

LOCAL MUSINGS.

BY

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DUNFERMLINE.



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Dedication.



THIS little Volume of Local Musings is respectfully and gratefully inscribed to the Gentlemen who kindly encouraged the publication. Likewise to the many Subscribers who so readily aided to bring it forward.

And that my Fellow-townsmen may enjoy a share of the pleasures these Musings have yielded me, is humbly and hopefully desired by

GRANDFATHER.

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P O E M S.



THE POETRY OF NATURE.



NATURE'S poetic sweetness lives and breathes
In all that's beautiful in earth or sky ;
Fair botany's broad fields of flowery wreaths
Bring forth their tribute in a rich supply ;
The dying day its muffled lyre bequeaths
To the expanded canopy on high,
Where the wrapt poet's soul may take its flight
Up to the galaxy of golden light,
And join the heavenly harmony of night.

The earth is full of poetry, and he
Who sweetness sips from all he passes by
Makes sweeter honey than the virgin bee,
And leaves the world the better ere he die ;
The *beauteous* blossoms of the apple tree

Are Eden's sinless offspring to his eye ;
The ripening grain, wide waving like the sea,
Fills his fond heart with grateful ecstasy ;
What time the singing birds tune their sweet lays
Till woods are vocal with their warbling praise—
This, this is Nature's poetry, he says.

Yes, there is poetry through Nature all—
The landscape, with its various shades and hues—
The towering rock—the misty waterfall—
The purling stream—the soft descending dews—
The stately oak and elm—the cowslip small,
Are willing handmaids to the sacred muse ;
All that is pleasant, loveable, and sweet,
Are tunes of joy to cheer the poet's feet,
Until the golden harp his joys complete.

There's poetry in every sphere of life,
Nor does it only with the great abound—
Among the lowly it is rich and rife,
Where'er the kindly generous heart is found.
Saul on his throne was tossed with demon strife,
Till stripling David's harp began to sound ;
The sacred music of the shepherd lad
Dispelled the monarch's grief, and made him glad—
So still it lifts the weak, and cheers the sad.

O, yes! there's poetry, pure, sweet, and mild,
In humblest acts the generous heart performs,
Though 'twere but lifting up a weakly child,
Or sheltering poverty from winter's storms.

Angels may ne'er have wept, but must have smiled
 Derisively at haughty-looking worms,
 Whose self-adoring pride makes them recoil
 From soothing lowly sorrow, as 'twere vile
 To touch the threshold of the sons of toil.

O! that all men, and lovely woman too,
 Were more poetic, singing as they go
 "Let rich and poor their peaceful paths pursue,
 Each in his path the seeds of virtue sow,
 And ever to the 'golden rule' be true—
 It soothes in sorrow, and it saves from woe."
 Thus sounds the poet's lyre, attuned on high,
 Cheering the weary pilgrims passing by,
 And wipes the tears from sorrow's weeping eye;—
 Kindness is Nature's sweetest poetry.

THE TRYSTING TREE.

A VILLAGE TALE.

WHY stands yon stately aged elm alone?
 Like some mock monarch on a kingly throne,
 Rejoicing in his gorgeous array,
 Without one subject 'neath his royal sway.
 So stands that lovely elm, with verdure crowned—
 Lonely indeed, but surely not disowned—
 The verdure of the fields that round it smile
 Bespeak a careful culture of the soil,

As if some sweet remembrance o'er it hung,
By village matrons told, or maidens sung.

Yes ; that green elm was once the Trysting Tree,
Where village youths oft met in guileless glee.
There oft the young heart has beat high with joy,
While love's sweet silent language lit the eye ;
There love's soft sympathies did stainless flow—
Stainless as aught can be on earth below ;
There proud ambition sought not to intrude,
To blight the bliss of their sweet solitude :
To love and be beloved was all they sought,
Truely content to bear their toilsome lot ;
Their hours of labour caused their hours of rest
Come with a sweeter welcome to their breast ;
No envious grudge against the great they had,
Their homes were happy, and their hearts were glad.
Each little cottage had its own sweet joys,
Its singing girls and its laughing boys ;
And oft some lass would leave the family glee
To meet her lad beside the Trysting Tree.
Yet there was one, and she a gentle maid,
Brought grief and suffering to the elm's green shade.

But, Why the village, once so full of glee,
Swept clean away, and not the Trysting Tree ?
Does it remain a monument to show
That gentle maiden's guilt, or shame, or woe ?

Yes ; it reminds us of her grief and shame ;
But she who suffer'd most was least to blame.

'Twas he who now enjoys that rich estate
That brought the maiden to her hapless fate.
She had a handsome form, a virtuous mind,
Modest her heart, her manners much refined.
The young Laird loved her much, and sought her long,
Her guileless heart believed, and feared no wrong.
Her widow mother, too, was fond and glad
To see her daughter loved by such a lad ;
He was so blythsome, so discreet, so kind,
He was a match entirely to her mind,
And her dear Jeanie was too fine and fair
The hardy toil of outfield work to bear ;
Nor need the proudest laird in all the land
Have been ashamed to take young Jeanie's hand ;
But where wealth is, and where wealth ne'er has been,
The same bright objects differently are seen ;
So thus the Laird, in proud contempt, despised
The humble maid the poor so highly prized.

The Laird had much improved his yearly gains,
And yearly added to his wide domains ;
Young Edward was his heir, his hope, his pride,
But all was tarnish'd by that low-born bride.
He charged his son the damsel to disown,
And with parental prowess knock'd him down ;
Made him an outcast from the family hall,
And vowed to cure him with a pistol ball.

Young Edward's breast with indignation burned ;
He loved the lass—his father's wealth he spurn'd.

He wed in private, and made Jeanie swear
To keep the marriage secret for a year.
But as the year rolled on, she blush'd with shame,
Yet dared not to assume her husband's name :
A calm sweet sadness gathered on her face,
As if resign'd for him to bear disgrace.
He saw the grief she fondly tried to hide,
Yet still he feared to own her as his bride ;
He thought perchance a little more delay
Might cause his father's anger wear away,
And he be owned at least a second son,
And suffer equal to the folly done.

Still his proud father all his suits repelled,
And his young heart as proudly still rebelled ;
He secretly resolved from home to flee,
To seek for better fortune o'er the sea—
Thence to return and claim his virtuous wife,
In proud defiance of high family strife.

He had but little wealth at his command,
And less he had to leave in Jeanie's hand.
He led her to the *Elm* in midst of night,
There to reveal his sad intended flight.
But as the moon beamed through the cloudless air,
And smiled on Jeanie's face so sweet, so fair,
So meek, so guileless, yet so blamed with guilt,
He could not bear the agony he felt ;
His bosom bounded with tumultuous grief,
Nor tears nor words would come to his relief ;
He press'd her to his breast, and cried, Adieu !
Then from her sight with hasty steps he flew,

She gazed, she trembled with despair and dread,
With him her dearest earthly hopes were fled.
Thus was young Jeanie Grieve, like some sweet flower,
By love transplanted in an evil hour,
Then left to languish, friendless and forlorn,
Exposed to haughty envious scorching scorn.
Too tender-hearted unhurt to sustain
The chilling storms of undisguised disdain,
Unsheltered, unrefreshed, she withered on,
Till all her youthful loveliness was gone.
Scorned as a slighted, unwed, fallen bride,
Herself compelled her marriage vow to hide ;
Afraid to break the oath to Edward made,
Lest his proud angry father should upbraid.
Yet though she had the marriage close concealed,
Edward himself the secret had revealed ;
And all the vengeful power the Laird possessed
Was poured on gentle Jeanie's guileless breast ;
Grieved and despised, and persecuted too,
Soon caused her soothing friends be false and few.

The villagers were fond to " please the Laird,"
Lest their own comfort, too, might be impaired ;
So for a while they served the golden god,
While virtue bled beneath the tyrant's rod.
Unmoved they saw young Jeanie driven from
Her native village, and her humble home ;
To beg her scanty bread from door to door,
Or seek her husband on a foreign shore.

But there was one poor farmer nobly dared
To meet the proud resentment of the Laird ;

He took young Jeanie to his kindly home,
Where peace smiled sweeter than in lordly dome ;
The pure effusions of his manly heart
Outshone the polished elegance of art.
Like him his spouse rejoiced in doing good,
And win the helpless sufferer's gratitude.
Pure living piety adorned their life,
And independence triumphed without strife:
Few were their acres ; but the few they had
Yielded them comfort, and their hearts were glad.
They sought no friendship but with friends indeed,
Who proved their friendship most in time of need ;
Their highest luxury was honest fame,
And much they felt for others' grief and shame.

But now their feelings to the test were brought—
A test their honest minds had never thought—
For now the Laird condemn'd what they had done,
As if they had conspired against his son ;
And they must drive young Jeanie to the door,
Or bear the Laird's resentment evermore.
None of these two were pleasant to their mind,
To give offence they never were inclined ;
And to offend the high powers of the hall,
They soon would be like David chased by Saul.
Yet seeing virtue sinking to the grave,
How could their hearts refuse to soothe and save ;

“No,” said the farmer to his loving spouse ;
“*Had I, like Edward, broke my marriage vows,*

And left you desolate and hated too,
What would you done, or what should we now do?
Can we thus see her to destruction driven,
Nor mercy show, yet mercy seek from heaven?
No; we will soothe the helpless sufferer's woe,
Though all the world beside should prove her foe:
Better we suffer, too, for doing good,
Than suffer not—not doing what we should,
For He who gives us all that we possess
Bids us, as faithful stewards, soothe distress.
Then better fill our hearts with conscious peace,
Than many a barn with fruitful field's increase;
They are the truly blest whose conscience smiles,
However mean their home, or hard their toils;
While they are poor indeed who live in sin,
Though gems and gold adorn their downy skin.
Then why the frown of such make us afraid,
While our God has a law to be obeyed?
So let us shrink not back from doing good,
For our God is a god of rectitude.”

As thus the farmer spoke, his wife agreed,
And proved to Jeanie Grieve a friend indeed;
Gave sweet repose to her enfeebled frame,
Lighten'd her sorrow, wiped away her shame.
But all their kindest efforts proved in vain,
Her heart was broken ne'er to bind again;
Their very kindness kindled up her grief,
That they should suffer hurt for her relief:
She knew they would be injured for her sake,
And she no means the least amends to make;

The faded rose that blushed upon her cheek
Bespoke her feelings more than words could speak.
Like some sweet herb, half torn from its root,
Yet living still to feed its ripening fruit,
So did she seem to baffle death awhile,
That hers and Edward's image yet might smile ;
Life only seemed to linger round her heart
Till she would have perform'd the mother's part.
Thus did she languish on for some few weeks—
At length she kiss'd her infant offspring's cheeks,
Then closed her eyes in death's dark peaceful night,
Before her child could look upon the light.

The humble cottars, now with pity moved,
The farmer's Christian conduct much approved ;
The village matrons dropp'd the tender tear,
And whispering, said, "The Laird has been severe.
But surely noo, when Jeanie's dead and gane,
They'll tak some pity on the helpless wean !
Puir thing, it has its father's very een—
It's just as like him's ever twa was seen.
Puir ill-used lad, I wonder whar he'll be—
'Twas just their family pride that gar'd him flee.
He was a clever, homely, sober lad,
Until his father drove him headlong mad.
Yes, when the proud Laird learnt his son was wed,
He ca'd him silly, senseless, vulgar Ned ;
Rather he had seduced ten maids to shame,
And paid them dearly to conceal his name,
And still maintained his honour and his pride,
And wed at last some high-born lady-bride ;

Then would the family heir been hailed with joy.
But Ned has been a rustic boobyish boy,
He liked too well to gain the poor's esteem—
Their uncouth gratitude was gold to him.
But let him go, and die unsoothed, unseen,
Rather than live at home with vulgar Jean.
Thae vera words cam frae the Laird's ain lips ;
But Jeanie's noo aboon his sneers and snips :
And wha can tell, for a' their family pride,
But they may need their humbled heads to hide,
And Farmer Scott receive a rich reward,
And triumph yet aboon the haughty Laird."

While thus their words in whispers they let fall,
Their softest whispers reached the lofty hall ;
And proud and haughty though the inmates were,
They felt such vulgar censure ill to bear.
But still, instead of pity, nursed despite,
And vowed to sweep the village from their sight,
And turn their cotteries into stately farms,
And rid the hall of such rude clownish swarms,
Until the very place would be forgot
Where Edward's child had lived with Farmer Scott.

Thus did the high powers of the lofty hall
Make their proud vengeance on the poor one's fall,
Regardless of the anguish of their heart,
When from their native village forced to part ;
Rejoicing o'er the weeping women's woe,
When from their long-loved home compell'd to go ;

Treating with scorn the grey-haired patriarch's prayer,
That they would for a while his dwelling spare,
For there he first had drawn the breath of life—
There had he wed, and there had lost his wife—
There had his children one by one expired—
There, too, to die devoutly he desired.

But 'twas in vain to supplicate the Laird,
He had a learned factor, well prepared
To lay both hearts and homes quite desolate,
Making improvements on the fine estate.
Equally skilled to prove the poor man's curse,
Or drain the land, or drain his master's purse.
Year after year he ruled with lordly sway,
Until he swept the village clean away.

Poor Farmer Scott had longest braved the blast ;
But he, too, overcome, must yield at last—
Must yield to persecuting proud revenge,
Dispose of all his stock, and leave the Grange—
The lovely Grange, where peace unclouded smiled,
Ere he had sheltered Edward's orphan child.

Full fifteen years he kept her as his own,
And much he suffered for her sake alone ;
Wrong after wrong he suffered unredressed,
Till both his mind and purse were sore depressed.
And now must leave his lovely little farm,
Yet still his honest heart was kind and warm ;
Her guardian he had been, and still would be,
Without the prospect of reward or fee :

That for her sake he had been injured sore—
He loved her much, nor grudged to suffer more.
Nor would he grudge to work—work was his joy—
But much he felt to go and seek employ.
“Why should I thus feel shame, or be distress’d,
He who rules over all rules for the best.”

Meanwhile wild discord reigned within the hall,
And soured the Laird’s delicious wine to gall ;
The family pride himself so fondly nursed,
Now round his sick-bed in wild thunderings burst.
Brother on brother frown’d with stern disdain ;
Sister on sister railed, and railed again.
Each had their father pillaged what they could,
And with an envious grudge each other viewed ;
Each told the faults and follies of the rest,
To make himself the noblest and the best ;
With earnest hope that he would now beware,
And make a wise selection of his heir ;
Or if he thought to part among them all,
Not to give Mr John the family hall ;
’Twould be a pity such a splendid place
Where by him squander’d at a single race :
No doubt, when Edward’s dead John has the claim,
But Jock’s a byword to the family name,
He grieves us daily with his deeds of shame.

All in their turn an active zeal had shown
To make each other’s faults and follies known,
Until the dying Laird was toss’d with grief,
While *his own conscience* lent him no relief.

The factor much improved the family feud,
And secretly his selfish ends pursued ;
Kindly encouraged each to urge his plea,
As none had better cause to hope than he.
“ I think the Laird disposed to change his will,
And make you better—but he is so ill—
So very ill, there’s danger in delay ;
How you succeed do let me know, I pray.”

Then soon he hasted back to Master John—
“ Well, sir, he’s very low, and all’s your own :
Yet if you knew what these poor knaves do say,
I’m sure you would their envy well repay :
I like to see a noble-minded man
Go bravely through a well-concerted plan ;
You know to-night I mean to take the Grange—
The family honour sweetens such revenge ;
It is a most delightful little spot—
As well I have it as that stubborn Scott.”

Then to the Laird he went without delay—
“ Well, my dear sir, how do you feel to-day ?
I hope much better. Really take no fear,
You’ll soon be well and stout for many a year.
Pray don’t perplex yourself ’bout wills and deeds,
To hash and cut a fine estate to shreds ;
You know the nobles give the eldest male
Their family hall and lands, by wise entail,
Which keeps the family dignity secure,
Although the younger beggar’d be, and poor.

But, sir, I must be gone—I may not stop ;
To-day you gain your aim—'tis Scottie's roup !”

But now the Laird was sick of family strife ;
Afraid to die, yet tortured with such life.
He thought upon the follies he had done,
And fondly wished to see his long lost son :
“ 'Tis long, long since my dear son Edward fled ;
Perhaps he's very poor—perhaps he's dead.
O ! were he here I yet a while might live,
And all I have into his hand I'd give.
I know his daughter lives with Farmer Scott,
And they must now no longer be forgot.
Go, factor, bring Scott here without delay,
Edward his debtor is, and I must pay.
Full fifteen years they nursed the child with care,
Blessed has she been, trained by a man of prayer.
Go, bring him here, perhaps he may impart
Some soothing comfort to my sinking heart.”

The factor went. But when he saw the farm,
His faltering heart began to feel alarm,
And rather than forego his wicked hope,
He hastened on the honest farmer's roup.
It was to him a feast of sweet revenge
To see the weeping tenants of the Grange :
“ 'Tis nobly managed—exquisitely done—
My plans have all succeeded, one by one.
Why should I drop one plan I have prepared ?
Why should I fear the conscience-smitten Laird ?
I hope and trust this day will be his last,

Then—then shall burst the fearful family blast.
I'll please them all—I'll seem a friend to each—
I'll keep accounts and cash from all their reach.
I'll have a grand house on this lovely spot ;
Rejoice, O thou my heart ! Why shouldst thou not ?”

Thus spake the factor in his fit of joy,
Unconscious that a hearing ear was nigh.
But scarcely had poor Scott's sad sale begun,
When, with the farmers, came a stranger one ;
Hasty his steps, and piercing were his eyes,
As if impelled by sorrowful surprise.
Silent he pass'd—all whisper'd, “ Who is he ?”
And soon he vanished near the Trysting Tree.
The farmer's wife, and Edward's daughter fair,
Had gone awhile to shun the bustle there,
And hide their grief from the unfeeling gaze
Of such as sought to gain the factor's praise.
With lingering look they took the last adieu
Of all that seem'd most lovely to their view ;
While Jeanie heard her mother's mournful tale,
Her healthful cheek waned to a pleasant pale ;
A grave sad sweetness dim'd her bright blue eyes,
Her burden'd bosom heaved with heartfelt sighs.

The stranger saw her 'neath the elm's green shade,
Quick to his breast he press'd the affrighted maid.
The crimson flushed and faded on his cheek,
His heart so full, he had no words to speak.
At length he said, “ Sweet maid, I meant no ill ;
I thought you were my Jean—I think so still ;

And yet you look so young, and 'tis so long
Since here we parted. Yet I'm surely wrong!
Your eyes, your cheeks, your lips are still the same;
Are you not Jeanie Grieve?—I'm Edward Graham!"

The farmer's wife awhile in silence gazed,
Troubled and trembling, wondering and amazed:
"O! are you Edward; whar, whar hae ye been?
This is your dochter, but you've tint your Jean—
Puir thing, she died that day your bairn was born—
And, O man! she had suffered meikle scorn;
'Twas baith a pleasure and a grief to see
Her Christian comfort when resign'd to dec."

Soon to the desolate Grange their step was turned,
While Edward's breast with strange emotions burned,
From field to field his eyes like lightning flew,
His questions many, and his tears not few;
He gave young Jeanie's nurse a handsome fee,
And bade her still her loving daughter be.
He took the farmer with him to the Hall,
There, like a stranger, on the Laird to call,
Afraid he yet might meet the family frown,
Though he had now abundance of his own.

The Laird in anxious expectation lay,
And fondly bade the farmer come away;
"I'm glad ye're come. 'Tis very kind indeed,
I bade the factor bring you here with speed;
I've done you ill—but what to you I've done
I'll now repay. But who'll repay my son?"

B

Have you ne'er heard from Edward since he fled?
Perhaps he's very poor—perhaps he's dead!
Oh! were he here I yet a while might live,
And all I have into his hand I'd give."

Young Edward knew not what to do or say;
He saw the farmer close his eyes and pray,
Then with these soothing words console the Laird—
"For all that God sees meet be thou prepared;
He only can your long lost son restore;
His will is sovereign, and you should adore.
But though your son were here, and you should live,
Unless your Maker all your sins forgive,
What will avail your lengthen'd days to you,
Without eternal life before your view?
Then in your sorrow turn your heart to Him—
He's ever waiting ready to redeem;
He never leaves the contrite to despair,
Who seek His grace in humble earnest prayer;
He has to-day brought back your son in peace,
And soon He'll make your happiness increase."

Edward was welcomed to the family hall,
And soon he proved a generous friend to all;
He cheered his father's calm declining days,
He gained his brothers' and his sister's praise;
He staid their strife, and led them on to peace,
And made their family comfort much increase.
He sought the factor, but the villain fled;
Good Farmer Scott now factors in his stead,
And now, again, instead of grief, sweet glee
Luxuriates round the lovers' Trysting Tree.

INDUCTION OF MR R. ALEXANDER
TO QUEEN ANNE STREET CHURCH, DUNFERMLINE.

October 1873.

QUEEN ANNE STREET CHURCH, like some
 fair fruitful tree,
 Though planted at the first 'mid taunts and scorn,
 Now spreads her branches out from sea to sea,
 And precious fruit by every branch is borne.
 From Kirkwall south to Berwick-upon-Tweed,
 From Scotland's western coast east to Montrose,
 The U. P. Church from State-paid bondage free'd,
 In social strength and heavenly beauty grows.
 Her pastors and her people, hand in hand,
 For Truth and Liberty unflinching stand—
 Promoting justice, comfort, peace, and love,
 And winning wanderers back to God above.
 Nor Pope, nor princely potentate, she'll own
 To be her Head, where Christ should rule alone ;
 She renders Cæsar all that's Cæsar's due,
 To Christ, her King and Head, her heart is true.
 She seeks the good of all, the hurt of none,
 And glad when foes are by her friendship won ;
 Her broken branches grafted in again,
 Gladdens her heart, like sunshine after rain.
 The freewill of her flock supplies her food,
 And her whole work is trying to do good ;
 She sends her messengers of peace abroad
 To teach dark heathen lands the love of God,

God in His goodness guides us onward still
 To do the more, the more we know His will.
 'Twas Erskine's work to clear the encumbered root ;
 'Tis ours to nurse and spread the gracious fruit,
 And far exceed the Erskines if we can,
 In making known the glorious gospel plan ;
 Nor honour them the less, whose faith and zeal
 Planted the lowly church "we lo'e sae weel."
 For, though the scene at Gairney Bridge was small,
 It brought about that grander scene—the scene at
 Tanfield Hall.

The Truth was trodden down in Erskine's day.
 When from his father's kirk he was expelled,
 He sought not glebe, nor manse, nor parish pay,
 So that the gospel truth might be upheld.
 Driven from his pulpit, from the kirk-ground driven,
 His tent was pitched in Wilson's gifted park.
 He looked to heaven for help, that help was given ;
 Nor had he long to labour in the dark,
 For soon he had a church crammed to the door.
 Church after church was built, both far and near,
 And still the people gathered more and more,
 With grateful heart the heavenly truth to hear
 And join the humble church—thenceforth to be
 From legal, lukewarm, State-paid worship free,
 And find sweet Christian fellowship with them
 Who loved the Lord, and suffered for His name.

Thus did the young Seceding church increase,
Blest with kind Christian brotherhood and peace ;

Her patient suffering beautified her youth,
 While she proclaimed the freedom of the Truth—
 The truth of man's inherent right to own
 And worship God, as in His Word made known ;
 Obeying God rather than man, and be
 Friends to the truth, when truth had made them free.
 Nor Kirk, nor State, nor human force can bind
 The heaven-wrought aspirations of the mind ;
 For Christ alone Lord of the conscience is,
 The Church, with all its heavenly blessings, His—
 Lawgiver, Guide, and Judge, and King alone ;
 Nor priest, nor prince, can fill His holy throne.

Men may to patrons bow for patrons' aid
 ("Nae.doot folk maun dae something for their bread"),
 But they who sell their liberty for gold,
 May be, like temple bullocks, bought and sold.
 But e'en the sale of doves is an offence,
 The Master's order is—"Take these things hence ;
 Is not my Father's house the house of prayer,
 Why then pollute it with your worldly ware ?
 My kingdom's not of earth, 'tis from above ;
 Its life, its laws, its work, is heavenly love !"
 Yes ; Jesus is our King and Head alone,
 Nor will we worship them who have usurped His
 throne.

Thus Erskine taught—as well as gospel grace,
 And nobly filled the faithful pastor's place ;
 And well may we Queen Anne Street folk revere
 This *sacred spot* while thus assembled here.

'Twas here the young Secession first could claim
 One foot of Scottish ground to bear her name ;
 For, from the proud State-kirk unjustly driven,
 They had no shade of shelter under heaven,
 Till Wilson here his own free field bestowed,
 To build a house wherein to worship God.
 It was the first built by Dissenters' hands,
 For Erskine built where now his statue stands.
 Though pitch and paper was its covering crown,
 And though the pastor wore no pulpit gown,
 His clear, sweet, solemn voice and manly face,
 While he proclaim'd God's free, full, sovereign grace,
 Stirred every ear to hear, and heart to feel
 The great importance of eternal weal.

And had we lordly bishops in our Church,
 Queen Anne Street folk might claim to have an arch ;
 For, 'mong our foremost, few can fill the place
 Which Erskine filled with such sweet, solemn grace.
 So let us now with hearty welcome cheer
 Our new-come pastor to fill Erskine's sphere !
 Smith, Husband, and Macfarlane—Fisher, too,
 And Young, and French did each their duty do ;
 Yet still, 'tis Erskine's name that foremost stands
 To stimulate our hearts and stir our hands ;
 Then let us now our honest pledges tender,
 To aid in every Christian work our welcome Alexander.



DUNA GLEN AND THE WELL O' SPA.

AS day dawned on dark Duna Glen,
 Whaur flows Dunfarum Linn,
 The birds frae forest, field, and fen,
 Hail'd merry morning in :
 That morn when Caledonia's race,
 O' princely pedigree,
 Sounded the horn an' waked the chase
 Frae Baldrige tae the sea.

Ae youthfu' Prince o' gracefu' mien,
 Lo'ed for his faither's deeds,
 Spurr'd keenly on, the prize tae gain,
 An' far the lave exceeds.
 The King, keen bent tae bear the gree,
 Rode through baith wild an' wud,
 But Dunath was as bent as he,
 An' o' as fiery blude.

Alike they closely kept in view
 The stately mountain roe,
 "Youth," quoth the King, "thou may'st pursue,
 But dare tae draw thy bow !"
 Young Dunath, void o' courtly guile,
 To hide his ardent zeal,
 He answered only wi' a smile,
 An' still strove tae prevail.

Doon Duna's rocky glen it flew,
 Syne whamell'd o'er the brae;
He drew his bow, the prize he slew,
 Near by the Well o' Spae.

A bonnie maiden, fair tae see,
 Drew water at the well,
Tae him she kindly drink did gie
 Whane'er his victim fell.

Tae her the arrow, red wi' blude,
 Whilk had his triumph won,
He gae, syne sounded through the wude
 That he had closed the run.

But nane appearin' save the King,
 He fiercely claimed the prize;
His threats made Duna Glen tae ring,
 An' Dunath's pride tae rise.

He hied tae meet the chieftains brave,
 Tae urge his richtfu' claim;
But scanty aid did he receive,
 He haffins gat the fame.

But ne'er were brought the honours due
 Tae him wha slew the deer;
Bauld, dauntless frien's were unco few,
 Whilk did for him appear.

Yet they met in his faither's ha',
 A chief that aye was brave,
But o' his sons Dunath was a'
 That strode aboon the grave.
An' his young arm was nae sae strang,
 Though on his faither's hill,

Tae shield the richt, an' flegg the wrang,
As he could dune at will.

But, like him, he could feel nae joy,
Though in his ain braw tower,
While independent pride maun coy,
An' flattery gains the power.
Sae by the castle yett he hied,
Whaur ladies fair did wait,
For it was promis'd far an' wide
Tae show some royal fête.

But King nor chieftains ne'er appeared,
Their promises were vain ;
Syn e near a knowe his spear he reared,
An' paced the grund alane.
He gaed amang the ladies gay,
Some archery mark tae find ;
The Blossom o' the Well o' Spae
Stude lanely, far behind.

Her snaw-white bosom half concealed
A bonnie bloomin' rose ;
He pass'd the gay, his wish revealed,
He gat the flower he chose.
His arrow pierced it on the spear,
He gained their hale respect ;
Yet still he met the ladies fair
Wi' careless, cauld neglect.

He gae sweet Flor the rose again,
Her blushes were sae sweet ;

Love glowed in him through ilka vein
When their fond smiles did meet.
Their silent glances fondly spak'
The love they couldna hide,
Her ee'n, sae bonnie, answered back
Her pleasure an' her pride.

Wi' gentle grace he gat her hand,
Convoyed her safely hame,
An' vowed her faithfu' frien' tae stand,
An' share wi' her his fame.
He set a secret solemn tryst—
She fondly kept the same ;
It muckle baith their hearts rejoiced
Tae hear ilk ither's name.

Aft whan the weary gaed tae rest
They wandered tae the shade,
Kindly tae his fond glowin' breast
He prest the guileless maid.
The rose bloomed bonnie on her cheek
While seated by his side,
'Twas music when she heard him speak
About her bein' his bride.

Kind were the promises he made,
And mony were the same ;
Their wooin' hours flew o'er their heads
Mair pleasant than a dream.
But Dunath's guardian sune descried
The amour o' his heart,
An' guilefu', guilefu' deeds he tried
Tae gar the lovers part.

He spak' o' England's merry court,
Whaur gallants a' were gay—
Foremost in ilka manly sport,
An' gleg at fun or fray.
Synae tae the King he urged his plea,
Disguised for Dunath's weel ;
The King consents, for whiles did he
A kinsman's kindness feel.

Black Allan, Dunath's guard an' guide,
Was set on Flora's shame ;
His base desire she aye denied,
And spurned his very name.
But still he seemed young Dunath's frien'
Tae gain his black intent,
His wily words were kind and keen,
An' Dunath gae consent.

He laid aside the solemn vows
He had tae Flora sworn ;
His gaun awa was waefu' news,
An' gar'd her sadly mourn.
They met, but tears bedimmed her ee'n,
'An' sair wi' him she pled ;
Kind was he as he e'er had been—
Saut tears o' grief he shed.

He vowed an' pledged, an' vowed again,
That he wad aye be true ;
She bad him cease tae vow, and then
She took a long adieu.
But Dunath sune at England's court
Forgat fair Flora's charms ;

The fair, the gay, in coquette sport,
Were often in his arms.

Sweet Lady Liliass, frank an' free,
Amang his heart did win,
But sune he fand he couldna dree
Her fondness an' her din.
Cathrina, comely in her form,
An' gracefu' in her mien,
An' sweet in ilka witching charm,
She made him a' her ain.

Three weary lingerin' years wore by
Ere Flora ceased tae mourn ;
At length she heard wi' meikle joy
O' Dunath's safe return.
But soon she heard a lady gay
Was his devoted bride ;
Her grief, increasing frae that day,
Nae longer could she hide.

Aft, aft she gaed thro' Duna Glen,
An' saw the sacred shade,
An' there she grieved again, again,
Whaur love first made her glad.
There Dunath, wi' his southern dame,
Whiles pass'd wi' stately grace ;
Fair Flora felt love's glowin' flame
Whene'er she saw his face.

His features mild, whaur love had smiled,
Noo prood an' princely seemed ;

His haughty bride, in beauty's pride,
His weel-matched mate she seemed.
Unseen among the trees she stude—
She saw she was forgot;
She wandered waesome thro' the wude,
Back tae her faither's cot.

But twa-three days brang round the hour,
They catch'd ilk ither's e'e;
An' fix'd by love's imperious power
Ae fit she couldna gee.
She fain wad shunned the loving look
Fause Dunath on her cast;
Pride gar'd her flashin' glance rebuke
Her fause frien' as he pass'd.

Silent an' sadly on he strode,
His coquette by his side;
When mirk had veiled his brow abode,
Tae Flora's hame he hied.
In saft, sweet plaintive strains she sang,
"Oh, hoo my heart is torn,"
The shadowy trees in echoes rung,
"Hoo innocence maun mourn."

He ventured tae the cottage door,
An' freendly words he spak',
But felt an awe unfelt before,
As Flora answered back.
Wi' kindly voice o'erpowered wi' grief,
She said, wi' canny care,
"Come tae the Spa, in Pittencrieff,
An' ye will find me there."

WIT' houp an' fear the chief withdrew—
 The chief o' Duna Linn ;
 His broken vows he sair did rue,
 His soul was sick within.
 Nae food ower Flora's craig had crost,
 Nae sleep had closed her e'e—
 Sin' e'er she saw her love was lost—
 Or spotless virtue dee.

Her faither had been cosh wi' kings,
 When virtue was their guide ;
 But courtly policy aft brings
 What virtue canna bide.
 Syne, like the Culdees, 'twas his care
 Tae cultivate the mind ;
 Nor, in her guidness an' her lear,
 Was Flora aucht behind.

An' yet she felt love's warmest flame,
 Dunath was dear as life ;
 She wadna face the sin an' shame
 Tae wish tae be his wife.
 Her guileless heart was sair wi' grief,
 Nae tears relieved her e'e ;
 Nae friendly words could bring relief,
 She wished her spirit free.

She took the arrow, Dunath's gift,
 The mountain deer that slew,
 She took some parchment he had left,
 And wrote her last adieu.
 Feebly she gaed through Duna glade,
 She knelt near by the Well,

Her young heart bursted while she prayed
Whar his first victim fell.

She fix'd the arrow by her side,
Wrapt wi' the written scroll ;
Syne lay, a sad forsaken bride,
Till grief wrang out her soul.

Fause Dunath hied him tae the wude,
But Flora ne'er appeared ;
A fearfu' horror freez'd his blude,
His guilt he meikle feared.

He fain wad stayed, but couldna stay,
Fear gar'd him rin wi' speed ;
He fand the arrow on his way,
But couldna see tae read.
He hasted tae his stately ha',
The parchment sune tae see,
An' as the sad fareweel he saw,
Despair flash'd frae his e'e.

“Fareweel, dear, lang-lo'ed faithless chief,
We'll tryst an' meet nae mair ;
The sacred Well will soothe thy grief,
Noo thou wilt find me there.
There, ilka night sin' we did pairt,
Thy weal inspired my prayer ;
While sair, sair was my faithfu' heart—
Noo thou wilt find me there.

“I dinna mean tae mar thy peace,
Or mak' thy lady sad,

An' noo my sorrow sune shall cease,
 Whaur love first made me glad.
 Thy broken vows I hae forgi'en,
 Sae think on me nae mair,
 But mind the Spa, whaur aft we've been,
 For thou shalt find me there."

Red, red his ee'n glared wi' remorse,
 The doors he open threw,
 He jamp the wa' wi' frantic force,
 He frae the castle flew.
 He kiss'd young Flora's cauld, cauld cheek,
 He prest her lifeless clay ;
 He spak', but she had ceased tae speak,
 Beside the Well o' Spae.

Oot frae the sheath a dirk he drew,
 Whilk Flora ance possess't,
 He kiss'd her lifeless lips anew,
 Syne plunged it in his breast.
 There lay the faithless an' the fair,
 Baith in the dreary glen ;
 A' nicht Cathrina's heart was sair,
 The cause she didna ken.

There they were fand at mornin' gray,
 Whaur their first love began ;
 In ither's airms in death they lay,
 While freen's in sorrow ran.
 The birds, that wont tae sing sae sweet,
 Sang nane that waesome day,
 The blythesome bairns began tae greet,
 An' fear'd frae hame tae stray.

