

SOUVENIR BOOKLET
OF THE



SCOTCH SUPPER
AND
CONCERT.

KIRKWALL PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

FEBRUARY 17TH. 1916

REV. NEIL M. LECKIE, B. D., MINISTER

“When all the world is old, lad,
And all the trees are brown;
And all the sport is stale, lad,
And all the works run down.
Creep in and take your place there,
The spent and aged among,
God grant you find a face there,
You loved when all was young.”



A Word To The Wise
Aince mair we meet tae hae a crack thegither.



Scotch Supper and a Braw Night

Wha was hae thocht it! Hoo the time slips awa? Fegs, that's a fac, an' if I can believe ma een, here's the programme o' the Gran' Scotch Supper an' Concert tae be held In the

KIRK WALL KIRK,

on Thursday nicht the 17th of February.

The Laddies an' the Lassies o' the Choir hae gotten it up. Ye'll get yer Supper o' Haggis an' Farrels an' brose, an' all the guid auld Scotch dishes. Com richt on time, sax o' the Clock shairp, fer yer supper, or maybe ye'll get naething but cauld kail het.

A' kins o' folk willbe welcomed: Paisley bodies, Greencock folk, Glasca people, an' the queer folk frae the Shaves; an' last, but no least, Canadians sae truly loyal tae oor guid King. God save the King.

There will be nae reserved seats; a body will be treatit alike, nae matter whether ye're faither was as rich as the Laird o' Dum-biedykes or whether he soopit lums for a leevin an' ye're mither ca'd pirns in the skylight storey o' the back lan up a close in Glesca. Ye can tak ony sate ye see naebody in, or ye can sit beside somebody ye ken. Tak yer wale o' the seats; We're a' alike; there's nae stepbairns amang us.

Come in yer best claes, snod an' clean.

Ye mauna haver or clash when the program's gaun on, but ye can hae a bit crack atween the pieces.

Dinna creeticise yer neebor's bonnet; it's no a nice thing tae dae. The men bodies mauna talk poleteecs.

If ye're pleased, sayt tae yer neebor.

Ye mauna glunch or mak faces when onything disna please ye. Ilka ane's daein his best.

Clap yer hauns when ony o' the company kittles yer lug or yer hairt. They'll tak it kinly, forbye it'll warm ye up a bit.

Bring a plaidie wi ye for yer wee laddie. The nicht may be unco snell.

We'll feenish at elders' oors, tae gie ye time tae get hame afore ye sleep.

When the meetin' scales, gang yer ways hame; dinna saunter: an' hap yer thrapple weel for fear o' the cauld.



THINGS TAE EAT.



Pease Brose.

Haggis.

Grumphy.

Neeps.

Tatties.

Currin Breed.

Yernied Milk.

Baps and Jeely

Trimblin Tam.

Shortbreed.

Crumpets.

Bannocks.

Curlies.

Oat Cakes.

Gundy.

Scudgers.

A wee bit Kebbuck.

Tae.

Clappered Milk.

Bladoch.

Eat a'—Pooch nane.



PROGRAMME.



- 1 Piano Solo.....
Miss RENWICK.
- 2 A few minutes wi' Harry Lauder Songs.....
C. LEROY KENNEY.
- 3 Violin Solo..... Slav Dance BRAHMS.
RICHARD F. CLARKE.
- 4 Vocal Solo.....
Miss ELEANOR G. UPPER.
- 5 Humorous Monologue... "Uncle Josh"..... STEWART
Mr. KENNEY.
- 6 Violin Solo..... "Last Rose of Summer"..... FARMER
Mr. CLARKE.
- 7 A Few Minutes wi' the Memory of Robbie Burns.....
Mr. KENNEY.
- 8 Vocal Solo.....
Miss UPPER.
- 9 Violin Solo..... "Souvenir de Posen"..... WIENIANSKI
Mr. CLARKE.
- 10 Comic Song..... "The Bachelor"..... JONES
Mr. KENNEY.

