Several Requests Are Complied With by Lovers of Poetry and Others Are Sought-New Contributors Are Noted.

O you remember the old song that | And the lonely picket guarding On the low Potomac's shore. contains the following lines?: "White wings, they never gro

weary.
They carry me cheerily over the sea," We have a request from Ethe! L. Hunter, of Milwaukie, for the full text of the song, and would appreciate a correct and complete copy from some

of our readers.

Another request is for the song containing the following: "Down by the river, he saw growing

there,
A beautiful Hly so white and so fair; "O that I must have," cried he, heedless with joy, And into the lake went the heedless

young boy." A request comes from Albany for the old poem which begins: "Dick and Harry and little Joe,

Sat in the corner in a row,' And also a request for the one which goes, in part, as follows:

"Then up spake the youngest, frailest brother:
"Te talk of savin' wood and fle,
And tea and sugar, all the while—
But ye never talk o' eavin' mother!"

"In England my Blackbird and I live together; He was the chief flower that in it did dwell; Fair ladies of honor his person did ad-

"Lattle Mohee" is requested by a Condon reader: "O, go no more reaming o'er the salt sea, and I'll teach you to speak in the language of little Mohee." "The Coccanut Grove" is another itle under which the poem is known.

A request is received for the poem

Still sits the schoolhouse by the road a ragged beggar sunning; Around it still the sumachs grow and 

Mrs. L. D. Hinkston asks for the song beginning: "My ship sails tonight, my darling Ronett, and with you I can ramble no more." She also requests "The Drummer Boy of Waterloo" and "The Soldier's Farewell," which runs: "With my knapsack for my pillow and as I start in demy rifle is my hand, as I start in de-fense of my own native land."
R. C. Powell requests the poem in which the lines are found: "I hear the tread of pioneers of nations yet to be; the first low wash of waves where soon

shall roll a human sea." Mrs. John A. Fort asks for "The Tem-perance Alphabet," which begins: "A— is for Adder that lurks in the cup; the drunkard don't see it and so drinks

Jennie Chamberlain, of Uklah, ask: for "Cuddle Me on Your Knee, Mamma," in which a few of the words are: "I fancied I roamed in the woods afar, and you rested me under a tree, whence a butterfly came flitting with pride."

A. L. Orr asks for the poem beginning: "There's a garden full of roses. there's a cottage by the 'Dove,' and the trout stream frets and flows beneath song beginning: "She launched her frail bark on the swift rolling stream and sang her wild song in a maniac's He asks also the name of the author f "When Peter Led the First Cru-

THE DYING SOLDIER.

A waste of land, a sodden plain, A lurid sunset sky, With clouds that fled and faded fast In ghostly phantasy; A field upturned by trampling feet,
A field up-piled with slain,
With horse and rider blent in death on the battle-plain.

The dying and the dead lie low: For them, no more shall rise The evening moon, nor midnight stars, Nor daylight's soft surprise; They will not wake to tenderest call, Nor see again each home Where waiting hearts shall throb, and When this day's tidings come

Two soldiers, lying as they fell Upon the reddened clay— In daytime, foes; at night, in peace Breathing their lives away! Brave hearts had stirred each manly

breast; Fate, only, made them foes; And lying, dying, side by side, A softened feeling rose.

"Our time is short," one faint voice "Today we've done our best On Alfferent sides: what matters now Tomorrow we shall rest! Life lies behind. I might not care For only my own sake: But far away are other hearts, That this day's work will break

"Among New Hamnahire's snowy hills There pray for me tonigh With hair like golden light": the thought, broke forth, last,

The cry of anguish wild,
That would not longer be repressed"O God! my wife, my child!"

"And," said the other dying man, "Across the Georgia plain, There watch and wait for me loved ones ne'er shall see again:

A little girl, with dark, bright eyes, Each day waits at the door; Her father's step, her father's kiss, Will never greet her more,

"Today we sought each other's lives: Death levels all that now; For soon before God's mercy-seat Together we shall bow. Forgive each other while we may; Life's but a weary game, ad, right or wrong, the morning sur Will find us, dead, the same."