A mournfu' dirge the maidens sung,
 An' ilka heart did yearn ;
 The noblest men, baith brave an' young,
 Aboon them raised a cairn.
 Hard was the heart that didna feel,
 The e'e that didna flow ;
 Twa bonnie buds that promis'd weel
 Were laid untimely low.

Wild horror reign'd within the tower,
 Sair sorrow in the cot ;
 The gallant king, 'midst a' his power,
 Grat at their luckless lot.
 The stately trees in Pittencrieff,
 Whaur Flora's hame had been,
 Sough'd eeriely the sounds o' grief
 Frae early morn till e'en.

An' lang the Well o' Spa brang fear
 Tae flirtin', faithless men,
 An' aft the maidens met tae hear
 The tale o' Duna Glen.



DUNFERMLINE'S ABSENT SONS.

S HAE nae ruse for those wha scorn
 The place whaur they were bred and born,
 An' fain wad mak' it understood
 That they were sprung o' "gentle blude,"
 An' shun their weel-daein' workin' freens
 For want o' routh o' warldly means,

Though wantin' naething frae their kin,
 But kindly lookin' oot an in,
 An' frankly toil frae Yule tae Yule—
 Their bairns tae feed, an' clead, an' schule—
 Mair independent an' content
 Than they wha strive tae be "the gent."

But auld Dumfarlin' canna blame
 Her walie sons wha leave their hame;
 For, let them gang whaur'er they may,
 Tae her they kindly honour pay;
 E'en gin a half-kenn'd face they meet
 In braw big toons, in hoose, or street—
 Be't lad or lass, or man or wife—
 They claim a clanship gin frae Fife.
 Their freendly feelin's winna hide,
 Their warm gudewull o'ercomes their pride—
 They look, they speak, syne hands they shake,
 For kindly auld Dumfarlin's sake.

An' ilka Handsel Monday night,
 They meet thegither blythe an' bricht,
 Tae spend a while in social glee,
 Richt fond ilk ither's face tae see;
 While, hand-in-hand, wi' kind gudewill
 They mak' sweet freen'ship sweeter still,
 An' crack aboot their youthfu' pranks,
 When they could scud wi' supple shanks,
 Climb up the trees or jump the burns,
 Enjoyin' life at a' its turns.
 An' noo what fond delight they feel
 That auld Dumfarlin's daein' weel—

Her bairns an honour tae her name,
Rising in walth, in worth, an' fame.

An' a' her family bidin' wi' her
Are fond whan strangers come tae see her ;
An' though she's been ca'd "auld an' gray,"
She's buskin' noo, baith brisk an' gay.
New factories—grander ne'er were seen—
Like palaces, wad please the Queen ;
Braw banks, new-built, sae fine an' fair,
Gar monie a stranger stand an' stare—
New-open'd streets, sae clean an' wide,
Whaur either rich or puir may bide ;
An' plainstones laid frae Orchat Cut
Tae Viewfield gate an' Whurlbut.

An' her new Cemetery is grand
As ony garden in the land—
Her auld Kirkyard an' Abbey ground
In dear memorials abound—
Her Public Park, a daily pleasure,
Thanks to James Kerr for sic a treasure—
An' young Carnegie's handsome gift
Gies her a noble, needfu' lift ;
Lang may the Baths be deem'd a boon,
As weel's a beauty tae the toon,
An' lang may auld Dumfarlin' flourish
Young folk o' rising fame tae nourish.

An' noo the last, but nae the least,
Her clergy hae in love increased,
For though 'bout outer things they differ,
Their pu'pits noo they frankly niffer,

An' noo her wark-folk busk sae braw,
 She seems tae hae nae puir ava,
 (An' better busk, gin folk wad think it,
 Than gang like deedless drones an' drink it).
 An' she may brag she hasna monie
 Like Shanter Tam an' Soutar Johnnie;
 She has far mae, albeit they hide,
 Whase failings lean tae virtue's side.
 Still, mixty-maxy, a'thegither,
 They gree tae ruse their nursin' mother,
 Nor grudge tae own, wi' blythesome face,
 "Dumfarlin' is oor native place."

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**A CRACK BETWEEN THE AULD KIRK-BELL  
 AND THE WEATHERCOCK.**

**T**HE auld kirk-bell the ither nicht  
 Gae a' the neebors sic a fricht,  
 That few could sleep a single wink,  
 An' kentna what tae say or think;  
 But thro' the winnocks gleged wi' fear,  
 An' hushed the wild harangue tae hear,  
 While he the weathercock assailed,  
 An' thus upon him rudely railed:—

“Heich-headit gowk, without a joke,  
 Ye may be ca'ed the weathercock;  
 Wheel, wheelin' frae the east tae wast,  
*Wi' ilka puff an' angry blast;*

Jist like the auld man an' his cuddy,  
 Ye'd shift tae please the very wuddy.  
 An' tho' ye perch aboon the kirk,  
 Ye hae less brains than ony stirk ;  
 Far, far exalted tho' ye be,  
 Ye canna be compared wi' me.  
 For though I say't, and say't mysel',  
 I am a noble soundin' bell ;  
 My metal's gude, my tone is sweet,  
 Tae guide the Sabbath pilgrim's feet.  
 My notes are solemn, slow, an' lang,  
 When mourners tae the kirkyard gang ;  
 An' when I tell Britain's victorious,  
 My swellin' notes are grand an' glorious,  
 Until even auld gude folk rejoice,  
 An' douce Dumfarlin' rings wi' noise ;  
 But ye're aye speechless, heartless, useless—  
 A haughty proud cock, outcast, houseless."

"What ails ye, freend?" the cock replied ;  
 "Your worth, your fame, I ne'er denied ;  
 I ken ye're made o' first-rate metal,  
 An' no like Townhouse auld kale kettle ;  
 Your massy music, sweet an' clear,  
 The farmers five miles roun' may hear ;  
 It has been heard by kings langsyne—  
 Prood royal lips hae ca'd it fine.  
 In days when might owerstappit richt,  
 An' ilka fishwife had her fecht,  
 An' barons bauld had drucken brawls,  
 As coorse as cobblers frae their stalls—

Knowledge had dancers for directors,  
 Instead o' scientific lectures—  
 Dumfarlin' brew'd an' filled her barrels,  
 An' worthy burghers had their quarrels—  
 A' thae, an' mae, lang, lang since deid,  
 Praised up your worth, baith tongue an' heid,  
 An' yet tho' changes great hae been,  
 Ye're aye the same yet, trig an' clean,  
 An' send your music far an' wide,  
 As when the kings were at your side.

“Auld freend, we hae been neebors lang—  
 I've never said or dune ye wrang;  
 I ken your qualities are varish—  
 The langest tongue in a' the parish.  
 But mind your toom head mak's ye proud,  
 An' gars your lang tongue sound sae loud.  
 An' when ye're fairly set a clinkin',  
 Ye clatter on without e'er thinkin'.  
 In grief or joy, in richt or wrang,  
 The toomest head mak's loudest clang.  
 The same's the case in a' society—  
 Through a' its phases and variety—  
 A muckle heid an' little in't  
 Is easily puff'd or pushed asquint,  
 Let's out what prudence would conceal,  
 An' wakens up the very de'il.  
 The less the brain it sounds the louder,  
 An' in debate debates the ruder;  
 Aye kittlin' up unkind contention,  
*Through ignorant misapprehension;*

Like feeble women, fond o' flattery,  
An' ready aye tae fire their battery,  
Woundin' their freends instead o' faes,  
An' settin' douce folk in a blaze,  
Till cauld contempt or castigation  
Teach them some common-sense discretion.  
But heads weel-filled, an' hearts refined,  
Are slow tae speak ae word unkind ;  
Tae rich an' puir alike discreet,  
An' pairt as freen's wi' a' they meet,  
Stand far aboon the tiny trash  
That kittle strife wi' clish-ma-clash.

“ Noo, freend, mind hoo ye ance distrest  
The worthy Provost an' the Priest,  
An' sent them bickering tae the court  
Tae pay the clerks, an' gi'e them sport,  
Till it was settled wha should swing ye,  
An' whan tae tug your tail tae ring ye ;  
An' brang the braw Burgh tae expense,  
Because your tongue had gi'en offence.  
An' what has been may be again,  
Gin ye a freend's advice disdain.  
Sae let us learn by past experience,  
Tae shun whate'er sets freends at variance,  
E'en though it were the sweetest tongue  
That e'er at royal concert sung.  
Gin that same tongue lead freen's tae folly,  
I'd sooner hear a shepherd's collie.  
I've been your neebor mony a year,  
An' aye was fond your praise tae hear ;

I've braved the bitterest blasts that blew,  
 Yet never, never envied you.  
 Envy I wadna nurse a minute—  
 There's something fearfu' evil in it.  
 O' a' the sins that's oot o' Tophet,  
 Envy's the warst, an' yields nae profit.  
 Some sins are sweet, some fill the purse,  
 But envy's a consuming curse;  
 It kindles anger, hatred, strife,  
 An' soors the sweetest sweets o' life,  
 Impairs the peace o' them wha dread it,  
 An' preys upon the hearts that feed it.  
 Sae let us cast awa a' spite,  
 An' leave mean fuils to claik an' flyte.  
 But, freend, an' you should gang tae violence,  
 I'll bear your bite wi' scornfu' silence."

He ceased, an' a' was calm an' still,  
 As e'er was Geordie Stein's flour-mill.  
 At last the Bell the silence broke,  
 An' whisper'd thus up to the Cock:—

" Pardon, my lord, pardon your servant—  
 My grief's sincere, my prayer fervent :  
 I noo confess ye've spoken truly,  
 An' hae reproved me justly, duly ;  
 Tae speak again wi' spite I'll never—  
 I'll rather tyne my tongue for ever."

" Weel, weel," quo' they wha heard the tattle,  
 " The lang lood tongue has tynt the battle ;

Throughout society be 't the same,  
 Till envy hide her head wi' shame ;  
 An' honest worth in ony station,  
 Get honest, kindly approbation."

The trumlin' tongue began tae pall,  
 An' slowly struck the eerie twal'.

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*THE APPROACH OF WINTER.*

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**M**ARK gloomy winter, wi' his train  
 O' blatterin' hail an' sleety rain,  
 Comes frae his Greenland drear domain,  
     Tae play his pranks,  
 An' strip oor trees, on hill an' plain,  
     As bare as branks.

The norlan' blasts wi' fury blaw,  
 An' fill the glens sea-deep wi' snaw,  
 Gar roofs flee aff, an' lumheads fa',  
     An' trees lie squint ;  
 E'en fields an' forests, ane an' a',  
     Grow hard as flint.

The bonnie burns whaur we trout jinket—  
 While sun an' shade alternate blinket—  
 Are wi' the meadow-ditches linket,  
     Ae frozen sheet ;  
 An' in the toons the gutter trinket  
     Fills a' the street.

Nae sweet flowers scent the frosty air,  
 Nae bonnie birds hae sangs tae spare,  
 The redbreast only comes tae share  
     Meelin's o' bread—

A' nature, dowie wi' despair,  
     Hings doon her head.

Yet sad, an' soor, though winter be,  
 There's mony a heart frae sorrow free,  
 In cozy hame wi' lightsome glee  
     They pass the time,  
 Fondly the flaky snaw they see,  
     An' ca't "sublime."

But waes me for puir needy folk,  
 Wha creep close tae the ingle nook,  
 Benumbed wi' cauld, stiff as a stock,  
     An' sma' their pittance ;  
 O, that some gen'rous freend wad knock,  
     An' seek admittance !

A wee bit bite whan kindly gi'en,  
 A wee bit dud, nor gay, nor mean,  
 But jist tae keep them warm an' clean,  
     Wad sooth their grief ;  
 An' they hae aye the happiest been  
     Wha gi'e relief.

The "roarin' game" tae some is gude,  
 It cheers the heart an' warms the blude,  
 An' some hae rowth o' claes an' fude  
     To keep them warm,  
 An' lauch at winter's surly mude,  
     An' get nae harm.



But they wha pine wi' piercin' cauld,  
 Like helpless sheep shut i' the fauld,  
 They feel the frost fu' bitter bauld,  
     An' greet for aid—

Can we, midst mercies mony-fauld,  
     Refuse them bread ?

Come, let the strong assist the weak,  
 A' ane anither's comfort seek ;  
 In kindness act, in kindness speak,  
     Life's ills tae lessen,  
 Syne, tho' the winter's stern an' bleak,  
     'Twill bring a blessin'.



## THE EARTH AND SPRING-TIME.

**O**LD Mother Earth ! old Mother Earth !  
 How beautiful art thou !  
 Even when the winter's snowy wreath  
     Lies on thy lofty brow ;  
 And though the monarch of the Pole  
     May cause thee weep awhile,  
 Yet there's a beauty in thy tears  
     When Spring begins to smile.

Then hail the Spring, old Mother Earth !  
 The sweet, the smiling Spring ;  
 Her smiles give life, and love, and joy,  
 And health and beauty bring.

She'll bathe thy face with balmy showers,  
 And make thee fresh and gay ;  
 She'll deck thy bosom o'er with flowers,  
 And crown thee Queen of May.

How lovely, then, and beautiful,  
 When Spring has crowned thee Queen,  
 And gi'en thee landscapes, rich and fair,  
 In variegated green ;  
 And singing birds, in leafy bowers,  
 And on the garden trees,  
 And sweet perfume from every bloom,  
 And health on every breeze.

And bountiful as beautiful  
 Art thou, fair Mother Earth,  
 Thou bringest forth abundant store  
 To fill each heart with mirth ;  
 And bidd'st the children of the poor  
 Come freely forth and claim  
 The wayside flowers—for God, in love,  
 Has given these flowers to them.

Smile then, sweet Spring ! sweet Summer, smile  
 And bid the earth rejoice ;  
 Our bosoms fill with gladsome hope,  
 And tune our grateful voice ;  
 And let us, like fair Mother Earth,  
 Bring forth our fruits, and sing :—  
 "The grateful heart's a happy heart,  
 And hails the voice of Spring."

Then, Spring and Summer, hasten on  
 Your annual round of joy,  
 And let industry's toil-worn sons  
 The sunny hours employ ;  
 And look abroad, on hill and plain,  
 Where beauty sweetly smiles—  
 Yes, smiles on them a heavenly smile,  
 To cheer them at their toils.

And hasten on, sweet summer time  
 Of Liberty and Truth,  
 When moral worth will rise sublime,  
 And bless the earth with youth ;  
 And every heart and every hand  
 Will grateful tribute bring,  
 And social love and brotherhood  
 Bloom in perpetual spring.



**REV. W. B. ROBERTSON, OF IRVINE,**

*At the Anniversary Services of the Rev. James Young,  
 Pastor of Queen Anne Street Church.  
 June 3, 1866.*

**T**HE sacred Muse, as with Æolian harp  
 Stirred by the breath of heaven to music sweet,  
 And wafting our rapt souls to Judah's land,  
 Where the sweet lily of the valley blows,  
 And rose of Sharon in its beauty blooms ;  
 And where Immanuel's holy feet were washed  
 With weeping *Mary's* penitential tears ;

And where, at Bethany, meek Jesus wept  
Beside the grave of Lazarus his friend.  
While as a man he wept, yet with God's voice  
Bade Lazarus come forth—he came, and lived ;  
And where the Saviour pled with sinful men  
To turn to God, and find eternal life.

Thus Robertson of Irvine, Sabbath last,  
With high poetic inspiration fired,  
Opened the holy book of truth divine,  
And with a master hand the landscapes drew,  
Where, while on earth, the Saviour's feet had trod.  
Where'er he touched the page, the picture rose  
In natural simplicity sublime,  
Till, living like, the truth-drawn scenes appeared,  
And filled our hearts with joy, our minds with peace,  
And raised our thoughts from earth to things above,  
Where now the Lamb reigns King of kings supreme,  
Who on Mount Calvary was crucified,  
Because he stood for us the *Pascal Lamb*—  
The Lamb of God, a sacrifice for sin,  
That by His death our souls might ever live,  
Inheritors of glory—sons of God,  
Free from the power of sin and endless death,  
Rejoicing in the riches of His grace.  
Yes, on Mount Calvary's accursed cross,  
Jesus was slain by them He came to save !

Sweet sacred Muse, there's music in thy voice  
When Robertson of Irvine strikes the lyre—  
Æolian like, to swell, and swell in power,  
Or softly whisper peace, and love, and joy ;

Or roll the pealing thunder on the Mount,  
 Where flaming clouds proclaimed a present God ;  
 Or softly speak of Christ's redeeming love.  
 Still rising ! rising, rising, in his theme,  
 He wings us with him to the gate of Heaven,  
 Where Faith and Hope, as willing servants wait,  
 While Love, in glory clothed, goes in to live  
 Eternally with God—for " God is love."  
 And Christ is love revealed, to woo the world  
 From sin and death to everlasting joy.  
 And they who love not Christ, live not to God,  
 For Christ is God's eternal love revealed ;  
 And they who live in Him have endless gain—  
 Gain here in peace with God, and after death  
 Glory exceeding great for evermore ;  
 For in His presence there is endless joys,  
 And from His throne eternal pleasures flow.

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*THE POACHER.\**

**S**WA auld frail fock sat at the fire,  
 When Poacher Pate gaed in,  
 He meant tae spoolie a' their purse,  
 But thoughtna o' the sin.

He kent their son was at the sea,  
 Their dochter at the fair,

---

\* This is quite a gem in its way,—in its simplicity, sweetness and dramatic effect. It is from the pen of Henry Syme (Fifeshire), a most ardent son of song. And I may by means of this note inform Mr Syme that his most welcome contributions to this column have won him numerous admirers in the North of England.—*Newcastle Courant.*

He kent whaur lay their fifty pound,  
An' maybe something mair.

He first coax'd wi' the auld gudeman,  
Syn'e wi' the auld gudewife.  
An' pled for ae nicht's cozie bield,  
Jooost, jooost to save his life.

They kentna wha the poacher was,  
His face they ne'er had seen,  
They speir'd whaur he had meant tae gang,  
An' whaur about he'd been.

He tauld his story fair an' fause,  
Until he gained his plea,  
They listened tae his forrin' tales,  
Till tears stood in their e'e.

They mindit o' their ain braw son,  
Sae far away frae hame,  
An' it might be 'mang unco fock,—  
He was bested the same.

The auld gudewife the supper set,  
Wi' kindness in her face,  
The auld gudeman his bannet dofft,  
An' said the supper grace.

The poacher's heart began tae quake,  
His evil courage fled,  
He thocht the vera roof had e'en  
That peered aboon his head.

The supper dune, the chapter read,  
They sang the e'enin' psalm—

The poacher 'clean forgat the gowd,  
He felt in sic a quam.

An' when he stretched him on the bed,  
Ae wink he couldna sleep,  
He felt himsel' a worthless rogue,  
In guilt an' shame sae deep.

He thocht about the happy days  
Ere he had gone astray,  
He thocht he saw his mither greet,  
An' heard his father pray.

Wi' broken heart he breathed the wish  
That he might be forgiven,  
An' grace be granted noo tae guide  
Him on the way tae heaven.

Meanwhile the auld fock wearied sair  
For Katie comin' hame;—

“We sou'dna let her tae the fair,  
Gudewife, we're baith tae blame.”

“Tae blame,” quoth she; “I'm no tae blame,  
I tauld her no tae gang,  
For I had dreamed that she was dead,  
An' something wad gae wrang.”

“Toots, toots, gudewife, ye ken that dreams  
Are a' maist vapours vain,  
Or when believed they're counter read—  
Sae Kate will come again.

“Tae dream o' death bodes marriage near,  
Tae dream o' guid bodes grief,

But let us trust in Him whause hand  
Aye brings the best relief."

While thus they spak', the ooter door  
Upon its hinges swang.  
An' in cam' Kate, that fu' o' glee  
The vera girdle rang.

"Mither," she cried; "Guess, mither, guess  
Wha I've brocht hame wi' me?  
I've met my brither i' the toon  
New landed frae the sea."

The auld fock wondered, an' they glower'd,  
Syne springin' tae their feet,  
They grasp'd their laddie by the hand,  
Wi' gladness like tae greet.

Puir Peter saw hoo glad they were,  
An' couldna join their mirth;  
He left the bed, an' wished awa,  
Tae gie the son his berth.

"Awa tae whaur," the sailor said,  
"Awa tae get yer death?  
The berth will sair us baith, my freend,  
Ae berth will sair us baith."

"Awa?" quoth Kate; "that mauna be,  
The nicht's as black as pick,  
The muir is fu' o' deep walees—  
Ye'll no play sic a trick."

But aff he gaed, an' trudged the muir,  
*Straicht tae his youthfu' hame,*



An', sobbin' at his faither's feet,  
Confessed his sin an' shame.

His faither bade him welcome back  
Tae fill his wonted place,  
His mither's heart was grit wi' joy  
Tae see her Peter's face.

Month followed month ere he gaed back  
The auld guid fock tae see ;—  
A yeoman blythe, a yeoman braw,  
An' handsome too was he.

Young Katie's heart lap tae her mou'  
Whene'er she heard him speak ;  
The auld fock heard wi' richt gudewill  
What he had come tae seek.

Noo years on years hae past in peace,  
An' still he keeps his voo,  
Wi' honest purpose in his heart,  
An' honour on his broo.

His family clings aroond him like  
The bentwood tae the tree,  
An' 'mang the farmers roond there's nane  
Gets mair respect than he.

An' Katie is his happy wife,  
Aye honoured in her place ;  
An' aft he speaks wi' gratefu' heart  
About the supper grace.

## THE RAGGIT LADDIE.\*

**D**INNA tease the raggit laddie,  
 See the tears are in his een ;  
 Puir wee thing, he canna help it,  
 Tho' his claes be coarse an' mean.

“ My wee mannie, what's yer faither ?  
 Whaur's yer mither ?—is she leevin' ?”  
 “ Na,” he said, and sabbit sairlicie ;  
 “ Baith my pawrents are in heaven.”

Puir mysel', I felt mair keenly  
 A' the wee bit laddie's grief ;  
 Took him hame an' kept him cleanly—  
 Saved a beggar—saved a thief !

Thirty years I've kent the laddie—  
 For I ca' him laddie still—  
 Tho' he's buirdlie, big, and manlie,  
 An' the maister o' a mill.

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\* “ GRANDFATHER'S ” contributions to the “ Poets' Corner ” of the *Press* are already well known and appreciated. “ Grandfather ” generally sticks to his native Doric in giving expression to his thoughts in verse ; and it must be confessed, when he does so, he is most effective. Like Wilkie, the eminent painter, he draws his subjects mostly from the simple occurrences of every-day life ; and, like him, also, he is never more at home than when depicting the various phases of juvenile life. Mrs Morton, of Oakley, is another example of this. No more simply beautiful, yet strikingly powerful, examples of word-painting are to be found anywhere than some of those she has written on the trials and vicissitudes of the “ wee raggit weans ” of the humble poor. “ Grandfather,” following this old, but by no means worked-out vein, sends us this week a few verses on “ The Raggit Laddie.” The affecting simplicity of the verses show that “ Grandfather's ” heart is still in *the right place*. The lines will commend themselves to those who take a special interest in our “ City Arabs.”—*Dunfermline Press*.

A' the kindness I c'er gae him  
 He has three times ower repaid ;  
 Jails an' police were his portion,  
 Had he no got timely aid.

O, gin fock, wi' gear in gowpins,  
 Wad relieve wee wanderin' things !  
 It would gie them sweeter pleasure  
 Than their bankit siller brings.

Hameless, hungry lads an' lasses,  
 "Maun dae something for their bread ;"  
 They wha save them frae their danger  
 Will most surely be repaid.

Tho' the soil whiles proves unfruitfu',  
 Deeds o' kindness canna dee ;  
 A' the kind help we've affordit,  
 By the King is kept recordit ;  
 His decisive words will be—  
 "That ye did tae My puir children  
 I reward as done tae Me."



## THE INDEPENDENT WORKMAN.

**S**AW ye Katie Cowan comin',  
 Busket cleanly as a bride,  
 Wi' her pitcher and her basket,  
 An' a toddler at her side?

Trim an' tidy, blythe an' bonnie,  
 Katie's aye a treat tae see,  
 Gaun wi' dinner tae her Johnnie,  
 Workin', black as black can be.

Black an' dirty at his warkshop,  
 Toilin' for his wife an' weans,  
 But on Sabbath like a bailie,  
 Fed on mair than picket banes.

Johnnie's truly independent,  
 Works wi' speerit, spends wi' care ;  
 When a neebor's in affliction,  
 John has aye a groat tae spare.

He wears the breeks, but wears them mildly,  
 Gies his wife a' honour due,  
 Hand in hand they gang thegither,  
 Aye contentit, kind, an' true.

Pride may cock his nose an' pass them  
 As the lowly slaves o' toil,  
 But the noble-minded meet them  
 Wi' a friendly, cheerin' smile.

An' at hame, they've peace an' pleasure,  
 Cleanly, couthy, cauty hame,  
 Truth an' love's their sweetest treasure,  
 Truth an' honour guard their name.

Oh, that a' warkfolk wad nobly  
 Dae their best, an' be content,  
 Mak' their hame a swatch o' heaven,  
 Whaur their sweetest hoors are spent.

Walth itsel' can ne'er gie pleasure,  
 While ambition racks the brain,  
 Love an' truth's the richest treasure  
 Human hearts can ever gain.

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*YOUTH'S DREAM ; OR, THE VILLAGE  
 SCHOOL.*

---

**T**HE village schule's skailt, an' the bairns ran  
 wild,  
 An' scampered, an' capered, like kittens wi' glee ;  
 Lap on ither's backs, while they giggled or smiled,  
 As merry an' happy as bairns could be,  
 Foretasting life's bliss in the land of the free ;  
 An' noo when afar on life's wide-spreading stream,  
 We like tae look back on youth's sweet soothing dream.

The village still stands in its beauty an' pride—  
 New scholars fill up the toom seats o' the auld,  
 Wha hae past the blythe days o' the bridegroom an'  
 bride ;  
 But ilka ane's tale is ower lang tae be tauld,  
 Tho' troubles an' triumphs the tale wad unfauld ;  
 But noo, when afar on life's wide-spreading stream,  
 We look wi' delight on youth's sweet soothing dream.

We thocht na o' siller, we cared na for gain,  
 Wi' nests in oor bannets, an' flowers in oor han' ;  
 We countit the wild braes an' wuds a' oor ain,  
 The grand laird had only the gude corn lan'.

Hoo we bounced thro' the hedges an' scampered like hares,

When the laird or his men chas'd us oot o' the park,  
An' ran hame in terror, half sayin' oor prayers,  
While Rover, the collie, pursued wi' his bark ;  
But noo when afar on life's wide-spreading stream,  
We lauch wi' delight on youth's sweet soothing dream.

Hoo we grat when wee Patie fell into the pond,  
Hoo we jump in like heroes an' brang him safe oot ;  
Syne a' gathered roond him, oor hearts were sae fond,  
Yet, still in oor mischief, we ca'd him " the Trout."

Hoo aften at gloamin' we gathered tae hear  
'Bout witches an' gaists, till oor hair stude on end,  
Oor ain flickerin' shadows owerawed us wi' fear ;  
Ae tick on the back gar'd us start wi' a stind—  
Hoo we cower'd wi' fear when the thunner was lood,  
We thocht that the chariots o' heaven row'd past ;  
An' aften we speer'd " whaur the storms were brew'd,"  
When auld grannie said " it was brewin' a blast."  
Hoo muckle we'd gi'en for a neebor tae gang  
When at gloamin' we bye the kirkyard had tae pass ;  
An', oh, hoo we took tae oor heels in a bang,  
When we heard the wild bray o' the beadle's auld ass.  
But noo when afar on life's wide-spreading stream,  
We like tae look back on youth's sweet soothing dream.

Hoo we gathered like clansmen, when chaps frae the  
toon

Cam' haiken for bramals an' nits in the glen ;  
An' toozelled like tykes till oor courage cooled doon,  
*Syne joined them in friendship like douse honest men.*

An', oh, as the stillness o' Sabbath prevailed,  
Ower oor ilka-day pranks, an' empessed us wi' awe ;  
Yet prood o' oor claes, a' sae clean an' weel haled,  
As we trudg'd tae the kirk wi' oor faither fu' braw.  
Syn e at nicht roond the fire, frae the gude single book,  
Were questioned like men, an' could answer by rote ;  
Oh, hoo gravely we sat when the Bible he took,  
An' read about a' the auld gude men o' note—  
Job, Samuel, David, Daniel, an' them  
That were brocht oot unskait'h'd frae the hot fiery  
    flame ;  
These mingle an' sweeten oor youth's soothing  
    dream.

But noo oor auld haffits are whitened wi' years,  
'Tis sae lang syne we puddled in Craiggie Glen pule  
Tae catch the wee minnows, but nane noo appears—  
Oh, monie's the changes sin' we were at schule.  
But a' the sweet scenes o' oor youth come in view,  
When e'er we draw near the blest hame o' oor birth ;  
An', oh ! 'tis delightfu' thae scenes tae renew—  
The hame o' oor childhood's the sweetest on earth,  
For whaur'er we sail on life's wide-spreading  
    stream,  
There's naething sae dear as youth's sweet soothing  
    dream.

Oh, lang may auld Scotland hae pleasures tae yield,  
Her gude wale bairns wha labour for bread ;  
May love be her banner, may truth be her shield,  
An' honour encircle her auld honest head.

May the fire on her altar o' friendship ne'er quench,  
 May the glow o' her kind family friendship ne'er cule,  
 May she\_aye be o' Britain a flourishing branch—  
 Where nestles in safety the wee Village Schule ;  
 An' her sons aye look back ower life's wide-spreading  
     stream,  
 Tae the days o' their youth as a sweet soothing dream.

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SPRING—1861.

SPRING now returns—the soft, fresh south'rn
 breeze

Breathes healthsome freedom to the frost-bound soil ;
 While winter-buried flowers feel the release,
 Shoot up their stems in youth's first tender smile.

The lengthening day rejoicingly pursues
 Cold snow-robed winter to another clime ;
 And wearied, withered Nature soon renews
 Her strength, as 'twere the dawning day of time.

Labour awakes at thy inviting voice ;
 Garden and field embrace the precious seed ;
 Fowls of the air, and all the beasts rejoice ;
 And even sweet beauty tips the trodden weed.

Hail, happy Spring ! earth's teeming bosom hails
 Thy welcome music, and gives up her dead ;
 The verdant hillocks and the grassy vales
 Dance with delight to crown thy virgin head.

The sportive children, though they know not why,
Join in their youthful games with blyther glee ;
Grey-haired experience lifts the grateful eye,
Thy dewy clouds and sunny showers to see.

Yes, cheerful Spring, we hail thee, and rejoice
To see thy life-reviving power appear ;
But, ah ! sweet Spring, though potent be thy voice,
It cannot wake our dead, beloved and dear.

The lovely life-bud from the mother's breast—
The prattling blossom from the father's knee—
The fond parental hope, beloved the best,
Are snatched by death away from us and thee.

Dear ones are gone, ah ! never to return
With us again to hail thee, joyful Spring ;
But they've no winter now, nor can they mourn
Beneath infinite love's eternal wing.

Sweet, genial Spring ! though gentle, thou must war
With winter, bursting back his surly blast ;
So does domestic sorrows often mar
Our brightest joys, and fondest hopes o'er-cast.

Still, lovely Spring, thou art to Nature dear,
Restoring beauty thou did'st ne'er destroy ;
Emblem of Him who now redeems us here
From endless death to ever-living joy.

Though here, like flowers, we wither and decay,
And in the grave sleep with "the blessed dead,"
At the first dawn of Spring's eternal day,
We'll rise immortal, never more to fade,

**TO HIS GRACE THE RIGHT REVEREND
THE LORD BISHOP OF ———**

OH! that the servants of the Prince of Peace
 Would from all arrogant assumption cease!
 Whate'er their number, or whate'er their name,
 And walk in love, as Christ hath lovéd them—
 Esteeming every one whose works of love
 Bear loving proofs of blessings from above,
 And not, with supercilious polished bow,
 Say, "Friend, stand by, I'm holier than thou!"
 But make the sacred golden rule their guide,
 Instead of worldly gain or party pride,
 Nor lord, like potentates, above the flock,
 But meek and lowly bear the Master's yoke.

Then would the Church be one, in mind and heart,
 Though various in her forms, and far apart,
 Still marching heavenwards—one harmonious whole;
 Though many members, one peace-seeking soul;
 And such she shall be, in that blessed day,
 When free from worldly power, and worldly pay;
 Love then shall be her banner, Love her food,
 And Love shall guide her, always doing good;
 No more the taunt, the scourge, the stake, the sword,
 Shall mar the peaceful mountain of the Lord;
 Goodwill will bind the feeble and the strong—
Goodwill shall be the universal song.

ADDRESS TO SCOTLAND'S BOTHY MEN.

Is't no ower true what Dr Begg has said,
 That kintra callants need some friendly aid
 Tae raise them frae their bothy degradation,
 An' fit them for a proper manly station?
 Nor rear them up tae join life's glorious battle,
 As unprepared as their ain maister's cattle;
 If Scotland ken't but half hoo they're degraded,
 She'd rise in their behalf, an' get them aided.

YE kintra lads, through Scotland wide,
 Ance in a day your country's pride,
 What gars ye noo in bondage bide,
 An' hing yer lugs,
 In bothies doom'd yer heads tae hide
 Like collie dougs?

When ta'en frae kind parental care,
 The toils an' moils o' life tae bear,
 Hoo sune ye tine yer scrimpit lair,
 An' get instead,
 Coorse, clumsy wit, an' naething mair,
 For heart or head.

Amang the frem'd ye're forced tae bide,
 Far frae yer faither's warm fireside,
 Whaur friend your fauts could mend or hide,
 An' keep ye cothie;
 But, ah! ye've nather frien' nor guide
 When i' the bothy.

Come weet, come win', be't foul or fair,
 Like stirks at gerse ye get yer share ;
 Yer worthy maister disna care,
 Gin ye work weel,
 Though ye rin headlang, hoof an' hair,
 Servin' the de'il.

What tent tak's he hoo ye behave,
 Hoo rude or rough yer wi' the lave,
 Sae lang's ye work, his willin' slave,
 Nor's favour claim ;
 But when ye're sick, his purse tae save,
 He sends ye hame.

Wad Mrs Stowe but write a tale,
 An' a' the bothy ills bewail,
 Scotland wad rouse baith head an' tail,
 An' let him ken,
 That lads need mair than milk an' meal,
 Tae mak' them men.

'Tis richt tae dae yer maister's biddin',
 E'en tae the elbocks i' the midden,
 An' when yer dune, like maukins whidden,
 Sport what ye can :
 But mind, within there's something hidden
 That stamps the man.

Ye're early cast on maister's care,
 His Christian guardianship tae share,
 But were ye horse, or mule, or mare,
 Instead o' servant,
 Ye'd get his guardianship far mair
 Sincere an' fervent.

It's no coorse fare, it's no coorse claith,
That bring young laddies muckle scaith,
Sae be their mind an' manners baith

Are kep't in order ;

But stervin' darkened minds tae death
Is fearfu' murder.

When you sae cheerie at your toil,
Wi' whistlin' glee turn ower the soil,
The smiles o' Nature gar ye smile,

An' cock yer nose,

Till gloamin' draws ye tae yer jail,
Tae mak' yer brose.

Then, without licht o' grease or gas,
The precious hours ye loiterin' pass,
Unless when gaffin' wi' some lass,

Ower like yersel' ;

If speer'd hoo auld Methusaleh was,
Ye couldna tell.

An' does yer maisters really think,
The while the "Golden Rule" they jink,
Leavin' you lads tae soom or sink

Tae gude or ill,

That Truth her watchfu' e'e will wink,

An' aye sit still ?

