O'er mountain and wood,
O'er valley and flood,
My silvery veil I spread ;
Whilst a silence reigns,
Through my vast domains,
As if all within were dead.

O'er the regions of Night,
By my soft pale light,
I emulate cheerful day ;
Belated and lone
As he journeys on,
I illume the traveller's way.

'Neath my friendly ray,
Fond lovers stray,
Their mutual vows to plight ;
And poets love,
Alone to rove,
And gaze on my beautiful light.

In their solitude,
And dreamy mood,
They deem me a lady fair :
Or an angel bright,
From the land of light,
A companionless wanderer.

On the glassy stream,
I quiver and gleam,
And mirror my fair round face,
To the skirting wood,
That o'erhangs the flood,
I lend an enlivening grace.

The all-potent sea
Owns my sovereignty,
On which the great ships ride ;
The maniac main,
To his bed I chain,
And over his tide preside.

The starry train
Pale their light while I reign
Obscured by my splendour bright ;
And their sparkling rays,
In my glory's blaze,
Are lost to the gazer's sight.

A resplendent gem,
In Heaven's diadem,
I seem to the poet's eye,
Or a great lamp bright,
Of reflecting light,
Hung up in the dome of the sky !

SCOTLAND'S HEATHER.

The gifted Ossian—minstrel famed—
That bard of celtic sang the father;
To warlike deeds of other years,
Attuned his harp amang the heather;
Scotland's hardy mountain heather,
Scotland's glen, and muirland heather;
While life shall make this breast a hame,
I aye will love auld Scotland's heather.

Our ancient patriotic sires,
At the wild war-pipe's call did gather;
Embattled on their native strand,
They laid their foes amang the heather;
Scotland's bonnie bloomin' heather,
Scotland's purpled blossom'd heather;
While life shall make this breast a hame,
I aye shall love auld Scotland's heather.

The Cov'nant heroes, injured, brave,
In holy union pledged thegither;
'Gainst tyranny they stood and fought,
And gained their rights amang the heather;
Scotland's wild fowl-shelt'ring heather;
Scotland's wild bee-haunted heather;
While life shall make this breast a hame,
I aye shall love auld Scotland's heather.

Far frae the crowded city's din,
Where noxious vapours taint the ether,
Wi' rural Peace, and sweet Content,
Gi'e me to dwell amang the heather;
Scotland's lane, sequester'd heather.
Scotland's air-perfuming heather:
While life shall make this breast a hame,
I aye will love auld Scotland's heather.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

What art thou, gay resplendent thing,
So like a diamond pure and bright,
Which sparkles on love's bridal wing
With soft and radiant light?

Gazing on thee, in wonder lost,
My wayward thoughts bewilder'd run.
To fancy's eye, thou seem'st the ghost
Of the departed sun!

No; lovers claim thee for their own;
Thou art the virgin star of love;
Beneath thy rays they stray alone,
Their feelings fond to prove.

And Philomela tells to thee,
Her tender tale of love and song,
Pour'd out in melting melody,
The twilight shades among.

And thou'rt the poet's fav'rite beam,
Beneath whose orb he loves to stray,
While in a deep poetic dream,
He weaves his pensive lay.

The Hermit sage, in lonely bower
In characters of fire express't,—
Reads thy great author's matchless pow'r
Brightly in thee confess't,—

Sovereign of eve! whose glorious train,
In dazzling splendour shines afar,
Eclipsing all the pomp of men,
All hail! thou queenly star!

REV. JAMES MURRAY,

AUTHOR of "Songs of the Covenant Times," and for more than thirty years minister of the parish of Old Cumnock, in Ayrshire, was born at Langcoat, in the parish of Eddleston, and county of Peebles, about the year 1812. He received his early education at the parish school of Peebles, where the future estimable poet and eloquent minister was a very apt scholar in arithmetic and mathematics. He afterwards studied at the University of Edinburgh, making the same rapid progress in the Roman and Greek classics. In these days he was much given to literary pursuits, and his early poems attracted the attention of the Ettrick Shepherd, with whom he became acquainted, and who was his warm friend, and predicted his future fame. He likewise secured the friendship of men who ranked high in

the world of literature, among whom were Peter Macleod, David Vedder, and Robert Gilfillan. At this time Mr Murray was a valued contributor to "Whistle Binkie," that storehouse of the superior song literature of Scotland.

During the greater part of his college career he had to struggle with great difficulties, being entirely dependant upon his own exertions; but being well employed as a teacher he surmounted these, and was licensed to preach the gospel by the Presbytery of Peebles a short time before the Disruption of 1843. When a probationer he became assistant to the late Rev. Mr Hope, of Roxburgh, labouring there for a little with much acceptance. Afterwards he was engaged to assist at Kirkconnel, in Dumfriesshire, and was recommended to the people of that place by its worthy minister, the Rev. Dr Hunter. Mr Murray, however, chose to adhere to the first simple terms of his engagement with Dr Hunter.

When so many good and pious ministers withdrew from the Church of Scotland, in the summer of 1843, Mr Murray and his brother Robert (whom we notice next) clung to the Church of their baptism, and they were recommended by the late Mr Stewart, of Liberton (formerly of Sorn), to the Marquis of Bute, then the Lord High Commissioner to the General Assembly, and the result was that James was soon after ordained minister of Old Cumnock, and Robert to the adjoining parish of New Cumnock. From the day Mr Murray was settled in his parish he devoted the whole vigour of his life to the duties of his calling. His recreations were always in strict keeping with the sacredness of his vocation, and his writings in *Macphail's Magazine*, or other periodicals, were invariably of a religious kind.

Mr Murray delighted in the friendship of his brethren, and this he entirely retained to the last, though his powers of sarcasm were great, both in writing and in debate. He was a most eloquent

speaker; and almost the last of his public appearances was at a week-day gathering at the grave of Richard Cameron, of covenanting renown, in the lone and wild Airsmoss. It was a day of storm and rain, such as is seldom seen in summer, but his earnest, eloquent, and impassioned appeals of admonition and warning rose high above the hoarse and loud voice of the hurricane which swept careering over the moor. In the autumn of 1874, Mr Murray's health began to fail, and he sought its restoration in the south of France. He thought himself, however, that his days were numbered, and when he left he felt persuaded that he would see his native country no more. He lingered there for some weeks, when a voice, as it were, said unto him in the Apocalyptic language, "Come up hither," and on the 30th day of January, 1875, he expired at Mentone, in the 64th year of his age.

With a pious regard for the dust of the good man and pathetic poet, they brought back his remains, and laid them down in the dust not far from where also rests the toil-worn frame of Alexander Peden, "the hill-preacher," of whom Mr Murray had sung so plaintively and well. Besides contributing to the periodicals, Mr Murray published "Elijah the Tishbite," and "The Prophet's Mantle: Being Scenes from the Life of Elisha." Though in these discourses he was treading the same ground with the great Prussian, Fred. W. Krummacher, yet he is thoroughly original, generally as eloquent, and fully as orthodox. In 1861 he published his "Songs of the Covenant Times," in which we have an interesting historical introduction, which is followed by a lengthy poem, "The Hill-Preacher—Alexander Peden." It is written in well-constructed and ringing blank verse, interspersed with a few beautiful lyrics. Fourteen other poems, all on subjects connected with the covenating times, make up the volume. The whole of these poems have a peculiar sweetness and

charm about them, and they have a power and a pathos as well which often compel a tear.

Mr Murray always promised to do great things in the walks of literature; but the busy anxious life of a country minister very much excludes the more worldly in that line; and his ambition was more to do good than to astonish. Many of his best poems and ballads are scattered through periodicals which we have not now at hand, but the following will show his style, and are fair samples of his powers.

THE BLACK SATURDAY,

4TH AUGUST, 1621.

"There's a mirk clud on the sun, gudeman,
And a het gloff on the gress;
And the kye stand thowless on the croft,
Wi' a look o' sair distress.

"And the sheep, a' gathered in knots, gudeman,
Are courin' upon the hill;
At the mid-day hour it is gloamin' grown—
I fear it forebodes some ill!

"There's a red gaw in the north, gudeman,
Like a furnace seven times het;
In mirk aneth and mirk aboon,
The lift and the heights are met.

"I canna see where the lift begins,
Or where the hill-taps end;
And mirk, and mirker still it grows—
May Heaven a' skaith forefend!"

'O, haud thy peace, mine auld gudewife,
Though mine een be blear'd and dim,
I can feel it mirk when it licht suld be,
And I put my trust in Him.

"And though our shielin' be dark and dowf,
Yet Ulai's stream rins clear;
And there sall we gather the gowden fruit,
Through a' the lichtsome year!"

"O, heard ye that fearsome crash, gudeman,
Or saw ye yon flash sae bricht?
As the lift had crack't, and the sun fa'en thro',
And the sea had quenched his licht!

"Our son is upon the hill, gudeman,
Our daughter is teddin' hay;
And meikle I fear that ane, or baith,
Come to skaith on this awsome day!"

"O, dinna be fley't, mine auld gudewife,
That outher we're gaun to tyne—
Though wrath be sair on land and sea,
It's nouther 'gainst yours nor mine.

"And I dred it wad be a day o' dool
For the trespass o' the land;
'Tis vengeance that cleadeth the lift wi' mirk,
And bareth its red richt hand.

"For a godless, graceless band are met,
This day in Edinbruch toun;
And a' to set up the thing we hate,
And pu' the gude cause doun."

"O, hear ye the thick spate fa', gudeman,
And the hailstanes dirl the pane?—
Ye're welcome, children; Heaven be praised,
We see you in life again."

