who fished up all the nickels, dimes
And pennies they could get."

THE MODERN PHARAOH.

AS on the Egyptian nation
Fell the plagues without cessation,
Till the marble-hearted Pharaoh
Set the Hebrew children free--
Shall the whole wide world indict us?
Must the plague of death requite us
Ere our hawk release its sparrow
In the islands of the sea?

Men emblazon on our banner
 Stars that witness to dishonor,
 Dreams of empire they unfold us
 Where the thoughtless masses throng;
 But true patriots have attested
 That the nation's gold invested
 In the rights that tyrants sold us
 Does not serve to right the wrong.

As our line of battle closes
 On the bands that would oppose us
 Many a conscience, interceding,
 Would restrain a murderous hand;
 And the men who do the shooting
 Tell the tale there's no disputing—
 There are guileless bosoms bleeding
 For the freedom of their land.

By the "rebels' " definition
 Local rule is their ambition,
 With their infant legislature
 Sheltered 'neath the eagle's wing.
 In the lack of this assurance
 Men admire their brave endurance,
 Trusting that our better nature
 Some relief shall surely bring.

Shame on the enlightened nation
 That would crush such aspiration;
 Better let our bounds be narrow
 Than be false to liberty;
 Shall the whole wide world indict us?
 Must the plague of death requite us
 Ere our hawk release its sparrow
 In the islands of the sea?.

BROTHER JACK'S LOGIC.

MY Brother Jack was playing ball
In Murphy's vacant lot
When he and Willie Cook fell out
And had it pretty hot;
When little Jack impatiently
Called to the barefoot throng,
"Boys, send that nasty thing away,
He quarrels right along."

Now little Will was scandalized,
And, squeezing out a tear,
He ran along the avenue
To tell his mother dear;
Who came along just hopping mad
And said to Ma, by jing
She didn't want her hopeful boy
Referred to as a "thing."

So Jack was sent for by the twain,
And sharply brought to book;
And ordered to apologize
To irate Mrs. Cook.
"It's true I called her boy a thing;
Well then, I take it back;
That makes him 'nothing,' don't it, Ma?"
Said frisky Brother Jack.

VOTE AS YOU SHOT.

WHEN the men of light and leading
Strive to win you with their pleading,
Pause and think, my burdened brothers,
Ere you sign your rights away;
Party ties may claim obedience,
But the man that owes allegiance
To himself before all others
Is the king of men today.

Still they strive in ancient fashion
 To awake long-buried passion,
 To the present evils blind us
 And arrest the course of thought;
 But the lawless combinations
 They neglect in their orations,
 Though they ardently remind us
 Of the way our fathers shot.

But our fears they cannot quiet
 While monopoly runs riot;
 Earnest thinkers pause and wonder
 What the end of it shall be;
 'Tis a despot's power unblushing,
 Hearts and lives serenely crushing,
 As it tramples millions under
 In this land of liberty.

Though the fetterlocks have vanished
 And the slaver's whip is banished—
 While the trust-fiends override us
 In control of nature's dower;
 When the tyrants hold the giving
 Of the means to earn a living
 We are theirs, and woe betide us
 If we dare resist their power.

Oh! they tell the same old story
 And they wave the same Old Glory,
 That our minds may be distracted
 From their fraud and knavery;
 But while Freedom's self is lying
 In our midst despairing, dying,
 What reck we of wrongs enacted
 In the islands of the sea?

THE MODERN HERO.

FACTS of history are repeated, so the modern writer says:
So the latest fad may point us back to old heroic days
When the heroes of the tourney won the hearts of
maidens fair,
While the man of peace subsided in the darkness of despair.

But the black mask and revolver have replaced the helm and
lance,
'Tis the burglar of Chicago, not the cavalier of France;
And the lists are musty court-rooms where is heard the tale of
shame,
And the heroes' wrists are handcuffed, but they get there just
the same.

For the maidens' hearts are melted by their melancholy plight:
Wondrous tales the grave historians of these latter days will
write—
(Lancelot and brave Du Guesclin now outdistanced in the race—)
Of the long man and the short man and the man of pimpled
face.

We were taught in childhood's days, " 'tis only noble to be good,"
And in consequence we languish on in hopeless bachelorhood;
Ho! then, for the trusty sandbag, modern heroes let us be,
Since the fair sex put a premium on unblushing infamy.

STOOP TO CONQUER.

WHILE base self-seekers tell a doubting nation
Its course is fixed by the decrees of fate,
Let those who still respect the voice of conscience
Pause and consider ere it be too late.
To change the course wherein we were mistaken
Is noble even in humility;
To do the right is better than uprearing
An empire in the islands of the sea.

And are we worse than fools, we slaves to culture?
 That sad experience points the way in vain;
 And must we take for guiding of our footsteps
 Example from the bloodstained rule of Spain?
 She slew her thousands and our minds revolted;
 We drew the sword to set the sufferers free;
 We slay our tens of thousands; then we marvel
 That nations tax us with hypocrisy.