Na, Truth an' Liberty are joined,
Tae raise the dooncast sinkin' mind,
The Freeman's glorious place tae find

Amang the free ;

Sae let not farmers be sae blind

Tae what should be ?

Wha wadna wish again tae see
 The puirest peasant on the lea
 Ha'e buick in han', an blythesome be
 As birds that sing,
 Nor frae the truth ae stap wad jee,
 Even for a king.

Sic days hae been, when bluidy Grahame
 Chased hardy peasants frae their hame ;
 Wha, like their nobles, spurned the name,
 Base slaves tae be ;
 Muckle does Scotland owe tae them
 That she is free.

When kingly pride, wi' fury shod,
 Usurp'd the sovereign seat o' God,
 An' ower puir Scotland's conscience rode,
 Tae change her faith,
 Rather than bear the impious load,
 They welcom'd death.

What kintra lads did nobly then,
 They may as nobly dae again ;
 Wad they dark ignorance disdain,
 An' act their pairt,
 Like weel-daein', worthy, workin' men,
 Wi' manly heart.

A noble mind may haud the pleugh,
 A heart refined toil hard enough,
 Tho' kail be thin, an' bannocks tough,
 Still stand erect,
 An', 'mid misfortune sair an' rough,
 Command respect.

It's no the gowd, it's no the gear,
 It's no the costly claes we wear,
 Or blusterin' curse, or fulsome swear,
 That ever can ;
 It's honest worth, an' usefu' lair,
 That mak' the man.

*THE PEACE OF GOD.**

WHEN deep affliction draws our tears,
 Let us for comfort look on high ;
 Our great High Priest and Saviour hears,
 And wipes the tears from every eye.

He gives a peace calm and serene,
 That soothes the soul in every strife ;
 It spans its beauteous arch between
 The gates of death and endless life.

* In remembrance of the Rev. JAMES GIBSON, who so generously sacrificed his own comfort to promote the welfare of his own and the Gillespie congregation by giving up his charge, that they might unite and be one congregation, which they did, and have enjoyed great comfort in their union. And we trust that his last subject of discourse in his farewell sermon to his people, would ever be experienced by our departed friends, and will not fail to comfort their children in the land of strangers, where they are now likely to sojourn. His farewell text was—"My peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you." When we received notice of the unexpected death of Mr Gibson last year, we, in remembering his last text, and in sympathy with the affliction of his mourning family, sent the following lines to Canada, as a mark of Christian affection. One of Mr Gibson's sons is now one of the most esteemed ministers in Chicago, U. S.—Dunfermline Press.

This soul-sustaining precious peace
Flows from the Saviour's precious blood ;
Though every worldly pleasure cease,
We still rejoice in peace with God.

Foes may afflict—friends may forsake—
All that the world holds dear depart ;
But none of these can from us take
The peace of God that fills the heart.

Death may o'ercloud us with his wing,
Take from our sight dear ones we love ;
Still there's a peace in sorrowing
For those that's ta'en to heaven above.

'Tis well to weep—'tis nature's claim—
In days of grief and earthly gloom ;
And we who mourn may do the same
As Jesus did at Lazarus' tomb.

Then let us shed the heartfelt tear
Of fond affection for the dead ;
Nor murmur nor repine while here,
But in their heavenly footsteps tread.

In life or death the peace of God
Will still remain our joy and stay,
Until we reach the bless'd abode
Of perfect peace and endless day.



*THE ORDINATION OF WILLIAMSON SHOOLBRED,
AS A MISSIONARY TO INDIA.**

DEAR fellow Christians, lift your eyes and view
The Indian mission-field, so large and broad !
And why so few—O, why so very few
Willing to work the glorious work of God ?
Fame, wealth, and war, have thousands in their train,
And must the Prince of Peace beseech in vain ?

Accept, O Lord, we pray, this offered one,
And soon make him become a noble band
Willing to work, the mighty work begun,
And enter India as the “ promised land.”
He is our friend—the parting hour is sad—
We pray thee, “ God Almighty, bless the lad.”

O, stir more labourers up. We pray thee, Lord,
To follow him, the lonely one, we send ;
Make him abound in grace, to preach Thy word,
And all his lonesome, wandering steps attend ;
The Saviour’s presence be his “ sun and shield,”
And make him prosper in the mission field.

* The Rev. Williamson Shoolbred, who is at the head of the U. P. Mission, Ajemere, was ordained August 1859, in Queen Anne Street Church, where he had been brought up from his boyhood. And when licensed and open to be called to the pastorate of our home churches, he volunteered his services the first to the Synod’s new field of labour in India. And now the whole denomination enjoy much pleasure in Mr Shoolbred’s very interesting communications from Beawr, the head station.

Go, "messenger of peace!" God give thee speed.

Great is thy work; but greater is His grace
Who sends thee forth, bearing the precious seed
To Ajemere's superstitious, sin-sunk race.

Go, preach the Cross, till tribe and tongue proclaim
The sweet, soul-saving power of Jesus' name.

Go, and our hearts go with thee, lonely one;

Though now we "sow in tears," the reaping time
Shall be a time of joy—thy labour done,

The Church will hail thee to thy native clime;
Or, should the Master call thee to the sky,
Upon thy head shall rest eternal joy.



THY VOICE WAS LIKE MY MOTHER'S.

CLOSE to the tavern stood a haggard lad,
By drink and scornful treatment raging mad,
While the light-hearted crowd around the door
Jeering his folly, made him rage the more.
Poor self-degraded youth on ruin's road,
Scoffed by his fellow-men, and far from God;
His youthful pride stirred up by silly scorn,
He cared for none, but rushed on, downward borne.
Poor haggard youth, degraded debauchee,
Is there no weeping heart to care for thee?

Yes, one sweet lady through the close crowd pressed,
And in kind, gentle tones the youth addressed—

He ceased his cursing, awe-struck and amazed,
 And in short silence on the lady gazed—
 "I thought it was my mother's voice," he said ;
 "My mother's voice, well might I be afraid !"

"You have a mother, then, poor foolish lad,"
 The lady said, in accents soft and sad.
 "Not now," he answered, "but for long I had
 A doating mother, and my heart was glad ;
 But since she died I'm scorn'd, and teased, and toss'd,
 To all that's good I'm lost, for ever lost.
 Oh, yes ! I had a mother and a home,
 I thought your voice was her voice from the tomb,
 No other voice has soothing accents given
 Since her sweet spirit left this earth for heaven,
 And now I'm lost for ever and undone,
 Unworthy to be such a mother's son."

"Not lost forever, not forever lost,
 Jesus can save even to the uttermost,"
 The lady said ; "Seek him in grief and guilt,
 He waits to save thee, save thee, if thou wilt."

Years passed away—the lady had forgot
 The little kindly battle she had fought ;
 Not so the youth—'twas ever in his mind,
 The lady's gentle voice and words so kind.
 He sought forgiveness at the throne of grace,
 And found a son's beloved and blessed place,
 Instead of being haggard debauchee,
 An active, useful honour'd man was he.

He sought the lady in his gratitude,
 To thank her for her words so kind and good,
 But when she saw him ; doubtingly she said,—
 “I never in my life, sir, gave you aid,
 There’s some mistake in this, I never had
 It in my power to help you when a lad.’

“You have forgot me then,” he said, “but I
 Will ne’er forget you till my memory die ;
 I was a prodigal on ruin’s road,
 Your words of kindness brought me back to God ;
 I mind your gentle words above all others,
 And your kind soothing voice so like my mother’s.”

She grasped his friendly hand, but could not speak,
 The tears of grateful joy bedewed her cheek ;
 At length she said, “I now remember all,
 But my poor kindness, sir, was very small ;
 Yet when kind spoken words such good may do
 It is a pity Christians speak so few.”

*THE RUSSIAN GUN STANDING IN THE
 ABBEY GROUNDS.*

WULD roostie Rushian gun,
 Whaur did yer heroes run
 When “Alma Heights” were won,
 An’ ye were captured ?
 We thocht it grandlie done,
 An’ were enraptured.

But oh ! big gun, gin ye wad tell
 Hoo mony souls, ye've sent tae hell,
 Smashin' puir sogers doon pell-mell,
 Wi' murderous volley,
 Ye'd gar the vera yirdstanes yell
 At human folly.

Were you an' a' yer slaughterin' clan
 Tae reckon up sin' war began
 Hoo mony a buirdly, bloomin' man
 Ye've maimed an' kill't,
 'Twad gar kings tak' a safer plan
 Tae punish guilt.

Were a' the widows, tash't an' torn—
 The helpless barnies left forlorn—
 The hopefu' maid o' husband shorn—
 That's made by thee
 Were seen at ance ; 'twad ne'er be borne
 By fock that's free.

Were a' the toons ye've burn't an' sacket,
 The wives an' weans ye've hasht and hackit,
 The kingdoms rent—the kintraes racket
 Wi' sair taxation,
 Were brocht tae view, ye'd sune be packet
 Frae ilka nation.

Were a' the tears ye've gar'd be shed
 Noo gathered in ae hollow bed,
 They'd mak' a river, big an' braid,
 A sea of sorrow.
 Like the " Dead Sea," sae sadly spread
 Aboon Gomorrah.

But, gun, ye're maybe under aith
 Tae hide yer murderous deeds o' death,
 Lest "glorious war" should suffer skaith
 Gin it were kent
 What precious bluid, an' treasure baith,
 Ye've gar'd be spent.

But a' thae things ye canna tell
 Numbers, on numbers rise an' swell,
 Deeds fulsome, horrible, an' fell,
 'Twere wrang tae name ;
 They'd mak' auld Nick his very sel'
 Draw back wi' shame.

But, auld big gun, yer noo at ease,
 An' oh ! that a' yer kind wad cease
 Their murderous wark, an' live in peace,
 Baith gun an' steel ;
 That earth might yield her rich increase,
 For mankind's weal.

THE WEAVER'S WIFE O' TULLIBODY :

*Suggested by my Rhymin' Brither's Pleasantly
 Moralizing on the Fairies.*

BANGSYNE it was said, an' believed in as certain,
 Before Alva looms had weaved ae wab o' tartan,
 That fairies about Tullibodie were rife,
 An' ance carried off baith a wean and a wife,

An' left a puir weaver dumfounded wi' dreed,
While he said a' his prayers an' repeated the Creed ;
For instead o' his bairn an eildrich-faced brat
Glowered oot frae the blankets wi' een like the cat ;
An' mair, the wee elfish-faced brat gae a spring,
An' bounced through the winnoch like stone frae a
 sling ;
An' mair still, whaur mither should been wi' her bairn
There lay a lang bag wi' auld pickles o' yairn.

“ Oh, wae on thae fairies,” he cried in despair,
An' took nievfu's o' yird an' flung high in the air,
For a' his guid neebours were stricken wi' fear,
They baith heard an' saw that the fairies waur near,
An' they bade him fling up the yird high ower his
 head,
For that was a cantrip the fairies a' dread ;
An' nae doot ere lang they wad let his wife back,
But the fairies ne'er heeded their clavers an' crack,
For a' that the puir weaver did was in vain,
The merry wee elfs still bamboozled his brain,
An' a' that the guid folk could flatter an' flecth
The wild tricky imps keepit oot o' their reach.

At length a wee wurrly-faced woman cam' in,
She soucht oot the wheel an' began for tae spin,
She glowered at the weaver, till, shakin' wi' fear,
He fell like a flail in his ain airm-chair.
She glowered an' she glowered, an' yet naething she
 said,
Till his fine yellow hair stood like birse on his head,

Syne she spak', "Cannie lad, gin my counsel ye'll
tak',

Ere simmer be endit ye'll get yer wife back ;
But mind ance she's back, ca' her hizzie or limmer,
We'll catch ye, an' maul ye wi' cudgels o' timmer,
An' mak' ye a haddock tae soom in the sea,
Or muircock ower mountain an' forest tae flee.
But ye'll get yer wife, sae beware what I tell,
Gin ye misbehave we'll flee aff wi' yersel' ;
Noo, gie up yer daidlin', stick close tae yer wark,
An' ne'er meet the tailor's wife mair in the dark—
Ne'er gang tae the smiddy—ne'er gang tae the mill—
Ne'er gang tae Bess Bickers wi' claith for a gill ;
But gang tae the kirk-door on Sabbath an' kneel,
An' ye'll beat the fairies an' banish the deil ;
An' syne a' the elfins frae Lapland tae Spain
Wull ne'er disturb ye, or yer household again."
She said, syne she cam' near the fire in a bum,
He swore that he saw her flee straught up the lum,
For the fire gie a blaze, an' the hoose was filled fu'
O' black nasty reek, an' the blaze it was blue.

The puir doudy body was glad tae obey,
He gaed tae the kirk-door the first Sabbath day,
Confessed a' his sins, an' some mair than his ain,—
Tullibodie ne'er witnessed the like o't again.
The weaver was ill, an' some ithers were wild
That thae wicked fairies their honour had soil'd.

He got back his wife, an' fu' gladsome was he—
Baith mither an' bairn were cleanly an' spree,

But some stupid fock said, "They cudna be cannie,"
 Until they fand oot the wee wife was the grannie :
 The wee wurrly wifie had played a' the pliskie
 Tae spean her new freend frae his folly an' whiskie ;
 An' he scunnered at drink, e'en the weakest o' toddy,
 An' lived to be honoured in auld Tullibodie.

AULD HANDSEL MONDAY.

AULD Han'sel Monday, wi' its cantie cheer,
 Gar'd auld an' young get early basket braw,
 Lang ere the screech o' day, the friendly steer
 Streaked south frae Johnnie Groat's tae Berwick Law.
 Auld Use an' Wont had made it firm as law,
 That laddies a' micht freely play the loon,
 An' run frae Sabbath end tae moruin's daw
 Wi' torch an' tootin'-horn thro' the toon,
 Clearin' the streets o' aither black or broon ;
 Drivin' ootstanin' carts, an' barrels a' headlang hurlin'
 doon.

An' haffin lads the length o' barber's aid,
 An' wha were fond their sweetheart's friends tae please,
 Wi' weel-filled bottle and a cake o' bread
 Tried tae be first tae taste the han'sel cheese.
 An' when the auld fock weel content he sees,
 That Kattie should be kindly an' discreet,
 He quietly gies her hand a freendly squeeze,
 An' blately spiers when he wi' her may meet ;

His success an' his joy are baith complete
 When frankly bidden come aince nicht an' fill a
 freendly seat.

For aughteen miles aroond their faither's hame,
 Tae join the family feast the younkers met ;
 Their youthfu' tongues were neither lag nor lame,
 When roond the cozie ingle coshly set,
 Speirin' for ither's welfare, name by name,
 An' tellin' a' the parties they had seen.
 An' what they thocht worth praise, an' what worth
 blame,
 Amang the unco fock whaur they had been.
 The watchfu' mither smiled, wi' moistened een,
 Tae see her bairns had shunned and scorned a' that was
 ill an' mean.

Wi' State affairs they never fashed their brain ;
 Coortship an' waddin's, an' a weel-won fee,
 Was a' their crack. An' aye amang their ain
 The witchin' blink o' love they liked tae see.
 Nor did they wish far liftit up tae be,
 When thinkin' o' the matrimonial state ;
 Plain plenished hoose, frae debt an' fama free,
 Was a' their aim—be't lang or short tae wait—
 An' they wad scunner'd at a lord were he a pro-
 fligate.

Nae public balls or tottlers' soirees then
 Enticed the younkers frae the hamely feast ;
 The hame was croodit fu', baith but an' ben,
 An' a' were blythe, frae biggest tae the least.

The auld gudeman, as president and priest,
 Ga'e mony a sage advice amid their glee ;
 The wee young sproots in merriment increased,
 Whene'er the jolly beef an' greens they see ;
 While young an' auld, pleased wi' their yearly spree,
 Instead o' ance, wish it were three times three.

Ere break o' day, the farmer—whyles the laird—
 His ain braw table-heid wi' pleasure tak's,
 While rowth o' guid fat brose, richt weel prepared,
 That hungry hind an' herd their paunch may rax ;
 An' spates o' tea the mensefu' mistress mak's,
 Wi' heaps o' buttered toast for lass an' loon,
 An' syne a glass tae kittle up their crack,
 An' syne a waucht o' ale tae wash a' doon ;
 Syne a' their ain feift servants o' their toon
 Are han'sel'd wi' a siller coin, the farmer's feast tae
 croon.

In borro' toon, the gran'dad an' his spouse
 Keep't open door, that freends nicht dander in,
 An' taste the kebbuck, an' tell a' their news,
 An' crack aboot the wages some can win.
 Tae pree the bottle then was thocht nae sin ;
 Nane grudged tae say lang grace at bread an'
 cheese ;
 An' cankered quarrels among kith an' kin
 Melted awa like cranreuch aff the trees.
 Nature is nature, and what heart could freeze
 When kindly love steered up auld freendship's genial
 breeze ?

But, noo, Auld Han'sel Monday's tyn't its cheer—
 New-fangled fock hae changed oor social law ;
 Drink, drink, or concerts walcome in the year—
 Nae freendly family fun for bairns ava.
 But oor Dumfarlin sons, though far awa,
 Auld Han'sel Monday mirth wi' pleasure min' ;
 In social freendship they thegither draw,
 On this braw day in feast an' sang tae join,
 An' wish their mither-tongue may never tyne
 Its witchin' power tae win the heart as it did days
 langsyne.

THE BONNIE WEE MITHERLESS BAIRN.

WE'LL mind o' yon bonnie wee mitherless bairn,
 We brang up an' schul'd her like anc o' oor ain ;
 O, man, she was eident, an' eager tae learn,
 An' aye foud the tap o' her classes tae gain.

We taucht her an' train'd her the best we were able,
 Tae follow the guid, an' tae flee frae the ill ;
 We ken weel the young heart is unco unstable,
 Unless the guid Speerit reign king ower the will.

We lo'ed the wee lassie for sake o' her mither,
 We sune lo'ed her mair for the sake o' hersel',
 An', noo, tho' her fauts were a' bundled thegither,
 They wadna make anc worth the trouble tae tell.

Her mealin', her cleedin', her schuilin' seemed naething,
She was sae contentit, an' blythsome an' kind ;
She made the hoose lichtsome an' tidy, an' a' thing
Aroond her was merrie, joost like her young mind.

I mind o' the bairn, a wee bonnie lassie,
Wi' cheeks like the roses, an' bonnie blue e'en,
Her saft flaxen hair curl'd doon ower her haffets,
Her sweet smilin' face was a treat tae be seen.

An' what noo about her ? I fear ye hae tynt her :—
Has death taen her aff wi' her mither tae sleep ?
Death aft comes tae grieve us, like cauld blast o' winter,
An' nips aff the blossoms we're fondest tae keep.

Na, na, man, she's married ; an' aye sin' her marriage,
She has been as kind as she e'er was before ;
Ye saw yon braw leddy gang into her carriage—
Weel, man, yon's oor lassie joost noo frae the door !

Her gudeman's a merchant, a bailie, a deacon,
In baith kirk an' state he is honoured, I trow ;
An' she is weel worthy tae share in his honour—
In a' thing that's guid she is equalled by few.

We're fond o' oor lassie, an' proud we're tae see her
Sae guid an' sae gratefu', sae blythsome an' braw ;
Wi' hearty gudewill oor best wishes gang wi' her :—
Weel, man, yon's oor lassie, yon leddy ye saw.

Then why should the puirest be sweer tae act friendly,
In word or in deed, though it should be in tears ;
Guid seed sawn in sorrow maks kind hearts mair kindly,
Whan hairst wi' its sweet-smiling plenty appears.

Or why should the young, in prosperity smiling,
 Forget the auld freens that ance helpit them up?
 Kind sympathy saftens adversity's toiling,
 While also it sweetens prosperity's cup.

WEE NELLIE.

MAN, Davie! yer wee bonnie Nellie's a treat!
 She totts like a fairy upon her wee feet,
 Keeks in at the door, syne she rins through the room;
 An' though she play wallop, she ne'er gi'es a gloom,
 But spreads oot her hands, an' comes close to oor knee,
 And aye her sweet mou has a smoorach tae gie;
 She gabs tae her grannie aboot her mamma,
 And sings her first dittie—"My pretty papa!"

At table she sits on her ain little chair,
 An' seeks tae get "gubbins," an' waits for her share;
 But ere she begins, pits her hands on her face,
 An' blinks through her fingers the time o' the grace.
 Her wee tottie feet, an' her sweet gabbie tongue,
 Wad maist gar us think the wee pet nae sae young;
 Sae frank an' sae happy, nor peevish nor bauld,
 An' the sweet little lamb nae oot aughteen months auld.

Man, Davie! ye're blest wi' a bairnie sae fine,
 An' sae are a' parents wi' wee weans like thine—
 There's naething on earth mair engagin' an' sweet,
 Than wee bonnie gabbie gaits takin' the feet.

There's mirth in the cottage, there's mirth in the ha,
 Whaur bairns are bonnie, an' blythesome an' a';
 An' ilka kind mither is fond o' her ain,
 Be it Nellie, or Bella, or Jamie, or Jane.

An' when the wee totties grow dowie an' sick,
 Ower fashious to smile, an' ower feckless to speak;
 While frem'd folk wad weary the toil an' the care,
 The fond-hearted mither aye lo'es them the mair.
 She watches the looks o' their languishin' een,
 She cuddles them kindly, an' keeps them a' clean;
 She canna tak' rest till they're a' richt again—
 Oh, yes! ilka mither is fond o' her ain.

IN NATURE'S LOWLY SHADE.

TO MRS M. AND MISS A., LADIES OF THE MUSE.

THERE'S mony a bonnie gentle flower
 Grows in oor garden gay,
 Tendit wi' care frae hour tae hour,
 The leelang simmer day;
 Nae wonder though their gracefu' blush
 Wins ilka wooer's e'e—
 They get nae cauld nor care tae crush
 Their smiling modesty.
 But there be flowers that bloom as sweet
 Without the gard'ner's aid—
 Whaur airtless grace an' beauty meet
 In Nature's lowly shade.

The gentie gowan 'mang the gress,
 The primrose 'mang the dew,
 The snawdrap in its bridal dress,
 The violet bonnie blue—
 Sweet welcome messengers o' spring,
 Frae thorny guardians free!
 The soaring laverock faulds her wings
 Tae nestle near tae thee.
 An' there be flowers o' human kind
 That get nae guardian aid—
 By heaven's ain holy breath refined
 In Nature's lowly shade.

An' oh! 'tis sweet tae see fair youth
 In budding beauty's grace,
 Seeking the truth, loving the truth,
 Yet own a servant's place;
 An' 'mid their daily toil can store
 An' beautify their mind,
 An' far aboon earth's follies soar,
 Unsullied joys tae find;
 Theirs is the beauty an' the grace
 That winna, canna fade,
 Though here they fill an humble place
 In Nature's lowly shade.

In meek Industry's rustic bower
 The Muse can tune her lyre,
 An' lift the blushing maiden flower
 Among her foremost choir.
 Yes, sweetly sound the ladies' lays
 Ower a' the wast o' Fife;

May Heaven in kindness bless their days,
 Either as maid or wife !
 An' lang may ilka patriot bard
 Lift up the honoured head,
 An' cheer life's journey, rough an' hard,
 In Nature's lowly shade.

THE WALLACE HAWTHORN TREE.*

DEAR to the patriot is the sacred spot
 Where Freedom's battles have been bravely
 fought ;
 Fought nobly, and in bloody conflict won,
 Bequeathing liberty from sire to son.
 Dear to his nation is the chieftain's name
 Who fired their bosoms with heroic flame,
 And led them on, a bleeding noble band,
 To drive invaders from their native land.
 Well, such was Wallace ; and how can it be
 We should forget the " Wallace Hawthorn Tree ?"

* "The Wallace hawthorn tree," growing near the centre of Dunfermline Abbey Churchyard, is an object worthy of more notice and special attention than many of our national relics about which much ado has been made. Were it announced to our gude town's folk that the grave-digger had found a sword that the hand of Wallace had wielded in his country's defence, or a cup that his mother had often put into his hand, or a book presented to his special friend, where was still to be seen the penmanship of him who lived, and fought, and bled, that this country might be free ; how the momentary excitement would stir hundreds to go and see "the relic revered." The press would devote its talent to do honour to the memory of the illustrious dead ; and even heritors and magistrates might contend to whom the relic should be entrusted. And why is the *living monument*, planted by the hand of Scotland's greatest patriot, left without one token of public guardian-

We love the memory of the lowly maid
 Who gives her life her suffering sire to aid.
 We love to see the manly stalwart son,
 Down whose brown cheek the burning dew-drops run,
 While o'er his mother's grave in grief he bends—
 Himself, meanwhile, the stay of other friends.
 Well, such was Wallace—the renowned, the brave—
 In filial sorrow at his mother's grave.
 Yet, Wallace wept with manly grief, while he
 Planted this monumental “hawthorn tree.”

No costly ornamental pomp displayed
 The secret where his mother's corpse was laid,
 Lest the proud Southern, in their barbarous bands,
 Should touch her dear remains with vengeful hands.
 Thus in his wisdom and his love he sought
 For his loved mother's grave a peaceful spot.
 Come life or death to him, she safe might be
 In peaceful rest beneath the “hawthorn tree.”

ship? It may be said it needs it not, for Heaven has protected it until the sapling is now a stately tree, crowned in its season with abundance of its own sweet-scented blossoms, beautiful in its unprotected loveliness. But still we say, though Nature's kindly smiles have made it grow, and prosper, and become a great tree, still it belongs to the heart of every Scotsman, as associated with the liberty and moral grandeur of his native land; and one penny from every adult in the parish where the living monument stands, telling of the time of Scotland's sorrow, and her hero's affection and indestructible love of liberty—we say, one penny from each adult in the parish would be sufficient to erect a neat railing fence around this living memorial of days gone by, and at same time be more attractive to strangers who visit the hallowed ground where the bones of kings renowned, and queens beloved, repose, and let them return home to tell they had seen the spot where Wallace deposited the remains of his beloved mother, and planted the simple hawthorn over her grave, to guard her resting-place from harm, and tell in after-times who sleeps beneath “the Wallace hawthorn tree.” The original tree planted by Wallace's own hand was blown over about 70 years ago, and *two twigs* of it, planted in its room, which have so united as now to be *one stately tree*.

Oh, Scotland! Scotland! bitter was thy grief,
 When Wallace was betray'd—thy glorious chief.
 Betray'd and murder'd and his body given
 To feed the unoffending fowls of heaven.
 Well had he done his native land to save—
 Well had he done to shield his mother's grave—
 Well had he done to break the invading host,
 Ere by his treacherous friends his life was lost.
 And well may Scotland proud of Wallace be,
 And for his sake protect this "hawthorn tree."

Long has it stood since planted by his hand :
 Long may it still in beauteous blossom stand ;
 And were I rich, around it I would raise
 A gentle fence to shield it " many days,"
 And draw the stranger to the sacred spot,
 Dear to each patriot, dear to every Scot ;
 And every Scot that boasts his country free,
 Should sacred keep the " Wallace Hawthorn Tree."

CHRISTIAN LIBERTY.

THE liberty I claim in sacred things
 Is, that the Word of God unfettered be,
 Open, and free to peasants, priests, and kings,
 As Heaven's own precious, lovely light is free.
 Unmix'd with human counsel be its page,
 As is the morning dew on budding rose ;

Let it, its own sweet heavenly warfare wage,
Without man's sword to overawe its foes ;
Its only sword—the Spirit from above,
To woo the weeping world by works of love.

The privilege I claim in sacred things
Is, leave to worship without fear or dread,
Protected by the State's impartial wings,
Which shield and shelter all of every creed,
Nor takes the public purse to pamper one,
Nor public sword to crush another down ;
But leaves the Church untrammelled and alone,
Unstained by favour, or unhurt by frown ;
While every worshipper delights to bring
To his own place his freewill offering.

Another liberty I humbly claim,
In kind forbearance from my fellow-men,
Is, that I may my Saviour's love proclaim
In every vice-degraded human den ;
Or plead the cause of truth when trampled on
By pride, or power, or science gone astray ;
But all my weapons loving words alone,
Nor dare I frown, although my friend gainsay,
For Christ's own truth disclaims all human force,
'Tis peace and love that guide its glorious course.



WEE JAMIE.

LITTLE toddlin' Jamie Grant,
 Tires his mother, tires his aunt,
 Haurls grannie aff her feet—
 Yet the wee thing doesna greet.
 Fu' o' frolic, makin' din,
 Toddlin' oot an' toddlin' in ;
 Whyles near headlang doon the stairs,
 Scramblin' syne upon the chairs,
 Till he wiggle-waggle doon—
 Little, restless, roggie loon !

Whyles he gaur's the dishes coup,
 Gets a scud upon the doup ;
 Whyles he ripes the ribs wi' sticks,
 Gets his flytes, an' gets his licks.
 There, he's toozlin' at the doug,
 Gi'en its curly tail a tug—
 " Stop, bairn, stop ! the doug'll bite !"
 Jamie doesna care a dyte ;
 He's aye merrie, up or doon—
 Little, restless, roggie loon !

Haste ye ! catch the heedless brat—
 See, he's at the boilin' pat :
 He'll hae the soap amang the kail—
 There ! he coups the water-pail ;
 He's ta'en yer books, an', in a blink,
 He'll hae them steepin' i' the sink.

My man, gin yer pa could see ye,
 Mony a rumpus he'd hae wi' ye;
 An' we could spin him mony a yarn
 About his restless, roggie bairn—

Hoo, he's learnin' ilka day,
 Watchin' a' we dae or say;
 Very muckle need hae we
 Naething wrang tae let him see—
 Naething wrang tae let him hear—
 Bonnie little lambie, dear!
 Weel he kens an angry glower,
 When he dings the dishes ower;
 But ere twa year auld he'll learn
 Hoo tae be a sonsie bairn.

There, he's roond at gran'papa,
 Thumps his back, an' slips awa,
 Syne keeks pawkie in his face,
 Fond tae get a funny chase;
 Scramble syne upon his knee,
 Tae get a taste the time o' tea;
 But his wee haun's aye sae clever,
 They're ne'er oot o' mischief—never!
 There he's brunt!—wee darlin' roggie,
 Haste ye, tak' him—gie him coggie.

Come tae ma', my wee sweet man;
 Tak' yer coggie—that's the plan!
 Wink yer e'en, an' fa' asleep—
 Cuddle bonnie—no ae cheep.
 Laddie, what a bairn ye've been;
 Thrice the day I've made ye clean,

But yer sweet, confidin' smile,
 Mair than pays me for my toil.
 Noo, let's a' be quiet as pussie,
 No tae wauken my sweet moosie ;
 Nae wonder than a mither's gled
 When she gets her bairn tae bed.

*WRITTEN IN A YOUNG LADY'S ALBUM,
 BY HER REQUEST.*

ALL that is sweet and fair attract my love,
 For all that's beautiful comes from above,
 The sweetly scented rose and lily fair—
 The beauteous birds whose music fills the air,
 And those more mute, with plumage rich and rare,
 All have their beauty from His gracious hand,
 Whose all-creating Word made sea and land.
 But what's earth's beauty of the highest kind,
 Compared to lovely Woman when refined,
 Where Truth and Purity adorn the mind ?
 These all return to whence they came—the sod,
 But the immortal mind's allied to God.
 Earth's sweetest beauty passes soon away,
 But souls redeemed rise to eternal day.
 Then, youthful Friend, in life's young days rejoice,
 But always make eternal life your choice ;
 And may your Album's names, however rife,
 Be in a better book—the Book of Life.

TO MY DAUGHTER FIRST LEAVING HOME.

MY Maggie, lass, I ken fu' weel,
 Yer heart's wi' us at hame,
 An' though fu' sad awhile, ye feel
 Ye're no that sair tae blame.
 Yer minnie grieved when first she left
 Her native Ochil Hills,
 An' aye whane'er she sees them yet,
 Her heart wi' pleasure fills ;
 For there's nae place, be't far or near,
 Though meikle be its praise,
 Like tae the place—the winsome place—
 We spent oor early days.
 But, Maggie, lass, the honest heart,
 And independent mind,
 Enjoins the kindest freends tae part—
 A better hame tae find.
 For needfu' fee, hoo aften we
 Would leave oor place o' birth,
 Although we lo'e it far aboon
 The fairest place on earth.
 Sae, Maggie, lass, cheer up your mind,
 An' aye rely on this—
 That Providence is ever kind,
 An' kens the time tae bliss.
 An' though the cluds may whiles be dark,
 The sunshine comes again ;
 Mind hoo the birds 'mong Transy trees,
 Sang sweetest after rain.
 For there's nae place, be't far or near, &c.

A FAMILY SKETCH AT LIMEKILNS.

LITTLE does the warld ken,
 An' little does it care,
 About the sad an' sorrowfu',
 Wha hae nae joy tae share.

When I was young I was the same,
 My heart was fu' o' glee ;
 But noo the sweetest simmer day
 Is winter time tae me.

I mind my happy wedding-day—
 My hame was Paradise ;
 My blythesome, winsome, gay gudeman,
 I lo'ed tae hear his voice.

But his sweet spirit fled on high,
 When we had bairnies three ;
 An' noo the sweetest simmer day
 Is winter time tae me.

I fondly saw my only son
 Sae like his faither growe,
 My widowed heart began again
 Wi' joy an' hope tae lowe.
 But he wad tae the sea ; an' gaed
 Ere he was oot auchteen,
 An' that sad day his ship set sail,
 It sank, an' ne'er was seen.

I look in vain along the Forth
 My bonnie bairn tae see ;

The stately ships returnin' hame
 Bring nae braw son tae me.
 Oh ! little kens the merry crowd,
 An' little does it feel
 The secret grief that wounds the heart,
 When a' looks fair an' weel.

THE HILL OF BEATH.

WHEN Simmer sunshine gars the braes grow
 broon,
 An' like a baker's oven heats the toon,
 Till auld an' young, an' rich an' puir wad fain
 Hae cool refreshin' breezes back again,
 An' mithers v i' their bairnies fond wad be
 Tae get sax days o' leisure near the sea,
 Tae catch the fresh breeze frae the risin' tide,
 An' get a splutter ere the waves subside ;
 An' young pic-nickers seek the leafy shade
 Tae get their freendly table finely spread,
 Enjoyin' baith the fresh breeze an' the fun,
 Weel scuggit frae the birsle o' the sun.

But there's a place, a better canna be,
 For pic-nic pleasure or for freends tae see ;
 For healthy freshness, an' fine scenery baith,
 There's no the equal o' the Hill o' Beath.

When on the hill-tap, lookin' roond an' roond,
Ye'd maistly think ye see earth's ootmaist boonds ;

The wide expansive canopy inclines
 Doon tae the earth, an' wi' its surface joins,
 Till baith thegither they are bound in ane,
 As boundary wa' is bound wi' yird an' stane.
 While in the centre we can safely stand,
 An' gaze baith up an' doon on ilka hand,
 An' view the panorama far an' wide,
 An' see new beauties smile on ilka side.

The grand majestic Forth flows near oor feet,
 Whaur wealthy merchants sail their costly fleet
 In constant passage, baith by nicht an' day—
 Frae Alloa east on tae St Andrew's Bay—
 Filled wi' the fruits o' brave industrious Fife,
 Whaur the black diamond mines are rich an' rife,
 An' whaur the factories wi' steam-woven claith
 Micht load the ships an' trading steamers baith,
 Till baith Americas an' India be
 Wi' a' kent kinds o' claith crammed tae the e'e.

