JOHN STERLING.

Born 1806 — Died 1844.

John Sterling, the second son of Edward and Hester Sterling, was born at Kames Castle, in the island of Bute, July 20, 1806. His parents were born in Ireland, but were both of good Scotch families. When John was three years old the family removed to Llanblethian in Glamorganshire, and here his childhood was nurtured amid scenes of wild and romantic beauty. At first he attended a school in the little town of Cowbridge, and when the family removed to London in 1814 he was sent to schools at Greenwich and Blackheath, and finally to Christ's Hospital. When at school he was known as a novel-reader, devouring everything that came in his way. At sixteen he was sent to Glasgow University, and at twenty he proceeded to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he had for his tutor Julius Hare, the future archdeacon, one of his two biographers, Thomas Carlyle being the other. Though not an exact scholar, Sterling became extensively and well read. His studies were irregular and discursive, but extended over a wide range. Among his companions at college were Richard Trench, Frederick Maurice, Lord Houghton (then Monckton Milnes), and others, who were afterwards his fast friends through life.

The law had been originally intended as Sterling's profession, but after hesitating for some time he at last decided upon literature, and, joining his friend Maurice, purchased the *Athenæum*, in which appeared his first literary effusions. In 1830 he married Miss Susannah Barton, daughter of Lieut.-General Barton. Soon after his marriage he became seriously ill —so ill that his life was long despaired of. His lungs were affected, and the doctors recommended a warmer climate. He accordingly went to the West Indies, and spent upwards of a year in the beautiful island of St. Vincent, where some valuable property had been left to the Sterling family by a maternal uncle. In 1832 he returned to England greatly improved in health. From thence he proceeded to Germany, where he met his friend and former tutor, with whom he had much serious conversation on religious topics, which resulted in his entering the Church. He returned to England, was ordained deacon in 1834, and became Mr. Hare's curate at Hertsmonceux immediately after. He entered earnestly on the duties of his new calling, but after a few months he resigned on the plea of delicate health, and returned to London. For the sake of a more genial climate he went to France, and afterwards to Madeira, occupying his leisure hours in writing prose and poetry for *Blackwood*. In addition to his numerous contributions to this magazine and the quarterlies, he was the author of *Arthur Coningsby*, a novel published in 1830. Professor Wilson early recognized his merit as a poet and essayist, and bestowed very lavish praise upon him. He was a swift genius, Carlyle likening him to "sheet-lightning."

For several years Sterling led a kind of nomadic life, fleeing from place to place in search of health. He visited London for the last time in 1843, when Carlyle dined with him. "I remember it," he says, "as one of the saddest dinners; though Sterling talked copiously, and our friends—Theodore Parker one of them—were pleasant and distinguished men. All was so haggard in one's memory, and half-consciously in one's anticipations: sad, as if one had been dining in a ruin, in the crypt of a mausoleum." Carlyle saw Sterling afterwards, and the following is the conclusion of his last interview with him:—"We parted before long; bed-time for invalids being come, he escorted me down certain carpeted back-stairs, and would not be forbidden. We took leave under the dim skies; and, alas! little as I then dreamt of it, this, so far as I can calculate, must have been the last time I ever saw him in the world. Softly as a common evening the last of the evenings had passed away, and no other would come for me for evermore." Sterling died at his residence at

Ventnor in the Isle of Wight, Sept. 18, 1844,—cut down, like Shelley and Keats and Michael Bruce, when on the road to fame. His remains were interred in the beautiful little burial-ground of Bonchurch.

In 1839 a volume of Sterling's poems was issued in London, and reprinted in the United States. They are full of tenderness, fancy, and truth. "The Sexton's Daughter," a striking lyrical ballad written in early youth, is among the most popular of his poetical productions. In 1841 his poem in seven books, entitled "The Election," was published, followed in 1843 by the spirited tragedy of "Strafford." "Essays and Tales by John Sterling, collected and edited, with a Memoir of his Life, by Julius Charles Hare, M. A., Rector of Hertsmonceux," in two volumes, was published in London in 1848. On reading that life, interesting and beautiful though it is, one could not help feeling that there was a great deal remaining untold, and that the tone in speaking of his religious opinion was unnecessarily apologetic. To this circumstance we owe the "Life by Carlyle," in which a correspondent says: "Archdeacon Hare takes up Sterling as a clergyman merely. Sterling I find was a curate for exactly eight months; during eight months and no more had he any special relation to the Church. But he was a man, and had relation to the Universe for eight-and-thirty years; and it is in this latter character, to which all the others were but features and transitory hues, that we wish to know him. His battle with hereditary church formulas was severe; but it was by no means his one battle with things inherited, nor indeed his chief battle; neither, according to my observation of what it was, is it successfully delineated or summed up in this book." And so his countryman and friend gave to the world another and a better portraiture of John Sterling—one of those lovely and noble spirits that charm and captivate all beholders.

TO A CHILD.

Dear child! whom sleep can hardly tame,
As live and beautiful as flame,
Thou glancest round my graver hours
As if thy crown of wild-wood flowers
Were not by mortal forehead worn,
But on the summer breeze were borne,
Or on a mountain streamlet's waves
Came glistening down from dreamy caves.

With bright round cheek, amid whose glow
Delight and wonder come and go;
And eyes whose inward meanings play,
Congenial with the light of day;
And brow so calm, a home for thought
Before he knows his dwelling wrought;
Though wise indeed thou seemest not,
Thou brightenest well the wise man's lot.

That shout proclaims the undoubting mind;
That laughter leaves no ache behind;
And in thy look and dance of glee,
Unforced, unthought of, simply free,
How weak the schoolman's formal art
Thy soul and body's bliss to part!
I hail thee Childhood's very Lord,
In gaze and glance, in voice and word.

In spite of all foreboding fear,
A thing thou art of present cheer;
And thus to be beloved and known,
As is a rushy fountain's tone,
As is the forest's leafy shade,
Or blackbird's hidden serenade:
Thou art a flash that lights the whole—
A gush from nature's vernal soul.

And yet, dear child! within thee lives
A power that deeper feeling gives,
That makes thee more than light or air,
Than all things sweet, and all things fair;
And sweet and fair as aught may be,
Diviner life belongs to thee,
For 'mid thine aimless joys began
The perfect heart and will of man.

Thus what thou art foreshows to me
How greater far thou soon shalt be;
And while amid thy garlands blow
The winds that warbling come and go,
Ever within, not loud but clear,
Prophetic murmur fills the ear,
And says that every human birth
Anew discloses God to earth.

THE ROSE AND THE GAUNTLET.

Low spake the knight to the peasant-girl,—
"I tell thee sooth, I am belted earl;
Fly with me from this garden small,
And thou shalt sit in my castle's hall.

"Thou shalt have pomp, and wealth, and pleasure,
Joys beyond thy fancy's measure;
Here with my sword and horse I stand,
To bear thee away to my distant land.

"Take, thou fairest! this full-blown rose,
A token of love that as ripely blows."
With his glove of steel he pluck'd the token,
But it fell from his gauntlet crushed and broken.

The maiden exclaim'd,—"Thou seest, Sir Knight,
Thy fingers of iron can only smite;
And, like the rose thou hast torn and scatter'd,
I in thy grasp should be wrecked and shattered."

She trembled and blush'd, and her glances fell;
But she turned from the Knight, and said,
"Farewell!"
"Not so," he cried, "will I lose my prize;
I heed not thy words, but I read thine eyes."

He lifted her up in his grasp of steel,
And he mounted and spurred with furious heel;
But her cry drew forth her hoary sire,
Who snatched his bow from above the fire.

Swift from the valley the warrior fled,
Swifter the bolt of the cross-bow sped;
And the weight that pressed on the fleet-foot horse
Was the living man, and the woman's corse.

That morning the rose was bright of hue;
That morning the maiden was fair to view;
But the evening sun its beauty shed
On the wither'd leaves, and the maiden dead.

THE SPICE-TREE.

The spice-tree lives in the garden green;
Beside it the fountain flows;
And a fair bird sits the boughs between,
And sings his melodious woes.

No greener garden e'er was known
Within the bounds of an earthly king;
No lovelier skies have ever shone
Than those that illumine its constant Spring.

That coil-bound stem has branches three;
On each a thousand blossoms grow;
And, old as aught of time can be,
The root stands fast in the rock below.

In the spicy shade ne'er seems to tire
The fount that builds a silvery dome;
And flakes of purple and ruby fire
Gush out, and sparkle amid the foam.

The fair white bird of flaming crest,
And azure wings bedropt with gold,
Ne'er has he known a pause of rest,
But sings the lament that he framed of old.

"O! Princess bright! how long the night
Since thou art sunk in the waters clear!
How sadly they flow from the depth below—
How long must I sing and thou wilt not hear?

"The waters play, and the flowers are gay,
And the skies are sunny above;
I would that all could fade and fall,
And I too cease to mourn my love.

"O! many a year, so wakeful and drear,
I have sorrow'd and watched, beloved, for thee!
But there comes no breath from the chambers of death,
While the lifeless fount gushes under the tree."

The skies grow dark, and they glare with red,
The tree shakes off its spicy bloom;
The waves of the fount in a black pool spread,
And in thunder sounds the garden's doom.

Down springs the bird with long shrill cry,
Into the sable and angry flood;
And the face of the pool, as he falls from high,
Curdles in circling stains of blood.

But sudden again upswells the fount;
Higher and higher the waters flow—
In a glittering diamond arch they mount,
And round it the colours of morning glow.

Finer and finer the watery mound
Softens and melts to a thin-spun veil,
And tones of music circle around,
And bear to the stars the fountain's tale.

And swift the eddying rainbow screen
Falls in dew on the grassy floor;
Under the Spice-tree the garden's Queen
Sits by her lover, who waits no more.

SHAKSPERE.

How little fades from earth when sink to rest
The hours and cares that moved a great man's breast!
Though nought of all we saw the grave may spare,
His life pervades the world's impregnate air:
Though Shakspere's dust beneath our footsteps lies,
His spirit breathes amid his native skies;
With meaning won from him for ever glows
Each air that England feels, and star it knows;
His whispered words from many a mother's voice
Can make her sleeping child in dreams rejoice;

And gleams from spheres he first conjoined to earth,
Are blent with rays of each new morning's birth.
Amid the sights and tales of common things,
Leaf, flower, and bird, and wars, and deaths of kings,—
Of shore, and sea, and nature's daily round,
Of life that tills, and tombs that load, the ground,
His visions mingle, swell, command, pace by,
And haunt with living presence heart and eye;
And tones from him, by other bosoms caught,
Awaken flush and stir of mounting thought,
And the long sigh, and deep impassioned thrill,
Rouse custom's trance and spur the faltering will.
Above the goodly land, more his than ours,
He sits supreme, enthroned in skyey towers;
And sees the heroic brood of his creation
Teach larger life to his ennobled nation.
O shaping brain! O flashing fancy's hues!
O boundless heart, kept fresh by pity's dews!
O wit humane and blithe! O sense sublime!
For each dim oracle of mantled Time!
Transcendant Form of Man! in whom we read
Mankind's whole tale of Impulse, Thought, and Deed!
Amid the expanse of years, beholding thee,
We know how vast our world of life may be;
Wherein, perchance, with aims as pure as thine,
Small tasks and strengths may be no less divine.

THE HUSBANDMAN.

Earth, of man the bounteous mother,
Feeds him still with corn and wine;
He who best would aid a brother,
Shares with him these gifts divine.

Many a power within her bosom,
Noiseless, hidden, works beneath;
Hence are seed, and leaf, and blossom,
Golden ear and clustered wreath.

These to swell with strength and beauty
Is the royal task of man;
Man's a king; his throne is duty,
Since his work on earth began.

Bud and harvest, bloom and vintage—
These, like man, are fruits of earth;
Stamped in clay, a heavenly mintage,
All from dust receive their birth.

Barn and mill, and wine-vat's treasures,
Earthly goods for earthly lives—
These are nature's ancient pleasures;
These her child from her derives.

What the dream, but vain rebelling,
If from earth we sought to flee?
'Tis our stored and ample dwelling;
'Tis from it the skies we see.

Wind and frost, and hour and season,
Land and water, sun and shade—
Work with these, as bids thy reason,
For they work thy toil to aid.

Sow thy seed, and reap in gladness;
Man himself is all a seed;
Hope and hardship, joy and sadness—
Slow the plant to ripeness lead.

THE TWO OCEANS.

Two seas, amid the night,
In the moonshine roll and sparkle—
Now spread in the silver light,
Now sadden, and wail, and darkle;
The one has a billowy motion,
And from land to land it gleams;
The other is sleep's wide ocean,
And its glimmering waves are dreams:
The one, with murmur and roar,
Bears fleet around coast and islet;
The other, without a shore,
Ne'er knew the track of a pilot.

LOUIS XV.

The king with all his kingly train
Had left his Pompadour behind,
And forth he rode in Senart's wood
The royal beasts of chase to find.
That day by chance the monarch mused,
And turning suddenly away,
He struck alone into a path
That far from crowds and courtiers lay.

He saw the pale green shadows play
Upon the brown untrodden earth;
He saw the birds around him flit
As if he were of peasant birth;
He saw the trees that knew no king
But him who bears a woodland axe;
He thought not, but he looked about
Like one who skill in thinking lacks.

Then close to him a footstep fell,
And glad of human sound was he,
For truth to say he found himself
A weight from which he fain would flee.
But that which he would ne'er have guessed
Before him now most plainly came;

The man upon his weary back
A coffin bore of rudest frame.

"Why, who art thou?" exclaimed the king;
"And what is that I see thee bear?"
"I am a labourer in the wood,
And 'tis a coffin for Pierre.
Close by the royal hunting-lodge
You may have often seen him toil;
But he will never work again,
And I for him must dig the soil."

The labourer ne'er had seen the king,
And this he thought was but a man,
Who made at first a moment's pause,
And then anew his talk began:
"I think I do remember now,—
He had a dark and glancing eye,
And I have seen his slender arm
With wondrous blows the pick-axe ply.

"Pray tell me, friend, what accident
Can thus have killed our good Pierre?"
"Oh! nothing more than usual, sir:
He died of living upon air.
'Twas hunger killed the poor good man,
Who long on empty hopes relied:
He could not pay gabell and tax,
And feed his children, so he died."

The man stopped short, and then went on,—
"It is, you know, a common thing;
Our children's bread is eaten up
By courtiers, mistresses, and king."
The king looked hard upon the man,
And afterwards the coffin eyed,
Then spurred to ask of Pompadour,
How came it that the peasants died.

MIRABEAU.[1]

Not oft has peopled earth sent up
So deep and wide a groan before,
As when the word astounded France
—"The life of Mirabeau is o'er!"
From its one heart a nation wailed,
For well the startled sense divined
A greater power had fled away
Than aught that now remained behind.

The seathed and haggard face of will,
And look so strong with weaponed thought,
Had been to many million hearts
The all between themselves and naught;
And so they stood aghast and pale,
As if to see the azure sky
Come shattering down, and show beyond
The black and bare infinity.

For he, while all men trembling peered
Upon the future's empty space,
Had strength to bid above the void
The oracle unveil its face;
And when his voice could rule no more,
A thicker weight of darkness fell,
And tombed in its sepulchral vault
The wearied master of the spell.

A myriad hands like shadows weak,
Or stiff and sharp as bestial claws,
Had sought to steer the fluctuant mass
That bore his country's life and laws;
The rudder felt his giant hand,
And quailed beneath the living grasp
That now must drop the helm of fate,
Nor pleasure's cup can madly clasp.

France did not reck how fierce a storm
Of rending passion, blind and grim,
Had ceased its audible uproar
When death sank heavily on him:
Nor heeded they the countless days
Of toiling smoke and blasting flame,
That now by this one final hour
Were summed for him as guilt and shame.

The wondrous life that flowed so long
A stream of all commixtures vile,
Had seemed for them in morning light
With gold and crystal waves to smile.
It rolled with mighty breadth and sound
A new creation through the land,
Then sudden vanished into earth,
And left a barren waste of sand.

To them at first the world appeared
Aground, and lying shipwrecked there,
And freedom's folded flag no more
With dazzling sun-burst filled the air;
But 'tis in after years for men
A sadder and a greater thing,
To muse upon the inward heart
Of him who lived the people's king.

O! wasted strength! O! light and calm
And better hopes so vainly given!
Like rain upon the herbless sea
Poured down by too benignant heaven—
We see not stars unfixed by winds,
Or lost in aimless thunder-peals,
But man's large soul, the star supreme,
In guideless whirl how oft it reels!

[1] A few of Sterling's minor lyrics, such as "Mirabeau," are eloquent, and, while defaced by conceits and prosaic expressions, show flashes of imagination which brighten the even twilight of a meditative poet.—*E. C. Stedman.*

The mountain hears the torrent dash,
But rocks will not in billows run;
No eagle's talons rend away
Those eyes, that joyous drink the sun;
Yet man, by choice and purpose weak,
Upon his own devoted head
Calls down the flash, as if its fires
A crown of peaceful glory shed.

Alas!—yet wherefore mourn? The law
Is holier than a sage's prayer;
The godlike power bestowed on men
Demands of them a godlike care;
And noblest gifts, if basely used,
Will sternliest avenge the wrong,
And grind with slavish pangs the slave
Whom once they made divinely strong.

The lamp that, 'mid the sacred cell,
On heavenly forms its glory sheds,
Untended dies, and in the gloom
A poisonous vapour glimmering spreads.
It shines and flares, and reeling ghosts
Enormous through the twilight swell,
Till o'er the withered world and heart
Rings loud and slow the dooming knell.

No more I hear a nation's shout
Around the hero's tread prevailing,
No more I hear above his tomb
A nation's fierce bewildered wailing;
I stand amid the silent night,
And think of man and all his woe,
With fear and pity, grief and awe,
When I remember Mirabeau.

THOMAS BRYDSON.

Born 1806 — Died 1855.

Rev. Thomas Brydson, a minister of the Established Church of Scotland, and the author of several fine songs and sonnets, was born at Glasgow in 1806. On completing his studies at the universities of his native city and Edinburgh, he became a licentiate of the Church. He acted successively as an assistant in the parishes of Greenock, Oban, and Kilmalcolm in Renfrewshire; and in 1839 was ordained minister of Levern Church, near Paisley. In 1842 he became parish minister of Kilmalcolm, where he remained until his death, Jan. 28, 1855. In 1829 a volume was published in Glasgow, entitled "Poems by Thomas Brydson," followed in 1831 by "Pictures of the Past," a collection of his poetical compositions, characterized by much sweetness and elegance of expression. He was a frequent contributor to the London annuals, to the *Republic of Letters*, and to the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*. Henry G. Bell said of Brydson's second volume: "With our friend Brydson the readers of the *Journal* are too well acquainted to require a lengthened criticism or recommendation of his little volume at our hands. Here he is as we have ever found him — without any straining for effect—luxuriating in the beautiful and the grand of external nature—unceasingly finding

> —'tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
> Sermons in stones, and good in everything.'

We know none whom we have more reason to esteem for independent and manly sentiment and reflection."

THE FALLEN ROCK.

No mortal hand, save mine, hath yet
Upon thy cold form prest,
Thou mighty rock, just freshly torn
From off the cliff's dark breast,—

So steep that never hunter climbed
Unto its helm of snow,
To gaze across the wide expanse
Of desert spread below.

But yesterday the fleecy cloud
Went curling o'er thy face;
But yesternight the eagle slept
Within thy calm embrace:

While moon and stars, thine ancient friends,
In glory journey'd by,
And bathed thee with their purest light,
Up in the silent sky.

Ah, me! and thou art downward hurl'd
Unto this lowly glen;
From thy majestic place of pride,
Down to the haunts of men;

Thou who throughout all time hast been
So lofty and so lone,
That voice of human joy or grief
Scarce reach'd thy marble throne.

Thou'st stood unmoved, while age on age
Earth's myriads pass'd away;
Strange destiny, methinks, that I
Should mark thyself decay.

ALL LOVELY AND BRIGHT.

All lovely and bright, 'mid the desert of time,
Seem the days when I wander'd with you,
Like the green isles that swell in this far-distant clime,
On the deeps that are trackless and blue.

And now while the torrent is loud on the hill,
And the howl of the forest is drear,
I think of the lapse of our own native rill—
I think of thy voice with a tear.

The light of my taper is fading away,
It hovers, and trembles, and dies;
The far-coming morn on her sea-paths is gray,
But sleep will not come to mine eyes.

Yet why should I ponder, or why should I grieve
O'er the joys that my childhood has known?
We may meet, when the dew-flowers are fragrant at eve,
As we met in the days that are gone.

DUNOLLY CASTLE.[1]

The breezes of this vernal day
Come whispering through thine empty hall,
And stir, instead of tapestry,
The weed upon its wall,—

And bring from out the murmuring sea,
And bring from out the vocal wood,
The sound of nature's joy to thee,
Mocking thy solitude.

Yet, proudly 'mid the tide of years
Thou lift'st on high thine airy form,—
Scene of primeval hopes and fears!
Slow yielding to the storm.

From thy gray portal, oft at morn,
The ladies and the squires would go;
While swell'd the hunter's bugle-horn
In the green glen below.

And minstrel harp, at starry night,
Woke the high strain of battle here;
When with a wild and stern delight,
The warrior stoop'd to hear.

All fled for ever! leaving nought
Save lonely walls in ruin green,
Which dimly lead my wandering thought
To moments that have been.

PO'K-HEAD WOOD.[2]

O, Po'k-head wood is bonnie,
When the leaves are in their prime:
O, Po'k-head wood is bonnie
In the tunefu' summer time.

Up spake the brave Sir Archibald—
A comely man to see—
'Twas there I twined a bower o' the birk
For my true love and me.

The hours they lichtsomely did glide,
When we twa linger't there;
Nae human voices but our ain
To break the summer air.

O, sweet in memory are the flowers
That blossom'd round the spot,—
I never hear sic music noo,
As swell'd the wild bird's note.

The trembling licht amang the leaves—
The licht and the shadows seen—
I think of them and Eleanor,
Her voice and love-fill'd een.

O, Po'k-head wood is bonnie,
When the leaves are in their prime;
O, Po'k-head wood is bonnie
In the tunefu' summer time.

[1] The remains of this picturesque ruin occupy a fine site on the shore of the bay of Oban.—Ed.

[2] Po'k-head is a local contraction for Pollock-head; a wood on the Pollock estate in Renfrewshire.—Ed.

I KENNA WHAT'S COME OWER HIM.

I kenna what's come ower him,
He's no the lad he used to be;
I kenna what's come ower him,
The blythe blink has left his e'e.
He wanders dowie by himsel',
Alang the burn and through the glen:
His secret grief he winna tell—
I wish that he would smile again.

There was a time—alake the day!—
Ae word o' mine could mak' him glad;
But noo, at every word I say,
I think he only looks mair sad.
The last time I gaed to the fair
Wi' Willie o' the birken-clengh,
Like walkin' ghost he met us there—
And sic a storm was on his broo!

I'm wae to see the chiel sae glum,
Sae dismal-like frae morn to e'en;
Than sic a east as this had come,
I'd rather Willie ne'er ha'e seen.
I kenna what's come ower him,
He's no the lad he used to be:
I kenna what's come ower him—
The blythe blink has left his e'e.

THE EARTHQUAKE.

Her parents and her lover waved adieu
From out the vine-clad cottage, and away
The maiden pass'd, like sunbeam from the day,
Into the ancient forest, to renew
Her wonted task of gath'ring lowly flowers
For the far city:—Innocent and young
She wander'd, singing to the birds, that sung
Amid the balmy foliage of the bowers.
Eve fell at length—and to the well-known steep,
That gave again her native vale to view,
The maiden came.—Earth shook—and, burst-
ing thro',
She sees an ocean o'er that valley sweep.—
Ah, me!—she has, 'neath heaven's all-circling
dome,
No parent—and no lover—and no home!

THE GIPSIES.

It is the night—and ne'er from yonder skies,
High-piled amid the solitudes of time,
And based on all we vainly call sublime,
Did she look lovelier with her starry eyes;—
The music of the mountain-rill comes down,
As if it came from heaven with peace to earth,
And from yon ruin'd tower, where ages gone
Have left their footsteps—hark! the voice of
mirth:
The gipsy wanderers, with their little band
Of raven-tressèd boys and girls, are there;
And when the song of that far-distant land,
From whence they sprung, is wafted through the
air,
I dream of scenes where towers the mystic
pile—
The Arab and his wastes—the rushings of the
Nile!

FALLING LEAVES.

Down fall the leaves; and, o'er them as we tread,
'Tis strange to think they were the buds of
spring,
Whose balm-breath met us on the zephyr's
wing,
When mirth and melody were round us spread,
And skies in placid brightness overhead,
And streams below with many a dimpled ring!
'Tis strange to think, that when the bee did
sing
Her sunny song, on summer's flowery mead,
They were the locks that waved on summer's
brow!
But stranger far, to think, that the white bones
We tread upon, among the churchyard stones,
Once moved about, as we are moving now
In youth, in manhood, and in hoary age—
Oh! then, let time and change our thoughts
engage!

RETROSPECTION.

We look upon ourselves of other days,
As if we looked on beings that are gone;
For fancy's magic ray hath o'er them thrown
A glory, that grows brighter as we gaze!
Then, then, indeed, was pleasure's mirthful maze
Our own, and happiness no shade as now:
We met her on the mead, and on the brow
Of the unpeopled mountain, and her ways
Were where our footsteps wandered. Still we
see
Her phantom form, that flits as we pursue
O'er the same scenes, where jocund once and
free,
And all unsought, she with our young thoughts
grew!
So, to the parting sailor, evermore
She seems to linger on his native shore.

A REMEMBERED SPOT.

There is a spot in flowery beauty lying,
Clasp'd in the silver arms of a small stream.
Flowing from hill-tops, where, when day was dying,
I've seen the distant cities like a dream;
That spot was unfrequented, I did deem,
Save by myself, the wild bird, and the bee,
Far off; the ring-dove, from her forest tree,
Told the wide reign of solitude. Here came,
Sweet Shakspere, first, thy visions to my mind—
Around me were thy woods—Miranda's isle,
And circling waters were my own the while;
And Juliet's woes would voice the moonlight wind,
Bidding me to my home. That lonely spot,
By me can never—never be forgot!

A THOUGHT.

Though far away,
Though ruthless Time have scatter'd memory's dream;
Some scenes can ne'er decay,
But rest where all is change, like islands on a stream.

ANDREW PARK.

Born 1807 — Died 1863.

Andrew Park was a native of the town of Renfrew, where he was born, March 7, 1807. He was taught first at the parish school, and then finished his education at the University of Glasgow. In his fifteenth year he was employed in a commission warehouse in Paisley, and while a resident of that town he published a poem in sonnets entitled "The Vision of Mankind." When about twenty he removed to Glasgow, and became a salesman in a hat manufactory. After a time he began business on his own account, which not proving very successful he disposed of his stock and went to London. Previous to leaving Scotland he issued in 1834 another volume of poems entitled the "Bridegroom and the Bride," which was welcomed as a higher effort than his former production. His prospects in the metropolis not turning out so bright as he expected, he returned to Glasgow in 1841, and purchased the stock of Dugald Moore the poet, then recently dead, and became a bookseller. That new business being also unsuccessful, he soon abandoned it, and devoted his time to literary pursuits. In 1843 he published "Silent Love," his most successful literary work, as the production of a James Wilson, a druggist in Paisley. A beautiful edition of this poem in small quarto was published in 1845, with illustrations by Mr. (now Sir) J. Noel Paton. In 1856 he visited Egypt and other eastern countries, and the following year published a narrative of his travels entitled *Egypt and the East*.

Park's poems were originally published in twelve volumes, and the whole of his poetical works were again issued in 1854 by Bogue of London in one large volume. In one of his poems, entitled "Veritas," he gives a narrative of the principal events of his life up to the period of its publication in 1849. His songs were either humorous, sentimental, or patriotic: they possess both lyrical beauty and power, and have taken their position amongst the poetry of Scotland. Several of them have been set to music, and have enjoyed an unusual degree of popularity. Mr. Park died at Glasgow, Dec. 27, 1863. Before his death he expressed a wish to be interred in the Paisley Cemetery, where his friend James Fillans the sculptor had been buried. The poet's funeral took place on 2d January, 1864, and his bier was followed to the grave by two hundred mourners. His friends and admirers erected to his memory a handsome granite pedestal eight feet high, surmounted by a colossal bronze bust of the poet, which was inaugurated on 7th March, 1867, and handed over to the corporation of Paisley for preservation.

SILENT LOVE.

(EXTRACT.)

No man e'er loved like me! When but a boy,
Love was my solace and my only joy;
Its mystic influence fired my tender soul,
And held me captive in its soft control!
By night, it ruled in bright ethereal dreams,
By day, in latent, ever-varying themes;
In solitude, or 'mid the city's throng,
Or in the festal halls of mirth and song;
Through loss or gain, through quietude or strife,
This was the charm, the heart-pulse of my life.
While age has not subdued the flame divine,
A votary still I worship at the shrine!
When cares enthrall, or when the soul is free,
'Tis all the same. No man e'er loved like me!

Oh! she was young who won my yielding heart;
Nor power of poesy, nor painter's art,
Could half the beauties of her mind portray,
E'en when inspired, and how can this my lay?
Two eyes that spoke what language ne'er can do,
Soft as twin-violets moist with early dew!
And on her cheek the lily and the rose
Blent beauteously in halcyon repose;
While vermil lips, apart, reveal'd within
Two rows of pearls, and on her dimpled chin
The Graces smiled; a bosom heaved below,
Warm as the sun, but pure as forest snow;
Her copious ringlets hung in silken trains
O'er alabaster, streak'd with purpling veins;
Her pencill'd eyebrows, arching fair and high
O'er lids so pure they scarcely screen'd the eye!
A form symmetral, moving forth in grace
Like heaven-made Eve, the mother of our race;
And on her brow benevolence and truth
Were chastely throned in meek, perennial youth;
While every thought that had creation there
But made her face still more divinely fair;
And every fancy of her soul express'd
On that fair margin what inspired her breast,
Pure as the sunbeams gild the placid deep,
When zephyrs close their wings in listless sleep.

This maiden won my heart; oh! is it vain
To say, perhaps hers was return'd again?
To say, she read the language of my eyes,
And knew my thoughts, unmingled with disguise?
Is it too much to say, that eyes reveal
What words in vain but struggle to conceal?
That silent love is not far more sincere
Than vaunting vows—those harbingers of fear!
Deep-rooted veneration breathes no sound;—
Back, mortal, back, ye stand on holy ground!
Hid in the heart's recess, like precious ore,
It lies in brilliant beauty at the core!
Or, as the moon, sweet empress of the night!
Reflecting, gives, in modest, mellowy light,
The sun's refracting rays—her destined part—
So genuine feeling steals from heart to heart!

Laugh not, ye sordid sons, ye beings cold,
Who measure all your greatness by your gold,—
Whose marble bosoms never once could feel
What friendship, love, and sympathy reveal;
Learn but one truth, 'twill not reduce your stores,
Love higher than your gilded riches soars,
Your demi-god a meaner thing must be
Than Cupid proves. No man e'er loved like me!

Think not a glance too transient to destroy
The calmness of the mind with mingled joy;
Judge for yourselves, but make no strictures here,
Set no mean limits to its hope and fear.
Many could tell, if they but had the art,
The stirring power with which it throbs the heart,
Thrills every nerve, pursues through every vein
Its path electric till it fires the brain;
And trembling there like needle to the pole,
Strange blushes rise in crimson from the soul;
The heaving breast, in respiration free,
Convulsive feels with innate ecstasy.

SANDYFORD HA'.

Ye'll a' get a bidding to Sandyford Ha',
Ye'll a' get a bidding to Sandyford Ha';
When summer returns wi' her blossoms sae
braw,
Ye'll a' get a bidding to Sandyford Ha'.

This dwelling, though humble, is airy and clean,
Wi' a hale hearty wifie baith honest and bien,
An' a big room below for the gentry that ca',—
Ye'll a' get a bidding to Sandyford Ha'.
A wooden stair leads to the attics aboon,
Whar ane can look out to his friends in the moon,
Or rhyme till saft sleep on his eyelids shall fa':—
Ye'll a' get a bidding to Sandyford Ha'.

An' when a lang day o' dark care we hae closed,
An' our heart wi' the bitter ingredient is dozed,
We'll puff our Havana, on hope we will ca',
An' our chief guest be pleasure at Sandyford Ha'.
Ye'll no need to ask me to sing you a sang,
For the wee thochtless birdies lilt a' the day lang;
The lintie, the laverock, the blackbird an a',
Ilk day hae a concert at Sandyford Ha'.

There's palace-like mansions at which ye may
stare,
Where Luxury rolls in her saft easy-chair,—
At least puir folks think sae,—their knowledge
is sma',
There's far mair contentment at Sandyford Ha'.
There's something romantic about an auld house,
Where the cock ilka morning keeps crawing fu'
crouse,
An' the kye in the byre are baith sleekit an' braw,
An' such is the case at blythe Sandyford Ha'.

In the garden we'll sit 'neath the big beechen tree,
As the sun dips his bright-burnish'd face in the sea,
Till night her gray mantle around us shall draw,
Then we'll a' be fu' cantie in Sandyford Ha'.
At morning when music is loud in the sky,
An' dew, like bright pearls, on roses' lips lie,
We'll saunter in joy when the lang shadows fa',
'Mang the sweet-scented groves around Sandyford Ha'.

HURRA FOR THE HIGHLANDS!

Hurra for the Highlands! the stern Scottish Highlands!
The home of the clansman, the brave and the free;
Where the clouds love to rest, on the mountain's rough breast,
Ere they journey afar o'er the islandless sea.

'Tis there where the cataract sings to the breeze,
As it dashes in foam like a spirit of light;
And 'tis there the bold fisherman bounds o'er the seas,
In his fleet, tiny bark, through the perilous night.

'Tis the land of deep shadow, of sunshine and shower,
Where the hurricane revels in madness on high;
For there it has might that can war with its power,
In the wild dizzy cliffs that are cleaving the sky,

I have trod merry England, and dwelt on its charms;
I have wander'd through Erin, that gem of the sea;
But the Highlands alone the true Scottish heart warms,
Her heather is blooming, her eagles are free.

THE AULD FOLKS.

The auld folks sit by the fire,
When the winter nichts are chill;
The auld wife she plies her wire,
The auld man he quaffs his yill.
An' meikle an' lang they speak
O' their youthfu' days gane by,
When the rose it was on the cheek,
And the pearl was on the eye!

They talk o' their bairnies' bairns,
They talk o' the brave an' free,
They talk o' their mountain-cairns,
And they talk of the rolling sea.—
And meikle an' lang they speak
O' their youthfu' days gane by,
When the rose it was on the cheek,
An' the pearl was on the eye!

They talk o' their friends lang gane,
And the tear-draps blin' their e'e;
They talk o' the cauld kirk-stane
Whare sune they baith maun be.
Yet each has had their half
O' the joys o' this fitful sphere,
So whiles the auld folk laugh,
And whiles they drap a tear!

FLOWERS OF SUMMER.

Flowers of summer, sweetly springing,
Deck the dewy lap of earth;
Birds of love are fondly singing
In their gay and jocund mirth:
Streams are pouring from their fountains,
Echoing through each rugged dell;
Heather bells adorn the mountains,
Bid the city, love! farewell.

See the boughs are rich in blossom,
Through each sunlit, silent grove;
Cast all sorrow from thy bosom—
Freedom is the soul of love!
Let us o'er the valleys wander,
Not a frown within us dwell,
And in joy see Nature's grandeur—
Bid the city, love! farewell.

Morning's sun shall then invite us
By the ever-sparkling streams;
Evening's fall again delight us
With its crimson-coloured beams.
Flowers of summer sweetly springing,
Deck the dewy lap of earth;
Birds of love are loudly singing,
In their gay and joeund mirth.

THE BANKS OF CLYDE.

How sweet to rove at summer's eve
By Clyde's meandering stream,
When Sol in joy is seen to leave
The earth with crimson beam.
When island-clouds that wander'd far
Above his sea-couch lie,
And here and there some gem-like star
Re-opes its sparkling eye.

I see the insects gather home,
That lov'd the evening ray;
And minstrel birds that wanton roam,
And sing their vesper lay:
All hurry to their leafy beds
Among the rustling trees,
Till morn with new-born beauty sheds
Her splendour o'er the seas.

Majestic seem the barks that glide,
As night creeps o'er the sky,
Along the sweet and tranquil Clyde,
And charm the gazer's eye,
While spreading trees with plumage gay
Smile vernal o'er the scene,
And all is balmy as the May—
All lovely and serene.

THERE IS A BONNIE FLOWER.

There is a bonnie blushing flower,
But ah! I darena breathe the name!
I fain would steal it frae its bower,
Though a' should think me sair to blame.
It smiles sae sweet amang the rest,
Like brightest star where ithers shine;
Fain would I place it in my breast,
And make this bonnie blossom mine.

At morn, at sunny noon, whene'er
I see this fair, this favourite flower,
My heart beats high, with wish sincere,
To wile it frae its bonnie bower!—
But oh! I fear to own its charms,
Or tear it frae its parent stem,
For should it wither in my arms,
What would revive my bonnie gem!

Awa'—ye coward thoughts, awa'—
That flower can never fade with me,
That frae the wint'ry winds that blaw
Round each neglected bud is free!
No; it shall only bloom more fair,
When cherish'd and ador'd by me,
And a' my joy, and a' my care,
This bonnie blushing flower shall be!

JAMES MACDONALD.

Born 1807 — Died 1848.

James Macdonald, A.M., the author of many Sabbath-school hymns and several still popular Scottish songs, was born at Culcreuch, in the parish of Fintry, Stirlingshire, September 18, 1807. He was educated at the University of Glasgow, where he graduated, and also passed through the theological classes with the view of becoming a minister in the Established Church. He began life as a teacher in the parish of Drymen at the age of seventeen, and subsequently (1833) during his theological course he taught in a boarding-school in the manse of Kincardine Blair-Drummond. On the termination of this engagement he went to Glasgow, where he was for a time occupied as a private tutor. Having relinquished the intention of entering the ministry, he joined the printing establishment of the Messrs. Blackie of that city as a corrector of the press. In this calling he had no superior in Scotland, and as a proof-reader of Greek no equal. While thus occupied he became an earnest and devoted Sunday-school teacher, and composed many sweet hymns for the use of his pupils. Macdonald's mind being still bent upon teaching, he accepted an invitation about the year 1845 to take charge of a school in Blairgowrie, where he laboured for a time with much acceptance. He removed to another school in Dundee, and finally to the village of Catrine in Ayrshire, where he died May 27, 1848, after a lingering illness.