And though our statesmen, urged by dreams of empire,
 Reverse the policy that made us great,
 Let not their actions savor of oppression
 Which early sows the seeds of future hate.
 Thus in expanding let not fruitful acres
 But human hearts, be our desire to win;
 The time is past when men were sold and traded
 By reason of the darkness of their skin.

We want no bleeding hearts in our dominion
 To cherish vengeance 'gainst a future day;
 The joys of life can scarce attend a union
 When the unwilling bride is borne away.
 Let our misguided nation stoop to conquer,
 Recall the hand she sent forth to destroy,
 That warrior spirits who went forth in sorrow
 To home and kindred may return with joy.

WHEN JACK WAS ILL.

MY Brother Jack was pretty sick —
 He'd et too much, I guess—
 And so Ma sent for Dr. Banks
 To come down by express.
 The Doctor came and found the boy
 Stretched on his little bed,
 And, bending down, he felt his pulse,
 And held his little head.

Then he looked wise and wrote some things
Down in a little book,
And said to little Brother Jack—
With an engaging look,—
“Now Johnnie, let me see your tongue
And I’ll relieve your pain.”
But Jack exclaimed, “Not on your life,
I don’t get caught again.”

“Now Jack, be good;” said Mamma, while
The tears stood in her eyes.
“Why won’t you let me see your tongue?”
Doc asked in some surprise.
“Today in school I stuck it out
At teacher, don’t you see?
And, Doc, I aint done smarting yet.”
Jack answered mournfully.

GETTING DOWN TOWN.

WE’RE tempted oft to dally o’er
Our simple morning meal,
Or linger by the open door
A kiss or two to steal.
And then we tear along the way
Like sprinters of renown,
With one idea—“Come what may
We’ve got to get down town.”

A trolley car goes speeding by,
All crowded front and rear;
We heave a sad and mournful sigh
To see it disappear.
We vow another shall not vex
Us as it comes along,
So at the peril of our necks
We join the clinging throng.

When cars are stuffed in such a way
 'Tis very hard indeed,
 And we who use them day by day
 I tell you what we need:
 Two hands of pow'r by which to cling,
 One for our lunch, as well,
 And one to pass our fare to ring
 The car conductor's bell.

It isn't much to brag about,
 But what can fellows say?
 They must be good, or else get out
 And walk the whole blamed way.
 Mile after mile of bumping rails:
 It often makes us frown
 To hang by toes and finger nails
 But—we must get down town.

And now we're hoping, in our hearts,
 That when life's woes are o'er,
 And when the last lone trolley starts
 To reach the golden shore:
 When street-car magnates wildly hail
 'Twill pass them just the same;
 And victims whom they squeeze today'll
 Get even on the game

MY TYPEWRITER.

WHEN I was a youngster at school long ago,
 I hated my task, so my progress was slow;
 I loved to play football, to wrestle and fight,
 But found little pleasure in learning to write.

And so when I strayed from the friends I held dear,
 And thought how they yearned of my welfare to hear,
 I found tribulation enough, now and then,
 In guiding the course of my wavering pen.

A specimen reaching a charming young miss,
Her guileless conclusions ran something like this:
"A bluebottle fly must have stepped in the ink,
Then wandered around on the paper, I think."

And so in despair I concluded to stop,
When something occurred to inspire me with hope;
I heard with amazement what wonders had been
Performed by the newfangled writing machine.

I straightway procured one, and soon, by its aid,
My fair correspondents were amply repaid;
O! Who would go skating, to fall and to freeze?
'Tis jollier pounding the typewriter keys.

My bicycle rusts in the basement so damp,
My rifle sounds not in the forest or swamp;
I sit in my parlor in comfort serene
And tell wondrous tales to my writing machine.

SUITED.

BESIDE a Halsted street saloon
There stood a chimney sweep,
Begrimed with soot from head to foot,—
I saw this at a peep.
"Hello, friend Thomas," he exclaimed,
And slapped me on the back;
When with a start I recognized
My old friend Billy Black.

"Why! Bill," I said, "You've changed your trade,
This fact has puzzled me;
I knew you'd been apprenticed to
A down-town bakery:
Was it for love of novelty
You broke indenture's fetter?"
"Why! no," he said, "I turned to this
Because it soots me better."

A CANADIAN TALE.

This is a true story. The world is so full of tales of horror that I would take no credit for inventing more. I have reproduced it as nearly as may be in the words in which it was told me by one who took part in the tragedy. But no printed words can give any idea of the terribly dramatic earnestness with which it was told me many years ago. The actor in this sad tragedy is still a respected resident of Chicago.

'TIS noontide, and the whistle shrill has hushed the din and
 noise,
 And brought surcease of labor to five hundred men and
 boys;
 Has stilled the clanging hammer blow, the whirr of belt and
 wheel,
 And swarthy craftsmen stop to eat their hurried midday meal.