But the fair Forth has beauties mair beside
 The ceaseless flowing o' her crystal tide.
 The toons an' villages along her shore
 Hae been a beauty sin' the days o' yore;
 Upon the south, tho' sometimes scatter'd far,
 They stretch frae Stirling Castle tae Dunbar.
 An' on the north, frae Ochil hills tae Wemyss,
 Wi' mony a toon an' thrivin' village teems;
 Frae Wallace Monument eastward tae Crail,
 Her worthy men are neither few nor frail;
 An' weel-daein' women, thrifty, blythe, an' braw,
 Whether in lowly cot or lordly ha' ;

An' monie a stately mansion lies between
The bonnie villages, embowered in green.

Frae Inverkeithing howe tae Saline hills,
The rising scene the e'e wi' pleasure fills,
The sloping fields in varied shades o' green,
An' a' the little woods that intervene ;
The sunny braes wi' grazing cattle clad,
The plains wi' growin' grain richly owerspread,
Till heights an' howes, an' various shades o' green
Mak it a scene weel worth the bein' seen.
Wi' monie a farm-steadin' here an' there,
An' green kale-yairds, the thrifty cottar's care ;
An' fine fruit-trees, the frugal feuar's pride,
An' white-washed hut, as clean's a buskit bride ;
An' auld Dumfarlin', like a cosy nest,
Whaur infancy an' age in safety rest,
An' whaur the youth, the active lad an' lass,
Their daily hours o' toil in comfort pass ;
Watchin' the shuttle tae increase their waddin',
Weaving wi' steam the damask table linen.
'Twas the braw damas' table linen trade
That made Dumfarlin' crousy cock her head ;
Far was she famed for her fine figured claith,
Like grannie's oe, " t'was gude an' bonnie baith."
Nor has her weel-won praise e'er dwindled doon,
She still is named " The Damask Linen Toon,"
An' famed for kindly freendship everywhere,
Aye ready other's griefs or joys tae share ;
An' though she canna brag o' muckle spinnin',
She can o' fortunes made wi' sma' beginning,

For she has few wha noo in walth excells
But wha hae trimly toil'd for't a' themsel's.

An' on the sooth, amang the green domains,
The bonnie Hopetoun first an' fairest reigns—
A fairy spot, in verdant beauty's smile,
Whaur visitors may dauder for a while,
An' nurse contentment without guilt or guile

Syne Scotland's grand metropolis we see,
An' 'bune a' ceeties, Reekie bears the gree ;
There's no anither toon sae truly grand,
Neither in this or ony ither land.
Her merchant shops, like princely mansions fair,
Gar noblest strangers in amazement stare ;
Her streets sae costly, bonnie, braid, an' braw,
Micht even gar an Empress stand in awe,
An' wonder hoo they get the ends tae meet
Wi' sic a siller laid out on the street.

Syne Calton Hill an' Arthur's Seat appear,
Dark little tufts, a wee thing tae the rear ;
An' far, far sooth, the Pentland hills confine
The landscape view, as 'twere earth's ootmaist line.
An' lookin' wast, we see Ben Lomond grey,
Like half-hid turret at the close o' day.
The floating cluds, like gouden drapery spread,
Add beauty to its far-famed, honoured head ;
Its verra name's a history o' itsel',
Ten thousand tongues can o' its beauty tell,
An' say, " Sir Walter Scott has painted well !"

In lookin' north, Lochleven, like a sheet
 O' silver, lies at broon Benarty's feet ;
 Its clear bricht waving waters bring tae mind
 The castle whaur Queen Mary was confined.
 Some say 'twas richt, an' ithers say 'twas wrang,
 An' in debate on ither's brains they bang ;
 But since we're free ilk ane to say his say,
 Why sud it mar auld freendship for a day ?
 An' since the like can never be again,
 We sud, in kindliness, oor views maintain,
 An' no the mair, we say, become the stiffer,
 But, like guid social freends, agree tae differ.
 My ain thocht is, tho' some may disagree,
 She was by French advice aft led agee ;
 She was a beauty, baith in form an' face,
 But far frae trusty in her queenly place.
 An' Cousin Bess, fair England's famous Queen,
 Became her scourge by policy an' spleen,
 Till even vengeance shuddered at the stroke
 That finished bonnie Mary at the block ;
 An' tae this day brings tears tae some folk's e'en,
 Tae hear the fate o' Scotland's bonnie Queen.

Noo, in my simple-mindedness, I think
 There nane sud tak' an aith, an' mean tae jink—
 E'en for a throne ; for thrones got by deceit
 Sune coup, an' heave the monarch aff his feet.
 In oor ain day 'tis nae rare thing tae see
 Prood powerfu' monarchs frae their kingdom flee ;
 An' better that, than thousands sud be slain,
An erring Sovereign's sceptre to maintain.

Oor ain forefathers, under kingly skaith,
 Met here for safety on this Hill o' Beath ;
 The Bruce, the Halkett, an' a guid when mae,
 Joined here in aith tae haud the king at bay,
 An' by their noble deeds we noo enjoy
 True liberty nae tyrant can destroy—
 "Freedom of conscience," equity, an' peace,
 An' mak' oor social comforts a' increase.
 Sae weel may we wi' gledsome hearts while here,
 Oor guid forefathers' memories revere ;
 Sic scenery an' sic memories mak' us laith
 E'er tae forget the bonnie Hill o' Beath.

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*NEW YEAR—'SIXTY-ONE.*

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**T**IME, mighty messenger of living light,  
 With spacious wings to speed his rapid flight,  
 Rolls on and flies, and in his flight still brings  
 Continual changes to terrestrial things.  
 Empires arise, grow great, and then decay,  
 The Ninévehs and Babylons pass away ;  
 Proud dynasties who hold the world in thrall,  
 Like Lucifer arise, and reign, and fall ;  
 Great names, renowned for ages, disappear,  
 As Time rolls on, still adding year to year.  
 Full of unwearied vigour, Time flies on  
 As when he passed fair Eden's spotless throne,  
 Where Adam reigned lord of this lovely world,  
 Ere sin one hem of her war-flag unfurled,

And still augments the volume, page by page,  
Of his own records, adding age to age,  
While we, shortlived, the creatures of a day,  
Rejoice to see an old year pass away—  
Rejoice to hail the first day of the year  
With friendly greetings, and with friendly cheer.  
'Tis well thus to begin the year in peace  
And social joy, and bid our sorrows cease.  
Ill feelings gone with the departed year,  
And nought save honest friendship may appear.  
'Tis like all-gracious Heaven's peace-speaking plan,  
Thus yearly to proclaim "Good-will to man."  
'Tis well the rich, as "faithful stewards," give  
The poor a share, one day of joy to live—  
One day of joy above their griefs and cares,  
For only one such luxury is theirs.  
'Tis well the industrious men and maids of toil  
Have one such day where love and friendship smile,  
While happy groups of family circles meet,  
Recounting days of youth to memory sweet;  
When they in fond expectance hail that day,  
Friends meeting friends their grateful tributes pay,  
The hoary head, the sprightly youth unite  
In hallowed mirth, heart gladness, and delight,  
That bind with stronger ties the friendly heart,  
Ere forced to-morrow, far and wide, to part.  
Oh! it were well if nations would agree  
On this same day to bid "the oppressed go free."  
Poor slaves—America's degraded slaves—  
Who have no home on earth but in their graves,



How long, O Gracious, Sovereign Lord, shall they,  
Thus trodden down, groan 'neath the oppressor's sway?  
Even now, O Lord! in mercy let it be,  
That every State may set their prisoners free.  
Now Old Year 'Sixty bids us still look on  
The battle-fields by Truth and Freedom won,  
While Italy in one great earthquake shook  
Till tyrants fell before Heaven's stern rebuke,  
And freedom's sons rejoice with gladsome glee  
When Truth and Freedom make proud tyrants flee.  
Now 'Sixty-One has entered on his reign,  
And must fair Italy feel the shock again?  
Will France and Britain not speak words of peace  
And bid the nations live, and tyrants cease?  
Will Hungary still a trodden people be,  
When Venice bursts her fetters and is free?  
Will Britain still increase her monstrous debt,  
To uphold proud, foreign despots, who, as yet,  
Have never done her good, but rather joy  
Our dear religious freedom to destroy?  
Oh! surely, surely Britain now will be  
The prudent, powerful guardian of the free,  
And while the friend of liberty abroad,  
Wisely reduce our 'own terrific load,  
Lest, like an overladen ship, we sink,  
Swept on by waste to sad destruction's brink.  
Dear, glorious Britain, still more glorious be—  
Let Truth and Freedom guide and strengthen thee;  
What glorious deeds of goodness we may do  
Before we hail the New Year 'Sixty-Two.

## THE SAILOR BOY OF LIMEKILNS ON THE FORTH.

**IT** WAS June: the genial breeze blew soft and  
sweet,

Laden with fragrance from the blooming earth,  
Whose flowery bosom bent beneath the feet  
Of bridal maids, tiptoe on bridal mirth.

The bridegroom was young Willie, full of joy,  
Frank, free, and gay, clad in his jacket blue ;  
Maggie, the bride, looked on her sailor boy  
With blushing glances, neither cold nor few.

Her heart was full of Willie ; all her thoughts  
Were for his weal when far away at sea ;  
She doted on him as fond mother dotes  
On her first infant son on father's knee.

The marriage party danced with merry glee,  
And sang for joy, for every heart was glad.  
The bride alone was mute, while gently she  
Smiled thro' her tears, and seemed both pleased  
and sad.

The wedding past, young Willie must away !  
His ship rode on the Forth, her anchor weighed ;  
The weeping wife had many things to say,  
But could not speak, still pressed his hand and prayed.

Slow, slow, and sad the wheels of time now moved—  
Each weary week seemed like a lingering year.  
She knew she loved ; but parting-day had proved  
*How deep her love, as well how deep her fear.*

Her neighbour lasses had' envied her lot,  
 That he should pass them, and make her his choice,  
 And grudged the few, short, happy hours she got  
 So near his loving smiles and merry voice.

But do they envy now ? Ah, no ! they mourn,  
 And comfort Maggie, while with her they weep ;  
 For her dear sailor-boy can ne'er return  
 Back from his unknown grave beneath the deep !

June soon returned, in all its flowery joy,  
 But these to her fond heart no comfort gave ;  
 Like mateless dove, she mourned her sailor-boy,  
 Till welcome death gave her a peaceful grave.

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### *THE LAIRD BY ENTAIL.*

**S**U' o' health an' hearty mirth,  
 An' gentle gallantrie,  
 Was the young Laird o' Meikle mains  
 When oot gaed he.

When he gaed oot tae hunt the fox,  
 Wi' his fair sisters three,  
 An' got his mither's pairtin' kiss  
 As oot gaed he.

When he reined in his prancin' steed,  
 Blythe joy beamed in his e'e,  
 But tears ran doon his mither's cheeks  
 As aff rode he.

She had been Lady o' the Mains  
 For threttie year an' three,  
 But noo her winsom' son was laird,  
 Fu' fu' o' glee.

By Law Entail he was the laird,  
 Frae a' mortgages free,  
 Tho' a' the lave were penniless,  
 Rich, rich, was he.

Ere noon the hounds were on the chase,  
 The huntsmen speed wi' glee;  
 But the young laird rode ower the craig,  
 An' killed was he.

Oh! what a change at Castlemains,  
 An' changes mair tae be,  
 Anither laird claims a' the land,  
 An' in comes he.

Puir Cousin John had been their jest—  
 They scorned his poverty;  
 But noo, as laird aboon them a',  
 In comes he.

While they maun leave baith hoose and hall  
 Wi' saut tears in their e'e,  
 The new-made laird laughs like a lord,  
 As in comes he.

It aft has been, an' aft is yet,  
 That new lairds dinna fail  
 Tae gar their nearest kindred feel  
 The curst entail.

Oh ! barbarous law, that beggars ten  
That ane a prince may be,  
An' drives a family, nurs'd in pomp,  
Tae pine in penurie !

Oh ! that vain fules wad noo forbear  
Tae vaunt o' pedigree,  
An' gi'e their bairns a' plack aboot,  
Tho' they had three times three.

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*KING MALCOLM CANMORE AND  
QUEEN MARGARET.*

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**W**HEN Canmore first began tae reign,  
He hadna meikle lair ;  
He kent aboot his ain kintrie,  
But kentna meikle mair.  
Guid teachers then were unco few,  
Tae guide the public mind ;  
The wit, the wisdom, an' the walth  
Were a' o' native kind.

But though ne'er trained at polished courts,  
Grand tournaments tae see ;  
At battlefield, or manly sports,  
The formaist aye was he,  
And never did he domineer  
Tae ding his nobles down ;  
They liked him weel, their hearts were leal,  
And loyal tae the Croon.

His heart was generous, kind, an' true,  
 An' sterling was his word ;  
 The foe had richt guid cause tae rue  
 Wha daur'd tae meet his sword.  
 And as a king he ruled fu' well,  
 Sae far's his wisdom went ;  
 And Heaven, in kindness tae our land,  
 An angel teacher sent.

'Twas Princess Margaret, when she fled  
 Tae save her sweet young life ;  
 And while on eastern ocean tost,  
 Her bark was blawn tae Fife.  
 Upon the prood majestic Forth,  
 It flew before the gale ;  
 And it had passed the Garvoc Rock  
 Before it slackened sail.

And when it passed the Ferry Hills,  
 It syne began tae stop ;  
 And hovered calmly near Dhu Craig,  
 Noo ca'd " Queen Margaret's Hope."  
 The tidings reached Dumfarlin' toun,  
 And tiched King Malcolm's ear,  
 He wi' his courtiers hurried doon,  
 The exile's heart tae cheer.

They brang her tae the Ferry pier  
 Wi' canna care and skill,  
 And whan she saw the King appear  
 Her fluttered heart grew still.

They brang her ower the Ferry hills,  
 And through Pitreavie wude,  
 Until they reached the open hicht,  
 Syne there a while they stood.

But for her they'd nae easy chair,  
 Even buffet stule had nane ;  
 They spread their plaids and let her rest  
 Upon a boulder stane.  
 And when they saw Dumfarlin' toun,  
 When on the Spittal Hill,  
 There men and wives, and lass and loon,  
 Hailed her wi' richt gudewill.

And sune they reached the Royal Ha',  
 Whaur ladies fair did wait  
 Tae comfort her, and welcome her  
 In at the palace gate.  
 Baith glad and gratefu' was her heart  
 For a' their kindly care,  
 And wi' a calm, sweet, reverend voice  
 She thankit God in prayer.

A heaven-sent teacher Margaret proved,  
 And gently wrought reform ;  
 They praised kind Providence that sent  
 Sic sweetness in a storm.  
 She learned them tae receive the truth  
 That purifies the heart ;  
 She taugt the aged and the youth  
 In mony a usefu' airt.

And Malcolm lo'ed her mair, the mair  
 Her gentle worth was seen ;  
 She gae consent his throne tae share,  
 And be fair Scotland's Queen.  
 She lo'ed the King, and led his mind  
 Tae see the love of God,  
 And a' her gentle efforts join'd  
 Tae shed that love abroad.

But aft she felt a hamper'd zeal  
 Heaven's daily help tae crave,  
 Till, wandering up the glen, she fand  
 A scruggie sheltered cave.  
 There daily she poured oot her heart,  
 (Unheeded and unseen),  
 In gratefu' praise tae Him wha had  
 Her saving help aye been.

But Donald Bane, their nearest kin,  
 Neist brither tae the King,  
 Nurs'd envy in his wicked breast,  
 Her bitter grief tae bring.  
 He teased the King wi' sleekit jeers  
 His jealousies tae rouse,  
 Until his heart was half in fears  
 He had a faithless spouse.

He watched her looks, her words, her ways,  
 Tae catch some fault or flaw ;  
 But though he watched for mony days,  
*Nae evil sign* he saw.



At length he saw her gang by stealth,  
 And hide within the cave—  
 Yes, guilty she ! but whaur was he,  
 Her paramour, base knave ?

Wi' keen, increasing, vengefu' wrath,  
 Like tiger for its prey,  
 He grasped his sword, by frenzy fired,  
 Intent them baith tae slay ;  
 He reached the cave ; in fiendish rage  
 He glowers within, and sees,  
 Instead o' busket amorous bower,  
 Sweet Margaret on her knees.

He heard her pleading tae her God  
 For Scotland's dearest weal,  
 And in his mercy, " shield the King  
 Frae treacherous Donald's steel."  
 His fingers feckless grew, and doon  
 His sword fell wi' a clang ;  
 The noise surprised her, and she paused,  
 Syne tae her feet she sprang.

Malcolm, in shame, and fear, and grief,  
 Embraced her like a bairn,  
 Revealed the plot, confess'd his fault,  
 And owned his need tae learn.  
 Back tae the palace ha' they hied,  
 Wi' new-felt holy peace ;  
 In faithfu' love they noo confide,  
 And a' their joys increase.

She needed noo nae mair tae hide  
 Her worship in a cave,  
 For Malcolm worshipped at her side,  
 And proved baith gude and brave.  
 He banished treacherous Donald Bane  
 Frae gude Dumfarlin' toon ;  
 Lords, chiefs, and townsmen said " Amen,"  
 And doomed the worthless loon.

Sune syne, he built a stately tower,  
 Overtapping a' the wude ;  
 The rugged hill it restit on  
 Was like a pyramid.  
 It was a stately tower, I ween,  
 Close tae the crookit stream,  
 'Twas Malcolm's Tower, tae shield his queen,  
 When he micht be frae hame.

In Pittencrieff romantic glen,  
 The ruins witness still  
 Where stude King Malcolm's stately tower  
 Upon the Tower Hill.  
 And Margaret's sacred resting-place,  
 Near Bruce's grave is seen.  
 " Labours of love," and godly grace,  
 Made her a worthy Queen.

And far and wide, an' lang an' weel,  
 Her worth has honoured been,  
 And for her sake, we like tae see  
*Whatever* gat her name ;

A priceless queenly pearl was she,  
 Weel worthy o' her fame—  
 There was a blessing in the storm,  
 That made oor land her hame.

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*THE RUMBLING BRIG & CALDRON LINN.*

**B**ESIDE the Rumbling Brig, and down the  
 walks,  
 Where stands the traveller's palace, there behold  
 The wild stupendous grandeur of the rocks,  
 Deepened so deep, by time's unceasing stir  
 Of rushing waters, roaring as they rush  
 Down the steep chasm, until the noisy scene  
 Appears an umbrage gulf, eager to draw  
 The awe-struck gazers, giddy-headed, down,  
 As hand in hand they venture near the verge,  
 So fascinating, yet so frightful deep,  
 The stoutest hearted feels a tremor touch  
 His wonted firmness. While still he looks  
 Over each precipice, loath to withdraw  
 From gazing still on the grand gulf below ;  
 Where Devon rolls his dark transparent stream  
 In ceaseless thunder, down and downward still,  
 From rock to rock, to deeper cavities,  
 In boiling fury, foaming up again  
 Its waters, as a mighty caldron boils,  
 Then dashing on and on, till hidden deep  
 In its dark narrow passage, ere its breadth  
 Seems like a little brook a lad might leap.

Still onward rolling in its narrow bed,  
 Nearing the "Brig" then sending up its voice  
 In dashing thunder, as a thousand mills  
 Mingled their noise, and raised their deafening sound  
 In grateful worship to the Architect  
 Who spanned the grand romantic Rumbling "Brig."

Then onward traveller, from the Brig pursue  
 The dashing onward stream. Awe-stricken still,  
 Gaze on the sparkling waters as they gush  
 From 'midst time-worn rocks, and keep your path  
 Close by the margin of the crooked stream,  
 And leave the rambling clamour of the "Falls,"  
 Till broad and calm the pebbled stream becomes,  
 Then see the anglers catch the yellow trout—  
 Proud of their prize as 'twere Australian gold—  
 Fair youthful visitors, with lightsome steps  
 And laughing eyes, returning smiles of love—  
 Grave aged friends, resuming youthful tricks,  
 As if the exciting scene renewed their youth;  
 While on they wend amid the flowery braes  
 Of scented herbage sheltered by the trees,  
 That crown the rising banks where Devon flows,  
 Far from the "Brig," and near the Caldron Linn,  
 Where the strong grandeur of the witching scene  
 Concentrates its strength in grand sublimity,  
 And fills the mind with wonder and delight,  
 At Nature's daily sport from linn to linn.

Around these scenes, so powerfully sublime,  
 A peaceful beauty decorates the fields  
*That sloping lie along the travellers' path—*

The cattle grazing on rich pasturage—  
 The corn enclosed, their maiden tresses wave—  
 The stately mansion-trees hide from the gaze  
 Of vulgar rudeness friendship's flowery walks,  
 Where beauty needs no "uglies" to conceal  
 The maiden dignity that dares to smile ;  
 And where the visitors' light-hearted tricks  
 Meet retribution soon in tricks repaid.  
 These gentle scenes in the same picture give  
 The Rumbling Brig a lovelier beauty still ;  
 And bids the visitor light-hearted go  
 And tell the grandeur of the Caldron Linn.

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S A B B A T H .

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**T**HIS pleasant on a summer Sabbath morn,  
 Amid the silent stillness that prevails,  
 To stir abroad and breathe the healthsome breeze,  
 And see the beauteous verdure of the fields  
 Bathed with the early, soft refreshing dew,  
 And hear the little birds warble their notes  
 Of gladsome joy at day's returning light ;  
 Unscathed, unscared, they sing from danger free ;  
 The skylark, high above his lowly nest,  
 Soaring, he sings unseen among the clouds,  
 And sweeter sings the higher he ascends,  
 Yet joins in harmony with those below.

Nature has many voices speaking praise,  
 Glad, grateful praise for present life enjoyed ;

The lowing cattle on the pasture park,  
 The working horse grazing for a day,  
 The farmer's collie fondling round his feet,  
 The stripling ploughboy from his labour free,  
 Each in their way join in the song of joy,  
 To welcome the sweet dawning day of rest ;  
 Yet 'midst the whispering song their silence still,  
 Sweet peaceful silence welcomes Sabbath morn ;  
 The soft low humming hum of garden bees  
 Comes o'er the wall like music far away,  
 In whispers borne to hail the day of rest.

Hail, blessed morn, whose heavenly love descends  
 On wings of mercy and eternal grace,  
 As New Jerusalem shall yet come down  
 To bless and beautify this lower world.  
 So dawns this blessed morn with love divine,  
 To woo and guide a weeping world to joy.  
 An erring—dying world to truth and life,  
 Not only with his sweet life-giving light  
 Dispelling night's dark gloom, and shines on all,  
 Till Nature's bosom bounds with songs of joy  
 And blooming health, does heavenly love descend ;  
 But with the radiant light of truth divine,  
 To woo the soul from sin and endless death,  
 To holiness and everlasting joy.

Nor can the world, with all its varied robes  
 Of gorgeous beauty, bring one emblem forth  
 To represent the robe of righteousness  
 Wrought out for us, by Him who on this morn  
*Rose from the dead*, and proved his work complete.

Nor can the noblest deeds by patriots done  
In friendship's cause, or for their country's weal,  
E'er be compared with what Christ did for us ;  
For while we were his foes, and rebels found  
Against his righteous law, He undertook  
Our helpless, hopeless cause, and for us died ;  
And by his death gives us eternal life ;  
And by his rising from the lifeless tomb  
Hath sanctified this day of weekly rest,  
And gives the hope of heaven, and peace with God,  
To all who will accept the offered boon.

Nor can the keenest torture e'er devised  
By wicked fiendish men, and in their rage  
Inflicted on their victims, take away  
That peace bestowed on us through Christ our Lord.

Then well may Christians congregate to praise  
The Saviour's name, in hymns of holy joy ;  
And every land that owns His holy name—  
And every household where His presence dwells—  
And every heart that feels his saving grace—  
May well be glad on this His holy day—  
His day of triumph over sin and death.

How sweet to see this blessed morning dawn  
In hallow'd calmness and serene repose ;  
The busy town, that yesterday sent up  
Its noisy clamour of ten thousand tongues,  
And twice ten thousand busy hands at work,  
Moving the wheel, the hammer, and the axe,

And every street with active bustle throng,  
Or merry children scampering at their play—  
All hush'd in silence on this sacred morn,  
The peaceful dawning of the Sabbath day.

Nor only is the sound of labour hush'd,  
But boisterous revellry and jocund mirth  
Are closed and sealed in reverential awe,  
And naught is heard but the soft hum of Psalms  
Rising around the family altar, where  
The grateful heart breaks forth—" This is the day  
God made, in it we'll glad and joyful be."  
'Twas made for man, that he might rest from toil,  
And taste the waters of eternal life,  
And satisfy his soul with bread of heaven,  
And hold sweet fellowship in things divine,  
Enjoying foretastes of the rest above,  
The eternal Sabbath of the saints in light.

How beautified, and blest with moral worth,  
The land that keeps the Sabbath to the Lord ;  
A cleanly tidiness adorns the poor,  
A gentle homeliness adorns the rich,  
And friendly sympathy unites the whole.

The children have their free kept Sabbath  
Schools,  
Where truth is taught, in tones and words of love,  
To shun all evil, and seek after good,  
And, with a loving reverence, read the Book  
*Of light divine, the Holy Word of God,*



That guides the young in pleasant paths of peace,  
Their surest, safest guide where'er they go.

And safety, pleasantness, and peace surround  
The paths that lead the worshippers to meet  
In social service in the House of Prayer ;  
Safety and peace surround their homeward way,  
As they return their home abodes to bliss,  
And spend the evening in the fear of God.

Long may our dear, beloved land enjoy  
The Bible and the Sabbath which it gives,  
As it has done these three good centuries past ;  
'Tis these that make her sons and daughters, too,  
Sober and active, honoured, and esteemed,  
And makes them glow with patriotic pride,  
Where'er they be, to hear that Scotland still  
Delights to keep the sacred Sabbath day.

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*TO THE POET O' THE TOONHOOSE
STEEPLE.*

GOME, friend, screw up your pipes again,
Gie's mair braid Scotch in cantie strain,
Dumfarlin' claims ye a' her ain—
In kin and creed—
Tho' for a while ye gather gain
Across the Tweed.

Weel, lad, yer prayer will sune be grantit,
We'll no wi' steeple stumps be tauntit ;

Oor worthies here ye've fairly dauntit,
 An' filled wi' dreid ;
 A braw big croon ye'll sune see plantit
 On steeple heid.

But, man, ye skelp us rather sair
 About the cash we hae tae spare
 For testimonials. Till thread-bare
 The honour's run ;
 Man, its nae honour ; 'tis far mair
 For social fun.

Ye ken we like a freendly spree,
 An' gin a man hae cronnie three,
 They form themsel's a committee
 Tae gether siller,
 An' mak' a foy tae big or wee,
 Or *ony colour*.

An' were it e'er the happy lot
 O' Laird M'Queen or Jamie Scott,
 That they some great inducement got
 Tae leave the toon,
 We'd birl wi' them a partin' groat—
 We's ca'd a croon.

Noo, my far friend, ye seem tae ken
 Oor rulers here are cannie men ;
 A haughty look they seldom sen'
 Tae steeple cock,
 But toddle doucely butt an' ben
 'Mong workin' folk.

They keep their een upon the street
 Tae mak' it fine for leddies' feet ;
 They bury ilka dub o' weet
 Aneath the grund,
 An' wi' *new local taxes* meet
 The needfu' fund.

On braw kirkyairds and drainage bent
 Their time and revenue are spent,
 An' to oor Public Park they've lent
 A heartie hand—

We'll hae nae cause tae mak' complent,
 'Twill be sae grand—

Whaur rich an' puir can kindly meet
 An' freendly be—at least, discreet,
 And rest thegither on ae seat,
 An' drink the breeze
 That comes sae gently, fresh, and sweet,
 Ower fields an' trees.

An' whaur auld folks, in family groups,
 May crook their houghs and rest their douns,
 An' glower aboot wi' fears and houns
 On factory stalks,
 Where fortune often kieves and coups,
 And turns the bauks.

But factory lords their lums may rear
 Till hand-loom weavers disappear,
 Still auld Dumfarlin', year on year,
 Will cock her pow,
 An' tae her weel-doin' bairns be dear
 As she is now.

TO THE TOONHOUSE STEEPLE.


WULD Steeple stump! we're glad tae ken
 Yer croon's tae be restored again.
 Thanks tae the bard far ower the Tweed,
 An' tae Balfour, yer friends in need;
 They pled yer cause, an' werena frichtet
 Tae state yer claims an' get ye richtet.
 An' noo ye'll get a head as guid
 As e'er upon yer shuthers stude—
 A bran-new spire, baith tall an' fair,
 Syne ye'll be steeple-stump nae mair;
 But, like a king aboon the people,
 Ye'll be the honoured Toonhouse Steeple!

Noo, there's a thing I fain wad moot,
 As lang's ye've time tae work it oot;
 It is a grave important matter
 Tae hae a weather indicator
 High on yer pinnacle, tae shaw
 What airth the passin' breezes blaw,
 That we may gledge at you tae ken
 Whether tae look for snaw or rain.
 Sae keep in mind it is nae joke
 Tae be without a weather-cock—
 Be't fowl or fish, be't big or little,
 Be't brewer's shool, or weaver's shuttle,
 Gin it wheel round tae face the gale,
 We'll ken the lee side by the tail;
 An' here we're just like ither folk,
 We glower tae see the weather-cock.

Wind frae the north, whaur pipers blaw,
 Sune brings the surly frost an' snaw ;
 If frae the east, brings drizzly haur,
 An' gars oor chronic pains ache waur ;
 If frae the south, the kindly heat
 Mak's fields an' gardens fresh and sweet,
 Till folk grow sweer tae keep the house,
 They feel sae hearty, hale, and crouse ;
 If frae the wast, the bouncin' breeze
 Shakes steeple-taps, an' lums, an' trees,
 An' gars the cluds aboon us flee
 Like ships in chase upon the sea,
 An' sweeps away the putrid gases,
 That pushions closes, lanes, an' causeys,
 An' clears the air, an' mak's us cheery,
 Better than whisky, ale, or peerie.

Sae haste ye, tak' yer honoured station
 Among the giants o' the nation,
 Wi' gowden cock tae grace yer croon,
 Ye'll be a credit tae oor toon.

DEATH OF THE PRINCE CONSORT.

T midnight death's sad darkness fell
 On England's Palace fair.
 At midnight death's sad solemn knell
 The mournful royal tidings tell
 Of sudden grief and care.

Like lightning, fast the tidings spread—
“The Prince beloved—Prince Albert’s dead.”
The Queen, in tears, bows to the sudden shock,
Adores the Sovereign hand that sends the stroke,
And soothing words to her dear children spoke.

But who can comfort her, or give
Her widowed heart relief?
With him it was her life to live
In days of joy or grief.
A husband kind—a father true—
A prince indeed with all he knew.
Alert, with unobtrusive zeal,
To forward Britain’s every weal :
And with his parting breath he prayed
That God would be his people’s aid.

Yet sudden though the stroke has been
That called the Prince away,
A nation’s sympathy is seen
In tears and sadness for the Queen,
And for her weal they pray.
Grief shrouds the palace—sorrow shrouds
Each British home, and gathering crowds,
Till hush’d with one sad soothing tone,
We mourn the good, the great, NOW GONE.

Ne’er has a nation’s heartfelt tears
Been so spontaneous shed ;
Our hope looked forward many years
For honour round his head.

But God does all things well. He will
Our Sovereign still sustain ;
And bless her still, and peaceful still,
And prosperous make her reign.
Now while we mourn our loss with tearful eyes,
His is the gain, in life beyond the skies.

THE DEATH OF THE DUCHESS OF KENT,
WHO DIED ON THE 17TH MARCH 1861.

WHY does Great Britain mourn this Lady dead,
While thousands die to public fame unknown?
True, thousands die when secret tears are shed,
But this " Good Lady " was Great Britain's own ;
'Tis by her worth and wisdom that we now
Have Britain's crown on such a worthy brow.

The illustrious mother breathed the humble prayer,
That Britain's Queen might reign for Britain's weal ;
She trained Victoria with maternal care—
And taught her how with Christain heart to feel,
That she might be beloved, and Britain be
The glorious land of peace and liberty !

Her prayer was heard—her gracious work was done !
She saw Victoria reign in peace and love ;
And she had Britain's grateful homage won
Before her spirit winged its way above ;
And well may Britain shed the heart-felt tear
For one Victoria ever held so dear.

Nor only as the mother of our Queen
 Does the deceased deserve a nation's tears—
 The good, the great Duchess of Kent has been
 Friend to the poor, and pattern to her peers ;
 Where'er she went she healing influence shed—
 All honour rest on the illustrious dead !

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*TO THE MEMORY OF ROBT. GILFILLAN.*

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**G**OME, weeping Muse, come touch the chords  
 again,

The soothing strains of sacred grief inspire ;  
 Recall the days of mirth departed, when  
 Our bard Gilfillan thrilled his country's lyre.

His parent's pride, the fond delight of friends,  
 While far and wide his friendly circle spread ;  
 But see them now, his nearest kinsman bends  
 O'er the new grave of the beloved dead.

Beloved by Scotland, for his songs so sweet—  
 By all who knew him, for his sterling worth—  
 His soul breathes in his songs, simple, replete  
 With nature's feelings, noblest of the earth.

In social friendship or love's holy strains,  
 Where pure affection wins the honest heart,  
 To share the lot of life, the joys, the pains  
 Of nature's mingling, purer far than art.

Beloved Gilfillan, chief of Scottish song,  
 Well may Dunfermline proudly claim thy birth ;



Where thy first musings, tender, true, and strong,  
 Enkindled social joy and friendly mirth ;

Till, like the lightsome sun of Caledon,  
 Thy lays had entered palace, hall, and cot—  
 Yes, chief of Scottish songsters, thou art gone—  
 But thy sweet songs shall never be forgot.

Leith may forget you, where you lived and died—  
 Her commerce and her gain she'll ne'er forget ;  
 But thou to wealth and gain wast ne'er allied,  
 On peace and friendly love thy soul was set.

Now from the feuds of earth thy soul is free,  
 To join with kindred souls in songs above ;  
 We mourn thy death, but still we hope with thee  
 To join the song of everlasting love.

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## IN MEMORIAM OF THE EARL OF ELGIN,

*Who Died in India, on the 20th November 1868,  
 while Governor-General there.*

**T**HE darksome cloud of grief falls on our head,  
 Our fondly cherished hopes laid in the tomb—  
 Elgin, the chief of Bruce's line, is dead,

While we were longing for his "welcome home ;"  
 Home to enjoy his country's grateful praise,  
 And spend in peaceful rest his closing days.

But now his weeping family claims our tears  
 To him (for public work) our due reward ;

Yes, kindly sympathy consoles and cheers  
 Even them whose loss can never be repaired—  
 And 'tis our due to sympathise with them  
 Our grateful tribute to his honoured name.

When poor Jamaica slaves groaned to be free,  
 And Britain's patriots had their freedom gained,  
*Elgin was there*, and by his prudence, he,  
 Among contending parties, peace maintained.  
 Honoured and loved by all, his name will be  
 For ever joined with that great jubilee.

The Canadas, by angry factions rent,  
 Soon found, and felt, his policy bring peace ;  
 And now, prosperity and sweet content  
 Yield to his peaceful counsel rich increase.  
 He was proud faction's foe, true freedom's friend—  
 No bribe could buy him, and no frown could bend.

Onward and upward still his labours ran,  
 And honour still adorned his public life.  
 The hostile lands of China and Japan  
 Received his proffered peace, and ceased their strife.  
 Great Britain hailed his wisdom and his zeal,  
 Both for her honour, and the nation's weal.

And now his highest service to the State,  
 In India's sultry clime, is closed by death.  
 No earthly rest for him, whose labours great  
 Had doubly won his country's crowning wreath ;  
 But ah ! no Elgin comes, that wreath to wear,  
 Or *friendship's* loving family joys to share.

