

## WHA'S MY NEIBOUR?

DOON frae Jerus'lem a traveller took  
The laigh road to Jericho;  
It had an ill name an' mony a crook,  
It was lang an' unco how.

Oot cam the robbers, an' fell o' the man,  
An' knockit him o' the heid,  
Took a' whauron they couth lay their han',  
An' left him nakit for deid.

By cam a minister o' the kirk:  
"A sair mishanter!" he cried;  
"Wha kens whaur the villains may lirk!  
I s' haud to the ither side!"

By cam an elder o' the kirk;  
Like a young horse he shied:  
"Fie! here's a bonnie mornin's wark!"  
An' he spangt to the ither side.

By cam ane gaed to the wrang kirk;  
Douce he trottit alang.  
"Puir body!" he cried, an' wi' a yerck  
Aff o' his cuddy he sprang.

He ran to the body, an' turnt it ower:  
"There's life i' the man!" he cried.  
*He* wasna ane to stan an' glower  
Nor haud to the ither side!

He doctort his oons, an' heised him then  
 To the back o' the beastie douce;  
 An' he heild on him till, twa weary men,  
 They wan to the half-way hoose.

He ten'd him a' nicht, an' o' the morn did say,  
 "Lan'lord, latna him lack;  
 Here's auchteen pence!—an' ony mair ootlay  
 I'll saddle 't as I come back."

Sae tak til ye, neibours, read aricht the Word;  
 It's a portion o' God's ain spell!  
 "Wha is my neibour?" speirna the Lord,  
 But, "Am I a neibour?" yersel.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

*couth*, could.  
*mishanter*, misfortune.

*heised*, raised.  
*oons*, wounds.

## THIS SIDE AN' THAT.

THE rich man sat in his father's seat—

Purple an' linen, an' a'thing fine!

The puir man lay at his yett i' the street—

Sairs an' tatters, an' weary pine!

To the rich man's table ilk dainty comes,

Mony a morsel gaed frae't, or fell;

The puir man fain wud hae dined on the crumbs,

But whether he got them I canna tell.

Servants prood, saft-fittit, an' stoot,

Stan by the rich man's curtained doors;

Maisterless dogs 'at rin about

Cam to the puir man an' lickit his sores.

The rich man deeit, an' they buried him gran',

In linen fine his body they wrap;

But the angels tuik up the beggar man,

An' layit him down in Abraham's lap.

The guid upo' this side, the ill upo' that—

Sic was the rich man's waesome fa'!

But his brithers they eat, an' they drink, an' they  
chat,

An' carena a strae for their Father's ha'!

The trowth's the trowth, think what ye will;

An' some they kenna what they wad be at;

But the beggar man thought he did no that ill,

Wi' the dogs o' this side, the angels o' that!

GEORGE MACDONALD.

*yett*, gate.

*trowth*, truth.