The craving of the inner man had scarce been satisfied
 When rose a universal cry, that could not be denied,
 "A story, Jake, there's no one here can tell one half so well;
 We young 'uns like the stirring tales that you old-timers tell."

Jake Durward was Canadian born, of French and Scottish
 stock,
 Tall and erect, of sinewy limb, and rugged as a rock;
 He glanced around and cleared his throat, his shopmates clus-
 tered near,
 And waited the accustomed yarn they so much wished to hear.

"Well, boys," said Jake, "I guess you've heard the most of mine
 before,
 But no, there's one I've never told, 'twould make my heart so
 sore;
 A tale of thirty years ago." He brushed away a tear;
 His comrades urged him to proceed, with words of hearty cheer.

"'Twas down in quaint old Linville by Ontario's shimmering
 lake,
 And I was foreman of the works, though but a lad," said Jake;
 "Our boss was Raymond Alderwood, the mayor of the town,
 A bluff and hearty Englishman whose face ne'er wore a frown.

· He had a thriving business, a fair and loving wife,
Two girls of twelve and fourteen years, the comfort of their
 life;
The elder, Olive, tall and slim, was wondrous fair to see,
And little fairy Ethel was as sweet as child could be.

“We’d all have died to serve our boss save drunken Joe Leclair
Who was a man of no account, and surly as a bear;
His friends had washed their hands of one so mean and ill-
 disposed,
But Alderwood employed him when all other doors were closed.

“We met at Mayor Alderwood’s upon Dominion Day,
But Joe was drunk as usual and so he stayed away;
There we partook of dainties rare, with welcome warm and
 kind,
And pledged him in the cup that cheers but leaves no sting
 behind.

“The merry little maidens to the old churchyard had gone
With summer flowers to decorate the plot they called their own;
The parents looked for their return our simple joys to share,—
Just then a childish scream rang out upon the summer air:

“‘Oh! Mamma, Mamma,’ little Ethel’s voice I knew right well,
And forth we rushed to meet her quicker than it takes to tell;
‘Oh! Mamma, Mamma’, screamed the child as to her side we flew
‘A bad man’s taken Olive, and he tried to steal me too.’

“She fainted in her mother’s arms, I waited for no more,
But to that cemetery sped as ne’er man sped before;
The others followed in my train, their bosoms filled with dread,
Resolved the living child to aid, or to avenge the dead.

“The grave their little hands adorned with clustered flowers we
 found,
And near it Olive’s form was stretched beside a grassy mound:—
Outraged, and all but murdered: ‘Oh! my ‘God.’ I heard them
 say,
‘Could one of human kind abuse a child in such a way?’

“We bore her home as tenderly as angels could have done,
 But only once her eyes unclosed unto the summer sun;
 And each resource of human skill we tried; alas, in vain;
 For she would never recognize a human face again.

“Then drops of grief flowed uncontrolled from grizzled sire and
 son,
 When Alderwood removed his hat and said, “God’s will be done,
 Though when I look upon my child—by human fiend destroyed—
 I feel I’m just the kind of man that fiend had best avoid.’

“Then to avenge the horrid deed our hearts with ardor burned,
 To ferret out the graceless wretch we left no stone unturned;
 Yet though we brought suspected ones to task, time after time,
 Nor law nor justice could connect the prisoners with the crime.

“To tell you of poor Olive’s fate I scarce can find my breath,
 For fourteen days she lingered on the borderland of death;
 The fifteenth day she passed away—folks said that it was best—
 Her stainless spirit fled to where the weary are at rest.

“Dominion Day had come and gone: two years were passed
 away:—
 And freshened in our memories the horrors of that day;
 And when we met at morning-tide each fellow-craftsman swore
 Our thirst for vengeance on the fiend should burn for evermore.

“The whistle blew, the din was hushed, our midday meal
 consumed,
 And as the conversation of the morning was resumed
 A shuffling and uncertain step was heard upon the stair,
 The door creaked on its hinges and in staggered Joe Leclair.

“He leaned against a pillar, but we paid him little heed,
 The while, with bated breath we spoke of that mysterious deed;
 And though a mumbling, battered wreck, and gone from good
 or ill,
 The name of murdered Olive seemed to interest him still.

“At length he spoke, ‘I wonder, boys, how thoughts of ven-
 geance live,
 When fallen mortals should forget and Christians should for-
 give;
 They never caught the fellow yet, and as he paused awhile
 Upon his bloated features played a most repulsive smile.

“No one had deigned to answer him, and so he spoke again,
Whom do you think the fellow was they hunted for in vain?
I could have told you long ago, but no one asked me to;
I s’pose you thought that drunken Joe was telling all he knew.’

“Then up spoke Walter Ferguson, ‘Why yes, we’d like to know
The secret of the matter if you’ll favor shopmates so.’
‘Perhaps you may not credit me,’ the drunkard made reply,
‘I know you’ll be astonished when I tell you it was I.’