Well may we weep with his dear friends who weep—  
 They loved him much, worthy of love was he—  
 No wonder then, their sorrow strong and deep,  
 Claims our sincere and loving sympathy ;  
 And may the God of mercy, truth, and love,  
 Protect and guide them to their friend above.

While we who loved him at his home abode,  
 Grieve that his sacred grave is far away,  
 We joy in hope that he is with his God,  
 And God will be his family's shield and stay,  
 And guard the ashes of the honoured dead,  
 Till called to meet our glorious risen Head.

~~~~~

ALEXANDER MACANSH.

EARLY forsaken by unfeeling friends,
 Early oppressed with unremitting toil,
 Trained up 'mongst men whose bad example tends
 To make the young aspiring mind recoil ;
 Yet, 'midst all these, Macansh still struggled on,
 Self-taught—an intellectual star he shone,
 And filled the Local Poet's honoured throne.

And they who cheered him in his latter days
 Deserve the Muse's warmest, grateful praise ;
 They helped him *his own monument to lay*
On parlour tables—not on mould'ring clay ;
 And timely kindness to the sinking head
 Is more than sculptured marble o'er the dead.

THE AIR WE LIVE IN.

MYSTERIOUS element, encircling round
 This wondrous world, as with elastic band,
 Pervading every space where can be found
 The breath of life, in ocean, lake, or land ;
 Thyself unseen, yet bringing all to sight
 That's beautiful and gentle, fair and sweet,
 Thou art to earth by day a robe of light,
 A sable shroud by night, while starlets meet
 And glide around the pole with brightly twinkling
 feet.

But when thou comest from thy polar throne,
 The sleet, the hail, the snow come in thy train,
 The rivulets and the fields become like stone,
 And vegetation shuts her buds again,
 Until thou from thy sunny, southern bowers
 Bringest the genial breeze to waken spring,
 Then Nature leaps to life, and field and flowers,
 In smiling beauty, grateful offerings bring,
 And love and joy abound 'mong birds of every wing.

All vegetable life of every kind,
 From stateliest cedar to our lowly broom,
 In thee a health-reviving virtue find,
 And pay thee back in grateful sweet perfume.
 The fresh green fruitful palms of southern climes
 Inhale their strength from thy refreshing store,
 And every herb that springs and blooms betimes,
 From fair Ceylon to Iceland's lonesome shore—
*All need thy presence and enjoy thy bounty less or
 more.*

The Himalayas, the Andes, and the Alps,
By thee are swaddled, lofty tho' they be ;
The prowling lioness with hungry whelps,
And soaring eagle, are engaged by thee.
The unfledged robin in its tiny nest,
The gipsy baby on its mother's arm,
Feel thy soft breath relieve their little breast,
Making young fluttering life grow strong and warm,
And tenderest rose-buds bloom without the risk of
harm.

Strange are thy vagaries ! Thou hast ever been
Unbridled and unbound as zebra wild ;
At times careering in the tempest keen,
Anon as tranquil as a sleeping child ;
Again the mighty forests bend beneath
Thy fiercely-sweeping hurricanic rage ;
Anon the harebell scarcely feels thy breath,
So soft and genial on the streamlet's edge,
While birds in peace rejoice on every tree and
hedge.

Soft as the humming of the hiving bees,
At summer noon among the garden flowers—
So sound thy zephyr-wings among the trees,
In whispering music in thy wooing hours—
Without one ripple on the love-sick rill,
Without one breeze the burning brow to touch,
Without one breeze the outstretched sails to fill,
Until the silent stillness seems too much—
Though fond of sweetest peace, we would not have
it such.

Thy rude *Æolian* harp has many strings :—

Housetops, and woods, and glens have each their
note,

And when thou passest with thy whistling wings,
They roar as loudly as the cannon's throat.

Thy picture gallery at the close of day
Is radiant with clouds of every hue,

A golden fleet within a silver bay,
Changing their fancy forms to something new,
Till the declining sun dissolves the pleasant view.

At times thou dost, as if in sport with man,

Sweep off his honoured covering from his head,
And strew the streets with slates and chimney can,
And high-reared attics rock like cradle bed,
And overturn the farmer's well-built stack,
Uproot the sturdy oak and stately elm,
And make the best-bound massive mast-beams crack,
And dash the hardy steersman from the helm,
Until the bellowing waves the shattered ship
o'erwhelm.

As rolls the murderous boom of battle fire

When wayward rulers waste the people's blood,—
So booms the thunder of thy tempest ire,
In rushing fury over field and flood.

No human power can change thy wayward course,
Proud science over thee has small control ;

In gentle breeze, or gale, or tempest force,
Thy mighty wings are free to rest or roll ;—
How like unbridled sin in man's capricious soul.

But there was One, once lived in Galilee,
 The Son of God, in sinless human form,
 God-like he walked upon the raging sea,
 He said "Be still," and calmed the raging storm ;
 And now enthroned in Heaven He loves to save
 The storm-tost traveller on life's troubled sea—
 'Tis He alone can calm the wind and wave,
 And bind the strong, and set the feeble free,
 And give the weary, weeping world a gladsome
 jubilee.

~~~~~

*LINES WRITTEN FOR THE DUNFERMLINE  
 BURNS' CLUB ALBUM.*

**T**HIS guid Dunfermline worthies be  
 In this braw Album bound—  
 Whate'er their walth or pedigree,  
 An honour'd place they've found ;  
 An' be their talents great or sma',  
 Wha kindly do their best  
 Tae gar auld Scotland crooser craw,  
 An' cosier mak' her nest,—  
 Be't pen or pencil, back or brain,  
 That works for Scotland's weal,  
 We'll hail them ower and ower again  
 While we hae hearts to feel.  
 An' whether we be auld or young,  
 As his birthday returns,  
 Until we tyne eor mither tongue  
 We'll honour Poet Burns.

## THE YOUNG WIDOW AND HER WEE BAIRN.

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**I**'VE seen her skippin' tae the skule,  
 A curly-heided brat,  
 Her laughin' lips were fu' o' love,  
 An' airtless panky chat ;  
 While mony a prank I've seen her play,  
 Wi' merry heartit glee.  
 But whan her neebor's heart grew grit,  
 The tears cam' in her e'e.

I've seen her at her hooshold wark  
 When she was in her teens,  
 While a' her fairy fingers ticht  
 Grew neater than new preens,  
 An' aye she wrought, an' aye she sang,  
 Like lintie on the tree,  
 But when she heard o' ithers' grief,  
 The tears cam' in her e'e.

I saw her in her bridal dress,  
 Sweet as the lily fair,  
 Her bridegroom smiled wi' manly pride,  
 They were a winsom' pair ;  
 They spak' wi' easy, airtless grace,  
 In blythsome hamely glee,  
 Nae lady fair could filled her place  
 Mair lady-like than she.

I've seen her at her ain fireside,  
 Fu' cantie, neat, an' clean,



Fondly she hailed her ain gudeman,  
 When he cam' hame at e'en,—  
 Sune as she heard his cannie fit  
 She met him wi' a smile,  
 She shared his joys, and his cares,  
 An' lichen'd a' his toil.

I've seen her like a bloomin' rose,  
 Wi' bonnie rosebuds three,  
 Ane at her breast, ane at her fit,  
 An' ane upon her knee ;  
 Fondly she kissed their cherry lips,  
 An' kaimed their gouden hair,  
 An' learned their infant tongues tae lisp  
 Their early evenin' prayer ;  
 An' aft she thocht, an' aft she said,  
 "There's nane sae blest as me,"  
 While tears o' holy gratitude  
 Cam' tricklin' frae her e'e.

I see her noo at Jordan's brink,—  
 She wunna come awa',—  
 Her young gudeman has cross't the flood,  
 An' bonnie bairnies twa ;  
 Sair, sair she looks across the stream,  
 The sinless land tae see,  
 Whaur ransom'd spirits live in licht  
 Ower bricht for mortal e'e.

She wha aft grat for ithers' grief  
 Wi' sympathy sincere,  
 Noo, when her ain heart needs relief,  
 She canna shed a tear,

Tae her the warld hae tynt its power,  
 Its witchery, and its wiles—  
 But when her helpless bairnie greets  
 It brings back tears and smiles ;  
 An' noo it is her prayer tae live,  
 Tae comfort, guide, an' cheer  
 Her bonnie bairn, her only bairn,  
 Its faither's image dear.



### *EMANCIPATION OF THE RUSSIAN SERFS.\**

**T**'TIS a noble, just, and generous deed,  
 When one poor slave is by his master freed—  
 Freed from the beastly bondage of a slave,  
 To rank a brother with the good and brave.  
 When Britain set Jamaica bondsmen free,  
 She paid her price, and held her jubilee ;  
 And now, when Russia bids her serfdom cease,  
 And gains this moral victory in peace—  
 Let's hail the Third of March a gladsome day,  
 When Twenty Millions cast their chains away.

Crown Russia's Monarch—crown him now with  
 more  
 Than all the precious gold earth has in store ;

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\* *Twenty million serfs were set free on the 3d March 1861, by the generous efforts of Alexander, Emperor of Russia.*

Crown him like Britain's Queen, with people's love,  
 And pray for blessings on him from above.  
 While he his people's guardian angel stands,  
 With Love and Justice in his royal hands ;  
 Love pleads the sufferer's cause, says, " Set them free,"  
 Justice replies " 'Tis right—so shall it be."  
 Now grateful joy proclaims this glorious day,  
 When Twenty Millions cast their chains away.

Then let the voice of gladness sound,  
 That Russia's serfs have freedom found ;  
 Let nobles frankly share the bliss  
 Of such a gladsome day as this ;  
 And let the free of every land  
 Hail them with a brother's hand.  
 May the empire far and wide  
 Feel new life on land and tide,  
 Till all Russia bless the day  
 They cast their serfdom clean away.

O, that poor Poland had the same sweet song  
 Of grateful joy, instead of grievous wrong ;  
 O, that the generous sovereign now would see  
 Justice and prudence plead they should be free—  
 Free to enjoy their ancient lore and laws ;  
 Not factious Poland, as once Poland was,  
 But Poland still, in government and mind,  
 And in true friendship with great Russia joined ;  
 Then truly great would Alexander be,  
 When all his serfs, and Poland too, were free.

**THE MOUNTAIN DAISY AT AN AULD  
DYKE SIDE.**

**WEE** gentle Daisy, sweet an' fair,  
 Hoo weel ye fend an' flourish there,  
 Unsheltered, in the open air,  
     On sterile soil!  
 Nor gardener's skill, nor cottar's care,  
     Get ye the while.

An' yet ye bloom frae early spring,  
 Lang ere the lav'rock mounts tae sing,  
 Till winter's bitter breezes bring  
     The surly sleet—  
 Even then ye smile, wee, bonnie thing,  
     Aneath oor feet.

In simmer time, though toddlers tread,  
 An' rant, an' row, aboon yer head,  
 An' bleatin' lammies mak' their bed  
     Upon yer breest,  
 Ye naither dort, nor droop, nor fade—  
     Na, nae the least.

In pasture park, or moorland wild,  
 Ye're still "fair Flora's" sweetest child—  
 Aye peepin', modest, meek, an' mild,  
     Whate'er befa';  
 Tho' aft by little hands despoiled,  
     Ye bear it a'.

Whaur is the man or woman noo,  
 When they were young could look on you,

An' nae wi' eager fondness pu'  
                                     Yer wee white heads,  
 Till baith the hands an' laps were fu',  
                                     Tae string for beads.

An' whaur's the man o' noblest aim,  
 When far, far, frae his native hame,  
 Can see the gowan, pale an' tame,  
                                     In foreign land,  
 An' nae feel friendship's warmest flame  
                                     Heat heart an' hand ?

But he wha scorns his kintra's praise,  
 An' a' the joys o' early days—  
 His lowly friends, or native braes,  
                                     When he grows brow ;  
 Like Babylon's monarch, let him graze  
                                     A year or twa.

Though mushroom pride may pass in scorn  
 The sons o' toil, the lowly born,  
 Yet manly virtue can adorn  
                                     The humblest hame,  
 An' keep unscathed, untashed, untorn,  
                                     Their honest name.

And, oh ! 'tis guid that Nature gies  
 Sae monie simple flowers tae please,  
 In glades an' glens, on banks an' braes,  
                                     Whaur work-folk toil ;  
 It gars them lo'e, thro' a' their days,  
                                     Their native soil.

An' what though we, like "wayside flowers,"  
 Be cast aback frae walth's braw bowers,  
 Far sweeter, safer, joys are ours,  
     Wi' freendship glowin' ;  
 Albeit exposed tae blinks an' showers,  
     As weel's the gowan.

Then, bonnie wee gem, bloom awa,  
 The snaw flecks gently on ye fa',  
 The winter breezes saftly blaw  
     Upon yer pow ;  
 An' while there's bairns in hut or ha',  
     Weel may ye grow !

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TO THE SCIENTIFIC.

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**S**AW ye Willie Tamson drappin' frae the cluds ?  
 Crouching like a monkey, without ony duds ;  
 Naething on his body—neither hat nor shune ;  
 Willie didna need them, comin' frae the Mune.

Heard ye Willie's wisdom at the science ha' ?  
 Hoo the earth first brang forth herbs, and trees an a' ?  
 'Twas when stars ran coonter an' bursted intae shreds,  
 Willie saw the fragments come tae earth wi' seeds.

Frae thae queer exotics life on earth began,  
 Progressing till gorillas assumed the shape o' man ;  
 An' noo e'en Willie Tamson, tho' frae the monkeys  
     sprung,  
*Is wise as Archimedes, wi' Demosthenes' tongue.*

An' Willie, in his wisdom, sees new seed comin' sune,  
 When wild stars come jundy on Venus or the Mune;  
 For ilk year new meteors, jumpin' doon like fun,  
 Are wee broken splinters frae Saturn or the Sun,

An' may bring new species o' queer unearthy things;  
 Tho' at first like insects, grow up tae men wi' wings,  
 Worth the investigation o' the high learned man,  
 Wha can trace by science hoo this warld began.

An' by speculation new hatched theories nurse,  
 Ticklin' fules tae cackle, an' untie their purse;  
 But there is soond wisdom, pickin' up a share  
 O' applause an' plumcakes, for "Castles in the air."

. . . . .

But when science saffens human toil or pain,  
 Then it gi'es society true substantial gain;  
 An' the man o' learning, wha the dooncast raise,  
 Is the noblest hero worthy o' oor praise.



## DEATH O' THE PUIR DEIL.

"Some say the deil's deid, the deil's deid, the deil's deid,  
 Some say the deil's deid, and buried in Kirkcaldy;  
 Some say he'll rise again, he'll rise again, he'll rise again,  
 Some say he'll rise again, and fear the Larbert laddie."

**C**OME sinners a' tae Music Ha'  
 An' hear the Larbert prophet,  
 Ye needna fear tae lee an' swear,  
 An' at the Bible scoff an' jeer,

For Mitchell mak's it plain an' clear  
 There's nae sic place as Tophet.  
 The righteous an' the wicked baith  
 Are a' made happy after death ;  
 Sae men may sin, frae terror free,  
 Provided Mitchell gets his fee.

An' mair, he shaws there never was  
 A Satan tae deceive us ;  
 Nae Prince o' Darkness gaun about,  
 Wi' cloven hoofs an' swineish snoot,  
 For it's a' humbug, oot an' oot,  
 About the deil tae deave us.  
 But it is guid, soond, common sense,  
 Tae let the prophet pouch the pence,  
 It's Mitchell's way tae win his bread,  
 An' that's the why the deevil's deid.

~~~~~  
 ADDRESS TO 'SIXTY-SIX.

YOUNG Year, ye ha'e been welcomed in
 Wi' meikle daffin, mirth, an' din,
 By a' newfangled folk ; the while
 We're waitin' on the guid auld style,
 An' tho' we're last we'll no be least
 In family friendship, fun an' feast ;
 While auld an' young, in gladness mix,
 Tae welcome thee, young 'Sixty-Six,
 An' wish thou mayest as grandly thrive
As the departed 'Sixty-Five.

Great Britain hails thee, opening Year
 Wi' a' that's guid your youth tae cheer ;
 At peace wi' a' the warld aroond,
 Wi' prosperous commerce richly crooned :
 Wi' thrivin' trade for ilka craft,
 In minerals hard, or textiles saft.
 Baith lads an' lasses weel employed,
 An' a' the nation overjoyed
 Tae see guid Gladstone lessen taxes,
 An' rowth o' walth the State purse raxes ;
 Kindness an' justice guide the helm
 Instead o' force tae overwhelm ;
 An' governors that err a bit,
 Maun at the bar o' judgment sit,
 An' bear the blame, when proven guilty,
 O' measures harsh, or want o' fealty ;
 The crimson coat, or fustian jacket,
 By public law alike proteckit ;
 Tyrant an' slave, as base an' vile,
 Banished frae freedom's sacred soil.

Nae doot the rich in manners vary,
 For some " the fou cup canna carry ;"
 An' 'mang the puir there's some a pest
 That bring discredit on the rest.
 But, as a whole, Britain is glorious,
 Generous in peace ; in war victorious ;
 An' as a people aye inclined
 Tae help the weak, an' guide the blind ;
 Grieved when they see despots succeed,
 An' gar puir lands like Poland bleed ;

Displeas'd tae see the Prussian Bismark
Despoil an' harrie peacefu' Denmark.

But glad tae see, across the Atlantic,
Fair freedom march wi' strides gigantic;
When petty tyrants sought by knavery
Tae build an empire up on slavery,
An' crush an' slash a' human kindness,
An' frame base laws on brute force blindness—
Showing the world the planter's plan
That power an' money mak' the man.

The great Republic, grand an' glorious,
Rose tae the battle—proved victorious;
An', tho' achieved at fearfu' cost,
They noo true liberty can boast,
And slavery—slavery, base an' vile,
Can noo nae mair pollute their soil;
For black or brown henceforth shall be
As freemen working wi' the free;
An' never mair the planter's lash
Dare scourge the puir tae bring them cash.
An' while America remains,
She'll scorn the sound o' slavery's chains,
An' brand its soul-degrading gains.

Noo, guid New Year, as lang's ye're young,
Let gratefu' praise inspire your tongue,
Lilt up the jubliant sang wi' glee,
"That rich an' puir as brothers be,
A' in their stations dae their best
Tae mak' their neebors blythe an' blest."

May active zeal for public guid
Fire ilka true-born Briton's bluid,
Till ilka class be represented,
A' gi'e their vote, an' live contented ;
An' rulers rule wi' prudent zeal
For Britain's guid, an' mankind's weal,
Extending commerce wider still,
Uniting action in guidwill,
While Britain rises great an' grand,
The beacon-light o' ilka land.

Free-trade in Kirk as weel's in corn,
Till factious priesthood sink in scorn ;
Nane pampered up, an' nane opprest,
A' free tae work an' dae their best,
Till sacred truth untrammelled stand
The guide an' glory o' the land ;
An' e'en black Fenianism blush
Tae breathe ae base rebellious wish.

But, guid New Year, we ha'e some grief ;
Like Jews in Egypt, fond o' beef,
We're grieved tae see the rinderpest
Sweep aff our fattest an' our best,
While a' that's dune has nae effeck
The waesome wondrous plague tae check
An' wha's tae help in time o' need,
Tae gather cawfs an' scatter seed,
Tae keep puir farmers in their places,
An' lift the sadness aff their faces ?
Surely the lairds should be content
For ance, at least, wi' half their rent ;

An' surely tae ance lambin' time,
 Tae slaughter lambs should be a crime,
 An' gar the wee things grow tae mutton,
 For fear we hae nae beef tae cut on ;
 An' should the meat be monstrous dear,
 We'll hunt for hares the next New Year ;
 An' if the Game Laws interpose,
 We'll just fa' back on Atholl-brose—
 For these daft days need daintier mowdie
 Than weavers' kail or ploughman's crowdie.

THE ITALIAN CRISIS.

AS when the lightning shakes the cleaving air,
 And trembling earth resounds the mighty noise;
 While the weak sons of men with wonder stare,
 Awe struck by Nature's grand majestic voice—
 So do the sons of superstition *now*
 Tremble and quake with agonizing dread,
 While Liberty, with triumph on her brow,
 Shakes slumbering Italy from heel to head.
 Proud principalities and powers o'erthrown,
 Sink in the "troubled waters" like a stone.
 These "mighty waters" where proud priests have
 plied
 The scourge of tyranny and dark deceit,
 In nature's heartfelt mightiness deride
 The oppressor's power, and in commotion meet

Either for battle strong, or peaceful toil,
They *will* and *work* that Italy may be
Rid of her tyrants, and their priestly guile,
And rank among the nations of the free.
Hail, happy time! the truth's triumphant hour,
That sweeps proud superstition from its power.

Onward, ye new-born freemen, onward, on,
Till Naples, Rome, and Venice safely be
United to Sardinia's kingly throne—
A nation mighty, peaceful, just, and free.
While sacred truth, man's birthright, word of life,
Shall open be to guide and guard your laws.
Then onward, on! tyrants shall rue the strife,
And freedom triumph in her righteous cause.
Brave, brave Italians, on, and scorn *his curse*,
Who has enslaved thee, and despoiled thy purse.

France has to thee a precious offering paid,
And in thy cause, crushed haughty Austria's
power;
Brittania's free-born sons haste to thine aid,
And hail with joy the fast approaching hour
When Italy shall be free—free from the jaws
Of priestly tyranny and vile deceit.
Then onward! on in freedom's glorious cause,
Till every tyrant fall beneath your feet,
And the surrounding kingdoms own thy claim,
And honour Garibaldi's deathless name.

Brave Garibaldi! Freedom's noblest son!
The eyes of wondering Europe gaze on thee.

Sheath not thy sword till Italy is *one*—

Sheath not thy sword till tyrants fall or flee.
 Then Liberty and Truth shall, hand in hand,
 Bring forth the fruits of equity and peace ;
 Blessings shall crown thy lovely native land
 When persecution's dark-souled power shall cease.
 And, oh ! fair Italy, when thou art freed,
 Seek Heaven's own truth, 'twill make you free indeed

THE HAPPY MAN.

HE sought for happiness and found his share
 In making others happy everywhere ;
 His wealth was plentiful and frankly used,
 Yet as the world could witness, not abused.
 He searched the sciences, and in them made
 Discoveries rare till honour crowned his head ;
 He plans projected for his country's good,
 And gave employment to his neighbourhood.
 He lived beloved and praised, and often said,
 " For his good deeds he was too well repaid."

But sickness came, and whispering fears of death,
 A languid frame and labouring for breath ;
 His noble mind, that grasped so much before,
 Still felt a grasping after something more,
 Something the world's rich fulness ne'er bestowed,
 "*Forgiveness of sin and peace with God.*"

He saw his sad mistake and humbly knelt,
 Pled for free pardon and confessed his guilt,
 Found more true happiness in hope of heaven,
 Than worldly praise or pleasure e'er had given.

His sickness passed, and he again pursued
 His former active life of doing good,
 But now his deeds flowed from a higher aim
 Than this poor world's unsatisfying fame,
 Eternal life thro' Christ's redeeming love,
 Lifted his soul in gratitude above,
 He spent his life in joyful hope as they
 Who hail with joy the full-eared harvest day.

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*AT THE CANNON AND THE CROSS.*

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**W**ILL be exposed tae public view,  
 On Sabbath first, an' a' year through,  
 Live-stock, weel-favour'd, fresh an' new,  
                     Frae hill an' glen ;  
 Some say gorillas, but I trow  
                     They're real like men.

They've sproutit beards like young raw goats,  
 An' on their backs gude woolly coats,  
 An' braw silk collars round their throats ;  
                     An' look as fair  
 As if they fed on milk an' oats,  
                     Wi' rowth tae spare.

They come frae pit-mouth, muir, an' moss,  
 An' crowd the Cannon an' the Cross,  
 Till kirk-gaun folk are at a loss

Hoo tae get bye ;

But ae guid thing—they dinna toss

Big horns like kye.

There's ane or twa baith chained an' watched,  
 They're quiet—but nae sae easy caught  
 As them wha hae their pants weel patched

Tae hide wee holes,

Yet for a *show* they're as weel matched

As stirks wi' foals.

But if they're men, wad manly sense  
 Baith cule their cuits an' cause offence,  
 An' hae nae better bred pretence

Than watch the lasses ;

It's maybe true they come frae whence

Come cadgers' asses.

Noo, ony ane may come an' see  
 The Sabbath show—'tis grawtis, free ;  
 An' if ye disappointed be

For want o' stock,

'Twill clear the streets for mair than me

That's kirk-gaun folk.





## THE BEADLE AND THE MINISTER'S PIG.

**A** FINE young clergyman, weel wast in Fife,  
 Had got a braw big manse, but had nae wife;  
 But, like his neebours, sune as he was settled,  
 Tae win a sweet, fair bride he fondly ettled.  
 He had her worthy faither's freendly smile,  
 An' a' went smooth and pleasantly the while,  
 Till, like a thrifty lad, he got a pig  
 Tae eat the kitchen brocks, till it grew big.  
 But findin' grumphie-feedin' was nae joke,  
 He bad his beadle pack it in a pock,  
 An' tak' it tae his freend ayont Crossford,  
 Whaur it wad get free lodgings, bed, an' board,  
 An' bade him no tell ane whaur he was sent,  
 Or what he had. So aff the beadle went,  
 Resolved tae keep the secret tae himsel',  
 An' though folk speered ae word he wadna tell.  
 Through Pittencrieff lang street he stoured fu' fast,  
 Doon Orchut Cut an' Simpson's Brae he past,  
 Till in Crossford, near Johnnie Broddie's door,  
 He met three lads that he had seen before;  
 They said—"Cum, Aither, halt an' gie's yer crack,  
 An' tell us what ye've gotten on yer back."  
 "I daurna, lads, I daurna tell ye that,  
 I ken mysel' it's naither doug nor cat."  
 "That's richt," they said, "an' mair we'll no inquire,  
 But, man, ye're fairly dune wi' toil an' tire;  
 Cum in tae Broddie's, just for half a minute—  
 We'll watch your bag, whatever may be in it."

" I daurna gang ; the minister nicht ken,  
 An' ne'er entrust me wi' a pig again."  
 " Toots, gowk, come in, ae glass 'll dae ye gude—  
 Ae single toothfu' cheers a body's bluid."  
 Syne in he gaed, an' got ae single dram,  
 But they had played their prank ere oot he cam' ;  
 The pig was oot, an' in its place a pup,  
 An' his clean bag tied nice an' neatly up.

Sae aff he bounced, as briak as summer bee,  
 Frae a' anxiety or suspicion free,  
 An' in a jiffie reached his journey's end,  
 An' met his gude young maister's worthy friend—  
 Delivered a' his compliments and mair,  
 Syne sought the stye tae lodge the grumphie there ;  
 But oh, dear me ! he got a fearfu' shock  
 When he had opened oot the weel-tied pock.  
 Instead o' bonnie grumphie slipin' oot,  
 Wi' wee white cloven feet an' roondit snoot,  
 Oot jump a doug, a black wild barkin' whelp—  
 The beadle cried wi' a' his pith for help.  
 " Oh ! help tae catch the pig ; oh ! catch the soo,  
 The De'il's gaen in't, an' changed it thro' an' thro' :  
 It was as white's a lamb, an' noo it's black,  
 I thocht I heard him growlin' on my back ;  
 Oh, help me, haste ye, help tae catch the pig—  
 I hae him noo ! I catch'd it by the leg."

" Well, take it back, the nasty barking dog,  
*I little thought your master such a rogue ;*

Now, make all haste, an' take the dog away,  
I'll see about it all some other day."

"It's no a doug, it was a clean white soo—  
As sure as death 'twas that when sent to you ;  
It was a pig when put upon my back,  
But Sawtan's in the beast, an' made it black."

Bewildered Aither, burdened as before,  
Got back again near Johnnie Broddie's door,  
An' saw the same three genteel lads, as douse  
As drowsie baudrons watchin' for a mouse ;  
He tauld wi' breathless haste whaur he had been,  
An' a' the wondrous witchery he'd seen ;  
They look'd half-frichtit, freendly, an' sedate,  
An' got puir Aither kindly tae a seat,  
An' in a twinklin' oot the doug was ta'en,  
An' back the pig was packit in again ;  
An' he was bidden trot wi' a' his speed,  
For 'twas a very strange affair indeed.

Sae he sune reached the manse an' met his master,  
An' tauld him a' about the day's disaster,  
An' hoo the pig began tae rin an' yelp,  
An' jump an' bowf just like a wild black whelp,  
Until his freend in anger sent him hame ;  
"But, sir, ye ken yersel' I'm no tae blame."

The young divine was mystified an' vext  
Tae see his simple beadle sae perplext,  
An' bade him hastily the bag untie,  
An' put the pig back safely in the sty.

“ It's no a pig, sir, it's a real black pup,  
 Yer freend kens that, he helped tae pock it up ;  
 I'll let ye see —— ” But when pair Aither saw-  
 The same white pig that he had ta'en awa',  
 He screamed wi' fear, an' ran until he fell ;  
 But hoo it ended mair I needna tell.  
 'Twas Crossford “ cup o' kindness ” played the pliskie,  
 An' Aither pledged nae mair tae taste the whiskie.

~~~~~

*A HENDERKEITHIN' DEACON OUTWITS
 HIMSEL'.*

A BOOT a hunder years sin' syne,
 When daidlin' deacons boosed on wine,
 And e'en braw bailies whiles gat muddled
 Whan wi' the public funds they fuddled ;
 Sae, at a grand election dinner,
 In honour o' the M.P. winner,
 The tailor's deacon he was there,
 Half-seas wi' drink, or rather mair.
 They sune gat a' a wee thing heezy,
 But Deacon Stitch gat boisterous breezy ;
 His tongue rang like a 'larum bell,
 An' aye an' a' aboot himsel'.

“ Yes, gentlemen, although I say't,
 There's no my marrow in the trade ;
 At a gleg glance I tak' my measures,
 An' can dae wonders wi' my scissors.
 Yes, gentlemen : I tell you that
 At ae shairp clip I'll cleave a hat—

The biggest hat that ere I saw,
 At ae sharp clip I'll cleave in twa.
 Bring me a hat, I'll let you see
 The value o' my shears and me ;
 Bring me a hat, I'm juist in trim
 Tae cut it through, baith croon an' rim !”

In merry glee the hat was brocht,
 An' in a blink the wark was wrought,
 An' syne the laughter was uproarious,
 The puir proud deacon joined the chorus ;
 But in a wee he gloomed and grat—
 It was his ain guid brow new hat !

Some say he in a present got it
 That very day before he voted.
 Be that's it may, it tells us a'
 That drucken folly brings a fa' ;
 And had the deacon minded that,
 He wadna spoilt his brow new hat.

~~~~~

### A WEEL-KENT LEE'R.

**W**A notables wha liked tae meet,  
 An' hae a crack thegither,  
 Forgathered on the open street,  
 An' says the ane tae ither :—

“ Wha tauld ye Beadle Blue was dead ?  
 The thing that gars me speer,  
 Gin 'twas himsel' ye needna heed,  
 He's sic an awfu' lee'r.

- “ An’ gin the truth he chance tae speak,  
 ’Tis double-edged an’ droll ;  
 Sic as, ‘ I hav’na for a week  
*Buried a leevin’ soul.*”
- “ An’ when informed that ane was deid,  
 He gae his head a claw,  
 An’ said, ‘ Aweel, puir sonsie chiel’,  
*I’d raither ither twa.*”
- “ When tauld some fock had left the toon,  
 Quoth he, ‘ That’s hardly fair ;  
 But let them gang, I houp ere lang  
 Ithers wull *fill their lair.*”
- “ An’ whan reproached for robbin’ graves,  
 Quo’ he, ‘ Hoo dae ye ken ?  
 Aweel I wat I ne’er did that,  
 I’d raither bury ten.
- “ ‘ Me lift the deid ! my vera spade  
 Wad shake frae head tae heel ;  
 An’ as for me I’d faster flee  
 Frae ghaists than frae the De’il.’”
- “ But gin ye really ken he’s deid,  
 I’se say nae mair aboot him ;  
 Only, ye ken, when lee’rs speak,  
 We ha’e gude cause tae doot ’em.”
- “ Weel, Tam, it’s true enough he’s deid,  
 An’ mony a lee he gabbit ;  
 But, man, he didna ken he lee’d,  
*’Twas juist his daily habit.*”

## WAGGIE—THE HERO'S GRAVE.

---

**N**OW oft the costly monument is reared  
 O'er them who lived unloved an' unrevered ;  
 Proud Fashion fondly makes the pompous show,  
 Little regarding them who sleep below ;  
 But in my garden where sweet flowerets bloom,  
 Grateful affection guards a lowly tomb.  
 Our dog, poor Waggie, safely slumbers there,  
 And on his grave the flowers are ever fair ;  
 We got Wee Waggie when he was a pup,  
 And carelessly enough we brought him up ;  
 He needed neither whip, nor cane, nor chaining ;  
 But got a kindly general household training—  
 And with the children scampered everywhere  
 Their childish pranks and noisy sports to share.  
 From early morn till close of summer day  
 He was as fond of frisk and fun as they ;  
 And when they thoughtlessly too far would roam,  
 He with his pawky wisdom wiled them home ;  
 And barking briskly at the outer door,  
 As if to say, " Be glad, we're a' t' fore."  
 And when we would their thoughtless follies chide,  
 He, like a penitent, crouched to their side—  
 Whinged when they wept, and licked their tearful  
     cheek,  
 Seeming to be in sad distress to speak ;  
 And while we sung our evening psalm of praise,  
 From face to face he turned his anxious gaze :

A plaintive tune made him look plaintive too,  
Till drowsily he to his couch withdrew—  
He was so winning, peaceful, brisk, and brave,  
We like to linger near his little grave.

One day our harvest hands wrought near the steading,  
'Twere women only (all my lads were leading),  
And by our extra bustling work at home,  
Dear mother ne'er had miss'd her little Tom ;  
He had, unseen, toddled alone to be  
Beside the shearers, with their merry glee.  
They bound a sheaf, and kindly in their care,  
They placed him right in "Tommy's harvest chair."  
Soon he fell sound asleep upon the sheaf,  
And then they o'er him spread a red 'kerchief,  
Well pleased to see him safe from hurt or grief ;  
While on they wrought, nor dreamed of aught to  
harm ;

But in one moment what a wild alarm !  
A furious bull close on them running roared,  
Sheaf after sheaf he madly tossed and gored.  
The women, screaming, fled on wings of fear,  
And left the bull unscared in his career ;  
And soon he found Wee Tommy's new-made bed,  
And tossed both it and him up o'er his head ;  
And on his horns might caught him as he fell,  
But faithfu' Waggie knew his work too well ;  
And in an instant caught the bullock's lip,  
And held, and struggled on to hold the grip ;  
The bull now struggled, too, with double rage,  
*Tossing his head the dog to disengage.*



The screams, the yelps, and bellowing caught our ear,  
 We to the window rushed in anxious fear.  
 But what a sight! our gentle Waggie borne  
 Across the field, tossed on the bullock's horn.  
 We ran to help; but with surprise and joy  
 Upon the field we found our own dear boy,  
 And Waggie lying near him almost dead,  
 And Tommy's hand laid kindly on its head.  
 The faithful dog had crawled back o'er the field,  
 With its last breath its helpless friend to shield,  
 We grieved for Waggie; yet our heart was glad  
 He had so died, and saved our little lad.  
 So we still guard poor Waggie's lowly grave;  
 He was so gentle, faithful, kind, and brave,  
 And died a hero Tommy's life to save.

~~~~~

MY PONY'S AULD SHOON.

A TALE IN RHYME.