The dying lips the pardon breather The dying hands entwine; The last ray fades, and over all The stars from heaven shine; And the little girl with golden hair, And one with dark eyes bright, On Hampshire's hills, and Georgia's

e fatherless that night!
---Contributed by C. W. Castle.

AN INCIDENT OF THE WAR. BY HARRY W. KIMBALL Down the placed river gliding, 'Twixt the banks of waving life, illed a steamboat heavy lacen, 'Mid the scenes of former strife.

On the deck a throng of trav'lers
Listened to a singer's voice,
As it sung that song of pleading— Song that makes the sad rejoice

Let me to thy bosom fly, While the nearer waters roll. Hide me, O my Savior, hide, Til the storm of life is past Safe into the haven guid Oh, receive my soul at last."

In the throng an aged soldier Heard the voice with ears intent, nd his quickened memory speeding O'er the lapse of years was sent.

And he thought of hard-fought battles Of the carnage and the gora

And the cry of wounded men, Of the sick'ning sights of slaughter In some Southern prison pen.

And that voice was old, familiar. And he'd heard it long ago,
While his lonely picket guarding
With a measured beat, and slow.

When it ceased and all was silent, Thus the aged soldier cried: Sir, were you a Union soldier; Did you fight against our side?"

Stranger, 'neath you starry pennon Fought I for the shackled slave, or my country and her freedom And her sacred name to save." Were you near the calm Potomac

On a frosty Autumn night? Did you guard your lonely picket As the stars were shining bright? Did you sing that song so grandly, Filling all the silent air? Did you sing to your Redeemer, As you paced so lonely there?

Mrs. James K. Brown, of Tucson,
Aris, asks for "The Blackbird," which
contains the following lines:

And his eyes were filled with tears
As he heard the singer answer,
At his tale of house.

On the low Potomac's shore, As I paced my lonely station, And re-paced it o'er and o'er.

And I thought of home and household Of my wife and children three, And my darling baby Bessie, Dearest in the world to me

Thinking thus, my heart was troubled With a dread, foreboding ill; And I listened, but the midnight All around was calm and still.

"Then I sang the song my mother Taught me, bending at her knee; And all fear of coming trouble Quickly passed away from me."

Thus the singer told his story; Then the aged soldler said,
As his heart was stirred with feeling,
And his thoughts were backward led:

"And I, too, my lonely station Paced and re-paced o'er and o'er, Where the blazing campfires flashing Lighted up the other shore.

"On the banks across the river, There I saw your coat of blue, And my hand was on the trigger, As I aimed my gun at you; When across the effent water

Came the song you've sung today, And my heart was touched and soft By that sweet, melodious lay;

Other refuge have I none, Hangs my helpless soul on Thee; Leave, oh, leave me not alone, Still support and comfort me. 'All my trust on Thee is stayed

All my help from Thee I bring, Cover my defenseless head With the shadow of Thy wing." 'And I brought my gun to carry, For I could not shoot you then; And your humble prayer was answere By our God, the Lord of men."

Then they clasped their hands as brothers, While the steamboat glided on, As they talked of hard-fought battles And of deeds long past and gone.

How Jehovah had been o'er them. Shielded from the flery wave, While they, beneath their banners, Fought the battles of the brave.

Contributed by C. W. Castle.

THE BARON'S LAST BANQUET. O'er a low couch a setting sun Had thrown its latest ray, in his las t strong agony,

A dying warrior lay,— The stern old Baron Rudiger, Whose frame had ne'er been bent, By wasting pain, till time and toil Its iron strength had spent. They come around me here, and say,

My days of life are o'er,-That I shall mount my noble steed, And lead my band no more; They come, and to my beard they dare To tell me now, that I, Their own liege lord and master born That I-ha! ha!-must die.