“We heard his tale in wondering doubt, spellbound with horror
too,
And hurriedly I whispered, ‘Men, be careful what you do.’
And surely ne’er before was heard a tale of blacker shame
As he avowed himself a fiend and gloried in the name:

“‘I had got drunk at Murphy’s place quite early in the day;
They left me sleeping in the yard, upon a pile of hay;
But ’long about the afternoon I rose and wandered out;
With liquor in my brain I scarce knew what I was about.

“‘I reached the cemetery gate and saw the children there,
And as they were engaged I stole upon them unaware;
They looked so sweet and pretty in their summer garments
dressed
The devil just got hold of me and—well you know the rest.

“‘I hurried back to Murphy’s place before the news got round,
And in the dusk of evening by the searchers I was found
Still stretched in drunken slumber on that selfsame pile of hay,
And Murphy swore ‘be hivins’ that I hadn’t been away.

“‘And for two years or so I’ve borne the secret in my breast,
But now it’s out, and I may hope ’twill set my mind at rest;
For two long years I’ve baffled all the bloodhounds of the law;
Now am I not the ’cutest cuss youse fellows ever saw?’

“Was this some madman’s tale we heard? We did not dare
decide,
Which fact impelled young Ferguson his story to deride;
‘Why Joe, that deed was never done by coward such as you,
Have you no other proof to show that what you say is true?’

“‘Why, yes I have,’ replied Leclair, and then with nervous haste

He fetched a silver bracelet from the pocket of his vest;
‘See, there’s her bracelet, just as when I took it from her wrist,
You’ll recollect when she was found that one of them was
missed.’

“A wave of wrath o’erswept my soul; I sprang up with a shout,
‘There stands the villain, boys, beyond the shadow of a doubt;
That’s murdered Olive’s bracelet, I can swear to it myself,
I saw its mate but yesterday upon her father’s shelf.’

‘That moment’s calm before the storm I can remember still,
I marked a big blue-bottle fly upon the window sill;
The clock ticked softly overhead, all nature seemed at rest
As twenty men sprang forward with one purpose in their breast.

“He seemed to scent the coming storm, and sobered into shape.
And swiftly glanced around him for a pathway of escape;
But ere a purpose could be formed we came with vengeance-
thirst,
And ‘At him, boys,’ our only thought was who should be the
first.

“His shrieks for mercy but inflamed the passions of his foes,
And down the villain went beneath an avalanche of blows;
One moment in his nerveless grasp we saw a dagger gleam,
A strong hand wrenched the blade away and turned the edge
on him.

“The fire of wrath was quenched in blood, our fury passed
away,
And what was left to look upon? A mass of shapeless clay,
The soul that knew but to destroy the beauties God had given
Was gone to meet the Judge of all before the bar of heaven

“‘Twas over, and with sinking heart I gazed around again;
The big fly in his struggles had attained the topmost pane;
The clock ticked on, the second hand but once around had spun,
And now our hands were stained with blood, a dreadful deed
was done.

“They took the ghastly thing away and some inquiry made,
But every man of them agreed the wretch was better dead;
And till the place went up in flame, ten years ago or more,
No art of man could e'er remove those bloodstains from the
 floor.

“What caused him to confess? God knows. I fear it would be
 vain
To analyse the workings of a whiskey-sodden brain;
Perhaps he thought, since vengeance slept, 'twas buried in her
 tomb,
It must have been resistless fate impelled him to his doom.

“Next morning when our boss came down he stopped and said
 to me,
‘Twas simple justice, Jake, although you acted hastily;
The wicked men join hand in hand, and flee by paths untrod,
But no offender can escape the 'venging law of God.’

“Young Ethel, in the course of time, became my winsome bride,
And of my fair Chicago home she is the joy and pride;
We oft recall the murdered maid since time has healed our
 pain,
And in our fair Olivia she seems to live again.

“My friends, I would not harm a fly, and yet I can't begin
To think that graceless ruffian's blood has stained my soul with
 sin:
Nor shall I when, on that great day, I meet my judge on high,
Whose Word proclaims on every page, ‘the soul that sins shall
 die.’”

THE LEAGUE OF DEATH AND HELL.

A WAKE the song of Freedom, boys, the trump of war is
 blown,
 The sword of Freedom in our hand a friendly world
 looks on,
 We'll hurl the Spanish tyrant from his bloodstained island throne,
 And Cuba shall be free.

Where'er the sun of Freedom shines the nations wish us well,
 The God of battles surely with our 'venging host shall dwell;
 Our foes are Spain and 'Yellow Jack'. the league of death and
 hell,
 But Cuba shall be free.

We draw the sword our warrior sires had sheathed in Sixty-five,
 To slay the vampire hordes that on the Cuban life-blood thrive;
 We'll drive them forth in fire and blood, like drones from out
 the hive,
 For God and Liberty.

We go to bring the tortured ones a glad surcease of pain,
 We bring the Cuban patriots peace and freedom in our train;
 We go for vengeance on the base destroyers of the Maine,
 In name of Liberty.