FUIR poets are blamed for bein' careless o' cash,
 An' that fond o' fun, that they're ne'er oot o'
 fash—

A kind o' braw beggars, baith cringin' an' crouse,
 An' e'en at the best, aye as bare's a kirk mouse—
 Ower fond o' the lasses, as weel's o' the drink,
 An' canna stand back gin a cronnie but wink.
 But a' thae assertions I flatly deny,
 We're joost like oor neebors, we drink when we're dry

**An' while's no sae muckle as gude folk who's faut is
 Tae coup up their wee finger best when it's gratis.
 But this I confess, though we're no very rich,
 We like tae gie puir, silly auld things a hitch—
 Auld horses, auld men, umbrella, or coat,
 We bring back tae mind when by others forgot.
 There, joost noo mysel, before I be doon,
 I'll tell ye about my ain pony's auld shoon,
 An' hoo thae shoon hang on a high honour'd place
 For near thretty years on oor braw kitchen brace.**

When I was a callant, near oot gaen nineteen,
 Tae work wi' my faither I thocht was ower mean,
 I spak' tae my mither hoo I could mak' gain,
 Gin I were a dealer in cattle an' grain.
 My mither, gude woman, was unco weel pleas'd,
 An' nightly an' daily my faither she teased,
 Till he toomed his huggar tae let me begin—
 A gentleman dealer, my fortune tae win.
 The first thing I coft was a bonnie black horse,
 An' big tho' the price was, I felt nae remorse—
 The beast was a braw beast, an', O, I was big!
 For puir, honest wark-folk I cared nae a fig.
 My horse, my braw horse, like a bee in my bonnet,
 Pat me in a fizz, be I aff it or on it—
 Clean-shankit, swan-neckit, lang-winded, an' stout,
 She flew like the woodie whene'er she was oot.
 She had nae a faut, but her een rather tender—
 Ye ken that my horse was the femanen gender;
 My spanken young pony was jet glossy black,
bonnier beast ne'er had man on her back.

I drave on wi' fury—nae sorrow nor care
 Had I when I thoct on my bonnie black mare;
 A year an' half lang I scampered about,
 Till siller an' credit were baith worn out.
 My faither an' mither were angry an' sad,
 Yet still I drave on, like a man that was mad.
 But 'mid a' my losses, ae gude thing I gained,
 An' has tae this day my best blessin' remained—
 The bonnie, sweet blossom o' Thornha' Dell,
 As gentle an' pure as the new heather bell.

Tae Thornha' Dell mony visits I paid—
 The farmer an' gudewife believed a' I said,
 But aft the dear lassie that lo'ed me sae weel,
 Bade me be mair douce, an' nae gallop t' deil.
 Yet gallop I wad, an' my bonnie black mare
 Was never the waur o' the tear an' the wear;
 She flew like the fury as rackless as I,
 Her fit was sae licht, she nicht loupit the sky.
 O weel do I mind the last day we were oot,
 My mither, puir body, as white as a clout,
 Cam' pleadin' wi' me tae tak' care o' mysel'
 An' nae tae deceive the gude folk o' the dell.
 Ye've ruined yer faither, an' it winna dae
 Tae gang among strangers tae ruin them tae—
 The auld folk are gude, an' the dochter is mair—
 She's handsome an' bonnie, she's tocher an' lear.
 But O, Geordie man, tho' ye've spent a' we had,
 Gin ye noo behave weel, oor hearts wad be glad;
 But I was ower prood, tho' I kent I was wrang,
 Tae yield tae my mither, sae I aff in a bang.

I saddled my horse an' rade straught tae the Dell—
 An' just at the steep edge o' Thornha' burn
 I gie a sharp tug my pony tae turn,
 An' a' I can mind that wi' fury we fell.

I had been clean killed, tho' I'm here crawin' crouse,
 Clean killed, an' taen in tae the Dell muckle house ;
 I afterward learned my leg was in twa—
 My pony, puir pony, was dead wi' the fa',
 My faither an' mither, wi tears in their e'e,
 Were soon at the bedside awaiting on me ;
 An' kind were the auld folk o' Thornha' Dell,
 But the kindest o' a' was my sweet, bonnie Bell.
 She grudged nae her toil, an' she spared nae her purse,
 Tae comfort an' cheer, tae guide and tae nurse.
 But noo tae get thro' wi' my lang weary tale,
 By times I got better, an' hearty, an' hale ;
 I wrought wi' my faither, an' made him fu' glad
 O' Geordie, his son, a plain weel-doin' lad.
 I honoured my mither, an' happy was she,
 An' a things gaed weel wi' the farm an' me.
 But better than a', the fair maid o' the Dell,
 Wha nursed me sac kindly when evil befell,
 Cam' hame tae my house my braw bride an' sweet wife,
 An' ne'er has a man haen a happier life.
 'Mong the first things I saw in oor new dwellin'-place
 Was my auld pony's shoon hangin' high on the brace,
 But hoo they had gotten there I never yet kent,
 An' a lesson tae me they hae lent,
 That what is foolish, an' dae what is right,
 Mind the prodigal fearless plight.

Noo a' this I did, an' a this was dune,
 Ere e'er I did rhyme or twa verses could croon ;
 My rhymin' began while I lay sick an' sair,
 An' saw the true value o' nurture an' care.
 An' my dear gudewife, an' my bairns a' chime
 Wi' me when I raple a wee bit o' rhyme ;
 They say I'm inspired by the rays o' the moon,
 Or else at the sight o' my pony's auld shoon.

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## A TEMPERANCE HYMN,

*Written for, and Sung at a great Meeting of Abstainers,  
 held in front of Priory House, belonging to  
 Erskine Beveridge, Esq.*

TUNE—"Howden."

**C**OME, hail ye friends of peace !  
 Come, hail that happy time  
 The drunkard's song shall cease,  
 For that sweet song sublime—  
 Peace, peace on earth, and gracious love,  
 Is now proclaimed from Heaven above.

Then, who would mar their peace,  
 By drunkenness and crime ?  
 Oh, may such evil cease,  
 To stain the page of time.  
 Let peace, and truth, and love reclaim  
 Each drunkard from his paths of shame


Oh, that the poor were wise !  
 Oh, that they would be taught  
 To view with scornful eyes  
 The intoxicating draught,  
 That sinks their comfort, makes them slaves,  
 And digs their offspring's early graves.

Then lift your hearts with joy,  
 Who scorn the ensnaring cup ;  
 With zeal your powers employ,  
 To root its evil up ;  
 Till sweet sobriety banish vice,  
 And make each home a paradise.

Then, hail ye friends of peace !  
 Hail, hail that happy day  
 The drunkard's song shall cease—  
 His slavery pass away !  
 And man, in social brotherhood,  
 Unite in all that's great and good.

---

*COURTSHIP.*

“  MARY, dear Mary, you've stolen my heart,  
 And left me to languish and mourn.”  
 “ No, George, dear, I never could act such a part,  
 When I gave you my own in return.  
 And more, you may see that I'm free from all blame,  
 For I'll give you my hand when you give me your  
 name.”

So the bargain was settled and sealed with a kiss,  
 and she was young mistress, and ceased to be miss.

## OH! WHAT A CHANGE TAE ME.

---

**I**T'S lang an' monie a day sin' first I left my native  
land,

An' a' the happy scenes o' youth, that seemed tae me  
sae grand;

Oor merry pranks when schule was oot, oor battles  
an' oor games—

I think I see the laddies yet, an' weel I mind their  
names.

But when I try tae find them oot, like leaves faun aff  
the tree,

They're scattered here, they're scattered there : Oh !  
what a change tae me.

The burns we paidled in are noo hemmed in wi' stane  
an' lime,

The braes we scrambled up wad noo tae climb them be  
a crime ;

The auld rough road that pass'd Claysicks, and led us  
tae the shore,

Is noo hedged in, an' clad wi' corn, whaur wild flowers  
grew afore ;

The briery banks along the Forth are ploughed up tae  
the sea,

There's noo nae path tae pace upon : Oh! what a  
change tae me.

When, hand in hand wi' Jessie Gray, dressed in her  
 frock o' green,  
 I toddled tae the Grange for milk, at morning or at  
 e'en ;  
 They ca'd us little man an' wife, wee laddie an' 'wee  
 laird,  
 But bonnie Jessie Gray sleeps noo, laid in the Auld  
 Kirkyaird,—  
 She had been wed an' dain' weel, an' they had bairnies  
 three,  
 But noo they lie near Wallace Thorn : Oh ! what a  
 change tae me.

I thocht gin I were hame again, an' a' my rinks were run,  
 My mither's heart wad be fu' prood about her wealthy  
 son ;  
 But mither in her grave was laid, an' family freends  
 I've nane,  
 My cousins claim their heirship guid gin I were deid  
 an' gane.  
 I seldom meet a freendly face I kent when I was young,  
 An' they that fill the auld folk's place hae tynt their  
 mither tongue ;  
 Hoo aft I thocht gin I were hame, fu' gladsome I wad  
 be,  
 But a' things gane I lo'ed langsyne : Oh ! what a change  
 tae me.

When I was young an' winnin' wealth, an' kent my  
 freends were puir,  
 I should hae sent them timely help, their comfort tae  
 secure ;



But like a fule I meant tae come an' make them big an'  
braw,  
I little kent their hearts wad break for him that was  
awa'.  
But noo I find that family love in word an' deed is  
mair  
Than splendid palace fu' o' gowd without ae freend tae  
share—  
'Tis freendship mak's the puir sae blythe, an gie's the  
rich their glee,  
But I've come tae a freendless hame : Oh ! what a  
change tae me.

Yet still I like tae see the howfs I ran aboot langsyne,  
They bring tae mind the happy days ere wealth an'  
care were mine :  
I'm fond tae see my faither's house, I lo'e the very  
street :  
There's something in the bairnie's din as music tae my  
feet.  
An' tho' I've wandered lang an' far, an' meikle grandeur  
seen,  
There's nae place like my native hame, for a' the gaits  
I've been ;  
The freends that's nearest tae my heart, the freends I've  
come tae see,  
A' sleep noo in my native toon, an' that mak's dear tae  
me.

---

*TO A POETICAL FRIEND.*

---

**N**EAR, worthy, and esteemed poetic friend,  
 You've set me musing on the days langsyne ;  
 But why not thou thy willing efforts lend,  
 Association's silver links to join ?  
 The task is pleasant—fitness for it thine,  
 For friendship's sweetness, with melodious ease,  
 Flows from thy lips, until thy features shine  
 With social joy, and aids thy power to please,  
 And makes you longed for at our "social sprees ;"  
 Thine are the hills and glens, streams, flowers, and trees,  
 The blooming heather and the yellow broom,  
 The woodland songster, and the humming bees,  
 The early dew, and Autumn's balmy breeze,  
 The waving meadows, with their herbs in bloom,  
 Offering sweet incense of a rich perfume.  
 Kind Nature's own sweet poetry are these,  
 And they are thine. 'Tis sweet to sing of these,  
 But auld Dumfarlin's friendly face with my grave  
 Muse agrees ;  
 Were I a priest Episcopal, 'twould be my diocese.

'Tis thine to cull from Memory's golden page  
 The youthful griefs and joys of schoolboy days ;  
 I was so short time there, and young in age,  
 Association brings me nought to praise.  
 But when I look on Time's revolving stage,  
 I see a little patriotic band,  
 Who sought society's sorrows to assuage,  
 And stop oppression's strong destroying hand.

Justice and truth their motto and demand ;  
They had to struggle 'neath the tyrant's brand,  
And sow in tears ! But our beloved land  
Enjoys their harvest—gladsome, great and grand.

Such were the days of proud despotic rule—  
“ Friends of the people ” were accounted knaves ;  
Provincial magnates were the Premier's tool  
To crush the millions down as heartless slaves.  
The Nation's Church became corruption's pool,  
And caused the thoughtful thirst for purer streams ;  
The Press was gagged ; sectarianised the school ;  
And scoffed to scorn the people's humblest claims—  
The friends of truth chased with opprobrious names  
As leaders of all vile, secret, seditious schemes.

All things were taxed—the very light of day ;  
Smoke, salt, food, drink, and e'en the paths we trod  
Were taxed ; the cost of their vile wars to pay ;  
And vile monopoly taxed the word of God,  
And vile monopoly bound the people's bread  
In store to rot for landlord's gain ; till they—  
The famished people—in deep anguish, pled  
For leave to buy from other lands, and trade  
With them in peace. But they who ruled, instead  
Of fair-priced food, sent soldiers, sword, and lead  
To scatter them, or leave them bleeding, dead—  
And dragged the peaceful from their homes, to shed  
Their blood in war, till Britain hung her sorrow-  
stricken head.

But now, how blest the change to sons of toil,  
How blest to all, of every class and grade,

Instead of strife, peace and contentment smile,  
Commerce and enterprise enjoy free trade.  
The rich have ceased the lowly to upbraid,  
And friendly feeling fills our happy isle ;  
The toiling masses work like free-born men,  
And speak as freely as "the upper ten."  
And though they differ, still give mutual aid,  
No more of persecution's fangs afraid :  
No more base spies ; the reign of terror gone !  
Since liberal-minded men sat round the throne,  
Wealth, worth, and goodness can enjoy their own.

No other land so blest with peace as ours.  
Our virtuous Queen, beloved, in comfort reigns ;  
Our chiefs, entrusted with imperial powers,  
Our wide franchise from tyranny restrains.  
Our law supreme, its majesty maintains,  
To punish evil and protect the right—  
The rich in safety can enjoy their gains ;  
The feeblest sheltered from unscrupulous might ;  
And knowledge spreads her joys like summer's rising  
light.

In looking back on Britain's past career,  
And see the peaceful triumphs Truth has won,  
Well may we hold our fathers' memories dear,  
And hand their honours down from "sire to son."  
Nor toil, nor scorn, nor suffering did they shun,  
To break the imperious, proud oppressor's rod,  
In holy hope their labour was begun,  
They loved their country, and they feared their God.

Their houses were a Bethel twice each day,  
Where'er Dissenters could their family meet ;  
Their Bible led them both to praise and pray,  
And tho' unskilled, they hallowed many a street,  
And makes their children's home remembrance  
sweet ;

And we, their sons, now hope and trust to see  
The Kingdom of our Heavenly King set free—  
No more to bow the neck or bend the knee  
To earthly potentate, for pomp or fee ;  
But from all worldly pride or power emancipated be.

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*TO THE NEW ELECTORS IN THE STIRLING  
DISTRICT OF BURGHS.*

---

**L**OOK back, New Electors, to days that are past,  
And see who befriended you then ;  
Was it Whigs or Radicals stood in the blast,  
And fought for your interests like men ?  
If it was the Whigs, then let Whigs get their will ;  
But if it was Radicals, follow them still.

Look forward, Electors, to days drawing near,  
When good men must battle for more ;  
Is it Whigs or Radicals we have to fear ?  
Who will keep working men at the door,

168 TO THE NEW ELECTORS IN THE STIRLING BURGHS.

And give to the wealthy place, profit, and spoil,  
And leave working millions to hunger and toil.

Tho' Stirling Whigs boast of "The Son of the Rock,"  
And praise him as high as they can ;  
Tho' teetotal preachers their principles mock,  
And make "The Distiller" their man—  
Yet still old Dunfermline Electors can be  
Independent and honest, and open and free.

Conservative Whigs may make Ramsay their choice—  
A staunch honest Whig he has been—  
But Campbell's our man ; and we'll lift up our voice,  
And hail the young Radical in.  
His wit and his knowledge, and wisdom to guide him,  
Make old-fashioned Whigs seem as nothing beside  
him !

Tho' lawyers may flecth, and tho' factors may frown—  
Tho' friends threaten friendship to break—  
Remember, your vote is as sacred's the crown,  
To be used for your country's sake.  
The poorest elector might know that he should  
Independently vote for the great common good.

Then, let us old Radicals stand to our flag,  
Like men who are honest and true ;  
The Whig clique of Stirling may bluster and brag,  
Till they see what *new freemen* can do.  
Our friends who have battled to give us "the vote,"  
'Tis them we will follow—and why should we not ?  
Let each stick to party where principle guides—  
But let it be principle, nothing besides.

And why should one Radical "turn his coat,"  
 And give Whig or Tory his maiden vote.  
 While one like young Campbell, accomplish'd and true,  
 Is willing and able to battle for you,  
 Till every monopoly, in Church or in State,  
 Gives place to fair dealing among lowly or great ;  
 Schools, churches, and colleges open their door,  
 And dominant factions disturb us no more ;  
 The throne in its glory, the people in peace,  
 And humble industry in comforts increase.  
 And shall we be cajoled from Campbell? No, never!  
 Young Campbell's our cherish'd hope—Campbell for  
 ever!

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*REMINISCENCES TO A FRIEND.*

---

**D**EAR Freen' ! like me ye're turnin' auld,  
 Yer haffets white, yer pow fu' bald,  
 Easily made ourie wi' the cauld,  
     An' stiff yer stap ;  
 Lang ye were foremaist o' the fauld,  
     A swankin' chap.

But three-score years an' twal's nae little  
 Tae tear an' wear the best o' mettle ;  
 Puir fock hae little time tae pettle,  
     An' lounge an' rest ;  
 But eidently they aye maun ettle  
     Tae dae their best,

Man ! monie an up an' doon we've seen,  
 Wi' them that had the grandest been,  
 Dung doon tae dust among the mean,  
     Tae work for bread ;  
 While ithers rising, crouse an' clean,  
     Up in their stead ;

A' drivin' on a thriving trade,  
 Wi' honour baith tae hand an' head ;  
 The factory worker weel repaid  
     For time weel spent ;  
 An' monie a laird they've lightsome made,  
     Wi' risin' rent.

But handloom weavers claw their croon  
 Sin' steam could weave the whitey broon ;  
 They're sair an' sadly slidin' doon,  
     An' nae tae blame ;  
 For tho' it should enrich the toon,  
     It's ruined them.

Noo, for oorsel's, in lookin' back  
 Alang oor life-lang toilsome track,  
 There's no ae spot that vera black  
     We need tae hide,  
 Rather young memory's cantie crack  
     Brings peacefu' pride.

Hoo sune we scampered tae the sea,  
 Like fillies new let on the lea,  
 On simmer Saturdays, whan free  
     Frae 'prentice wark,  
 An' plunged an' splattered fu' o' glee,  
     Without the sark.



Syne tripped awa' along the shore,  
 Whaur we in bands had been before—  
 Whiles half-a-dozen, whiles a score,  
     A' brisk an' blythe,  
 Wee creeks an' corners tae explore  
     About Rosyth.

Syne hameward turned oor weary shanks,  
 Wi' hungry wame for little thanks,  
 Yet couldna cease frae pliskie pranks—  
     Come dool or care—  
 As fou o' mirth as mountebanks  
     At Glasgow Fair.

An' dae ye mind hoo we were fond  
 Tae slide upon the Toongreen pond,  
 But under strict maternal bond  
     Guid care tae keep,  
 An' never gang an inch beyond  
     Oor ain knee deep.

But best o' a', hoo we were glad  
 About June Fair—great grand parade—  
 When ilka weel-daein' weaver-lad  
     Was buskit braw,  
 An' braid silk sash, an' apron had  
     As white as snaw.

An' a' the lassies roun' an' roun',  
 Frae village huts an' farm-toon,  
 Cam' pourin' in—be't up or doon  
     They had nae fear;  
 Her brawest bannet, brawest gown,  
     Ilk ane did wear.



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ell,

An' kintra chaps, wi' rosy cheeks,  
 Clean whitened breasts, an' new washed breeks ;  
 An' though they had made trysts for weeks  
                   Whaur tae foregather,  
 Yet wi' fond, stealthie, bashfu' keeks  
                   They met wi' ither.

An' colliers frae their coomie hills—  
 Sailors frae Ferry an' Limekilns ;  
 Frae Torryburn an' Newmills  
                   Cam' lasses gay ;  
 Even grocers left their hungry tills  
                   T' enjoy the day.

But, man, the crood was grand an' great,  
 Paradin' in thro' Hunt's braw gate  
 Doon tae the big house, there tae get  
                   Their cake an' wine—  
 Three cheers they gie wi' hearts elate—  
                   'Twas grand an' fine.

An' ilka street, in ilka place  
 Showed monie a bloomin', blythsome face—  
 There ne'er had been a yeoman's race  
                   Sae thorough thrang ;  
 But noo its clean an altered case,  
                   Be't richt or wrang.

The sweet wild braes along the sea,  
 That were sae bonnie, fresh, an' free,  
 Are fenc'd as close as close can be  
                   An' watchers set ;  
 Oor auld Toongreen we had tae gie  
                   For Burgh debt !

An' young fock noo seem fairly bent  
 New-fangled fashions tae invent ;  
 Auld farrant thrift is little kent

Amang them noo—  
 What's quickly won, as quickly spent  
 By nae sma' few.

An' yet I wadna nurse the wush  
 The younkers' youthfu' joys tae crush ;  
 But let them plan, an' ply, an' push,

Wi' heart an' brain—  
 Though grief at times their mirth may hush,  
 They'll sing again—

As you an' me fu' aft hae dune,  
 When death's sad stillness changed oor tune,  
 An' gar'd us like the cushat croon

Oor plaintive notes ;  
 Or want o' income pinched oor spoon  
 An' patched oor coats.

Yet, noo, hoo gratefu' we should be,  
 That hae been spared sae lang tae see  
 Oor bairn's bairns, blythe wi' glee,

An' aye as yet  
 Frae darin', glarin', follies free,  
 That cause regret.

An' while we live, 'twill be oor aim

Aye tae *deserve* an honest name ;

An' when we dee, oor only claim,

Which God has given,  
 Is thro' the Saviour's blessed name,  
 Tae enter Heaven.

*ADDRESS TO LORD JOHN RUSSELL.*

---

**M**Y noble Lord, amid your anxious cares  
 For Britain's weal in foreign folks' affairs,  
 I fain wad let ye ken, in guid braid Scots,  
 What wark-folk think, tho' cloutit be oor coats.  
 We ken, my Lord, ye hae a fickle task  
 Tae deal wi' foreign freens that wear the mask ;  
 An' it's weel kent ye hae a British heart,  
 An' double-dealin' wounds ye like a dart.  
 While thae croon'd heads that slaves tae Holy Rome  
 Can do what ill they like, that guid may come,  
 Hail ye as freen'—betray ye wi' a kiss,  
 An' coont it richt tae please his Holiness.  
 They hae nae fear o' holy retribution—  
 Their holy father gies them absolution.  
 Slaughter an' robbery, perjury an' fraud,  
 Are princely virtues, which the Paip can laud.  
 Nor does he grudge ten thousand slaughter'd men  
 Tae check the liberty o' tongue an' pen ;  
 Nor does he blush tae burn the Word o' God,  
 Lest people see his impious iron rod.  
 Even traitor Judas could he croon wi' glory,  
 An' bring him scatheless oot o' Purgatory,  
 If that wad cause the princes in his train  
 Crush doon their people, an' promote his reign.  
 An' if he could tramp Britain 'neath his feet,  
 Syne wad his impious triumph be complete.

Noo mind, my Lord, yer honour is at stake,  
 Be firm for Britain an' for freedom's sake.

Thae wily chaps will try fu' mony a shift  
 Tae get ye fixt tae gie the Paip a lift.  
 But Britain never, never will again  
 Push independence doon that Paips may reign.  
 We hae nae brotherhood wi' Paips at a'—  
 They're sworn tae swamp oor liberty an' law.  
 Under a solemn, fearfu' curse they're bund  
 Tae noose oor very noses tae the grund,  
 Until we honour him as far supreme  
 Aboon oor ain beloved Queen at hame ;  
 An' wi' his swarm o' priests tae sink us doon—  
 Consume oor country, an' pollute oor croon.  
 An' he wad seal up truth's life-giving stream,  
 An' reign himsel' aboon the truth supreme,  
 An' leave us neither liberty nor knowledge  
 But what comes thro' a Roman Catholic college.  
 A' that he's bund tae dae by solemn aith ;  
 An' should not we deride his threaten'd scaith,  
 An' let Paips stand or fa', or sink or soom,  
 As his ain priest-rid princes smile or gloom ?  
 Let brave Sardinia nobly rear her crest  
 Among the noblest nations o' the west ;  
 Onward in glorious liberty advance,  
 An' gie their heartfelt praise tae friendly France.

Let Italy, fair Italy, reclaim  
 Her independence, an' a nation's name,  
 Till their prood tyrant king an' priestly lord  
 Open the Sacred Truth an' sheath the sword ;  
 An' gin he wull be shepherd, let him be  
 Mair shepherd-like—frae fraud an' bluidshed free.

But why should Britain shed her freemen's blude,  
 Tae keep the Paip an' priests in pleasant mude ?  
 Tho' his ain captains cut him tae the bane,  
 We'll let him gang, an' frankly say, " Amen."

But his ain princes, bondsmen in his train—  
 Austria, Naples, Portugal, an' Spain—  
 They may agree tae gie the Paip their power,  
 Till fairest lands they utterly devour ;  
 Crush their own people, stifle speech an' press,  
 Tae get a blessing frae his Holiness.  
 But Britain scorns, contemns his high pretensions,  
 Abhors, an' blushes at his vile inventions.  
 His halesale slaughters, an' his Inquisition,  
 Are proofs tae us o' priestly imposition ;  
 An' should he dare hurt us, we'll let him ken  
 We hae the hearts, an' heads, an' hands o' men.  
 We dinna fear him as the Faither-priest,  
 We only ken him as the " scarlet beast."  
 Oor hope we rest upon a firmer Rock  
 Than sinfu' mortal 'neath a scarlet cloak.

It is the precious Bible, freely spread,  
 That's Britain's bulwark, croons her honoured head,  
 An' heaven has blessed us, an' will bless us still,  
 Freedom an' truth's grand mission tae fulfil.

Sae noo, my Lord, yer kintra trusts an' hopes  
 Ye'll ne'er play birkie wi the priests or popes,  
 But aye, in a' decisions an' despatches,  
 Keep clean an' clear o' priestcraft's wily clutches.  
 Faithfu', an' first in freedom's cause remain,  
 An' Britain's glorious liberty maintain.



## THE LONG LOST SON'S RETURN.

---

**D**REAMED my long lost son, so dear to me,  
 Came from his grave-bed in the deep green sea,  
 And with a heavy step he reached the door,  
 Where his light feet so oft had trod before ;  
 He looked as young as when he left, and smiled,  
 And then he seemed careworn, and stern and wild—  
 His cheeks were furrowed where hot tears had run,  
 And yet I knew him,—yes, I knew my son.  
 I ran to clasp him in my fond embrace,  
 But while I grasped he vanished from his place ;  
 I heard his heavy footsteps long and loud,  
 While he was followed by the flattering crowd,  
 Who saw not 'neath his gold the wormy shroud.

I tried to call him, but in vain I tried,  
 My lips were powerless and my tongue was dried ;  
 I sought to follow, but my feet I found  
 Were fix'd by some enchantment to the ground ;  
 At length, I, struggling, gave a whispering scream,  
 And woke upon my bed—it was a dream !

I thought I had awoke, but still my brain  
 Was racked with nightmare visions o'er again :  
 My other son, who aye had been my stay  
 Since his unfaithful brother ran away,  
 He shared my sorrow, for my welfare toiled,  
 And, widow though I was, with joy I smiled ;  
 Nor was he only staff and shield to me,  
 But in our town none so beloved as he.

I saw him now tossed in a little boat,  
And on the Forth's proud bosom lonely float,  
No human hand to help him,—no, not one—  
I saw him sinking—"Oh! my son, my son!"  
I wildly cried, and to him straight were given  
Strong eagle's wings that bore him half to heaven ;  
And through the air he swept till safe ashore,  
And blyther stood than e'er he stood before.  
I felt new joy in every word he spoke,  
And 'mid my joy, I from my dream awoke.

Scarce was I risen from my dream-toss'd sleep,  
When I had cause grief's bitter tears to weep :  
My dear kind son, my only staff and stay,  
Long out of work, resolved to go away,  
And seek employment with an empty purse,  
And part with all he had ; but what was worse,  
Still be in debt—yes, debt, the poor man's curse.  
His house, and all he had, was under bond,  
And forced to sale, would still leave debt beyond ;  
His wife and loving children he must leave,—  
The money-lender must his cash receive.

The mournful day of sale was set, and all  
Our neighbours knew, which added to our gall ;  
But some more kindly tried to soothe our grief,  
Poor as ourselves, they could lend no relief ;  
They blamed the rich man for his pride and rank,  
And selfish fondness for the Western Bank ;  
*Its* high percentage led him to withdraw  
*His* cash on bond, and force it up by law,

That he might purchase more shares in the bank,  
Until his proud name 'mong his neighbours stank.

My son had oft this same proud lender aided,  
By whom he's now oppressed, abused, upbraided.  
Oh, how I wished in agony of mind  
That heaven would help us, and some friend prove kind.  
In sorrow's tears to lender's house I went,  
Pled for more time ; but he would not relent,—  
“ 'Twas in the hand of law,” he said, and scoffed,  
“ That my poor Thomas was too good and soft.”

But ere that bitter day came to a close,  
The Western Bank had ceased to pamper those  
Who trusted in its profitable gain,  
And filled the proudest of the proud with pain :  
At morn, the holders, wealthy in their shares,  
By night, regret and poverty were theirs.  
The more they of their gains had vaunting been,  
The more the unlooked-for smash was sad and keen ;  
And so it was to our great neighbour now,  
Forced by the blow among the poor to bow,  
While deep distress drew down his clouded brow.

But that was no relief to us, for still  
The law its thankless duty must fulfil,  
And drive my dear son out of house and hold,  
To yield the rich more interest for his gold,  
Altho' the poor should be to begging driven,  
Who nobly had with sad misfortune striven.

I was afraid to let poor Thomas know  
How bitterly I felt to let him go,

But rather tried to cheer him and his wife,  
By picturing better days in after life.  
He looked as if my words had brought relief,  
And said, " 'Twas sinful to despair in grief ;"  
He knew now what to do,—he'd give up all,  
And seek for other work, however small,  
Altho' false friends should strip him to the skin,  
An honest heart had hope and peace within.  
While thus he spoke, a friend came to the door,  
Offered him work, where he had wrought before ;  
Our griefs were soothed, our fears were chased away,  
But still we felt about the rousing day.

The rousing day to the unhoused is sad,  
While auctioneer and purchasers look glad ;  
Laughing at vulgar jests with merry glee,  
Tho' the displenished weep and troubled be.  
But now to us the trial seemed as past,  
As sailors do when saved upon the mast ;  
All lost but life and honour—these are more  
In value prized than mansions on the shore.

Ere day was done, I sought my lonely home,  
Thinking of what was past, and what to come,—  
I took my Bible—there I found relief,  
Oft had it giv'n me comfort in my grief,  
And while I read I heard a ffitting noise  
Close to the door, and then a feeble voice,  
Claiming one night within my humble cot—  
He pled his cause, and I refused him not.

He seemed so feeble, wayworn, sad, and sick,  
I ne'er suspected 'twas a friendly trick,

Even when he asked how I and Thomas were,  
 And said he shared in all our grief and care ;  
 But when at length he smiled, I knew him then,—  
 “ My Jamie—Jamie are ye come again ?  
 We thought you dead and drowned long, long ago.  
 Oh gracious God ! be praised it is not so,  
 For this my son was lost and dead for years,  
 Now lives and in my blessed sight appears,  
 Welcome to share the best I have to give,  
 And never more to leave me while I live.”

He cast aside his ragged coat, and stood  
 A handsome comely fellow, right and good ;  
 And on his mother's lap he laid a purse  
 That would far more than all their debts disburse.  
 But 'twould be vain to tell their mutual joy  
 When Thomas saw his long-lost brother boy ;  
 They knelt in gratitude, and ceased to mourn,—  
 'Twas joy to all, *the long lost son's return.*

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## THE TOMB OF THE BRUCE.

*Motto*—“ Freedom's battle once begun,  
 Is bequeathed from sire to son.”

**T**HE Scottish heart is bound with silken band  
 Of filial love to his dear native land,  
 Where family friendship, calm domestic peace,  
 And Freedom's social blessings never cease ;  
 While Nature's grand stupendous scenes abound,  
 And patriot's names for noble deeds renowned,

Stir independence in each true-born Scot,  
That make his native home earth's sweetest spot.  
None may, unscathed, that little land traduce,  
Whose sons are heroes since the days of BRUCE—  
The immortal BRUCE—the good, the great, the brave—  
To memory dear—and dear his sacred grave!

His sacred grave!—Dunfermline's honoured trust;  
Within her Abbey rests his honoured dust.  
For long the royal tomb deep under ground  
Seemed lost; but now the precious spot is found.  
Scotland rejoiced as if some victory won,  
When found the grave of her illustrious son;  
And, as the tidings spread thro' town and glen,  
It thrilled the bosoms of the worthiest men.  
The nobles gathered, and with grateful grace,  
The sacred relics solemnly replace;  
And now the new-built Abbey walls surround  
The hallowed grave of Bruce, as holy ground.

Well may we love to honour Bruce's name,  
And glory in his ever-living fame;  
No proud usurping conqueror was he,  
But nobly set his down-crushed country free.  
When tyrant Edward basely trode her down,  
And sought to vassalage fair Scotland's crown,  
The patriot Bruce, that vassalage disdained,  
And glorious victory over Edward gained;  
From Bannockburn field the invading foe  
Was forced to flee, their pomp and power laid low;  
The love of country made each Scotsman brave,  
And hallows still the royal Bruce's grave.

Fondly our artists paint, with skilful hand,  
The bold, wild beauties of our mountain land ;  
But grand altho' our native scenery be,  
The crowning beauty is—Our land is free !  
Our poets sing our happy hills and vales,  
Where sturdy independence never fails ;  
Where active “ honest lads” and lasses fair,  
In virtuous love become the wedded pair,  
Nor grudge to toil—tho' hard that toil may be—  
Content and happy, knowing they are free.  
And royal Bruce that much-loved freedom gave ;  
Well may the nation's honour guard his grave.

Poor bleeding Scotland wept with bitter grief,  
Ere noble-minded Wallace brought relief ;  
But servile nobles—slaves to English gold,  
Basely and cruelly Freedom's chieftain sold.  
Nor had the royal Bruce to fight alone  
'Gainst proud invaders who enslaved his throne,  
But these proud factious lords he must subdue,  
Even when his trusty followers were few.  
Onward and on ! inspiring with his zeal  
The humblest Scot to fight for Scotland's weal ;  
Onward and on ! till crown and throne he gained,  
And Scotland's independence. Then he reigned—  
Reigned o'er the free. Nor can he be a slave  
Who once has seen the patriot Bruce's grave.

Well may the Muse her humblest sons inspire  
With burning zeal, to strike the grateful lyre,  
To sing of Bruce, who struggled 'gainst the strong,  
And saved his people from oppressive wrong.

Tyrants and traitors trembled at his frown,  
 And Scotland flourished while he wore the crown.  
 The lordly hall was happy to obey,  
 The lowly home was blythe in Bruce's day ;  
 And e'en tho' centuries have their courses run,  
 We glory still in what the Bruce has done ;  
 While down-crushed nations, panting to be free,  
 Can look to Britain and true freedom see—  
 Where knowledge, truth, and peace, joined hand-in-  
     hand,  
 Make sister kingdoms one great lovely land ;  
 Where law supreme protects the throne in peace,  
 Meanwhile the people's privileges increase—  
*True Liberty*, that checks all factious strife,  
 And safely shields the humblest walks of life ;  
*True Liberty*, that seeks the oppress'd to save,  
 And crown with honour every patriot's grave.