And what is death? I've dared him oft Before the Paynim's spear,— Think ye he's entered at my gate, Has come to seek me here? faced him, scorned him, When the fight was raging hot,try his might-Ill brave his

Defy, and fear him not!

'Ho! sound the tocsin from the tower And fire the culverin each retainer arm with speed,-Call every vassal in! Up with my banner on the wall! The banquet board prepare! Throw wide the portal of my hall And bring my armor there!

A hundred hands were busy then; The banquet forth was spread, And rang the heavy oaken floor With many a martial tread; While from the rich, dark tracery, Along the vaulted wall, Lights gleamed on harness, plume ar

O'er the proud old Gothic hall. ast hurrying through the outer gate

. The mailed retainers poured On through the portal's frowning arch And thronged around the board; While at its head, within the dark, Carved oaken chair of state, Armed cap-a-pie, stern Rudiger with girded falchion sata

Fill every beaker up, my men! Pour forth the cheering wine! There's life and strength in ever Thanksgiving to the vine! Are ye all there, my vassals true?
—Mine eyes are waxing dim—
Fill round, my tried and fearless ones,
Each goblet to the brim!

Ye're there, but yet I see you not! Draw forth each trusty sword, And let me hear your faithful steel Clash once around my board! I hear it faintly—louder yet!— What clogs my heavy breath? p all—and shout for Rudiger,

"Defiance unto death! Bowl rang to bowl, steel clanged to steel, And rose a deafening cry, That made the torches flare around, And shook the flags on high Ho, cravens, do ye fear him? Ho, cravens, do ye fear him? Slaves! traitors! have ye flown? Ho, cowards, have ye left me To meet him here alone?

"But I defy him!-let him come!" Down rang the massy cup. While from its sheath the ready blade Came flashing half-way up; and with the black and heavy plumes, Scarce trembling on his head There, in his dark, carved, oaken chair, Odd Rudiger sat-dead! Rudiger sat--Contributed by Mrs. F. M. Olds and And then they clasped each other and George L. Foster,

Here she lies, where all must come, After days grown wearisome, She that was Chrysanthemum.

Helgesing de H

With blown leaves her eyes are blind And her singing mouth is dumb; Here she lies, where all must come. Eyes as dark as indigo Now a deeper darkness know;

Hair that mocked the raven's wing

Tulips falter in the wind;

Feels its lotus withering.

After days grown wearisome. Lotus flowers upon her breasts Rest as deeply as she rests; Milky veil about her rolled Feels seeds quicken in its fold, Heat she fears not now, nor cold; Here she lies, where all must come.

Little feet that moved so light, Music will not stir tonight, Though the strongest love of men Lifted on the samisen Little hands men's hearts that led Into snares that she had spread, After days grown wearisome. Little hands shall hold no more

Closing door or opening door; Keys of pleasure or of grief; Lo, they hold a withered leaf. World and what is thy distress One Chrysanthemum the less? World, what sayest thou? She is dumb, She that was Chrysanthemum. -Anonymous

27/10

GO, MY BOY, WHERE DUTY CALLS. o, my boy, and heaven bless you! I have read each precious line Of your heart's responsive throbbing To a higher call than mine. od has spoken—you have heard him, And, though tears these eyes bedim, Your affection for your mother Shall not mar your love for him.

Could I bid you stay from fondness When the ever ruling hand
Marks your path to duty clearly
For the safety of your land?
No! 'tis yours to be a patriot,
And 'tis mine to be as true;
Go, my boy where duty calls you
And my heart shall follow you!

Go in faith and feel protection In a power supreme, divine; Should a bullet pierce your body It will also enter mine.
Do I think of this in sorrow?
Does my love sad fears renew?
Do I tremble at the prospect?
No, my son, no more than you.

Dear to me is every pathway Where your precious feet have trod But I give you fondly, freely, To my country and my God. You and I shall never falter In the work we have to do; Go, my boy, where duty calls you And my heart shall follow you.

shall pray for you-how often-With the waking hour of morn, Through the labors of my household.

