

A COTTAGE HYMN.

Covered by dewy leaves,

Fond hearts are sleeping ;

Couched under cottage eaves,

Lone eyes are weeping ;

Take every breath that heaves,

Lord, in thy keeping.

Let no vain strife or war

Ever divide us ;

Send forth thy truth afar,

Dwell still beside us ;

Let thy love-lighted star

Lead us and guide us.

So shall all Nature fall

Prostrate before thee,

And all thy children shall

Love and adore thee,

Father and Lord of all,

Sovereign of Glory.

THE ORPHAN'S HYMN.

LORD of all life and light,
God of all grace,
Gladden the orphan's sight,
Shew him thy face.

Father and mother here,
Lord, he hath none ;
Sister and brother dear,
All dead and gone.

Sinking in loneliness,
Shrinking in fear,
Wilt thou the orphan bless,
Wilt thou him cheer ?

Take thou his helpless part,
Be thou his stay,
So shall his grateful heart
Love thee for aye.

Lord of all life and light,
God of all grace,
Gladden the orphan's sight,
Shew him thy face.

A CHANT FOR RAGGED SCHOOLS.

COME, gentle folks, come, semple folks,
 Of high and low degree,
 And listen to our joyous song,
 And view our merry glee :
 For vice and want have fled away,
 While virtue marches on,
 And joyous are our grateful hearts,
 That vice and want are gone.

By you our infant minds are taught,
 Our infant hands are trained
 To practise useful arts, by which
 An honest living's gained.
 And oh, how sweet the coarsest fare,
 By honest labour won !
 And oh, how dear the humblest home
 That we can call our own !

Your gen'rous efforts God will speed
To help us on our way ;
From us our mothers learn to read,
Our fathers learn to pray.
And 'mid the dark and gloomy dens
Of poverty's abode,
Each ragged child inspired becomes
A minister of God.

Then give us all your sympathies,
And lend us all your aid ;
Be sure a present sacrifice
Shall amply be repaid.
By you the breach is closed between
The humble and the high,
And, warmed by love, the earth becomes
A transcript of the sky.

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 life and love.

AN INFANT'S PRAYER.

FATHER of Mercy, God of Love!

I lift my eyes to thee;
Among thy blessed babes above,
Wilt thou place me?

Imploring blessings on my head,
My parents bend the knee,
While angels hover round my bed,
And watch o'er me.

O may my every wish and thought
Be filled with love to Thee,
Who with thy Son's dear blood hath bought
Poor babes like me!

Father of Mercy, God of Love,
Lord of all purity!
Among thy blessed saints above,
Wilt thou place me?

"DO NOT YOUR ALMS BEFORE MEN."

Of all the blessings mortals crave,
 And graces that they pray for,
 One gift, one grace, I seek to have,
 And struggle night and day for.
 Each woe I fain a help would lend,
 Each wound I fain would heal it,
 For oh! 'tis sweet to help a friend,
 And sweeter to conceal it.

Go, peal the bell—the beadle comes
 To dole the parish alms out,
 With noisy pomp he haws and hums,
 While paupers hold their palms out :
 But genial kindness cannot bend
 The pauper's bell to peal it,
 She feels, though sweet to help a friend,
 'Tis sweeter to conceal it.

The man who kindness feigns to deal,
 Proclaiming what he's dealing,

But sears the wound he feigns to heal,
And blunts each grateful feeling ;
While Crime apes Want, in ways that tend
The heart 'gainst woe to steel it,
Till few have will to help a friend,
And fewer to conceal it.

We all are friends, or ought to be,
We're all on Heaven depending,
Whose gifts are numberless and free,
Unseen, yet never ending ;
And while on kindness we depend,
Ought we not all to feel it,
And strive for power to help a friend,
And aim aye to conceal it?

TRUTH AND KINDNESS.

THE flower that yields nae fragrant scent,
 May bloom and please the ee ;
 The maid wha has nae feeling heart
 May fair and gentle be :
 But fragrance maks the rose mair prized
 Than flowers o' brightest hue ;
 And, oh ! how pure the maiden's blush
 Wha's heart is kind and true !