Macdonald's poems and lyrics appeared in various collections, such as the *Book of Scottish Song*, and in various papers and periodicals, but they have not been published in a collected form. His only separate publications are two booklets of "Hymns for the Use of Sunday-schools," in which he was always deeply interested. His poems display considerable poetic merit and a spirit of genuine piety. In a letter to the Editor, dated September 24,

1875, Dr. Macdonald, of the Free Church, North Leith, writes, "Macdonald was an excellent, warm-hearted, and most useful man, and I loved him warmly. I am unable to give any precise particulars of his life while at Blairgowrie. He was an admirable and enthusiastic teacher, and was greatly esteemed by young and old. I will only add that in all Christian work I ever found him a very hearty and loving helper."

THE WILDERNESS WELL.

A DIDACTIC POEM.

(EXTRACT.)

"Ho ye that thirst approach the spring
Where living waters flow,
Free to that sacred fountain all
Without a price may go."—*Par. Is.* lv. 1.

So sang the son of Amoz, as he saw,
In vision bright, the coming Saviour's day,
When David's throne and sceptre would give law
To men in nations, loving to obey.
With glowing breast and eye of fervid ray
The prophet gazed along the course of time,
And poured in golden drops the melting lay
Of heaven's grace revealed to every clime,
When David's Son should leave his realms on high,
And come to earth for wretched man to die.
Within the veil of heaven's sacred fane,
The holy man in vision sweet was led,
And taught the numbers of the seraph strain—
The joyful words that sinless beings said
Of God the Son, whose feet were yet to tread
The dust of earth, and fallen man restore,
When Judah's crown and sceptre's might had fled,
And law begirt the tribes of God no more,
A lowly thrill rushed through the prophet's breast,
He cried "Unclean," and quailed at Heaven's behest.
While basking in the rays of wondrous light,
A scene of gladness filled his ravished eye,
Messiah's reign and kingdom blessed his sight,
In all the grandeur of the eternal sky.
He saw the angels of the Lord on high
Descend in gorgeous light on Bethlehem's plain,
And raise the hallelujah symphony
Of man restored to Heaven's love again,
Redemption's glories in a boundless cloud
Of peerless, priceless gems around him crowd.
He saw the night of darkness flee away,
He saw the Sun of Righteousness arise
To cheer the earth with beams of healing ray,
And make the desert wear the garden's dyes.
His lit eye saw the Fountain of the skies
Run far and wide o'er many a dreary plain,
Creating where it flowed a paradise
Of flowery grandeur, feeding on the rain,
And dew, and light, and smile of Heaven above,
And slumb'ring in the arms of holy love.
He saw, and in his joy of heart he sung
And cried aloud on all the tribes of earth,
Of every nation, kindred, hue, and tongue,
To hail with joy their great Redeemer's birth,
And sing in hymns of loud-resounding mirth
The jubilee of Heaven's Lord and King,
Whose loving sceptre scatters every dearth
That hunger, thirst, and wretchedness can bring.
He saw the Shiloh come—the prophet ran,
And bade men kiss the lowly Son of man.
Messiah came to earth,—the Vine Branch came,—
The Fountain flowed,—the Balm of Gilead grew.
The King, the mighty Counsellor by name,
Glid down on Judah's mountains like the dew.
Proud Salem saw her King; but, ah! how few
Revered the name of Mary's righteous Son!
She saw his wonders, heard his doctrines true,
And paid him with the cross for what he'd done.
But on his cross Christ won his golden crown;
'Twas from his side the fount of life ran down,
That shall through ages pour its balmy stream,
And shed the blessing of its gentle cure
On all who will to see its joyous gleam,
And wash their bodies in its waters pure.
The broken-hearted, sick, and lowly poor,
The wand'ring sinner, weeping 'neath his load,
And they who dread the pangs the damned endure,
Alone are found to seek the hill of God.
Go, ask at them, for they alone can tell
What Zion is, whence flows their Desert Well.

THE THREE AGES.

CHILDHOOD.

'Tis sweet to look on a new-blown flower;
To watch the tints of the summer sky;
To lurk in the depths of a sylvan bower,
Lulled by the lone stream's lullaby.

'Tis sweet to view, at the opening day,
The pearls that gem the green-clad earth;
And hear the burst of the song-birds' lay—
The morning hymn of their love and mirth.

'Tis sweet to stand, at the dusky hour,
By the pebbly rim of a glassy lake,
While myriad stars, in a silent shower,
Drop calmly down as a silv'ry flake.

But where's the sight, on the earth or sky,
By the garden bower, or woodland wild,
Where aught so sweet as the heavenward eye,
And fervent look, of a praying child?

The cherub form seems not of this land,
No tenant of earthly mould or clay,
But a stranger—come from the seraph band
On Zion's hill, in the realms of day,

A dream of light,—a vision of might,—
A starbeam eased in a mortal urn,—
A soul of bliss from spheres of delight,—
An incense breath from the lamps that burn

Around the throne of the Unseen Power
That ruleth beyond the depths of night,—
A sainted seer of the heavenly dower,
That waits the good in the land of light;

Come here to tell to the earthly mind
Of the hopes that spring where fears begin,
And rend in twain the fetters that bind
Poor man a slave to the ways of sin.

Then smile not thou at its lowly prayer,
Though short its cry for mercy appear;
An angel band is hovering there,
And He that bled still deigneth to hear.

Round childhood's day shines many a ray,
Of beauteous gleam and of nameless dye;
But the hour the young heart strives to pray
Brings brightest joy to a parent's eye.

YOUTH.

O fairest season in the life of man!
Sweet noontide of his short and chequered day!
Who would not wish to live again that span
Of radiant hopes and feelings, ever gay,
Which round the heart, like sunbeams in the stream,
In many a glad and glittering halo ran!—
Such as of old young poets used to dream
Begirt the brow of her that led the van
Of merry maids, who danced on vine-clad hills
To the soft tinkling music of old Grecian rills.

That morn! the young mind breaks its golden cell,
And finds its wings expand o'er trackless air;
Oh what a gush of towering fancies swell
In billowy madness, and a power that ne'er
Would seem to bend beneath misfortune's gale!
No new-fledged bird that roams the summer dell
Is half so fond of earth's rich flowery vale—
So vainly dreams in ceaseless joy to dwell
Amid its sunny haunts and smiling flowers,
Bathed in the blessed dew of heaven's balmy showers.

The song of birds—the lulling hum of bees—
The bleat of lambs—the evening waterfall—
The shepherd's pipe—the dulcet summer breeze—
The milkmaid's merry lay—commingled, all
In soft harmonious cadence charm the ear,
And make earth seem but one vast music-hall—
One choir of joy—this life a long career
Of sweets whereon the heart should never pall:
O happy time, O days of careless glee—
Of golden morning dreams—from pain and sorrow free!

But ah! what snares athwart its pathway lie,
What fraud is used to lure it from the way
Its fond heart seeks beyond yon spangled sky,
And chain it under sin's corrosive sway!
O youth, beware, for myriad unseen foes
By night, by day, their ruthless trick'ries try
Thy soul to rifle of its dower on high,
And rob thy young heart of its soft repose—
Its bed of peace—its hopes of high renown—
Then leave thee to the world's sneer and desolating frown.

But happy he! who, like that maiden fair,
Whom painter's art has reared before our eyes,
With willing heart receives a mother's care
To lead him wisdom's way, and gain that prize
So dearly won—so fraught with love and grace
For all to seek, which all may win and share:
O who would not this cold world's wiles efface,
And, with a will deep-fixed, for ever dare
To baffle all the snares that sin has wove,
And lose earth's fleeting joy for deathless bliss above?

OLD AGE.

A lonely hamlet, with its house of prayer,
To which a matron's guided on her way,
By one that shows a daughter's tender care,
And, by their side, a child that seems to pray,

Is all the scene—but, while we fondly gaze,
What thoughts of Life and Death these objects raise.

We leave weak childhood's morn of smiles and tears,
And youth's full tide of gaiety and glee,
To commune with the hoary man of years,
Who longs from out this vale of tears to be,
And find that rest he here has sought in vain,
Beyond the reach of vanity and pain.

Pilgrim of life! what though thy locks be gray,
Thine eye be dim, thy cheek be wan and pale;
Tho' gone the strength of youth's exulting day,
And e'en the mind itself begin to fail;
Ne'er let the tear of grief bedim thine eye,
Thy desert's crossed—thy Jordan's rolling nigh!

Though friends have dropped like brown leaves from the tree,
And hopes be dead that once bloomed fresh and fair:
Though all alone on earth thou seem'st to be,
No one so poor as with thy grief to share;
Lift up thine eyes in faith to Him that bled—
The cloud is past—thy solitude has fled.

A few more steps—thy weary feet at last,
With joy, shall tread that gorgeous sunny shore,
Where, nestled safe, the withering simoom blast
Of pangs and cares shall beat on thee no more—
No more along our earth a wanderer driven,
Thy panting breast has found a home in heaven.

HYMN.

(FROM THE WILDERNESS WELL.)

Oh God above,
Thou art our love.
And hope of life always;
Thy name is all our praise;
Thine arm is our salvation sure;
Thy loving-kindness shall endure
Through never-ending days.
When fades the light and glory of the sun,
Thy truth a pure and blessed stream shall run
In climes where first its blessed flow begun.
Like dew by heaven's light
Again it shall ascend,
And with eternal might
It shall in radiance bright
And glory never end.

Jehovah, Lord,
Be thou adored,
Almighty Three-in-One,
Thy love hath wonders done.
Jordan's stream and Tabor hill,
Sychar's well and Kedron's rill,
Revealed thy great and gorgeous plan
Of love and wondrous grace to man;
There rose thy Sun of righteousness and love:
There, robed with all the might of Heaven above,
Thine image stood, the fulness of thy grace,
Thy Godhead radiant in his living face;
Thy messenger—our sacrifice;
Thine only Son—our only prize,
Who came to seek and save
The sons of misery,
And by his dying gave
Them hope beyond the grave
Of glory in the sky.
Immanuel,
Around thee dwell
The majesty and might
Of Heaven's glories bright:
Seraphs tune their golden lyres,
Angel hosts before thee bend,
Endless love each breast inspires;
Unto thee they kneel and send
All the glowing soul's desires,
Their first, and last, and only Friend.
With lowly heart we here would lend
Our feeble voice, and join the lay—
The hymn of everlasting day.
But ah! what can we say or sing
To Heaven's Lord—to Heaven's King?
Oh what can dust and ashes bring
To Him whose sceptre rules the earth and sky,
To Him who sits on glory's throne on high,
'Mid grandeurs which no mortal hand or eye
Can think or see in frailty's dress,
Till o'er this weary wilderness,
With sorrow's heavy load,
Our wand'ring feet have trode?
But, glory to thy name,
Thou art, O Lord, the same
As when on earth thou gav'st thy willing aid
To him who in distress a prayer made
Upon destruction's brink,
And looked at thee and said,
Help me, Jesus, or I sink.
Thou great I Am,
Thou mercy's Lamb,
Thou Lamp of light,
Thou Branch of might,
Thou Fount of cleansing wave,
Thou Balm to cure,
Thou Rock to hide,
Thou Friend of poor,
To guard and guide,
Thou'rt ever nigh to save.
Thou hear'st the moan and lowly cry
Of sorrow's bed, where poor men lie

On pillows wet with bitter tears,
Crushed by an avalanche of fears,
And swathed in clouds of awful gloom,
Portending nought but horror's doom;
Thou lift'st the lattice of the sky,
And pour'st upon the weary eye
A flood of hope on angel wing
That makes the vexed man to sing.
The child of grief and woe by thee is seen,
As every prop on which he loved to lean
By angry tides is loosed and swept away,
O'erwhelmed by waves, or made the tempest's play,
He looks without, on life's tumultuous sea,
He looks within, where comfort used to be,
Nor there, nor here, one vestige can he find
Of all that once was sacred to his mind,
He feeds on sorrow's bread, and fills with tears
The cup that cheered the noon-day of his years.
O God! man's lays are but a dream at best,
Till thou in mercy com'st to cheer his breast,
And turn his heart from trusting on a reed
So sure to break, and breaking sure to bleed.
Then all is changed, his harp is tuned to sing,
Of thee the Lord, his Prophet, Priest, and King.

Oppression's groan
The heavy load,
The blist'ring goad,
The blood-hound's greedy yell,
The vulture's hoarded cell,
By thee is known,
The captive's clanking chain,
Pale famine's cry and pain,
Dost thou not hear?
And sorrow's blist'ring tear,
And hunger's trembling fear,
The tyrant's choking fangs,
His victim's silent pangs,
The weary bloodshot eye,
The heavy throbbing sigh,
Man's bale and misery,
Dost thou not see?

O gracious God of love, who feed'st the leaves
That dangle on each shrub, and bush, and tree,
Thine eye, thine ear, no vail of fraud deceives,
No lying tissue throws its net o'er thee.
The dwelling place of justice is thy throne—
Great God in man! thy love will yet appear,
Thy day will come—thy wisdom shall be shown,
Dread retribution's judgment hour is near.

O Father great,
Upon thee wait
All living things on earth:
The forest bends to thee,
The ocean owns its birth,
Thine, mighty God, to be.
The dew smiles by thy power,
The grass feeds from thy hand,
Thy Godhead owns the flower,
The wind knows thy command,
The stream by thee is taught to know its way,
The bird inquires at thee what song to sing,
Thy voice the sun, and moon, and stars obey,
All heaven, earth, and hell proclaim thee King.

Thy way is light,
Thine arm is might,
To sink or save
A worm or world
From desolation's grave.
Thy truth unfurled
On Sinai's hill,
Thy holy will
On Bethlehem's plain,
Send joy and peace to every strand,
And fall on bosoms pierced with pain,
As dew-drops on a parched land,
Or silver rain;
And they who taste delight to dwell,
As we do, round thy Desert Well.

THE THISTLE.

Loo'st thou the thistle that blooms on the mountain,
And decks the fair bosom o' Scotland's green howes?
Loo'st thou the floweret o' Liberty's fountain,
The emblem o' friendship that guards as it grows?
The wee lamb may sleep 'neath its shade wi' its mither,
The maukin may find 'neath its branches a lair,
And birds o' ilk feather may there flock thegither,
But wae to the wretch wha our thistle wad tear!

Loo'st thou the thistle? the broad leaves it weareth
Are gemm'd o'er wi' pearls o' morning's sweet dew—
Lo! on ilk dew-drop a dear name it beareth—
The name of a' freeman o' leal heart and true.
Kenn'st thou the story o' proud fame and glory
That's tauld by ilk spike o' its bristled array?
Nae wonder our thistle wi' grandeur is hoary,
It's auld as creation—it's new as the day.

Loo'st thou the thistle?—the rose canna peer it,
Nae shamrock can smile wi' sae gaudy an air,
The lily maun hide a' its beauty when near it,
The star-flag is bonnie—the thistle is mair.
True to the thistle, I'll ne'er lo'e anither,
Whatever my station, wherever I be;
Its love in my bosom no blighting can wither,
Auld Scotland's ain darling I'll lo'e till I dee.

Here's to ilk pillar that bides by the thistle!
Lang may his roof-tree be kept frae decay—
Lang may the voice o' happiness whistle
In glee round his dwallin' by nicht and by day.
Here's to the banners that wave o'er the ocean,
The rose of old England, the brave and the free;
The shamrock that raises green Erin's devotion;
The thistle o' Scotland—hurrah for the three!—

O LEEZE ME ON THE GLEN.[1]

O leeze me on the glen that summer maks
her Eden ha',
And bigs her fairy bower in the depths o' the
greenwood shaw;
The glen where the winds play their saftest,
sweetest summer tune,
Amang the heather bells and the green waving
woods o' June.
'Tis the glen of my boyhood, the cradle o' my
happy days,
Still fondly my heart longs to roam o'er its
broomy braes,
And listen to the sang o' the lintie on its
whinny bed,
And wipe awa' the tear, for love and warm
friendship fled.

Though torn frae thy lap where I first drank
the balmy air,
Thy picture hangs untouched 'mid the canker
o' writhing care;
Thy gray rugged cliffs and thy lowne lily-
dappled dells,
Thy pale primrose banks, thy pure gurgling
mountain wells,
Thy haughs spread wi' daisies, thy honey-
scented meadow-land,
Thy green velvet holmes and thy auld hoary
woods so grand,
Aft drift through my dreams, all wrapt in
their azure hue,
Like scenes o' the happy isles sparkling wi'
hinny dew.

O can I e'er forget the glory o' thy dawning
morn,
When the pearly tears o' night fa' in beads frae
the aged thorn;
And the milky mists creep back to their bed
in the mossy muirs,
And heaven's bliss comes down wi' the draps
o' the crystal showers;
When joy's trumpet sounds through the val-
leys o' the ringing woods,
And echo singeth back wi' the voice o' the
water-floods—
While frae bank and frae brae a clear gush o'
music flies,
With the incense of earth, away to the ruby skies.

Can the warld brag o' aught like the pride o'
thy gouden noon,
When the revelry of morn is lulled to a solemn
croon,
And the flocks cease to bleat on the brow o' the
benty knowe,
While the linns o' the Endrick shine bright in
a silver lowe;
As the bride on her bridal day walks forth in
her gay attire,
Her heart fu' o' joy and her een glancing
maiden fire:
So the valley calmly basks in the beauty o' its
flowery dress,
While the winds hover o'er, gently fanning its
loveliness.

But dearer far to me the mirk o' thy gloamin'
hour,
When the curlew's eerie cry echoes far frae its
fenny bower;
And the throstle's e'ening hymn, wi' the sough
o' the water fa',
Now rises and now sinks, now like death calmly
glides awa'—
When the flowers shut their een and the winds
in the woods are still,
And the wee lammies sleep in the howe o' the
dewy hill;
Then the weary soul o' man, like the bird to
its cozy nest,
Floats on fancy's wings 'mang the clouds o'
the purple west.

Thus morning, noon, and eve, sweet vale o'
my youthfu' days,
I roam still in thought through my haunts on
thy bracken braes;
And as Endrick waxes deep when she bounds
near her resting goal,
So deepens aye the flow o' thy love in my weary
soul.
Farewell, then, my glen, the land o' my
brightest dreams,
My heart, like the stricken dear, pants for thy
silver streams;
At this late hour o' life I would fainly come
back again,
And sleep on the braes o' my ain native happy
glen.

[1] The beautiful mountain stream of the Endrick rises among the hills south-west of Stirling, and passing in a rapid course by the villages of Fintry, Balfron, Killearn, and Drymen, falls into Lochlomond a few miles west from Buchanan House, the seat of the Duke of Montrose.—Ed.

THE PRIDE O' THE GLEN.

Oh, bonnie's the lily that blooms in the valley,
And fair is the cherry that grows on the tree;

The primrose smiles sweet as it welcomes the simmer,
And modest's the wee gowan's love-talking e'e;
Mair dear to my heart is that lowne cozy dingle,
Whar late i' the gloamin', by the lanely "Ha' den,"
I met wi' the fairest e'er bounded in beauty,
By the banks o' the Endrick, the pride o' the glen.

She's pure as the spring cloud that smiles in the welkin,
An' blithe as the lambkin that sports on the lea;
Her heart is a fount rinnin' ower wi' affection,
And a warld o' feeling is the love o' her e'e.
The prince may be proud o' his vast hoarded treasures,
The heir o' his grandeur and hie pedigree;
They kenna the happiness dwalt in my bosom,
When alane wi' the angel o' luve and o' thee.

I've seen the day dawn in a shower-drappin' goud,
The grass spread wi' dew, like a wide siller sea;
The clouds shinin' bricht in a deep amber licht,
And the earth blushin' back to the glad lift on hie.

I've dream'd o' a palace wi' gem-spangled ha's,
And proud wa's a' glitterin' in rich diamond sheen,
Wi' towers shinin' fair, through the rose-tinted air,
And domes o' rare pearls and rubies atween.

I've sat in a garden, 'mid earth's gayest flowers,
A' gaudily shawin' their beauteous dyes,
And breathin' in calm the air's fragrant balm,
Like angels asleep on the plains o' the skies;
Yet the garden, and palace, and day's rosy dawning,
Though in bless'd morning dreams they should aft come again,
Can ne'er be sae sweet as the bonnie young lassie,
That bloom'd by the Endrick, the pride o' the glen.

The exile, in sleep, haunts the lands o' his fathers,
The captive's ae dream is his hour to be free;
The weary heart langs for the morning rays comin',
The oppress'd for his Sabbath o' sweet liberty.
But my life's only hope, my heart's only prayer,
Is the day that I'll ea' the young lassie my ain;
Though a' should forsake me, wi' her I'll be happy,
On the banks o' the Endrick, the pride o' the glen.

JAMES BALLANTINE.

James Ballantine, one of the sweetest of living Scottish singers, was born in the West Port of Edinburgh, June 11, 1808. He has chronicled in verse his recollections of the famous locality of his birth in a highly characteristic effusion entitled "The Auld West Port," in which he says—

"O the days are sair changed wi' the auld West Port,
Whar ance a wee loon I gat schulin' an' sport;
Now far wearing through, though few fouters care for't,
Yet dear to my soul is the auld West Port.

"Ilka auld water-wife wi' her stoups at the well,
Ilka laigh half shop-door wi' its wee tinkling bell,
Ilka howff where wee callants were wont to resort,
Are a' stannin' yet in the auld West Port."

The father of the poet was a brewer by trade, and while he lived his family were comfortably maintained, but on his death he left a widow, three daughters, and James, then only seven years of age, but indifferently provided for. The young lad did not, as may be supposed, receive a very liberal school education, and at the age of ten he was obliged to exert himself for his own support and the assistance of his mother and sisters. He was apprenticed to a house-painter, and soon acquired a thorough knowledge of his trade. At a subsequent period he for a short time attended the University of Edinburgh to study anatomy with a view to professional advancement. He afterwards turned his attention to the art of glass-painting, in which profession he met with the most gratifying success. He became the head of the eminent firm to which was intrusted the execution of the stained-glass windows for the Houses of Parliament, his designs being considered the best by the royal commissioners.

From an early age Ballantine has been a writer of verses. His first appearance in print to any extent was in the pages of *Whistlebinkie*, a publication which did much to encourage struggling talent. In 1843 the *Gaberlunzie's*

Wallet appeared, containing some admirable lyrics, and it soon attracted a very large share of public attention. This was followed soon after by the *Miller of Deanhaugh*, a prose story with many pieces of good poetry interspersed. In 1856 an edition of his poems was published in Edinburgh; and in 1865 a volume appeared from his pen entitled *One Hundred Songs*, which met with a warm welcome. His latest publication—containing a love-tale in the Spenserian stanza called "Lilias Lee," and "Malcolm Canmore," a historical drama—was issued in 1872. This volume also contains a number of short poems. A few years ago he issued a work on stained glass, which has been translated and published in Germany.

Of Mr. Ballantine a critic remarks:—"He, like many men of similar stamp, has the high merit of being self-educated—that is, he owes his education and position not to any accident of birth or fortune, but to his own talents and exertions. . . . He has not devoted himself to literature or poetry as a profession; nor has he ever, through imprudent love of the Muses, neglected his proper avocations. And perhaps his productions may be indebted for much of their freshness and truthfulness of portraiture to this seemingly unfavourable circumstance. He has not been restricted to the narrow field of his own bosom, nor to the little circle of a few congenial friends, for his observation of human nature and character. He has not, as many poets, and preachers, and moralists have done, looked upon the world of human beings afar off, as if from an eminence and through a telescope; but he has descended into the fields, and traversed the streets and lanes of society; he has gone forth freely among his fellowmen; he has associated with them, rich and poor, learned and ignorant, good and bad; and consequently his poetry is not the dreamy effusion of brooding and disordered fancy, but a faithful transcript of the impressions produced upon an honest heart and a discerning mind by mutual contact with the realities of life. . . . His exquisite taste for the beautiful in natural scenery and in language, his keen eye to observe, and his warm heart to commiserate the sorrows of mankind, render him a 'sweet singer' after Nature's own heart; while his thorough mastery of the fine language of old Scotland, in all its wealth and pith of expressive terms and familiar idioms, gives him the power to wield at will the sympathies and feelings of a large portion of his fellow-countrymen."

HARVEST-HOME.

Hark! 'tis the voice of harvest-home
That rings athwart the welkin dome,
And fields and forests, hills and skies,
Are clothed in bright autumnal dyes:
The generous earth her treasures yields,
And golden sheaves bestrew the fields,
And sweeping fleet the rigs along,
The bands of sturdy reapers throng,
Gath'ring in heaps earth's bounteous load,
Hymning in heart, "All praise to God!"

Hail, happy field! hail, joyous sight!
Where manhood strong, and beauty bright,
Invest with life the laughing plain,
Each striving foremost place to gain;
From group to group the farmer flies
With cheerful tones and eager eyes,
He knows that friendly joke or hint
Works wonders when it's kindly meant,
And sometimes ere the day be past
They lead the first who lagged the last.

Come now, your sickles nimbly ply,
Trust not that richly mottled sky,
For lazy vapours, gray and cold,
Are creeping o'er the distant wold;
Then haste, press on, no time for talk,
Come bind and fork, come lead and stack,
That mellow moon yields ample light,
Come, have your harvest-home to-night,
Nor leave ungathered on the plain
One single sheaf of golden grain.

The harvest-moon, the harvest-moon,
Praise God for that most grateful boon;
From dewy eve till gray-eyed morn
She scatters gold o'er ripening corn,
And flickering through the chequered leaves,
She studs with gems the bristly sheaves,
And cheers the weary reapers on
Until their timely labour's done;
Then praise Him, morning, eve, and noon,
Who gives to Earth her harvest-moon.

But see the harvest maiden Queen,
Borne lightly laughing o'er the green,
With blushing cheek and sparkling eye
She waves her treasured prize on high;
Admiring rusties strive in vain
Approving smile or glance to gain,
For her dear Sandy's coming soon
Far o'er the moor, 'neath that bright moon,
With her through yellow fields to stray,
And fix their happy bridal-day.

The fields are swept, the barns are filled,
In long straight rows, huge stacks are piled,
In graceful forms they rise on high
Beneath the farmer's keen gray eye,
Who with artistic skill and care
Must have them built to taper fair.
Old grandame's fowls are clucking heard
Rejoicing in the rich barn-yard,
And happy groups of peasants come
To welcome jocund harvest-home.

The board is heaped with ample cheer,
And all are linked in friendship dear,
And on one level all are raised,
And all are pleased, and all are praised;
Till roused by pipes and fiddles sweet
The happy groups start to their feet,
And dance, and skip, and cleek, and reel,
And bob, and bound, and whirl, and wheel,
Till floors and windows shake and clatter,
And distance whispers, "What's the matter?"

Hail, rural mirth and rustic glee!
Hail, honest pure simplicity!
With lively dance, and joyous song,
Your jocund merriment prolong;
And while your bosoms grateful glow
To Him whose bounties round you flow,
And while your thoughts are raised to Heaven,
Be't yours to give as He has given,
Whose sun and moon illume yon dome,
Who gives yon gen'rous harvest-home.

THE SNAWY KIRKYARD.

A' Nature lay dead, save the cauld whistlin' blast
That chilled the bleak earth to the core as it passed,
And heaved in high ridges the thick chokin' drift
That cam' in wreathed swirls frae the white marled lift,
And winter's wild war, wearied baith heart and e'e,
As we warsled richt sair ower the drear muirland lea,
And our feet skyted back on the road freezing hard,
As we wended our way to the Snawy Kirkyard.

O! snelly the hail smote the skeleton trees
That shivering shrunk in the grasp o' the breeze,
Nor birdie, nor beast, could the watery e'e sean,
A' were cowerin' in corners, save grief-laden man;
Tho' the heart may be broken, the best maun be spared
To mak up a wreath in the Snawy Kirkyard.

The wee Muirland Kirk, whar the pure Word o' God
Mak's warm the cauld heart, and mak's light the lang road,
The slee hill-side yill-house, whaur lasses meet lads,
Whaur herds leave their collies, and lairds tie their yauds,
Kirk-bell and house riggin', the white drift has squared,
But there's ae yawning grave in the Snawy Kirkyard.

Through a' the hale parish, nae Elder was known
That was likit by a' like my grandfather John,
And drear was I that day when we bore him awa',
Wi' his gowd stores o' thought, and his haffits o' snaw;
I was then a wee callant, rose-cheek'd and gowd-hair'd,
When I laid his auld pow in the Snawy Kirkyard.

And aye when I think on thae times lang gane by,
Saft thoughts soothe my soul, and sweet tears dim my eye,
And I see the auld man, as he clapp'd my wee head,
While a sigh heaved his breast, for my faither lang dead.
He nursed me, he schooled me,—how can I regard
But wi' warm-gushing heart-tears, a Snawy Kirkyard.

In soothing sad sorrow, in calming mad mirth,
His breath, like the south wind, strewed balm on the earth,
And weary souls laden wi' grief aft were driven
To seek comfort frae him, wha aye led them to Heaven.
O! sweet were the seeds sown, and rich was the braird
That sprang frae that stock in the Snawy Kirkyard.

Now age wi' his hoar-frost has crispit my pow,
And my locks, ance sae gowden, are silvery now,
And tho' I hae neither high station nor power,
I hae health for my portion, and truth for my dower,
And my hand hath been open, my heart hath been free,

To dry up the tear-draps frae sorrow's dull e'e,
And mony puir bodies my awmrie hae shared,
'Twas my counsel frae him in the Snawy Kirk-yard.

FALLING LEAVES.

Pale symbols of our mortal end,
Ye meet me on my way,
Where thrushes coo, and streamlets wend,
As if it still were May.

Your merry dance with wind and light,
Your bridal green is gone:
Ye come like farewells to the sight—
Ye fall as from a throne.

Crisp leaves of brown, and red, and yellow,
Ye can but fade away;
Ye ne'er will rise to meet your fellow
Upon the fresh green spray.

But friends in Christ though fallen now,
And in the churchyard sleeping,
Will blossom yet on Life's spring bough,
And glory end their weeping.

Adown the stream I see you going,
Here spattered with the foam,
And there, on waters scarcely flowing,
Ye rest as if at home.

A dream comes over me in calm
Of trees that never fade,
Of leaves that shed a healing balm,
Of skies that never shade.

Our days are dropping like the leaves—
Our tree will soon be bare!
For shorter are our summer eves,
And colder is the air.

But yet the orchard fruit grows mellow;
As down the leaves are winging—
Crisp leaves of brown, and red, and yellow,
I hear the reapers singing!

What, then, of all our leaves bereft,
When reaping angels come,
If autumn's golden fruit be left—
Their joyous harvest-home!

THE FEEDING SHOWER.

The feeding shower comes brattlin' doun,
The south wind sughs wi' kindly soun',
The auld trees shake their leafy pows,
Young glossy locks dance round their brows,
And leaf and blade, and weed and flower,
A' joyous drink the feeding shower.

The misty clud creeps ower the hill,
And mak's each rut a gurglin' rill,
And tips wi' gowd each auld whin cowe,
And gaurs the heath wi' purple glow,
And sterile rocks, gray, bleak, and dour,
Grow verdant wi' the feeding shower.

The ewes and lambs a' bleat and brouse,
The kye and couts a' dream and drouse,
'Mang grass wha's deep rich velvet green
Is glist a' owre wi' silver sheen,
And birdies churm in ilka bower,
A welcome to the feeding shower.

The soil, a' gizen'd sair before,
Is filled wi' moisture to the core;
Ducks daidlin' in the dubs are seen,
The cawin' corbies crowd the green,
Their beaks are sharp when rain-cluds lower—
They batten in the feeding shower.

Furth frae their stalks the ears o' grain
Peep sleely, lapping up the rain,
Ilk gowan opes its crimson mou',
And nods, and winks, till droukit fou,
And butter-cups are whomled ower,
Brim-laden wi' the feeding shower.

The drowsy sun, as dozed wi' sleep,
Doun through the lift begins to peep,
And, slantin' wide in glist'nin' streams,
The light on bright new verdure gleams,
And Nature, grateful, owns His power
Wha sends the genial feeding shower.

LAY UP TREASURES IN HEAVEN.

Why treasures hoard that rust and rot,
Or gold that thieves may steal?
Why are those priceless gems forgot
That bear God's holy seal?
Strive ye to gain the Christian's share,
And store in heaven your prize;
For if your dearest treasure's there,
There will your wishes rise.

On food and raiment wherefore spend
Your life in careworn thought,
While food for an immortal mind
Remains by you unsought?
Your Father feeds the fowls of air,
Who neither reap nor sow;

The lilies spin not, yet how fair
The gentle lilies grow!

And if God feed the sparrow small,
And clothe the fading flower,
Will He not clothe and feed you all,
Poor children of an hour?
For present wants then take no thought,
But fix your hearts above;
And He, whose blood your souls hath bought,
Shall give you light and love.

WIFIE, COME HAME.

Wifie, come hame,
My couthie wee dame!
O but ye're far awa,
Wifie, come hame!
Come wi' the young bloom o' morn on thy broo,
Come wi' the lown star o' love in thine e'e,
Come wi' the red cherries ripe on thy mou',
A' glist wi' balm, like the dew on the lea.
Come wi' the gowd tassels fringin' thy hair,
Come wi' thy rose-cheeks a' dimpled wi' glee,
Come wi' thy wee step, and wifie-like air,
O quickly come, and shed blessings on me!

Wifie, come hame,
My couthie wee dame!
O my heart wearies sair,
Wifie, come hame!
Come wi' our love pledge, our dear little dawtie,
Clasping my neck round, an' clamb'rin' my knee;
Come let me nestle and press the wee pettie,
Gazing on ilka sweet feature o' thee:
O but the house is a cauld hame without ye,
Lanely and eerie's the life that I dree;
O come awa', an' I'll dance round about ye,
Ye'll ne'er again win frae my arms till I dee.

NAEBODY'S BAIRN.

She was Naebody's Bairn, she was Naebody's Bairn,
She had mickle to thole, she had mickle to learn,
Afore a kind word or kind look she could earn,
For naebody cared about Naebody's Bairn.

Tho' faither or mither ne'er owned her ava,
Tho' reared by the fremmit for fee unco sma',
She grew in the shade like a young lady-fern;
For Nature was bounteous to Naebody's Bairn.

Tho' toited by some, and tho' lightlied by mair,
She never complcened, tho' her young heart was sair;
And warm virgin tears that might melted cauld airn
Whiles glist in the blue e'e o' Naebody's Bairn.

Though nane cheered her childhood, an' nane hailed her birth,
Heaven sent her an angel to gladden the earth;
And when the earth doomed her in laigh nook to dern,
Heaven couldna but tak again "Naebody's Bairn."

She cam' smiling sweetly as young mornin' daw,
Like lonn simmer gloamin' she faded awa,
And lo! how serenely that lone e'enin' starn
Shines on the green sward that haps Naebody's Bairn!

A STIEVE HEART AND A STURDY STEP.

Ne'er trow the day will lour throughout, although the dawn be dark;
Ne'er dream ye're doomed to drag through life, though hard your early wark:
The morning gray and misty aften brings a golden day—
A stieve heart and a sturdy step will climb the steepest brae.

A wee bit jutting boulder whiles will help ye ower the wa',
So ne'er despise the willing gift, although it may be sma':
The birdie, e'er he flees, is proud to hap alang the spray—
A stieve heart and a sturdy step will climb the steepest brae.

The road to happiness is aft wi' sorrows thickly strewn;
The waur to win the mair we prize ilk comfort that we own;
And peace and freedom aft are gained by bluidy battle fray—
A stieve heart and a sturdy step will climb the steepest brae.

Then if the prize ye seek be high, and if your aim be pure,
Press onward ever hopeful, still be patient to endure;

For he wha seeks to enter heaven must watch,
and work, and pray—
A stieve heart and a sturdy step will climb the
steepest brae.

ILKA BLADE O' GRASS KEPS ITS AIN DRAP O' DEW.

Confide ye aye in Providence, for Providence is
kind,
An' bear ye a' life's changes wi' a calm an' tran-
quil mind,
Though press'd an' hemm'd on every side, hae
faith an' ye'll win through,
For ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew.

Gin reft frae friends, or cross'd in love, as whiles,
nae doubt, ye've been,
Grief lies deep hidden in your heart, or tears
flow frae your een,
Believe it for the best, and trow there's good in
store for you,
For ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew.

In lang lang days o' simmer, when the clear and
cludless sky
Refuses ae wee drap o' rain to Nature parch'd
and dry,
The genial night wi' balmy breath gaurs verdure
spring anew,
An' ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew.

Sae lest 'mid fortune's sunshine we should feel
ower proud an' hie,
An' in our pride forget to wipe the tear frae
poortith's e'e,
Some wee dark cluds o' sorrow come, we ken na
whence or hoo,
But ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew.

EVAN MACCOLL.

Evan MacColl, better known to his Gaelic countrymen as "Clarsair nam Beann," or "The Mountain Harper," was born at Kenmore, Lochfyneside, Argyleshire, September 21, 1808. Here, a farmer on a small scale and a fisherman at the same time, his father Dugald MacColl reared a family of six sons and two daughters; and though in comparatively humble circumstances he contrived to afford his second son Evan a good education. Like many others of the minstrel race, Evan seems to have inherited the poetic faculty, and that peculiar temperament incident to it, from his mother, who was a Cameron. He composed his first song in praise of a neighbouring Chloe, and by his literary effort gained great *éclat* among his friends. His father's circumstances rendered it necessary for the young poet to engage in the business of farming and fishing, and he was thus employed for several years—years during which many of his best Gaelic lyrics were composed. In the spring of 1837 he became a contributor to the *Gaelic Magazine*, then published in Glasgow, and before the close of the year he issued a volume under the title of "*Clarsach nam Beann;* or Poems and Songs in Gaelic." MacColl's next publication was "*The Mountain Minstrel;* or Poems and Songs in English," a work which has passed through four editions. Philip James Bailey, the author of *Festus*, speaking of this volume, said—"There is a freshness, a keenness, a heartiness in many of these productions of the 'Mountain Minstrel' which seem to breathe naturally of the hungry air, the dark, bleak, rugged bluffs among which they were composed, alternating occasionally with a clear, bewitching, and spiritual quiet, as of the gloaming deepening over the glens and woods. Several of the melodies towards the close of this volume are full of simple and tender feeling, and not unworthy to take their place by the side of those of Lowland minstrels of universal fame."

In 1831 MacColl's father and the rest of the family emigrated to Canada, but the young bard could not be persuaded to leave the land of his birth, where he remained, and in 1839 was appointed to a clerkship in the customs at Liverpool, when he removed to that city. In 1850, in consequence of impaired health, he obtained leave of absence for the purpose of

visiting his kinsmen in Canada. Soon after crossing the Atlantic he obtained a situation in the custom-house at Kingston, Canada, where he still continues to reside. In 1864 his townsmen presented the "Bard of Lochfyne" with his portrait as a mark of their esteem and admiration.

The late Dr. Norman Macleod, himself a poet, said—"Evan MacColl's poetry is the product of a mind impressed with the beauty and the grandeur of the lovely scenes in which his infancy has been nursed. We have no hesitation in saying that this work is that of a man possessed of much poetic genius. Wild indeed, and sometimes rough, are his rhymes and epithets; yet there are thoughts so new and so striking—images and comparisons so beautiful and original—feelings so warm and fresh, that stamp this Highland peasant as no ordinary man."

