

## A SONG OF PARADISE.

*From "The Westminster Gazette."*

I'm an auld body noo, an' dune,  
 No fit for muckle mair  
 Than juist tae sit an' mind the fire  
 An' watch the glory there  
 Burn doon an' gaither on the ribs  
 An' fa' into the pan,  
 An' aye I think it's like the spark  
 That's in the breist o' man.

The minister comes ben at whiles  
 An' talks tae me o' God;  
 He's a weel-meanin', canty lad,  
 An' yet I canna haud  
 Wi' a' he says. There's some that's gane  
 (The Lord forgie!), I tell  
 Ye, I had liefer see again  
 Than even God Himsel'.

An' yet there's some I'm sweir tae think  
 I'll come across up there!  
 My guid-sister was ane o' these  
 (In spite o' a' her care!)  
 I aye keep hopin' (though it's wrang!),  
 If she's got slippin' ben,  
 They'll let me oot anither way  
 An' doon the stair again!

They say there's mony mansions there,  
 An' weel I hope it's meant,  
 I wadna like tae find masel'  
 Shut up wi' a' I've kent!  
 I'm no' for harps or golden croons,  
 I've tried tae dae my best,  
 An' syne I've trusted Paradise  
 Wad be a place o' rest.

Sae whiles at nicht I watch the fire  
 An' in the ashes fa',  
 I think I see the wee cot hoose  
 Where a' the bairns were sma':  
 The water lippin' on the shore,  
 The kirk upon the rise—  
 I dinna want a mansion, Lord,  
 Wi' that for Paradise.

ISOBEL W. HUTCHISON.

*canty*, pleasant.

*liefer*, rather.

## THE RETURN: 1918.

[The subject of these verses is a "Glasgow orphan" boarded out, and brought up with a crofter's family on Colonsay.]

THEY'VE brocht us back to London, where they  
celebrate peace a' day,  
An' to-morrow, they say, they'll send me hame, Ay,  
hame to Colonsay;  
I've neither mither nor wife nor bairn, but in Scot-  
land I was born,  
An' I've maist forgot what I've been through wi'  
thinkin' o' the morn!

There's plenty to see in London, but I'm slow to  
understand,  
I suddenly thocht the noo o' the waves comin' in on  
Kiloran Sand  
Wi' never a pause. Man, it's wonderfu'! Crested  
wi' green an' grey,  
They'll ha' been comin' in an' in a' the time I've been  
away!

I'm standin' here in London streets, no' as ither folk  
behaves—  
They must ha' thocht I was kind o' daft, for I  
stopped to hear the waves;  
I heard them through a' yon uproar fine, an' I'm no'  
ashamed to tell  
That they brocht the tears to my eyes at last, an'  
washed me clear o' hell.

There are owre mony folks for me doon here, owre  
muckle fret an' rush,  
I juist feel I'd like to sit awhile quiet-like wi' God  
in the hush  
O' Colonsay, where the waves come in an' whisper  
on the shore  
O' that 'Peace o' His that passes my understandin'  
more an' more.

ISOBEL W. HUTCHISON.