The dew that gems the budding rose,
 May nurse the deadly slae ;
 The heart that kindly beats for a',
 May feel the deeper wae :
 But soon the rose repays the dew,
 Enriching a' the air ;
 And mercy is rewarded by
 The mourner's grateful prayer.

Without the dew the fragrant flower
 Could ne'er sic fragrance yield ;
 And whaur wad sorrow shelter but
 Ahint sweet mercy's shield ?
 Without the genial southern breeze,
 How bleak the southland lee ;
 Without kind hearts and true ones,
 What a desert earth wad be !

TRUTH MUST PREVAIL.

'MID storms and convulsions now rending the earth,
'Mid sparkling delusions now starting to birth,
 'Mid brains wearing musty, and cheeks waning pale,
 Take courage, true heart, for the truth must prevail !

From Europe to Asia, from Afric to Ind,
Delusions are wafted like chaff on the wind ;
 They gleam and they glitter like sun-lighted hail,
 But chill while they gleam, for the truth must prevail !

With knowledge comes science, with science comes power,
And science rears truth, as the stem rears the flower ;
 When science and truth their bright wonders unveil,
 All hearts must be conquered, and truth must prevail !

Proud error may boast of his triumph to-day,
And truth's day of conquest seem far, far away ;
 But swift as the snorting train fleets on the rail,
 Truth's glory advances, and truth must prevail !

The truth may be libelled, the true man opprest,
 The jail or the gibbet his honour may test ;
 But bright rays from heaven light gibbet or jail,
 He knows and he feels that the truth must prevail.

Take courage, true heart, then, the victory 's thine,
 The day is now dawning, the sun soon shall shine ;
 O'er sky and o'er ocean, o'er mountain and dale,
 God's glory shall rise, and God's truth shall prevail !

AYE DO YOUR BEST.

THE times are hard, an' fortune shy,
Has lang been ilka grummler's story,
But work aye on, an' aim aye high,
The harder work—the greater glory.
The honest mind, the sterling man,
The chains o' poortith canna fetter,
So strive, and do the best ye can,
And tak my word ye'll sune be better.

Although ye toil for little gear,
Though whiles your labour may be slichted,
The darkest sky is sure to clear,
An' virtue's wrangs will aye be richted.
Ne'er deem yoursel' an ill-used man,
Nor ca' the world a heartless debtor,
But strive, and do the best ye can,
An' tak my word ye'll sune be better.

O sweet is freedom's caller air,
An' sweet is bread o' ane's ain winning!
To work an' win be aye your care,
Great things hae aft a sma' beginning.
Let nought e'er ding ye frae your plan,
Stick to your creed in ilka letter,
Aye strive and do the best ye can,
An' tak my word ye'll sune be better.

THE PLEWLANDS.

WHAT glorious landscape woos the raptured eye,
What heavenly music wakes the raptured ear,
What radiant clouds are floating in the sky,
What gorgeous colours hill and valley wear,
What craggy mountains, and what leafy woods,
What tiny streamlets, and what ocean floods !

Far in the east, the Bass and Berwick Law
Stand bluffly out against the pearly sky,
Their bosoms lashed with waves of silvered snaw,
Their summits lit with hues of orient dye,
Gleaming more brightly 'mid the hazy grey,
That sends the distance twice its length away.

High o'er the Crag the lion rears his mane,
Couchant—regardant Scotland's darling town ;
While Braid and Blackford rise amid the plain,
With crests of gold and sides of purple brown ;
And cattle browsing in the fields between,
Give life and rural beauty to the scene.

Through foliage green peep villa, grange, and spire,
 The Napier's peel-tower frowning crowns the height,
 While towering high, the patriot's soul to fire,
 The hoary Castle looms upon the sight—
 A monarch seated on a mountain throne,
 Recounting doughty deeds of times long gone.