And when night is coming on.

If a mother's prayers can keep you,

'Mid the dangers you incur,

God will surely bring you back

Again to happiness and her.

I will never doubt the goodness That has kept you until now, That has kept the evil from your Heart, the shadow from your brow And I know that it shall keep You in the path you must pursue, Go, my boy, where duty calls you

If my boy were less a hero, Less the man in thought and deed, I had less to give my country In her trying hour of need; And I feel a pride in knowing That to serve this cause divine From the hearthstone goes no braver Heart than that which goes from

have loved you from the hour That my lips first pressed your brow Ever tenderly, but never Quite as tenderly as now; ill I have is his who gave it, Whatsoe'er he bids me do;

o, my boy, where duty calls you And my heart shall follow you. shall miss you in the Springtime. When the orchard is in b When the smiling face of nature

Bathes its beauty in perfume; When the birds are sweetly singing By the door and on the wing, I shall think of you who always Used to pause and hear them sing.

Long will seem the waning hours Through the drowsy Summer da With my boy exposed to dangers On a soil far, far away. But my spirit shall not murmur, Though a tear bedim my view; Go, my boy, where duty calls you And my heart shall follow you.

You will come and see your mother Come and kiss her as you say; From her lips receive the blessing That shall cheer you on your way; From her fond embrace go forward To resist your country's foe With the comforting assurance That your mother bade you go.

Now may heaven protect and bless you Holy angels guard your way. Keep your spirit from temptation And your feet from going astray. To your mother ever faithful, To your country ever true, o, my boy, where duty calls you And my heart shall follow you.

Contributed by Mrs. Ed. Preble.

BLUE AND GRAY. From the New York Sun. Twas a sight to be long remembered That I saw on the cars one day As the train was flying southward, In the latter part of May. It was only two aged women,
Who met by chance that day,
One had eyes of loveliest blue,
The other, the sweetest gray.

Where go you?" said the blue-eyed To her with the eyes of gray, I am going to visit my husband's grave, In the Southland far away."
"Was he a soldier?" the blue-eyed asked,

As she gazed in the eyes of gray; And half unconsciously she grasped Her hand in a loving way. The eyes of gray lit up with pride,

"Yes, he was a soldier true; He fell at the battle of Shiloh"— "Oh! there's where mine fell, too."

The eyes of blue and gray Mingled their flood of sympathy As the train sped on its way.

What uniform did your 'soldier' wear' My soldier wore the blue."
"Ah," said the other, "mine wore the gray."
"No matter, they both were true." "Yes, they were true, our loved and

lost, True to their flying day.

And it matters not what they wore or They are clothed in white today."

And when we came to the station, A very small town by the way.

The men all stood bareheaded

As the two went on their way.

They walked up the street together,

Like children, hand-in-hand,

Out on the country highway

Where the old church used to stand.

And on and on till they reached the place
Where their soldiers brave were laid;
And they kissed and wept o'er each grave alike,

And together knelt down and prayed; They each told the other about the past, How they lived with their children dear, And agreed, while God should spare their lives, To meet there once a year.

And then they walked back to the station, These soldiers' widows in tears, Helped by each other's sympathy, To bear their burden of years, Back to the West they traveled, their children, kind and true, with eyes of the sweetest gray, The other the lovellest blue. -Contributde by Ruth Luce.

HOME THEY BROUGHT HER WAR RIOR DEAD.

Home they brought her warrior, dead; She nor swooned, nor uttered cry. All her maidens watching, said: "She must weep or she will die." Stole a maiden from her place,

Lightly to the warrior stepped; Took the facecloth from his face Yet she neither spoke nor wept. Then they praised him soft and low, Called him worthy to be loved; Truest friend and noblest foe—

Yet she neither spoke nor moved,

Placed her child upon her knee— Like Summer tempest came her tears: "Sweet, my child, I live for thee." butor, Mrs. C. M. Redfield, of

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THE PILGRIMS.