Let foemen fling their ramparts high and let their cannon boom;
 The sullen trenches that they dig shall serve them for a tomb;
 We're out to fight all summer, aye, or till the crack of doom,
 But Cuba shall be free.

That relic of barbaric age is tottering to its fall,
 It trembles, like Belshazzar, at the writing on the wall;
 The mills of God grind slowly but they grind exceeding small,
 And Cuba shall be free.

The fair ones of posterity shall weave a stainless wreath
 For those who prove their valor to the passing of their breath;
 Then forward, Christian warriors, to the carnival of death
 For God and Liberty.

VACATION TIME.

'TIS the era of good feeling
For the engine bell is pealing,
And the frisky boys stop singing
Long enough to pay their fares;
For we're out for recreation
In the days of our vacation,
From our wearied shoulders flinging
All the burden of our cares.

Now farewell to square and angle,
Building plan and labor tangle,
Business deal and legal quibble,
We have studied week by week;
Where the summer birds are mating
We shall sit serenely, waiting
For the shy, elusive nibble
Of the catfish in the creek.

Though our host may kick at trifles
Like the popping of our rifles
When at times our random bullets
Perforate the family wash;
We'll devote ourselves with ardor
To the products of his larder,
When fresh fruits and roasted pullets
Take the place of prunes and hash.

Morning hours are calm and restful
And an extra nap seems wasteful
When the birds are sweetly singing
By the brushwood and the rock;
But it proves a great temptation
In the days of our vacation,
With no loud alarum ringing
In our ears at six o'clock.

WAR TIME.

LET us pause in rejoicing, for ringing in our ears
 Are cries from bleeding hearts and sore;
 Stillstedfast and loyal,—they murmur through their tears,
 “O! War times, come again no more.”

We shout in our triumph, “The conquering heroes come;”
 Our joy resounds from shore to shore;
 But the orphans are wailing, the widow’s heart is dumb,—
 O! War times, come again no more.

Where pride and ambition have reared their altars high
 Our blood in sacrifice we pour;
 The flower of our nation are going forth to die,
 O! War times, come again no more.

The death-shot is speeding this happy Christmas time,
 It echoes from a distant shore,
 And makes sad discord with the joy-bell’s merry chime,—
 O! War times, come again no more.

If statesmen who quarrel should have to fight it out
 The dogs of war would howl no more;
 And bloodthirsty jingoes would be the first to shout,
 “O! War times, come again no more.”

IN MEMORIAM

of Martha Baker, who died in Chicago, March 22, 1899, aged 16 years, 6 months
 an active member of the Scotch Church Christian Endeavor Society. Respected
 and beloved by all who knew her.

GOD’s hand in sore affliction hath been laid
 Upon a household we all know and love;
 And hath removed a bright and winsome maid
 From earthly trials to the joys above.

A young believer, scarce more than a child,
Her sixteenth year on earth but lately run,
By life's corrupting forces undefiled,
Pure as the first beam of the morning sun.

Too soon, alas, her gentle spirit fled,
Yet many hallowed mem'ries hath she left,
"The good die young," a wise man rightly said,
So from our midst she early hath been reft.

As tender flower, nipped by the frost at night,
Its opening petals not yet fully blown,
Her life's sun early shed a dazzling light,
But long ere noontide it is set and gone.

Not unprepared was she when called to go,
She wished not to be well and strong again;
She hath done more in her short time below
Than many do in threescore years and ten.

So young, and yet how faithfully she wrought
Within the vineyard of her Lord and King;
And now gone home to meet him, she hath brought,
Of human souls, a royal offering.

Her thoughts were of her Savior, day by day,
To love the Lord all hearts she did incline;
Yea! those she touched along life's thorny way
Were made to feel the power of love Divine.

Her labors here a noble harvest show,
Which at her Savior's feet she now lays down;
Of human sheaves, redeemed from sin and woe
To shine as gems in God's eternal crown.

Although disease her earthly frame oppressed,
And though her pain and suffering here were great
They but prepared her for the eternal rest
That waits for all within the Golden Gate.

May her example help to give us strength
To serve our Master in life's conflict hard,
Then shall our greeting be in Heaven at length,
Come, faithful servant, enter thy reward.

Her whole life witnessed for her Savior dear,
 Her peaceful end still stronger witness bore;
 Let this thought comfort us who linger here,
 "She is not lost, she is but gone before."

With our departed sister may we stand,
 When Jesus in his glory we shall see,
 Among the ransomed ones at His right hand
 To praise His name to all eternity.

SONG OF VICTORY.

HAIL to Columbia! Let joyful huzzas
 Peal for the champion of liberty's cause;
 Crowned is her brow with the conqueror's wreath,
 Red is the blade she returns to its sheath.
 Isle of the ransomed, still reeking with gore,
 Shout for the tyrant shall vex thee no more;
 Pearl of the Antilles and gem of the sea,—
 Cuba! our mandate proclaims thou art free.