"O, faither, is this the day o' doom,
When the dead and the quick sall meet?
A fire-clud sits on the heigh hill-tap,
And hisses like hail and sleet.

"The muircock coured 'neath the heather cow,
At the side o' the Corbie-craw;
And they feared na him, and he feared na me,
And ae dread possest us a'!

"And the fire hung red frae my bonnet-rim,
And flichtered amang my hair;
And I thocht wi' mysel', as a prayer I said,
We never sall meet ainee mair.

The burns rin wild and roarin' rude,
Where burns ne'er wont to be;
And hadna a gude God led my steps
Ye never had looked on me!"

And, mither, when up in the spretty clench,
A-kylin' the winter hay,
The mirkness fell down sae thick, I thocht
My sicht had stown away.

"And the laverock that sang i' the lift at morn,
Cam sklentin' doun wi' the rain,
And I've keepit the wee thing in my breast
To shelter its heart frae pain!"

"'Tis a day o' wrath and strife, my bairns
A day o' storm and mirk;
For the King's black bands o' Prelacy
Are conspirin' against the Kirk.

"O, sit ye doun, my children baith,
The thunder is wearin' caulm;
And Willie sall read the blessed buik,
And Mary sall sing the psaulm.

"And we'll a' kneel doun by the braid hearth-stane,
And your faither in faith sall pray,
That the God o' grace may defend the richt,
And banish our fears away!"

THE MARTYRS OF CORSEGELLIOCH.

[In the summer of 1685 three covenanters were shot on this lone mountain, which lies about four miles south of Cumnock. A small memorial stone long marked the spot, but in 1827 a handsome monument was erected in its stead. In cutting the foundation for it, the bodies of the three butchered men were found in the moss, lying in their hosen and their plaids, just as they fell; and although 142 years had passed away since then, neither the bodies nor the clothing were in the least degree decayed. One of them had fine locks of auburn hair, a portion of which, with shreds of their clothing, are still preserved.

On lone Corsegellioch height I stood,
And gazed afar o'er many a rood
Of yawning moss, and whistling bent,
And tufts of blooming heather,
Which to the breeze sweet perfume lent,
In the clear autumnal weather.

Wild was the scene, and bleak withal,
The raven's croak, the lapwing's call,
And startled covey's noisy flight—
No other sound we greeted;
How sad 'twere thus to spend the night,
Me thought, as, by the waning light,
I from the wold retreated.

Yet as my homeward course I plied,
A grey sepulchral stone I spied;
All in a dark morass it stood,
By pious hands erected,
Marking a spot, bleak, wild and rude,
Where Zion's bands, sincere and good,
Lurked lorn and unprotected.

And 'neath that stone,—oh, sad to tell!
Three comely youth's sleep where they fell
In bonnet broad and hodden gear,
Shot down by hands unsparing—
The shepherd of the upland drear,
Recounts with undissembled tear,
A deed so foul and daring.

Long had the spot unmarked remained,
Save by the moss-stone weather stained,
But known full well to many a one
Through changing generations,
Traditionally, from sire to son,
Whilst crowns and sceptres, lost and won,
Made strife among the nations.

At length, slight tribute to their fame!
That stone which bears their honoured name,
Far up on the horizon's rim,
Records their mournful story;
Heraldic pomp grows mean and dim,
War's proudest triumphs swart and grim,
Contrasted with their glory!

For Christ's dear sake, they left their all,
By Christ's blest cause to stand or fall,
Braving the worldling's loud disdain,—
Man's fellest wrath enduring;
But strong in faith of Jesus slain,
With him to mount, with him to reign,
Unending bless securing.

A relic, shown with miser care,
A treasured lock of auburn hair,
Was kept by those the stone that reared,
Struck all with breathless wonder,
When, as if yesterday interred,
Those martyrs to the gaze appeared,
Short space the moss-turf under.

Ah, who can tell what hearts were wrung
For those lone sleepers, fair and young!—
What high-wrought hopes, what breathings fond,
In those dark days and olden,
Were drown'd in tears for him that owned
That ringlet soft and golden!

THE PANG O' LOVE.

The pang o' love is ill to dree—
Hech wow! the biding o't—
'Twas like to prove the death o' me,
I strove sae lang at hiding o't.

When first I saw the wicked thing,
I wistna it meant ill to me:
I straiked its bonny head and wing,
And took the bratchet on my knee;
I kiss'd it ance, I kiss'd it twice,
Sae kind was I in guiding o't,
When, whisk!—it shot me in a trice,
And left me to the biding o't.

An' hey me ! how me !
Hech wow ! the biding o't !
For ony ill I've had to dree
Was naething to the biding o't.

The doctors' pondered lang and sair,
To rid me o' the stanging o't ;
The skeely wives a year and mair,
They warstled hard at banging o't.
But doctors' drugs did fient a haet—
Ilk wifie quat the guiding o't—
They turned, and left me to my fate,
Wi' naething for't but biding o't.
An' hey me ! how me ! etc.

When friends had a' done what they dought,
Right sair bumbazed my state to see,
A bonny lass some comfort brought—
I'll mind her till the day I dee ;
I tauld her a' my waefu' case,
And how I'd stri'en at hiding o't,
And blessings on her bonny face !
She saved me frae the biding o't.
An' hey me ! how me ! etc.

DINNA GREET FOR ME.

O gently, gently raise me up on this sad bed, my spouse,
To look ance mair upon the wood where first we changed vows ;
The Spring is comin', Jeanie, for the trees begin to blaw,
But ere the leaf is fully blawn, a widow's tears will fa' !
My heart is beatin' loud and fast, and ilka beat a pang,
The dead-bell soundin' in my lug has tauld me I maun gang,
And death has come to our bedside, but oh ! its hard to dee,
And part wi' a' I've loved sae weel—yet dinna greet for me !

I had a waefu' dream yestreen—what gars me tell it now ?—
Methought I saw a stranger lad, and he was courtin' you ;
But the willow-tree hung o'er you, for I watched its brances wave,
And the wither'd bink ye sat on was a newly cover'd grave !
The heavy moon was risin' on the simmer day's decline,
And dead men's banes a' glimmer'd white beneath the pale moonshine.
It was a sad ungratefu' dream—for, oh ! your kindly e'e
Has mair than warld's wealth in its look—ye maunna greet for me !

We'll meet within a happier land that opens to my view ;
And yet Heav'n kens, my earthly heart wad rather stay wi' you,
Wi' you and that wee bairn, that ance we thocht sae muckle bliss,
Ower weak a flower to leave alane in sic a warld as this !
For mony a tear her little e'e may ha'e to gather yet,
And haply mony a wearie gait awaits her hamless fit ;
But "The Father of the fatherless" maun fend for her and thee—
To doubt wad be a sin, my Jean—sae dinna greet for me !

REV. ROBERT E. MURRAY

IS the younger brother of the subject of the preceding sketch. The life of the younger brother was very much that of the elder. They studied together at the same seminaries of learning, and in the summer months they read the Greek and Roman poets together, and likewise luxuriated in the enticing fields of modern literature. While we know that at college the name of James was always to be found in the prize list, Robert, though too modest to say anything on this matter as regards himself, was nevertheless a favourite student of the late Dr Chalmers. As we have already stated, Robert was ordained minister of the parish of New Cumnock at the Disruption, and here he still continues to labour for the good of his people. Although he has long cultivated literature, yet he has never allowed his love for and his pursuit of it to interfere with the higher interests of his flock.

Besides occasionally contributing to the periodicals, Mr Murray, in 1871, published "The Day-Spring from on High, and other Poems;" and, more recently, he has brought out "The Scriptural Doctrine of Repentance unto Life," a series of twelve superior sermons. Both volumes were received with high favour, and a second edition of "The Day-Spring from on High," with several poems added, is passing through the press at the time we write. "The Day-Spring from on High" is a lengthy poem showing the dealings of the Creator with mankind down through the ages, proving a Divine revelation, and vindicating the ways of God to man. Written in the octosyllabic measure, which is managed with graceful ease, and a fine melodious ring, the reasoning is conducted with great power, notwithstanding

that such a measure is not the best adapted for argument. We give the concluding lines of

THE DAY SPRING.

Say not that more might have been done,
That witness, constant as the sun,
Still breaking through the shades of night
Might flood the soul with heavenly light.
Must Christ's confessors still expire,
Tortured amid the sluggish fire?
Must idle throngs still feast their eyes
With the meek sufferer's agonies?
Must Christ in his afflicted saints
Still bear His cross until He faints,
And, lifted up on tree accursed,
Plead for his murderers as at first?
Awake, awake, ye martyred bands,
The Lord's first fruits in many lands,
What golden harvests did ye reap
In that dark hour ye fell asleep,
When, bidding things of time farewell
Ye triumphed o'er the pow'rs of hell?
Say: when your heart-strings throbbed with pain,
And boiled your blood in every vein,
What power unseen afforded strength
Till, rising into life at length,
The tortured Spirit sighed no more,
The victory won—the contest o'er.
From every land, from every clime,
With earnest cry, the course of time
Proclaims the triumph of the faith,
And oft to sinful man it saith:
"That counsel shun which makes you stray
In sinful error's treacherous way."
The mighty voices of the past
Dissuade from joys which cannot last,
Through awful depths of hallow'd ground,
By sacred fane and holy mound,
They break like thunder on the ear,
And fill the anxious heart with fear.
Yes: Thus, though dead, the martyr speaks
To him who o'er the Record weeps
Of deadly hate—of truth oppressed—
When 'mid the fires Christ was confessed.
Away, then shades of unbelief,
And all that ne'er yet brought relief
To weary soul in depths of woe—
The peace and joy and hope, which flow
From faith unfeigned, alone can give
A balm to him who seeks to live—
To live in that eternal light
Which, breaking on the eager sight,

Will guide through want, and grief and pain,
To Heavenly rest with Christ to reign.
"Lord, teach my heart to know thy ways,
O keep my feet from error's maze,
Thy Holy Spirit ever send,
That sins, which would my heart-life rend,
May be reproved through Heavenly grace;
Yea, all that's false be pleas'd to efface
Till on the tablets of my mind
Not any blemish Thou shalt find.
When troubles cloud my heaven-ward way,
And false I feel each earthly stay,
Uphold me with Thine own right hand,
O bring me to the Better Land.