AULD LANG SYNE.

GOD SAVE THE KING.

Chairman - REV. GEO. A. LITTLE, B. A., GUELPH.

"It is the time when we recall
The friends we hold at heart most dear,
The day, on which to one and all,
We send our kindly words of cheer."

Mrs. Andrew McClure,
Sheffield.

"When the roll is called for honour,
Kirkwall will be there."

Peter W. Patterson,
Galt.

My greetings to auld Kirkwall freens,
I'm unco pleased to ken
Ye're gaun to hae a gathering
To put a "Haggis" ben.
This Bardie wishes he were there
But since it's no his lot,
Sends greetings to your companie,
And trusts he's no forgot.

Wm. Fingland,
255 Dromore Avenue,
Winnipeg, Man.

There's no friends like the old friends
Who have shared our morning days,
No greeting like their welcome,
No homage like their praise;
Fame is the scentless sunflower
With gaudy crown of gold,
But friendship is the breathing rose,
With sweets in every fold.

Maude McQueen,
Hannah, N.D.

Laugh and the world laughs with you,
Weep, and you weep alone;
This sad old earth must borrow its mirth,
But has troubles enough of its own.

Mabel White,
104 Inster Avenue,
Winnipeg, Man.

"You may build more splendid habitations, fill our rooms with paintings and sculptures, but we cannot buy with gold the old associations."

Nettie Riddle,
Toronto, Ont.

"For auld lang syne—A thoct o' kindness."

Mrs. Robt. Fletcher,
Galt., Ont.

So here's to your Scotch supper
From one across the sea;
For home and friends and the "Auld Kirk" too
Are all very dear to me.

Margaret Riddle,
Queen's Can. Hospital,
Shorncliffe, Eng.

Wishing the Kirk and Choir every success in this and all their enterprises. I am, Yours very sincerely,

Stanley Hood.
Oak River, Man.

Scots wha hae at Kirkwall dwelt,
Scots wha in the auld kirk knelt,
Though sundered far on this braw nicht,
Send you their greetings fond and bright.

Minnie E. Humphreys,
Hamilton, Ont.

May all connected with the present Kirkwall congregation, while taking full advantage of the greater opportunities they now have, be as faithful, as loyal and as active in promoting the true welfare of the Church as were the pioneers who laid its foundations.

Mrs. W. Mackintosh,
Madoc, Ont.

A happy New Year to All—so easy to wish, so easy to have; Happiness is born within, is fed by opportunity, grows by appropriation, and flowers by doing God's will.

Wishing all my old friends at Kirkwall a Very Happy and Prosperous New Year.

A. B. Montgomery,
St. Petersburg,
Florida.

Our lives are like a fleeting day
From God, in mercy sent,
And, though our lot be work, not play,
Still, let us be content.

For soon will come the restful night,
With life's tide ebbing low,
Oh, let us make some dark life bright,
With love before we go.

Mrs. R. J. Carrick,
Ayr, Ont.

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot."

James McQueen,
Freelton, Ont.

It is now forty-eight years since I left Kirkwall, but I am often back in the old Kirk in my dreams.

Hearty greetings to all the old friends and best wishes for the continued prosperity of the Church.

Agnes McQueen Lindsay,
Westover, Ont.

"We know what we have been,
We know what we are;
Do we know what we may have to be?
Apart let us draw the red curtains of war."
And think for a moment, and see."

Barbara M. Parker,
Hamilton.

—————
Greetings to the Kirkwall Congregation.

"If I knew you and you knew me,
If both of us could clearly see,
And with an inner sight divine
The meaning of your hearts and mine;
I'm sure that we would differ less,
And clasp our hands in friendliness;
Our thoughts would pleasantly agree
If I knew you and you knew me."

Robert Garrock,
Sheffield, Ont.

—————
Kirkwall, dear old Kirkwall! The home of my boyhood days.
But, alas, where are the faces once so familiar? Lo, they have gone
to their rest! May the young and rising generation be embued with
the same thrift and hospitality as was shown by their predecessors.

