

1903



*We'll meet as when we felt the glow,
Whirling hand in hand,
And scored the ice with heel and toe,
Skating to the band.*

Tune - Auld Lang Syne.

JULY 1ST TO 4TH

1903.

THE HOMELAND.

Our migrant spirits spread their wings,
Like the birds of Autumn-day
That build their nests in other climes,
In the Summer's golden ray

Oh the heart's blood rushed in rapture,
As to a martial tread,
When the spirit of adventure
Spun for us its golden thread.

Then we bade good-bye to mother
And to precious kindred ties—
Ah! their parting signals waving
Brought the mist into our eyes.

Far we drifted o'er life's ocean
On the changeful current's sweep,
But the thoughts again of homeland
Come like pleasant dreams in sleep.

Back again to the old homeland,
With our hand upon the door,
It seems as if we feel a touch
We had often felt before.

Then we beg with quiet entreaty
Just to be allowed to peep
Where sainted mother cradled us
With her lullaby to sleep.

But our hearts are quickly beating,
As we pass from room to room,
For a sight of one familiar thing
To lift the heavy gloom

Oh the strangeness creeping o'er us!—
We shudder to recall
The things of old all passed away,
From nook and floor and wall.

But the dear old home of childhood
To fond memory is left,
Like a garden in the summer,
Or a shade in rocky cleft.

We sang "There is a happy land,"
When caged in Sunday School,
And oh the pranksome days we had
Tho' schooled by strap and rule.

The games, the playground and the haunts
That youthful lives regale
Make glad the after years of life
In reminiscent tale.

Where is the land so broad and fair,
In all this bounteous earth,
That can with Canada compare—
The land that gave us birth?

Our fertile lands, the gift of God,
Whose love is everywhere—
Ingrate the soul that doth not bow
The knee in humble prayer.

We'll grasp each hand with fervour,
In friendship full and deep,
As we think of yonder Homeland
In God's eternal keep.

—JOHN WORTH CAMPBELL.



1903. Home.
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