THE AUTUMN LEAF.

The autumn leaf—Ah me! how soon
The summer'days roll by:
It seems to me but yesterday
Since laughing spring was nigh,
And yet the yellow autumn leaf
Whispers the time is not so brief.

The autumn leaf—Thou withering thing,
What sermons dost thou tell!
'Tis not alone of woodland gay
And solitary dell
Thou lov'st to speak.—Thy rustling breath
Speaks of frail man's decay and death.

Thou hast a tale of spring-tide hours,
Frail emblem of decay,
How opening buds of early flowers
Smiled on the coming May.
Alas! alas! that things so fair
Should wither in the summer air.

A tale thou hast of sunny hours
When sped the month of June;
Methinks I hear thee sadly sigh,
The longest had its noon.
And then, far in the western wave
The dying day sought its ocean grave.

"Infant, roaming 'mid the flowers,
Hither wend with rapid feet,
Dost thou mark yon sered leaf
Quivering o'er the garden seat?
Say: Dost thou mark it? Mark it well,
For lessons sage a leaf may tell.

See it shaketh too and fro,
Ever as the breezes blow ;
Yonder leaf, on yonder tree,
Speaks of blossoms faded now—
Of spring-tide bloom, and summer morn,
Shall youth and beauty ere return ?

Dost thou say the woods are green,
Still the western breeze is bland ?
Child, 'tis but deception all,
Winter hovers on the strand,
And soon the boding autumn gale
Shall strip the woods and sweep the vale.

Soon shall winter's angry storms
Madly rage o'er hill and plain.
How amid the forest glade
Yonder brook hath changed its strain ;
And see upon the silent green
The daisy meek alone is seen."

'Twas thus we mused upon a leaf
Entranced with pleasing spell ;
'Twas thus we mused, and as we mused,
The withering leaflet fell :
Awhile it fluttered in the gale—
So sinks frail man in death's dark vale.

REMORSE.

"Was the dark deed foully done ?"
'Neath the shades where streamlets run,
In the brake where sunbeams play
All the pleasant summer day,
'Twas there the wand'rer fell :
Shadows dark no tale ere tell.

"Did no eye behold thy wrath,
No silent footstep mark thy path
When the shriek of agony
Before the soul ascended high ?"
"Echo heard that shriek of woe,
Why, then terror tempt me so ?"

"Hast thou never sought that spot
In the wood beside the moat,
Where, when terror filled my soul,
At midnight thou built the mole—
Yonder rude mishappen heap,
O'er which the trembling willows weep ?"

"Hast thou never heard the sigh
Of the streamlet sobbing by?
Have thy nights no ghastly dream
Through which wandering sunbeams gleam?"
"In the day and in the night
I wrestle with a thing of might;
Whose voice is like a streamlet sighing,
And wild shriek on the breezes dying!"

FAITH AND PATIENCE IN ADVERSITY.

The wave breaks on the rocky shore,
Still fretting round it evermore;
The wave rolls backward from the strand,
Aye guided by an unseen hand.
To palace and to cottage door
Sore trials came for evermore;
But vain their oft repeated stroke,
When faith withstandeth every shock,
Till, firmer than the rocky steep
On which the billows dash and leap,
The Soul repels the fellest rage,
And youth survives in hoary age.

ECHO.

Wicked Echo in the vale
Cease to tell a love-sick tale,
Which the maid already knows,
In whose breast love's current flows.
Thou false Echo! Evil Echo!
Up among the leafy brakes
Early morn the cushat wakes.
Hark! its cooing in the dell.
All its joys thou mightest tell;
But cease to vex a maiden's breast.
Why should she for ever list
A voice so false—a tale untrue,
Which her gentle breast will rue;
Treacherous Echo! Wicked Echo!

JOHN YOUNG,

AUTHOR of "Selina, and other Poems," published in 1878, was born at Pitfour, in the parish of St Madoes, in 1826. He received his early education at the Parish School, and afterwards at the Perth Academy. Mr Young was trained as a civil engineer and architect, and is now practising as such in Perth. He is an occasional contributor to the newspaper press, and is known as a gentleman of refined taste and professional skill—fond of scientific, fine art, and literary pursuits. The latter he considers more as a pastime, but he frequently puts his scientific knowledge to practical use. He has a well-established reputation amongst civil engineers, and the lovers of the fine arts.

In 1877 Mr Young published a handsome volume of "Poems" in aid of funds for the erection of a museum for the natural history of Perthshire. "Selina" is a narrative poem of seventy-seven stanzas, and is exceedingly well sustained, and evinces not a little descriptive power and much poetic feeling. The smaller poems and songs are natural and spirited — unmistakably the emanations of a pure and thoughtful mind.

POETS.

Poets, inspired with raptured strains
To touch our finest feeling;
Life chartered vessels heaven fraught,
And sparks of heaven revealing

To light our way amid the storms
Of life that thickly rage;
To fire our zeal in youth, and cheer
Our hearts with ripening age.

To aid to weave the golden web,
Of fellow-trust around us;
That faith, and hope, and love may rule,
And spite no more confound us.

To urge the common fatherhood
And brotherhood of man ;
And scourge the righteous few who would
A brother's weakness scan.

To crush the weeds and nurse the flowers,
That these may brighter bloom
And make the atmosphere of life
Scent sweet with their perfume.

Yes ! poets cheer and lift us up
Above all earthly wrongs ;
Think for a moment what would be
The world without its songs.

Insipid, heartless, cold, and dull,
Nothing to rouse our fire ;
No burning strains whereby to vent
The thoughts our breasts inspire.

Weaker would be the soldier's arm,
Rougher the sailor's seas ;
The state, the church, the mill would lag,
The lover's love would freeze.

Yet luckless is the poet's fate,
He might as well be mute
For all he gains—he sows the seed
But others win the fruit.

Oh ! pity 'tis that in this life
The poet rarely reaps
The honours due, that freely flow
When in the grave he sleeps.

Lost 'mid the envious moil of life,
Till death hath sealed his fate,
Then comes the meed of merit full,
But comes, for him, too late.

Too late to soothe his burning brain,
Too late his hopes to cheer,
Too late to save from cold disdain
That crushed his life while here.

"ALL GLITTER IS NOT GOLD."

The trusty friend of many years,
No wealth but heart to show ;
Though one with flash of wealth appears,
Do not his love forego.
The gaudy tinsel often cloaks
A soul to feeling dead ;
That lives on plaudits wealth evokes,
With little heart or head.

Let not new friends untried displace
The worthy and the old,
Although they come with polished grace;
All glitter is not gold.

When light the load, and smooth the way,
Your waggon jogs along;
Though seeming frank, 'tis vain display
To offer cattle strong.
When axle-deep you move no foot,
An old friend, true as steel—
While others stand aside—will put
His shoulder to the wheel.
Let not new friends, etc.

When fortune blows a prosperous wind,
Who aids to trim the sail,
What good if he should leave a friend,
To face an adverse gale;
But he, who does the best he can,
Through friendship's love untold,
Denies himself for fellow man,
Is worth his weight in gold.
Let not new friends, etc.

SING ON, MY BONNIE BAIRN.

Sing on, my bonnie bairn—sing:
Thy wee, sweet, silver voice
To me sounds like the sough o' lands
Whare angel-sangs rejoice.

Thy bonnie broo, fair as the morn,
Is scarce four summers auld;
Thy dawning life, like opening bud,
O' pure and spotless fauld.

Nae envy stirs thy artless heart,
Vain-glory, or conceit;
Nae venomed passions rouse thy breast,
Nae malice or deceit.

Thy soul a' heaven—thy ways a' earth—
Scarce either, but between:
Content to play and sing thy sang
Frae morn to dewy e'en.

Thy trusting faith—thy clinging love—
Thy large enquiring eyes—
Thy puzzling queries, hard to tell—
Thy wonder and surprise!

If there is aught upon this earth
That's wi' a purpose given,
'Tis in thy winning looks and ways,
To draw our hearts to heaven.

They say there are connectin' links
Pervadin' Nature's law :
Thy spirit fresh frae Nature's God,
Pure as the driven snaw,

Maun be the link connectin' us
Wi' spirit lands above,
Whar a' is love ; for thou art here
The joy and nurse o' love.

Come let me clasp thee to my breast,
And kiss thy broo sae fair :
Thy mither's joy, thy father's pride,
Ay nestle closer there.

O God ! stop wealth—stop everything,
That earthly comforts prove ;
But spare our bairns to bless our hearts,
Or stop the flow o' love.

LABOUR.

There is a dignity in labour,
And honour from it flows ;
A joy in being diligent
The idle never knows.