GLORY TO THE BRAVE.[1]

Mark ye how the Czar threatens Europe's peace,
Marshalling his millions for the fray!
Britons! up and on at the despot base,
Dashing in between him and his prey.
Up! 'tis honour's cause;
Up! and ere you pause
Let the empire sought be his grave.
Now's the fated time!
Crush his course of crime!
Glory, glory, glory to the brave!

On the Euxine wave—on the Baltic tide
Soon shall our proud banners be unfurled;
Britain and the Gaul, heart and hand allied,
Well may dare to battle half a world.
On then stern as fate!
Strike, ere all too late!
Europe you from Cossack rule would save:
Onward in your might—
God defend the right!
Glory, glory, glory to the brave!

Waken, Poland! wake from thy dream of death;
Think of all thy suff'rings unavenged:
Hungary, arise! proving, in thy wrath,
Thy old hate of tyranny unchanged:
By thy sword of flame,
Schamyl! son of fame,
Swear that now or never thou shalt have
Thy Circassia free,—
Her best hope is thee:
Glory, glory, glory to the brave!

Glory to the brave! Soon may they return
Crown'd with wreaths of never-dying fame!
Soon their haughty foe shall his rashness mourn,
Cover'd with discomfiture and shame.
Potent though he be,
Europe shall him see
Mercy on his knee lowly crave.
Such be quick the fall
Of earth's despots all:
Glory, glory, glory to the brave!

[1] Written on declaration of war against Russia in 1854.

A VISIT TO STAFFA.

Over Mull's mountains gray dawned the warm-blushing day,
As to Ulva a good-bye throw we;
Before a fair wind from the shore right behind
Our swift bark spreads her canvas snowy.
On, on speed we now where, far off, on our bow
Loomed that isle of which fame spoke so loudly;
On, where wash the wild waves Staffa's columns and caves,
Fast and faster, our way we go proudly.

On the Paps we scarce thought—of Eigg's cliff took slight note;
Nor, although its blessed shore was so nigh us,
Could Columba's own isle for a moment beguile
Our charmed gaze from that now which lay by us.
Like a fragment chance-hurled from some fairer-framed world,
'Mid the waves round it joyously dancing,
Stood that isle which all there well indeed might declare,
All unmatched save in Sinbad's romancing.

And now thy weird beach, wondrous Staffa, we reach—
Now we kneel with devotion beseeming;
Now that grotto we mark, where, 'tween daylight and dark,
Combs the mermaid her tresses gold-gleaming;
And now wend we our way where above us in play
Wakes the seamew a clamorous chorus,
Till a joyful "hurroo!" sudden stops us, and lo!
Fingal's Cave in its glory before us!

What vain fool would compare with that fabric so rare
Palace, church, or cathedral splendour?
Charms that far more amaze the rapt pilgrim's fond gaze
It has there in its own gloomy grandeur.
No—there's nothing can be, of man's work, matched with thee,
Thou famed fane of the ocean solemn!
He who sees not God's hand in thy record so grand
Never will in the holiest volume.

O the joy of that hour! O the heart-stirring pow'r
Of the music so wildly romantic,
Which the light summer gale in yon pile blended well
With the sough of the moaning Atlantic!
Still, in fancy's charmed ear, that wild anthem I hear—
Still, the echoes that answered our voices,
As we hymned our delight at His goodness and might
Who could fashion such things to rejoice us.

Witching isle of the west, never made for thy breast
Was the slow-gliding plough nor the harrow;
But the lightnings that fly, and the storms passing by,
On thy brow have left many a furrow.
What to thee is the spring of which bards love to sing?
What reck'st thou how the harvester speedeth,
When the life-teeming sea giveth amply and free
All thy feathered inhabitant needeth?

Thine is not the red rose that like beauty's cheek glows,
Nor the cuckoo with spring returning;
Thine is not the glad thrush in the green hazel bush
Hailing sweetly the Maytide morning;
But thine is the shell where the pearl loves to dwell,
The wild swan and the fulmar wary,
And the spar-spangled cave which the murmuring wave
Lightens up with an emerald glory.

Staffa, well love I thee, yet right loath would I be
In the winter to voyage by thee,
When the west winds rave, and a ready grave
Finds the bark that would dare to nigh thee.
And from Skerrievore comes the ceaseless roar
Of the mountain waves over it bounding,
While thy echoes reply to the sea-bird's shrill cry
Heard afar 'mid that music confounding.

Then the time is to hear with a credulous ear,
What old islesmen believe in devoutly—
That though haughty enow in the calm lookest thou,
On thy pillar-propped throne seated stoutly;
Yet withal, when the storm in its fearfullest form
O'er the maddened Atlantic sweeps past thee,
Thou dost quiver and quake like a leaf in the brake,
As if fearing each hour would thy last be!

When but yet a boy, the most cherished joy
Of my heart was the hope to view thee;
Ne'er did Moslem pine for far Mecca's shrine
More than I for a journey to thee.
The long fret is o'er—yet for evermore
Shall the glamour by thee cast o'er me
Flourish fresh and fair in my memory, where
Thou shalt seem as if still before me.

MY ROWAN-TREE.[1]

Fair shelter of my native cot—
That cot so very dear to me,
O how I envy thee thy lot,
My long-lost rowan-tree!

Thou standest on thy native soil,
Proud-looking o'er a primrosed lea;
The skies of Scotland o'er thee smile,
Thrice-happy rowan-tree!

Well do I mind that morning fair
When, a mere boy, I planted thee:—
A kingdom now were less my care
Than then my rowan-tree.

How proudly did I fence thee round!
How fondly think the time might be
I'd sit with love and honour crown'd
Beneath my rowan-tree.

My children's children thee would climb,
Inviting grand-papa to see;
I yet might weave some deathless rhyme
Beneath my rowan-tree.

'Twas thus I dream'd, that happy day,
I'd die to think my fate would be
So soon to plod life's weary way,
Far from my rowan-tree.

[1] Written on receiving in Canada a bunch of rowan-berries taken from a tree planted by MacColl when a boy. To the proper understanding of certain allusions in the concluding verses of the poem, it may be necessary to inform the uninitiated in Celtic superstitions that the rowan-tree was once held in great veneration in many parts of the Highlands of Scotland—and this on account of its supposed possession of virtues that are now, I suspect, very rarely called into action. Amulets made from its wood were worn about the person as a protection against the malice of goblins, witches, and warlocks. And woe be to that woman who at Beltane time would forget to place a sprig of rowan over the entrance to her byre! The butter which ought to fill her crocks during the following summer would be sure to find its way into the churn of some more canny and unscrupulous neighbour! The worst of all bad luck, however, was certain to befall that household at whose hearth there was not a careful avoidance of using any portion of the rowan tree as fire wood! A death in that family within the next twelvemonths would be the inevitable consequence! No wonder the rowan-tree grew and flourished under such a protective system.

Long years have passed since last I eyed
Thy growing grace and symmetry;
A stranger to me sits beside
My long-lost rowan-tree!

Yet still in fancy I can mark
Thy lily bloom and fragrancy,
And birds that sing from dawn to dark,
Perch'd on my rowan-tree.

Like rubies red on beauty's breast,
Thy clustering berries yet I see
Half-hiding some spring warbler's nest,
Left in my rowan-tree.

Fair as the maple green may tower,
I'd gladly give a century
Beside it for one happy hour
Beneath my rowan-tree.

. . . . . .

The forest many trees can boast,
More fit perhaps for keel or knee;
But none for grace, in heat or frost,
Can match the rowan-tree.

How beautiful above them all
Its snow-white summer drapery!
A cloud of crimson in the fall,
Seems Scotland's rowan-tree.

Well knows the boy at Beltane time,
When near it in a vocal key,
What whistles perfectly sublime
Supplies the rowan-tree.

Well knows he too what ills that wretch
Might look for, who would carelessly
Home in his load of firewood fetch
Aught of the rowan-tree.

In vain would midnight hags colleague
To witch poor crummie's milk, if she
Had only o'er her crib a twig
Cut from the rowan-tree.

Alas! that in my dreams alone
I ever now can hope to see
My boyhood's home and thou my own,
My matchless rowan-tree!

A MAY MORNING IN GLENSHIRA.[1]

Lo, dawning o'er yon mountain gray
The rosy birth-day of the May!
Glenshira knoweth well 'tis Beltane's blissful day.

The Maam has donned its brightest green,
The hawthorn whitens round Kilblane,
And blends the broom its gold with Shira's azure sheen.

Hark from the woods that thrilling gush
Of song from linnet, merle, and thrush!
To hear herself so praised the morning well may blush.

The lark, yon crimson clouds among,
Rains down a very flood of song;
An age, that song to list, would not seem lost or long.

Yon cushat by Cuilvocan's stream
The spirit of some bard you'd deem—
One who had lived and died in love's delicious dream.

Thrice welcome minstrel! now at hand,
The cuckoo joins the tuneful band:
A choir like this might grace the bowers of fairy-land!

Now is the hour by Duloch's tide
To scent the birch that decks its side,
And watch the snow-white swans o'er its calm bosom glide.

Now is the hour a poet might
Be blameless if, in this delight,
He Druid-like adored the sun that crowns yon height!

O May! thou'rt an enchantress rare—
Thy presence maketh all things fair;
Thou wavest but thy wand, and joy is everywhere.

Thou comest, and the clouds are not—
Rude Boreas has his wrath forgot,
The gossamer again is in the air afloat.

The foaming torrent from the hill
Thou changest to a gentle rill—
A thread of liquid pearl, that faintly murmurs still.

Thine is the blossom-laden tree,
The meads that white with lambkins be,
Thou paintest those bright skies that in each lake we see.

Cheer'd by the smile, the herd-boy gay
Oft sings the rock-repeated lay,
And wonders who can be the mocker in his way.

[1] Glenshira is in Argyleshire.

Thou givest fragrance to the breeze,
A gleaming glory to the seas;
Nor less thy grace is seen in yonder emerald leas.

Around me in this dewy den
Wild flowers imparadise the scene;
Some look up to the sun—his worshippers, I ween:

Some here and there, with bashful grace,
Invite the roving bee's embrace;
Some, as with filial love, do earthward turn their face.

Above—around me—all things seem
So witching that I almost deem
Myself asleep, and these, creations of a dream!

But cease, my muse ambitious! frail
Thy skill in fitting strains to hail
The morn that makes a heaven of Shira's lovely vale.

TO THE FALLING SNOW.

Bright-robed pilgrim from the North!
Visitant of heavenly birth,
Welcome on thy journey forth—
Come, come, snow!

Light as fairy footsteps free,
Fall, oh fall! I love to see
Earth thus beautified by thee.
Come, come, snow!

Silent as the flow of thought,
Gentle as a sigh love-fraught,
Welcome as a boon long sought,
Come, come, snow!

Let him boast of landscapes green,
Who no Highland vale hath seen,
Decked in thy resplendent sheen!
Come, come, snow!

Streamlets that to yonder tide
Gleam like silver as they glide,
Look like darkness thee beside:
Come, come, snow!

At thy touch, behold, to-day
The dark holly looks as gay
As the hawthorn does in May:
Come, come, snow!

Lo! beneath thy gentle tread,
Fair as bride to altar led,
Bends the lady-birch her head:
Come, come, snow!

See how like a crystal column,
By yon lake so calmly solemn,
Towers magnificent the elm!
Come, come, snow!

Fields that late look'd bare and brown,
Fairer now than solan-down,
Well maintain thy bright renown:
Come, come, snow!

Evening stealeth on apace—
Soon in all her virgin grace
Earth shall sleep in thy embrace!
Come, come, snow!

But enough—I fain would see
How the stars shall smilingly
Gaze upon the earth and thee:
Cease—cease now.

THE CHILD OF PROMISE.

She died—as die the roses
On the ruddy clouds of dawn,
When the envious sun discloses
His flame, and morning's gone.

She died—like waves of sun-glow
Fast by the shadows chased;
She died—like heaven's rainbow
By gushing showers effaced.

She died—like flakes appearing
On the shore beside the sea;
They grew as bright; but, nearing,
The ground-swell broke on thee.

She died—as dies the glory
Of music's sweetest swell;
She died—as dies the story
When the best is still to tell.

She died—as dies moon-beaming
When scowls the rayless wave:
She died—like sweetest dreaming
That hastens to its grave.

She died—and died she early:
Heaven wearied for its own.
As the dipping sun, my Mary,
Thy morning ray went down!

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1 Written in Glen Urquhart, Scotland.

EVENING ADDRESS TO LOCH-LOMOND.

Lake of beauty! lake of splendour,
All-surpassing! Lomond rare;
Fondly to thee would I render
Praise befitting scene so fair.

Matchless mirror of the Highlands,
Cold's the heart that feels no glow,
Viewing thee with all thy islands—
Heaven above and heaven below!

All from margin unto margin
Sleep'st thou in thy glowing grace,
Calmly fair, as might a virgin
Dreaming of some chaste embrace.

Lo, where, watching thee serenely,
Takes yon Ben his kingly stand!
Hills that else were great look meanly
In Benlomond's presence grand.

How yon group, in grand confusion,
Now seem piercing heaven's concave,
Now seem in as grand confusion,
Overturned in Lomond's wave!

See yon eagle skyward soaring—
Air's proud empress lightning-eyed:
Lo, she sweeps! The prey alluring
Was her image in the tide.

Here, the wary heron seemeth
Watching me with careful look;
There a salmon sudden gleameth,
In his spring to catch—the hook.

Hapless trout! exultant angler,
Vaunt not *too* much of thy skill:
Thou hast met a sturdy wrangler,
One that yet may thwart thy will.

Coasting Innis-chailleach holy,
Mark yon otter wide awake!
Doubtless there the knave sups duly
On the best of all the lake.

Where the insect-chasing swallow
Hither-thither skims thy breast,
And yon wild duck—timid fellow—
Flaps his wings in awkward haste.

See with what an air of scorning
Sails yon swan in beauty's pride,
Bright as sunbeam of the morning,
Fairer far than Eastern bride!

Little recks the yeoman yonder
What to me such rapture yields;—
More to him than all thy splendour
Are his own gold-tinted fields.

'Tis for him yon maids the *corran*
Ply among the yellow corn,
Cheered on by the chorused *òran*
Of such happy labours born.

Hark, now:—'tis some youthful shepherd
Whistling all his cares away
Near yon fold where, lately, upward
To the milking went his may.

Nature now is hush'd to silence,—
Ceased the sportsman's pastime fell:
Ill becomes his licensed violence
Heath-clad Fruin's fairy dell.

Now thy face, loved lake, is beamless,—
Dies the daylight in the west:
Never mind, my beauty blameless,
Stars will soon bedeck thy breast!

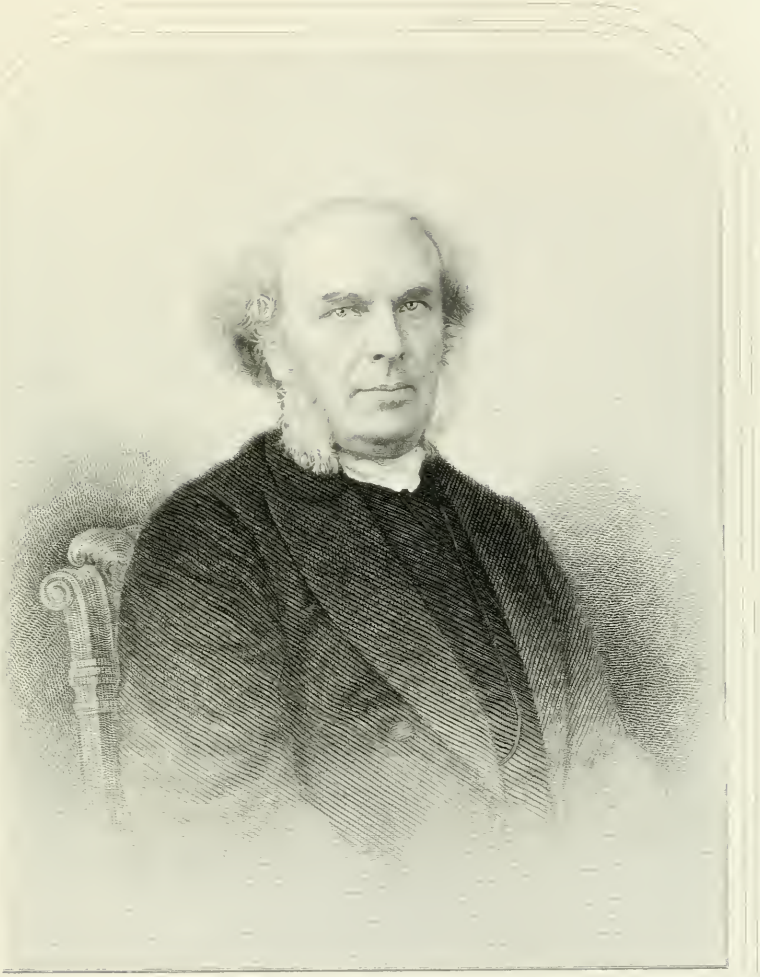
Vanished is the ray that crimson'd
Yonder sky-sustaining pile,
And like captive newly ransom'd,
See how Vesper now doth smile.

'Tis the witching hour of gloaming,—
Just the very time to hear
Fairy footsteps lakeward roaming,
Fairy minstrels piping near.

From his lair the fox is stealing,
Quits the owl her hermit cell:
Vision fair past all revealing,
Dear Lochlomond, now farewell!

HORATIUS BONAR.

Horatius Bonar, D.D., favourably known as a sacred poet and prose-writer, was born at Edinburgh, December 19, 1803. His ancestors for several generations were ministers of the Church of Scotland. He was educated at the high-school and at the university of his



native city. For several years he acted as a missionary at Leith, after which he was ordained to the ministry at Kelso in November, 1837. He remained here for upwards of thirty years, when he returned to his native city, and became minister of the Chalmers Memorial Free Church. Dr. Bonar was for some time editor of the *Presbyterian Review*, afterwards of the *Quarterly Journal of Prophecy*, and is the author of above twenty volumes of a religious character, including "The Land of Promise," "The Desert of Sinai," "Prophetical Landmarks," "Earth's Morning, or Thoughts on Genesis," "God's Way of Peace," and "God's Way of Holiness;" the last two having attained an extraordinary circulation. To these must be added his deservedly popular poetical works, consisting of "Lyra Consolationis," and several series of his beautiful "Hymns of Faith and Hope," which have been republished and very extensively circulated in the United States. Some of the pieces in his latest volume belong to the highest order of religious poetry.

A recent visitor to Dr. Bonar's church in Edinburgh furnishes us with the following portraiture of the gifted poet-preacher:—"The striking feature of his face is the large, soft, dark eye, the power of which one feels across the church. There are no bold, rugged lines in his face; but benevolence, peace, and sweetness pervade it. The first thought was, 'He is just like his hymns—not great, but tender, sweet, and tranquil.' And everything he did and said carried out this impression. His prayer was as simple as a child's. His voice was low, quiet, and impressive. His address, for it could scarcely be called a sermon, was founded on the words, 'The Spirit and the Bride say, Come,' 'the last invitation in the Bible.' It was marked by the absence of all attempt at originality, which is to an American so striking a feature of most foreign preaching. It was simply an invitation—warm, loving, urgent. His power over the audience was complete. Even the children looked steadily in his face; once he paused in his discourse and addressed himself especially to the Sunday-school children, who sat by themselves on one side of the pulpit. I was sure the little ones never heard the Good Shepherd's call more tenderly given. With one of the most winning faces I ever saw he closed: 'Whosoever'—that includes *you;* 'Whosoever *will*'—*does that* include you?'"

A LITTLE WHILE.

Beyond the smiling and the weeping
I shall be soon;
Beyond the waking and the sleeping,
Beyond the sowing and the reaping,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the blooming and the fading
I shall be soon;
Beyond the shining and the shading,
Beyond the hoping and the dreading,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the rising and the setting
I shall be soon;
Beyond the calming and the fretting,
Beyond remembering and forgetting,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the gathering and the strewing
I shall be soon;
Beyond the ebbing and the flowing,
Beyond the coming and the going,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the parting and the meeting
I shall be soon;
Beyond the farewell and the greeting,
Beyond this pulse's fever-beating,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the frost-chain and the fever
I shall be soon;
Beyond the rock-waste and the river,
Beyond the ever and the never,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

NEWLY FALLEN ASLEEP.

Past all pain for ever,
Done with sickness now;
Let me close thine eyes, mother,
Let me smooth thy brow.
Rest and health and gladness,—
These thy portions now;
Let me press thy hand, mother,
Let me kiss thy brow.

Eyes that shall never weep,
Life's tears all shed,
Its farewells said,—
These shall be thine!
All well with thee;
O, would that they were mine!

A brow without a shade,
Each wrinkle smoothed,
Each throbbing soothed,—
That shall be thine.
All well with thee!
O, would that it were mine!

A tongue that stammers not
In tuneful praise,
Through endless days,—
That shall be thine.
All well with thee!
O, would that it were mine!

A voice that trembles not;
All quivering past,
Death's sigh the last,—
That shall be thine.
All well with thee!
O, would that it were mine!

Limbs that shall never tire,
Nor ask to rest,
In service blest,—
These shall be thine.
All well with thee!
O, would that they were mine!

A frame that cannot ache,
Earth's labours done,
Life's battle's won,—
That shall be thine.
All well with thee!
O, would that it were mine!

A heart that flutters not,
No timid throb,
No quick-breathed sob,—
That shall be thine.
All well with thee!
O, would that it were mine!

A will that swerveth not
At frown or smile,
At threat or wile,—
That shall be thine.
All well with thee!
O, would that it were mine!

A soul still upward bent
On higher flight,
With wing of light,—
That shall be thine.
All well with thee!
O, would that it were mine!

Hours without fret or care,
The race well run,
The prize well won,—
These shall be thine.
All well with thee!
O, would that they were mine!

Days without toil or grief,
Time's burdens borne,
With strength well worn,—
These shall be thine.
All well with thee!
O, would that they were mine!

Rest without broken dreams,
Or wakeful fears,
Or hidden tears,—
That shall be thine.
All well with thee!
O, would that it were mine!

Life that shall fear no death,
God's life above,
Of light and love,—
That shall be thine.
All well with thee!
O, would that it were mine!

Morn that shall light the tomb,
And call from dust
The slumbering just,—
That shall be thine.
All well with thee!
O, would that it were mine!

HEAVEN.

That clime is not like this dull clime of ours,
All, all is brightness there;
A sweeter influence breathes around its flowers,
And a far milder air.
No calm below is like that calm above,
No region here is like that realm of love;
Earth's softest spring ne'er shed so soft a light,
Earth's brightest summer never shone so bright.

That sky is not like this sad sky of ours,
Tinged with earth's change and care;
No shadow dims it, and no rain-cloud lowers—
No broken sunshine there!
One everlasting stretch of azure pours
Its stainless splendour o'er those sinless shores;
For there Jehovah shines with heavenly ray,
There Jesus reigns, dispensing endless day.

These dwellers there are not like those of earth,
No mortal stain they bear;
And yet they seem of kindred blood and birth—
Whence and how came they there?
Earth was their native soil; from sin and shame,
Through tribulation they to glory came;
Bond slaves delivered from sin's crushing load,
Brands plucked from burning by the hand of God.

These robes of theirs are not like those below:
No angel's half so bright!
Whence came that beauty, whence that living glow,
Whence came that radiant white?
Washed in the blood of the atoning Lamb,
Fair as the light these robes of theirs became,
And now, all tears wiped off from every eye,
They wander where the freshest pastures lie,
Through all the nightless day of that unfading sky.

THE MARTYRS OF SCOTLAND.

There was gladness in Zion, her standard was flying,
Free o'er her battlements glorious and gay;
All fair as the morning shone forth her adorning,
And fearful to foes was her godly array.

There is mourning in Zion, her standard is lying
Defiled in the dust, to the spoiler a prey;
And now there is wailing, and sorrow prevailing,
For the best of her children are weeded away.

The good have been taken, their place is forsaken—
The man and the maiden, the green and the gray;
The voice of the weepers wails over the sleepers—
The martyrs of Scotland that now are away.

The hue of her waters is crimson'd with slaughters,
And the blood of the martyrs has redden'd the clay;
And dark desolation broods over the nation,
For the faithful are perished, the good are away.

On the mountains of heather they slumber together;
On the wastes of the moorland their bodies decay:
How sound is their sleeping, how safe is their keeping,
Though far from their kindred they moulder away!

Their blessing shall hover, their children to cover.
Like the cloud of the desert, by night and by day;
Oh, never to perish, their names let us cherish,
The martyrs of Scotland that now are away!

LUCY.

AUGUST 20, 1858.

All night we watched the ebbing life,
As if its flight to stay;
Till, as the dawn was coming up,
Our last hope passed away.

She was the music of our home,
A day that knew no night,
The fragrance of our garden-bower,
A thing all smiles and light.

Above the couch we bent and prayed,
In the half-lighted room;
As the bright hues of infant life
Sank slowly into gloom.

Each flutter of the pulse we marked,
Each quiver of the eye;
To the dear lips our ear we laid,
To catch the last low sigh.

We stroked the little sinking cheeks,
The forehead pale and fair;
We kissed the small, round, ruby mouth,
For Lucy still was there.

We fondly smoothed the scatter'd curls
Of her rich golden hair;
We held the gentle palm in ours,
For Lucy still was there.

At last the fluttering pulse stood still;
The death-frost, through her clay
Stole slowly, and, as morn came up,
Our sweet flower pass'd away.

The form remained; but there was now
No soul our love to share;
No warm responding lip to kiss;
For Lucy was not there.

Farewell, with weeping hearts, we said,
Child of our love and care!
And then we ceased to kiss those lips,
For Lucy was not there.

But years are moving quickly past,
And time will soon be o'er;
Death shall be swallow'd up of life
On the immortal shore.

Then shall we clasp that hand once more,
And smooth that golden hair;
Then shall we kiss those lips again,
When Lucy shall be there.

NO MORE SEA.

Summer ocean, idly washing
This gray rock on which I lean;
Summer ocean, broadly flashing
With thy hues of gold and green;
Gently swelling, wildly dashing
O'er yon island-studded scene;
Summer ocean, how I'll miss thee,
Miss the thunder of thy roar,
Miss the music of thy ripple,
Miss thy sorrow-soothing shore.
Summer ocean, how I'll miss thee,
When "the sea shall be no more."
Summer ocean, how I'll miss thee,
As along thy strand I range;
Or, as here I sit and watch thee
In thy moods of endless change.
Mirthful moods of morning gladness,
Musing moods of sunset sadness;
When the dying winds caress thee,
And the sinking sunbeams kiss thee,
And the crimson cloudlets press thee,
And all nature seems to bless thee!
Summer ocean, how I'll miss thee,
Miss the wonders of thy shore,
Miss the magic of thy grandeur,
When "the sea shall be no more!"

And yet sometimes in my musings,
When I think of what shall be,
In the day of earth's new glory,
Still I seem to roam by thee.
As if all had not departed,
But the glory lingered still;
As if that which made thee lovely
Had remained unchangeable.
Only that which marred thy beauty,
Only *that* had passed away;
Sullen wilds of ocean-moorland,
Bloated features of decay.
Only that dark waste of waters
Line ne'er fathomed, eye ne'er scanned;
Only that shall shrink and vanish,
Yielding back the imprisoned land.
Yielding back earth's fertile hollows,
Long submerged and hidden plains;
Giving up a thousand valleys
Of the ancient world's domains.
Leaving still bright azure ranges,
Winding round this rocky tower;
Leaving still yon gem-bright island,
Sparkling like an ocean flower.
Leaving still some placid sketches,
Where the sunbeams bathe at noon;
Leaving still some lake-like reaches,
Mirrors for the silver moon.
Only all of gloom and horror,
Idle wastes of endless brine,
Haunts of darkness, storm, and danger;
These shall be no longer thine.
Backward ebbing, wave and ripple,
Wondrous scenes shall then disclose;
And, like earth's, the wastes of ocean
Then shall blossom as the rose.

ALL WELL.

No seas again shall sever,
No desert intervene;
No deep, sad-flowing river
Shall roll its tide between.

No bleak cliffs, upward towering,
Shall bound our eager sight;
No tempest, darkly lowering,
Shall wrap us in its night.

Love, and unsevered union
Of soul with those we love,
Nearness and glad communion,
Shall be our joy above.

No dread of wasting sickness,
No thought of ache or pain,
No fretting hours of weakness,
Shall mar our peace again.

No death our homes o'ershading,
Shall e'er our harps unstring;
For all is life unfading
In presence of our King.

THE MEETING-PLACE.

Where the faded flower shall freshen—
Freshen never more to fade;
Where the shaded sky shall brighten—
Brighten never more to shade;
Where the sun-blaze never scorches;
Where the star-beams cease to chill;
Where no tempest stirs the echoes
Of the wood, or wave, or hill:
Where the morn shall wake in gladness,
And the noon the joy prolong;
Where the daylight dies in fragrance,
'Mid the burst of holy song:
Brother, we shall meet and rest
'Mid the holy and the blest!

Where no shadow shall bewilder,
Where life's vain parade is o'er;
Where the sleep of sin is broken,
And the dreamer dreams no more;
Where no bond is ever sundered;
Partings, claspings, sob, and moan,
Midnight waking, twilight weeping,
Heavy noontide—all are done:
Where the child has found its mother,
Where the mother finds the child;
Where dear families are gathered
That were scattered on the wild:
Brother, we shall meet and rest
'Mid the holy and the blest!

Where the hidden wound is healed,
Where the blighted life re-blooms;
Where the smitten heart the freshness
Of its buoyant youth resumes;
Where the love that here we lavish
On the withering leaves of time,
Shall have fadeless flowers to fix on
In an ever spring-bright clime:
Where we find the joy of loving
As we never loved before,
Loving on, unchilled, unhinder'd,
Loving once, and evermore:
Brother, we shall meet and rest
'Mid the holy and the blest!

Where a blasted world shall brighten
Underneath a bluer sphere,
And a softer, gentler sunshine
Shed its healing splendour here:
Where earth's barren vales shall blossom,
Putting on their robe of green,
And a purer, fairer Eden
Be where only wastes have been:
Where a king in kingly glory,
Such as earth hath never known,
Shall assume the righteous sceptre,
Claim and wear the holy crown:
Brother, we shall meet and rest
'Mid the holy and the blest.

ALEXANDER HUME.

BORN 1809—DIED 1851.

ALEXANDER HUME, the son of Walter Hume, a respectable merchant of Kelso, was born there in February, 1809. He received his education in his native town, his first teacher being Mr. Ballantyne, well known for his ability. The family afterwards removed from Kelso to London. When about thirteen or fourteen years of age Alexander suddenly disappeared, and joined a company of strolling players. He sang the melodies of his native land with wonderful skill,—was equally successful with the popular English comic songs of that day,—could take a part in tragedy, comedy, or farce,—and, if need be, could dance a reel or hornpipe. He soon therefore became a great favourite with the manager, but disgusted with his associates he left them, and returned to London. By the kindness of a relative he was put in a way of earning his own livelihood, and in 1827 he obtained a good situation with a firm in Mark Lane. In the same year he became a lover, which first influenced him to attempt the art of rhyming, but although tolerably successful in his efforts at verse-making, he failed to win

the object of his admiration. Hume dedicated his first volume of songs to his friend Allan Cunningham. In the preface to this volume he says: "I composed them by no rules excepting those which my own observation and feelings formed; I knew no other. As I thought and felt, so I have written. Of all poetical compositions, songs, especially those of the affections, should be natural, warm gushings of feeling—brief, simple, and condensed. As soon as they have left the singer's lips they should be fast around the hearer's heart." In 1837 the poet was married, and in 1840 he visited the United States for the benefit of his health. Five years later he published a complete edition of his *Poems and Songs*, many of which enjoy an unusual degree of popularity. In 1847 he made a second voyage across the Atlantic for the benefit of his health, which had become impaired by over-application to business. He returned with health somewhat improved; but it again gradually declined, and he died at Northampton in May, 1851, leaving a widow and six children. During the latter years of his life Mr. Hume entirely abandoned literary pursuits, devoting all his time to his business, in which he met with very great success.

MENIE HAY.

A wee bird sits upon a spray,
And aye it sings o' Menie Hay,
The burden o' its cheery lay
Is "Come away, dear Menie Hay!
Sweet art thou, O Menie Hay!
Fair, I trow, O Menie Hay!
There's not a bonnie flower in May
Shows a bloom wi' Menie Hay."

A light in yonder window's seen,
And wi' it seen is Menie Hay;
Wha gazes on the dewy green,
Where sits the bird upon the spray?
"Sweet art thou, O Menie Hay!
Fair, I trow, O Menie Hay!
At sic a time, in sic a way,
What seek ye there, O Menie Hay?"

"What seek ye there, my daughter dear?
What seek ye there, O Menie Hay?"
"Dear mother, but the stars sae clear
Around the bonnie Milky Way."
"Sweet art thou, O Menie Hay!
Slee, I trow, O Menie Hay!
Ye something see ye daurna say,
Pawkie, winsome Menie Hay!"

The window's shut, the light is gane,
And wi' it gane is Menie Hay;
But wha is seen upon the green,
Kissing sweetly Menie Hay?
"Sweet art thou, O Menie Hay!
Slee, I trow, O Menie Hay!
For ane sae young ye ken the way.
And far from blate, O Menie Hay!"

"Gae scour the country, hill and dale;
Oh! wae's me, where is Menie Hay?
Search ilka nook, in town or vale,
For my daughter, Menie Hay."
"Sweet art thou, O Menie Hay!
Slee, I trow, O Menie Hay!
I wish you joy, young Johnny Fay,
O' your bride, sweet Menie Hay."

MY BESSIE.

My Bessie, oh! but look upon these bonnie
budding flowers,
Oh! do they no remember ye o' mony happy
hours,
When on this green and gentle hill we aften
met to play,
An' ye were like the morning sun, an' life a
nightless day?

The gowans blossom'd bonnilie, I'd pu' them
from the stem,
An' rin in noisy blithesomeness to thee, my
Bess, wi' them,
To place them in thy lily breast, for ae sweet
smile on me;
I saw nae mair the gowans then, then saw I
only thee.

Like two fair roses on a tree, we flourish'd an'
we grew,
An' as we grew, sweet love grew too, an' strong
'tween me and you;
How aft ye'd twine your gentle arms in love
about my neck,
An' breathe young vows that after-years o'
sorrow has na brak!

We'd raise our lisping voices in auld Coila's
melting lays,
An' sing that tearfu' tale about Doon's bonnie
banks and braes;
But thought na we o' banks and braes, except
those at our feet,
Like yon wee birds we sang our sang, yet
ken'd na that 'twas sweet.

Oh! is na this a joyous day, a' nature's breath-
ing forth
In gladness an' in lovelincss ower a' the wide,
wide earth?
The linties they are lilting love on ilka bush
an' tree,
Oh! may such joy be ever felt, my Bess, by
thee and me!

SANDY ALLAN.

Wha is he I hear sae crouse,
There ahint the hallan?
Whase skirling rings through a' the house,
Ilk corner o' the dwallin'.
O! it is ane, a weel kent chiel,
As mirth e'er set a bawlin',
Or filled a neuk in drouthy biel,—
It's canty Sandy Allan.

He has a gaucy kind gudewife,
This blithesome Sandy Allan,
Who lo'es him mickle mair than life,
An' glories in her callan.
As sense an' sound are ane in song,
Sae's Jean an' Sandy Allan:
Twa hearts, yet but ae pulse an' tongue,
Ha'e Luckie an' her callan.

To gi'e to a', it's aye his rule,
Their proper name an' callin',
A knave's a knave, a fule's a fule,
Wi' honest Sandy Allan.
For ilka vice he has a dart,
An' heavy is its fallin';
But aye for worth a kindred heart
Has ever Sandy Allan.

To kings his knee he winna bring,
Sae proud is Sandy Allan,
The man wha richtly feels is king,
Ower rank, wi' Sandy Allan.
Auld Nature, just to show the warl'
Ae truly honest callan,
E'en strippit till't, and made a carle,
An' ca'd him Sandy Allan.

I'VE WANDER'D ON THE SUNNY HILL.

I've wander'd on the sunny hill, I've wander'd
in the vale,
When sweet wee birds in fondness meet to
breathe their am'rous tale;
But hills or vales, or sweet wee birds, nae
pleasures gae to me—
The light that beam'd its ray on me was love's
sweet glance from thee.

The rising sun, in golden beams, dispels the
night's dark gloom—
The morning dew to rose's hue imparts a fresh-
ening bloom:
But sunbeams ne'er so brightly play'd in dance
o'er yon glad sea,
Nor roses laved in dew sae sweet as love's sweet
glance from thee.

I love thee as the pilgrims love the water in
the sand,
When scorching rays or blue simoom sweep
o'er their withering hand;
The captive's heart nae gladlier beats when set
from prison free,
Than I when bound wi' beauty's chain in love's
sweet glance from thee.

I loved thee, bonnie Bessie, as the earth adores
the sun,
I ask'd nae lands, I crav'd nae gear, I prized
but thee alone;
Ye smiled in look, but no in heart—your heart
was no for me;
Ye planted hope that never bloom'd in love's
sweet glance from thee.

OH! YEARS HAE COME.

Oh! years hae come, an' years hae gane,
Sin' first I sought the warld alane,
Sin' first I mused wi' heart sae fain
On the hills o' Caledonia.
But oh! behold the present gloom,
My early friends are in the tomb,
And nourish now the heather bloom
On the hills o' Caledonia.

My father's name, my father's lot,
Is now a tale that's heeded not,
Or sang unsung, if no forgot,
On the hills o' Caledonia.

O' our great ha' there's left nae stane—
A' swept away, like snaw lang gane;
Weeds flourish o'er the auld domain
On the hills o' Caledonia.

The Ti'ot's banks are bare and high,
The stream rins sma' and mournfu' by,
Like some sad heart maist grutten dry,
On the hills o' Caledonia.
The wee birds sing no frae the tree,
The wild-flowers bloom no on the lea,
As if the kind things pitied me
On the hills o' Caledonia.

But friends can live, though cold they lie,
An' mock the mourner's tear an' sigh;
When we forget them, then they die
On the hills o' Caledonia.
An' howsoever changed the scene,
While memory an' my feeling's green,
Still green to my auld heart an' een
Are the hills o' Caledonia.

JOHN S. BLACKIE.