BY O. C. APPLEGATE. They sought, away from soulless powe The rugged, rock-bound strand; And found release from kingly greed That cursed their native land. They cast afar the fertile seed Of freedom's spreading tree, 'o shield the land from kingly might And bloom in years to be,

brighter day for mankind's weal In Plymouth's woods began The pilgrams sought these solitudes With 'alth in God and man; To live and worship as they chose, Unscared by Pope or King. And spoke in words of living truth That never ceased to ring.

From noble thoughts or rugged men A mighty progress grew, As o'er the continental leagues, Went forth the message new. Do you feel it would be loyal to call to Through forests deep, o'er prairies wide,
The shouts of freemen rang;
As from the seeds these pilgrims cast
A mighty nation sprang,

From Alleghany's singing groves From Alleghany's singing groves
To Mississippi's stream.
And far beyond on mighty plains
The pilgrims' trappings gleam;
Till o'er Sierra's serried back
The wearied legions pour,
To rear the bulwarks of our power Along the Western shore

Nor kingling long oppress,
When freemen from our native shore,
Go forth new homes to bless; And lands beyond the saited seas As freedom's truths unfold, Shall feel the impress of the men Who came to Plymouth old:

No tyrant's banner long shall wave,

In dismal forests gloom, And requiems sang on barren shore O'er many a lonely tomb; But knew not that the coming years, Through all their dire distress, Would bring fruition to their hopes And countless people bless.

Old ocean's vastness cannot stay The march of Freedom's sons, Nor feudal castles long withstand The might of Freedom's guns. The mighty march of progress may No tyrant's hand withstand, Though triumphing in war or peace In many a distant land. -Contributed by Clara D. Mitchell.

Once there lived, side by side, two lit-tle maids; Used to dress just alike; hair down in Blue gingham pinafores; stockings of Little sunbonnets tied bn each curly When school was over secrets they'd

Whispering, arm in arm, down by well. One day a quarrel came; hot tears "You can't play in our back yard!" and the other said

don't want to play in your yard; I don't like you any more; You'll be sorry when you see me Sliding down our cellar door. You can't holler down our rain barrel You can't climb our apple tree; don't want to play in your yard If you won't be good to me." Next day two little maids each other

Quarrels are soon made up, healed with a kiss; Then arm in arm again, happy they go and bliss: But love remembers yet, quarrels and In sweet dreams of childhood they hear the cry,
"You can't play in our yard," and the
old reply:

Chorus.

-Requested by a reader and contributed by C. G. Humason, Gresham, Or. THE KING AND THE RUSTIC. n Henry's reign-the darling King.

Was riding happily along Toward Paris; and, when near that place, A stately horseman met his face. It was the King. His retinue Was at a distance, out of view; For so the King had planned matter

That he might reach his purpose better.

A neasant once, with idle song,

"Which way, good man?" the monarch "Does business you to Paris lead?"
"It does; but, yet another thing—
I wish to see our darling King,
Who loves his people all so dearly, And whom they love, and that sin-

The monarch smiled, and blandly said:
"In that, my friend, I'll give you aid."
"But how," the rustic asked, "shall I, tributon,

To notice who, in all the crowd
That lowly bow, or shout aloud.
Keeps on his hat, while others bare
Their heads, and gaze with reverent
air." Now had they got in Paris quite: The rustic riding on the right.

Whatever boorish life can teach, Whatever awkwardness can reach, In manner, motion, look or speech, That simple lout that day displayed, When he in Paris entry made. did see, And the captain with his whiskers took He answered all the monarch asked,
And all his humble powers tasked,
To show him how his farm he kept;
How well he fed, how well he slept;
How every Sunday 'twas his lot
To have a pullet in his pot—
"Which lot." says he, "is just the

at all souls have, so says our King."

Long, long he talked-his tongue ran As up they rode the crowded street; Nor yet perceived—most strange to From all that met his eye that day, What must have been the oddest

thing—
A rustic riding with the King.
But, when he saw the windows fly
Open wide, and every eye Straining at the passers-by,
While all the air was made to ring
With "Vive le Roi-Long live the
King."