Shades of the heroes of ancient Castile
 Blushed for their sons, with their time-honored steel
 Sheathed in the proud hearts they could not subdue:
 Valor and old age and maidenhood too.
 Craven hearts quaking on tyranny's throne,
 Bondsmen, awaking to win back their own,
 Strove till their death-gasp to sever the chain
 Bound on their wrists by the minions of Spain.

But when the Author of liberty gave
 Charge to this nation a remnant to save—
 Red ran the streams, and the craven ones fled,
 Leaving, as token, the bones of their dead.
 Seared by their firebrands and scarred by their steel,—
 Soon may the wounds of captivity heal;
 Envied of nations again shalt thou be,
 Cuba! fair Cuba! the radiantly free.

Now that the tyrants have loosened their hold,
 Stoop not thy neck to the bondage of gold;
 Guard that no vampires shall reap for their own
 Harvests of wealth from the blood we have sown.
 Chastened in mind by the tale of thy woes,—
 So may thy children enjoy their repose;
 Glorious days hath the future for thee—
 Cuba! fair Cuba! that dared to be free.

THE VILLAGE TERROR.

Scene.—Parlor of the Dead Shot Hotel, Prairieville, Kansas. Three eastern drummers sitting round a table drinking. Another young drummer asleep in a corner. Enter Bill Bluffer, the village terror.—

BILL.

O H! I'm Bill Bluffer, a-gittin' roun',
 The greatest terror in all the town;
 When I git on a tear 'tis said
 That most folks wants ter get tew bed:
 An' them I meet when in my spells
 They wish they had been somewhere else.
 I m off again; I aint half done,
 Though I'll allow I've had some fun:
 Three tough saloons an' a dry goods store
 I emptied clar tew the outside door.
 Gee whiz, but didn't the loafers skip
 When they saw Bill's fighting blood was up;
 An' so I've come as ye may suppose,
 Tew give youse fellers the self-same dose:
 Bill Bluffer, ready fer anything,
 I shy my caster inter the ring:
 Ef some one wants to be took sick
 They've just to give thet hat a kick.

*No one takes up the challenge, so he turns away in
 apparent disgust.*

Wall, not a move, ef that aint good;
 They caint be in a fightin' mood,
 I guess they seen me ne arly kil

That big-mouthed terror from Snoozerville,
 When he put the marshal's force ter rout
 An' they sent fer me-e ter lay 'im out;
 I knew jest what I was about,
 Fer the doctor what patched his battered face
 He pays me commission on every case.

Then there was Thompson of Stonefield Ranch
 I swooped on him like an avalanche,
 An' they'll remember when I got through
 He stayed in bed for a month or two.
 But time is passin', I must get roun',
 There's lots o' more tough joints in town.
 Hey! what's the matter, boys? Wake up;
 Who wants a man of my size ter whip?
 I'm all wound up, so here's yer chance;
 Jest kick thet hat an' see me dance.

Still no response, so he says in a fierce voice, aside,

A lot o' chumps, they aint half game,
 I'll try another tack with them.

Turns toward them.

Skin out o' here yew measly crew,
 I don't waste no more breath on yew;
 I'll count a hunderd. an' when I'm done
 Ef one is left — look out fer fun.
 One, two, three, four five, six, seven, eight,—”

*Keeps on counting. Sleeping drummer starts up
 and says:*

DRUMMER.

“Who's countin' up at such a rate?
 Why, boys, I must have been asleep,
 Whatever makes you look so cheap?”

2ND DRUMMER.

“That there Bill Bluffer, he's on a tear,
 An' spreadin' terror everywhere;
 He's countin' up a hundred now,
 An' when he's done there's to be a row.”

Young drummer looks at Bill in contempt.

1ST DRUMMER.

“What! that onairy-lookin’ cuss?
That thinks he’s goin’ to make a fuss;
Well, I’m Tom Toughnut, out on a spree,
An’ layin’ for terrors such as he;
I’ve spanked such guys as that before.”

Bill tears round madly howling with rage, as he counts.

BILL.

“Forty-one, forty-two, forty-three, forty-four.”

TOM.

“Say! hayseed, you had better crawl,
You and your greasy hat, and all;
Or I’ll wipe up the floor with you.”

Kicks the hat.

BILL, (ferociously).

“Fifty-nine, sixty, sixty-one, sixty-two.”

TOM.

“He looks like business, Well, all right,
Now boys, we’ll have a rousing fight:
I’m champion boxer of my State,”

Bill’s rage is checked. He continues rather dubiously

“Seventy-five, seventy-six, seventy-seven,
seventy-eight.”

TOM.

“Well, go ahead, and I’ll get ready,
My arm is strong my eye is steady;
I’m up to pugilistic tricks.”

Puts off his coat.

BILL (slowly).

“Eighty-three, eighty-four,— eighty-five,—
e-i-g-h-t-y-s-i-x.”

TOM.

"He's getting rattled now. No wonder,
He's met his match at last, by thunder."