John Stuart Blackie was born at Glasgow, July 28, 1809. His father, who was a banker, removed to Aberdeen when John was very young, and here he began his education at a private school, then under the rectorship of Mr. Merson. In his twelfth year he became a student of Marischal College, where he remained for four years, and then attended the University of Edinburgh. In 1829 he went to the Continent, and continued his studies at Göttingen and Berlin. From Germany he proceeded to Italy, where he devoted himself to the study of the Italian language and literature, and to the science of archæology. On his return to Scotland he studied law, and was called to the bar in 1834; but not finding the profession congenial, he occupied his time chiefly in writing for the reviews. It was at this time that he published a very successful translation of Goethe's "Faust," which at once established his reputation as an accomplished German scholar. In 1841 he was appointed professor of Humanity in Marischal College, a position which he held for eleven years. In 1850 he published a translation of the dramas of Æschylus, which he dedicated to the Chevalier Bunsen and Edward Gerhard, "the friends of his youth and the directors of his early studies."

In 1852 Blackie was elected to the chair of Greek in the Edinburgh University, and in 1853 he travelled in Greece, residing in Athens for several months until he had acquired a fluent use of the living Greek language.[1] In the matter of accent he became a convert to the modern Greek pronunciation, with certain modifications, and has since then persistently denounced the English method of pronouncing Greek with Latin accentuation as a barbarous figment, utterly destitute of any foundation either in science or in philological tradition. In 1857 he published *Lays and Legends of Ancient Greece, with other Poems.* In 1860 he issued *Lyrical Poems*—many of them in Latin; and six years later his *Homer and the Iliad*, in four octavo vols., including a translation of the Iliad in ballad measure. For his highest honours as a poet and a scholar Professor Blackie is indebted to his admirable rendering of the illustrious Greek poet. Several of his lectures and discourses have been issued separately, of which the most famous is the discourse on *Democracy*, in which he defended the principles of the British constitution in opposition to those who held up America as the model of political excellence. The year following *Musa Burschicosa*, a volume of songs for students and university men, appeared; and in 1870 he put forth

[1] The learned professor, in his enthusiasm for that ancient tongue, declares broad Scotch "Doric" the only correct pronunciation. "The English," he remarks, "don't know how to pronounce Greek. When Gladstone went to Greece a few years ago, not a word could the Greeks understand when he spoke to them; therefore he was obliged to address them at Corfu in Italian. I went to Greece and they understood every word I said."—Ed.

a volume of *War Songs of the Germans*, with historical sketches, in which he advocated the cause of Germany against France with great energy and decision. This work was followed in 1872 by *Lays of the Highlands and Islands*, and by a prose volume entitled *Self-culture*, which appeared in 1874 and was republished in the United States. Professor Blackie has also appeared as a lecturer in the Royal Institution, London, where he successfully combated the views of John Stuart Mill in moral philosophy, of Mr. Grote in his estimate of the Greek Sophists, and of Max Müller in his allegorical interpretation of ancient myths. His views on moral philosophy were afterwards embodied in a separate work, *The Four Phases of Morals* (second edition, 1874, reprinted in America); while his philological papers generally appeared under the title of *Horæ Hellenicæ* (London, 1874). His philosophy of Taste appeared in the work *On Beauty* (1858), in which he combated the famous Association theory of Alison and Jeffrey. More recently he has advocated with characteristic energy and ardour the establishment of a Celtic professorship in the University of Edinburgh. Another volume of poems, entitled *Songs of Religion and Life* appeared in 1876, and contains many fine effusions, amongst others the poem "Beautiful World." He is now (May, 1876) engaged on a work to be entitled *The Language and Literature of the Highlands*.

A writer in *St. James's Magazine* says:—"Professor Blackie has been known so long for his excellent translations and his scholarly abilities, that it will be unnecessary to say much here. If additional proof were needed that there is more in the teaching of the classics than mere 'gerund-grinding,' we have it in this most amiable of Scotch professors. It would be a treat of no ordinary kind to hear him dilate upon Aristophanes. There are points, too, in Homer, which no one has seized upon so sharply and effectively as he. We should like to hear him talk offhand about Thersites. Yet the wonder is that Professor Blackie should have spent so much of his time in translations—not in the class, but in his study as literary work—considering his undeniable claims as a writer of original poetry. There is no member of a Scotch senatus so well and favourably known as Professor Blackie, chiefly because he has so little of the orthodox school-man about him."

THE DEATH OF COLUMBA.

Saxon stranger, thou didst wisely,
Sunder'd for a little space
From that motley stream of people
Drifting by this holy place;
With the furnace and the funnel
Through the long sea's glancing arm,
Let them hurry back to Oban,
Where the tourist loves to swarm.
Here, upon this hump of granite,
Sit with me a quiet while,
And I'll tell thee how Columba
Died upon this old gray isle.

I.

'Twas in May, a breezy morning,
When the sky was fresh and bright,
And the broad blue ocean shimmer'd
With a thousand gems of light.
On the green and grassy Machar,
Where the fields are spredden wide,
And the crags in quaint confusion
Jut into the Western tide;
Here his troop of godly people,
In stout labour's garb array'd,
Blithe their fruitful task were plying
With the hoe and with the spade.
"I will go and bless my people,"
Quoth the father, "ere I die.
But the strength is slow to follow
Where the wish is swift to fly;
I am old and feeble, Diarmid,
Yoke the oxen, be not slow,
I will go and bless my people,
Ere from earth my spirit go."
On his ox-drawn wain he mounted,
Faithful Diarmid by his side;
Soon they reached the grassy Machar,
Soft and smooth, Iona's pride:
"I am come to bless my people,
Faithful fraters, ere I die;
I had wish'd to die at Easter,
But I would not mar your joy,
Now the Master plainly calls me,
Gladly I obey his call:

I am ripe, I feel the sickle,
Take my blessing ere I fall."
But they heard his words with weeping,
And their tears fell on the dew,
And their eyes were dimmed with sorrow,
For they knew his words were true.
Then he stood up on the waggon,
And his prayerful hands he hove,
And he spake and bless'd the people
With the blessing of his love:
"God be with you, faithful fraters,
With you now, and evermore;
Keep you from the touch of evil,
On your souls his Spirit pour;
God be with you, fellow-workmen,
And from loved Iona's shore
Keep the blighting breath of demons,
Keep the viper's venom'd store!"
Thus he spake, and turn'd the oxen
Townwards; sad they went, and slow,
And the people, fixed in sorrow,
Stood, and saw the father go.

II.

List me further, Saxon stranger,
Note it nicely, by the causeway
On the left hand, where thou came
With the motley tourist people,
Stands a cross of figured fame.
Even now thine eye may see it,
Near the nunnery, slim and gray;—
From the waggon there Columba
Lighted on that tearful day,
And he sat beneath the shadow
Of that cross, upon a stone,
Brooding on his speedy passage
To the land where grief is none;
When, behold, the mare, the white one
That was wont the milk to bear
From the dairy to the cloister,
Stood before him meekly there,
Stood, and softly came up to him,
And with move of gentlest grace
O'er the shoulder of Columba
Thrust her piteous-pleading face,
Look'd upon him as a friend looks
On a friend that goes away,
Sunder'd from the land that loves him
By wide seas of briny spray.
"Fie upon thee for thy manners!"
Diarmid cried with lifted rod,
"Wilt thou with untimely fondness
Vex the prayerful man of God?"
"Not so, Diarmid," cried Columba;
"Dost thou see the speechful eyne
Of the fond and faithful creature
Sorrow'd with the swelling brine?
God hath taught the mute unreasoning
What thou fail'st to understand,
That this day I pass for ever
From Iona's shelly strand.
Have my blessing, gentle creature,
God doth bless both man and beast;
From hard yoke, when I shall leave thee,
Be thy faithful neck released."
Thus he spoke, and quickly rising
With what feeble strength remained,
Leaning on stout Diarmid's shoulder,
A green hillock's top he gained.
There, or here where we are sitting,
Whence his eye might measure well
Both the cloister and the chapel,
And his pure and prayerful cell.
There he stood, and high uplifting
Hands whence flowed a healing grace,
Breathed his latest voice of blessing
To protect the sacred place,—
Spake such words as prophets utter
When the veil of flesh is rent,
And the present fades from vision,
On the germing future bent:
"God thee bless, thou loved Iona,
Though thou art a little spot,
Though thy rocks are gray and treeless,
Thine shall be a boastful lot;
Thou shalt be a sign for nations;
Nurtured on thy sacred breast,
Thou shalt send on holy mission
Men to teach both East and West;
Peers and potentates shall own thee,
Monarchs of wide-sceptred sway
Dying shall beseech the honour
To be tomb'd beneath thy clay;
God's dear saints shall love to name thee,
And from many a storied land
Men of clerkly fame shall pilgrim
To Iona's little strand."

III.

Thus the old man spake his blessing;
Then, where most he loved to dwell,
Through the well-known porch he enter'd
To his pure and prayerful cell;
And then took the holy psalter—
'Twas his wont when he would pray—
Bound with three stout clasps of silver,
From the casquet where it lay;
There he read with fixed devoutness,
And, with craft full fair and fine,
On the smooth and polished vellum
Copied forth, the sacred line,
Till he came to where the kingly
Singer sings in faithful mood,
How the younglings of the lion
Oft may roam in vain for food,

But who fear the Lord shall never
Live and lack their proper good.
Here he stopped, and said, "My latest
Now is written; what remains
I bequeath to faithful Beathan
To complete with pious pains."
Then he rose, and in the chapel
Conned the pious vesper song
Inly to himself, for feeble
Now the voice that once was strong;
Hence with silent step returning
To his pure and prayerful cell,
On the round smooth stone he laid him
Which for pallet served him well.
Here some while he lay; then rising,
To a trusty brother said:
"Brother, take my parting message,
Be my last words wisely weighed.
'Tis an age of brawl and battle;
Men who seek not God to please,
With wild sweep of lawless passion
Waste the land and scourge the seas.
Not like them be ye; be loving,
Peaceful, patient, truthful, bold,
But in service of your Master
Use no steel and seek no gold."
Thus he spake; but now there sounded
Through the night the holy bell
That to Lord's-day matins gather'd
Every monk from every cell.
Eager at the sound, Columba
In the way foresped the rest,
And before the altar kneeling,
Pray'd with hands on holy breast.
Diarmid followed; but a marvel
Flow'd upon his wondering eyne,—
All the windows shone with glorious
Light of angels in the shrine.
Diarmid enter'd; all was darkness.
"Father!" But no answer came.
"Father! art thou here, Columba?"
Nothing answer'd to the name.
Soon the troop of monks came hurrying,
Each man with a wandering light,
For great fear had come upon them,
And a sense of strange affright.
"Diarmid! Diarmid! is the father
With thee? Art thou here alone?"
And they turn'd their lights and found him
On the pavement lying prone.
And with gentle hands they raised him,
And he mildly looked around,
And he raised his arm to bless them,
But it dropped upon the ground;
And his breathless body rested
On the arms that held him dear,
And his dead face look'd upon them
With a light serene and clear;
And they said that holy angels
Surely hover'd round his head,
For alive no loveliest ever
Look'd so lovely as this dead.

Stranger, thou hast heard my story,
Thank thee for thy patient ear;
We are pleased to stir the sleeping
Memory of old greatness here.
I have used no gloss, no varnish,
To make fair things fairer look;
As the record stands I give it,
In the old monks' Latin book.
Keep it in thy heart, and love it,
Where a good thing loves to dwell;
It may help thee in thy dying,
If thou care to use it well.

THE LAY OF THE BRAVE CAMERON.

At Quatre Bras, when the fight ran high,
Stout Cameron stood with wakeful eye,
Eager to leap, as a mettlesome hound,
Into the fray with a plunge and a bound.
But Wellington, lord of the cool command,
Held the reins with a steady hand,
Saying, "Cameron, wait, you'll soon have enough,
Giving the Frenchmen a taste of your stuff,
When the Cameron men are wanted."

Now hotter and hotter the battle grew,
With tramp, and rattle, and wild halloo,
And the Frenchmen poured, like a fiery flood,
Right on the ditch where Cameron stood.
Then Wellington flashed from his steadfast stance
On his captain brave a lightning glance,
Saying, "Cameron, now have at them, boy,
Take care of the road to Charleroi,
Where the Cameron men are wanted."

Brave Cameron shot like a shaft from a bow
Into the midst of the plunging foe,
And with him the lads whom he loved, like a torrent
Sweeping the rocks in its foamy current;
And he fell the first in the fervid fray,
Where a deathful shot had shove its way,
But his men pushed on where the work was rough,
Giving the Frenchman a taste of their stuff,
Where the Cameron men were wanted.

Brave Cameron then, from the battle's roar,
His foster-brother stoutly bore,

His foster-brother with service true,
Back to the village of Waterloo.
And they laid him on the soft green sod,
And he breathed his spirit there to God,
But not till he heard the loud hurrah
Of victory billowed from Quatre Bras,
Where the Cameron men were wanted.

By the road to Ghent they buried him then,
This noble chief of the Cameron men,
And not an eye was tearless seen
That day beside the alley green:
Wellington wept, the iron man;
And from every eye in the Cameron clan
The big round drop in bitterness fell,
As with the pipes he loved so well
His funeral wail they chanted.

And now he sleeps (for they bore him home,
When the war was done, across the foam)
Beneath the shadow of Nevis Ben,
With his sires, the pride of the Cameron men.
Three thousand Highlandmen stood round,
As they laid him to rest in his native ground;
The Cameron brave, whose eye never quail'd,
Whose heart never sank, and whose hand never failed,
Where a Cameron man was wanted.

BENEDICITE.

Angels holy,
High and lowly,
Sing the praises of the Lord!
Earth and sky, all living nature,
Man, the stamp of thy Creator,
Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord!

Sun and moon bright,
Night and moonlight,
Starry temples azure-floor'd,
Cloud and rain, and wild winds' madness,
Sons of God that shout for gladness,
Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord!

Ocean hoary,
Tell His glory,
Cliffs where tumbling seas have roar'd!
Pulse of waters, blithely beating,
Wave advancing, wave retreating,
Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord!

Rock and highland,
Wood and island,
Crag, where eagle's pride hath soar'd,
Mighty mountains, purple-breasted,
Peaks cloud-cleaving, snowy-crested,
Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord!

Rolling river,
Praise Him ever,
From the mountain's deep vein pour'd,
Silver fountain, clearly gushing,
Troubled torrent, madly rushing,
Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord!

Bond and free man,
Land and sea man,
Earth, with peoples widely stored,
Wanderer lone o'er prairies ample,
Full-voiced choir, in costly temple,
Praise ye, praise ye God the Lord!

Praise Him ever,
Bounteous Giver;
Praise Him Father, Friend, and Lord!
Each glad soul, its free course winging,
Each glad voice, its free song singing,
Praise the great and mighty Lord!

THE TWO MEEK MARGARETS.

It fell on a day in the blooming month of May,
When the trees were greenly growing,
That a captain grim went down to the brim
O' the sea, when the tide was flowing.

Twa maidens he led, that captain grim,
Wi' his red-coat loons behind him,
Twa meek-faced maids, and he sware that he
In the salt sea-swell should bind them.

And a' the burghers o' Wigton town
Came down, full sad and cheerless,
To see that ruthless captain drown
These maidens meek but fearless.

O what had they done, these maidens meek,
What crime all crimes excelling,
That they should be staked on the ribbed sea-sand,
And drowned, where the tide was swelling?

O waes me, wae! but the truth I maun say,
Their crime was the crime of believing
Not man, but God, when the last false Stuart
His Popish plot was weaving.

O spare them! spare them! thou captain grim!
No! no!—to a stake he hath bound them,
Where the floods as they flow, and the waves as they grow,
Shall soon be deepening round them.

The one had threescore years and three;
Far out on the sand they bound her,
Where the first dark flow of the waves as they grow,
Is quickly swirling round her.

The other was a maiden fresh and fair;
More near to the land they bound her,
That she might see by slow degree
The grim waves creeping round her.

O captain, spare that maiden gray,
She's deep in the deepening water!
No! no!—she's lifted her hands to pray,
And the choking billow caught her!

See, see, young maid, cried the captain grim,
The wave shall soon ride o'er thee!
She's swamped in the brine whose sin was like thine;
See that same fate before thee!

I see the Christ who hung on a tree
When his life for sins he offered;
In one of his members, even he
With that meek maid hath suffered.

O captain, save that meek young maid;
She's a loyal farmer's daughter!
Well, well! let her swear to good King James,
And I'll hale her out from the water!

I will not swear to Popish James,
But I pray for the head of the nation,
That he and all, both great and small,
May know God's great salvation!

She spoke; and lifted her hands to pray,
And felt the greedy water,
Deep and more deep around her creep,
Till the choking billow caught her!

O Wigton, Wigton! I'm wae to sing
The truth o' this waesome story;
But God will sinners to judgment bring,
And his saints shall reign in glory.

THE EMIGRANT LASSIE.[1]

As I came wandering down Glen Spean,
Where the braes are green and grassy,
With my light step I overtook
A weary-footed lassie.

She had one bundle on her back,
Another in her hand,
And she walked as one who was full loath
To travel from the land.

Quoth I, "My bonnie lass!"—for she
Had hair of flowing gold,
And dark brown eyes, and dainty limbs,
Right pleasant to behold—

"My bonnie lass, what aileth thee
On this bright summer day,
To travel sad and shoeless thus
Upon the stony way?

"I'm fresh and strong, and stoutly shod,
And thou art burdened so;
March lightly now, and let me bear
The bundles as we go."

"No, no!" she said; "that may not be;
What's mine is mine to bear;
Of good or ill, as God may will,
I take my portioned share."

"But you have two and I have none;
One burden give to me;
I'll take that bundle from thy back.
That heavier seems to be."

"No, no!" she said; "*this*, if you will,
That holds—no hand but mine
May bear its weight from dear Glen Spean,
'Cross the Atlantic brine!"

"Well, well! but tell me what may be
Within that precious load
Which thou dost bear with such fine care
Along the dusty road?

"Belike it is some present rare
From friend in parting hour;
Perhaps, as prudent maidens' wont,
Thou tak'st with thee thy dower."

She drooped her head, and with her hand
She gave a mournful wave:
"Oh, do not jest, dear sir!—it is
Turf from my mother's grave!"

I spoke no word: we sat and wept
By the road-side together;
No purer dew on that bright day
Was dropt upon the heather.

OCTOBER.

Once the year was gay and bright,
Now the sky is gray and sober;
But not the less thy milder light
I love, thou sere and brown October.

[1] The following lines contain the simple unadorned statement of a fact in the experience of a friend, who is fond of wandering in the Highland glens.

Then across each ferny down
Marched proud flush of purple heather;
Now in robe of modest brown,
Heath and fern lie down together.

Weep who will the faded year,
I have weaned mine eyes from weeping;
Drop not for the dead a tear,
Love her, she is only sleeping.
And when storms of wild unrest
O'er the frosted fields come sweeping,
Weep not; 'neath her snowy vest
Nature gathers strength from sleeping.

Rest and labour, pleasure, pain,
Hunger, feeding, thirsting, drinking,
Ebb and flow, and loss and gain,
Love and hatred, dreaming, thinking.
Each for each exists, and all
Binds one secret mystic tether;
And each is best as each may fall
For you and me, and all together.

Then clothe thee or in florid vest,
Thou changeful year, or livery sober,
Thy present wear shall please me best,
Or rosy June, or brown October.
And when loud tempests spur their race,
I'll know, and have no cause for weeping,
They brush the dust from off thy face,
To make thee wake more fair from sleeping.

A SONG OF THE COUNTRY.

Away from the roar and the rattle,
The dust and the din of the town,
Where to live is to brawl and to battle,
Till the strong treads the weak man down!
Away to the bonnie green hills
Where the sunshine sleeps on the brae,
And the heart of the greenwood thrills
To the hymn of the bird on the spray.

Away from the smoke and the smother,
The veil of the dun and the brown,
The push and the plash and the pother,
The wear and the waste of the town!
Away where the sky shines clear,
And the light breeze wanders at will,
And the dark pine-wood nod near
To the light-plumed birch on the hill.

Away from the whirling and wheeling,
And steaming above and below,
Where the heart has no leisure for feeling
And the thought has no quiet to grow.
Away where the clear brook purls,
And the hyacinth droops in the shade,
And the plume of the fern uncurls
Its grace in the depth of the glade.

Away to the cottage so sweetly
Embowered 'neath the fringe of the wood,
Where the wife of my bosom shall meet me
With thoughts ever kindly and good;
More dear than the wealth of the world,
Fond mother with bairnies three,
And the plump-armed babe that has curled
Its lips sweetly pouting for me.

Then away from the roar and the rattle,
The dust and din of the town,
Where to live is to brawl and to battle,
Till the strong treads the weak man down.
Away where the green twigs nod
In the fragrant breath of the May,
And the sweet growth spreads on the sod,
And the blithe birds sing on the spray.

THE HIGHLAND MANSE.

If men were free to take, and wise to use
The fortunes richly strewn by kindly chance,
Then kings and mighty potentates might choose
To live and die lords of a Highland manse.
For why? Though that which spurs the forward mind
Be wanting here, the high-perched glittering prize,
The bliss that chiefly suits the human kind
Within this bounded compass largely lies—
The healthful change of labour and of ease,
The sober inspiration to do good,
The green seclusion, and the stirring breeze,
The working hand leagued with the thoughtful mood;
These things, undreamt by feverish-striving men,
The wise priest knows who rules a Highland glen.

BEAUTIFUL WORLD!

Beautiful world!
Though bigots condemn thee,
My tongue finds no words
For the graces that gem thee!
Beaming with sunny light,
Bountiful ever,
Streaming with gay delight,
Full as a river!
Bright world! brave world!
Let cavillers blame thee!
I bless thee, and bend
To the God who did frame thee!

Beautiful world!
  Bursting around me,
Manifold, million-hued
  Wonders confound me!
From earth, sea, and starry sky,
  Meadow and mountain,
Eagerly gushes
  Life's magical fountain.
    Bright world! brave world!
      Though witlings may blame thee,
    Wonderful excellence
      Only could frame thee!

The bird in the greenwood
  His sweet hymn is trolling,
The fish in blue ocean
  Is spouting and rolling!
Light things on airy wing
  Wild dances weaving,
Clods with new life in spring
  Swelling and heaving!
    Thou quick-teeming world,
      Though scoffers may blame thee,
    I wonder, and worship
      The God who could frame thee!

Beautiful world!
  What poesy measures
Thy strong-flooding passions,
  Thy light-trooping pleasures?
Mustering, marshalling,
  Striving and straining,
Conquering, triumphing,
  Ruling and reigning!
    Thou bright-armied world!
      So strong, who can tame thee?
    Wonderful power of God
      Only could frame thee!

Beautiful world!
  While godlike I deem thee,
No cold wit shall move me
  With bile to blaspheme thee!
I have lived in thy light,
  And, when Fate ends my story,
May I leave on death's cloud
  The bright trail of life's glory!
    Wondrous old world!
      No ages shall shame thee!
    Ever bright with new light
      From the God who did frame thee!

THOMAS SMIBERT.

Born 1810 — Died 1854.

Thomas Smibert, a poet and most prolific prose-writer, was born Feb. 8, 1810, at Peebles, of which town his father held for some time the honourable office of provost. Intended for the medical profession, he was at first apprenticed to an apothecary, and afterwards studied at the University of Edinburgh. He was licensed as a surgeon, and began practice at Innerleithen, near Peebles, but lack of business and a disappointment in love induced him to abandon the place and his profession, and betake himself to the field of literature. Removing to Edinburgh he obtained employment with the Messrs. Chambers, and became a successful writer for their *Journal*, to which he contributed no less than five hundred essays, one hundred tales, fifty biographical sketches, and numerous poems within a period of five years. He also wrote extensively for the *Information for the People*, a work published by the same firm.

In 1842 Smibert was appointed sub-editor of the *Scotsman* newspaper, and the same year a historical play from his pen, entitled *Condé's Wife*, was produced at the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, where it had a run of nine nights. Although by the bequest of a wealthy relative Smibert became independent of his pen as a means of livelihood, he still continued to write. Besides contributing to *Hogg's Instructor*, he published a work on *Greek History*, collated a *Rhyming Dictionary*, and prepared a magnificently illustrated volume on the *Clans of the Highlands of Scotland*. In 1851 he collected and published his poetical compositions in a volume entitled "*Io Anche!* Poems chiefly Lyrical." Many of the pieces are translations from French writers.

Mr. Smibert died at Edinburgh January 16, 1854, in his forty-fourth year. Dr. Rogers says of him:—"With pleasing manners, he

was possessed of kindly dispositions, and was much cherished for his intelligent and interesting conversation. In person he was strongly built, and his complexion was fair and ruddy. He was not undesirous of reputation both as a poet and prose-writer, and has recorded his regret that he had devoted so much time to evanescent periodical literature. His poetry is replete with patriotic sentiment, and his strain is forcible and occasionally brilliant. His songs indicate a fine fancy and deep pathos."

THE WIDOW'S LAMENT.

Afore the Lammas tide
Had dun'd the birken tree,
In a' our water-side
Nae wife was bless'd like me.
A kind gudeman, and twa
Sweet bairns were 'round me here,
But they're a' ta'en awa
Sin' the fa' o' the year.

Sair trouble cam' our gate,
And made me, when it cam',
A bird without a mate,
A ewe without a lamb.
Our hay was yet to maw,
And our corn was to shear,
When they a' dwined awa'
In the fa' o' the year.

I downa look a-field,
For aye I trow I see
The form that was a bield
To my wee bairns and me;
But wind, and weet, and snaw,
They never mair can fear,
Sin' they a' got the ca'
In the fa' o' the year.

Aft on the hill at e'ens
I see him 'mang the ferns—
The lover o' my teens,
The faither o' my bairns;
For there his plaid I saw,
As gloamin aye drew near,
But my a's now awa'
Sin' the fa' o' the year.

Our bonnie riggs theirsel'
Reca' my waes to mind;
Our puir dumb beasties tell
O' a' that I hae tyned;
For wha our wheat will saw,
And wha our sheep will shear,
Sin' my a' gaed awa'
In the fa' o' the year?

My hearth is growing cauld,
And will be caulder still,
And sair, sair in the fauld
Will be the winter's chill;
For peats were yet to ca',
Our sheep they were to smear,
When my a' passed awa'
In the fa' o' the year.

I ettle whiles to spin,
But wee, wee patterin' feet
Come rinnin' out and in,
And then I just maun greet;
I ken it's fancy a',
And faster rows the tear,
That my a' dwined awa'
In the fa' o' the year.

Be kind, O Heaven abune!
To ane sae wae and lane,
And tak' her hamewards sune
In pity o' her maen.
Lang ere the March winds blaw,
May she, far, far frae here,
Meet them a' that's awa'
Sin' the fa' o' the year!

THE HERO OF ST. JOHN D'ACRE.

Once more on the broad-bosom'd ocean appearing,
The banner of England is spread to the breeze,
And loud is the cheering that hails the uprearing
Of glory's loved emblem, the pride of the seas.
No tempest shall daunt her,
No victor-foe taunt her,
What manhood can do in her cause shall be done—
Britannia's best seaman,
The boast of her freemen,
Will conquer or die by his colours and gun.

On Acre's proud turrets an ensign is flying,
Which stout hearts are banded till death to uphold;

And bold is their crying, and fierce their defying,
When trench'd in their ramparts, unconquer'd of old.
But lo! in the offing,
To punish their scoffing,
Brave Napier appears, and their triumph is done;
No danger can stay him,
No foeman dismay him,
He conquers or dies by his colours and gun.

Now low in the dust is the crescent flag humbled,
Its warriors are vanquish'd, their freedom is gone;
The strong walls have tumbled, the proud towers are crumbled,
And England's flag waves over ruin'd St. John.
But Napier now tenders
To Acre's defenders
The aid of a friend when the combat is won;
For mercy's sweet blossom
Blooms fresh in his bosom,
Who conquers or dies by his colours and gun.

"All hail to the hero!" his country is calling,
And "hail to his comrades!" the faithful and brave;
They fear'd not for falling, they knew no appalling,
But fought like their fathers, the lords of the wave.
And long may the ocean,
In calm and commotion,
Rejoicing convey them where fame may be won,
And when foes would wound us,
May Napiers be round us,
To conquer or die by their colours and gun!

MY AIN DEAR LAND.

O bonnie are the howes,
And sunny are the knowes,
That feed the kye and yowes,
Where my life's morn dawn'd;
And brightly glance the rills,
That spring amang the hills,
And ca' the merrie mills,
In my ain dear land.

But now I canna see
The lammies on the lea,
Nor hear the heather-bee
On this far, far strand;
I see nae father's ha',
Nae barnie's waterfa',
But wander far awa'
Frae my ain dear land.

My heart was free and light,
My ingle burning bright,
When ruin cam' by night,
Thro' a foe's fell brand:
I left my native air,
I gaed—to come nae mair!—
And now I sorrow sair
For my ain dear land.

But blythely will I bide,
Whate'er may yet betide,
When ane is by my side
On this far, far strand;
My Jean will soon be here,
This waefu' heart to cheer,
And dry the fa'ing tear
For my ain dear land.

THE VOICE OF WOE.

"The language of passion, and more peculiarly that of grief, is ever nearly the same."

An Indian chief went forth to fight,
And bravely met the foe.
His eye was keen—his step was light—
His arm was unsurpassed in might;
But on him fell the gloom of night—
An arrow laid him low.
His widow sang with simple tongue,
When none could hear or see,
Ay, cheray me!

A Moorish maiden knelt beside
Her dying lover's bed;
She bade him stay to bless his bride,
She called him oft her lord, her pride;
But mortals must their doom abide—
The warrior's spirit fled.
With simple tongue the sad one sung,
When none could hear or see,
Ay, di me!

An English matron mourned her son,
The only son she bore;
Afar from her his course was run,
He perished as the fight was done,
He perished when the fight was won,
Upon a foreign shore.
With simple tongue the mother sung,
When none could hear or see,
Ah, dear me!

A gentle Highland maiden saw
A brother's body borne
From where, for country, king, and law,
He went his gallant sword to draw;
But swept within destruction's maw
From her had he been torn.
She sat and sung, with simple tongue,
When none could hear or see,
Oh, hon-a-ree!

An infant in untimely hour
Died in a Lowland cot;
The parents own'd the hand of power
That bids the storm be still or lour:
They grieved because the cup was sour,
And yet they murmured not.
They only sung with simple tongue,
When none could hear or see,
Ah, wae's me!

THOMAS T. STODDART.

Thomas Tod Stoddart was born in Argyle Square, Edinburgh, February 14, 1810. He is the son of a distinguished rear-admiral of the British navy, who was present at Lord Howe's victory, at the landing in Egypt, at the battles of the Nile and Copenhagen with Nelson, and in many other encounters. Young Stoddart was educated at a Moravian establishment near Manchester, and subsequently passed through a course of philosophy and law in the University of Edinburgh. At the age of sixteen he received a prize in Professor Wilson's class for a poem on "Idolatry." He studied for the bar, and was admitted to practise in 1833; but finding the profession uncongenial, he abandoned it. A few years later he married and settled at Kelso, where he has since resided. For many years he has devoted himself to the pursuits of literature and the pleasures of good old Walton's favourite recreation. He was an early and frequent contributor of poetry to the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*. In 1831 he published "The Lunacy or Death-wake; a Necromaunt in Five Chimeras;" in 1835, "The Art of Angling;" in 1837, "Angling Reminiscences;" in 1839, "Songs and Poems;" in 1846, "Abel Massinger, or the Aeronaut, a Romance;" in 1847, "The Angler's Companion," a new edition of which was published in 1852; and in 1866, "An Angler's Rambles and Angling Songs." His latest poetical work, entitled "Songs of the Seasons, and other Poems," was issued in 1873.

LOCH SKENE.

Like the eye of a sinless child,
That moss-brown tarn is gazing wild
From its heath-fringe, bright with stars of dew,
Up to the voiceless vault of blue.

It seemeth of a violet tinge,
Shaded under its flowery fringe,
For the dark and purple of moss and heather,
Like night and sunset blend together.

That tarn, it lieth on the hills,
Fed by the thousand infant rills,
Which are ever weeping in very sadness,
Or they smile through their tears with a gleam of gladness.

You may hear them in a summer's hour,
Trickling, like a rainbow shower,
From yon rock, whose rents of snow
Lie shadow'd in the tarn below.
It looketh from the margin bare,
Like a headstone in a churchyard fair;
But the heavy heron loveth well
Its height, where his own sentinel
He sits, when heaven is almost done
With the slow watch of the sun,
And the quiet day doth fold
His wings in arches of burning gold.

There is a lonesome, aged cairn,
Rising gray through the grass-green fern;

It tells of pale, mysterious bones,
Buried below the crumbling stones;
But the shadow of that pile of slaughter
Lies breasted on the stirless water,
As if no mortal hand had blent
Its old, unearthly lineament.

A wizard tarn is gray Loch Skene!
There are two islands sown within:
Both are like, as like the other
As brother to his own twin-brother;
Only a birch bends o'er the one,
Where the kindred isle hath none,
The tresses of that weeping tree
Hang down in their humility.

'Tis whisper'd of an eyrie there,
Where a lonely eagle pair
In the silver moonlight came,
To feed their young by the holy flame;
And at morn they mounted far and far,
Towards the last surviving star.
Only the forsaken nest
Sighs to the sea-winds from the west,
As if they told in their wandering by
How the rightful lord of its sanctuary
Mourneth his fallen mate alone
On a foamy Atlantic stone.

Never hath the quiet shore
Echoed the fall of silver oar,
Nor the waters of that tarn recoil'd
From the light skiff gliding wild;
But the spiritual cloud that lifted
The quiet moon, and dimly drifted
Away in tracery of snow,
Threw its image on the pool below,
Till it glided to the shaded shore,
Like a bark beneath the moveless oar.

Out at the nethermost brink there gushes
A playful stream from its ark of rushes,
It leaps like a wild fawn from the mountains,
Nursing its life with a thousand fountains,
It kisses the heath-flower's trembling bell,
And the mosses that love its margin well.

Fairy beings, one might dream,
Look from the breast of that silver stream,
Fearless, holy, and blissful things,
Flashing the dew-foam from their wings,
As they glide away, away for ever,
Borne seaward on some stately river.

That silver brook, it windeth on
Over slabs of fretted stone,
Till it cometh to the forehead vast
Of those gorgon rocks, that cast
Their features many a fathom under,
And, like a launch through surge of thunder,
From the trembling ledge it flings
The treasures of a thousand springs;
As if to end their blissful play,
And throw the spell of its life away.

Like a pillar of Parian stone
That in some old temple shone,
Or a slender shaft of living star,
Gleams that foam-fall from afar;
But the column is melted down below
Into a gulf of seething snow,
And the stream steals away from its whirl of
hoar,
As bright and as lovely as before.

There are rainbows in the morning sun,
Many a blushing trembling one,
Arches of rarest jewelry,
Where the elfin fairies be,
Through the glad air dancing merrily.

Such is the brook, so pure, so glad,
That sparkled high and bounded mad,
From the quiet waters, where
It took the form of a thing so fair.

Only it mocks the heart within,
To wander by the wild Loch Skene,
At cry of moorcock, when the day
Gathers his legions of light away.

For the sadness of a fallen throne
Reigns when the golden sun hath gone,
And the tarn and the hills and the misted
stream
Are shaded away to a mournful dream.

THE ANGLER'S TRYSTING-TREE.

Sing, sweet thrushes, forth and sing!
Meet the morn upon the lea;
Are the emeralds of the spring
On the angler's trysting-tree?
Tell, sweet thrushes, tell to me!
Are there buds on our willow-tree?
Buds and birds on our trysting-tree?

Sing, sweet thrushes, forth and sing!
Have you met the honey-bee,
Circling upon rapid wing,
Round the angler's trysting-tree?
Up, sweet thrushes, up and see!
Are there bees at our willow-tree?
Birds and bees at the trysting-tree?

Sing, sweet thrushes, forth and sing!
Are the fountains gushing free?
Is the south wind wandering
Through the angler's trysting-tree?
Up, sweet thrushes, tell to me!
Is there wind up our willow-tree?
Wind or calm at our trysting-tree?

Sing, sweet thrushes, forth and sing!
Wile us with a merry glee;
To the flowery haunts of spring—
To the angler's trysting-tree.
Tell, sweet thrushes, tell to me!
Are there flowers 'neath our willow-tree?
Spring and flowers at the trysting-tree?

THE BRITISH OAK.

The oak is Britain's pride!
The lordliest of trees,
The glory of her forest-side,
The guardian of her seas!
Its hundred arms are brandish'd wide
To brave the wintry breeze.

Our hearts shall never quail
Below the servile yoke,
Long as our seamen trim the sail,
And wake the battle smoke—
Long as they stem the stormy gale
On planks of British oak!

Then in its native mead
The golden acorn lay,
And watch with care the bursting seed,
And guard the tender spray;
England will bless us for the deed
In some far future day!

Oh! plant the acorn tree
Upon each Briton's grave;
So shall our island ever be
The island of the brave—
The mother-nurse of liberty,
And empress o'er the wave!

LET ITHER ANGLERS.

Let ither anglers choose their ain,
An' ither waters tak' the lead;
O' Hieland streams we covet nane,
But gie to us the bonnie Tweed!
An' gie to us the cheerfu' burn
That steals into its valley fair—
The streamlets that at ilka turn
Sae saftly meet an' mingle there.

The lanesome Tala and the Lyne,
An' Manor wi' its mountain rills,
An' Etterick, whose waters twine
Wi' Yarrow, frae the forest hills;
An Gala, too, an' Teviot bright,
An' mony a stream o' playfu' speed;
Their kindred valleys a' unite
Amang the braes o' bonnie Tweed.

There's no a hole abune the Crook,
Nor stane nor gentle swirl aneath,
Nor drumlie rill, nor fairy brook,
That daunders through the flowery heath,
But ye may fin' a subtle trout,
A' gleamin' ower wi' starn an' bead,
An' mony a sawmon sooms aboot,
Below the bields o' bonnie Tweed.

Frae Holylee to Clovenford,
A chancier bit ye canna hae,
So gin ye tak' an angler's word,
Ye'd through the whins an' ower the brae,
An' work awa' wi' cunnin' hand
Yer birzy hackles black and reid;
The saft sough o' a slender wand
Is meetest music for the Tweed!

MUSINGS ON THE BANKS OF THE TEVIOT.

With thy windings, gentle Teviot!
Through life's summer I have travelled—
Shared in all thy merry gambols,
All thy mazy course unravell'd.

Every pool I know and shallow,
Every circumstance of channel,
Every incident historic
Blent with old or modern annal,

Which, within thy famous valley,
Dealt a mercy or a sorrow—
Every song and every legend
Which has passed into its morrow.

Who has loved thee, artless river,
Best of all thy single wooers?
Of thy wayward, witching waters,
Who most ardent of pursuers?

On thy banks, a constant dreamer,
Sitting king among his fancies,
Casting all his wealth of musing
Into thy tried course of chances.

Name another in thy prattle
  Who has done his service better—
Tendering or accepting tribute,
  Creditor as well as debtor?

Out of thy redundant plenty,
  On the lap of living mercies,
I have woven a votive offering—
  Shaped a wreath of simple verses.