None nobler in creation can
More proudly lift his head
Than he who works for working's sake,
And earns by work his bread ;

Who loveth labour for its joys—
Not wealth that from it springs—
But regulation of the mind
And body that it brings.

Observe yon man, reverse the law,
For wealth and leisure sighs,
Toils slavishly these ends to win,
And as he grasps them dies.

He loses present joy for dreams
Of doubtful future rest,
Forgetful, in his eagerness,
The present may prove best.

Then love life's labour for itself—
For all who do are blest—
What though it argues weary toil,
'Tis toil that sweetens rest.

It smooths the pillow of the poor,
At every evening's close,
Invites the downy wings of sleep,
And wins the night's repose.

It banishes malignant thoughts,
Health from its pursuits flows,
It dissipates dyspeptic pains
And other kindred woes.

Be this my most ambitious wish,
Strong health my whole life through,
A cheerful and contented mind,
And plenty work to do.

With these, I fear not, wealth will come
Sufficient for my end;
A provident and willing hand
Shall poverty forefend.

JOHN CAMPBELL,

("WILL HARROW,")

AUTHOR of numerous poems instinct with quaint dry humour and keen sarcasm, was born in 1808. His father was a small farmer on the moors of Kinclaven, Perthshire, and John spent his youth as a "son of the soil." At the age of twenty-five he removed to Dundee, where he remained for seven years. "I went back to the spade again," as he says in his own quaint style, "and dug my way from Dunblane, to Lintrathen in Forfarshire." Certainly this was a long "delve." "Twice," he adds, "I laid the spade aside, and lived three years in Glasgow, and six in South Africa." "Will" has been twice married, and now he has passed the three-

score years and ten, solitary and childless; yet he possesses the riches which wealth cannot purchase—a happy temperament. In the intervals of hard physical labour he has drawn consolation from the Muse of his native land. Many of his productions are of a political complexion, for he had in early life been an out-and-out Chartist, and believed almost as firmly in the "six-points" as in the "ten commandments." Years and reflection, however, has toned his enthusiasm, although it was only recently that he wrote the following "unvarnished lines," entitled "Here we go, by Jingo Ring"—

Did onybody ever ken
A Jumpin' Jack like Hughenden,
Wha sits upon the blarney stane,
An' thinks to move the world his lane,
An' douce the Greeks and dish the Whigs,
An' darn the turban—please the pigs,
An' teach the Tories a' to lee—
Swear one is twa, an' twa is three,
An' white is black, and black is white,
An' right is wrong, and wrong is right,
An' mair things than I choose to write:
An' thimbles twirl wi' jaunty glee,
An', mockin' John, asks whaur's the pea?
How John stands this amazes me.
It was wi' maggots in his crania
When at Berlin he smirched Britannia,
An' after throwin' mud upon her,
Cam' back, an' ca'd it "peace wi' honour."
His speech at the Lord Mayor's kail,
What can be made o't—head or tail?
Can Tories, or can ony bodie
Squeeze politiks frae salts an' soddie?
No more they can, but let that pass—
Ben's filled the world wi' lauchin' gas.

And "To the Irish Nation"—

Auch, Paddy! you're an awfu' pest,
A skittish, sad, unruly baste,
Howlin' Land League an' ither shams,
Wi' scarce a dud upon your hams.
An' nought will stop your hungry howl:
The more you get the more you growl:
An' noisily ye strut an' geck,
The beggar's wallet round your neck.

O, what a stream of Irish ills,
Effluent from a thousand rills ;
An' when the stream is viewed it is
Mostly made up of froth and fizz.
Paddy, the evil's in your blood,
Ye trample freedom in the mud,
Your nonsense puts a heavy tax on
The patience o' the sober Saxon.
The three-fold cord you'll ne'er unlace,
Unless you move awa' a space,
Awa' frae honest people's doors,
A thousand miles ayont th' Azores,
Then ye can get, ye yillyart tyke,
Home rule or ony rule ye like,
But where ye are, ye fashious gowk,
You'll hae to rule like ither fowk.

WEARIED AND WORN.

Auld an' crazy, wearied an' worn,
I creep alang the shore ;
I hirple o'er the shining sand,
While my heart is away in a far off land—
My land, alas, no more.

And sadly muse on brighter days—
Days now forever flown ;
For here I feebly creep an' cringe,
In every fibre feel a twinge,
An' ache in every bone.

When I was young, then on my brow
Grief ventured not to trace
The sorrows that becloud it now,
When I am fading like a bough
That's torn from its place.

Ah, what a mingled play we see
Upon life's shifting stage,
Ever mingling life with death,
The coming with the parting breath—
Bright youth with crazy age.

"All flesh is grass," and o'er the field
The mighty reaper goes ;
But soon or late no stalks is missed,
Yet o'er the world's perished dust
Life's stream still gaily flows.

The numbered hour is on the wing ;
'Tis well we do not know.
All that we know is only this
Their ignorance is really bliss
That to the earth we go.

When time shall be no more to me,
  Then my remains inhume
On a verdant sunny slope,
Where the gladsome birdies hop,
  Among the golden broom.

Among the bonnie yellow broom
  That breezes wanton wave,
The golden tassels "weet wi' dew"
(That every morning will renew)
  To gem my nameless grave.

On the wide uncultured moor,
  Far from the noisy town,
Where uncaged birdies blythely sing,
Where the untended wild flowers spring—
  There lay me gently down.

PETER DUNCAN,

REGISTRAR of the parish of Montrose, is a poet of no mean order, who has ever wisely considered the lyre of minor importance to the stern realities of life. Mr Duncan is a native of Montrose. He was educated at the academy there, and entered the *Standard* office as an apprentice compositor. On the suggestion of Provost Calvert, who was then proprietor and editor, he was, however, transferred to the law office of that gentlemen. Here Mr Duncan served his apprenticeship to the legal profession, and subsequently went to Edinburgh, where he remained for seven years in the service of a firm of Writers to the Signet. Failing health compelled him to return to his native town, where he for fifteen years acted as confidential clerk to the late Mr Thos. Barclay. In 1871 Mr Duncan was appointed to the office of Registrar, which he still holds, performing his onerous duties with much tact and ability.

Washington Irvine says that the "possessors of true genius are always retiring and modest." This holds good in the case of Mr Duncan. He has never taken any part in political or municipal matters. His leisure time has been devoted to the enjoyment of literary study—the riches of the cultivated mind. His quiet thoughtful habits have borne fruit in the form of occasional truly able poetic effusions in the local press. One of these—"Where the Wild Flowers Grow"—attracted the critical eye of the late George Gilfillan, who wrote the editor of the paper in which it appeared, asking the name of the author. Having received the desired information, Mr Gilfillan communicated with Mr Duncan, complimenting him on his production, as being very sweet, and having the real ring of the genuine metal. Indeed, so much did the reverend gentleman admire this piece that he induced the editor of the *Dundee Advertiser* to depart from the usual rule of declining to publish extracts from a contemporary, and give the poem wider publicity. The eminent critic subsequently wrote several letters of advice to the poet, and urged him to continue his efforts. Thus encouraged by one so able to appreciate genuine poetry, Mr Duncan has contributed numerous effusions to the press. We give the following pieces, which will show that should he see his way to collect his poems in a volume he has no reason to be ashamed of them, and that success would assuredly attend their publication.

WHERE THE WILD FLOWERS GROW.

Up among the waving woodlands,
Down along the burnie's side,
Scatter'd o'er the mountain summits,
Growing graceful in their pride;
'Mong the bonnie blooming clover,
Where the breezes breathe so low,
Ankle-deep in purple heather,
Where the wild flowers grow.

'Mong the bonnie bramble roses,
And the primrose faint and pale,
And the golden-crested king cup,
And the blue bell thin and frail;
And so far from toil and trouble,
And away from care and woe,
I'd sit upon the gowany bank,
Where the wild flowers grow.

Peeping under long green rushes,
Like stars in midnight sky,
The meek and modest violet
Looks forth to catch the eye.
By the margin of the streamlet,
Bloom the daisies white as snow:
Oh! to wander in the places
Where the wild flowers grow!

And the wild flowers are an emblem
Of man's estate so mean:
Blooming sweetly for a little,
And then cut down at e'en.
For the wild flowers teach a lesson
To be humble, meek, and low:
'Tis good to sit and muse awhile
Where the wild flowers grow.

When weary age comes on apace,
And the pulse beats faint and low;
When the eye grows dim and heavy,
And the wheels of life move slow;
When life's brief day is done with me,
And in death I'm laid below;
Let me lie among the shadows
Where the wild flowers grow.

BY YON BURNSIDE.

There's not a sweeter place to me
Than yon burnside;
Far from the noisy town I flee
To yon burnside.
There to wander in the gloamin'
'Mong the bonny wild flowers roamin',
And to watch the ripples foamin'
By yon burnside.

'Tis sweet to walk at opening day
By yon burnside:
And listen to the lark's love-lay
By yon burnside;
And see the sunbeams as they gleam,
Like silver in the running stream,
Waking the flow'rets from their dream
By yon burnside.

The cares of life seem past away
By yon burnside ;
When musing lone I slowly stray
By yon burnside.
Dearer to me than rosy bowers
Are moments spent 'mong Nature's flowers,
So quickly pass the fleeting hours
By yon burnside.

The seasons as they change I've seen
By yon burnside,
When Spring puts on her robes of green
By yon burnside,
When Summer wears her flowery crown,
When Autumn shows his russet gown,
When Winter rules with surly frown
By yon burnside.