BILL, (very slow).

"Ninety-two, ninety-three; ninety-f-o-u-r,
n-i-n-e-t-y-fi-v-e,"

TOM.

"He's nearly done. Now, sakes alive,
I'll do him up in latest style,
And yet it's hardly worth my while,

Squares up to Bill.

Put up your dukes, or I'll be bound,
I'll knock you out in half a round
Then kick you clear across the State."

BILL, (in terror).

"I haven't said a hunderd yet."

TOM.

"Then hurry up, 'twill settle you,
And keep my hand in practice too.
But never mind, you'll have a show.
Well, have you said a hunderd?"

BILL.

"No."

TOM.

"When will you, then? I ask a favor."

BILL.

"Mebbe next week, and mebbe never."

TOM.

"Well, here we have a warrior bold,
A terror of heroic mold;
He'd fear to tackle, I suppose,
A fly that crawled across his nose.
I think 'twould fitly end the row
To pitch him through that window now."

Lays hold of Bill.

BILL.

“Say! mister, you had best take care,
You’ll spoil your hands on that grease-spot there.”

TOM, (in scorn).

“Bill Bluffer, you’re a sorry sight,
’Tis with your tongue you best can fight;
You aint fit for a circus clown,
You half-baked terror of the town.
And yet I don’t care what you say,
I guess I’ll kick you anyway,
The biggest coward I have met.”

BILL.

“I haven’t said a hunderd yet.”

Tom turns towards the other drummers and says:

“Well, gentlemen, I leave him here,
The varmint’s nearly dead with fear;
Completely cowed; why, see him shiver;
Just take and drop him in the river;
But tie him up before you start
In case the pieces fall apart.

Looks at his watch.

Gee-whilikins! it’s half past ten
And I must run to catch my train;
Bill Bluffer, keep as quiet’s you can
For when you run against a man
You’ll find too late that you have blundered.”

Exit Tom. When he is fairly out of sight Bill, who has been swelling up again thundered out:

“Ninety-seven, ninety-eight, ninety-nine,
ONE HUNDERD!!!

Neaw where’s the man says Bill’s afraid?
Jest gimme a chainece an’ I’ll bust his head.”

The other drummers jump up and chase Bill into the street.

LAST WINTER'S OVERCOAT.

WHEN the stormy breezes bluster
 Through the shade trees lank and bare,
 And the tiny frost flakes sparkle
 In the chilly morning air.
 And we take an inventory
 Of the useful things we've got —
 Naught can wake our tender interest
 Like last winter's overcoat.

Tenderly we pick the moth balls
 From the pockets where they've lain,
 And with sponge and brush we labor
 To remove each spot and stain;
 Mourning o'er the frequent tokens
 Of our hungry friend the moth,
 Where he foraged at his leisure
 On the sleek, imported cloth.

But at length with some misgivings
 We pronounce it fit to wear;
 Yet we shun our dude companions,
 And resent their haughty stare.
 And we're apt to lose some slumber
 Envyng the happy lot
 Of the man who need not worry
 O'er last winter's overcoat.

TO MR. PETER KINNEAR.

MY honored friend and brither Scotsman true,
 A Highland greeting I extend to you,
 To show that in the bright and bounding West
 Auld Scotia's spirit lives within my breast;
 To show the wreath of fame to which aspire
 Each bard of Scottish birth, our hearts' desire.
 Now, reproduced by photographic art,

Behold where it reposes near my heart;
While as a fitting bodyguard appears
Full many a trophy of my earlier years,
Whose clustered beauties point my memory back
To the athletic field and cycle track,
Where rivals, college-trained till they were "fit,"
Were overthrown by simple Scottish grit.
And now all clustered round your matchless wreath
Judge how my modest bosom swells beneath.
Our hardy forefathers in days gone by,
Were foremost in the fray, to win or die;
And we, inheriting their spirit free,
In manly sports seek bloodless victory.
The men of one idea love to tell
The way to do one thing and do it well:
The only way to reach the highest rank—
In other words, it pays to be a crank.
And yet a higher power counsels me,
"Develop each God-given faculty."
So mind and muscle I resolved to train
In some degree, nor did I strive in vain.
Amid the city's din we live so fast
Night chases day into the shadowy past;
And in the intervals of toil we find
But little time to cultivate the mind.
Yet though the way to higher fame is barred
Our little deeds fail not of their reward,
Though other toilers reap their harvests fair,
And we but glean our handfuls here and there.
I dearly love to sing old Scotland's praise,
The dim traditions of heroic days;
The gallant tartans waving wild and free;
The pipe that played us on to victory;
One thing I lack to make a Scotsman true,—
Alas! I do not love the mountain dew,
Full many a braw lad from our mountain land
Find fame and fortune on Columbia's strand;
Whose kindness of heart and modest worth
Do honor to the country of their birth.
And thou, Kinnear, who wrought for Scotia's weal
Whose laurel'd trophy fires our minstrel zeal,
Thou doest credit to thy lofty post
As worthy chief of Scotia's banded host.
Long may you live, and happy may you be,

Your home life blest with sweet felicity;
 Beside your way the flowers of summer bloom,
 Your giral and your greybeard ne'er be toom;
 May joy attend the evening of your days,
 With friends to speak your meed of honest praise;
 And all good things a sturdy Scot can want:
 I am, yours most sincerely, Peter Grant.