Every generous wish attend thee!
  And, among thy generous wishers,
Takes its place with bard and scholar
  The more lowly band of fishers.

To that lowly band belonging,
  In its pleasures the partaker,
More I feel of true contentment
  Than the lord of many an acre.

Still, with glowing virtues, Teviot!
  Graces, joys, and forms of beauty,
Fill the valley of thy holding—
  Roll in dignity of duty!

Forward roll, and link thy fortunes
  With fair Tweed—thine elder sister!
Lyne and Leithen, Ettrick, Leader,
  In their earlier turns have kissed her.

Welcome, more than all the others,
  Thou! whose fulness of perfection
Finds a grateful recognition
  In this symbol of affection!

So entwined, Tweed glides exultant,
  As a joyful burden bearing
All thy passionate confidings—
  The rich lore of love and daring

Which to ballad and romances,
  Oft uncouthly, bard committed,
Guided by thy chime or plaining,
  To the rhythm which best befitted.

In the arms of Tweed enfolded,
  Followed still by my devotion,
Thou art separate to the vision,
  Wending on thy way to ocean.

Even there, I see the spirit
  Of whose life partook the willow,
And whose love laved slope and meadow,
  Moving o'er the restless billow.

In the salmon which ascends thee—
  All arrayed in gorgeous scaling—
A proud legate I distinguish
  From the court of Neptune hailing;
From the kingdom of the Trident,
  Bearing to his native river
Noble gifts of self-devotion,
  Tribute to the Tribute Giver!

FLOWER-LIFE.

PART FIRST.

Angels are sowers everywhere!
  They scatter as they fly
The gifts of heaven. In flower-life
  Is traced their passing by.

Upon the beaten thoroughfare,
  Under the hedge-row sere,
On the heavings of the churchyard,
  In places dread and drear;

Upon the far-famed battle-field,
  Where freedom at a blow
Abased the giant Tyranny,
  Their mission is to sow.

Also 'mid pleasant homesteads,
  And meadows of delight,
And up among the harbourings
  Of God's tempestuous might;

Upon the mountain forehead,
  Which the ploughshare never scarr'd,
They cast, while soaring heavenward,
  Their farewells of regard—

The nigh-exhausted affluence
  Committed to their charge,
On the more favour'd valley land,
  Sown broadcast and at large!

In yon desert, parch'd and howling,
  On yon rock, so bare and stern,
If you have eyes and soul of grace
  You may their tracks discern.

No spot without its token—
  Its letter of commend
Left by celestial Visitor—
  Sent by the Unseen Friend!

In flower-life is scripture,
  Which to study is to gain
Glimpses of the eternal world,
  Where saints with their Saviour reign.

By power of its teachings
  We higher climb and nigher

To the heaven of the heavens seven,
Where sit the tongues of fire;

And of God's heart and purposes—
His glory and his power—
New revelations ope on us
By virtue of the flower!

Better than pulpit rhapsodies,
Safer than priestly strife,
In its guidings to the throne of love
Is the study of Flower-life.

PART SECOND.

Angels are sowers everywhere,
They scatter as they fly
The gifts of Heaven, and everywhere
Reveals their passing by.

Behold it in that shining tuft
No jeweller could devise
Out of the seed of orient pearl,
Or diamond's flashing eyes!

From imprint of the messenger
On mercy's errand sent,
Sprung up, obedient to the charm,
The sparkling ornament.

An angel dropt the acorn
Four centuries gone by,
From which yon gnarled oak cast root,
And sprung its antlers high.

And oft among the curtains of
The storm-defying tree
Are heard the rustling as of wings,
And a sound like a nearing sea.

The lovers trysting under it
Affirm that earnest eyes
Are ofttimes gazing down on them
Like stars from autumnal skies;

And the pauses in their whisperings
Are filled up to the ear
With conference among the boughs
Of voices low and clear—

With renderings of legends
That stir the spirit fond,
And snatches of quaint melody,
Cull'd from the world beyond.

The gathering of angels
'Mid the hidings of the oak
Is a page in the pleasant fiction
Of the merrie fairy folk.

For angel-life and fairy-life,
In the poet's soul and song,
Their part hold in the mystery
That mateth Right with Wrong.

And everywhere and everywhere,
The angels and the elves,
To win God's creatures, zealously
Contend among themselves.

Yet of this grand contention
'Twixt the Evil and the Good—
'Twixt elf and angel, wrong and right—
The end is understood!

Ye messengers of God! go on
Sowing the seed of grace,
And grant that in the reaping-time,
When face is turned to face,

And man beholds the Maker
In whose image he was fraught—
When the light of apprehending
Things that were vainly sought

Comes flashing on an intellect
Obscured by the under-powers,
Be ye among the presences,
Ye sowers of the flowers!

That vindicate God's glory
By the showing of His love,
And lend a leal helping hand
To the paradise above!

JOHN BETHUNE.

Born 1810—Died 1839.

John Bethune, the younger of two remarkable brothers, was born at the Mount, once the residence of Sir David Lindsay, in the parish of Monimail, Fifeshire, August, 1810. We have already noticed the scanty education received by his elder brother Alexander; but the

schooling of John was limited to a single day, after which he was never at school again. He was taught, however, to read by his mother, and initiated into writing and arithmetic by Alexander—his teacher in boyhood and guardian and counsellor in more advanced years. For some time he was employed as a cowherd, and at the age of twelve he joined his brother in the work of breaking stones on the road. To better his condition he apprenticed himself in 1824 to a country weaver, and so soon acquired a good knowledge of the trade that at the end of the first year he could earn fifteen shillings a week. This was much better than stone-breaking, and with the hope of being able to assist his aged parents he resolved to follow weaving as his future craft, for which purpose he purchased a loom and commenced in earnest, with his brother Alexander for his apprentice. But the national mercantile depression which followed so utterly disappointed his calculations that his earnings were soon reduced to six shillings weekly, and he was obliged to return to his old occupation as an out-door labourer. Amidst all these hardships and privations John had also to encounter the evils attendant upon weak health, which repeatedly suspended his labour in the fields. It was during these intervals that he consoled himself with reading and composition, and under this harsh apprenticeship his intellectual qualities were called forth and ripened for action. Before he had completed his nineteenth year he had composed upwards of twenty poetical pieces of some length, and all of them pervaded by considerable beauty both of sentiment and language. These attempts, however, by which, in the course of time, he might make himself independent of bodily toil, were for several years prosecuted by stealth: none but his brother and his parents knew how his lonely hours were employed. "Up to the latter part of 1835," Alexander Bethune states in the memoir of his brother, "the whole of his writing had been prosecuted as stealthily as if it had been a crime punishable by law. There being but one apartment in the house, it was his custom to write by the fire, with an old copy-book, upon which his paper lay, resting on his knee, and this through life was his only writing-desk. On the table, which was within reach, an old newspaper was kept continually lying, and as soon as the footsteps of any one were heard approaching the door, copy-book, pens, and inkstand were thrust under the covering, and before the visitor came in he had in general a book in his hand, and appeared to have been reading."

Since October, 1829, John Bethune had been employed as a day-labourer on the grounds of Inchrye, in the neighbourhood of his birthplace; but in 1835, on the death of the overseer, he was appointed his successor. The emoluments of this office considerably exceeded anything he had formerly enjoyed, for its salary was £26 a year, with the right of a cow's pasturage. To this new situation he gladly betook himself, with his brother Alexander as his assistant; but their satisfaction was short-lived, for the estate of Inchrye soon changed owners, which was followed by a change of servants. Under these circumstances the brothers were obliged to leave their snug appointment; and to add to their misfortunes, the new landlord required the little cottage at Lochend in which they had located their aged parents. Being thus altogether homeless, John and Alexander resolved to erect a house for themselves and their parents, which they did, chiefly with their own hands, at Mount Pleasant, near Newburgh; and here the noble-hearted peasants, after having tried various kinds of hand-labour in vain, resolved to make literature their principal resource. John contributed to the *Scottish Christian Herald*, Wilson's *Tales of the Borders*, and other serials, and supplied some pieces to his brother's *Tales and Sketches of the Scottish Peasantry*. He also jointly wrote with Alexander the *Lectures on Practical Economy*, designed to improve the homes and habits of the poor, and which was commended by the press, although the work did not become popular. Deep mortification at the failure of this work preyed on a constitution already broken, and brought on pulmonary consumption, of which he died at Mount Pleasant, Sept. 1, 1839, in the thirtieth year of his age.

Thus passed away an obscurely born and hard-handed son of toil, who, without the training of college or school, and with few of even the ordinary opportunities of self-improvement, became a vigorous original prose writer and a poet of no ordinary mark. While his

writings in either capacity were stamped with the impress of true genius, they also showed much depth of reflection, ennobled by the spirit of genuine devotional piety. And such also was his daily life—simple, pure, and meditative, showing a man far above the ordinary mark, and isolated from the sphere in which he lived. His poems, by which he was so little known while he lived, but which will constitute his best commemoration, were published by his brother Alexander, with a memoir of their author, in 1840; and from the profits of the second edition, issued the following year, a sufficient sum was realized to erect a monument in the churchyard of Abdie, over the grave where the two brothers now rest.

HYMN OF THE CHURCHYARD.

Ah me! this is a sad and silent city;
Let me walk softly o'er it, and survey
Its grassy streets with melancholy pity!
Where are its children? where their gleesome play?
Alas! their cradled rest is cold and deep,—
Their playthings are thrown by, and they asleep.

This is pale beauty's bower; but where the beautiful,
Whom I have seen come forth at evening hours,
Leading their aged friends, with feelings dutiful,
Amid the wreaths of spring, to gather flowers?
Alas! no flowers are here, but flowers of death,
And those who once were sweetest sleep beneath.

This is a populous place; but where the bustling—
The crowded buyers of the noisy mart,—
The lookers on,—the showy garments rustling,—
The money-changers, and the men of art?
Business, alas! hath stopped in mid career,
And none are anxious to resume it here.

This is the home of grandeur: where are they,—
The rich, the great, the glorious, and the wise?
Where are the trappings of the proud, the gay,—
The gaudy guise of human butterflies?
Alas! all lowly lies each lofty brow,
And the green sod dizens their beauty now.

This is a place of refuge and repose:
Where are the poor, the old, the weary wight,
The scorned, the humble, and the man of woes,
Who wept for morn, and sighed again for night?
Their sighs at last have ceased, and here they sleep
Beside their scorners, and forget to weep.

This is a place of gloom: where are the gloomy?
The gloomy are not citizens of death.
Approach and look, when the long grass is plumy;
See them above; they are not found beneath!
For these low denizens, with artful wiles,
Nature, in flowers, contrives her mimic smiles.

This is a place of sorrow: friends have met
And mingled tears o'er those who answered not;
And where are they whose eyelids then were wet?
Alas! their griefs, their tears, are all forgot;
They, too, are landed in this silent city,
Where there is neither love, nor tears, nor pity.

This is a place of fear: the firmest eye
Hath quailed to see its shadowy dreariness;
But Christian hope, and heavenly prospects high,
And earthly cares, and nature's weariness,
Have made the timid pilgrim cease to fear,
And long to end his painful journey here.

A SPRING SONG.

There is a concert in the trees,
There is a concert on the hill,
There's melody in every breeze,
And music in the murmuring rill.
The shower is past, the winds are still,
The fields are green, the flow'rets spring,
The birds, and bees, and beetles fill
The air with harmony, and fling
The rosied moisture of the leaves
In frolic flight from wing to wing,
Fretting the spider as he weaves
His airy web from bough to bough;
In vain the little artist grieves
Their joy in his destruction now.

Alas! that, in a scene so fair,
The meanest being e'er should feel
The gloomy shadow of despair,
Or sorrow o'er his bosom steal.
But in a world where woe is real,
Each rank in life, and every day,
Must pain and suffering reveal,
And wretched mourners in decay—
When nations smile o'er battles won,
When banners wave and streamers play,
The lonely mother mourns her son
Left lifeless on the bloody clay;
And the poor widow, all undone,
Sees the wild revel with dismay.

Even in the happiest scenes of earth,
When swell'd the bridal-song on high,
When every voice was tuned to mirth,
And joy was shot from eye to eye,
I've heard a sadly-stifled sigh;
And, 'mid the garlands rich and fair,
I've seen a cheek, which once could vie
In beauty with the fairest there,
Grown deadly pale, although a smile
Was worn above to cloak despair:
Poor maid! it was a hapless wile
Of long-conceal'd and hopeless love,
To hide a heart which broke the while
With pangs no lighter heart could prove.

The joyous spring and summer gay
With perfumed gifts together meet,
And from the rosy lips of May
Breathe music soft and odours sweet;
And still my eyes delay my feet
To gaze upon the earth and heaven,
And hear the happy birds repeat
Their anthems to the coming even;
Yet is my pleasure incomplete;
I grieve to think how few are given
To feel the pleasures I possess,
While thousand hearts, by sorrow riven,
Must pine in utter loneliness,
Or be to desperation driven.

Oh! could we find some happy land,
Some Eden of the deep blue sea,
By gentle breezes only fann'd,
Upon whose soil, from sorrow free,
Grew only pure felicity;
Who would not brave the stormiest main
Within that blissful isle to be
Exempt from sight or sense of pain?
There is a land we cannot see,
Whose joys no pen can e'er portray;
And yet so narrow is the road,
From it our spirits ever stray.
Shed light upon that path, O God!
And lead us in the appointed way.

There only joy shall be complete,
More high than mortal thoughts can reach,
For there the just and good shall meet,
Pure in affection, thought, and speech;
No jealousy shall make a breach,
Nor pain their pleasure e'er alloy;
There sunny streams of gladness stretch,
And there the very air is joy.
There shall the faithful, who relied
On faithless love till life would cloy,
And those who sorrow'd till they died
O'er earthly pain and earthly woe,
See pleasure, like a whelming tide,
From an unbounded ocean flow.

SACRAMENTAL HYMN.[1]

O Lord, munificent, benign,
How many mercies have been mine,
Since last I met with thee
In that blest ordinance of thine—
The holy feast of bread and wine,
Which was enjoy'd by me!

How many days, in goodness sent,
Have been in sickening sadness spent;
How many nights have come,
Which promis'd rest and sweet content,
Yet left behind them, when they went,
Distress, and grief, and gloom!

How many purposes have fail'd,
How many doubts my heart assail'd,
And held my spirit fast;
How many sins have been bewail'd,
How many follies have prevail'd,
Since I confess'd thee last!

But still to thee my spirit springs,
And underneath thy sheltering wings
A safe asylum seeks:
For this memorial sweetly brings
Remembrance of thy sufferings,
And all thy kindness speaks.

And, like a little child, I lay
My spirit at thy feet, and say,
"Lord, take it, it is thine:
Teach it to trust, to fear, to pray,—
Feed it with love by night and day,
And let thy will be mine."

WITHERED FLOWERS.

Adieu! ye wither'd flow'rets!
Your day of glory's past;
But your latest smile was loveliest,
For we knew it was your last.
No more the sweet aroma
Of your golden cups shall rise
To scent the morning's stilly breath,
Or gloaming's zephyr-sighs.

[1] The sacrament here alluded to was administered on the second Sabbath of June, 1838, and it was the last at which the minister of the parish (Rev. Laurence Millar) officiated, and likewise the last at which the author of these lines took his seat: the former being dead, and the latter too ill to attend, before another opportunity occurred.

Ye were the sweetest offerings
  Which friendship could bestow—
A token of devoted love
  In pleasure or in woe!
Ye graced the head of infancy,
  By soft affection twined
Into a fairy coronal
  Its sunny brows to bind.

Ye deck'd the coffins of the dead,
  By yearning sorrow strew'd
Along each lifeless lineament,
  In death's cold damps bedew'd;
Ye were the pleasure of our eyes
  In dingle, wood, and wold,
In the parterre's sheltered premises,
  And on the mountain cold.

But ah! a dreary blast hath blown
  Athwart you in your bloom,
And, pale and sickly, now your leaves
  The hues of death assume.
We mourn your vanish'd loveliness,
  Ye sweet departed flowers;
For ah! the fate which blighted you
  An emblem is of ours.

There comes a blast to terminate
  Our evanescent span:
For frail as your existence, is
  The mortal life of man!
And is the land we hasten to
  A land of grief and gloom?
No: there the Lily of the Vale
  And Rose of Sharon bloom!

And there a stream of ecstasy
  Through groves of glory flows,
And on its banks the Tree of Life
  In heavenly beauty grows.
And flowers that never fade away,
  Whose blossoms never close,
Bloom round the walks where angels stray,
  And saints redeem'd repose.

And though, like you, sweet flowers of earth,
  We wither and depart,
And leave behind, to mourn our loss,
  Full many an aching heart;
Yet when the winter of the grave
  Is past, we hope to rise,
Warm'd by the Sun of Righteousness,
  To blossom in the skies.

WILLIAM MILLER.

Born 1810—Died 1872.

William Miller, author of "Willie Winkie"—which the Rev. George Gilfillan characteristically pronounced "the greatest nursery song in the world"—was born in Bridgegate, Glasgow, in August, 1810, but passed most of his early years at Parkhead, then a country village near Glasgow, and from whence many of his rural inspirations and recollections are derived. He was intended for a surgeon, and pursued for a period his studies for that profession, but a severe illness, with which he was seized when about sixteen, induced his parents to change their intention, and Willie was apprenticed to a wood-turner. By diligent application he soon became one of the best skilled workmen of his craft, and even in his later years it is said that there were but few who could equal him in speed or excellence of workmanship.

While still a youth some of his verses appeared in the public prints, but the first of his compositions that attracted attention was his nursery song of "Willie Winkie." This was followed by a number of pieces of a similar character, and led to the author's acquaintance with many eminent literary gentlemen. The best known of Miller's nursery songs were all written before he was thirty-six years of age, but it was not till 1863 that he collected and published a small volume, entitled *Scottish Nursery Songs, and other Poems*. In November, 1871, ill health compelled him to abandon work and to confine himself to the house, when he again found pleasure in poetic composition, which for several years he had almost entirely abandoned. In July, 1872, he removed to Blantyre with the expectation that the purer air of the country would reinvigorate his frame. But this hope was not

fulfilled, and in a few weeks he was brought back and died at his son's residence in Glasgow, Aug. 20, 1872. His remains were buried in the family ground at Tolleross, and since then a monument designed by the sculptor Mossman has been erected by the poet's friends and admirers in the Glasgow Necropolis. To his only son we are indebted for several unpublished productions of Mr. Miller's later years given in our Collection.

Robert Buchanan, in writing of William Miller, remarks: "No eulogy can be too high for one who has afforded such unmixed pleasure to his circle of readers; who, as a master of the Scottish dialect, may certainly be classed alongside of Burns and Tannahill; and whose special claims to be recognized as the laureate of the nursery have been admitted by more than one generation in every part of the world where the Doric Scotch is understood and loved. Wherever Scottish foot has trod, wherever Scottish child has been born, the songs of William Miller have been sung. Every corner of the earth knows 'Willie Winkie' and 'Gree, Bairnies, Gree.' Manitoba and the banks of the Mississippi echo the 'Wonderfu' Wean' as often as do Kilmarnock or the Goosedubs. 'Lady Summer' will sound as sweet in Rio Janeiro as on the banks of the Clyde. . . . Few poets, however prosperous, are so certain of their immortality. I can scarcely conceive a period when William Miller will be forgotten; certainly not until the Scotch Doric is obliterated, and the lowly nursery abolished for ever. . . . Speaking specifically, he is (as I have phrased it) the Laureate of the Nursery; and there, at least, he reigns supreme above all other poets, monarch of all he surveys, and perfect master of his theme. His poems, however, are as distinct from nursery gibberish as the music of Shelley is from the jingle of Ambrose Phillips. They are works of art—tiny paintings on small canvas, limned with all the microscopic care of Meissonier. The highest praise that can be said of them is that they are perfect 'of their kind.' That kind is humble enough; but humility may be very strong, as it certainly is here."

WILLIE WINKIE.

Wee Willie Winkie
Rins through the toun,
Up stairs and doun stairs
In his nicht-goun,
Tirling at the window,
Crying at the lock,
"Are the weans in their bed,
For it's now ten o'clock?"

"Hey, Willie Winkie,
Are ye coming ben?
The cat's singing gray thrums
To the sleeping hen,
The dog's spelder'd on the floor,
And disna gie a cheep.
But here's a waukrife laddie
That winna fa' asleep."

Onything but sleep, you rogue!
Glow'ring like the moon,
Rattling in an airn jug
Wi' an airn spoon,
Rumblin', tumblin', round about,
Crawing like a cock,
Skirlin' like a kenna-what,
Wauk'nin' sleeping folk.

"Hey, Willie Winkie—
The wean's in a creel!
Wamblin' aff a body's knee
Like a very eel,
Ruggin' at the cat's lug,
Rav'llin' a' her thrums—
Hey, Willie Winkie—
See, there he comes!"

Wearied is the mither
That has a stoorie wean,
A wee stumpie stousie,
That canna rin his lane.
That has a battle aye wi' sleep,
Before he'll close an e'e—
But a kiss frae aff his rosy lips
Gies strength anew to me.

COCKIE-LEERIE-LA.

There is a country gentleman,
Who leads a thrifty life,
Ilk morning scraping orra things
Thegither for his wife—
His coat o' glowing ruddy brown,
And wavelet wi' gold—

A crimson crown upon his head,
Well-fitting one so bold.

If ithers pick where he did scrape,
He brings them to disgrace,
For, like a man o' metal, he
Sielike meets face to face;
He gies the loons a lethering,
A crackit croon to claw—
There is nae gaun about the bush
Wi' Cockie-leerie-la!

His step is firm and evenly,
His look both sage and grave—
His bearing bold, as if he said,
"I'll never be a slave!"
And tho' he hauds his head fu' high,
He glinteth to the grun,
Nor fyles his silver spurs in dubs
Wi' glowerin' at the sun:

And whiles I've thocht had he a hand
Wharwi' to grip a stickie,
A pair o' specks across his neb,
And round his neck a dickie,
That weans wad laughing haud their sides,
And cry, "Preserve us a'!
Ye're some frien' to Doctor Drawbluid,
Douce Cockie-leerie-la!"

So learn frae him to think nae shame
To work for what ye need,
For he that gapes till he be fed,
May gape till he be dead;
And if ye live in idleness,
Ye'll find unto your cost,
That they wha winna work in heat,
Maun hunger in the frost.

And hain wi' care ilk sair-won plack,
And honest pride will fill
Your purse wi' gear—e'en far-off frien's
Will bring grist to your mill;
And if, when grown to be a man,
Your name's without a flaw,
Then rax your neck, and tune your pipes
To Cockie-leerie-la!

THE WONDERFU' WEAN.

Our wean's the most wonderfu' wean e'er I saw,
It would tak' me a lang summer day to tell a'
His pranks, frae the morning till night shuts his e'e,
When he sleeps like a peerie, 'tween father and me.

For in his quiet turns, siccan questions he'll speir:
How the moon can stick up in the sky that's sae clear?
What gars the wind blaw? and wharfrae comes the rain?
He's a perfect divert: he's a wonderfu' wean!

Or wha was the first body's father? and wha
Made the very first snaw-shower that ever did fa'?
And wha made the first bird that sang on a tree?
And the water that sooms a' the ships on the sea?—
But after I've tell't him as weel as I ken,
Again he begins wi' his "Wha?" and his "When?"
And he looks aye sae watchfu' the while I explain,—
He's as auld as the hills—he's an auld-farrant wean.

And folk wha ha'e skill o' the lumps on the head,
Hint there's mae ways than toiling o' winning ane's bread;
How he'll be a rich man, and ha'e men to work for him,
Wi' a kyte like a bailie's, shug-shugging afore him,
Wi' a face like the moon, sober, sonsy, and douce,
And a back, for its breadth, like the side o' a house.
'Tweel I'm unco ta'en up wi't, they mak' a' sae plain,—
He's just a town's talk—he's a by-ord'nar wean!

I ne'er can forget sic a laugh as I gat,
When I saw him put on father's waistcoat and hat;
Then the lang-leggit boots gaed sae far owre his knees,
The tap loops wi' his fingers he grippit wi' ease.
Then he march'd thro' the house, he march'd but, he march'd ben,
Sae like mony mae o' our great little men,
That I leugh clean outright, for I couldna contain,
He was sic a conceit—sic an ancient-like wean.

But 'mid a' his daffin' sic kindness he shows,
That he's dear to my heart as the dew to the rose;
And the unclouded hinnie-beam aye in his e'e,
Mak's him every day dearer and dearer to me.

Though fortune be saucy, and dorty, and dour,
And glooms through her fingers, like hills through a shower,
When bodies hae got ae bit bairn o' their ain,
How he cheers up their hearts,—he's the wonderfu' wean.

GREE, BAIRNIES, GREE.

The moon has rowed her in a cloud,
Stravaiging win's begin
To shuggle and dand the window-brods,
Like loons that wad be in!
Gae whistle a tune in the lum-head,
Or craik in saughen tree!
We're thankfu' for a cozy hame—
Sae gree, my bairnies, gree.

Though gurgling blasts may dourly blaw,
A rousing fire will thow
A straggler's taes, and keep fu' eosh
My tousie taps-o'-tow.
O who would eule your kail, my bairns,
Or bake your bread like me?
Ye'd get the bit frae out my mouth,
Sae gree, my bairnies, gree.

Oh, never fling the warmsome boon
O' bairnhood's love awa';
Mind how ye sleepit, cheek to cheek,
Between me and the wa';
How ae kind arm was owre ye baith:
But, if ye disagree,
Think on the saft and kindly soun'
O' "Gree, my bairnies, gree."

SPRING.

The Spring comes linking and jinking through the woods,
Opening wi' gentle hand the bonnie green and yellow buds—
There's flowers and showers, and sweet sang o' little bird,
And the gowan wi' his red eroon peeping thro' the yird.

The hail comes rattling and brattling snell an' keen,
Dauding and blauding, though red set the sun at e'en;
In bonnet and wee loof the weans kep an' look for mair,
Dancing thro'ther wi' the white pearls shining in their hair.

We meet wi' blythesome an' kythesome cheerie weans,
Daffing and laughing far adoon the leafy lanes,
Wi' gowans and buttercups busking the thorny wands,
Sweetly singing wi' the flower-branch waving in their hands.

'Boon a' that's in thee, to win me, sunny Spring!
Bricht cluds and green buds, and sangs that the birdies sing;
Flower-dappled hill-side and dewy beech sae fresh at e'en;
Or the tappie-toorie fir-tree shining a' in green—

Bairnies bring treasure and pleasure mair to me,
Stealing and speiling up to fondle on my knee!
In spring-time the young things are blooming sae fresh and fair,
That I canna, Spring, but love and bless thee evermair.

LADY SUMMER.

Birdie, birdie, weet your whistle!
Sing a sang to please the wean;
Let it be o' Lady Summer
Walking wi' her gallant train!
Sing him how her gaucy mantle,
Forest green trails ower the lea,
Broider'd frae the dewy hem o't
Wi' the field-flowers to the knee!

How her foot's wi' daisies buskit,
Kirtle o' the primrose hue,
And her e'e sae like my laddie's,
Glancing, laughing, loving blue!
How we meet on hill and valley,
Children sweet as fairest flowers,
Buds and blossoms o' affection,
Rosy wi' the sunny hours.

Sing him sic a sang, sweet birdie!
Sing it ower and ower again;
Gar the notes fa' pitter patter,
Like a shower o' summer rain.
"Hoot, toot, toot!" the birdie's saying,
"Wha can shear the rigg that's shorn?
Ye've sung brawlie simmer's ferlies,
I'll toot on anither horn."

HAIRST.

Tho' weel I lo'e the budding spring,
I'll no misca' John Frost,
Nor will I roose the summer days
At gowden autumn's cost:

For a' the seasons in their turn
Some wished-for pleasures bring,
And hand in hand they jink aboot,
Like weans at jingo-ring.

Fu' weel I mind how aft ye said,
When winter nights were lang,
"I weary for the summer woods,
The lintie's tittering sang;"
But when the woods grew gay and green,
And birds sang sweet and clear,
It then was, "When will hairst-time come,
The gloaming o' the year?"

Oh, hairst-time's like a lipping cup
That's gi'en wi' furthy glee!
The fields are fu' o' yellow corn,
Red apples bend the tree;
The genty air, sae ladylike!
Has on a scented gown,
And wi' an airy string she leads
The thistle-seed balloon.

The yellow corn will porridge mak',
The apples taste your mou',
And ower the stibble riggs I'll chase
The thistle-down wi' you;
I'll pu' the haw frae aff the thorn,
The red hip frae the brier—
For wealth hangs in each tangled nook
In the gloaming o' the year.

Sweet hope! ye biggit ha'e a nest
Within my bairnie's breast—
Oh! may his trusting heart ne'er trow
That whiles ye sing in jest;
Some coming joys are dancing aye
Before his langing een—
He sees the flower that isna blawn,
And birds that ne'er were seen;—

The stibble rigg is aye ahin'!
The gowden grain afore,
And apples drop into his lap,
Or row in at the door!
Come, hairst-time, then, unto my bairn,
Drest in your gayest gear,
Wi' saft and winnowing win's to cool
The gloaming o' the year!

NOVEMBER.

Infant Winter, young November,
Nursling of the glowing woods,
Lo! the sleep is burst that bound thee—
Lift thine eyes above, around thee,
Infant sire of storm and floods.

Through the tangled green and golden
Curtains of thy valley bed,
See the trees hath vied to woo thee,
And with homage to subdue thee—
Show'ring bright leaves o'er thy head.

Let, oh! let their fading glories
Grace the earth while still they may,
For the poplar's-orange, gleaming,
And the beech's ruddy beaming,
Warmer seems to make the day.

Now the massy plane-leaf's twirling,
Down the misty morning light,
And the sangh-tree's tinted treasure
Seems to seek the earth with pleasure—
Show'ring down from morn till night.

Through the seasons, ever varying,
Rapture fills the human soul;
Blessed dower! to mankind given,
All is perfect under heaven,
In the part as in the whole.

Hush'd the golden flute of mavis,
Silver pipe of little wren,
But the redbreast's notes are ringing,
And its "weel-kent" breast is bringing
Storied boyhood back again.

Woodland splendour of November,
Did departing Autumn dye
All thy foliage, that when roamin'
We might pictur'd see her gloamin'
In thy woods as in her sky?

JOHN FROST.

You've come early to see us this year, John Frost,
Wi' your crispin' an' poutherin' gear, John Frost;
For hedge, tower, and tree,
As far as I see,
Are as white as the bloom o' the pear, John Frost.

You're very preeeese wi' your wark, John Frost!
Altho' ye hae wrought in the dark, John Frost;
For ilka fit-stap,
Frae the door to the slap,
Is braw as a new linen sark, John Frost.

There are some things about ye I like, John Frost,
And ithers that aft gar me fyke, John Frost;
For the weans, wi' cauld taes,
Crying, "Shoon, stockings, claes,"
Keep us busy as bees in the byke, John Frost.

And gae 'wa' wi' your lang slides, I beg, John Frost,
Bairns' banes are as bruckle's an egg, John Frost;
For a eloit o' a fa'
Gars them hirple awa',
Like a hen wi' a happity leg, John Frost.

Ye hae fine goings on in the north, John Frost!
Wi' your houses o' ice and so forth, John Frost!
Tho' their kirn's on the fire,
They may kirn till they tire,
Yet their butter—pray what is it worth, John Frost?

Now, your breath would be greatly improven, John Frost,
By a scone pipin'-het frae the oven, John Frost;
And your blae frosty nose
Nae beauty wad lose
Kent ye mair baith o' boiling and stovin', John Frost.

OUR AIN FIRE-END.

When the frost is on the grun',
Keep your ain fire-end,
For the warmth o' summer's sun
Has our ain fire-end;
When there's dubs ye might be lair'd in,
Or snaw-wreaths ye could be smoor'd in,
The best flower in the garden
Is our ain fire-end.

You and father are sic twa!
Roun' our ain fire-end,
He mak's rabbits on the wa',
At our ain fire-end.
Then sic fun as they are mumping,
When, to touch them ye gae stumping,
They're set on your tap a-jumping,
At our ain fire-end.

Sic a bustle as ye keep
At our ain fire-end,
When ye on your whistle wheep,
Round our ain fire-end;
Now, the dog maun get a saddle,
Then a cart's made o' the ladle,
To please ye as ye daidle
Round our ain fire-end.

When your head's lain on my lap,
At our ain fire-end,
Taking childhood's dreamless nap,
At our ain fire-end:
Then frae lug to lug I kiss ye,
An' wi' heart o'erflowing bless ye,
And a' that's gude I wish ye,
At our ain fire-end.

When ye're far, far frae the blink
O' our ain fire-end,
Fu' monie a time ye'll think
On our ain fire-end;
On a' your gamesome ploys,
On your whistle and your toys,
And ye'll think ye hear the noise
O' our ain fire-end.

WHEN JAMIE COMES HAME.

Ye breezes, blaw saft as the coo o' the dove,
Waft gently the ship hame, that brings me my love.
The joy o' my heart brings the tear to my ee,
For I trust ye'll bring safely my laddie to me.
We'll hae crackin' o' thum's when young Jamie comes hame—
Some eatin' sour plums, when my Jamie comes hame—
An' seats will be shiftin', an' bonnets be liftin',
When up the Clyde driftin' my Jamie comes hame.

An' how's my joe Janet? I ken what he'll say,
An' syne tak' my han' in his ain kindly way—
Sae douce aye afore fock—nae ane will ean tell
The touslin' I'll get, when we're left by oursel'.
I ken wha'll get married, when Jamie comes hame—
Fock say my head's carried at his comin' hame—
'Tween out-in and in-in, an' here an' there rinnin',
It really is spinnin' at his comin' hame.

The parish is ringin' wi' what I will wear,
An' spite has an answer to a' that do speer,
"Some cheap trash o' muslin at saxpence the ell,
An' if a thocht yellow, the liker hersel'."
A pose I've a-hidin', till Jamie comes hame—
My time I'm a-bidin', till Jamie comes hame;
Then a silk gown o' green, wi' a skinklein' sheen,
Will dazzle their een, when my Jamie comes hame.

THE BLUE BELL.

The blue bell, the blue bell, I'll try to sing thy praise,
For thou hast been to me a joy in many lonely ways:
When listening to the skylark, it puzzled me to tell
Which were the most beloved—his notes, or thou, the Scottish bell.

The blue bell! the blue bell! nae wonder that I loe
The dewy shimmerin' gloamin', for ever link'd wi' you:—
A band o' rosy rovers then, we rifled copse an' dell
For meadow-queen to bind, wi' thee, thou bonnie gracefu' bell.

The blue bell! the blue bell! where'er we wandering go,
By highway, or in bye-way, or where tiny streamlets flow;
By hedgerow, or in leafy lane, or by the wayside well,
We meet in nook, or marge o' brook, thy bonnie droopin' bell.

The blue bell! the blue bell! does Afric's traveller dream
O' slender wavin' flow'rets, that grew by Clutha's stream—
O' being once again a boy, with blue bells in his hand,
An' wake to bless the dream that gave to him his native land.

The sang o' the mavis, frae aff the holly-tree,
The lintie in the whin-bush, that sings sae merrilie;
The hum o' rural murmurs, like sound o' ocean shell,
Are ever thine, for glaumorie is round the sweet blue bell.

THE HAW BLOSSOM.

Think on the time when thy heart beat a measure,
All tuneful as woods with the music of love;
Then say if thy breast can forget e'er the pleasure
Gave by flowers at thy feet, or the haw bloom above.

Tell then the lover to woo in the e'enin'
Down where the haw blossom's flourishing seen;
Sweeter shade never two young hearts was screenin'
Than the thorn with its snaw-crown and mantle of green.

If, with such sweetness around them when roamin',
The heart of the lassie, sae guileless, is won,
For ever the haw-bloom, the richness of gloamin',
And the blush of his dearie, shall mingle in one.

Bloom with the lily-breath! everywhere growing—
Down in the deep glen thy white crown is seen;
High 'mid the dark firs alike art thou blowing;
Thou'rt the banner of love! and the summer's fair queen.

SONNET TO A LADY.

Thy hand is on the plough—look ye not back;
Thy hand is on the harp—strike ye the string:
A youthful poetess may courage lack,
But Heaven deserts not whom it taught to sing.
If 'mid the pageant of thy fancy's throng,
Passing before thy mind in musing hour,
Fair Blantyre riseth—beautiful as song!—
And thou should note some sweet neglected flow'r—
The gift is thine—the poet's power to fling
A witch'ry round it, that all eyes shall see
Another—not the modest cow'ring thing
That's fed by dew and sunshine on the lea,
But glorified—to grace a festival!
A gowan made a gem—meet for a coronal!

ALEXANDER MACLAGAN.

Alexander Maclagan was born at Perth, April 3, 1811. His father Thomas Maclagan, first a farmer and afterwards a manufacturer, removed to Edinburgh when his son was five years of age. He attended several schools in Edinburgh, and when ten years old was placed in a jeweller's shop, where he remained for two years, when he was apprenticed to a plumber. He applied his leisure time to diligent study, and in 1829, while yet an apprentice, became a contributor to the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, some of his poetical pieces receiving the commendation of Professor Wilson and the Ettrick Shepherd. He afterwards proceeded to London, where he worked for some time at his trade, and where he made the acquaintance

of Allan Cunningham. He returned to Edinburgh, and was for two years manager of a plumbery establishment at Dunfermline, but for many years past he has devoted himself entirely to literary and educational pursuits. In 1841 Maclagan published an edition of his poems, which attracted the attention of Lord Jeffrey, who invited him to Craigcrook Castle, his residence near Edinburgh. The following letter, the last which his lordship ever wrote, was sent to our author regarding a new volume entitled *Sketches from Nature, and other Poems,* which he was about to publish:—

"24 Moray Place, 4th Jan. 1850.

"Dear Sir,—I am very much obliged to you for the poems and the kind letter you have sent me, and am glad to find that you are meditating an enlarged edition of your Poems. I have already read all these in the slips, and I think them on the whole fully equal to those in the former volume. I am most pleased, I believe, with that which you have entitled 'A Sister's Love,' which is at once very touching, very graphic, and very elegant. Your 'Summer Sketches' have beautiful passages in all of them, and a pervading joyousness and kindliness of feeling, as well as a vein of grateful devotion, which must recommend them to all good minds. 'The Scorched Flowers' I think the most picturesque. Your muse seems to have been unusually fertile this last summer. It will always be a pleasure to me to hear of your well-being, or to be able to do you any service. If you publish by subscription you may set me down for five or six copies, and do not scruple to apply to me for any further aid you may think I can lend you.—Meantime, believe me, with all good wishes, your obliged and faithful friend, "F. Jeffrey."