Andrew Malcolm,
Galt, Ont.

—————
"One drives to East,
One drives to West,
I drive to Kirkwall
Where honour is best."

Helen Myers,
City Hospital,
Cleveland.

"Sing on, sing mair o' thae auld sangs,
For ilka ane can tell,
O' joy and sorrow in the past,
Where memory loves to dwell."

Sadie B. Coburn,
Grace Hospital,
Detroit.

—————
Greetings from one who cherishes amongst his happiest memories the old days and associations of the Kirkwall Church and Sabbath School; also my best wishes for their peace and prosperity in the days to come.

James Malcolm,
Newbury,
Ontario.

—————
"We stand with the distance between us,
The distance that makes no bar,
And wait for the word of greeting,
That comes to each from afar."

Mrs. Geo. B. Jamieson,
Hannah,
N. Dakota.

—————
"Hale be ye're hairt,
Hale be ye're fiddle,
Lang may ye're elbuch
Jink and diddle."

Walter C. Tait,
Galt, Ont.

—————
"I count myself in nothing else so happy
As in a soul rememb'ring my good friends at home."

Mina Riddle,
Toronto.

"Dear Kirkwall friends while ye dae sit
Around the festive table,
Eating Haggis, Kebbuck and Brose,
As muckle as ye are able,
That I'm no there great sorrow I feel,
But I think o' ye all an' wish ye weel."

Kate A. Humphreys,
Hamilton, Ont.

"Am thinking o' ye often,
A've o'er muckle tae dae;
I would like to be wi' ye.,
But I'm sae far awa."

Elsie A. Valens,
Anna Apartments,
Detroit.

Kirkwall Church!

"Dear little place; men leagues and leagues away
I think of thy haunts of rest each Sabbath Day;
And though they home in crowded cities now,
And in the silence of great temples bow,
Thou hast a place, affection's shrine within,
No late-discovered rival e'er may win—
Thou art a garden mid life's winter snows
From which the rarest, sweetest fragrance blows."

Elizabeth McKnight,
Hamilton, Ont.

"With happy memories of the past,
And recollections pleasant;
Kind wishes for a future bright,
And gladness in the present."

Robert Y. Valens,
Brandon, Man.

Greetings—To the Young People at Kirkwall, Ont.

"Yet life is earnest, youth a joy,
That only once is ours;
O may you well its hours employ,
And passing pluck their fadeless flowers.
Their bloom is fresh, their fragrance sweet,
Without one tinge of sorrow;
Then tarry with them while you may,
Nor fondly count the coming morrow."

William McClure,
Sheffield, Ont.

"Turn back thy thoughts to bygone days,
Let happy memories wake;
And give my greeting welcome sweet,
For 'Auld Acquaintance Sake.'"

George L. McQueen,
Glenboro, Man.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Laing, 40 Mountain Avenue, Hamilton,
extend hearty greetings to old time Kirkwall friends at home and
abroad. We have no more pleasant or cherished recollections than
those of the fifteen years of our early home and Church life spent in
association with Beverley friends and Kirkwall Church.

Greetings!

"Should Auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought tae min',
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
An' days of auld lang syne."

Richie Patterson,
Jerseyville, Ont.

I often think of the happy, helpful days when a boy member of the "Auld Stane Kirk." With kindest greetings to all the old friends who are still left. I am, Cordially yours,

James Austin,
Hannah, N.D.

"I count myself in nothing else so happy,
As in a soul rememb'ring my good friends."

Mr. and Mrs. John G. McQueen,
Fannystelle, Man.

"May the season give you pleasures that remain
All sweet and perfect till we meet again."

Mrs. M. A. Valens,
Sedgewick, Alta.

"Then here's my haun ma trusty freen,
An' gies a haun o' thine;
A' canna see ye a' the nicht,
But I ken ye're daein' fine."