When dips the sun o'er yon blue hill
By yon burnside,
And Nature seems all hush'd and still
By yon burnside ;
Then among the green grass lying,
I watch the daylight dying,
Dreaming, thinking, longing, sighing,
By yon burnside.

I love to muse at gloamin' late
By yon burnside ;
To ponder deep and meditate
By yon burnside ;
To lift the mind from things of time,
And think upon a brighter clime,
And pour my musings out in rhyme
By yon burnside.

WEARIN' HAME.

We're wearin' nearer hame, John,
We're hirplin' doun the brae ;
The shadows o' life's gloamin', John,
Are gatherin' thick an' grey.
The freends o' youthfu' days, John,
Hae langsyne drapp'd awa',
Like reed an' wither'd leaves, John,
When winter breezes blaw.

Nae doot we're wearin' hame, Jean,
We're noo growin' stiff an' frail :
We canna work ava', Jean,
For monie a pain an' ail.
But though we're auld an' dune, Jean,
We mauna sair complain :
Oor bairns hae aye been kind, Jean,
Sin we've been left oor lane.

We're wearin' nearer hame, John,
I'm tir'd o' a' the care,
The trouble an' the trials, John,
That's been oor lot to bear.
And tho' fouk hae been kind, John—
Yet ah! I'd raither hae
The strength to work oorsel's, John,
As we've dune monie a day.

We're wearin' nearer hame, Jean,
An' hoo sud we be sad;
Oor trials hae been but sma', Jean,
An' that sud mak' us glad.
Nae doot we've ha'en oor share, Jean,
But aye we've warsl'd thro';
We mauna noo sit doun, Jean,
An' sab, and greet like you.

We're wearin' nearer hame, John,
An' oh! I'm wearied sair,
To lay me doun an' dee, John,
An' nae be troubled mair.
I've only but a'e wish, John,
In a' this world to see,
To ken your journey's end, John,
An' then to close your e'e.

We're wearin' nearer hame, Jean;
But yet we dinna ken,
Wha first will be released, Jean,
An' wha'll be left alane.
But we sud just ha'e faith, Jean,
An' trust a higher hand;
For He wha's cared for us, Jean,
Will yet aye by us stand.

We're wearin' nearer hame, John,
An' I sud ne'er complain,
The lang, rough road o' life, John,
We'll travel ne'er again.
An' tho' I'm wearied sair, John;
Yet patiently I'll try
To wait till He sees fit, John,
Altho' I aften sigh.

We're wearin' nearer hame, Jean,
Life's trachle's near a close;
We'll sune lay doun oor heads, Jean,
An' sleep in sweet repose.
And then we'll meet oor freends, Jean,
When life's sair fecht is dune,
I' the bricht an' happy warld, Jean,
I' the glorious Hame abune!

IN YON KIRKYARD.

Deep peace and silence reign around,
In yon kirkyard,
Scarce broken by a single sound,
In yon kirkyard,
The loftiest and the lowliest birth,
The pomp and poverty of earth,
All meet and mingle without worth,
In yon kirkyard.

The simple serf, the lettered sage,
In yon kirkyard;
Soul-glowing youth and chastened age,
In yon kirkyard;
The lowly-born, the son of pride,
The friend, the foe, lie side by side;
All in one common lot allied,
In yon kirkyard.

The rich, the poor, the young, the old,
In yon kirkyard,
Lie sleeping in the same dark mould,
In yon kirkyard,
The peasant from his peaceful plough,
The scholar with his furrowed brow,
All rest in peace and stillness now,
In yon kirkyard.

Long, bygone days come up, and pass,
In yon kirkyard,
Before our thoughts, as in glass,
In yon kirkyard.
We feel how vain a thing is life,
With all its bustling, noisy strife,
For troubles now no more are rife,
In yon kirkyard.

Our thoughts go back to other years,
In yon kirkyard,
Till often come the starting tears,
In yon kirkyard.
We marvel at the pride of man,
As on the tombs the names we scan,
To think how poor is life's short span,
In yon kirkyard.

No passions now disturb the breast,
In yon kirkyard;
All warring strifes are now at rest,
In yon kirkyard.
For Sorrow's bitter reign is o'er,
And Pleasure's sunshine gleams no more:
For all have reached a peaceful shore,
In yon kirkyard.

But yet, at length, a day will dawn,
In yon kirkyard,
The opening graves will widely yawn,
In yon kirkyard.
A trumpet sound will rend the skies,
When all will meet without disguise,
And from the tombs all will arise,
In yon kirkyard.

PROFESSOR DOUGLAS MACLAGAN.

ON first thoughts, the life of a man of science usually presents comparatively little incident to the biographer, and when the life of such a man has been still further restrained within the limits commonly imposed by an official position, such as an exacting professorship in a university, the variety of biographical narrative is frequently considered as becoming reduced almost to a minimum. What such a life may want, however, in stir and incident, it may fully make up for in the interest which is awakened by a record of the progress of discovery, and of the struggles and battles of a human mind to wrestle from Nature the secret of her laws. While fulfilling with singular success the official duties assigned to him, and leaving a wide and healthy impress on the minds of a younger generation, he may find time for literary work, the narrative of which invests the story of his life with no little interest. We have an illustration of this in the career of Professor Douglas Maclagan.

Douglas Maclagan, M.D., of Edinburgh, was born at Ayr in 1812—his father, Dr David Maclagan, having been previous to that time in the 91st Highlanders, but at the time of the birth of the son we here refer to, he was in the Peninsula. It is a curious fact that the young professor and poet was baptised

by the same clergyman who "christened" Robert Burns—viz., his own great-grandfather, Dr Dalrymple of Ayr. Professor Maclagan was educated at the High School of Edinburgh, and studied medicine at the University of that city, and also in Berlin and Paris. He is a Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, of the Royal Society, and other Scientific Societies, and has been Professor of Medical Jurisprudence in the University of Edinburgh since 1862. He is one of seven brothers who have gained distinction in their several walks in life. We are not called upon here to give prominence to the professional career of the subject under notice. Suffice it to say that he is spoken of as being admirably clear and instructive in his lectures, and as ever holding up before his scholars the type of an ardent student, and a cultivated and high-souled gentleman, and sincere Christian. He ever takes a lively interest in the welfare of the University, to which he has devoted his best energies. He enjoys with rare intensity and love the friendship of his learned brethren, and a select circle of men of literature, science, and art.

In 1850 Professor Maclagan published (Edmonston & Douglas) a volume of songs, entitled "Nugæ Canoræ Medicæ: Lays of the Poet Laureate of the New Town Dispensary," of which a second edition came out in 1873. The work was published for the benefit of the Edinburgh Royal Infirmary. In the preface to the second edition the author states that "the collection of songs, which had formed my contribution to the 'conviviality of the evening' at the annual dinners of the past and present medical officers of the New Town Dispensary of Edinburgh, was in 1850 printed at the request of the members of that pleasant reunion, on the understanding that the profits of the book were to be devoted to the Institution in which we were all interested. It was my good fortune to be able in this way to add a little to the funds of the Dispensary—a very inadequate return

for the large amount of practical instruction which it had afforded to me, during my ten years' service as one of its acting medical officers. The profits, if any, are now to be devoted to the Building Fund of the Royal Infirmary of Edinburgh, so that those who are disposed to buy the book can compensate themselves, under a bad bargain, by the reflection that they may thus, in a small way, contribute to one of the noblest charitable institutions in the kingdom." The illustrations of the vigorous song—"The Battle o' Glen Tilt," which was quoted in all quarters when it first appeared, and in which the Duke of Athole, Professor Balfour, and others figure—are in the best style of the photographic art. Regarding these Professor Maclagan says:—"At a Sketching Club, which met in the house of my friend John Ballantyne, R.S.A., the above song was given out, as the subject on which each member was to exercise his inventive and executive talents. The sketches thus dashed off by the able hands of John Faed, R.S.A., Thomas Faed, R.A., John Ballantyne, R.S.A, W. Fettes Douglas, R.S.A., James Archer, R.S.A., and the late William Crawford, A.R.S.A., were presented to me by Mr Ballantyne. In prospect of the present edition I applied for, and at once got the consent of these distinguished artists, to use their sketches as illustrations, and they have accordingly been photographed by Mr E W. Dallas, F.R.S.E." The frontispiece is entitled "Amang the Heilan' Hills, man," while the others illustrate the following lines of the song:—

The Duke at this put up his birse,
He vow'd in English and in Erse.

For win' and rain blew up Glen Tilt,
An' roun' his houghs an' through his kilt.

The Glen was closed when they got there,
And oot they couldna pass, man.

The Duke he glower'd in through the yet,
An' said that oot they sudna get.

Balfour he said it was absurd;
The Duke was in a rage, man:
He said he wadna hear a word
Although they spak' an age, man.

The volume contains a number of professional ditties, but we prefer to give samples of the others as being of more general interest. The specimens we give will clearly prove that Professor Maclagan is entitled to a place of honour amongst the poets of our country. They show a strong and cheery nature, a transparent and truthful character, and a love of the right, and scorn for the wrong, which endears him to all who have the pleasure of his friendship. Healthiness of tone, without effort or forced sentiment, are apparently their great charm. We quote the following from a fine song, entitled

HEATHER.

The College lads are noo awa',
The lecture-rooms are a' desertit,
The Coort o' Session's closed its Ha',
An' Clerks an' Judges are departit;
Nae langer driech Professors drone,
Nae langer glib-tongued lawyers blether,
The feck o' folk has left the toon,
An' I maun aff to tread the heather;
Up amang the bonnie heather,
Little thocht o' win' or weather,
Free ance mair,
In caller air,
To tread the bonnie bloomin' heather.