Soon after his patron's death Maclagan found a new friend in Lord Cockburn, who obtained a clerkship for him in the office of the Inland Revenue, Edinburgh. In 1851 he was entertained by a number of his admirers at a public dinner, and more recently a similar compliment was extended to him in his native town. The poet's third publication, entitled *Ragged and Industrial School Rhymes,* appeared in 1854. Two years later he had conferred on him by the Queen a civil list pension of £30 per annum. In 1860 the poet joined a company of Highland Volunteers, receiving the commission of ensign. In 1863 he published a little volume of patriotic songs under the title of "Volunteer Songs, by Alexander Maclagan, Ensign Second City E.R.V.;" also a collection of "War Songs," written during the Crimean and Indian wars. His latest poetical publication, a handsome quarto volume richly illustrated, entitled "Balmoral: Songs of the Highlands, and other Poems," appeared in 1871. It includes some of the author's formerly published poems; and is dedicated by permission to her Majesty the Queen.

A SISTER'S LOVE.

The glory of the starry night
Hath vanished, with its visions bright;
Whilst daybreak blushes glad my sight,
Take my first kiss of fond delight,
And let me greet,
With blessings meet,
Thy morning smiles, my sister sweet.

Lo! whilst I fondly look upon
Thy lovely face, drinking the tone
Of thy sweet voice, my early known,—
My long, long loved,—my dearest grown,—
I feel thou art
A joy, a part
Of all I prize in soul and heart.

Sweet guardian of my infancy,
Hast thou not been the blooming tree
Whose soft green branches sheltered me
From withering want's inclemency?
No cloud of care,
Nor bleak despair
Could blight me 'neath thy branches fair.

And thou hast been, since that sad day
We gave our mother's clay to clay,
The morning star, the evening ray,
That cheered me on life's weary way,—
A vision bright,
Filling my night
Of sorrow with thy looks of light.

Yet there were hours I'll ne'er forget,
Ere sorrow and thy soul had met,—
Ere thy young cheeks with tears were wet,
Or grief's pale seal was on them set,—
Ere hope declined,
And cares unkind
Threw sadness o'er thy sunny mind.

In glorious visions still I see
The village green, the old oak tree,
The sun-bathed banks where oft with thee
I've hunted for the blaeberrie,
Where oft we crept,
And sighed and wept,
Where our dead linnet soundly slept.

Again I see the rustic chair
In which you swung me through sweet air,
Or twined fair lilies with my hair,
Or dressed my little doll with care;
In fancy's sight
Still rise its bright
Blue beads, red shoes, and boddice white.

And oh! the sunsets in the west;
And oh! my joy when gently prest
To the soft pillow of thy breast,
Lulled by thy mellow voice to rest,
Sung into dreams
Of woods and streams,
Of lovely buds, and birds, and beams.

Sweet were the morns that then did break,
Sweet was thy song—"Awake! awake,
My love; for life, for beauty's sake,
Awake, and dewy kisses take!
Awake, and raise
A song of praise
To Him whose paths are heavenward ways."

When wintry tempests swept the vale,
When thunder and the heavy hail
And lightning turned each young cheek pale,
Thine ever was the Bible tale
Or psalmist's song
The wild night long.
How firm the heart where faith is strong!

Now summer clouds, like golden towers,
Fall shattered into diamond showers:
Come, let us seek our wildwood bowers,
And lay our heads among the flowers;
Come, sister dear,
That we may hear
Our mother's spirit whispering near.

For worldly wealth I have no care,
For diamond toy to deck my hair,
For silk or satin robes to wear;
Content, if I can daily share,
And hourly prove,
The joys that move
The pure heart with a sister's love.

THE OUTCAST.

And did you pity me, kind sir?
Say, did you pity me?
Then, oh how kind, and oh how warm,
Your generous heart must be!
For I have fasted all the day,
Ay, nearly fasted three,
And slept upon the cold, hard earth,
And none to pity me;
And none to pity me, kind sir,
And none to pity me.

My mother told me I was born
On a battlefield in Spain,
Where mighty men like lions fought,
Where blood ran down like rain!
And how she wept, with bursting heart,
My father's corse to see!
When I lay cradled 'mong the dead,
And none to pity me;
And none to pity me, kind sir,
And none to pity me.

At length there came a dreadful day,—
My mother too lay dead,—
And I was sent to England's shore
To beg my daily bread,—
To beg my bread; but cruel men
Said, Boy, this may not be,
So they locked me in a cold, cold cell,
And none to pity me;
And none to pity me, kind sir,
And none to pity me.

They whipped me,—sent me hungry forth;
I saw a lovely field
Of fragrant beans; I plucked, I ate;
To hunger all must yield.
The farmer came,—a cold, a stern,
A cruel man was he;
He sent me as a thief to jail,
And none to pity me;
And none to pity me, kind sir,
And none to pity me.

It was a blessed place for me,
For I had better fare;
It was a blessed place for me,—
Sweet was the evening prayer.
At length they drew my prison bolts,
And I again was free,—

Poor, weak, and naked in the street,
And none to pity me;
And none to pity me, kind sir,
And none to pity me.

I saw sweet children in the fields,
And fair ones in the street,
And some were eating tempting fruit,
And some got kisses sweet;
And some were in their father's arms,
Some on their mother's knee:
I thought my orphan heart would break,
For none did pity me;
For none did pity me, kind sir,
For none did pity me.

Then do you pity me, kind sir?
Then do you pity me?
Then, oh how kind, and oh how warm,
Your generous heart must be!
For I have fasted all the day,
Ay, fasted nearly three,
And slept upon the cold, hard ground,
And none to pity me;
And none to pity me, kind sir,
And none to pity me.

LOVE'S EVENING SONG.

Night's finger hath prest down the eyelids of day,
And over his breast thrown a mantle of gray,—
I'll out to the fields, and my lonely way
Shall be lighted by fancy's burning ray;
And, oh! might I hear my own love say,—
"Sing on, sing on, I'll bless thy strain,"—
My heart would re-echo most willingly,
"Amen, sweet spirit, amen!"

I seek the green bank where the streamlet flows,
The home of the bluebell and wild primrose;
Where the glittering spray from the fountain springs,
And twines round the branches like silver strings,
Or falls again through the yellow moon's rays,
Like rich drops of gold—a thousand ways.
I come in thy presence, thou bright new moon!
To spend nature's night, but true love's noon;
To stretch me out on the flowery earth,
And to christen with tears the young buds' birth.

Oh! surely, ye heavens! some being of light
Is descending to earth in this calm, calm night,
Bearing balm and bliss from a holy sphere,
To cheer the hearts that are sorrowing here,
Gently alighting upon each breast
It knew on earth and loved the best;
That its strength be renewed, its sleep be rest,
Its thoughts be pure, and its dreams be blest.
Spirit of brightness on me alight,
For the thirst of my soul would gladly sip
The dew that is shed from thy downy wing;
Then breathe, sweet spirit, oh! breathe on my lip,
And teach me the thoughts of my soul to sing,
For my words must be warmed at a holy flame
Ere I venture to breathe my true-love's name!
I speak it not to the worldly throng,
I sing it not in the festive song;
But when clasped in the arms of the solemn wood,
In the calm of morn and the stillness of even,
I tell to the ear of solitude
The name that goes up with my prayers to heaven.

Come, Echo! come, Echo! but not from the eaves
Where gloom ever broods and the wild wind raves,
Come not in the gusts that sweep over the graves,
In the roar of the storm or the dash of the waves;
But softly, gently, rise from the earth,
As full as the heave of a maiden's breast,
When the first sigh of love is starting to birth,
And sweetly disturbing her bosom's rest;
Softly, gently, rise from the bed
Where the young May gowan hath laid its head,
Hath laid its head, and slept all night,
With a dewy heart—so pure and bright;
Come with its breath, and the tinge of its blush,
Come with its smile when the skies grow flush:
Come, and I'll tell thee the secret way
Thou must go to my love with my lowly lay;—
Onward, on, through the silent grove,
Where the tangled branches are interwove;
Onward, on, where the moon's gold beam
Is painting heaven upon the stream;
Through flowery paths still onward, on,
Till you meet my love as you meet the sun—
A being too bright to look proud upon!
But her gentle feet will as softly pass
As the shade of a cloud on the sleeping grass;
And the soul-fed blue of her lovely eye
Is as dark as the depths of the cloudless sky,
And as full of magic mystery!
And, more than all, her breath is sweet
As the blended odours you love to meet,
When you stir at morn the blooming bowers,
And awake the air that sleeps round the flowers.
Then tell her, Echo, my whisper'd vow,
I cannot breathe it so well as thou,
Oh! tell her all I am feeling now!

THE AULD MEAL MILL.

The auld meal mill—oh, the auld meal mill,
Like a dream o' my schule-days it haunts me still:
Like the sun's summer blink on the face o' a hill,
Stands the love o' my boyhood, the auld meal mill.

The stream frae the mountain, rock-ribbit and brown,
Like a peal o' loud laughter, comes rattlin' doon;
Tak' my word for't, my freen—'tis nae puny rill
That ca's the big wheel o' the auld meal mill.

When flashin' and dashin' the paddles flee round,
The miller's blythe whistle aye blends wi' the sound;
The spray, like the bricht draps whilk rainbows distil,
Fa's in showers o' red gowd round the auld meal mill.

The wild Hielan' heather grows thick on its thack,
The ivy and apple-tree creep up its back;
The lightning-wing'd swallow, wi' Nature's ain skill,
Builds its nest 'neath the eaves o' the auld meal mill.

Keep your e'e on the watch-dog, for Cæsar kens weel
When the wild gipsy laddies are tryin' to steal;
But he lies like a lamb, and licks wi' good will
The hard, horny hand that brings grist to the mill.

There are mony queer jokes 'bout the auld meal mill;
They are noo sober folks 'bout the auld meal mill,
But ance it was said that a het Hielan' still
Was aften at wark near the auld meal mill.

When the plough's at its rest, the sheep i' the fauld,
Sic gatherin's are there, baith o' young folk and auld;
The herd blaws his horn, richt bauldly and shrill,
A' to bring doon his clan to the auld meal mill.

Then sic jumpin' o'er barrows, o'er hedges and harrows—
The men o' the mill can scarce fin' their marrows;
Their lang-barrell'd guns wad an armoury fill—
There's some capital shots near the auld meal mill.

At blithe penny-weddin' or christ'nin' a wee ane,
Sic ribbons, sic ringlets, sic feathers are fleein';
Sic laughin', sic daffin', sic dancin', until
The laft near comes doon o' the auld meal mill.

I hae listen'd to music—ilk varying tone
Frae the harp's deein' fa' to the bagpipe's drone;
But nane stirs my heart wi' sae happy a thrill
As the sound o' the wheel o' the auld meal mill.

Success to the mill and the merry mill-wheel!
Lang, lang may it grind aye the wee bairnies' meal!
Bless the miller—wha aften, wi' heart and good-will,
Fills the widow's toom pock at the auld meal mill.

The auld meal mill—oh, the auld meal mill,
Like a dream o' my schule-days it haunts me still;
Like the sun's summer blink on the face o' a hill,
Stands the love o' my boyhood, the auld meal mill.

CURLING SONG.

Hurrah for Scotland's worth and fame,
A health to a' that love the name;
Hurrah for Scotland's darling game,
The pastime o' the free, boys.
While head, an' heart, an' arm are strang,
We'll a' join in a patriot's sang,
And sing its praises loud and lang—
The roarin' rink for me, boys.
Hurrah, hurrah, for Scotland's fame,
A health to a' that love the name;
Hurrah for Scotland's darling game;
The roarin' rink for me, boys.

Gie hunter chaps their break-neck hours,
Their slaughtering guns amang the muirs;
Let wily fisher prove his powers
At the flinging o' the flee, boys.
But let us pledge ilk hardy chiel,
Wha's hand is sure, wha's heart is leal,
Wha's glory's in a brave bonspiel—
The roarin' rink for me, boys.

In ancient days—fame tells the fact—
That Scotland's heroes werena slack
The heads o' stubborn foes to crack,
And mak' the feckless flee, boys.
Wi' brave hearts, beating true and warm,
They aften tried the curlin' charm
To cheer the heart and nerve the arm—
The roarin' rink for me, boys.

May love and friendship crown our cheer
Wi' a' the joys to curlers dear;
We hae this nicht some heroes here,
We aye are blythe to see, boys.
A' brithers brave are they, I ween;
May fickle fortune, slippery queen,
Aye keep their ice baith clear and clean—
The roarin' rink for me, boys.

May health an' strength their toils reward,
And should misfortune's gales blow hard,
Our task will be to plant a guard
Or guide them to the tee, boys.
Here's three times three for curlin' scenes,
Here's three times three for curlin' freen's,
Here's three times three for beef an' greens—
The roarin' rink for me, boys.

A' ye that love auld Scotland's name,
A' ye that love auld Scotland's fame,

A' ye that love auld Scotland's game,
A glorious sicht to see, boys—
Up, brothers, up, drive care awa';
Up, brothers, up, ne'er think o' thaw;
Up, brothers, up, and sing hurrah—
The roarin' rink for me, boys.

AYE KEEP YOUR HEAD ABOON THE WATER.

When breastin' up against life's tide,
Richt in the teeth o' wind and weather—
To dash the giant waves aside,
When threat'nin' clouds around you gather;
To face misfortune's wildest shocks,
Although it prove nae easy matter,
Strike out, my friend, wi' manly strokes—
Aye keep your head aboon the water!

Chorus.

Aye keep your head aboon the water,
Aye keep your head aboon the water;
Strike out, my friend, wi' manly strokes—
Aye keep your head aboon the water!

When coward guile would lay ye low,
When envy watches for your stum'lin',
Turn boldly round upon the foe—
There's little help in useless grum'lin'!
When malice hides her sunken rocks,
Your tiny bark o' hope to shatter,
Strike out, my friend, wi' manly strokes—
Aye keep your head aboon the water!

When poortith drives ye to the wa',
To poison ilka earthly pleasure,
Reck not how fortune kicks the ba',
Count honest fame your greatest treasure.
When slander's tongue your ire provokes,
That would a vestal robe bespatter,
Strike out, my friend, wi' manly strokes—
Aye keep your head aboon the water!

When fickle friendship proves untrue,
There's nae sweet balm in fits o' sadness;
When love forgets her warmest vow,
To sigh and pine is doonricht madness.
There's other eyes, and lips, and locks,
And truer hearts love's hopes to flatter;
Strike out, my friend, wi' manly strokes—
Aye keep your head aboon the water!

The world will aften do its best
To fricht you wi' its hollow thunder,
To plant its foot upon your breast,
To crush you doon, and keep you under.
To guard against its hardest knocks,
Its threat'nin's to the wind to scatter,
Strike out, my friend, wi' manly strokes—
Aye keep your head aboon the water!

"DINNA YE HEAR IT?"

'Mid the thunder of battle, the groans of the dying,
The wail of weak women, the shouts of brave men,
A poor Highland maiden sat sobbing and sighing,
As she longed for the peace of her dear native glen.
But there came a glad voice to the ear of her heart,
The foes of auld Scotland for ever will fear it,
"We are saved!—we are saved!" cried the brave Highland maid,
"'Tis the Highlanders' slogan! O dinna ye hear it?"

Dinna ye hear it? dinna ye hear it?
High o'er the battle's din, dinna ye hear it?
High o'er the battle's din, hail it and cheer it!
"'Tis the Highlanders' slogan! O dinna ye hear it?"

A moment the tempest of battle was hushed,
But no tidings of help did that moment reveal;
Again to their shot-shattered ramparts they rushed—
Again roared the cannon, again flashed the steel!
Still the Highland maiden cried, "Let us welcome the brave!
The death-mists are thick, but their claymores will clear it!
The war-pipes are pealing 'The Campbells are coming!'
They are charging and cheering! O dinna ye hear it?"

Dinna ye hear it? dinna ye hear it? &c.

Ye heroes of Lucknow, fame crowns you with glory;
Love welcomes you home with glad songs in your praise;
And brave Jessie Brown, with her soul-stirring story,
For ever will live in the Highlanders' lays.
Long life to our Queen, and the hearts who defend her!

Success to our flag! and when danger is near it,
May our pipes be heard playing "The Campbells are coming!"
And an angel voice crying, "O dinna ye hear it?"

Dinna ye hear it? dinna ye hear it?
High o'er the battle's din, dinna ye hear it?
High o'er the battle's din, hail it and cheer it!
"'Tis the Highlanders' slogan! O dinna ye hear it?"

WE'LL HA'E NANE BUT HIGHLAND BONNETS HERE.[1]

Alma, field of heroes, hail!
Alma, glorious to the Gael!
Glorious to the symbol dear,
Glorious to the mountaineer.
Hark, hark to Campbell's battle-cry!
It led the brave to victory;
It thundered through the charging cheer,
We'll ha'e nane but Highland bonnets here!
We'll ha'e nane but Highland bonnets here!
We'll ha'e nane but Highland bonnets here!
It thundered through the charging cheer,
We'll ha'e nane but Highland bonnets here!

See, see the heights where fight the brave!
See, see the gallant tartans wave!
How wild the work of Highland steel,
When conquered thousands backward reel.
See, see the warriors of the North,
To death or glory rushing forth!
Hark to their shout from front to rear,
We'll ha'e nane but Highland bonnets here!
We'll ha'e nane but Highland bonnets here!

Braver field was never won,
Braver deeds were never done;
Braver blood was never shed,
Braver chieftain never led;
Braver swords were never wet
With life's red tide when heroes met!
Braver words ne'er thrilled the ear,
We'll ha'e nane but Highland bonnets here!
We'll ha'e nane but Highland bonnets here!

Let glory rear her flag of fame,
Brave Scotland cries, "This spot I claim!"
Here will Scotland bare her brand,
Here will Scotland's lion stand!
Here will Scotland's banner fly,
Here Scotland's sons will do or die!
Here shout above the "symbol dear,"
We'll ha'e nane but Highland bonnets here!
We'll ha'e nane but Highland bonnets here!

[1] This fine song was dedicated to Sir Colin Campbell. At the decisive charge on the heights of Alma, when the Guards were pressing on to share the honour of taking the first guns with the Highlanders, Sir Colin Campbell, cheering on his men, cried aloud, "We'll ha'e nane but Highland bonnets here!" How these heroic words acted upon his brave followers is well known.—Ed.

SUCCESS TO CAMPBELL'S HIGHLANDMEN.

All beneath an Indian sun,
Another mighty work is done!
Another glorious field is won!
Success to Campbell's Highlandmen!
They march! the dauntless hearts and true!
They march! the stainless bonnets blue!
They dash the traitor columns through.
Success to Campbell's Highlandmen!

Chorus.

Success to Campbell's Highlandmen!
Success to Campbell's Highlandmen!
They fought the traitors one to ten!
Success to Campbell's Highlandmen!

They charge! the bravest files they break!
They charge! the loudest guns they take!
They charge for dear auld Scotland's sake!
Success to Campbell's Highlandmen!
They fight! lo, blood-stained Lucknow falls!
They fight! their flag is on its walls!
How true their steel! how sure their balls!
Success to Campbell's Highlandmen!

Hail, heroes of a glorious day!
Hail, favourite sons of victory!
Let honours thiek your toils repay!
Success to Campbell's Highlandmen!
A nation's love, a nation's praise,
Will wed them to her proudest lays,
And crown with bright immortal bays
Brave Campbell's dauntless Highlandmen!

TO A WOUNDED SEA-BIRD.

I marked the murdering rifle's flash,
I marked thy shattered pinions' dash
Of agony, and heard
Thy wild scream 'bove the wailing blast,
When, stricken low, ye struggled past,
Poor wounded ocean-bird!

And ever as the swelling wave
Thee and thy riven plumage gave
Up to my aching sight,
Thy glossy neck, with terror strained,
Showered forth warm crimson drops, which stained
The sea-surf, foaming white.

Away! on, on the proud ship flies;
And he who struck thee from the skies—
Heartless destroyer he!—
Feels not a pang for thee, poor thing!
Tossed by the reckless bufleting
Of the cold careless sea.

Thy mates, perchance to bathe their breast,
May seek a while thy wave to rest,
With greetings soothing kind!
But soon, alas! they'll gild the air,
With flashing plumage, fresh and fair,
Leaving thee far behind.

How it will wring thy little heart,
To see thy kindred all depart,
All glad, refreshed, and free!
Thou'lt stretch in vain thy wounded wing,
Thou may'st not from the wave upspring—
Alas! poor bird, for thee!

Alas, for thee, poor bird!—no more
'Twill be thy joy with them to soar
Through sunshine, calm, or storm;
Nor on the shelly shore to land,
And sit like sunshine on the sand,
Pluming thy beauteous form.

The wintry wind that rudely raves,
The lashing rains, the torturing waves,
Thy bleeding bosom beats.
The ocean-scattered food doth pass
Before thine eyes, but thou, alas!
May never taste its sweets.

Cold, nestled on the black sea-rock,
I hear thy little feathered flock
In piteous accents mourn
For thee and food—but all are gone;
And thou art drifting on, and on,
And can no more return.

Farewell, poor wounded bird! like thee
Full many a pilgrim o'er life's sea
In peace would fain float on,
Wer't not that tyrants on the flood
Thirst, ever thirst, to shed the blood
That's purer than their own!

WILLIAM B. SCOTT.

William Bell Scott was born at St. Leonards, near Edinburgh, September 12, 1811. The house then inhabited by his father Robert Scott, a landscape-engraver, was an old-fashioned villa, standing by itself, with a coat of arms over the doorway, both outside and inside of the house showing the characteristics of by-past days. Here his boyhood was passed with his two elder brothers and a sister younger than himself, who died when he was still in his teens. This house and sister he has commemorated in a sonnet, which we give among our selections: it also speaks of his loving, pious mother. His father had at this time a large workshop in Edinburgh, which the boys were in the habit of frequenting; and David the eldest having learned to engrave and etch, finally became a painter, the same course being followed by William. The boys were educated at the high-school of their native city; but our author, who in after years has written so much in biography, criticism, and poetry, does not appear to have been distinguished as a pupil.

The earliest metrical compositions of William are described as of a very ambitious character, his first being a tragedy of the wildest description, which he diffidently persuaded his school companions he had picked up in the street! His first published poem was the "Address to P. B. Shelley," revised and reprinted in his late illustrated volume. It appeared in *Tait's Edinburgh Magazine* in 1831–32, and was followed by other pieces, and by several in the "Edinburgh University Souvenir," published at Christmas, 1834. This volume, emulating the annuals then fashionable, was written and produced by a few students in the theological section, these being the most intimate friends

of Scott at this time, although he had long before entered the Trustees' Academy of Art, and had determined his path in life.

At the age of twenty-five he resolved to leave Edinburgh, and proceeded to London in Sept. 1836. He here became acquainted with Leigh Hunt, who was then editing the *Monthly Repository*, in which Scott printed a poem of considerable length called "Rosabell," afterwards re-christened "Mary Anne," by which he became favourably known. In 1838, when he was beginning to exhibit at the British Institution and elsewhere, he issued his first book, a very small one, called "Hades, or the Transit," two poems with two etchings by himself. This little volume, like his later ones the "Year of the World" and "Poems by a Painter," both of which in their original form were to some extent illustrated with designs by himself, is now an object of rarity and prized as such, although we believe the author would rather it had never been published at all, as the second of the two poems is a juvenile expression of the fact that there is a progress in human affairs as represented by history; and as this formed the motive in the scheme of the only large poem he has produced, the "Year of the World," which is so able and splendid as a whole, he would rather that the latter had stood quite alone.

Before the "Year of the World" was produced Scott had taken a step which seriously militated against his position as a historical painter, by connecting himself with the newly-formed Government Schools of Design, and by leaving London, the centre of the arts in England. Having organized the School of Art at Newcastle-on-Tyne, however, he was fortunate to be commissioned by Sir Walter Trevelyan to paint eight important pictures for the saloon of his large house at Wallington. These pictures, four of the ancient and four of the later "History of the English Border," are among the few excellent monumental works in painting yet existing in England.

His eldest brother David, the author of two poems, and a painter of great intellectual activity, died in 1849, and William published his memoir in 1850. This volume was the beginning of his prose publications, which have now lengthened out to a considerable list. The next was "Antiquarian Gleanings in the North of England," followed by "Half-hour Lectures on the History and Practice of the Arts." The last we need to mention is "Albert Dürer, his Life and Works," 1869. Previous to this the volume of miscellaneous poems entitled "Poems by a Painter" had appeared, the date of the first issue being 1864. Mr. Scott was now, if not one of the popular poets—which possibly he never can be—known to the initiated, and appreciated by the "inner circle," and he was content to remain so till 1875, when he thought the time had come when he "should put his poetical house in order." He accordingly issued a beautiful edition of the majority of his poems, entitled "Poems, Ballads, Studies from Nature, Sonnets, &c.," richly illustrated by himself and his friend L. Alma Tadema, R.A. It is now many years since Mr. Scott returned to London, and finally took up his residence there.

SONNET—MY MOTHER.

ST. LEONARD'S, EDINBURGH, 1826.

A pebbled pathway led up to the door
  Where I was born, with holly hedge confined,
  Whose leaves the winter snows oft interlined;
Oft now it seems, because the year before
My sister died, we were together more,
  And from the parlour window every morn
  Looked on that hedge, while mother's face, so worn
With fear of coming ill, bent sweetly o'er.
And when she saw me watching, smile would she,
  And turn away with many things distraught;
  Thus was it manhood took me by surprise,
The sadness of her heart came into me,
  And everything I ever yet have thought
  I learned then from her anxious loving eyes.

WOODSTOCK MAZE.

"O never shall anyone find you then!"
  Said he, merrily pinching her cheek;

"But why?" she asked,—he only laughed,—
"Why shall it be thus, now speak!"
"Because so like a bird art thou,
Thou must live within green trees,
With nightingales and thrushes and wrens,
And the humming of wild bees."
Oh, the shower and the sunshine every day
Pass and pass, be ye sad, be ye gay.

"Nay, nay, you jest, no wren am I,
Nor thrush nor nightingale,
And rather would keep this arras and wall
'Tween me and the wind's assail.
I like to hear little Minnie's gay laugh,
And the whistle of Japes the page,
Or to watch old Madge when her spindle twirls,
And she tends it like a sage."
Oh, the leaves, brown, yellow, and red,
still fall,
Fall and fall over churchyard or hall.

"Yea, yea, but thou art the world's best Rose,
And about thee flowers I'll twine,
And wall thee round with holly and beech,
Sweet brier and jessamine."
"Nay, nay, sweet master, I'm no Rose,
But a woman indeed, indeed,
And love many things both great and small,
And of many things more take heed."
Oh, the shower and the sunshine every day,
Pass and pass, be ye sad, be ye gay.

"Aye, sweetheart, sure thou sayest sooth,
I think thou art even so!
But yet needs must I dibble the hedge,
Close serried as hedge can grow.
Then Minnie and Japes and Madge shall be
Thy merry-mates all day long,
And thou shalt hear my bugle-call
For matin or even-song."
Oh, the leaves, brown, yellow, and red,
still fall,
Fall and fall over churchyard or hall.

"Look yonder now, my blue-eyed bird,
See'st thou aught by yon far stream?
There shalt thou find a more curious nest
Than ever thou sawest in dream."
She followed his finger, she looked in vain,
She saw neither cottage nor hall,
But at his beck came a litter on wheels,
Screened by a red silk caul;
He lifted her in by her lily-white hand,
So left they the blythe sunny wall.
Oh, the shower and the sunshine every day
Pass and pass, be ye sad, be ye gay.

The gorse and ling are netted and strong,
The conies leap everywhere,
The wild-brier roses by runnels grow thick;
Seems never a pathway there.
Then come the dwarf oaks, knotted and wrung,
Breeding apples and mistletoe,
And now tall elms from the wet mossed ground
Straight up to the white clouds go.
Oh, the leaves, brown, yellow, and red,
still fall,
Fall and fall over churchyard or hall.

"O weary hedge, O thorny hedge!"
Quoth she in her lonesome bower,
"Round and round it is all the same;
Days, weeks, have all one hour;
I hear the cushat far overhead,
From the dark heart of that plane,
Sudden rushes of wings I hear,
And silence as sudden again.
Oh, the shower and the sunshine every day
Pass and pass, be ye sad, be ye gay.

"Maiden Minnie she mopes by the fire,
Even now in the warmth of June;
I like not Madge to look in my face,
Japes now hath never a tune.
But, oh, he is so kingly strong,
And, oh, he is kind and true;
Shall not my babe, if God cares for me,
Be his pride and his joy too?
Oh, the leaves, brown, yellow, and red,
still fall,
Fall and fall over churchyard or hall.

"I lean my faint heart against this tree,
Whereon he hath carved my name,
I hold me up by this fair bent bough,
For he held once by the same;
But everything here is dank and cold,
The daisies have sickly eyes,
The clouds like ghosts down into my prison
Look from the barred-out skies.
Oh, the shower and the sunshine every day
Pass and pass, be ye sad, be ye gay.

"I tune my lute and I straight forget
What I minded to play, woe's me!
Till it feebly moans to the sharp short gusts
Aye rushing from tree to tree.
Often that single redbreast comes
To the sill where my Jesu stands;
I speak to him as to a child; he flies,
Afraid of these poor thin hands!
Oh, the leaves, brown, yellow, and red,
still fall,
Fall and fall over churchyard or hall.

"The golden evening burns right through
My dark chamber windows twain:

I listen, all round me is only a grave,
  Yet listen I ever again.
Will he come? I pluck the flower-leaves off,
  And at each cry, yes, no, yes!
I blow the down from the dry hawkweed
  Once, twice, ah! it flieth amiss!
    Oh, the shower and the sunshine every day
    Pass and pass, be ye sad, be ye gay.

"Hark! he comes! yet his footstep sounds
  As it sounded never before!
Perhaps he thinks to steal on me,
  But I'll hide behind the door."
She ran, she stopped, stood still as stone—
  It was Queen Eleänore;
And at once she felt that it was death
  The hungering she-wolf bore!
    Oh, the leaves, brown, yellow, and red, still fall,
    Fall and fall over churchyard or hall.

PARTED LOVE.

I.—THE PAST.[1]

Methinks I have passed through some dreadful door,
  Shutting off summer and its sunniest glades
  From a dank waste of marsh and ruinous shades:—
And in that sunlit past, one day before
All other days is crimson to the core;
  That day of days when hand in hand became
  Encircling arms, and with an effluent flame
Of terrible surprise, we knew love's lore.

The rose-red ear that then my hand caressed,
  Those smiles bewildered, that low voice so sweet,
    The truant threads of silk about the brow
Dishevelled, when our burning lips were pressed
  Together, and the temple-pulses beat!
    All gone now—where am I, and where art thou?

II.—THE PRESENT.

No cypress-wreath nor outward signs of grief;
  But I may cry unto the morn, and flee
  After the god whose back is turned to me,
And touch his wings and plead for some relief;
Draw, it may be, a black shaft from his sheaf:—
  For now I know his quiver harbours those
  Death mixed with his, as the old fable shows,
When he slept heedless on the red rose leaf.
And I may open Memory's chamber-door
To grope my way around its noiseless floor,
  Now that, alas! its windows give no light,
Nor gentle voice invites me any more;
  For she is but a picture faintly bright
  Hung dimly high against the walls of night.

III.—MORNING.

Last night,—it must have been a ghost at best,—
  I did believe the lost one's slumbering head
  Filled the white hollows of the curtained bed,
And happily sank again to sound sweet rest,
As in times past with sleep my nightly guest,
  A guest that left me only when the day
  Showed me a fairer than Euphrosyne,—
Day that now shows me but the unfilled nest.

O night! thou wert our mother at the first,
  Thy silent chambers are our homes at last;
    And even now thou art our bath of life.
Come back! the hot sun makes our lips athirst;
  Come back! thy dreams may recreate the past;
    Come back! and smooth again this heart's long strife.

IV.—BY THE SEA-SIDE.

Rest here, my heart, nor let us further creep;
  Rest for an hour; I shall again be strong,
  And make for thee another little song:
Rest here, and look down on the tremulous deep,
Where sea-weeds like dead mænad's long locks sweep
  Over that dreadful floor of stagnant green,
  Strewed with the bones of lovers that have been,
Nor even yet can scarce be said to sleep.

Beyond that sea, far o'er that wasteful sea,
The sunset she so oft hath seen with me
  Flames up with all the arrogances of gold,
Scarlet and purple, while the west wind falls
  Upon us with its deadliest winter-cold;—
Shall we slide down? I think the dear one calls!

SAINT MARGARET.

The wan lights freeze on the dark cold floor,
Witch lights and green the high windows adorn;
The cresset is gone out the altar before,

[1] W. M. Rosetti remarks in *Macmillan's Magazine* for March, 1876, that one of the forms of verse in which the poet-painter succeeds best is that form which most urgently demands perfection of execution—the sonnet. —Ed.

She knows her long hour of life's nigh worn,
And she kneels here waiting to be re-born,
On the stones of the chancel.

"That door darkly golden, that noiseless door,
Through which I can see sometimes," said she,
"Will it ever be opened to close no more;
Will those wet clouds cease pressing on me:
Shall I cease to hear the sound of the sea?"
Her handmaids miss her and rise.

"I've served in life's prison-house long," she said,
"Where silver and gold are heavy and bright,
Where children wail, and where maidens wed,
Where the day is wearier than the night,
And each would be master if he might."
Margaret! they seek thee.

The night waxed darker than before;
Scarce could the windows be traced at all,
Only the sharp rain was heard rushing o'er:
A sick sleeper moaned through the cloister wall,
And a horse neighed shrill from a distant stall,
And the sea sounded on.

"Are all the dear holy ones shut within,
That none descend in my strait?" said she;
"Their songs are afar off, far off and thin,
The terrible sounds of the prison-house flee
About me, and the sound of the sea."
Lights gleam from room to room.

Slowly a moonshine breaks over the glass,
The black and green witchcraft is there no more;
It spreads and it brightens, and out of it pass
Four angels with glorified hair,—all four
With lutes; and our Lord is in heaven's door.
Margaret! they hail thee.

Her eyes are a-wide to the hallowèd light,
Her head is cast backward, her bosom is clad
With the flickering moonlight pale purple and white;
Away to the angels her spirit hath fled,
While her body still kneels,—but is it not dead?
She is safe, she is well!

MRS. JANE C. SIMPSON.

Mrs. Jane Cross Simpson is a daughter of the late James Bell, advocate, and was born at Glasgow in 1811. Her first verses appeared in the *Greenock Advertiser* while her father resided in that town. To the *Edinburgh Literary Journal*, edited by her brother Henry Glassford Bell, she afterwards contributed many beautiful poems under the assumed name of "Gertrude," and subsequently various articles in prose and verse to the *Scottish Christian Herald*. In 1836 Miss Bell published a volume of tales and sketches entitled *The Piety of Daily Life*. A collection of her poems, which she called *April Hours*, was published in 1838; and in 1848 there appeared from her pen a volume entitled *Woman's History;* followed in 1859 by *Linda, or Beauty and Genius*, a metrical romance. Mrs. Simpson's last work appeared under the title of *Picture Poems*. She is the author of the beautiful and much-admired hymn beginning "Go when the morning shineth," and a frequent contributor to *Good Words* and other current periodicals. In July, 1837, Miss Bell was married to her cousin Mr. J. B. Simpson of Glasgow, in which city they chiefly resided for many years. Her present home is at Portobello, near Edinburgh.

THE LONGINGS OF GENIUS.

It is a sacred privilege to lofty natures given,
Even while in mortal guise, to walk midway
'twixt earth and heaven,
To own all gentle sympathies that bind the human race,
Yet rise in pure and earnest aim, a brighter course to trace.

Creation teems with poetry—above, beneath, around—
Thought, fancy, feeling, lie enshrined in simplest sight and sound;
Mysterious meaning clothes whate'er we hear, or touch, or view,
And still the soul aspires to grasp the beautiful and true!
O Genius! thou hast high desires, and longings wild and vain,
Which never in this darken'd world their bright fulfilment gain!

Within a lonely chamber burn'd a single sickly lamp,
Around the watcher's brows the dews of night hung cold and damp,
The page yet wet before him lay, the faithful record bore
Of many a high heroic thought he in his bosom wore.
But though the strain his muse had coin'd would soon, in cadence deep,
Cause manly hearts to thrill response, and gentle eyes to weep,
The pen dropped sadly from his hand, his head lean'd on his breast—
Alas! how feebly had his song the burning soul express'd!
O Genius! thou hast high desires, and longings wild and vain,
Which never in this darken'd world their bright fulfilment gain!

It was a gorgeous landscape on the ample canvas lay—
Wood, valley, mountain, lake, and river stretching far away,
In some sweet southern clime of earth, where skies are blue and warm,
And seldom Nature's smiling face is marr'd by gloom and storm;
So fresh the sod whence, blushing, peep'd the softly-cradled flowers,
So rich the radiance mantling round the ruin's ivied towers.
This is no *picture!* On my cheek I feel the balmy breeze;
I hear the murmur of the stream, the song-birds in the trees.
Thanks! great magician-painter, thanks! whose mind and hand unite
To steep the dreaming senses thus in silent, deep delight!
Well may'st thou now the lofty mien and flush of triumph wear;
Ah! why instead that sunken eye, those looks of pallid care?
O Genius! thou hast high desires, and longings wild and vain,
Which never in this darken'd world their bright fulfilment gain!

'Tis ever thus! The souls that prove their source and end divine
Must ceaseless strive, yet never win the prize for which they pine;
Whate'er is purest, loveliest, best, floats on their tide of thought,
But, like the rainbow's fleeting form, dissolves ere it is caught.
And why is this, if not to teach that beauty, truth, and love
Have but one birth-place and one goal—the land of light above,
Where, far beyond our highest dreams of poetry or art,
Inviolate perfection reigns serene through every part!
O Genius! there, and there alone, thy longings wild and vain,
Expanding still, shall all at last their bright fulfilment gain!

GOOD ANGELS.

An angel came down in the still of the night,
And stood by the bed of a sleeping child.
He breathed in his ear; and I knew that the words
Were a whisper of joy—for the cherub smiled.
Then the angel flew back to his home; and I heard,
As the golden gates were wide open thrown,
Ten thousand voices the tidings rehearse—
"O child of earth! thou art all our own!"

An angel came down at the dusky dawn,
Where a youth kept watch on the field of fight:
The hostile camp in the distance loom'd,
And the grass waving green would be red ere night.
But the soldier's heart was of metal true—
God's trust and strength in his blue eye shone:
So the angel went up, and the voices rang forth—
"O child of earth! thou art still our own!"

An angel came down as the twilight closed,
To a lighted hall, where the wine flow'd free:
And the young man laugh'd as the ribald jest
And the song rose high of the drunkard's glee.

Ah! then fell a shade on that pale pure face
(As the summer moon veil'd in a soft mist o'er);
And tender and low was the seraph's strain—
"O child of earth! thou art ours no more!"

An angel came down on a forest glade
As the stars went out at the flush of day,
Where one, with hot cheek and a blood-stain'd sword,
Through the dewy copse strode in haste away.
For angry words overnight, they had met
As foes this morn who were friends of yore,
And the angel went up with the murmur'd sigh—
"O child of earth! thou art ours no more!"