J. M. Jamieson,
Gladstone, Man.

Yours truly,

John W. Valens,
Sedgewick, Alta.

"An unused string in memory's harp
Was softly touched today,
And thoughts of you came crowding fast
God keep you, friends, alway."

Hope McQueen,
Neepawa, Man.

"Greetings and wishes
Cordial and true;
Thoughts for the old times,
Hopes for the new."

Robert Watson,
Kenora, Ont.

My Dear Home Friends:—I am sorry I cannot be present at your Scotch Supper; for I well remember being treated to cream puffs stuffed with wool on one such occasion. I take pleasure in sending New Year Greetings to all my friends in Kirkwall and Valens. We are living in awful times, but may we trust the Great God of Love and Wisdom to lift us above the dark clouds ere 1916 closes. May God's choicest blessings be enjoyed by you all, and may our efforts be to serve God and man faithfully and well.

J. M. Telford,
Weyburn, Sask.

"Yours be every joy and treasure,
Peace, enjoyment, love and pleasure."

Wishing the Church a Prosperous New Year.

Mrs. Alex. Austin,
Imperial, Sask.

"A line on Memories' Page."

Bessie S. Renwick
Galt, Ont.

"Within this little book of thine,
Are thoughts of many a friendly mind,
Expressed in words on which you'll gaze,
In after years with feelings kind."

Geo. Forsythe,
Regina, Sask.

"Lang may yer lum reek
On ither folks' coal."

John M. Tait,
Galt, Ont.

"May this new year be unco rife
O' joys that mak a happy life,
An' may ye get nae scrimpit share,
The wish o' yours, who aye was there."

R. P. Jamieson,
Galt, Ont.

The "First Children of the Manse," though far scattered, are united in wishing Kirkwall Presbyterian Church continued success.

"Therefore my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, for as much as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord."—I Cor. 15: 38.

Mrs. W. P. Mentee,
Miss Stephanie Porteous,
St. Margarets College, Toronto.

John W. Porteous,
10713, 80th Ave.,
Edmonton, Alta.

Mrs. T. B. Porteous,
The Manse, Harrismith,
O. R. C., South Africa.

Miss Kate Porteous,
Headmistress,
Model Infant School,
Gale Street, Durban,
South Africa.

"May ye're guid works abide to the end o' the world, and may ye haud siccar that which is trysted to ye're chairge, that in the end ye may hear the Maister's 'Weel Done,' Kennin that whate'er prevails shall be buskit in white cleddin and shall receive the Starn o' the dawin."—This is the greeting from your friend

John Fingland,
Auburn.

Greetings!

"Out of the fields of remembrance
I glean a sheaf for you—
A golden sheaf of wishes,
To last you your whole life through."

Mrs. Peter Laing,
Main Street, Dundas.

"There's gladness in remembering;
Though far away, I send to you,
Sincerest wishes deep and true."

Mrs. John Paton,
Westover, Ont.

"Gin a body write a body
Gettin' no reply,
Gin a body ask a body
What's the reason why?"

Mrs. W. D. Kinnaird,
Royal Oak,
Sannich, B.C.

"You have a golden page within
The book of treasured memories,
'Tis not the longest wish says most."

Mrs. Robt. Elliot,
Galt, Ont.



OUR HONOR ROLL.



“We stand on guard for thee.”

WM. H. MYERS, Bramshott Camp, England, 34th Batt.

WM. GOOD, Bramshott Camp, England, 34th Batt.

JAS. MANN, Bramshott Camp, England, 34th Batt.

JOHN STEWART, Toronto, 132nd.

BERT STEWART, Toronto, 132nd.

HERB LINGHAM, Galt, 111th.

JOS CLARK, Galt.

DAVID L. PICKETT, Galt, 111th.

ARTHUR CLARK, Galt, 11th.

ELMER ANDREWS, Galt, 111th.

MISS MARGARET RIDDLE, Queen's Can. Hospital,
Shorncliffe, England.