John Dickson's filled my cartridge-box
Wi' due supply o' amunition;
He has looked o'er the springs an' locks,
An' says the gun's in prime condition;
My jacket's on; my weel-creeshed buits
Are saft as kid, though stoot in leather,
An' lambs'-woo' hose aboot my cuits,
I'm ready noo to tread the heather.
Up amang the bonnie heather,
Free frae ilka sort o' bather,
Put aff the cark
An' care o' wark,
An' blythely tread the bloomin' heather.

I'll no' get up at skriech o' day,
My stren'th wi' needless toil consumin',
Eneuch's as guid's a feast they say,
I'll hae eneuch afore the gloamin'.
Oh ! could some philosophic chiel'
Explain to me some way or ither,
Hoo hills were no sae hard to spiel
When first I used to tread the heather.

But though I'm no' jist a'thegether
As soople as a black-faced wether,
Though somethin' auld
An' no sae yauld,
I yet hae spunk to tread the heather.

The Twal'th is come, the mornin's fair,
Frae aff the hill the mist is clearin' ;
There is nae time for sleepin' mair,
For half an 'oor the Laird's been steerin' ;
The powney's saddled at the door ;
He bears me aff as licht's a feather,
An' saves the bittock to the muir,
An' noo I'm fairly on the heather.

Up amang the purple heather,
No' a flow'r that man can gather
Frae garden fair
Or greenhouse rare
Can beat the bonnie bloomin' heather.

The keeper's at his trystin' place
Wi' a' his dogs around him sittin',
It's money's worth to see his face
An' get his hearty Hielan' greetin' !
The very dogs are yelpin' fain
An' like to break the couplin' leather,
Sae glad to see us oot again
Wi' gun in han' upon the heather.

Up upon the bonnie heather,
Like a cowt that's slipt the tether,
Sae brisk I feel
An' licht o' heel,
I'm fit to canter o'er the heather.

. . . . .

It's pipin' het by afternoon,
An' men an' dogs are sair forfeuchen,
Beside the spring we'll set us doun
Oor legs to rest and throats to slocken.
Oor luncheon is a modest chack,
Oor drink comes fresh frae earth oor mither,
The grass oor seat, and at oor back
A springy buss o' purple heather.

An' sae we ha'e among the heather
A canty crack wi' ane anither,
O' sporting days
Amang the braes,
That we ha'e had wi' ane anither.

An' even though oor bag were toom,
Instead o' twenty brace it's haddin',
It wad be warth oor while to come
An' view the sicht that's roon' us spreadin';
It's gran' to see the Hielan' hills,
Though a' their names we canna gether,
That lift their heids, dour solem' chiels,
Sae heich abune oor braes o' heather.
Frae a seat amang the heather,
Stan' they single or thegither,
Scottish e'e
Is prood to see
Oor Hielan' hills an' braes o' heather.

. . . . . .

LIZZIE.

AIR—"Loudon's bonnie woods and braes."

Love, they say, is like a flower,
Bonnie while it blaws, Lizzie;
But, endurin' for an hour,
Sune to earth it fa's, Lizzie.
This is love wi' senseless queans
That dream about it in their teens,
Ye better ken what true love means,
Ye ken that this is fause, Lizzie.
Twenty years ha'e come and gane
Sin' first I socht ye for my ain,
The love that cam' in blossom then
Yet wi' blossom braw's, Lizzie.

Little gear we had, ye ken,
To begin our life, Lizzie;
Treasure I had neist to nane,
Binna in my wife, Lizzie.
To my wishes kindest Heaven
Better treasure couldna given,
Gowd wad maybe no ha'e thriven
E'en had it been rife, Lizzie.
Gowd, they say, gets everything,
But true heart-love it canna bring;
Gowd is readier aye to fling
Discord in and strife, Lizzie.

Sunshine, thanks to Heaven, has shed,
Licht within our ha', Lizzie,
Though a cloud or twa hae spread
Shadows o'er us twa, Lizzie.

But when sorrow, grief, or care,
Frae Lizzie's e'e wrang out the tear,
Our mutual love but grew the mair
Wi' ilka watery fa', Lizzie.
Love and flowers agree in this—
A blink o' sunshine 's no amiss,
But were nae rain the grun' to bless,
They wadna grow ava, Lizzie.

Time begins to lay his han'
And to show his power, Lizzie ;
We maun yield, as ithers maun,
To the carle dour, Lizzie.
Winter winds may round us blaw,
Our heads be white wi' winter snaw,
But warmth o' love, in spite them a',
Shall cheer our wintry hour, Lizzie.
Then, though it come stormy weather,
Gin we're spared to ane anither,
Auld and canty we'll thegither
Bide the wintry stour, Lizzie.

MY GRAN'SON.

A blessin' on your sleekit pow,
My lauchin' chubby-cheekit Oe !
Fu' blythe I am to see ye grow
Sae fine a wean ;
After a towmond's gaen, I trow
Ye'se walk yer lane.

E'en noo I like to see ye ettle,
I'm proud ye shaw some spunk an' mettle ;
Though walkin's just a thocht owre kittle
As yet for you.
An' maistly wi' a plump ye settle—
We'se no say hoo.

Noo o'er a buffet stool ye rum'le,
Syne o'er yer mither's fit ye tum'le.
An' aft ye try to rise, but whummil
An' fa' as aft ;
But neither need to greet nor grum'le,
Ye fa' sae saft.

Troth, Providence taks unco pains
In keepin' skaith frae cats an' weans ;
Hoo they get aff wi' unbrizzed banes
Beats me to tell :
They fa', but are na scarted ance
For ten they fell.

Ye're safest creepin' on the floor,
Ye ha'e less chance yer heid to clour ;
It's true, it blacks yer han's wi' stour,
An' fyles your duds ;
But that'll mend wi' water cure
An' gude sape-suds.

Your faither's or your mither's han'
'Ill help ye best to walk or stan'—
Look up to them, it's God's comman'—
The first wi' promise ;
An' wha min's this, be't wean or man,
Reward 'll no miss.

There's mony a man, gin tales be true,
Could gie a lesson guid to you,
Wha never wad ha'e had to rue
A life o' ill,
Gin he had had the sense to do
His father's will.

This day ye are a twalmonth auld,
Guid grant that ye grow stout an' yauld,
Baith strang o' limb an' braid o' spauld,
An' may kin' Heeven
Keep ye when i' the mouls I'm cauld,
Lang 'mang the leevin.

Nae doot, ye noo are lyin' cosy
Within your crib, wi' haffets rosy,
An' wee fat arms an' fatter bosie ;
Oh could I kiss ye !
But far awa Gran'father owes ye
This prayer—"God bless ye !"

SAUMON.

AIR.—"Cauld Kail."

There's haddies i' the Firth o' Forth,
There's turbot big and sma', man ;
There's flukes, though they're but little worth
There's "caller ou'" an' a,' man.
But fish in shell, or fish in scale,
Whate'er ye like 't to ca', man,
There's nane can doot the very wale
O' fishes is a saumon.

There's herrin catch'd aboot Dunbar,
An' whitin's aff Skateraw, man ;
But wha sae daft as to compare
The like o' them to saumon ?
The English folk like whitin's best,
The Dutch eat herrin' raw, man ;
But ilka body to his taste—
An' mine's content wi' saumon.

Oh ! mark him rinnin' frae the tide,
In blue and siller braw, man ;
The ticks upon his gawsy side,
Shaw him a new-rin salmon.
An' though he 'scape the Berwick net,
The Duke at Floors an' a' man,
There's mony a chance remainin' yet
To catch that bonnie saumon.

Across the pool the fisher's flee,
Fa's licht as micht a straw, man ;
Soops doon the stream, an' syne a wee
Hangs trem'lin' o'er the saumon.
A moment mair, the line is stent—
A rug, and then a draw, man ;
An' noo, the soople tap-piece bent,
He's tackled wi' his saumon.

Frae aff the birling reel the line
Like lichtnin' spins awa', man ;
The fisher lauchs, for he kens fine
He's heuked a guidly saumon.
He's up, he's doon, he's here, he's there,
Wi' mony a twist and thraw, man ;
Noo deep in Tweed, noo i' the air—
My troth, a lively saumon.

But stren'th an' natur' for a while
Can warsell against a' man ;
Yet natur' aft maun yield to guile,
As weel in man as saumon.
An' sae the merry fish that rose
To tak' that flee sae braw, man,
Noo sidelins sowms at his life's close,
A worn an' deein' saumon.

Wi' ready gaff the callant stan's,
The fish ashore to draw, man ;
The fisher bids him haud his han's,
An' no' to hash his saumon.
"He's clean dune oot ; gae grup the tail,
Just whar it tapers sma', man,
An' lan' him up baith safe an' hale—
My word, a bonnie saumon."

Gae bid the lass set on the pat,
An' see it 's no owre sma', man,
An' pit twa goupins in o' saut,
To boil my bonnie saumon :
An' sen' for Jock, an' Rab, an' Tam—
They 're fishers ane an' a', man—
An' bid them come to me at hame,
An' eat my bonnie saumon.

The gentry get their cooks frae France,
Wi' mony a queer kickshaw, man ;
But, haith, I wadna tak' their chance,
When I ha'e sic a saumon.
Wi' it, an' some o' Scotland's best,
A cheerer—maybe twa, man,
We'll gang like decent folk to rest,
An' dream o' catchin' saumon.

