

THE SHORTER CATECHISM.

(WITH PROOFS.)

WHEN I was young and herdit sheep,
I read auld tales o' Wallace wight;
My heid was fou o' sangs and threep
O' folk that feared nae mortal might.
But noo I'm auld and weel I ken
We're made alike o' gowd and mire;
There's saft bits in the stievest men,
The bairnliest's got a spunk o' fire.
Sae hearken to me, lads,
It's truith that I tell;—
There's nae man a' courage—
I ken by mysel'.

I've been an elder forty year,
I've tried to keep the narrow way,
I've walked afore the Lord in fear,
I've never missed the kirk a day,
I've read the Bible in and oot,
I ken the feck o't clean by he'rt;—
But still and on I sair misdoot
I'm better noo than at the stert.
Sae hearken to me, lads,
It's truith I maintain!—
Man's works are but rags, for
I ken by my ain.

I hae a name for dacent trade;
I'll wager a' the countryside
Wad swear nae trustier man was made
The ford to soom, the bent to bide.
But when it comes to coupin' horse,
I'm juist like a' that e'er were born,
I fling my heels and tak' my course—
I'd sell the minister the morn.
Sae hearken to me, lads,
It's truith that I tell :—
There's nae man deid honest—
I ken by mysel'.

JOHN BUCHAN.

threep, many.
bent, coarse grass.

feck, the most.

THE ETERNAL FEMININE.

WHEN I was a freckled bit bairn,
And cam in frae my ploys to the fire,
Wi' my buits a' clamjamphried wi' shairn
And my jaicket a' speldered wi' mire,
I got gloomin' and glunchin' and paiks,
And nae bite frae the press or the pan,
And my auld grannie said, as she skelped me to bed,
“Hech, sirs, what a burden is man!”

When I was a lang-leggit lad,
At waddin's and kirns a gey cheild,
I hae happit a lass in my maud
And gone cauldride that she nicht hae beild,
And convoyed her bye bogles and stirks,
A kiss at the hindmost my plan;
But a' that I fand was the wecht o' her hand,
And “Hech, sirs, what a burden is man!”

When Ailie and me were made yin,
We set up in a canty bit cot;
Sair wrocht we day oot and day in,
We were unco content wi' oor lot.
But whiles wi' a neebor I'd tak
A gless that my heid couldna stan';
Syne she'd greet for a week, and nae word wad she
speak
But “Hech, sirs, what a burden is man!”

She dee'd, and my dochter and me
 For the lave wi' ilk ither maun shift.
 Nae tentier lass could ye see;
 The wooers cam doun like a drift;
 But sune wi' an unco blae glower
 Frae the doorstep they rade and they ran,
 And she'd sigh to hersel', as she gae'd to the well,
 "Hech, sirs, what a burden is man!"

She's mairrit by noo, and she's got
 A white-heided lass o' her ain.
 White-heided mysel, as I stot
 Roond the doors o' her shouther I'm fain.
 What think ye that wean said yestreen?
 I'll tell ye, believe't if ye can;
 She primmed up her mou, and said saft as a doo,
 "Hech, sirs, what a burden is man!"

JOHN BUCHAN.

freckled, active.

clamjamphried, soiled.

paiks, punishment.

maud, plaid.

beild, shelter.

lave, rest.

blae glower, disappointed look.

FISHER JAMIE.

PUIR JAMIE'S killed. A better lad
Ye wadna find to busk a flee
Or burn a püle or wield a gad
Frae Berwick to the Clints o' Dee.

And noo he's in a happier land—
It's Gospel truith and Gospel law
That Heaven's yett maun open stand
To folk that for their country fa'.

But Jamie will be ill to mate;
He lo'ed nae mäsic, kenned nae tünes
Except the sang o' Tweed in spate,
Or Talla loupin' ower its linns.

I sair misdoot that Jamie's heid
A croun o' gowd will never please;
He liked a kep o' dacent tweed
Whaur he could stick his casts o' flees.

If Heaven is a' that man can dream
And a' that honest he'rts can wish,
It maun provide some muirland stream,
For Jamie dreamed o' nocht but fish.

And weel I wot he'll up and speir
In his bit blate and canty way,
Wi' kind Apostles standin' near
Whae in their time were fishers tae.

He'll offer back his gowden croun,
And in its place a rod he'll seek,
And bashfu'-like his herp lay down,
And speir a leister and a cleek.

For Jims had aye a poachin' whim;
He'll sune grow tired, wi' lawfu' flee
Made frae the wings o' cherubim,
O' castin' ower the Crystal Sea.

I picter him at gloamin' tide
Steekin' the backdoor o' his hame
And hastin' to the waterside
To play again the auld, auld game;

And syne wi' saumon on his back,
Catch't clean against the Heavenly law,
And Heavenly byliffs on his track,
Gaun linkin' down some Heavenly shaw.

JOHN BUCHAN.

busk, dress.
gad, rod.
spier, ask.

blate, shy.
steekin', closing.
shaw, hill.