An angel came down as the moonbeams play'd
'Mong the scatter'd gray stones of the old churchyard,
Where the strong man, bowing his anguish'd head,
By a fresh grave knelt on the cold damp sward.
The gentle friend of his youth was at rest,
And the fruits were blessed her memory bore:
So the angel flew up with a smile, and they sang—
"O child of earth! thou art ours once more!"

An angel came down to a darken'd room,
Where a father lay pale on his dying bed;
The daughter, sole light of his widow'd home,
In tears heard the blessings he pour'd on her head.
As the angel look'd, the soul broke free,
And he bore it in triumph to God the giver;
Then rang heaven's arch with the welcome shout—
"O child of earth! thou art ours for ever!"

Thus watching and waiting with zeal untired,
Good angels hover round pilgrims here;
And whether in folly's or wisdom's scene,
Be sure that some radiant spirit is near.
And oh, my brother! as first they found thee—
A blossom of hope on life's desert thrown—
May the bright host hail thee at last, in glory—
A child of heaven, and all their own!

GOING TO THE COUNTRY.

Upon the city's dusty street the sun beat fierce and high,
For biting winds had sudden veer'd, and summer fleck'd the sky:
And at a tall house-door flung wide a chariot stood in wait,
With bag and box atop, behind—a mix'd suggestive freight;
While children's merry voices rang upon the quiet air,
And boys and girls with sunshade hats tripp'd nimbly down the stair,
And leapt into the carriage straight; while on the steps apace,
With shawl and cloak the parents came, and smiling took their place.
"Oh! but the town is hot and dry—here we no longer stay;
Off to the country cool and clear, on wings of light away!"
The door was bang'd, the reins caught up, the whip was crack'd amain.—
Will rattling wheels to young fresh hearts e'er bring such joy again?—

In that same street, that very hour, in that bright morn of spring,
A gentle form of maiden grace lay wan and withering;
And as her quick ear caught the sound of horses' trampling feet,
She knew that household band was borne to life more green and sweet.
Yet if a pang came o'er her heart it vanish'd in a sigh,
And holier meanings lit the depths of her resplendent eye;
And as the sounds in distance died, a low clear voice awoke,
Of tone so flute-like that it seem'd she rather sang than spoke:
"Yes, *these* to fields and woods are gone, with pulses bounding high,
For May now hangs her blossoms 'neath a blue delicious sky;
And they will climb the mountains and inhale the balmy breeze,
And gather flowers, and launch the boat upon the sunny seas,
Then pluck the autumn fruits, and stand beside the golden grain,
And when the winds blow chill, return to city's home again.
But I—oh! fairer far the land to which I surely go,
Where fadeless trees are mirror'd in the crystal river's flow;
Where high upon the hills of God, aye steep'd in golden sheen,
The angels find their radiant rest 'mong pastures ever green;

Where peace unutterable fills like light the liquid air,
And speech divinest music hath, for perfect love is there.
Say, what are all the loveliest scenes here spread from shore to shore,
To that far boundless summer-land whence travellers come no more?
Oh! but this earth is dim and drear—I would I were away!
Home to that country of the soul, this early morn of May."

The prayer went up as incense from a holy censer pour'd,
Down came the willing angel straight, and loosed the silver cord:
And when that eve the boys and girls ran shouting by the sea,
She went to spend the long bright days where summers ceaseless be.

TEDIUM VITÆ.

Thou sayest "I am weary. Day by day,
Time, like a quiet river, glideth on;
No ruffle on the tide, no shifting skies—
Naught save the noiseless round of common tasks.
Oh! 'tis a tasteless life. Heaven send me change!"

Friend, many feel as thou, the thought unshaped;
Many are vainly, vaguely weary thus.
Such weariness is rash, ungrateful, mean.
Consider—change brings grief more oft than joy;
Monotony of good is good supreme,
And pain's exemption test of health entire.

Oh! there be men and women who ne'er owned
Of thy full measured blessings even a tithe:
Whose natural wants, health, money, friends denied,
Might well have sapped the core of sweet content,
And caused them pine, and fret, and weep for change—
Who yet go almost singing on their way:
Such music patience makes in great meek souls!

Art weary of God's love, that wraps thee close
In the sweet folds of mercy hour by hour?
Weary of strength renewed and sight undimmed,
To walk 'mid summer scenes 'neath open skies?
Weary of friendship's voice that woos thee forth,
And calm affection of the household band,
That watch thy steps and hail thee home with smiles?—
Art weary of all fair and gracious things
That make the sum of good to man below—
Food, raiment, kindred and domestic ties,
Music and books, and art's exhaustless stores,
With glorious pageantry of nature's realm?
If these have wearied thee, look to thyself—
Thy wit's diseased. Go, pray to have it healed.
Down, down upon thy knees; or if there be
A lowlier posture, wherein knees, hands, face,
Clasp the cold earth, pour out thy spirit there;
And, while hot tears for pardon plead, cry out
"O Lord! change naught but this weak, thankless heart!"

I KNOW NOT.

I know not if thy spirit weaveth ever
The golden fantasies of mine for thee;
I only know my love is a great river,
And thou the sea!

I know not if the time to thee is dreary,
When ne'er to meet we pass the wintry days;
I only know my muse is never weary,
The theme thy praise.

I know not if thy poet heart's emotion
Responsive beats to mine through many a chord;
I only feel in my untold devotion
A rich reward.

I know not if the grass were waving o'er me,
Would nature's voice for thee keep sadder tune:
I only know wert thou gone home before me,
I'd follow soon.

But while thou walk'st the earth with brave heart ever,
I'll singing go, though all unrecked by thee
My great affection floweth like a river,
And thou the sea!

TO A FRIEND.

How art thou spending this long summer day,
Beloved friend, where'er thy home may be?
On breezy heather uplands dost thou stray,
Or by the margin of the sounding sea?

Is the boat mirrored in the glassy lake
Where thou art resting on suspended oar—
Or, in some nook reclined of forest brake,
Dost linger o'er the page of classic lore?

Ah! well I know that nature's holy face
Will woo thee from thy prison-house of care;

Will deepen in thy soul the poet grace,
And wider ope the golden gate of prayer.

I sit and watch the ocean's quivering sheen—
The old romance of youth still round me clinging,
Dreaming of thousand things that might have been,
And losing half my sadness in my singing!

PRAYER.[1]

Go when the morning shineth,
Go when the noon is bright,
Go when the eve declineth,
Go in the hush of night,
Go with pure mind and feeling,
Fling earthly thought away,
And, in thy chamber kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray.

Remember all who love thee,
All who are loved by thee;
Pray, too, for those who hate thee,
If any such there be.
Then for thyself, in meekness,
A blessing humbly claim;
And link with each petition
The great Redeemer's name.

Or if 'tis e'er denied thee
In solitude to pray,
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee,
When friends are round thy way;
Even then the silent breathing
Of thy spirit raised above,
May reach his throne of glory,
Who is mercy, truth, and love!

O! not a joy or blessing
With this can we compare,
The power that he hath given us
To pour our hearts in prayer!
Whene'er thou pin'st in sadness,
Before his footstool fall,
And remember, in thy gladness,
His grace who gave thee all.

WILLIAM SINCLAIR.

Born 1811 — Died 1870.

William Sinclair, the author of some pleasing patriotic songs, &c., was born at Edinburgh in 1811. He received an ordinary education, and in his fourteenth year was apprenticed to a bookseller. A large circulating library connected with his employer's shop enabled him to gratify his taste for reading, and he soon became devoted to verse-making, contributing to the newspapers and periodicals of the day, including *Blackwood's Magazine*. He afterwards became a lawyer's clerk in Dundee, and was subsequently employed in the customs at Liverpool and Leith.

In 1843 Sinclair published a volume of poems and songs, entitled *Poems of the Fancy and the Affections*. To the work entitled *Poetical Illustrations of the Achievements of the Duke of Wellington*, published in 1852, he was a contributor. While residing at Leith he enjoyed the intimate friendship of the poets Gilfillan, Moir, and Vedder. Robert Nicoll submitted the first edition of his poems to his revision. Several of his patriotic strains have been set to music, and continue to enjoy a wide-spread popularity, not only in his native land but also in the United States and the Canadas. His poem of "The Royal Breadalbane Oak" was an especial favourite with Sir Allan MacNab, Bart., prime minister of Canada. For several years previous to his death Mr. Sinclair resided at Stirling, where he was connected with the local press, and acted also as the correspondent of several of the daily newspapers. He died, April, 1870, and a neat monument, erected by public subscription, marks the place of his interment.

[1] This much-admired hymn has been attributed to different authors, among others to the Earl of Carlisle. It appeared in the *Edinburgh Literary Journal* of Feb. 26, 1831, where it is signed "Gertrude."—Ed.

THE ROYAL BREADALBANE OAK.

Thy queenly hand, Victoria,
By the mountain and the rock,
Hath planted 'midst the Highland hills
A Royal British Oak;
Oh, thou guardian of the free!
Oh, thou mistress of the sea!
Trebly dear shall be the ties
That shall bind us to thy name,
Ere this Royal Oak shall rise
To thy fame, to thy fame!

The oak hath scatter'd terror
O'er our foemen from our ships,
They have given the voice of England's fame
In thunders from their lips;
'Twill be mirror'd in the rills!
It shall wave among the hills!
And the rallying cry shall wake
Nigh the planted of thy hand,
That the loud acclaim may break
O'er the land, o'er the land!

While it waves unto the tempest,
It shall call thy name to mind,
And the "gathering" 'mong the hills shall be
Like the rushing of the wind!
Arise! ye Gaels, arise!
Let the echoes ring your cries,
By our mountain's rocky throne,
By Victoria's name adored—
We shall reap her enemies down
With the sword, with the sword!

Oh, dear among the mountains
Shall thy kindly blessing be;
Though rough may be our mien, we bear
A loyal heart to thee!
'Neath its widely spreading shade
Shall the gentle Highland maid
Teach the youths, who stand around,
Like brave slips from freedom's tree,
That thrice sacred is the ground
Unto thee, unto thee!

In the bosom of the Highlands
Thou hast left a glorious pledge,
To the honour of our native land,
In every coming age:
By the royal voice that spoke
On the soil where springs the oak—
By the freedom of the land
That can never bear a slave—
The Breadalbane Oak shall stand
With the brave, with the brave!

IS NOT THE EARTH.

Is not the earth a burial place
Where countless millions sleep,
The entrance to the abode of death,
Where waiting mourners weep,
And myriads at his silent gates
A constant vigil keep?

The sculptor lifts his chisel, and
The final stroke is come,
But, dull as the marble lip he hews,
His stiffened lip is dumb;
Though the Spoiler hath cast a holier work,
He hath called to a holier home!

The soldier bends his gleaming steel,
He counts his laurels o'er,
And speaks of the wreaths he yet may win
On many a foreign shore;
But his Master declares with a sterner voice
He shall break a lance no more!

The mariner braved the deluge long,
He bow'd to the sweeping blast,
And smiled when the frowning heavens above
Were the deepest overcast;
He hath perish'd beneath a smiling sky—
He hath laid him down at last.

Far in the sea's mysterious depths
The lowly dead are laid,
Hath not the ocean's dreadful voice
Their burial service said?
Have not the quiring tempests rung
The dirges of the dead?

The vales of our native land are strewn
With a thousand pleasant things;
The uplands rejoicing in the light
Of the morning's flashing wings;
Even there are the martyrs' rugged cairns—
The resting-place of kings!

And man outpours his heart to heaven,
And "chants his holiest hymn,"
But anon his frame is still and cold,
And his sparkling eyes are dim—
And who can tell but the home of death
Is a happier home to him?

FRANCIS BENNOCH.

Francis Bennoch was born in the parish of Durisdeer, Dumfriesshire, June 25, 1812. At the age of sixteen he went to London and entered a commercial house, where he remained for a period of nine years. In 1837 he began business as a merchant on his own account, and is now the head of the well-known firm of Francis Bennoch & Co.

Bennoch had been two years in the metropolis before his Scottish feelings sought expression in verse, and it was in the *Dumfries Courier* that his first poetic essay found its way to the public. Amid the cares of business he has always found time to pay court to literature and to cultivate the society of artists and literary men. He proved a kind friend to the eccentric and unfortunate Haydon, who never applied to him in vain; and it is probable that had Bennoch not been absent on the Continent at the time, the sad termination of that artist's career might have been averted. He also rendered very essential service to the late Miss Mitford, and it was through his intervention that the public were gratified by the issue of *Atherton and other Tales*, and also by a collected edition of her dramatic works, which she dedicated to him as a mark of her gratitude and esteem. At his residence in Leicester Square, London, artists and authors are constantly met; and Mr. Bennoch's business connections with the Continent and the United States, both of which he has repeatedly visited, contribute very much to gather at his elegant entertainments a variety of eminent foreigners and literary men of the New World. Nathaniel Hawthorne was a frequent guest of Mr. Bennoch's at his former residence at Blackheath Park, and was indebted to him for the use of a mansion-house about a mile distant from his own, which the gifted writer so charmingly described as "Our Old Home."

Three volumes of Bennoch's poems have been published in London; he has besides contributed extensively both in prose and verse to the periodicals of the day. He is a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, a member of the Society of Arts and of the Royal Society of Literature. In a note to the Editor Mr. Bennoch remarks, "I am still engaged in business, where I am only known as a man of business, few dreaming that I ever wrote any notes but business notes."

MAY-DAY FANCIES.

The biting wintry winds are laid,
  And spring comes carolling o'er the earth;
Mead, mountain, glen, and forest glade
  Are singing with melodious mirth.
The fields have doff'd their sober brown,
  And donn'd their robes of lovely green.
On meadow wide, on breezy down,
  Are flowers in countless myriads seen.
    Come forth, come forth, enjoy the day,
    And welcome song-inspiring May!

Through bud and branch, and gnarled trunk,
  To deepest root, when quickening light
Touches the torpid juices, sunk
  In slumber by the winter's might,
Electric currents tingling rise,
  Each circle swells with life anew;
Wide opening to the sunny skies,
  Young grateful blossoms drink the dew.
    Come forth, time-furrowed age, and say,
    If anything feels old in May?

Step o'er the brook, climb up the bank,
  And peep beneath those wither'd leaves—
Among the roots with wild weeds rank;
  See how the fruitful earth upheaves
With pulsing life! How quiveringly
  The timid young flowers, blushing, bend
Their gentle heads, where modesty
  And all the graces sweetly blend.
    Come forth, come forth, ye young, and say
    What cheeks can vie with rosy May?

From desk and 'Change come forth and range;
  From clanging forge, and shop, and mill;
From crowded room, from board and loom,
  Come! bid the rattling wheels be still.

Come, old and young, come, strong and weak,
Indulge the limb and brain with rest.
Come gushing youth and wrinkled cheek,
In leisure feel your labour blest.
Come forth, come forth, and hail the day,
Come, welcome in the glorious May!

Come, ere the dappled East has burn'd—
Made molten gold the winding stream;
Come, ere the fiery sun has turn'd
The pearly dew to misty steam;
Come, ere the lark has left his nest,
Or lambkin bleated on the hill;
Come, see how nature looks in rest,
And learn the bliss of being still.
Come forth, come forth, and hail the day!
Come, welcome blossom-teeming May!

Æolian murmurs swell the breeze,
Enchant the ear, and charm the brain;
While merry bells and humming bees
Fill up the burden of the strain.
On earth, in air, oh, everywhere,
A brighter glory shines to-day;
Old bards reveal how birds prepare
New songs to herald joyous May.
Come forth, come forth, nor lingering stay.
Come, crown with flowers the matchless May!

No trumpet's thrilling call is heard
To servile host or lordly crest,
But that mysterious voiceless word,
By which the world is onward prest—
Which bids the grass in beauty grow,
And stars their path of glory keep,
Makes winds and waves harmonious flow,
And dreaming infants smile in sleep.
That voice, resistless in its sway,
Turns winter wild to flowery May.

From edges of the dusky shade,
That canopies the restless town,
Come trooping many a youth and maid,
With flushing face and tresses brown.
High hopes have they, their hearts to please,
They seek the wild-wood's haunted dell;
They laughing come, by twos and threes,
But chiefly twos. I mark them well—
So trimly drest, so blithe and gay,
With them it seems 'tis always May.

They steep their kerchiefs in the dew;
Then follow wondrous wringings out;
As winged seeds were blown, they knew
What laggard lovers were about.
Some pluck the glowing leaves to learn
If love declared be love sincere;
Or in red ragged streaks discern
Love lost, and virtue's burning tear.
Oh, love is earnest though in play,
When comes the love-inciting May.

With hawthorn blooms and speckled shells,
Chaplets are twined for blushing brows;
While gipsies work their magic spells,
And lovers pledge their deathless vows.
Then round and round with many a bound,
They tread the mystic fairy ring;
The silent woods have voices found,
And echoing chorus while they sing:
"With shout and song, and dance and play,
We welcome in the glorious May!"

Link'd hand in hand, their tripping feet
Keep time to mirth's inspiring voice;
They wheel and meet, advance, retreat,
Till happy hearts in love rejoice.
The ring is formed for kisses sly—
Leaping and racing o'er the plain;
The young wish time would quicker fly,
The old wish they were young again.
Away with care: no cares to-day!
Care slumbers on the lap of May!

The voice that bade them welcome forth,
Now gently, kindly whispers "Home!"
To-day has been a day of mirth;
To-morrow nobler duties come.
Such pleasures nerve the arm for strife,
Bring joyous thoughts and golden dreams,
To mingle with the web of life—
And memory store with woods and streams.
Such joys drive cankering care away;
Then ever welcome, flowery May!

THE LIME TREE.

Sing, sing the lime,—the odorous lime!
With tassels of gold and leaves so green,
It ever has made the pleasantest shade
For lovers to loiter and talk unseen—
When high overhead its arms are spread,
And bees are busily buzzing around,
When sunlight and shade a woof have laid
Of flickering net-work on the ground.
I love the lime—the odorous lime!
With tassels of gold and leaves so green,
To its balmy bower in the noontide hour
Is wafted pleasure on wings unseen.

When the Switzer fought and gallantly wrought
His charter of freedom with bow and spear,
A branch was torn from the lime, and borne
As the patriot's hope, and the tyrant's fear.
They proudly tell where the herald youth fell
With a living branch in his dying hand;
Blood-hallowed, the tree is of liberty
The sacred symbol throughout the land.
Oh the lime—the odorous lime!
With tassels of gold and leaves so green;

The whisperings heard when its leaves are stirred,
Are the voices of martyrs that prompt unseen.

I love it the more for the days of yore,
And the avenue leading—I tell not where;
But there was a bower, and a witching flower
Of gracefullest beauty grew ripening there.
From valley and hill, from forge and mill,
From neighbouring hamlets murmurs stole;
But the sound most dear to my raptured ear
Was a musical whisper that thrilled my soul.
Oh the lime—the odorous lime!
With tassels of gold and leaves so green,
It ever has made the pleasantest shade
For lovers to wander and woo unseen.

When the gairish noon had passed, and the moon
Came silvering forest and lake and tower,
In the hush of night, so calm and bright,
How silent and sweet was the linden bower.
They may boast of their forests of larch and pine,
Of maple and elm and scented thorn,
Of ash and of oak, defying the stroke
Of the tempest on pinions of fury borne;
Give me the lime—the odorous lime!
With tassels of gold and leaves so green;
The vows that are made beneath its shade
Are throbbings of spirits that bless unseen.

OUR SHIP.

A song, a song, brave hearts a song,
To the ship in which we ride,
Which bears us along right gallantly,
Defying the mutinous tide.
Away, away, by night and day,
Propelled by steam and wind,
The watery waste before her lies,
And a flaming wake behind.
Then a ho and a hip to the gallant ship
That carries us o'er the sea,
Through storm and foam, to a western home,
The home of the brave and the free.

With a fearless bound to the depths profound,
She rushes with proud disdain,
While pale lips tell the fears that swell,
Lest she never should rise again.
With a courser's pride she paws the tide,
Unbridled by bit, I trow,
While the churlish sea she dashes with glee
In a cataract from her prow.
Then a ho and a hip, &c.

She bears not on board a lawless horde,
Piratic in thought or deed,
Yet the sword they would draw in defence of law,
In the nation's hour of need.
Professors and poets, and merchant men
Whose voyagings never cease;
From shore to shore, the wide world o'er,
Their bonds are the bonds of peace.
Then a ho and a hip, &c.

She boasts the brave, the dutiful,
The aged and the young,
And woman bright and beautiful,
And childhood's prattling tongue.
With a dip and a rise, like a bird she flies,
And we fear not the storm or squall;
For faithful officers rule the helm,
And Heaven protects us all.
Then a ho and a hip to the gallant ship
That carries us o'er the sea,
Through storm and foam, to a western home,
The home of the brave and free.

LONDON.

If glorious deeds deserve a song,
Then, London, one to thee!
Thine ancient name all tongues proclaim
The watchword of the free;
Where'er the flag of liberty
Is righteously unfurl'd,
There London is;—her mighty heart
Beats through the civil world.
Then ho! for London brave and high,
Which she shall ever be,
While justice rules within her walls,
And honour guides the free.

Of conquering peace the pioneers
Her dauntless merchants are;
Her ships are found the world around,
Her sons 'neath every star.
Her sheltering tree of liberty
Spreads hourly more and more;
Its roots run under every sea,
It blooms on every shore.
Unfading youth, untarnished truth,
Great London! bide with thee;
Of cities,—queen, supreme, serene,
The leader of the free.

In days of dread, she boldly stood
Undaunted, though alone,
To guard with might the people's right
Invaded by the throne;
And yet when civil fury raged,
And loyalty took wing,
Her gallant bands, with bows and brands,
Defended well their king.
Then ho! for London, might and right,
With her twin brothers be;
To curb with right the despot might,
Exalting still the free!

The wandering king, of crown bereft,
The patriot, lone, exiled,
Alike find refuge and repose
Where freedom ever smiled;
And evermore she spreads her store
The exile to maintain,
And what has been her pride before,
Shall be her pride again.
Then ho! for London, ward and guard
To all who refuge seek;
A terror to the tyrant strong,
A shelter to the weak.

And now within her ancient halls,
Where freemen ever stand,
She welcomes men from every clime,
With open heart and hand;
She welcomes men of every creed,
The brave, the wise, the good;
And bids all nations form indeed
A noble brotherhood.
Clasped hand in hand, let all mankind
Like loving brothers be;
From pole to pole, let every soul
United be—and free.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

With lofty song we love to cheer
The hearts of daring men;
Applauded thus, they gladly hear
The trumpet's call again.
But now we sing of lowly deeds
Devoted to the brave,
Where she, who stems the wound that bleeds,
A hero's life may save:
And heroes saved exulting tell
How well her voice they knew;
How sorrow near it could not dwell,
But spread its wings and flew.

Neglected, dying in despair,
They lay till woman came
To soothe them with her gentle care,
And feed life's flickering flame.
When wounded sore, on fever's rack,
Or cast away as slain,
She called their fluttering spirits back,
And gave them strength again.
'Twas grief to miss the passing face
That suffering could dispel;
But joy to turn and kiss the place
On which her shadow fell.

When words of wrath profaning rung,
She moved with pitying grace;
Her presence stilled the wildest tongue,
And holy made the place.

They knew that they were cared for then,
Their eyes forgot their tears;
In dreamy sleep they lost their pain,
And thought of early years—
Of early years, when all was fair,
Of faces sweet and pale.
They woke; the angel bending there
Was—Florence Nightingale!

OVER THE HILLS.

Over the hills the wintry wind
Blew fiercely—wildly screaming.
Adown the glen rushed tawny floods—
The tempest rocked the Closeburn woods
Where lay the cushats dreaming.
And dreaming too a maiden lay,
A maiden lovely as the day,
And sweet as is the scented May,
Lay Hebe fondly dreaming.

Over the hills the spring winds came,
Softly, gently blowing.
Adown the glen the glancing rills
Came dancing from the Closeburn hills
In sweetest cadence flowing:
And down the glen a gallant came,
Who woke to life love's latent flame,
New life awakened by a name
That came like music flowing.

Over the hills the summer breeze
Came with odours laden—
Odours wafted from the trees
Where sing the happy summer bees—
And happy made the maiden.
For with it came sweet orange flowers,
So wisely prized in lady bowers.—
Oh, Hebe is no longer ours,
For married is the maiden.

UNDER THE LINDEN.

Come—come—come!
You know where the lindens bloom;
Come—come—come!
And drink of their sweet perfume.
Come! meet me, beloved, beneath their shade,
When day into night begins to fade;
A time for wooers and wooing made
Is the twilight's deepening gloom.

Wait—wait—wait!
I will come unto thee betimes;
Wait—wait—wait!
I will come with the evening chimes—

I will come when shimmering up the sky
The light of the day retreats on high,
And darkening shadows unveiling lie
Beneath the odorous limes.

Here—here—here!
My beautiful met at last.
Here—here—here!
My sheltering arm thou hast.
The storms of life may fiercely blow,
And sorrow in surging tides may flow.
Come wealth or want—come pleasure or woe,
My treasure is in thy breast.

VERSES ADDRESSED TO HAWTHORNE.[1]

A verse!—My friend, 'tis hard to rhyme
When cares the heart enfold,
And Fancy feels the freezing time,
And shrivels with the cold.
And yet, however hard it seems
To generously comply,
The heart, fraternal, throbbing, deems
It harder to deny.

Few love the weary winter time,
When trees are gaunt and bare,
And fields are gray with silver rime,
And biting keen the air.
Though all without is weird and waste,
And shrill the tempest's din,
With those well suited to our taste
How bright is all within!

But oh! the spring, the early spring,
Is brimming full of mirth,
When mating birds, on happy wing,
Rain music on the earth;
And earth, responsive, spreadeth wide
Her leafy robe of green,
Till March is wreathed in flowery pride—
A smiling virgin queen.

Oh! that dear time is dearer made
By love's mysterious will,
Which in the sun and in the shade
Its impulse must fulfil;
In wood, or wild, or rosy face,
The law is broad and clear;
Love lends its all-entrancing grace
To spring-time of the year.

Spring-time, my friend, with mystic words,
Has filled thy life with joy,
Bound close thy heart with triple cords
That age can ne'er destroy.
For her, thy first—so fair, so good,
So innocent and sweet—
An angel pure as model stood!
The copy, how complete!

Oh! sacred season, ever blest,
When saints their offerings bring,
Thou to thy heart an offering prest
More fair than flowers of spring.
A miracle!—long ere the frost
Or snowdrift passed away,
Thy Hawthorne into blossom burst,
Anticipating May!

NORMAN MACLEOD.

BORN 1812—DIED 1872.

NORMAN MACLEOD was born at Campbeltown, Argyleshire, June 3, 1812. He belonged to a race of ministers. His grandfather was the pastor of Morven, and was succeeded in

[1] The following verses were composed at the urgent request of the late Nathaniel Hawthorne—a distinguished American writer, and an intimate and very dear friend of the author of them—on the occasion of the anniversary of the birth-day of Mr. Hawthorne's daughter Una. Hence the allusion in the last verse. The poem was written in 1854, and is now first published. Mr. Hawthorne was then staying at Leamington, in Warwickshire, busy with the last sheets of his Italian romance *Transformation*. In the words of the author, "the verses bring up many pleasant recollections dimmed by the remembrance that he who could rouse with a skill unequalled the tenderest emotions, and depict with infinite power the deepest passions of the human heart, is mouldering in the tomb. Those who knew Mr. Hawthorne best loved him most; and all who were acquainted with the plans he had hoped to carry out regret that death should have stilled the heart and stayed the hand before his greatest work was accomplished."—ED.

that office by one of his sons, whose tall figure and stately gait procured for him the name of "the high-priest of Morven." Norman's father was minister first of Campbeltown, afterwards of Campsie, and finally of St. Columba Church, in Glasgow. He was said to be one of the most eloquent Gaelic preachers of his day, and was a great authority in all matters pertaining to the Gaelic language. Norman was educated partly at the University of Glasgow, after leaving which he spent some time in Germany, and finally completed his divinity studies at the University of Edinburgh, where he came under the influence of Dr. Chalmers, with whom he was a favourite student. In 1838, almost immediately after being licensed, he was ordained pastor in the parish of Loudon, Ayrshire. Here he continued for about five years, and when the secession of the Free Church from the Establishment took place in 1843 he received the charge of Dalkeith, near Edinburgh. It was while minister here that he first began to attract the notice of the Church and the public. About this time he became the editor of the *Edinburgh Christian Magazine*, which he conducted for ten years. In 1846 he was intrusted by the General Assembly with a mission to Canada on the affairs of the Church. In 1851 he was inducted into the Barony parish, Glasgow, one of the most influential charges in Scotland. From this time his fame as a preacher gradually increased, and his church was every Sunday filled to overflowing by crowds eager to hear him. In 1854 he published his first work of importance, being the memorials of his friend John Macintosh, under the title *The Earnest Student*. In October of that year he first preached before the Queen in the parish church of Crathie. Henceforth his life seems to have been one continuous series of labours. Not content with the arduous duties of his large and populous parish, which he performed with an efficiency and zeal that has been seldom equalled, he threw his whole soul also into the general work of the Church. In all her schemes of public usefulness, all her efforts to elevate and Christianize the masses at home or the heathen abroad, he ever took the warmest interest. Year after year he travelled through the country, everywhere addressing meetings, and seeking to infuse into others some of the enthusiasm that burned within himself. On all matters pertaining to Christian life, every scheme that aimed at improving the social or moral condition of the working poor, no one could speak with more eloquence than he, and no one was ever listened to with more rapt attention. Nor all this time was his pen idle, as is shown by the large number of works published under his name, including sermons, lectures, addresses, devotional works, treatises on practical subjects, tales, travels, children's songs and stories, all bearing the impress of his warm heart and enthusiastic nature.

In 1860 *Good Words* was begun, a magazine which he continued to edit till his death; and every volume of it was enriched with much in prose and verse from his own pen. But it is to his tales that he chiefly owes his position in literature: "The Old Lieutenant and His Son;" "The Starling, a Scotch story;" the "Reminiscences of a Highland Parish," in which he gives a picture of life in the parish of Morven; "Character Sketches," containing eleven tales, among others "Billy Buttons," with its racy humour, and "Wee Davie," the best known and most pathetic of all his stories; and "Eastward," an account of his travels in Egypt and Palestine in 1865. These, which appeared originally in the pages of *Good Words*, were afterwards published separately at different times. In 1865 considerable excitement was produced in Scotland by his opposition to the strict views on the observance of the Sabbath laid down in a pastoral address which the presbytery of Glasgow had proposed to issue; but the suspicion of "heresy" on this point gradually died out. In 1867 he was commissioned by the General Assembly to visit the mission-field of the Church in India, and his "Peeps at the Far East," which also appeared in *Good Words*, are a memorial of this visit. From the shock which his system received from the fatigues of his eastern journey and the climate Dr. Macleod never quite recovered, and he died on June 16, 1872, aged sixty years. He sleeps in Campsie churchyard, near the glen where he watched as a boy the "squirrel in the old beech-tree," and learned from his brother James to "trust in God and do the right."

In 1858 Mr. Macleod received the honorary degree of D.D. He was also appointed one of the Deans of the Chapel Royal, Holyrood, one

of the Queen's Chaplains for Scotland, and Dean of the order of the Thistle. In May, 1869, was conferred upon him by acclamation the last honour which he lived to receive, that of being elected to the moderator's chair in the General Assembly, and never was honour more richly deserved or more hardly earned. An interesting memoir of the far-famed Scottish minister, from the pen of his brother, the Rev. Donald Macleod, D.D., appeared in 1876.

In alluding to Dr. Macleod's death Dean Stanley said, in a sermon delivered in Westminster Abbey—"When ten days ago there went up the sound of great lamentation as of a multitude weeping for a lost chief, in the second greatest city of the empire, when rich and poor of all creeds and opinions followed to his grave the great Scottish pastor, whose good deeds had so endeared him to all who knew him, and whose *Good Words* had reached thousands who had never seen his face, in homes and lands far away, what was it that shed over the close of that career so peaceful, so cheering a light? It was that he was known to have fought the good fight manfully, that he had finished his course with joy, and had done what in him lay to add to the happiness and goodness of the world."

DANCE, MY CHILDREN!

"Dance, my children! lads and lasses!
Cut and shuffle, toes and heels!
Piper, roar from every chanter
Hurricanes of Highland reels!

"Make the old barn shake with laughter,
Beat its flooring like a drum,
Batter it with Tullochgorum,
Till the storm without is dumb!

"Sweep in circles like a whirlwind,
Flit across like meteors glancing,
Crack your fingers, shout in gladness,
Think of nothing but of dancing!"

Thus a gray-haired father speaketh,
As he claps his hands and cheers;
Yet his heart is quietly dreaming,
And his eyes are dimmed with tears.

Well he knows this world of sorrow,
Well he knows this world of sin,
Well he knows the race before them,
What's to lose, and what's to win!

But he hears a far-off music
Guiding all the stately spheres—
In his father-heart it echoes,
So he claps his hands and cheers.

TRUST IN GOD.

Courage, brother! do not stumble,
Though thy path is dark as night;
There's a star to guide the humble:
"Trust in God, and do the right."

Let the road be long and dreary,
And its ending out of sight;
Foot it bravely, strong or weary;
"Trust in God, and do the right."

Perish "policy" and cunning,
Perish all that fears the light!
Whether losing, whether winning,
"Trust in God, and do the right."

Trust no forms of guilty passion,
Fiends can look like angels bright;
Trust no custom, school, or fashion,
"Trust in God, and do the right."

Trust no party, Church, or faction;
Trust no leaders in the fight;
But, in every word and action,
"Trust in God, and do the right."

Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
Some will flatter, some will slight;
Cease from man, and look above thee;
"Trust in God, and do the right."

Simple rule, and safest guiding;
Inward peace, and inward light;
Star upon our path abiding:
"Trust in God, and do the right."

CURLER'S SONG.

A' nicht it was freezin', a' nicht I was sneezin',
"Tak' care," quo' the wifie, "gudeman, o' yer cough;"
A fig for the sneezin', hurrah for the freezin'!
This day we're to play the bonspiel on the loch!

Then get up, my auld leddy, the breakfast get ready,
For the sun on the snawdrift's beginning to blink,
Gi'e me bannocks or brochan, I am aff for the lochan,
To mak' the stanes flee to the tee o' the rink!

Chorus—Then hurrah for the curlin' frae Girvan to Stirlin'!
Hurrah for the lads o' the besom and stane!
"Ready noo!" "soop it up!" "clap a guard!" "steady noo!"
Oh! curlin' aboon every game stan's alane!

The ice it is splendid, it canna be mended—
Like a glass ye may glower on't and shave aff yer beard;
And see hoo they gether, comin' ower the brown heather,
The servant and master, the tenant and laird!
There's brave Jamie Fairlie, he's there late and early,
Better curlers than him or Tam Conn canna be.
Wi' the lads frae Kilwinnin', they'll send the stanes spinnin'
Wi' *whirr* an' a *curr* till they sit roun' the tee.
Then hurrah, &c.

It's an unco-like story that baith Whig and Tory
Maun aye collyshangie like dogs ower a bane;
And a' denominations are wantin' in patience,
For nae kirk will thole to let ithers alane;
But in the frosty weather let a' meet thegither,
Wi' a broom in their haun' and a stane by the tee,
And then, by my certes, ye'll see hoo a' parties
Like brithers will love, and like brithers agree!
Then hurrah, &c.

WE ARE NOT THERE, BELOVED!

A VOICE HEARD WHILE LOOKING AT THE GRAVES OF OUR HOUSEHOLD AT CAMPSIE.

We are not there, beloved!
So dry those tearful eyes,
And lift them up in calmness
To yonder cloudless skies;

To yonder home of glory,
Where we together live,—
'Tis all our Saviour died for,
'Tis all our God can give.

Yet, in that home of glory,
Midst all we hear and see,
The past is not forgotten,
And we ever think of thee—

Of thee and all our dear ones,
Far dearer now than ever,
For we are one in Jesus,
And nothing can us sever.

Be of good cheer, beloved!
And let those eyes be dry—
Oh, be not crushed by sorrow,
Nor ever wish to die.

Wish only to act bravely
In doing our Father's will,
And where our Master puts thee,
Be faithful and be still.

Be still! for God is with thee,
And thou art not alone,
But one in all thy labours
With the hosts around his throne.

Be of good cheer, beloved!
For not an hour is given
That may not make thee fitter
To join us all in heaven.

What though no sin or sorrow
Are in our world above,
Thy world below most needeth
The life and light of love.

Thou canst not see our glory
Beyond that peaceful sky,
Nor canst thou tell when angels
Or dearer friends are nigh:

But thou canst see the glory
Of our Saviour and our Lord,
And know his living presence,
And hear his living word.

Him, dear one! trust and follow,
Him hear with faith and love,
And He will lead thee safely
To join us all above.

And then we will remember,
And talk of all the past,
When sin and death have perished,
And love alone shall last.

THE ANXIOUS MOTHER.

Never did a kinder mother
Nurse a child upon her knee;
Yet I knew somehow or other
That she always feared for me.

When at school my teacher told her
I was busy as a bee—
Learning more than others older—
She was pleased—yet feared for me.

All the summer woods were ringing
With my shouts of joyous glee,
Through the house she heard me singing—
Yet she always feared for me.

Was she whimsical, or fretted?
That the dear one could not be!
Was I selfish, false, or petted?
That she always feared for me.

Did she think I did not love her,
Nor at heart with her agree?
Vain such question to discover
Why she always feared for me!

But one morn, in anguish waking
With a dreadful agony,
She said, in hers my small hand taking,
"He was drowned this day at sea."

And she told how but one other
Branch grew from her household tree,
And lest I, the best, should wither,
That was why she feared for me!

Then convulsively she snatched me;
Setting me upon her knee—
To her beating heart she clasped me,
While I sobbed, "Why fear for me?—

"For you told me I must walk, too,
In the path my father trod,
And that he, with none to talk to,
On the ocean walked with God.

"Often did you tell me, mother,
That our father's God was near—
That his Saviour was my brother—
Therefore I should never fear."

"I'll walk," I said, "as did my father;
Why then should you fear for me?
I'll not grieve you, for I'd rather
Sleep beside him in the sea!"

Then, again, she hugged and kissed me,
While I saw the shadows flee
From her anxious face that blessed me,
Now from sad forebodings free.

As she looked to Heaven, saying:—
"Thou hast given this child to me!"
Whispering o'er me, as if praying,
"Never more I'll fear for thee!"

TEMPORA MUTANTUR.

I.

Tick! tick! tick! my heart is sick
To hear how time is flying;
For at break of day I must haste away,
And leave dear Kitty a-crying.

O cruel clock,
Why dost thou mock
My heart so sick,
With thy tick, tick, tick?
Go slowly!—

II.

Tick—tick—tick—my heart is sick
To hear how time doth tarry;
For at break of day I will haste away,
My own dear Kitty to marry.