I ance was dinin' i' the toun,
Whar a' thing is sae braw, man,
An' there I saw a Lunnon loon
Eat labster-sauce wi' saumon.
Wae's me that sic a slaister suid
Gang into mortal maw, man,
To fyle the stamac'—spile the fuid,
An' siccan fuid as saumon.

Wi' flesh as pink as rose in June,
Wi' curd as white as snaw, man,
An' sappy broo they boil't him in—
Oh ! that's what I ca' saumon.
To my best freen' I canna wish
That better suid befa', man,
Than just to ha'e as guid a dish
As we ha'e wi' our saumon.

To Scotland's ilka honest son,
Her dochters fair an' a', man ;
To a' wha lo'e the rod and gun,
We'll drink wi' a hurra', man ;
May they frae mony sportin' days
Baith health and pleesur' draw, man ;
May muircocks craw on a' the braes,
The rivers swarm with saumon.

HUGH BROWN,

THE author of "The Covenanters," although bringing out the first edition of that spirited poem forty-three years ago, is still alive. He is occasionally yet to be found singing, and, like the fabled swans, sweetest of all at the close of life, for the gifted bard is now a venerable octogenarian,

and fifty-six years ago we find him singing powerfully and well in the *Scots Magazine*, to which he then contributed a poem on the death of Lord Byron.

Hugh Brown was born about the beginning of the century, in the town of Newmilns, which lies on the beautiful banks of the river Irvine, and is situated in the parish of Loudoun, Ayrshire. After a very ordinary education, he was early put to the muslin weaving trade; but while so engaged he read and learned so well during his evening hours, that he became quite qualified to teach a school himself, his first situation being at Drumclog, in the uplands of Avondale. Previous to this, however, a taste for poetry had grown upon him, and as he wandered around the wilds which lie under the shadow of Loudoun hill, and traversed the ground which had been hallowed by the presence and the praises of the heroes of the covenant, he began, and finished that stirring poem, "The Covenanters," which has long since gained for him no mean place among the poets of Scotland. He had, however, removed to another school—a much better situation—in the town of Galston, before the publication of his poem, which appeared in 1838. Here Mr Brown continued for a length of time greatly respected. Ultimately he removed to Lanark, to a school there, but as old age began to creep upon him he gave up teaching, and went to reside in Glasgow (where he still lives), and found occasional employment in connection with the publishing house of Mr Collins. When resident in Galston, though mingling a good deal in society, which he was so well able to charm by his lively and intelligent conversation, he was noted for his solitary walks among the woods, and by the secluded watercourses which lie around that finely-situated place.

Besides "The Covenanters, and other Poems," which volume has passed through several editions, Mr Brown has contributed a good deal to the perio-

dicals, and was a valued writer in the *Ayrshire Wreath*; and everything he has written shows fine taste and culture, besides bearing the unmistakable stamp of genius upon it. On a greater breadth of canvas, and with all the power and much of the beauty of Graham, he sketches the heroic struggles of the Scottish covenanters in lofty and musical verse. It is a pity that one who has so worthily sung of these champions of liberty and right should be left to close the far-dwindled span of his existence in cheerless pinching penury; and surely were the case of the venerable poet but known a small grant would be given to him from the Royal Bounty fund. Such a thing would not only gladden the heart of the aged bard, but the hearts also of his many intelligent admirers all over the land.

Our first extract is taken from "The Covenanters," and describes the murder of "the Christian carrier" of Priesthill.

THE MURDER OF JOHN BROWN.

List to the tale of one who faultless fell,
Whose humble tombstone decks the moorland dell.

Far on the moor his lonely cot was placed,
A rude unpolished gem upon the waste.
The smoke curled lonely, 'mid the air on high,
A moment hung and melted in the sky;
Where the brook murmured, and the mountain frowned
Through the far-stretching wilderness around;
The wild winged denizens of ether sung;
The shepherd on the breeze his music flung;
The sweet-toned melody of nature there,
Thrilled in sweet carols through the summer air.
The peaceful inmates of that humble hearth,
Lived like primeval dwellers of the earth,—
Summer had smiles that charmed the lingering hour,
With winds perfumed from moss and mountain flow'r;
Cloud, sunshine, stream, the daisy on the sod,
Raised their unbiassed hearts in praise to God.
When Winter swathed the land with unstained snow,
It came the type of holiness below;
When the unfettered tempest high and strong,
Rocked the lone cottage as it swept along,—
Trusting in Him who guides the storm's career,
'Twas God's own music to the listening ear.

Cast on the troubled waters of the time,
When prayer was treason, piety a crime,
When persecution raised her red right hand,
To crush the germ of freedom through the land;
Then oft the cottage-light, though faint and far,
Shone to the wanderer, as a guiding star
Shines to the sailor on the stormy sea,
Beaming with hope of happiness to be.

Summer's first morn had dawned upon the wild,
And Nature's fair and lovely features smiled,
When pious Brown, with day's first beam arose,
And called his slumbering children from repose.
They gathered round the cottage hearth, to raise
The voice of psalms, the simple song of praise,—
The holy, untaught melody of heart—
Dearer to Heaven than all the pomp of art;
Unheard by human ear the cadence dies.
Its last faint murmurs mingling with the skies.
He read of Love from Mercy's hallowed Book;—
Felt in his heart, and glowing in his look,—
Hoping, exulting o'er the promise given,
That brightened weeping hours with hopes of heaven:—
Knelt with his children at the Eternal throne,
And pleaded with a fervour not his own;—
Breathed from a holy in-born influence given,
The language of a spirit fit for heaven.
His soul entranced with high devotion's glow,
Forgot he was a sufferer here below:—
When, lo! a shriek!—the startled echoes rang
With neighing war-steeds, and the warriors' clang
Woke him to earth, and drew him from the sky,—
To clasp his weeping family and die.
Firm in spirit of his prayer he stood,
Resigned, yet fearless, calm, but unsubdued.
"Prepare!" the dark and fierce avenger cried;
"Prepare!" his language in his hour of pride.

The good man knelt upon the flowery heath,
Soon to be crimsoned with the tide of death;
His farewell pray'r of triumph and repose:—
Heaven's glories dawning o er his earthly woes—
In the true martyr's spirit pled with heaven,
His death, his country's wrongs, might be forgiven;
And more than angels' eloquence imparts—
It touched the tearless soldiers' iron hearts;
And pity checked that dark and bloody horde,
Save one—the bosom of their savage lord.
The martyr rose, with calm unruffled breast,
Like one prepared for everlasting rest:
His weeping little ones were clustered near;
He kissed each child, and dropped a parting tear;
Breathed a long farewell to his faithful wife;
And Nature for a moment clung to life!

When, loud and high, the leader's stern command
Rose fierce, but vain, above that bloody band;
Though stained with slaughter's darkest, foulest hue,
No arm was raised, no death-winged bullet flew:—
The ruthless Clavers raised his hand on high,
Rage in his heart, and mockery in his eye;
A moment—and the martyred hero lay
Bedewed in blood,—his soul had passed away!
From death and insult, springing to a throne,
The guilt his foe's, the triumph all his own.

The Theban mother gloried in her son,
Borne on his shield from battle he had won;
The peasant's wife, far on the Scottish moor,
With none to soothe, did heavier griefs endure;—
The Christian matron to her nature true,
Leant o'er her slaughtered lord and triumphed too.

TO THE MEMORY OF LORD BYRON.

The harp of the minstrel is hung in the hall,
And his fleeting existence is o'er;
And still are its strings, as it sleeps on the wall,
Like the fingers that swept it before.
His eye, once so bright, has been robb'd of its fire,
His bosom, once wild as the wave,
Which the shrill note of liberty's trump could inspire,
Or the heart-thrilling tones of the well-swept lyre,
Is silent and still as the grave.

"He had evil within him"—we saw the dark shade
When his bosom's dark secrets we scan;
Yet his arm was still lifted the freeman to aid,
And his deeds shed a lustre on man.
If the black cloud of hate o'er his bosom did low'r,
If he wished to the desert to flee,
He was only the foe of the minion of pow'r,
Who, fiend-like, stalks over the earth for an hour,
But was ever the friend of the free.

The soft scenes of nature for him had no charms,
The riv'let and fast-fading flow'r
Awaked not his soul, like the horrid alarms
When a nation is wreck'd in an hour.
In the dark-sweeping storm, by Omnipotence driven,
In the flash and the long pealing roll;
In the rocking of earth, in the frowning of heaven,
When the pillars of nature seem trembling and riven,
'Twas a beam of delight to his soul.

As he wander'd (O Greece!) o'er thy once hallow'd ground,
And stood o'er the warrior's grave,
He heard but the voice of Oppression around,
And saw but the home of the slave—

As he gazed through the vista of ages gone by,
In the glory and pride of the world—
As he gazed on the ruins that round him did lie,
It drew from his bosom a sorrowful sigh,
Where Tyranny's flag was unfurl'd.

He tuned his wild harp o'er the ruins of Greece,
His strains were impassion'd and strong ;
They solaced his heart, like a seraph of peace,
While her freedom arose like a song.
And when the bright sun of their liberty rose,
His heart full of rapture adored ;
The morning had dawn'd on their fatal repose,
Their slumbers were broken, they rushed on their foes,
To shiver the chains they abhorr'd.

Did he fall in the struggle when Greece would be free?
'Twas a star blotted out on their shore,
But his hovering spirit yet triumphs with thee,
Though his brave arm can aid thee no more.
He expired as the torch of thy glory grew bright,
In the glorious noon of his day ;
His triumph was short, like the meteor of night
As it flashes o'er heav'n with its long train of light—
For like it he vanished away.