And while these ancient trees so gnarled and gruff,
 Recall old times when castled keep was here,
 On that tall elm with boughs so high and tough,
 Is slung the swing to merry childhood dear ;
 See how they mount ; come down, wild rogues, come down,
 You'll ne'er again be fit to live in town.

And on that richly gowan'd grassy holme,
 How quietly Hawky chews her flowery food,
 While mare and foal through rich white clover roam,
 And Grumphy, winking, feeds her squeaking brood ;
 But, quick away, guard heads, and hands, and arms,
 The air grows dark, a noisy bee-hive swarms.

What swarms of happy creatures here are seen,
 White-headed varlets group in clusters round,
 Ducklings and goslings scamper o'er the green,
 Young birds in every bush and brake are found,
 And window caves are thick with nests of clay,
 By swallows built to keep ill luck away.

The cackling hens, the duckling's hearty quack,
The house cat's mew, the watch-dog's honest bark,
The pigeon's cooing, and the gosling's clack,
The blackbird's echo to the soaring lark,
The fleet-winged swallows twittering through the air,
All blend harmonious with a scene so fair.

The tidy garden filled with fruits and flowers,
With thriving plants and thrifty curly kale ;
The laughter ringing through the leafy bowers,
Of joy and plenty, tell a pleasing tale ;
And over all, around, beneath, above,
Creation teems with beauty, life, and love.

THE EMIGRANT'S ADDRESS TO AMERICA.

ALL hail ! immortal Freedom's home !
Land of the brave and free !
Far o'er the vast Atlantic foam,
I come, I come to thee.
To thee, where Truth's defenders waved
Their star-lit flag of yore ;
To thee, whose sons Oppression braved,
And swept her from thy shore.

Thy rivers roll in ocean floods,
Thy mountains cleave the sky,
While thy untrodden solitudes
In dreamy silence lie.
But gentle peace, and giant mind,
Together journeying on,
Amid these wilds their home shall find,
And raise their mutual throne.

Then onward in thy proud career,
But, oh ! be just, as strong,

And from thy blood-striped banner tear
 The badge of manhood's wrong :
 Then Washington's all-sainted shade
 Shall bend from yon bright sky,
 To deck, with flowers that ne'er can fade,
 The brow of Liberty;

SUNSHINE AND SHOWER.

THE heart that is sinking in sorrow
 May mourn, but need never despair ;
The night may be dark, but to-morrow
 The sky may be smiling and fair.
As golden day follows grey morning,
 As summer heat follows the rain,
As shadow makes light more adorning,
 So pleasure is heighten'd by pain.

Our life is a state of progression,
 Though weary and rough be the way ;
And ere we get good in possession,
 Hard labour 's the price we must pay.
Then pause not though dark and alarming
 The sky in the distance may lour ;
Press on ;—there be regions more charming,
 The sunshine comes after the shower.

Then list not your woe-begone lover,
 And heed not your woe-boding friend ;

The sooner your sorrows are over,
The sooner your pleasures will end.
When joy thus with sorrow is blended,
Oh, why should life's cup ever cloy ;
Or why should we wish our woes ended,
When Sorrow 's the sister of Joy !

WHO WILL DANCE WITH ME?

ARISE, fair maids and merry lads,
 Arise to love and mirth ;
 Behold the light-hair'd laughing sky,
 Behold the laughing earth !
 The joyous spring-time comes again
 In glory o'er the lea ;
 Hurrah ! for a dance on the young green grass,
 Come, who will dance with me ?

Our shepherds pipe their oaten reeds,
 Our maidens lilt and sing,
 The linnet warbles on the thorn,
 The lark upon the wing,
 The cattle on the new-clad hill
 Leap full of buoyant glee ;
 Hurrah ! for a dance on the young green grass,
 Come, who will dance with me ?

Each glowing breast feels flooded
 With a stream of life anew,

Each sparkling eye is glist'ning
 With young May's rich blobs of dew.
 Then joyous as the laughing spring,
 Come, let us ever be;
 Hurrah! for a dance on the young green grass,
 Come, who will dance with me?