O cruel clock,
Why dost thou mock
My heart so sick,
With thy tick—tick—tick!
So slowly?

SUNDAY IN THE HIGHLANDS.

What holy calm is this! The mountains sleep,
Wrapped in the sun-mist, through which heaven-born gleams
Kiss their old foreheads till they smile in dreams
Of early youth, when rising from the deep.

Baptized by God, they shared man's sinless days:—
Dreams, too, of Restoration, when shall cease
Creation's groans in universal peace,
And harmonies of universal praise.

But hark! From yonder glen the kirk-bell rings,
Where lambs at play 'midst purple heather bleat,
And larks make glad the air; while shepherds meet
To worship Christ. Good Lord! Thy world now sings
The hymn that louder yet shall fill the sky,
Of "Peace on earth! Glory to God on high!"

A MOTHER'S FUNERAL.

Ah! sune ye'll lay yer mither doon
In her lanely bed and narrow;
But, till ye're sleepin' by her side,
Ye'll never meet her marrow!

A faither's love is strong and deep,
And ready is a brither's,—
A sister's love is pure and sweet—
But what love's like a mither's?

Ye manna greet ower muckle, bairns,
As round the fire ye gaither,
And see the twa chairs empty then,
O' mither and o' faither;

Nor dinna let yer hearts be dreich,
When wintry winds are blawin',
And on their graves, wi' angry sugh,
The snelly drift is snawin';

But think of blyther times gane by—
The mony years of blessing,
When sorrow passed the door, and nane
Frae 'mang ye a' were missing.

And mind the peacefu' gloamin' hours
When the out-door wark was endin',
And after time, when auld gray heads
Wi' yours in prayer were bendin'.

And think how happy baith are noo,
Aboon a' thocht or tellin';
For they're at hame, and young again,
Within their Father's dwellin'.

Sae, gin ye wish to meet up there
Yer faither and yer mither,
O love their God, and be gude bairns,
And O love ane anither!

JAMES C. GUTHRIE.

James Cargill Guthrie was born at Airniefoul Farm, in the parish of Glamis, Strathmore, Forfarshire, August 27, 1812. His father, a respectable tenant-farmer, could trace his descent from James Guthrie, the famous Scotch worthy who suffered martyrdom for his adherence to the Covenant at Edinburgh in 1651; and his mother was descended from the no less famous Donald Cargill, who suffered for the same cause in 1681. He was educated first at the neighbouring parish school of Kinnettles, and was afterwards sent to Montrose Academy, where he successfully studied for some years. Being intended by his parents for the Church, he then attended the necessary classes in Edinburgh University; but circumstances intervened which completely changed his destination, and instead of the Church he was consigned to the counting-house. This disappointment in the choice of a profession seems to have tinged with a kind of unrest the whole of his future life, and to have struck that tender chord which has given a tone of pensive sadness to all his writings.

Guthrie wrote verses from his earliest years; yet, although assiduously cultivating his poetical gifts, and occasionally contributing to magazines and reviews, he did not publish until 1851, and even then his *Village Scenes* appeared anonymously, so sensitively doubtful was he of ultimate success. Nevertheless the first edition of this long descriptive poem at once gained the ear of the public, and was rapidly disposed of. The work has now reached a fifth edition. In 1854 he published "The First False Step," which was also well received. In 1859 another continuous poem from his pen appeared entitled "Wedded Love." A large volume of miscellaneous poems, entitled "My Lost Love, &c.," was published by him in 1865; followed in 1867 by "Summer Flowers." The last of his poetical works is "Rowena; or the Poet's Daughter," a poem in blank verse, which appeared in 1871.

The versatility of our author's genius showed itself by his publication in 1875 of *The Vale of Strathmore: its Scenes and Legends*, a large and exhaustive prose work, full of historical and legendary lore. He is also the author of several popular songs, amongst which may be noticed "The Bonnie Braes o' Airlie" and "The Flower of Strathmore," which have taken a high place amongst standard Scotch songs. In 1829, when a mere youth, he aided materially in establishing and conducting the *Christian Reporter*, the first cheap religious periodical published in Scotland. In this magazine, besides several able

papers in prose, appeared for the first time many of the earlier effusions of his muse.

In 1863 Mr. Guthrie was chosen from amongst a number of candidates to fill the position of principal librarian in the Dundee Public Library, then newly established. The duties of this office he continued satisfactorily to discharge until the whole library had been put into complete and thorough working order, when he retired from its management, receiving from the library committee, as representing the town-council and ratepayers, a handsome recognition of his valuable services.

THE UNSEEN.

'Twas on a wild and gusty night, in winter's
dreary gloom,
I sat in meditation rapt, within my lonesome
room,
While like a panorama passed the days of love's
sweet joy,
And all youth's blissful visions bright which
cheered me when a boy.

The winds let loose, mad shrieking howled,
among the leafless trees,
Sad from the distance hollow came the murmur of the seas,
While on the trembling window-panes wild
dashed the sobbing rain,
Like a maiden by her lover left in sorrow and
in pain.

Clear high above the blast arose, like an ancient
melody,
The silver tones of a well-known voice—"I
come, my love, to thee;
My broken vows forgive, fain I would come to
thee for rest,
And pillow soft my weary head upon thy faithful breast."

Like summer cloud across the blue, a shadow
on my soul
Fell dark and heavily, but quick it vanished
like a scroll:
Yes, freely I forgave, forgot the change she'd
wrought in me,
And seizing quick the lamp, I cried, "I come,
my love, to thee!"

The door I opened wide, and blushed to welcome to my hearth,
Her to my heart the dearest jewel, most precious gem of earth:
Alas! the flickering taper frail, it went out like
a spark,
And lo! all weeping, left me lone, faint crying
in the dark—
"Belovèd! O belovèd! come, I wait to welcome
thee!"
But no refrain came answering back, save the
wailing of the sea:
Yet still I cried—"Belovèd, come"—as if I'd
cry my last,
Heard only by the rushing wind mock'd by
the stormy blast!

Deserted, sad, woe's me! return'd into my
widow'd room,
The chambers of my soul hung round with dark
funereal gloom,
Loud on the shivering window-panes wild beats
the sobbing rain,
Like a lover by his false one left in sorrow and
in pain!

THE LINKS O' BARRY.

In young life's sweet spring-time, one morn,
My heart like wax inclining
Some pure impression to receive,
My future keen divining;
A comely maiden fair I met
That made my footsteps tarry,
And bless the hour I wander'd forth
Adown the Links o' Barry.
O, fragrant flowers 'mong sylvan bowers,
No longer can I tarry;
Far dearer to my heart the breeze
Adown the Links o' Barry.

Her eyes like violets steep'd in dew,
Her hair like sunshine glancing,
Like cherries ripe her pouting lips,
Her lily cheeks enhancing.
And O, her voice so soft and low,
Like music did she carry
My fluttering heart within her own,
Adown the Links o' Barry.
O bonnie streams, sweet mountain streams,
With you I cannot tarry,
Far dearer to my heart the sea
That laves the Links o' Barry.

I took the rose-bud from my breast,
She, blushing, kiss'd its blossom;—
"Will you be mine?"—"I will;" the flower
She laid upon her bosom:
Then hand clasp'd hand, and lip met lip;
No longer could we tarry,
But vowed oft-times to meet again
Adown the Links o' Barry.
O, hazel glades, sweet hazel glades,
'Mong you I cannot tarry;
The trysting hour approaches, love,
Adown the Links o' Barry.

Oh, cruel fate! why thus our hearts
So early, sadly sever;
Woes me! I mourn like wounded dove,
For ever and for ever!
Where'er you be, sweet early love,
My blessing with you carry,
Oft-times I muse on love's first joys,
Adown the Links o' Barry.
Bowers, glades, and streams, now fain would I
Among you ever tarry,
The trysting hour now comes no more
Adown the Links o' Barry.

THE MINSTREL'S LAY.

The winds were whistling loud and shrill,
Fast fell the wild and sobbing rain,
While in my desolate home I mused
Of joys which ne'er come back again.

My thoughts were melted into tears,
That ran like rivers to the sea,
Sore yearn'd my heart for those I loved,
With them I longed—oh! longed to be.

Thus hopeless, weeping like a child,
I heard no sound of opening door,
Nor human voice admittance claim,
Nor footsteps pace the oaken floor.

Yet there my own loved brother sat,
And smiled so sweetly now on me,
That lighter grew my heavy heart—
I wonder'd what his words might be!—

"With hope, dear brother, have I come
To guide you 'cross the stormy sea,
No longer mourn, weep, weep no more,
But come, my brother, come with me.

"All that you loved on earth have gone,
No one remains your heart to cheer;
A welcome waits you in the sky—
Oh! why then linger, tarry here?

"The world unheeds, nay, mocks your grief;
Night's gone; 'tis near the break of day;
The voyage is short, the shore soon reached—
Come, come, my brother, come away!"

I rose, enraptured, to embrace,
To take him kindly by the hand;
Then go together to rejoin
My all in that bright sunny land.

But he was gone! remembrance came;
I, trembling, held my stifling breath—
My brother dead for twenty years;
Oh! I have shaken hands with Death!

The ghostly warning well I know,
I'll welcome glad the break of day:
Hush!—listen—full the chorus swells—
"Come, come, my brother, come away!"

FORGET HER?

Forget her? mock me not; behold
The everlasting hills,
Adown whose rugged fissures dash
A thousand flashing rills;
E'en they, inheriting decay,
Slow moulder, though unseen;
But love, celestial sacred flower,
Is ever fresh and green.

Forget her? gaze on that bright stream,
E'er deepening as it runs
Its rocky channel, leaping free,
In storms and summer suns.
So in my heart of hearts do years,
As onward swift they roll,
The deeper grave in diamond lines
Her name upon my soul.

Forget her! hast thou ever loved?
Know then love cannot die;
Eternal as the eternal God,
'Twill ripen in the sky.
O yes! sad, drench'd in tears on earth,
By storms and tempests riven,
'Twill only blossom in its prime
In the golden air of heaven!

WILLS' BONNIE BRAES.

We love but once; in after life,
'Midst sorrows, hopes, and waes,
How fondly turns my yearning heart
To Wills' bonnie braes!

Upon a flower-enamelled bank
We sat in golden joy,
Within our inmost heart of hearts
What bliss without alloy!

The glad birds sang their even-song
Above each guarded nest,
Then folding soft their dewy wings,
Sank lovingly to rest.

Coy with her sunny ringlets fair
Did arch the zephyr's play,
While murmured fondly at our feet
The wavelets of the Tay.

Expressive silence reigned around,
I clasp'd her hand in mine—
She raised her eyes—I read it there—
Her answer—"I am thine!"

Alas! cruel Mammon with his wand
Hath cleft the rocks in twain,
And all our favourite pathways sweet
Have crumbled in the main.

All, all is changed, yet not more changed,
Woe's me, alas! than she;
Yet no reproach escapes my lips,
Though ever lost to me.

No turning love to scornful hate.
No wailing o'er my waes;
I only dream of early joys,
On Wills' bonnie braes.

THE BONNIE BRAES O' AIRLIE.

Bonnie sing the birds in the bright English valleys,
Bonnie bloom the flowers in the lime-sheltered alleys,
Golden rich the air, with perfume laden rarely,
But dearer far to me the bonnie braes o' Airlie.

Winding flows the Cam, but it's no my ain loved Isla;
Rosy decked the meads, but they're no like dear Glenisla;
Cloudless shines the sun, but I wish I saw it fairly
Sweet blinkin' through the mist on the bonnie braes o' Airlie.

Thirsting for a name, I left my native mountains,
Drinking here my fill at the pure classic fountains;
Striving hard for fame, I've wrestled late and early,
An' a' that I might rest on the bonnie braes o' Airlie.

Yonder gleams the prize for which I've aye been longing—
Darkness comes atween, my struggles sad prolonging,
Dimly grow my een, and my heart is breaking sairly,
Waes me! I'll never see the bonnie braes o' Airlie.

THE FLOWER OF STRATHMORE.

The morning star's waning, the wild deer are springing,
And fair breaks the morn on the vale I adore,
Hark! sweet o'er the homesteads the lav'rocks are singing
Of golden-haired Helen, the flower of Strathmore.

To songs of the mountains I've listen'd when roaming,
And heard the lute touch'd on a far southron shore,
But sweeter to me in the calm summer's gloaming,
The voice of my Helen, the flower of Strathmore.

Her hair of the sunniest, her eyes of the bluest,
On the lea tripping light as the fawn on the moor,
Her soul of the purest, her heart of the truest,
All rivals excelling, the flower of Strathmore.

Come, hope of my life, the light of each morrow,
In my heart fondly nestling, a love evermore,
To bless me in gladness, to cheer me in sorrow,
Dear, golden-haired Helen, the flower of Strathmore!

ROBERT NICOLL.

Born 1814 — Died 1837.

Few among the long list of Scottish poets of the nineteenth century have more closely approached the standard of their great master Burns than Robert Nicoll, who was born at Little Tullichcltane, in the parish of Auchtergaven, Perthshire, January 7, 1814. His father was at that time a farmer in comfortable circumstances; his mother's name was Grace Fenwick, a daughter of the venerable Seceder "Elder John," of whom Nicoll speaks so frequently and affectionately in his poems. His mother was the poet's first and almost only teacher, and by her aid he could read the New Testament when five years of age. At this period a sad reverse befell the family. His father had become security to a large amount for a relative, who failed and absconded, and Mr. Nicoll's ruin was the immediate consequence. He gave up his entire property to satisfy the creditors of this individual; he lost even the lease of his farm, and with his wife and several young children he left the farmhouse and became a day-labourer on the fields he had lately rented. The young poet was thus from the date of his earliest recollection the son of a very poor man and the inmate of a very lowly home. In his sixth year he attended the parish school for a short time, and at seven he was set to herd in the fields during the summer months. Even at this early age Robert was a voracious reader, and never went to the herding without a book under his plaid; and from his studious disposition he was known among his young companions by the name of *the minister*. When about twelve he was taken from herding and set to work in the garden of a neighbouring proprietor. During this time Robert was a diligent home student, and managed to acquire some knowledge not only of arithmetic and grammar, but also of Latin and geometry. In his thirteenth year he was apprenticed to a grocer in Perth, and although working from seven in the morning until nine at night, yet found time by abridging his hours of sleep to write verses and correspond for a newspaper. His first production as an author was an Italian love-story entitled "Il Zingaro," which appeared in *Johnstone's Magazine*. His health began to fail before the expiry of his apprenticeship, and in 1832 he returned home to be nursed by his loving mother. He rapidly recovered, and in September of that year he proceeded to Edinburgh in search of other employment. Here he met his friend Mr. Johnstone, and was introduced to Mr. Robert Chambers and Mr. Robert Gilfillan. Disappointed in not finding employment in Edinburgh, he opened a small circulating library in Dundee, and the year following published a volume of *Poems and Lyrics*, which was well received by the press and public.

The business upon which Nicoll had entered not proving profitable, he abandoned it and went again to Edinburgh, tormenting himself with the thought of an unpaid debt of £20, which his mother had borrowed to aid in establishing him in business. "That money of R.'s," he writes, "hangs like a millstone about my neck. If I had it paid I would never borrow again from mortal man. But do not mistake me, mother; I am not one of those men who faint and falter in the great battle of life. God has given me too strong a heart for that. I look upon earth as a place where every man is set to struggle and to work, that he may be made humble and pure-hearted, and fit for that better land for which earth is a preparation—to which earth is the gate. . . . If men would but consider how little of *real* evil there is in all the ills of which they are so much afraid—poverty included—there would be more virtue and happiness, and less world and mammon worship, on earth than is. . . . Half the unhappiness of this life springs from looking back to griefs which are past, and forward with fear to the future. That is not *my* way. I am determined never to bend to the storm that is coming, and never to look back on it after it has passed."

He obtained temporary employment in the

office of Mr. Tait, and through the kind intervention of that gentleman in the summer of 1836 he was appointed editor of the *Leeds Times*, with a salary of £100 per annum. This was a weekly newspaper representing extreme Radical opinions, and Nicoll entered upon the work of editor with a burning zeal. "He wrote as one of the three hundred might be supposed to have fought at Thermopylæ, animated by the pure love of his species, and zeal for what he thought their interests; but, amidst a struggle which scarcely admitted of a moment for reflection on his own position, the springs of a naturally weak constitution were rapidly giving way and symptoms of consumption became gradually apparent." The excitement of a political contest during a parliamentary election completed the physical prostration of the poet-editor; he removed to Knaresborough, and from thence to Laverock Bank, the residence near Leith of his friend Mr. Johnstone. Here he lingered until December 9, 1837, when his gentle spirit passed away. His remains were followed to the churchyard of North Leith by a large assemblage, and were interred near the grave of the dramatic poet John Home. It is now (1876) proposed to erect a suitable monument over the poet's grave. In 1836 Nicoll married Miss Alice Suter of Dundee, a lady possessed of sweet and gentle manners, and an unbounded admiration of her husband's talents. Her health was, like his own, extremely delicate; but although at first she appeared likely to precede her husband to the grave, she survived him for a considerable period before falling a victim to the same malady.

A second edition of Nicoll's poems, with numerous additions and a memoir of his life by Mrs. Johnstone, was published in 1842 by Mr. Tait, the publisher of the magazine which bears his name, and who had proved himself a faithful friend to the young poet. Since that date numerous editions of Nicoll's poems have appeared in Great Britain and the United States. Although some of his songs have attained a popularity only surpassed by those of Burns, they are not equal to his serious poems, which breathe that simple and pure piety which may be looked for in the descendant of such parents as his—"decent, honest, God-fearing people." Ebenezer Elliott says of Nicoll: "Unstained and pure, at the age of twenty-three, died Scotland's second Burns; happy in this, that without having been a 'blasphemer, a persecutor, and injurious,' he chose, like Paul, the right path: and when the terrible angel said to his youth, 'Where is the *wise?*—where is the *scribe?*—where is the *disputer?* Hath not God made foolish the wisdom of this world?' he could and did answer, 'By the grace of God I am what I am.' Robert Nicoll is another victim added to the hundreds of thousands who 'are not dead, but gone before,' to bear true witness against the merciless."

LIFE'S PILGRIMAGE.

Infant! I envy thee
Thy seraph smile—thy soul, without a stain;
Angels around thee hover in thy glee
A look of love to gain!

Thy paradise is made
Upon thy mother's bosom, and her voice
Is music rich as that by spirits shed
When blessèd things rejoice!

Bright are the opening flowers—
Ay, bright as thee, sweet babe, and innocent.
They bud and bloom; and straight their infant hours,
Like thine, are done and spent!

Boy! infancy is o'er:—
Go with thy playmates to the grassy lea,
Let thy bright eye with yon far laverock soar,
And blithe and happy be!

Go, crow thy cuckoo notes
Till all the greenwood alleys loud are ringing—
Go, listen to the thousand tuneful throats
That 'mong the leaves are singing!

I would not sadden thee,
Nor wash the rose upon thy cheeks with tears:
Go, while thine eye is bright—unbent thy knee—
Forget all cares and fears!

Youth! is thy boyhood gone?—
The fever hour of life at length has come,
And passion sits in reason's golden throne,
While sorrow's voice is dumb!

Be glad! it is thy hour
Of love ungrudging—faith without reserve—
And from the right, ill hath not yet the power
To make thy footsteps swerve!

Now is thy time to know
How much of trusting goodness lives on earth;
And rich in pure sincerity to go
Rejoicing in thy birth!

Youth's sunshine unto thee—
Love first and dearest, has unveil'd her face,
And thou hast sat beneath the trysting tree,
In love's first fond embrace!

Enjoy thy happy dream,
For life hath not another such to give;
The stream is flowing—love's enchanted stream;
Live, happy dreamer, live!

Though sorrow dwelleth here,
And falsehood, and impurity, and sin,
The light of love, the gloom of earth to cheer,
Come sweetly, sweetly in!

'Tis o'er—thou art a *man!*—
The struggle and the tempest both begin
Where he who faints must fail—he fight who can
A victory to win!

Say, toilest thou for gold?
Will all that earth can give of drossy hues
Compensate for that land of love foretold,
Which mammon makes thee lose?

Or waitest thou for power?
A proud ambition, trifler, doth thee raise!
To be the gilded bauble of the hour
That fools may wondering gaze!

But would'st thou be a man—
A lofty, noble, uncorrupted thing,
Beneath whose eye the false might tremble wan,
The good with gladness sing?

Go, cleanse thy heart and fill
Thy soul with love and goodness; let it be
Like yonder lake, so holy, calm, and still,
And full of purity!

This is thy task on earth—
This is thy eager manhood's proudest goal;—
To cast all meanness and world-worship forth—
And thus exalt the soul!

'Tis manhood makes the man
A high-soul'd freeman or a fettered slave,
The mind a temple fit for God to span,
Or a dark dungeon-grave!

God doth not man despise,
He gives him soul—mind—heart—that living flame;
Nurse it, and upwards let it brightly rise
To heaven, from whence it came!

Go hence, go hence, and make
Thy spirit pure as morning, light and free!
The pilgrim shrine is won, and I awake—
Come to the woods with me!

THE MORNING-STAR.

Thy smile of beauty, Star!
Brings gladness on the gloomy face of night—
Thou comest from afar,
Pale mystery! so lonely and so bright,
A thing of dreams—a vision from on high—
A virgin spirit—light—a type of purity!

Star! nightly wanderest thou
Companionless along thy far, cold way:—
From time's first breath till now,
On thou hast flitted like an ether fay!
Where is the land from whence thou first arose;
And where the place of light to which thy pathway goes?

Pale dawn's first messenger!
Thou prophet-sign of brightness yet to be!
Thou tellest earth and air
Of light and glory following after thee;
Of smiling day 'mong wild green woodlands sleeping;
And God's own sun, o'er all, its tears of brightness weeping!

Sky sentinel! when first
The nomade patriarch saw thee from his hill
Upon his vision burst,
Thou wast as pure and fair as thou art still:
And changeless thou hast looked on race, and name,
And nation, lost since then—but *thou* art yet the same!

Night's youngest child! fair gem!
The hoar astrologer o'er thee would cast
His glance, and to thy name
His own would join; then tremble when thou wast

In darkness; and rejoice when, like a bride,
Thou blushed to earth—and thus the dreamer
dreamed and died!

Pure star of morning love!
The daisy of the sky's blue plain art thou;
And thoughts of youth are wove
Round thee, as round the flowers that freshly
blow
In bushy dells, where thrush and blackbird
sing—
Flower-star, the dreams of youth and heaven
thou back dost bring!

Star of the morn! for thee
The watcher by affection's couch doth wait;
'Tis thine the bliss to see
Of lovers fond who 'mid the broom have met:
Into the student's home thine eye doth beam;
Thou listenest to the words of many a troubled
dream!

Lone thing!—yet not more lone
Than many a heart which gazeth upon thee,
With hopes all fled and gone—
Which loves not now, nor seeks beloved to be.
Lone, lone thou art—but we are lonelier far,
When blighted by deceit the heart's affections
are!

Mysterious morning star!
Bright dweller in a gorgeous dreamy home,
Than others nobler far—
Thou art like some free soul, which here
hath come
Alone, but glorious, pure, and disenthrall'd—
A spark of mind, which God through earth to
heaven hath call'd!

Pure maiden star! shine on,
That dreams of beauty may be dreamed of
thee!
A home art thou—a throne—
A land where fancy ever roameth free—
A God-sent messenger—a light afar—
A blessed beam—a smile—a gem—the morning
star!

———

A MAIDEN'S MEDITATION.

Nae sweetheart hae I—
Yet I'm no that ill-faur'd:
But there's ower mony lasses,
An' wooers are scared.
This night I the hale
O' my tocher wad gie,
If a' ither bodie
Were married but me.

Syne I wad get plenty
About me to speer—
Folk wadna be fashious
'Bout beauty or gear.
Hearts broken in dozens
Around I wad see,
If a' ither bodie
Were married but me.

Ae lover would ha'e
A' my errands to rin;
Anither should tend me
Baith outby an' in;
And to keep me gude-humour'd
Would tak twa or three,
If a' ither bodie
Were married but me.

Fond wooers in dozens,
Where I hae'na ane,
An' worshippin' hearts
Where I'm langin' alane:
Frae morning to e'enin',
How bless'd I wad be,
If a' ither bodie
Were married but me!

A daft dream was yon—
It has faded awa';
Nae bodie in passin'
E'er gies *me* a ca'—
Nae sweetheart adorin'
I ever shall see,
Till a' ither bodie
Be married but me!

———

THE HA' BIBLE.[1]

Chief of the household gods
Which hallow Scotland's lowly cottage homes!
While looking on thy signs
That speak, though dumb, deep thought
upon me comes—
With glad yet solemn dreams my heart is stirred,
Like childhood's when it hears the carol of a bird!

The mountains old and hoar—
The chainless winds—the streams so pure
and free—
The God-enamell'd flowers—
The waving forest—the eternal sea—

[1] Wm. Howitt says:—"The Ha' Bible" is perhaps not unworthy to take equal rank with 'The Cotter's Saturday Night' of Robert Burns."—Ed.

The eagle floating o'er the mountain's brow—
Are teachers all; but O! they are not such as thou!

Oh! I could worship thee!
Thou art a gift a God of love might give;
For love and hope and joy
In thy Almighty-written pages live!—
The slave who reads shall never crouch again!
For, mind-inspired by thee, he bursts his feeble chain!

God! unto Thee I kneel,
And thank Thee! thou unto my native land—
Yea to the outspread earth—
Hast stretched in love Thy everlasting hand,
And Thou hast given earth and sea and air—
Yea all that heart can ask of good and pure and fair!

And, Father, Thou hast spread
Before men's eyes this charter of the free,
That ALL thy Book might read,
And justice love, and truth, and liberty.
The gift was unto men—the giver God!
Thou slave! it stamps thee man—go, spurn thy weary load!

Thou doubly-precious Book!
Unto thy light what doth not Scotland owe?—
Thou teachest age to die,
And youth and truth unsullied up to grow!
In lowly homes a comforter art thou—
A sunbeam sent from God—an everlasting vow!

O'er thy broad ample page
How many dim and aged eyes have pored?
How many hearts o'er thee
In silence deep and holy have adored?
How many mothers, by their infants' bed,
Thy holy, blessed, pure, child-loving words have read?

And o'er thee soft young hands
Have oft in truthful plighted love been join'd,
And thou to wedded hearts
Hast been a bond—an altar of the mind!—
Above all kingly power or kingly law
May Scotland reverence aye—the Bible of the Ha'!

ORDÉ BRAES.

There's nae hame like the hame o' youth—
Nae ither spot sae fair:
Nae ither faces look sae kind
As the smilin' faces there.
An' I ha'e sat by mony streams—
Ha'e travell'd mony ways;
But the fairest spot on the earth to me
Is on bonnie Ordé Braes.

An ell-lang wee thing then I ran
Wi' the ither neebor bairns,
To pu' the hazel's shining nuts,
An' to wander 'mang the ferns;
An' to feast on the bramble-berries brown,
An' gather the glossy slaes,
By the burnie's side, an' aye sinsyne
I ha'e loved sweet Ordé Braes.

The memories o' my father's hame,
An' its kindly dwellers a',
O' the friends I loved wi' a young heart's love,
Ere care that heart could thraw,
Are twined wi' the stanes o' the silver burn,
An' its fairy crooks an' bays,
That onward sang 'neath the gowden broom
Upon bonnie Ordé Braes.

Aince in a day there were happy hames
By the bonnie Ordé's side;
Nane ken how meikle peace an' love
In a straw-roof'd cot can bide.
But thae hames are gane, an' the hand o' time
The roofless wa's doth raze;
Laneness an' sweetness hand in hand
Gang ower the Ordé Braes.

Oh! an' the sun were shinin' now,
An' oh! an' I were there,
Wi' twa-three friends o' auld langsyne,
My wanderin' joy to share.
For though on the hearth o' my bairnhood's hame
The flock o' the hills doth graze,
Some kind hearts live to love me yet
Upon bonnie Ordé Braes.

WE ARE BRETHREN A'.

A bit happy hame this auld world would be,
If men, when they're here, could make shift to agree,
An' ilk said to his neighbour, in cottage an' ha',
"Come, gie me your hand—we are brethren a'."

I ken na why ane wi' anither should fight,
When to 'gree would make a' body cosie an' right,
When man meets wi' man, 'tis the best way ava,
To say, "Gi'e me your hand—we are brethren a'."

My coat is a coarse ane, an' yours may be fine,
And I maun drink water, while you may drink wine;
But we baith ha'e a leal heart, unspotted to shaw;
Sae gi'e me your hand—we are brethren a'.

The knave ye would scorn, the unfaithfu' deride;
Ye would stand like a rock, wi' the truth on your side;
Sae would I, an' nought else would I value a straw;
Then gi'e me your hand—we are brethren a'.

Ye would scorn to do fausely by woman or man;
I haud by the right aye, as weel as I can;
We are ane in our joys, our affections, an' a';
Come, gi'e me your hand—we are brethren a'.

Your mither has lo'ed you as mithers can lo'e;
An' mine has done for me what mithers can do;
We are ane high an' laigh, an' we shouldna be twa:
Sae gi'e me your hand—we are brethren a'.

We love the same simmer day, sunny and fair!
Hame!—oh, how we love it, an' a' that are there!
Frae the pure air o' heaven the same life we draw—
Come, gi'e me your hand—we are brethren a'.

Frail, shakin' auld age, will soon come o'er us baith,
An' creeping alang at his back will be death;
Syne into the same mither-yird we will fa';
Come, gi'e me your hand—WE ARE BRETHREN A'.

THE HERD LASSIE.

I'm fatherless and motherless,
There's nane on earth to care for me;
And sair and meikle are the waes
That in the warld I maun dree.
For I maun work a stranger's wark,
And sit beside a stranger's fire;
And cauld and hunger I maun thole
From day to day, and never tire!

And I maun herd frae morn to e'en,
Though sleety rain upon me fa',
And never murmur or complein—
And be at ilka body's ca'.
I needna deck my gowden hair,
Nor mak' mysel' sae fair to see,
For I'm an orphan lassie puir—
And who would look or care for me?

The lave ha'e mithers gude and kind,
And joyful is ilk daughter's heart;
The lave ha'e brithers steve and strang,
To haud ilk loving sister's part.
But I'm a puir man's orphan bairn,
And to the ground I laigh must bow,
An' were it nae a sinfu' wish,
Oh! I could wish the warld through!

The caller summer morning brings
Some joy to this wae heart o' mine;
But I the joy o' life wad leave,
If I could wi' it sorrow tine.
My mother said, in Heaven's bliss
E'en puir herd lassies had a share;
I wish I were where mither is—
Her orphan then would greet nae mair!

BE STILL, THOU BEATING HEART.

Be still, be still, thou beating heart,—
Oh cease, ye tears, that fill my e'e;
In warldly joys I ha'e nae part—
Nae blithesome morning dawns for me.
I ance was glad as summer winds,
When foudling 'mang the grass sae green:
But pleasure now hath left my breast—
I am na' like what I ha'e been.

I ance was loved,—I loved again
The spreest lad in a' our glen;
I kent na' then o' care or pain,
Or burning brow, or tortured brain.
I braided then my flowing hair,
I had o' love and peace my fill;
Deep, deep I drank—but a' has gane—
Oh, cease thy beating;—heart, be still!

Why should two hearts together twined
Be sever'd by stern fate's decree?
Why doth the brightest star of mind
Oft turn its darkest cloud to be?
My Jamie left his native glen,
My silken purse wi' gowd to fill;
But oh, he ne'er came back again—
Oh, cease thy beating;—heart, be still!

Why should I longer wateh and weep?
Hame, hame to yonder glen I'll gae;
There in my bridal bed I'll sleep,
Made i' the kirkyard cauld and blae.
I'll soon, soon wi' my Jamie meet,
Where sorrow has nae power to kill;
Earth's waes are past—and my poor heart
Will soon have peace—will soon be still.

THE PLACE THAT I LOVE BEST.

Where the purple heather blooms
Amang the rocks sae gray—
Where the moorcock's whirring flight
Is heard at break of day—

Where Scotland's bagpipes ring
Alang the mountain's breast—
Where laverocks lilting sing,
Is the place that I love best!

Where the lonely shepherd tends
His bleating hill-side flock—
Where the raven bigs its nest
In the crevice of the rock—
Where a guardian beacon-tower
Seems ilk rugged mountain's crest,
To watch aboon auld Scotland's glens,
Is the place that I love best!

Where the shepherd's reeking cot
Peeps from the broomy glen—
Where the aik-tree throws its leaves
O'er the lowly but an' ben—
Where the staunch auld-warld honesty
Is in the puir man's breast,
And truth a guest within his hame,
Is the place that I love best!

Where the gray-haired peasant tells
The deeds his sires have done,
Of martyrs slain in Scotland's muirs,
Of battles lost and won—
Wherever prayer and praise arise
Ere toil-worn men can rest,
From each humble cottage fane,
Is the place that I love best!

Where my ain auld mither dwells,
And longs ilk day for me—
While my father strokes his reverend head,
Whilk gray eneuch maun be—
Where the hearts in kirkyards rest
That were mine when youth was blest,
As we rowed amang the gowans,
Is the place that I love best!

Where the plover frae the sky
Can send its wailing sang,
Sweet mingled wi' the burnie's gush
That saftly steals alang—
Where heaven taught to Robert Burns
Its hymns in language drest—
The land of Doon—its banks and braes—
Is the place that I love best!

Where the straths are fair and green,
And the forests waving deep—
Where the hill-top seeks the clouds—
Where the caller tempests sweep—
Where thoughts of freedom come,
To me a welcome guest—
Where the free of soul were nursed,
Is the place that I love best!

THE PUIR FOLK.

Some grow fu' proud o'er bags o' gowd,
And some are proud o' learning:
An honest poor man's worthy name
I take delight in earning.
Slaves needna try to run us down—
To knaves we're unco dour folk;
We're aften wrang'd, but, deil may care!
We're honest folk, though puir folk!

Wi' Wallace wight we fought fu' weel,
When lairds and lords were jinking;
They knelt before the tyrant loon—
We brak his crown, I'm thinking.
The muckle men he bought wi' gowd—
Syne he began to jeer folk;
But neither swords, nor gowd, nor guile
Could turn the sturdy puir folk!

When auld King Charlie tried to bind
Wi' airn, saul and conscience,
In virtue o' his right divine,
An' ither daft-like nonsense;
Wha raised at Marston such a stour,
And made the tyrants fear folk?
Wha prayed and fought wi' Pym and Noll?
The trusty, truthfu' puir folk!

Wha ance upon auld Scotland's hills
Were hunted like the paitrick,
And hack'd wi' swords, and shot wi' guns,
Frae Tummel's bank to Ettrick,—
Because they wouldna let the priest
About their conscience steer folk?
The lairds were bloodhounds to the clan—
The martyrs were the puir folk!

When Boston boys at Bunker's Hill
Gart slavery's minions falter;
While ilka hearth in a' the bay
Was made fair freedom's altar;
Wha fought the fight, and gained the day?
Gae wa', ye knaves! 'twas our folk:
The beaten great men served a king—
The victors a' were puir folk!

We sow the corn and haud the plough—
We a' work for our living;
We gather nought but what we've sown—
A' else we reckon thieving:—
And for the loon wha fears to say
He comes o' lowly, sma' folk,
A wizen'd saul the creature has—
Disown him will the puir folk!

Great sirs, and mighty men o' earth,
Ye aften sair misca' us;

And hunger, cauld, and poverty
Come after ye to thraw us.
Yet up our hearts we strive to heeze,
In spite o' you and your folk;
But mind, enough's as gude's a feast,
Although we be but puir folk!

We thank the Powers for gude and ill,
As gratefu' folk should do, man;
But maist o' a' because our sires
Were tailors, smiths, and ploughmen.
Good men they were, as staunch as steel—
They didna wrack and screw folk:
Wi' empty pouches—honest hearts—
Thank God, we come o' poor folk!

MILTON.—A SONNET.

Blind, glorious, aged martyr, saint, and sage!
The poet's mission God revealed to thee,
To lift men's souls to Him—to make them free;—
With tyranny and grossness war to wage—
A worshipper of truth and love to be—
To reckon all things nought but these alone;—
To nought but mind and truth to bow the knee—
To make the soul a love-exalted throne!
Man of the noble spirit!—Milton, thou
All this did'st do! A living type thou wert
Of what the soul of man to be may grow—
The pure perfection of the love-fraught heart!
Milton! from God's right hand, look down and see,
For these, how men adore and honour thee!

DEATH.[1]

The dew is on the summer's greenest grass,
Through which the modest daisy blushing peeps,
The gentle wind that like a ghost doth pass,
A waving shadow on the corn-field keeps;
But I who love them all shall never be
Again among the woods, or on the moorland lea!

The sun shines sweetly—sweeter may it shine!
Bless'd is the brightness of a summer day;
It cheers lone hearts; and why should I repine,
Although among green fields I cannot stray?
Woods! I have grown, since last I heard you wave,
Familiar with death, and neighbour to the grave!

These words have shaken mighty human souls—
Like a sepulchre's echo drear they sound—
E'en as the owl's wild whoop at midnight rolls
The ivied remnants of old ruins round.
Yet wherefore tremble? Can the soul decay?—
Or that which thinks and feels in aught e'er fade away?

Are there not aspirations in each heart
After a better, brighter world than this?
Longings for beings nobler in each part—
Things more exalted — steeped in deeper bliss?
Who gave us these? What are they? Soul! in thee
The bud is budding now for immortality!

Death comes to take me where I long to be;
One pang, and bright blooms the immortal flower;
Death comes to lead me from mortality,
To lands which know not one unhappy hour;—
I have a hope—a faith;—from sorrow here
I'm led by death away—why should I start and fear?

If I have loved the forest and the field,
Can I not love them deeper, better there?
If all that power hath made, to me doth yield
Something of good and beauty—something fair,
Freed from the grossness of mortality,
May I not love them all, and better, all enjoy?

A change from woe to joy—from earth to heaven,
Death gives me this—it leads me calmly where
The souls that long ago from mine were riven
May meet again! Death answers many a prayer.
Bright day! shine on, be glad; days brighter far
Are stretched before my eyes, than those of mortal are!

I would be laid among the wildest flowers,
I would be laid where happy hearts can come:—

[1] This poem is believed to be the last, or among the last, written by Nicoll. A long poem, which he said would be by far the best thing he had ever written, founded on the story of Arnold of Brescia, was left unfinished, but the world would be glad to see the fragment, as yet unpublished.—ED.

The worthless day I heed not; but in hours
Of gushing noontide joy, it may be some
Will dwell upon my name; and I will be
A happy spirit there, affection's look to see.

Death is upon me, yet I fear not now;—
Open my chamber-window—let me look
Upon the silent vales—the sunny glow
That fills each alley, close, and copsewood nook;
I know them—love them—mourn not them to leave,
Existence and its change my spirit cannot grieve!