Thus, from the Bruce have sprung our martial  
     fame

Our independence, and our honoured name  
 Among the nations. Little tho' we be,  
 We stand unconquered, foremost 'mong the free ;  
 And from the Bruce, as dawning day expands,  
 So Freedom spreads her light to other lands.  
 No local bound'ries can confine the soul  
 Of Liberty. It spreads from pole to pole ;  
 Patriots may fall before the tyrant's power,  
 New patriots rise to cheer the darkest hour ;  
 As when the worthy Wallace was betrayed,  
 The Bruce was raised to be his country's aid.



Heaven blest his efforts—crowned his glorious aim—  
 And Liberty is wedded to his name.  
 Then, why no monument to adorn the spot  
 So dear to Freedom and to every Scot?  
 Both gratitude and honour loudly crave  
 The nation's tribute to The Bruce's grave.

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*FRIENDLY INQUIRIES ABOUT
 DUNFERMLINE.*

FRRIEND, what news frae the wast o' Fife?—
 Hae ye nae public steer or strife?—
 Are shows an' concerts aye as rife
 In Clark's big ha' ?
 Man, yon grand pictures, 'pon my life,
 Clean outcoves a' !

In Scotland wide they hae nae marrow
 In brawest hall, in biggest burgh ;
 Yours is the eagle, theirs the sparrow
 In ither toons,
 Even "The Dowie Dens o' Yarrow"
 Graced Clark's cartoons.

An' wha's the artist? what a pity
 He's no a native o' oor city,
 Oor bards wad sing a roosin' ditty
 To Findlay's fame,
 Sic splendid paintings, spruce, an' pretty,
 Deserve a name.

An' are yer clergy weel an' thrivin' ?
 Is love tae " Golden Rule " revivin' ?
 Hae kirks an' schules gi'en up their strivin'
 About State aid ?

An' is yer " Public Press " noo drivin'
 A bickerin' trade ?

An' hae ye lots o' braw French beaux,
 Wi' baudron's birse beneath their nose,
 Tae win " the Fair," sine " aff he goes "
 Wi' crinoline tail ?

But it dings me hoo they sup brose,
 Or guid Scotch kail.

An' what about yer Rifle corps ?
 Is their braw " brass band " tae the fore—
 Are the fine " flags " nailed tae the door,
 The ladies gie them ?

Hurra ! let Frenchmen touch our shores,
 We'll sune defy them.

Noo, freend, ance ye hae time tae tell
 Me a' the news ye ken yersel',
 Frae Spittalhill tae Rumlin' well,
 Ye'll gar me smile,
 An' syne we'll fa' on them pell-mell,
 Wha change the style.



MR ROBERT STEEDMAN.*

THERE is a time for everything on earth—
 A time for work—a time for friendly mirth—
 A time to honour them whose work is done,
 And who have public approbation won ;
 Such has our guest a faithful servant been,
 Under Her Majesty, our gracious Queen ;
 And tho' to royal eyes he be unknown,
 He's known to us—we claim him as our own—
 “ Our ain toon's bairn ”—Dumf'arlin' born and bred,
 And upward wrought till honour crown'd his head ;
 Not for his wealth, though ample, do we boast,
 'Tis for his worth while at his public post.

Since first he did the postal office hold.
 His labour has increased full fifty-fold ;
 But as it grew, he grew, and managed still
 All the departments with increasing skill ;
 Kindly and courteous—patient and discreet—
 To all the various minds he had to meet.
 Easy of access to both old and young,
 Nor did he blush to use his native tongue ;
 Nature and Principle made him obliging,
 Without one simpering smile to seem engaging.
 His manly frankness dignified his duty,
 And gave his humblest work a graceful beauty ;

* Written for, and recited at a public meeting of Dumfries gentlemen, held in honour of Mr R. STEEDMAN, on his retiring from the Postmastership of Dumfries, which office he had filled for thirty years, with great acceptance to the public. He was presented with a very handsome testimonial as a token of public esteem.

And, though his under hands became an host,
 He ceased not to be steady at his post—
 Ready to give advice to those perplex,
 Or put those right, by stupid notions vex't ;
 Unconsciously he won a social claim
 For public honour to adorn his name.

Now, here to-night, that honour we bestow,
 And may heaven's richest blessings on him flow ;
 For now, when from Postmastership retired,
 He'll have more leisure to do good unhired ;
 And doing good is noble any time ;
 Still, doing good unseen is more sublime,
 And this he oft has done, and still will do,
 As well as serve before the public view.

Long may he live—a useful happy life—
 In tranquil bliss, with his good, worthy wife ;
 Long may they both enjoy the good they've won,
 And at the end obtain the blessed " Well done !"
 Now, as I close, three hearty cheers I claim
 For ROBERT STEEDMAN'S much-respected name !

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*CHANGE OF MIND.*

---

**W**LD Gardener Greenshaw bending stood,  
 Half leaning on his spade ;  
 His lovely blooming charge he viewed,  
 And sighed, and shook his head.

He once had children, young and fair,  
That blossomed by his side :  
To give them wealth and worldly lair  
Was all his joy and pride.

But never had he once impressed  
Their minds with sacred truth ;  
With highest hopes of earthly bliss  
He trained them up in youth.

So, like the rose that blooms and fades,  
And leaves the thorn behind,  
They to their father all had proved  
Unfaithful and unkind :

Till disappointed hope and pride  
Preyed hard upon his heart ;  
And as the blooming flowers he viewed,  
He felt the keener smart.

He cursed his fate, and rashly vowed  
His children to disown,  
Unmindful that himself deserved  
His Heavenly Father's frown.

The youths betimes their folly saw,  
And fain would have returned ;  
But still his injured heart was stern,  
And all their offers spurned.

Meanwhile, an humble farmer, moved  
With friendship's purest zeal,  
Came to the gardener, kindly bent  
His wounded heart to heal.

He viewed the flowers, and softly asked  
How *this* and *that* had grown ?

The gardener answered, " Sir, you know  
They once by me were sown."

" Well, friend," the farmer said, " and why  
Is this fruit tree so neat ?"

The gardener said — " I watched the twigs,  
And gave each bough its seat."

" Well," said the farmer, " so it is  
With the immortal mind ;  
Youth is the time to train the heart  
With truths of heavenly kind :

" For children who are ne'er restrained  
From their own wayward will,  
When they grow up are stiff to bend,  
Our wishes to fulfil.

" And if we ne'er sow virtue's seeds  
Into the youthful mind,  
We need not look for aught but weeds  
And bitter fruit to find.

" We well may teach them for this world,  
And act a noble part,  
But we should lead them first to God,  
For God requires the heart.

" And he who made us has e'er us  
More than a father's care ;  
Ourselves too often are to blame  
For the worst ills we share.

“ Were I to plant my fields with flowers,  
 And cease to sow my grain,  
 Then would I find, when harvest came,  
 My work had been in vain.

“ For as we sow so shall we reap ;  
 This sacred truth is given  
 To wean our hearts from earthly joys,  
 And raise our hopes to heaven.

“ Our children may rebel, and flee  
 Beyond our utmost power,  
 But none—not one—shall e'er escape  
 The awful judgment hour.

“ Now, friend, lift up your heart and mind  
 In humble prayer to heaven ;  
 Forgive your children, as you wish  
 Yourself to be forgiven.”

The gardener wept—welcomed his sons—  
 Truth triumphed o'er despair ;  
 The home where strife had reigned became  
 The peaceful house of prayer.

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### THE POET'S CHERISHED DREAM.

**S**WEET little spot, the Poet's cherished dream—  
 Fair lovely landscape to the artist's eye ;  
 Ten acres sloping southward to a stream  
 That clear as crystal gently ripples bye,



Where ducks and ducklings waddle at their will,  
And sheep and lambkins slaked their summer  
thirst;

And housemaids there their water pitchers fill,  
In youthful mirth, each striving to be first  
A-down the grassy bank, yclept the "Hirst."

The white-washed cottage stands upon the height,  
Sheltered by thriving firs from northern breeze;  
An arch of verdure crowns the garden gate,  
And through the park stand six tall stately trees.  
The family pony and three Ayrshire cows  
Graze 'neath their shadow, and near by their side  
Two petted goatlings on the branches browse,  
And o'er the park the sheep are scattered wide—  
The laird looks on the whole with pleasant modest  
pride.

But not his land; 'tis his mechanic skill  
And active labour in workshop, that he  
Procures the wealth that lets him work his will,  
And 'mong the highest independent be.  
Calm, manly dignity adorns his brow,  
No lordly pomp e'er mars his native grace;  
He courteously returns the humblest bow,  
His kindly smile lits up the saddest face—  
Beloved is he, and honoured in his place.

His home is happy, and his friends refined—  
All that is useful finds a friend in him;  
Activity of body or of mind  
He thinks is worthy of the world's esteem.

Self-suffering indolence he keenly scorns,  
 And pride-made imbeciles he grieves to see ;  
 Industry bears the fruit, pride bears the thorns  
 That wound the deepest ; but how blest is he  
 Who active is from pride and penury free.  
 Such is the Poet's Dream—so let be.

~~~~~

WELCOME, SWEET MAY.

SWEET, gentle May, we hail thy smiles—
 Thy blushes and thy blinks are sweet ;
 Thy tears are tears of pearly dew,
 To sparkle 'neath youth's fairy feet,
 And tip with gems the braided grain,
 The rainbow's beauty to outvie ;
 Where tender grass o'erspreads the plain,
 Bathed with thy tears—sweet tears of joy—
 As when old friends long parted meet,
 Their tears, more than their words, convey
 The language of long-cherished love ;—
 So are thy dewy tears, sweet May.

Young summer sends thee forth with showers
 Winged with the soft, the southern breeze ;
 Thy footsteps stir the sleeping flowers,
 Thy breath brings blossoms on the trees ;
 Thy sunny blinks awake the birds
 To warble on the budding spray ;
 Gardens, and fields, and woods rejoice,
 And school-boys hail thee, gentle May.

Sweet messenger of hope and life,
 Welcome successor of the Spring,
 O may thy genial reign be blest,
 And month by month their treasures bring,
 Till summer, laden with her stores,
 Shall gladden Autumn's harvest day,
 And peace and plenty bless our shores
 When thou hast left us, gentle May.

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*THE BACHELOR.*

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**T**HREE cousins—Katie, Jane, and Jess—  
 Were sweet eighteen, and blooming fair ;  
 Rivals in love, but none the less  
 They lived in love—they cousins were.

A sprightly youth of promise fair,  
 A saint at home, a scamp abroad ;  
 He was his mother's son and heir,  
 But secretly in ruin's road.

He woo'd and won sweet Katie's heart—  
 Sweet Katie, guileless as the dove ;  
 The secret she durst ne'er impart,  
 Although her heart o'erflowed with love.

The gentle Jessie next he woo'd,  
 And kept his bowstring o'er them both ;  
 And Jessie, too, did what she could  
 To please the gent in braw broadcloth.

But first with Jane he had begun—  
Pledged he would be her husband soon ;  
Ere he'd prove false, he swore the sun  
Would cease to shine on earth at noon.

She, like her cousins, had prepared,  
With all her earnings laid aside,  
To do her best to please " the laird"  
In all things needful for a bride.

A year of disappointed hope  
Pass o'er the cousins, week by week ;  
And still they loved the radiant fop,  
But of their love durst never speak.

At last they heard gay Julia Dash  
Had come to share his mother's bed ;  
And soon the whispered " kintra's clash"  
Was " that the young laird's to be wed."

The cousins then their tale revealed,  
And anger took the place of love ;  
They planned their plot, but still concealed,  
As if they still were like the dove.

He came to lovely blooming Jane—  
Her cousins were behind the screen ;  
She, loving like, did thus complain—  
" Ye didna keep your tryst yestreen."

She frankly placed him on a chair ;  
She called her cousins one by one,  
And asked if they would with her share  
Some jolly frolic, just for fun.

She bound his hands behind his back ;  
They bound his ankles to the chair ;  
Then kissed their hands with hearty smack,  
And asked if he had none to spare.

Quoth he—" My dears, what meaneth this ?"  
Quoth they—" Dear lad, be calm and still ;"  
Then gave him an indignant kiss,  
And clapped their hands and laughed their fill.

They bore him out in merry glee,  
And left him on the open street ;  
While wives and maids came near to see  
The laird with buckled hands and feet.

They praised the laird, and gathered near,  
And put their shoulders to the chair ;  
They gave him many a hearty cheer—  
" None but the brave deserve the fair."

They bore him to his mother's door,  
Fast fixed on his *uneasy* chair ;  
Oh ! what a noisy wild uproar  
Around the " hopeful son and heir !"

His lady-love, gay Julia Dash,  
Enjoyed the sport and laughed her fill ;  
To tell ye mair, I needna fash,  
But that the laird's unmarried still.



*SCOTLAND'S INVITATION TO THE PRINCE  
AND PRINCESS OF WALES.*

---

**W**EEL nicht Britain's sons be gay,  
On their Prince's bridal day ;  
Had he waled the hale world wide,  
Couldna found a fairer bride—  
Sweet an' bonnie, blythe an' young,  
Meek discretion tunes her tongue ;  
The nation's joy an' pride is she,  
The bride that's come across the sea.

Denmark's lovely living gem  
Comes tae grace oor diadem ;  
Denmark's rose, in beauty's pride,  
Comes oor Royal Prince's bride.  
Love has wooed her—love sincere  
Brings the beauteous maiden here ;  
Aye blest an' joyfu' may she be,  
Sweet, bonnie bride, come ower the sea.

Noble proof o' freedom's worth  
Is oor hearty loyal mirth ;  
Other lands may cajoled be—  
Britain's mirth is frank an' free.  
Love, oor Sovereign's royal chain,  
Binds oor freeborn hearts her ain ;  
Lang may she reign Queen o' the Free,  
An' bless the bride come ower the sea.

Honoured Prince, gin ye ha'e time,  
 Aince the simmer's in it's prime,  
 Come an' see oor mountains grand,  
 Heather hills, an' fruitfu' land,  
 Whaur the free ha'e ever been.  
 Leave your courtly pomp awhile,  
 Meet sweet Nature's loving smile ;  
 Fond, prood, an' happy wad we be,  
 Tae cheer yer bride come ower the sea.

Come, then, Royal wedded pair,  
 Scotland's hamely joys tae share,  
 Maids an' matrons, lads an' men,  
 Toon an' village, hill an' glen—  
 Ane an' a' wad hail ye here  
 Wi' a heartsome loyal cheer,  
 Till cot an' castle ring wi' glee,  
 'Mid Scotland's joy tae welcome thee.

---

*JUNE, 1864.*

---

**N**' THING'S bonnie in its season,  
 Whether it be rain or snaw,  
 But the sunshine's aye the sweetest,  
 When the southern breezes blaw.  
 Welcome then, ye southern breezes,  
 Gently fan the flowers in June ;  
 Dinna let the north blaw near us,  
 Till oor simmer days are dune.

Gentle May was brisk and bonnie,  
 Baskin' us wi' India heat,  
 Fields an' gardens hastened wi' their  
 Gratefu' tribute at her feet ;  
 But the norwast wind sae surly,  
 Like a tyrant in his ire,  
 Swept across the earth's fair bosom,  
 Blastin' wi' his frosty fire.

Come, then, welcome southern breezes,  
 Come an' bring yer sunny showers,  
 Bless the earth wi' bounteous treasure,  
 Fruits, an' grain, as weel as flowers,  
 Till fair July in succession  
 Catch an' keep the merry tune,  
 An' set men an' birds a-singing,  
 Blyther than they sang in June.

~~~~~

*TO MY RHYMIN' BRITHER, THE BARD
 OF ALVA.*

—————

GEAR Brither Bauldy, I ha'e lang
 Been ettlin' tae see ye,
 Neist week, gin naething great gang wrang,
 I'll spend a half-day wi' ye ;
 An' though your kebbuck get a whang,
 I ken I'm welcome tae ye,
 A'beit I've naething but a sang
 Wi' richt guidwull tae gie ye.

An' ance I'm near the Ochil Hills,
 My sickly Muse I'll nurse it ;
 The whirlin' wheels o' Alva mills,
 Whaur merchants spin their worstet,
 May whirr on, an' birr on,
 An' gie my Muse a fricht,
 But we still, we'll see still
 That freendship's keepit richt.

O, what a happy warld we'd ha'e,
 Gin freendship ruled the nations,
 Nae secret fraud, nae open fae,
 But love, an' peace, an' patience.
 The honest smile on ilka face
 Wad speak like Sabbath sermons,
 An' murd'rous war wad get nae place
 For Russ, or Pruss, or Germans.
 The canny Dane wad plough the main
 Wi' profit, peace, an' pleasure,
 An' ilka land haud oot the hand,
 Exchangin' honest treasure ;
 An' peace syne, increase syne
 The means o' daein' gude,
 Nor grandeur e'er squander
 The puir man's scanty fude.

But, rhymin' freend, I see 'tis vain
 For poets tae be preachers,
 The raggit pouch an' manners plain
 Unfit them tae be teachers.
 Wisdom is best when buskit braw—
 It syne commands attention ;

But they whase backs are at the wa'
 Are dull o' comprehension.
 But love and freendship aye delight
 Tae gie the Muse a hearin',
 Sae about war we needna flyte,
 But rather sing what's cheerin'.
 An' kindly an' freendly
 We'll pass a pleasant day ;
 Noo, Bauldy, I've tauld ye,
 That look for me ye may.

~~~~~  
*REPLY TO MY RHYMIN' BRITHER'S REPLY.*

**H**EAR Rhymin' Freend, your kind reply has made  
 Me, like a new daubed bailie, cock my head,  
 For tho' I spend my time in toil's laigh sheuch,  
 An' mong my neebors keep a gey calm seuch,  
 Yet whiles I like tae rise as heigh Bencleuch ;  
 An' weel I like tae see a rhymin' brither,  
 Franklie speak oot his mind without a drither,  
 Tho' we like twa chained cats should disagree  
 Anent the Yankees settin' negroes free.

There is nae doot when their sad war began,  
 Emancipation was nae in their plan,  
 But joost tae bring the rebels tae subjection,  
 An' keep the Union in its prood perfection ;  
 But Providence has hedged them in, tae be  
 Richt glad tae see the puir black bondsmen free,  
 An' overruled their passion an' their pride,  
 Tae fecht big battles upon Freedom's side ;

An' noo, when on the side o' richt, should we  
 Begrudge them speed wha let the opprest gang free?  
 'Tis better late tae mend than ne'er dae weel—  
 E'en Jaffer Davis yet may jink the deil,  
 An', Christian like, for enslaved negroes feel,  
 An' frae their necks lift his despotic heel.  
 Syne wha wad grudge great Jaffer glorious speed,  
 Ance he renounces his blasphemous creed,  
 An' fawns an' fechts tae get the bondsmen freed.

Weel Lincoln, whom the South slaveholders hate,  
 Deserves esteem, even tho' he were defeat,  
 On freedom's side, yet faithfu' tae his trust,  
 While in the *Chair* the ruler maun be just.  
 An' why should Britain blame the vera thing  
 Her noblest Christian patriots caused tae spring,—  
 'Twas British influence, an' Mrs Stowe,  
 That set the Yankee patriots in a lowe;  
 An' they wha licht the fire in freedom's cause  
 Shouldna be formaist pickin' flecks an' flaws,  
 An' gie opposin' tyrants fond applause—  
 Then Yankees speed, for tho' we suffered sair,  
 For freedom tae the slave we'd suffer mair,  
 An' scorn the Southern's slave-stained trade tae share.

Dear freend, like you, I fondly entertain  
 The pleasant hope that love an' peace shall reign,  
 When man tae man shall act the brither's part,  
 Lift up the dooncast, soothe the saddened heart;  
 An' steam wi' a' its powers shall contribute  
 Tae mankind's cōmmon weal the warld thro'oot.

But at the present, during the transition,  
 'Tis hard tae taunt the sufferer's position.  
 Thae grand days promised dae them little gude,  
 Wha see their bonnie bairns pine sair for fude ;  
 Their spankin' younkers scattered far for work,  
 Wi' cloutit claes, an' ae clean wushen sark—  
 The present is tae them the time for aid,  
 The day o' hunger is the time for bread ;  
 Nor pauper's dole gi'e wark-men—gi'e them wark,  
 In muir or moss, in field or public park.  
 Some wroucht for pay, tho' sma' wad sooth their grief  
 Till brisker trade returns an' brings relief ;  
 An' surely factory lords could spare some cash,  
 Instead o' spendin' a' on princely dash,  
 An' keep their ain wark-fock frae stark starvation  
 Till they required them tae their former station ;  
 As *faithfu' stewards* thus in daein' gude,  
 They'd be enriched wi' public gratitude.

But, ah ! 'mong money-makers unco few  
 Can keep the golden rule before their view ;  
 Pale honest poverty, in silent shame,  
 May at their doors drap doon an' dee for them.  
 But, thanks tae gracious Heaven, we noo hae gotten  
 Weel packet barns, an' we'll sune get cotton ;  
 Lancashire will, as weel's the wast o' Fife,  
 Ere lang enjoy some o' the sweets o' life.

Noo, my dear freend, when ance ye come tae see us,  
 I'll do my best tae please ye while yer wi'us,  
 I'll show ye a' the lions o' the toon,  
 An' like a guides-man, lead ye up an' doorf

The lang, dark, crooket stairs t' Bartazan,  
 Whaur ye a score o' Scotland's shires may scan—  
 The Pentland hills, Benlomond, an' Demyat,  
 An' muckle mair ye'll see—man, come and try it.  
 An' ance ye come, be frank an' dinna swither  
 Tæe spier me oot as BAULDY'S RHYMIN' BRITHER.

P.S.—Noo, freend, when ye come tell yer wife nae  
 tae weary,

For ye may be hindered, we'll a' get sae cheery ;  
 The Provost himsel', or the parish head-priest,  
 May bid us tae tea, or a wee bit snug feast—  
 As bauch fock as we are ha'e been lionis'd ;  
 Yet, gin we're forgotten we'll nae be surprised,  
 We'll rhyme on, an' chime on, tho' naebody ken,  
 That the twa rhymin' brithers are douse honest men.

~~~~~  
SECOND REPLY TO MY RHYMIN' BRITHER.

BEAR Bauldy, man, I maist was thinkin'
 That ye were roond the Ochils jinkin',
 Tae shun yer brither's liltin', linkin',

Rough raplach rhyme ;
 But na ; man ye've been busy clinkin'

Verses sublime.

Yes, 'tis sublime tae rise in faith,
 Winged up wi' what the Scripture saith,
 That hypocrites an' tyrants baith

Wull get their doom,
 An' the Millennium's gentle breath
 Busk Earth in bloom.

'Tis true; ower true, the nations need
 The furnace, tae be purified,
 But Truth, an' Love, far mair succeed
 Hearts tae refine,
 Than when ten thousand victims bleed
 At Mammon's shrine.

Oh, that the half o' what's supplied
 Tae glorious war an' gorgeous pride,
 Were gi'en the human mind tae guide
 In Wisdom's way,
 The warld wad sune be like a bride
 On marriage day.

But, freend, while we mak' cosie claith,
 Tae busk oor wives, an' wee anes baith,
 Let us rhyme on, an' fear nae skaith,
 But be prepared
 Tae wear the laureate's honoured wreath—
 Our due reward.

Auch me! I've neither lair nor leisure
 Tae gather poesy's precious treasure,
 Tae beautify my airtless measure
 Wi' gems that's grand;
 I only rhyme for friendlie pleasure
 Wi' stuffs at hand.

Fondly I see fair Scotia's Muse
 Elijah-like, new bardies choose,
 An' wi' her gifted mantle roose,
 Their souls tae sing;
 When she inspires, wha can refuse
 Tae tak' the wing?

She's themes for sang in hunners ten,
She's field, an' forest, hill, an' glen
She's bonnie lasses,—honest men—

An' weel-daein' mithers,
An' meikle mair that poets ken
Unkent by ithers.

There's music in her vera breeze,
That whispers thro' her leafy trees,
An' she can gie her bards a heeze
At ony time ;

The cauldest winter canna freeze
Her rantin' rhyme.

An' wha can climb her mountains gray,
Or thro' her sweet wild glens can stray,
Or see her rivers wend their way
Sublimely grand,
An' nae feel fond at heart tae say,
"Sweet native land."

Or wha ha'e seen the Ochils green,
Or Devon stream, sae clear an' clean,
An' watched it dashin' ower the linn,
Wild, energetic ?

Or wha on Fortha's banks ha'e been,
But felt poetic ?

Her verra rugget rocks proclaim
The patriot's praise, the tyrant's shame—
The Abbey Craig tell Wallace's name,
Perish shall never ;
But cherish Freedom's sacred flame
Tae blaze for ever.

Auld Stirling, Laddie o' the Rock,
 Has weath' red mony a war-like shock,
 Sin' her braw brig brave Wallace broke,
 An' droon'd the invaders ;
 But see her noo, wi' gentle fock,
 An' peacefu' traders.

An' wha can on her Castle stand,
 An' gaze aroond on ilka hand,
 The fertile carse, like fairy land,
 Hems in the Forth,
 But maun confess nae scene sae grand,
 Lies south or north.

An' here wi' us, the noble Bruce
 Entombed within oor sacred hoose,
 Gars grey Dumfarlin', tho' she's doose
 As waesom' wife,
 Cock up her croon, an' crack as croose
 As Queen o' Fife.

Nae wonder tho' her minstrel's sang
 Has something new the hale year lang—
 In peace or war, she bears the bang
 Aboon a' ithers ;
 An' whaursome'er her sons may gang,
 They meet as brithers.

Tho' lang frae hame, an' far awa,
 They look like princes, big an' braw,
 Till some Scotch phrase amang them fa',
 Syne what a glee !
 In kindness close they fondly draw,
 Chief freends tae be.

Descendants o' the brave an' free,
 Wha gar'd the proudest tyrants flee,
 An' tho' aft pinched wi' poverty,
 They clang thegither,
 Nae wonder tho' we vauntie be,
 And fond o' ither.

Nae wonder tho' her poets sing,
 As rife as blythesome birds in spring,
 While bank an' brae their offerings bring,
 An' rock an' river;
 An' e'en her kirk-gawn bells whiles ring—
 "Scotland for ever!"

An' 'mang her beauties this the best,
 Tae see her wark-fock neatly dressed,
 A' gatherin' on the Day o' Rest,
 Tae join in praise
 Tae Him wha has them freely blest
 Wi' truth an' grace.

Lang, lang, may Scotland's glory be,
 Wi' Truth's pure freedom tae be free,
 Hoo sweet tae live, hoo blest tae dee,
 While Heaven above
 Gi'es us wi' gratefu' joy tae see
 His care in love!



A SHORT FAREWELL TO MY BRITHER BAULDY.

AGAIN the Bard o' Alva strikes the lyre,
 Again the beauteous vale o' Devon rings ;
 Yes, Bauldy, tho' we're puir we'll still aspire
 Tae rise aboon oor lot, on Poesy's wings,
 An' frae aboon the thunner cluds survey
 Ambitious nations in their sad turmoil,
 Eager on war as vultures on their prey,
 Themsel's the suffering victims a' the while,
 Where common sense says peace an' love should
 smile.

Ambitious Princes, why sae fond o' power ?
 Ungenerous Germans, why sae fond o' strife ?
 What moral madness,—but ye haste the hour
 When doon-crushed nations will awake tae life.
 In vain the towering mountains heave their head,
 In vain the little hills shake off the dew,
 When since the troubled waters leave their bed,
 The tyrant craft will ha'e guid cause tae rue,
 An' truth an' freedom rise and smile anew.

But, Brither Bard, I'm glad we baith agree
 That Providence owerrules a' for the best ;
 The voice o' truth can calm the ragin' sea,
 An' wi' love's music mak' the nations blest.
 Sae let us noo sing soothing sangs at hame,
 Tae cheer the puir, an' lit youth's lauchin' e'e ;

'Tis better tae be blythe in life's short dream,
 Than glunch an' gloom an' never merry be.
 Noo, fareweel Bauldy, I maun rest awee,
 Even tho' I get a kind reply frae thee,
 Fareweel, fareweel, till we ilk ither see.

~~~~~

*YOUTH LIKE SUMMER.*

---

**W**HEN flowery fields drew forth my musing  
 mind,

Ere thrice six summers' suns had cheer'd my days,  
 When Nature's hand, so bountiful and kind,  
 Might draw an atheist Nature's God to praise—

'Twas then I roam'd beneath the gloamin' shade,  
 Blythe as the bird, my daily task new o'er ;  
 Fond of the Muse, I heard the words she said,  
 While thus she softly sung her lyric lore :—

“Behold, O youth, what emblems of thy state  
 Are shadowed through the seasons of the year !  
 The smiling Spring, with prospects sweet and great,  
 Comes dancing on, with summer in her rear.

The Sun's kind genial rays now nearer draw,  
 With new-born beauty modest morn descends,  
 Nature, reviving, smiles in reverend awe,  
 And dawning day his radiant reign extends.

The woods, the wilds, with new-weav'd garments green,  
 Welcome sweet Spring ; as desolation dies

Warblers melodious sing, and soar unseen,  
Rejoicing as the sunshower gently flies.

The verdant vale shouts to the fertile field,  
The grassy hillocks wave with social glee,  
The barren turf the ploughman lately till'd  
Obeys the voice of Spring and yields with joy.

All Nature seems a scene of rising bliss,  
Hope, love, and joy, in unison prevail ;  
But, ah ! how soon frail man his aimings miss—  
How soon he feels these witching prospects fail !

Yon flower, aye fondly loved, in beauty's smile,  
Yon trees, whose boughs their blossoms rich displayed—  
The one is dead ; the other droops awhile—  
One blast, and all our hopes are hopeless laid !

And such art thou, vain youth, thine early days  
Dawn with delight ; fair Fancy charms the way,  
Fondly ye follow ; but the flower decays,  
Successive sorrows sweep thy hopes away.

Thy sweet companion lovely and beloved,  
Fair, true, and kind, thy dearest bosom friend,  
Is from thy sight by Death's cold hand removed,  
And who can tell but thou must next attend ?

Then rise from Nature's works to Nature's God,  
And cast thyself upon His gracious care ;  
Accept salvation through the Saviour's blood,  
And for the Autumn He shall thee prepare.

Time and time's glory passes soon away,  
 But flowers of grace bring forth eternal fruit ;  
 Blest, purified, and endless peace have they  
 Who make the love of God their first pursuit."

---

MUSINGS.

---

"**H**ERE is a time for everything,"  
 A time for social fear,  
 When pestilence is on the wing  
 And hastily drawing near ;  
 Leaving the living filled with dread  
 To touch the pestilential dead.

Well may the tender-hearted mourn,  
 The stoutest hearted fear,  
 To-day in health, to-morrow borne  
 Lifeless upon the bier ;  
 Strength, honour, riches, are as nought,  
 When Cholera has its victim caught.

Still, Christians should, with minds serene,  
 The path of duty keep,  
 Nor fear to be where death has been,  
 To comfort those who weep ;  
 And prudent schemes of love devise,  
 To wipe the tears from weeping eyes.

So heart and hand let neighbours join,  
 To cleanse all *filth* away,  
 Nor stoic-like ourselves resign  
 To death's terrific sway ;

Let's meet whatever pestilence comes,  
With cleanly hearts and cleanly homes.

Thus, while in hope and fear we live,  
Let's work for other's weal,  
And to the sufferer succour give,  
And heaven's best law fulfil—  
Cheering each other on the road  
That leads to happiness and God.

~~~~~  
BRITAIN.
—————

BRITAIN, blessed land of light,
Land of liberty and peace,
Where the smiles of moral might
Shield the weak, and aid the right,
While the rich and poor unite
That her glory may increase.

Blessed Queen on Britain's throne,
Loving and beloved by all,
Seeking Britain's weal alone—
Britain's greatness, not her own ;
Though deep in sorrow, she has shown
Sympathy with great or small.

Blessed land, where men of toil
Though thy wealth they little share,
Still amidst their work they smile,
Proud of freedom. Sacred soil,
Where no slave, degraded vile,
Dreads a tyrant's haughty air.

Selfish wealth may frowning gaze
 On the generous and good ;
 Still the humblest poor can raise
 Up to heaven their grateful praise,
 For eternal love and grace,
 Endless life and daily food.

Oh, how blest would Britain be
 Were more Christian love to flow ;
 Words and deeds of sympathy,
 From distress the poor to free,
 Till one bond of unity
 Cheer'd the weak, and banish'd woe.

OUR JOHN'S MARRIAGE.

OUR Jock's gaun tae marry, and leave his puir
 mither

Tae warsel an' wag wi' the warld alane ;
 Yet I canna blame him—they lo'e ane anither—
 An' mony a chap wad be proud aboot Jane.

Our Johnnie an' her 's been like sister an' brither
 Since e'er they could toddle a mile frae the toon :
 Tae a' the tent preachin's they aye gaed thegither,
 An' never glaikit wi' tawpie or loon.

I ken he could gotten a lass wi' a tocher,
 But, guid honest lad, he slipt oot, he was fix'd ;
 I like him the mair, tho' his fortune be rougher,
 'Tis better than pride wi' pale poverty mix'd.

An' noo, tho' I say't, he's been gude tae his mither—
 He's been a' my comfort sin' faither was gane ;
 An' noo, hoo tae help him I'm in a bit swither,
 Tae help him tae hadden his but an' his ben.

I've chairs—my twa best anes I'll scrub them and
 brush them,
 They're guid, tho' I say't, and they'll look maist
 like new ;
 An' a' thae braw books on the shelf, gin he wish them,
 An' that bonnie claise box fine paper'd wi' blue.

An' the kist—faither's kist—I'll hae't cover'd wi'
 damas' ;
 'Twill be a side table his faither's big kist ;
 An' the laddie's ain bed will his kitchen weel plenish—
 My ain braw room grate tae wad never be miss'd.

I've a pat tae mak' kale, an' my copper tea kettle,
 My brass pan for jelly—a' thae I could spare ;
 An' Jane is a lassie neat handed an' mettle,
 She'll aye keep them tidy, an' use them wi' care.

I'll mend a' his stockin's, an' whiten his sarken,
 An' bring in the tailor tae clout up his claes ;
 His braw bridal dress, for the weddin' an' kirking,
 Micht a' be made here, an' be keepit frae flaes.

But oh, my heart's sair when I think he maun leave me,
 An' no ane tae sing at the psalm but my lone ;
 He maun get the big Family Bible—'twad grieve me
 Tae think he began life, an' kent he had nane.

O weel dae I mind when dear faither was leevin',
 Hoo earnest he pray'd, an' hoo cheerfu' he sang;
 An' this is his Bible—but noo he's in heaven—
 An' why should I grum'le? God canna dae wrang.

Young Johnnie got married, tho' sma' was his hadden;
 They're few o' his neebors were ne'er hand sae weel,
 An' aften he bless'd the blythe day o' his weddin',
 An' a'-body ca'd him a weel-daein' chiel'.

Noo, year after year, an' his gowd an' his honour
 Aye gather'd an' grew, an' his comforts increased,
 While his kind-hearted mither (love's blessing upon
 her!)
 Her fondness for Johnnie an' Jane never ceased.

He got a braw hoose, an' his mither was nursie—
 Baith nursie an' grannie, beloved an' caress'd;
 She was proud o' her oe's, an' she made them a pursie,
 Tae haud twa three bawbees tae aid the distress'd.

An' Sabbath by Sabbath auld grannie's heart gladden'd
 Tae hear the same Bible wi' reverence read;
 An' never for ance was her kindly heart sadden'd,
 That she had assisted her son when he wed.

An' noo he can rank wi' the rulers an' bankers—
 At session or Coouncil he's neist tae the chair;
 Tae speak o' past poverty John never hankers—
 The mair he is kent he's respeckit the mair.



GOD'S GREAT PURPOSE.

ONE great, grand purpose to fulfil
 Has heaven's eternal Lord,
 Creation moves to work His will,
 And none can change His word.