"Friend," said he to his unknown guide, While with wonder and fright the "Sure, you must be the King, or I!
For nobody else, in all this crowd,
Has a hat on his head, whether hum-

ble or proud."
The good King smiled. "You're right!" said he: "I'm the person you wished to see!"
—Contributed by M. C. Cantrell, Eu-reka, Cal.

DECORATION DAY. Unfurl the flag so gently, let Old Glory wave today, Over friend and foe alike, whereve they may lay. Scatter flowers for the hero, and on the unknown grave. Each died in loyal service, his country

thus to save. Away back in the '60s there came the Father, what fearful noise is that, thrilling cry
That Fort Sumter had been taken, and
danger threatened nigh.
Of Lincoln's mighty call for troops, for volunteers to go,
To shoulder gun and musket and face
the coming foe.

Three hundred thousand brave and That freedom as a watchword might wave o'er our fair land. That the Stars and Stripes might ever wave from every spire and dome, As a sign of peace and victory in each and every home.

mind today
Which one wore the blue or which one
wore the gray? Twine the laurel wreath so gently, as if you never knew
Which one was Confederate or Union laddle true. But now the war cry's silent, no more the noise and din Resoundeth through our country, like

the very curse of sin. We catch the thrill and spirit, as from shore to shore we see Our Nation's glorious emblem, our flag of liberty. But as we shout the triumphs of the red, the white, the blue, Remember it was dearly bought by sol-

As each fought bravely for the right, as duty spurred them on, Thus seeking as we all should do, to wear the victor's crown.

--Contributed by Ida May Johnston. THE RUSTY SWORD.

By George M. Vickers. In a little roadside cottage, half hid by shrubs and vines.

A woman, old and feeble, on a faded couch reclines; Her face is sweet, but sorrow has left And her voice tells not the burden that

As I drink the limpid water from the homely, dripping gourd, I note on the wall before me a naked, rusty sword. I glance at the aged woman, and speaking she bows her head; "Twas worn by a gallant soldler, for

many a long year dead. One day, sir, I was looking where the road winds over there,
Wishing the war was over and breathing a mother's prayer— I saw a wagon coming, and soldiers, all moving slow; were bringing my boy home They were wounded-ah! it's many a year

"I buried him there, by those willows as you pass you can see his grave: Oh, stranger, my child was a comfort but his heart it was true and

Watching the pearls drop downward over her aged face, I mount, and I ride in silence away from the lonely place. and I leap to the shady ground

I gather some wayside flowers to throw on his mossy mound; Friends all through life to be, they I care not if Grant has led him, nor is love each other so.

Soon school days pass away; sorrows I am an American soldier—and so -Contributed by C. W. Castle.

> WE OLD BOYS. 'Twas side by side, as comrades dear, In dark days long ago, We fought the fight without a fear, And rendered blow for blow. In battle, march or prison pen Each unto each was true, As beardless boys became strong men And braved the long war through.

> CHORUS. We are the boys, the gay old boys, Who marched in sixty-one; We'll ne'er forget old times, my boys, When you and I were young.

And though, through all these years of peace, We've somewhat older grov The spirit of those early days We'll ever proudly own. grand old flag is just as fair As in the trying time, When traiters sought its folds to tear And we suppressed the crime.

What if grim age creeps on apace? Our souls shall not grow old; But we will stand as in the day When we were warriors bold We stood for fight-for our dear land For home, and all that's true So firmly clasp hand unto hand And comradeship renew.