BACK FROM THE COUNTRY.

I'VE wandered where the bullfrog sings
 To greet the early riser;
 And now I'm back to men and things,
 A sadder man and wiser:
 To tan and freckles on my face
 I've got a few objections;—
 Chicago as a dwelling place
 Stands first in my affections.

I took a notion once to branch
 Forth into tracks unbeaten;
 To start a model chicken ranch,
 Where fresh-laid eggs are eaten.
 But sitting on the kitchen stoop
 Was lonesome work and lazy;
 The bold hawks robbed my chicken coop,
 And drove me nearly crazy

The air is very pure, 'tis true,
 But tell me, what the dickens
 Have men of business got to do
 With mixing feed for chickens?
 We have exhausted corn and hogs,
 And every country topic;—
 Left to himself—and cats and dogs—
 A man gets misanthropic.

I'm sure that no one but a chump
Would fix on that location,—
No place except the village pump
To go for liquidation.
A wheelman makes the ponies bolt
And dump us. Oh! 'twas charming;
May I be pulled up with a jolt
Next time I go a-farming.

And so you see I'm back again—
Forsaking stumps and boulders—
To mingle with my fellow men,
And rub their friendly shoulders.
The country air dont suit my case
Nor yet my wife's complexion:
Chicago as a dwelling place
Stands first in our affection.

THE SCOT IN BASEBALL.

WHEN Dutch and Irish players scrapped
About the baseball game,
Each with unbounded vigor rapped
The other fellow's fame.
But when at last the thing was squared,
'Twas plainly to be seen
That baseball laurels all were shared
Impartially between.

But when McFarland's name was read
On Erin's jovial list,
Bold Dexter kicked and promptly said,
"He's Scotch, I will insist."
But Donahue, impatiently
Ejaculated, "What?
He cannot be a Scotchman, see,
He plays too well for that.

“The Scotchman is at home in ‘gowff,’
Perhaps in football too;
But on the diamond he’s ’way off;
And trouble would ensue
When he appeared upon the field
In all his native rig;
For every time the war pipe squealed
He’d stop to dance a jig.

“And when he’d jump to catch a fly
That sailed above his head,
His kilts might bob unduly high,
And scandal thus be made.
And when his wildly swinging bat
Got tangled in his plaid,
I’ve known a simple thing like that
To make him hopping mad.

“In demonstrating that no race
Is equal to the Scotch,
He’d thoughtlessly forsake his base,
To argue with the coach;
And when the umpire called him out,
He’d draw a ten-inch dirk;
And, with a savage clansman’s shout,
Go in for deadly work.

“The Scotchman’s hits, though full of steam,
Are frequently misplaced;
And clearly, on a baseball team,
He isn’t at his best.
Although we’ve tried him once or twice,
Our pains we had to rue;
Without offence it will suffice
To say he wouldn’t do.”

THE LIGHTNING-CHANGE EMPRESS.

WORD comes from China, in the east,
 "The empress still survives;"
 No cat nor dog nor other beast
 Has half as many lives.
She was reported put to death
 Six weeks ago or more,
For stopping the young Emperor's breath
 A day or two before.

But much enraged by this abuse
 A swift revenge she found;
For then she turned the Boxers loose
 To kill the people round.
Next came the melancholy tale,
 By letter of advice,
That Boxers had her put in jail,
 And killed her once or twice.

Then, scared to nervousness, she fled
 As swiftly as could be;
The Emperor, risen from the dead,
 Went with her duteously.
But Prince Tuan relieved their pain
 With poison that he had;
And so the Emperor died again
 And she went raving mad.

And now the ancient dame declares
 On her we may depend,
For she adores the foreigners
 And was their stedfast friend
In palace or in prison cell,
 Or buried now and then;
And all the time she strove to quell
 The frisky Boxer men.

THE BOXER.

WHO holds the stage of life today,
 And fills the world with wild dismay,
 And holds it's allied force at bay?
 The Boxer.

Who started out with guns and knives
 To take the 'foreign devils' lives?
 Who boils the envoys and their wives?
 The Boxer.

Who makes a sport of horrid crime?
 Who would, in ignorance sublime
 Reverse the dial hand of Time?
 The Boxer.

Who makes the nations all agree
 And work along in harmony
 To wipe him off the earth? 'Tis he,—
 The Boxer

Who's made a most atrocious break
 By starting in to burn and wreck?
 Who'll promptly get it in the neck?
 The Boxer.

Who yells for murder and revenge?
 Whose views of things are apt to change
 When U. S. gunners get his range?
 The Boxer.

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