The vastest orbs that sweep through space
 Obey His high command,
 The meanest insect's humble place
 Is guarded by his Hand.

The brightest stars that meet our gaze
 In winter's clearest night,
 The fairest flowers our eye surveys
 When summer's sun is bright,

Are but faint emblems of the grace,
 So beauteous and sublime,
 That shines within His holy place,
 Hid from the eyes of time.

The heavens above, the earth below,
 From Him their support draw,
 Mountains and oceans stand or flow,
 Obedient to His law.

And we the children of a day,
 As atoms in His plan,
 Fill up our place, then pass away,
 Beyond the reach of man.

And what are we who dare to blame
His goodness and his love,
Whose great and glorious holy name,
Rules all the hosts above?

On earth His wisdom, love, and care,
Make all things work for good,
To them that seek His face by prayer,
Through Christ's atoning blood.

Dark clouds may shade youth's hopeful morn,
And darkness come ere noon,
But those by trouble downward born
Are glad of rest so soon.

And when our friends we fondly love
Are taken from our sight,
Let's through the gloom look up above
To heaven's unclouded light.

Here dim uncertainty and fears
Our dearest hopes destroy,
But God shall wipe away our tears
With His eternal joy.

Then let us with a willing mind
Obey our father's will,
With earnest, grateful heart inclined
His purpose to fulfil.

Great, glorious purpose, wondrous plan,
Wrought out by sovereign grace,
To save by ransom fallen man
To fill an angel's place.

And He who our salvation brings,
 Though scorned and crucified,
 Now reigns exalted King of kings,
 And God is glorified.



THE WONDROUS WORKS OF GOD.

“Great and marvellous are Thy works;
 The earth is full of Thy glory.”

THOU All-glorious Power supreme,
 Who made the heavens, the earth, and sea !
 Profound the thought, sublime the theme
 To sing of Thy great works and Thee.
 But finite minds, howe'er so strong,
 Can'ne'er exhaust the wondrous song ;
 No human search can ever find
 The measure of the Infinite mind.

Yet they who love Thee take delight
 In all Thy works, the great, the small ;
 Thy wisdom, goodness, power, and might,
 Are manifested in them all.
 All, all that live on earth below
 Thy great creative wisdom show ;
 All, all that shine in heaven above
 Show forth Thy goodness, power, and love.

The little insects on the rose,
 The humming bee on blossomed bean,
 The beaver where the water flows,
 The eagle soaring high unseen—

All have their instinct and their skill
By the good pleasure of Thy will ;
Lion and leopard roaming free,
Their strength and beauty have from Thee.

The mighty deep, the mountains high,
With all they are, and all they bear ;
Fishes that swim, and fowls that fly,
All by Thy Word created were.
Ten thousand, thousand precious things
Each summer in their season brings—
Fair flowers and fruits for ever new,
And birds of every tint and hue.

Nor can our boasted science tell
How one sweet flower puts on its bloom ;
'Tis Thou, who doest all things well,
Givest them their beauty and perfume ;
“Doest all things well,” that man may be
Won by Thy works to think of Thee,
Clothed in Thy robe of glorious light,
Too glorious for our mortal sight.

The countless mass of busy men,
Of every colour, every clime,
Are all Thy workmanship ; and then
That workmanship—O, how sublime !
The pliant limb, the graceful form,
The heart within with feelings warm ;
The ear, the eye, the power of speech,
Are marvellous all, and marvellous each.

The sun with all his beauteous light,
The golden stars that nightly shine,
Are but as atoms in Thy sight—
Gems that adorn Thy robe divine.
O Thou art glorious, mighty Lord,
And good and gracious is Thy Word ;
Creation hymns Thy ceaseless praise,
And saints their nobler anthems raise.

But all Creation's utmost praise
Falls short to make Thy glory known ;
The glorious riches of Thy grace
Stirs every tongue around Thy throne.
All glory, power, and blessing be
For evermore ascribed to Thee,
For Thy redeeming love exceeds
In glory all Thy mighty deeds.

O, may my thoughts spontaneous rise
Up from all lovely things I see ;
Up, and beyond the glorious skies
To where Thy glorious dwellings be.
And though I cannot lead the song
Of praise, I would that praise prolong,
For ever gladsome in Thy love,
Both here below and heaven above.



**THE "NAME" WHICH IS ABOVE
EVERY NAME.**

"His Name shall be called," &c.

"Believe on the Name," &c.

"There is no other Name," &c.

BLESSED Name! so great and glorious,
None can reach its height above;
Blessed Name! on earth victorious,
Conquering sinners by His love.
Blessed, gracious, glorious Name!
Jesus, our Redeemer's Name.

When He saw us sin-degraded,
Took our place to set us free;
Now he pleads we be persuaded
Unto Him for help to flee.
There's salvation in His Name
Sweet, soul-saving, precious name!
Blessed are they who receive Him—
Life eternal He bestows;
Blest are we who now believe Him—
Saved from sin and endless woes.
Giving glory to His Name—
Jesus, our Redeemer's Name.

When alone in field or chamber,
At our leisure or at toil,
May we cease not to remember
Jesus sees us all the while—
Kindly watches over them
Who are trusting in His Name.

When in sorrow or in sickness,
 He can whisper, "Peace be still!"
 Give us faith, hope, patience, meekness,
 To obey our Father's will.
 All-sufficient is His Name—
 Jesus, our Redeemer's Name.

When for public praise united,
 Gathered in the house of prayer,
 May our soul, with joy delighted,
 Feel His spirit with us there,
 Leading us to love His Name—
 More and more to love His Name.

When He calls us to some duty,
 High and sacred though it be,
 Let us think how great the beauty
 Of his work, and willing be ;
 Giving glory to His Name—
 Jesus, our Redeemer's Name.

Blessed Saviour, we adore Thee,
 Humbly would we worship Thee,
 While we praise Thee, we implore Thee,
 Make us all we ought to be ;
 Ever faithful to Thy Name—
 Thy exalted, holy Name.

Praise be Thine, Almighty Father !
 Praise be thine, Eternal Son !
 Perfect praises when we gather
 Round Thy Throne, life's battle won—
 Won in triumph through Thy Name—
 Jesus, Thy all-glorious Name !

TO MY MOURNING FRIENDS.

GRIEVE not as those who have no hope,
 Ye mourners at your children's grave,
 Tho' mortal life's pulsations stop,
 They live in Him who came to save.
 He died for all, that all might be
 From sin, and second death set free ;
 And all the helpless lambs He claims His own,
 And bears them in His bosom near the throne ;
 A happy band whose young hearts never felt
 The dark forebodings of accusing guilt,
 They ne'er refused (or sinned against) His love,
 And 'tis with such He fills the courts above—
 They by the Saviour's covenant of grace
 Are early brought to see their Father's face.

Yes, mourners, we may shed the tear,
 When our dear little loved ones die ;
 Nature and duty make them dear,
 And sweetly precious in our eye.
 The fairest flower no loveliness displays
 Like human beauty in its infant days ;
 Its sweet confiding look, so gently mild,
 Makes every kindly bosom love the child.
 How sweet and dear to the parental heart,
 And, oh ! how keen the pang when we must part ;
 But there's a home above, more sweet and fair
 Than aught on earth, and our dear ones are there.
 They cannot come to us, we go to them,
 To join their hymn of praise to Jesus' name.

Then, mourners, while our memory brings
 Our absent ones so oft to view,
 Let us, on Faith's aspiring wings,
 Their holy heavenly flight pursue.
 Immortal youth, eternal bliss
 Are theirs who are where Jesus is :
 The helpless babes we loved on earth so well
 Are lovelier now in heaven than words can tell.
 Tho' sprung from dust they live in life divine,
 And, like bright living stars, in beauty shine ;
 Their early death hath made them links of love,
 Uniting us anew to heaven above,—
 We love them there, but, oh ! we urge no claim
 To bring them back ; oh ! no, we'll go to them.

~~~~~  
*COMFORT IN AFFLICTION.*  
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**L**ET the heart that's bruised and bleeding  
 'Neath affliction's heavy rod,  
 Cling to Jesus, interceding  
 For us at the throne of God.

He is kind and sympathising,  
 Knows our deepest secret grief ;  
 Oh, 'tis good, when realising  
 His kind hand in our relief.

Human sympathy is needed,  
 And 'tis often kindly given ;  
 But they've always best succeeded,  
 Who have sought their help from Heaven.

Jesus gives without upbraiding,  
 Weak and worthless tho' we be,  
 Give, oh, give thy Spirit's aiding,  
 More and more to seek from Thee.

Make Thy grace sufficient for us,  
 All our present ills to bear ;  
 Open Heaven's bright gates before us,  
 Aid and guide us safely there.

Help the widow—soothe her weeping—  
 Make her children dear Thy care ;  
 May they in thy kindly keeping  
 All a father's bounty share.

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*SICK-BED PRAYER.*

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**B**LESSED Saviour, be Thou near,  
 My feeblest, faintest prayer to hear ;  
 The more my earthly hopes decay,  
 Be thou the more my strength and stay.

Increase my faith, and hope, and love,  
 Draw my desires to things above ;  
 Till filled with Thy abounding grace,  
 I long to see Thee face to face.

And if it be Thy will to give  
 Me still a while on earth to live,  
 O, in Thy mercy keep me still  
 Submissive to Thy Sovereign will.

Thou knowest my heart is faint and frail,  
 My courage sinks when fears assail ;  
 O Thou my God, be ever near,  
 My inmost secret sighs to hear.

May I in humble patience wait,  
 Like grateful suppliant at the gate,  
 Till, cleansed from the last stain of sin,  
 The saints in glory hail me in.

O help me, Lord, with mind serene,  
 To wait, or leave this earthly scene ;  
 My great desire is, Lord, to be  
 Through endless ages near to Thee.

---

*IN MEMORY OF REV. ALEX. FISHER.\**

**S**AD, solemn hour ! why did'st thou come  
 From death's dark vale to hover here,  
 So soon to take him to the tomb,  
 Whom every bosom held so dear ?  
 Yes, he was dear to every heart,  
 With kind affection's holiest ties ;  
 And must we, must we really part  
 With one so young, so good, so wise ?  
 Thy ways are hid from us, O God,  
 O give us grace to bear Thy rod.

---

\* The Rev. Mr FISHER was minister of Queen Anne Street congregation, Dunfermline. He died on the 26th September 1829, aged 27 years, and in the third year of his ministry.

We loved him much : our hearts were glad  
    Whene'er we heard his voice in prayer ;  
Our hearts within his heart he had,  
    And all our wants were centred there.  
He poured his soul with love's full flow  
    To draw our souls to heaven above,  
That dying sinners soon might go  
    To God, the source of life and love—  
(To whom can guilty creatures go,  
But unto God, whence mercies flow ?)

We loved him much : he taught the truth,  
    As dying man to men that die ;  
Grace made him glorious in his youth—  
    A star that gilds the moral sky.  
His words were full of tender power  
    To pierce the heart and move the mind,  
And soothe the soul, in death's dark hour,  
    With warmest hopes of heavenly kind,  
Till lowly death-beds smiled with joy,  
Through Christ, who did death's sting destroy.

He was a father to the young,  
    He trained their tender minds to truth,  
Instruction glided from his tongue—  
    Young Fisher was the friend of youth ;  
Yea ! he was virtue's fearless friend,  
    He was to every vice a foe,  
No haughty frown his soul could bend,  
    Or stem his spirit's stainless flow—  
He stood the messenger of heaven,  
To tell the truths his God had given.

He taught the truth with fearless zeal,  
Not as the word of man, but God ;  
He felt his own immortal weal  
Was purchased by Emmanuel's blood.  
His voice was tuned with solemn grace ;  
He stirred up all his soul and mind  
To rouse the rebel human race  
To leave the guilty world behind,  
And come to Christ, who gave his blood  
That men might be redeemed to God.

Thus taught our pastor : bright in youth,  
A lovely lamp that lights to heaven ;  
He gave a beauty to the Truth  
Few other teachers e'er had given.  
But now we hear his voice no more,  
Yet why should tears bedim the eye ?  
His prize is won, his warfare o'er,  
And now he reigns with Christ on high.  
Weep for yourselves, who still remain,  
His death is his eternal gain.

And must we thus part with the dead,  
And leave him in the lonesome tomb ?  
He slumbers there ; his spirit's fled  
Far, far beyond death's dreary gloom.  
No silent sickness wastes him now,  
His bosom heaves no secret sigh,  
Eternal youth sits on his brow—  
Life's glorious immortality.  
And when our earthly journey ends,  
He'll hail us as his welcome friends.

## *WERE I PREPARED TO DIE.*

“Some through fear of death are all their life  
subject to bondage.”

**P**REPARED to die! The solemn serious thought  
Mars all the heavenly peace of many a mind,  
But when we see the work the Saviour wrought,  
That we in Him eternal life might find,  
Then have we hope and peace of purest kind;  
For us He died, and rose, and reigns on high,  
He only can make us prepared to die.

Were we to live a long lifetime in fear,  
And daily weep to wash our sins away,  
That ne'er can bring our soul's salvation near,  
'Tis Christ alone must be our hope and stay.  
'Tis God's own plan, He planned and bore the cost,  
'Tis grace to us, we nothing have to boast.

We see not only that our God is good,  
But Christ, our surety, brings us near to God;  
Infinite Goodness, as our surety stood,  
And bore for us our sin's infinite load;  
And all who on His finished work rely,  
Are safe in Him either to live or die.

“To die,” or rather rise from earthly things  
To life, and love, and blessedness sublime;  
And God in goodness oft affliction brings,  
To wean us from the sweetest joys of time,  
And makes us long for that bright world above,  
Where Christ is seen in all His glorious love.

'Tis ours, while here, to do the most we can,  
 To make life happy, ever doing good ;  
 Rejoicing in salvation's gracious plan,  
 That fills all heaven with gladsome gratitude,  
 And binds us here in holy brotherhood—  
 Making the honour of our Saviour's name  
 Our sweetest pleasure and our highest aim ;  
 Thus living to the Lord in filial faith;  
 He will not leave us in the hour of death.

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**TO THE MEMORY OF JEANIE SYME,**

*Who Died at Dunfermline on the 24th December 1858, aged  
 Twenty-six Years.*

---

**S**AD, sacred hour of solemn grief,  
 When death calls friends to part,  
 God only then can give relief  
 To soothe the sinking heart.  
 Yes! faith in Christ's atoning blood  
 Can triumph, e'en in death,  
 And enter Jordan's swelling flood  
 With calm, though fainting breath.

Our hope was high, our wishes strong,  
 That she we loved might live  
 To sing the mother's nursing song,  
 The mother's counsel give ;



But ah! how few her married days,  
Her months of health how few ;  
Scarce had she felt the mother's joys  
When she must bid adieu.

Fondly her heart to friendship clung,  
While sinking day by day ;  
Our hearts, bound up in her so young,  
Wept as she droopt away.  
At last, the solemn, parting scene—  
Her husband by her side—  
While speaking, calm, resigned, serene,  
She looked, she smiled, and died.

Deep hallowed grief, although resigned,  
Deep hallowed grief we share ;  
Her image rests upon our mind,  
Her latest words are there.  
And her sweet child, we fondly thought,  
Would fill her mother's place,  
And father oft her likeness sought  
Dear mother's smiles to trace.

But now, ere six months have gone by  
Since mother on us smiled,  
In the same grave together lie  
The mother and the child.  
Yet, still in death, when Jesus smiles,  
And soothes the afflicting rod,  
We look beyond earth's griefs and toils  
For peace and rest with God.

*THE MOURNING MOTHER,\***LOOKING AT HER SON'S PHOTOGRAPH.*

**L**ITTLE, lovely, precious portrait !  
 How my sad heart clings to thee ;  
 Like—so like—my dear young Willie,  
 When he parted last from me,  
 Full of health, and hope, and kindness,  
 With his family's weal in view,  
 That he might increase their comfort,  
 Bade us all awhile adieu ;  
 Trusting he would soon return,  
 From his anxious struggles free—  
 But, alas ! he lies 'mong strangers,  
 Far, far across the sea ;  
 Can it be ?—

My young, active, kindly Willie,  
 Buried is far o'er the sea ?

While I look, I think he's living,  
 Tho' I know that he is gone ;  
 His dear wife has lost her treasure—  
 Left her treasure in Ceylon.  
 Homeward now upon the ocean,  
 With her children fatherless,  
 Far from friends to soothe her sorrow,  
 In her widow loneliness.  
 Gracious God ! be Thou her helper,  
 Bring her safe across the sea ;

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\* William Syme died at Ceylon on the 1st of February 1869, aged  
 Thirty-five years.

She's a widow !' Thou hast promised  
 The poor widow's help to be.  
 Who trusts in Thee—  
 Both the fatherless and widow—  
 Find their refuge safe in Thee.  
 Yes, I love him! All who knew him  
 Loved him more the more they knew ;  
 But the love of wife and mother  
 Is the truest 'mong the true.  
 Others love—but they love longest ;  
 Others love—but they love most ;  
 And, like Martha, look to Jesus,  
 When all earthly hope is lost.  
 Help us, Lord ! and bless the strangers,  
 For the deeds of kindness done,  
 In the time of sore affliction,  
 To my daughter and my son—  
 My much-missed son ;  
 Grant we all may meet in glory,  
 When our earthly course is run.

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IN MEMORY OF JANET SYME,

*Wife of John George Rain, America, who Died at Council
Bluffs, Iowa, on the 5th March 1876, Aged 28 Years.*


 H, oh ! had I an angel's wing,
 Where sore affliction reigns,
 I'd flee o'er every earthly thing
 To soothe their griefs and pains.

The loving look, the tearful smile,
The humble, hopeful prayer,
Might help to comfort them the while
Affliction tarried there.

But ocean wide, and lands beside,
Divide my friends and me ;
And fast although the *mail* may ride,
It has no wings to flee.

While every day long, long appears,
Ere word can pass between ;
The weary weeks, like lingering years,
When hope and fears are keen.

Fond hope, how vain ! a mournful void
Death's gentle hand hath made ;
The waves of Jordan now divide
Our living and our dead.
Dead ? no ; our daughter's spirit lives
In everlasting day ;
Death to the Christian kindly gives
Rest to the weary clay.

Yet we may mourn, yes, we may weep—
Affliction claims the tear,
For when our friends in Jesus sleep,
They leave us lonely here.
So sweetly kind, and full of joy,
She lit up every heart—
From husband and from infant boy
She's called so soon to part.

Oh, that I had an angel's wing,
I'd o'er the ocean flee,

To soothe her husband, and to bring
 Her infant boy with me.
 Kind words might heal his bleeding heart,
 While other's griefs we share ;
 O, yes, it is the Christian's part
 A brother's load to bear.

An angel's wing ! I've more—I have
 An open throne of grace,
 An ever present God to save,
 And aid in every place.
 The stranger's shield, the widow's stay,
 The orphan's help is He—
 A present help in evil day,
 He's ever found to be.

~~~~~

### IN MEMORY OF GEORGE DOUGLAS,

*Who Died on the 14th April 1876, Aged Twenty-two Years.*

**N**EAR young George Douglas, whom we loved so  
 much,  
 Well worthy to be loved ; e'er since a boy  
 Trained in affliction ; for we call it such  
 When death and sickness cloud the family joy.  
 We mourn his death, so early snatched away  
 From youth's bright hopes and days of useful toil ;  
 His widowed mother's comfort, hope, and stay,  
 And by his many friends beloved the while.  
 Ours is the loss, who still below remain ;  
 His is the peaceful rest ! the eternal gain !

His brief young life was spent in doing good,  
 Teaching the young to love and fear the Lord—  
 His own heart full of gladsome gratitude  
 For all the goodness of God's Holy Word.  
 But who can soothe his weeping mother's grief—  
 The widow-mother, sorrowing for her son?  
 God only can sustain and give relief,  
 And strengthen her to say, "Thy will be done."  
 O! may she be sustained in coming years,  
 And may kind sympathy assuage her tears.

~~~~~

TO AN OLD FRIEND IN FIFE,

On the Death of a Beloved Daughter, Aged 15 Years.

SWEET as the primrose, 'gemmed with morning
 dew—
 Sweet as the garden lily, taintless white—
 Sweet as the rosebud, opening to the view
 Beneath the beauteous beams of Heaven's own
 light—
 So sweet was Jeanie in her parents' sight.
 Yea, sweeter far than any earthly flower,
 The household angel, gently doing right,
 And winning every heart by love's soft power—
 Yea, she was precious in her parents' sight.

Her words were kindness, and her manners sweet,
 For she, like Mary, learned at Jesus' feet;
 While youthful hope prophetic visions gave
Of coming joys, now buried in the grave.

But, weeping friend, with meek submission bow,
 To the sad stroke that makes thee mourner now ;
 Look up in loving faith to heaven above—
 There, there thy Daughter sings “ Redeeming love.”

Yes, fond affection claims the sacred tear

When those we love are taken from our sight,
 But in thy sorrow, grieve with godly fear—

“ Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right.”

“ And who are these in heaven that shine so
 bright ?”

“ ’Tis they whose robes were washed in Jesus’ blood ;
 Nor sin, nor sorrow now, nor death, nor night,

Can reach the ransomed who have crossed the flood.”

’Tis ours to travel heavenward after them,

And though in grief the Saviour’s love proclaim ;

Yes, though the shades of death earth’s pleasure’s
 shroud,

Know still the sun shines bright above the cloud.

Then let us look above, where all is fair,

And onward move to meet our loved ones there.

PEACE AND LOVE AT HOME.

HHE sang that breathes the maist o’ love
 Is aye the best tae me,
 Tho’ sung in simple rustic strains,
 It stirs my sympathy.


The sang that praises glorious war,
T' inspire the martial flame,
Is no for me ; I like tae see
Baith peace and love at hame.

The men that like tae stir up strife
May please the thoughtless thrang,
But soon we find the peacefu' mind
Opprest wi' something wrang.
But speak in kindness o' your faes
An' gie your friends their claim,
Ye'll win the heart, an' joy impart,
Wi' peace and love at hame.

A man may be a Prince in fame,
In wealth, an' power, an' a',
But gin he's scorned, an' grieved at hame,
He is nae prince ava.
The words o' strife embitter life,
Whae'er may be tae blame,
They've ne'er true bliss wha ne'er possess
Baith peace and love at hame.

Then, sons o' toil, let pleasure smile,
O' bliss enjoy your share,
Tho' social joy inspire your heart,
Aye mak' your hame your care.
The humblest mind can comfort find
On life's delusive stream,
The honest rustic is a prince
Wi' peace and love at hame.

MY BONNIE JEANIE GLEN.

 H, dae ye mind, my Jeanie Glen, the guileless
 happy days,
 When, han' in han', we tae the schule gaed ower the
 gowan braes ;
 While a' oor freends, wi' teasin' words, aye said that
 ye were mine ?
 An' weel ye ken, my Jeanie Glen, I've lo'ed ye aye
 sin' syne.
 Oh, dae ye mind that waesome nicht, the last I was
 at hame,
 We glanced at ither, an' we blushed, an' syne we grat
 wi' shame ?
 I couldna get my tongue tae fauld, tae bid ye lang fare-
 weel,
 But oor wee hands in silence tauld what oor young
 hearts could feel.
 An' noo, whan I've come hame, I've heard the kindly
 deeds ye've dune—
 Ye've nursed yere mither, while ye toiled tae keep yere
 heads abune ;
 Wi' sleepless nights, an' cheerless days, yere heart
 was aften sair,
 But noo, my bonnie Jeanie Glen, ye'll toil, an' grieve
 nae mair.
 I ken yere heart's aye been wi' me, though ithers
 sought tae woo,
 An' 'tis worth mair than gold tae me tae get a heart
 that's true ;

A hame that's blest wi' kindly love is mair than kings
can gi'e—

Noo, Jeanie Glen, my ain sweet bride, ye'll share that
bliss wi' me ?

I wadna speak about my wealth, or yet about my praise,
Were't nae tae cheer yere spirit up wi' thoughts o'
better days ;

But noo I've wealth an' honour baith, tae rank wi'
lordly men,

An' ye'll enjoy them a' wi' me, my bonnie Jeanie Glen.

~~~~~  
*DINNA GANG AWA', JAMIE.*

“**O**H, dinna gang awa, Jamie,  
It's no the thing ava, Jamie,  
Tae toil sae sair, baith late an' ear',  
Syne drink yer wages a', Jamie.”

“Toot, what care I for you, Lizzie,  
Yer aye sae bleart an' blue, hizzie ;  
Tho' hard I toil, there's ne'er a smile,  
But dortie words nae few, hizzie.”

“Ye ken what mak's me sad, Jamie,  
I lo'ed ye when a lad, Jamie ;  
I lo'e ye still, an' ever will,  
Tho' ye ne'er mak' me glad, Jamie.”

“An' dae ye think I'll be, Lizzie,  
A silly snool tae thee, hizzie ?  
I'll be a man as lang's I can,  
An' that I'll let ye see, hizzie.”

“ Oh, mind yer marriage voo, Jamie,  
 An’ see what I am noo, Jamie,  
 Wi’ bairnies three around my knee,  
 An’ we a’ hing on you, Jamie.”

“ Aweel, I’ll no stay lang, Lizzie,  
 An’ juist this ance I’ll gang, Lizzie,  
 My joys ye’ll share, I’ll drink nae mair,  
 I ken I’ve aft dune wrang, Lizzie.”

“ But gin ye gang ye’ll bide, Jamie,  
 Juist keep yer ain fireside, Jamie,  
 Yer bairns an’ me will happy be,  
 As when I was yer bride, Jamie.”

“ Aweel we’ll baith agree, Lizzie,  
 Ilk ither’s joy tae be, Lizzie ;  
 We’ll live in peace, an’ love’s increase  
 Will fill oor hame wi’ glee, Lizzie.”



## *OH! GIN I BID MY LOVE ADIEU.*

**O**H! gin I bid my love adieu,  
 Her gentle heart wad break in twa ;  
 Sae guileless, modest, kind, an’ true,  
 She’d drap an’ dee were I awa.

But hoo can I remain at hame,  
 Since her sweet smile I daurna see ;  
 O, what care I for wealth or fame  
 Unless my Mary share’t wi’ me.

I fondly lo'e my native place,  
Which smiles mair sweet when we maun part;  
But Mary's words an' winsome grace  
Are dearest tae my wounded heart.

An' for her sake I'll gang awa  
Across the wide, wild stormy main;  
An' syne her faither's heart may thaw,  
An' let my Mary smile again.

O were I some wee bonnie bird,  
Aroond her bosom I wad flee,  
An' warble a' the tunes I've heard  
Her aften sing sae weel tae me.

I'd cheer her heart a year or twa,  
Until I built a silken nest;  
An' syne her faither's pride micht fa,  
An' let us baith be blythe an' blest.

Her frowning faither heard my sang,  
His pride like snaw began tae melt,  
For be it richt or be it wrang,  
The youthfu' wooer's pangs he felt.

He bade sweet Mary let me in,  
That we micht baith be blythe an' blest,  
For youth can win, an' love can spin  
The safest silk that lines the nest.



## A FACTORY HOLIDAY.

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**W**ILL ye come through Comely Park,  
 Bonnie Lassie O,  
 When they close the factory wark,  
 Bonnie Lassie O,  
 There we'll breathe the e'enin' air,  
 While the summer's young an' fair,  
 An' we'll banish war'ly care,  
 Bonnie Lassie O.

Ye hae filled my heart an' head,  
 Bonnie Lassie O,  
 Since our holiday parade,  
 Bonnie Lassie O,  
 It was there yer smiles tae me  
 Were sae kindly, frank, an' free,  
 I can think o' nocht but thee,  
 Bonnie Lassie O.

What altho' we live by toil,  
 Bonnie Lassie O,  
 We can blythesome be the while,  
 Bonnie Lassie O ;  
 When our daily task is dune,  
 We can lilt a lightsome tune,  
 An' we'll hail oor "honeymunc,"  
 Bonnie Lassie O.

Then let's meet at Comely Park,  
 Bonnie Lassie O,  
 When ye leave yer factory wark,  
 Bonnie Lassie O ;

If ye lay yer loof in mine,  
 As true lovers did langsyne,  
 I will be for ever thine,  
     Bonnie Lassie O.

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*ANSWER TO "A FACTORY HOLIDAY."*

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**S** WILL come through Comely Park,  
     Bonnie Laddie O,  
 When I leave my factory wark,  
     Bonnie Laddie O,  
 An' I'll lay my loof in thine,  
 As true lovers did langsyne;  
 Ye will be for ever mine,  
     Bonnie Laddie O.

Tho' we hae nae muckle gear,  
     Bonnie Laddie O,  
 We need hae as little fear,  
     Bonnie Laddie O ;  
 Tho' oor gathered pounds are few,  
 We can work an' weather through,  
 For oor hearts are leal an' true,  
     Bonnie Laddie O.

My leal true heart is thine,  
     Bonnie Laddie O,  
 Tho' the sun should cease tae shine,  
     Bonnie Laddie O ;

Tho' the moon her smiles withdraw,  
 An' the stars in cluster fa',  
 Honest love ootlives them a',  
                   Bonnie Laddie O.

But we'll court a whilie yet,  
                   Bonnie Laddie O,  
 Till we get oor means tae fit,  
                   Bonnie Laddie O ;  
 Ance we've siller laid aside,  
 Tae maintain oor honest pride,  
 I will be your blythsome bride,  
                   Bonnie Laddie O.

We will cheerie be the while,  
                   Bonnie Laddie O,  
 Weel content tae wait an' toil,  
                   Bonnie Laddie O ;  
 And we'll aye be brisk an' gay,  
 When returnin' June or May,  
 Brings oor welcome holiday,  
                   Bonnie Laddie O.

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*WHEN I WAS A LASSIE.*

---

**T**HE young folk's gaun gyte wi' their pride an'  
 fleegairies,  
 There's nae Megs an' Marys, they're a' misses noo ;  
 In silken balloons they gang trippin' like fairies,  
 Wi' butterflee bannets far up aff their broo.

When I was a lassie, oor bannets were modest,  
 They measured twa feet ower the snoot tae the croon,  
 But thae new French fashions tae me seem the oddest  
 That e'er were inventit by limmer or loon.

My ain dochter Nell, in her teens, an' she's bonnie;  
 Weel wha dae ye think she has comin' tae woo?  
 Nae less than yon lang-leggit lad frae Ball-on-aye,  
 Wi' beard like a pony's mane hidin' his mou'.  
 When I was a lassie, gin he had come near me,  
 I'd rappet his haffits an' rugget his hair,  
 But noo my ain bairns wi' glaicketness fear me,  
 They ne'er gie a scunner tho' kissed by a bear.

Oh, what wilt a' come tae gin lasses continue  
 Tae busk like braw leddies, an' spend a' they win?  
 Doot they'll hae fleechin' an' flytin' wi' minnie,  
 Ance they're gaun tae leave her their hoose tae begin.

When I was a lassie, I wrocht for my tocher,  
 Auld farran an' furthie, I laid by my fee,  
 An' noo, tho' I'm frailish, an' whiles gie a clocher,  
 An auld dowlie gawkie I wadna yet be.

But what need I yammer about the young bodies,  
 Their fashions are auld-fangled fashions come back,  
 An' tho' the young *braw beards* were monkies or  
 cuddies,

The kind-heartit kimmers wad yield them a smack.  
 When I was a lassie, we had oor ain fashion  
 O' workin' an' woin', an' buskin' an' a';  
 But this is my coonsel, I gie ye wi' caution—  
 "They're no best an' blythest that's busket ower  
 braw."



The wee hummin' bees are aye blythe makin' hiney,  
 They buz an' they hum as they build up their kaim,  
 While butterflees flutter, an' canna an' winna,  
 Do ae single darg tae mak' comfort at hame.  
 When I was a lassie, an' John was my wooer,  
 We wrocht an' we sang, frae prood vanity free;  
 An' noo, may oor bairns, tho' fashions are newer,  
 Be blythsome an' couthy, an' happy as we.

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*I'LL NEVER SEEK TO LEAVE THEE.*

---

“**M**Y bonnie, gentle, Jeanie Grahame,  
 Last night oor rich young laird cam' hame,  
 He says he'll bless thee wi' his name,  
 And I must go and leave thee.

There's ladies far less fine than you,  
 Blush at the bronze on labour's broo,  
 And ne'er content wi' comforts few—  
 Sae, better that I leave thee.”

“O, Jamie, dinna gang awa,  
 I care not for the laird ava,  
 Your truth tae me is more than a'  
 His wealth—sae dinna leave me.

I'm weel content wi' you tae share  
 In toil, or grief, or homely fare,  
 Your manly smile drives aff my care—  
 Sae, Jamie, dinna leave me.

Sweet wedded love in lowly cot  
 Mak's humblest hame a hallowed spot,  
 By guardian angels ne'er forgot—  
 Sae dinna, dinna leave me.

But if ye hae begun tae rue  
 That e'er ye pledged tae me your voo,  
 Wi' broken heart I'll bid adieu,  
 An' love ye though ye leave me."

Young, Jamie, wi' a lover's pride,  
 Clasped Jeanie fondly tae his side,  
 And said, "Ye'll be my blythesome bride—  
 I never meant tae leave ye.

Last night I gained my rightfu' claim—  
 A baron's hall, a baron's name—  
 An' ye'll be lady o' the same,  
 Where none shall gloom tae grieve ye.

The bonny banks o' Sunnyshaw,  
 The manor house sae big and braw,  
 Are mine, and ye'll enjoy them a'—  
 An' I'll ne'er seek tae leave ye.

Your kindly heart will have the power  
 Tae soothe the sick in sorrow's hour,  
 Or cheer the young in beauty's bower—  
 Sae dinna fear I'll leave ye!"



## DEAR AULD NED.

---

**M**Y frien' auld Ned's a worthy man,  
 An' weel I wat he's ill bestead,  
 But I hae formed a prudent plan,  
 Tae heal the heart o' dear auld Ned.

He's dole an' dowie aye alane,  
 His wife's awa; his dochter's wed,  
 Sweet family comforts he has nane,  
 My heart is sair for dear auld Ned.

I kenna hoo he milks his coo,  
 Or hoo his jucks an' hens are fed,  
 But hirlings canna be sae true  
 As wife wad be tae dear auld Ned.

An' were he sick, an' like tae dee,  
 The frem'd could ne'er watch ower his bed  
 Like his ain wife, an' that I'll be,  
 A kindlie wife tae dear auld Ned.

My heart was never made o' flint,  
 I feel when former joys are fled,  
 Sae I've gi'en him a guid braid hint,  
 An' cheered the heart o' dear auld Ned.

He's sic a kind fore-thoichtfu' man,  
 He leaves an income when his dead,  
 I'll be his widow gif I can,  
 An' ne'er forget my dear auld Ned.

## JESSIE.

---

**T**ELL nae me o' gowden tochers,  
 Tell nae me o' ladies gay,  
 I ken ane, a workin' lassie,  
 Brings her dowry ilka day—  
 Her loving heart frae guile is free,  
 She's mair than a' the world tae me.

Blythe, an' gay, an' sweet, an' gentie,  
 Like the wee bird on the tree,  
 Nature's gi'en her graces plenty,  
 Polished pride can never gie—  
 A gracefu' form, a gracefu' air,  
 She's a' the world tae me an' mair.

She can work, an' hae nae blushes,  
 She can busk, an' hae nae pride,  
 Dance an' sing, whaur friendship wishes,  
 Greet where grief is spreading wide—  
 Grief or glee her heart maun share,  
 She's a' the world tae me and mair.

Noo I've mair than gowden treasure,  
 I hae won her for my bride,  
 Bonnie, blythesome, blushin' Jessie  
 Clings like ivy tae my side ;  
 An' I will lo'e her till I dee,  
 She's mair than a' the world tae me.