—C. G. Humason, Gresham, Or., con

'Mid all the great folks standing by. THE CAPTAIN WITH HIS WHISKERS.
Tell which is he?" "Til tell you how,"
Oh, they marched through the town.
The King replied. You've only now with their banners so gay. with their banners so gay, And I ran to the window, to hear the band play-I peeped through the blinds very cau-tiously then, Lest the neighbors should say I was looking at the men. Oh! I heard the drums beat, and the music so sweet. But my eyes at the time caught a much greater treat—
For the troops were the finest I ever

> When we met at the ball L of course, thought 'twas right,
> To pretend that we never had met before that night,
> But he knew me at once, I perceived, by his glance.
>
> And I hung down my head, when he asked me to dance.
>
> Oh! he sat by my side at the end of the And the sweet words he spoke I shall never forget, For my heart was enlisted and could not get free, And the captain with his whiskers took

a sly glance at me.

sly glance at me.

But they marched from the town and see him no more. But I think of him oft, and the whise kers he wore, And I dream all the night, and I think all the day, Of the love of a captain, who went far away. Oh! I hear the drums beat and the music so sweet,
And I listen in my dreams to the marching of feet, And my heart jumps with joy when in fancy I see
The captain with his whiskers take a
sly glance at me.

---Contributed by Mrs. S. Armstrong, of Vader, Wash.

THE AMERICAN BOY. SON.

Father, look up and see that flag! How gracefully it files! Those pretty stripes, they seem to be A rainbow in the skies,

It is your country's flag, my boy.
And proudly drinks the light,
O'er ocean's wave, in foreign climes,
A symbol of our might.

Now thundering in the clouds? Why do they, cheering, wave their hats And rush along in crowds?

FATHER.

It is the voice of cannonry.

The glad shouts of the free; This is a day of memory, 'Tis Freedom's Jubilee!

I wish that I was now a man, I'd free my country, too.
And cheer as loudly as the rest.
But, father, why don't you? FATHER.

I'm getting old and weak; but still My heart is big with joy; I've witnessed many a day like this, Shout you aloud, my boy! Hurrah for Fredom's Jubilee, God bless our native land!

And may I live to hold the boon Of freedom in my hand. Well done, my boy, grow up and love
The land that gave you birth—
A land where freedom loves to dwell—
A paradise on earth.
—From Sander's Union Series, No. 4.
also called Town's Fourth Examiner,
printed about 1867-8; contributed by
Ethal L. Hunter. FATHER.

(Paris, May '71.) By Edward King. Sweet-breathed and young, The people's daughters,

Going to slaughters!

Good morning, friends; You'll love us better: Make us amends: How the sun gleams!

(Women are snarling). Give me your beams, Liberty's darling! "Marie's my name-Christ's mother bore it: That badge; no shame; Glad that I wore it."

Hair to her waist,

Limbs like a Venus, "Soldiers, please screen us!" "He at the front? That is my lover; Stood all the brunt;

Now the fight's over.

Gave out together.
Droll! to be dead
In this bright weather! "Jean, boy, we might Have married in Jun This the wall? Right! Vive la commune

-Contributed by L. A. White ANNIE LAURIE. Maxwelton's braes are bonnie Where early fa's the dew. And 'twas there that Annie Laurie Gave me her promise true, Which ne'er forgot will be, And for bonnie Annie Laurie I'd lay me doon and dee.

Her brow is like the snawdrift, Her throat is like the swan. Her face it is the fairest That e're the sun shone on And dark blue is her e'e. And for bonnie Amnie Laurie I'd lay me doon and dee.

Like dew on the gowan lying
Is the fa' o' her fairy feet,
And like winds in Summer sighing. Her voice is low and sweet, Her voice is low and sweet, And she's a' the world to me, And for bonnie Annie Laurie I'd lay me doon and dee. -Lady John Scott.

MEMORIAL DAY. The cycling years again have brought
To us Memorial Day;
The gallant men who bravely fought
For us are old and gray. Their numbers year by year grow less.

And more are laid away.

Where we with flowers their graves may dress

On each Memorial Day. Then bring the blossoms fair and Then bring the blossoms lair a sweet.

To deck each grass-grown bed, while reverently we all repeat, "Here lie our honored dead,

Whose memory we will all revers Till time shall pass away, And sacred keep with every year A new Memorial Day. -Contributed by Mrs. Della Webben