You have seen the bright summer sun sink in the west,
And the glories that shrouded him there,
Like the splendours that dwell on the heav'n of the blest,
Immortal, unclouded, and fair.
So the halo of glory shall circle his name,
His wreath shall eternally bloom ;
And Britain triumphant her Byron shall claim,
As he shines with the great in the temple of Fame,
The triumph of man o'er the tomb !

THE POET'S WISHES.

Give me the silent evening hour,
And leave me alone to stray ;
Give me the old grey ruined tow'r,
And the setting beam of day ;

Give me the patriot's field of fame,
And the martyr's hallow'd grave ;
And oft will I breathe his much-loved name,
Whose deeds did his country save ;

Give me the glowing page of night,
To read with a poet's eye ;
With the lovely moonbeam's sombre light,
When the broken clouds are nigh ;

Give me the lightning's vivid flash,
And the thunder's gathering peal,
When the ocean billows wildly dash,
And the quaking mountain's reel;

Give me the dark and lonely glen,
And the cave on the mountain's breast,—
Unstained by the bloody deeds of men,—
To spread my lone couch of rest;

Give me dear woman's joyous heart,
With her soothing, soft caress;
Give me the friend that scorns to part
In the hour of deep distress;

Give me, oh, give me the God above;—
And the world's wildest spot
Will beam on my bosom with peace and love,
Like our first-born father's lot;

Give me the hour of holy mirth,
That to sainted souls is given;
Then bear me away from the climes of earth,
On an angel's wings to heaven!

WILLIAM GRAHAM, LL.D.

PERHAPS Edinburgh is not so rich in literary talent as she once was; but the contents of this volume will, it is hoped, show that she has still a few survivors of the literary circle of the earlier part of this century. The great age of Scott and Wilson has passed—Neaves has recently left us—but the accomplished author of "Rab and his Friends," and a small remnant survive, who are remembrancers of the old set who have passed away.

William Graham, LL.D., one of the most accomplished teachers of our time, was born at Dunkeld, in October, 1800. His father removed to Perth soon after, and the only incident Dr Graham records of his residence in the town of his birth is that, while there, he sat on the knee of Neil Gow. After receiving his

school education partly from his father, who was a well-known teacher at Perth, he, at the early age of twelve, was enrolled as a student at the University of Edinburgh. At the end of his curriculum, he taught—first at Perth, where he was his father's assistant till 1823, when he was appointed teacher of English in the academy of Cupar Fife. Before this time he devoted his attention to elocution, and gave his first "readings" in Perth. One of his colleagues and friends in Cupar was the late Professor Nichol, of Glasgow, and he enjoyed there the friendship of Professor Gillespie, of St Andrews, then minister of Cults. In 1831 he was appointed teacher of history, English literature, and elocution in the Military Academy of Edinburgh, and at the same time opened a private academy in that city, and taught in many boarding schools. In 1867 he was appointed teacher and lecturer on elocution in the New College, Edinburgh.

On coming to Edinburgh, Dr Graham entered upon a most successful career as an educationist. He was not only employed in the best schools, but was one of the founders and directors of the Scottish Institution for Ladies, Moray Place—the first of the Ladies' Colleges in the country, in connection with the opening of which he delivered the introductory lecture. He was one of the first presidents of the Educational Institute of Scotland; he also acted as president of the Watt Club in connection with the School of Arts, and on leaving the chair he gave a powerful address which was afterwards published. He also appeared frequently before the public as a most popular elocutionist and lecturer. In the midst of all his multifarious engagements, his pen was not idle. He edited the *Educational Journal* for some time with much tact and ability, and its pages were enriched by many thoughtful articles during his period of office. He wrote for the Educational Series of the Messrs Chambers, "Exer-

cises in Etymology," and a volume on "Elocution," which has had a wide circulation. He also produced numerous contributions, both in prose and verse, to various magazines.

A number of these he afterwards published in a volume, entitled "Lectures, Sketches, and Poetical Pieces," (1873), and from these the poems we give here are extracted. The work was issued in compliance with the wishes of many old pupils. A good deal of the matter is connected with school life, and several of the lectures refer to the state of manners and of education many years ago, and were delivered at the Philosophical Institution, and elsewhere. In this respect it is useful as affording means of ascertaining, by a comparison with the present, what has been the progress of education in the country; while many of the sketches and essays are on subjects of the deepest interest to Scottish readers especially. They include such subjects as the "Neglect of National Music," "Scottish life in the Past," "Vacation Recollections," "The Scotch Accent," &c., with an address by him as chairman at the public dinner at Innerleithen on the occasion of the Scott centenary. The volume was well received, and the *Scotsman* referred to the pleasure it afforded the friends of Dr Graham and the public to have these effusions and lectures, which had hitherto been concealed by anonymity. "His style," says Mr Russell, "is free and natural—his spirit, genial—his experiences, wide and varied. He has read men as well as books, and both of them with sharp perception, and the aid of a fine though not narrow taste." His poetical effusions evince an ardent love of nature and deep, yet delicate humour. Many of them are in commendation of the arts of angling and golfing, and the best songs of modern days in connection with these subjects have been the productions of his pen.

Dr Graham taught for upwards of forty years from nine to ten hours a day, and still continues to teach.

It has been computed that, since the commencement of his career, he must have taught from ten to twelve thousand pupils. In 1879 his public worth and talents were in a measure recognised by a testimonial of £600, which was presented to him by Professor Douglas Maclagan—Lord Deas presiding on the occasion. He is highly esteemed in private life for his equable, genial, and benevolent disposition; for his great fund of information, especially of Scottish reminiscences and anecdotes, which he tells with great effect; and, above all, for his unaffected, gentlemanly, and upright character.

OUR NATIVE LAND.

AIR—O' a' the airts the wind can blaw.

Though Scotia's daring son's are found
In every clime on earth,
No Scotsman ever can forget
The country of his birth.
Though first in fortune's chase he toils,
His hopes incessant burn,
To realise that happy day
When home he shall return.

And wha can justly be so proud
As Scotsmen o' their land?
Where patriotic valour once
Made her most glorious stand.
When 'neath the tread of Bruce's steed
Lay crushed the symbol red,
And Scotland's thistle o'er the field
Triumphant waved its head.

Her music never leaves the heart.
It draws the stranger's ear;
The ruthless Indian feels its power
And leans upon his spear.
The wooer knows its winning art—
And warldliest hearts will glow,
When from the lips of womanhood
Its simple numbers flow.

Her words, though banished court and ha',
And scorned by men o' lear,
Like voices of our earliest friends
Drap kindly in the ear.

When southern words hae tried in vain
Their most persuasive art,
Ae hamely Scottish term will find
Its way right to the heart.

And though at home upon the board
Our ancient food is rare,
Our children still we rear with pride
On her auld halesome fare—
A flinty race o' hardy loons,
Light limbed and long in breath,
Fu' easy fed and thinly clad,
Prepared for toil and scaith.

Her garb becoming taks the ee,
Sae varied in its hue;
Ne'er manly face looks comelier,
Than 'neath the bonnet blue.
Her mountain warrior's kilted line,
We hail with dread delight,
And, glorying in each manly limb,
Ne'er fear the approaching fight.

And thou, O Golf! o' games the wale,
Thou art the Scotsman's joy;
When on thy links, though old, he feels
Light-hearted as a boy.
From taper clubs thy milk-white balls
In graceful sweeps arise;
And in thy rounds, the social crack
Is linked with exercise.

Should fate ordain that I should leave
My dear, my native land,
May I be cast 'mang kindly Scots
Whose hearts I understand!
Whose music, tongue, dress, fare, and games,
Are those we had at hame;
New mountain, stream, and glen, might then
Weel bear a Scottish name.

MY FIRST SALMON.

When first I gaed to live on Tweed,
To spend a month's vacation,
I bud to share in what is there
The common recreation.
Sae I coft a rod wi' brass weel shod
The height o' Peebles' steeple,
And bulky books wi' braw busk'd hooks
That stunn'd the Tweeddale people.
For fishing gear I didna spare—
Creels, boots, and gaff, an' a', man—
For I had fairly set my mind
On grippin' nocht but saumon.

I threshed a week through pool and creek,
Till I was clean dumbfounder'd,
For fient a fin I e'er brocht in,
And wife and bairnies wondered.
The neebors roun' and folks frae toun
In mockery lamented;
And poachers sly as they passed by,
Glower'd at me as demented—
While I, with keen and eident look,
Sae cunning and sae slaw, man,
Endeavoured wi' my patent hook,
To wile out my first saumon.

I thocht, indeed o' leaving Tweed,—
I cudna thole sic scornin',—
Till, frae my bed, by instinct led,
I banged up ae grey mornin',
Resolved ance mair the stream to dare,
When nane wad be observin';
For the evil eye o' passers-by
Aye kept my fingers swervin'—
And doun wad thud my ravelled snood
Creating such a jaw, man,
That little prospect e'er had I
O ought but frichtin' saumon.

When I gaed oot, came fear and doubt,
For o'er the water porin',
Twa Tweeddale clods wi' rusty rods
The streams were sly explorin'.
They looked on me wi' scornfu' ee,
As ane wi' little gumption,
But wha, intent on sic a scent,
Showed plenty o' presumption.
"For wha," they muttered, "ever heard
O' sic a want of awe, man,
As for a fisher ae week auld
To think o' catchin' saumon?"

But guid luck at last gae me a cast—
My stars they noo were brichtnin'—
My light-thrown snood scarce touched the flood,
When doun it flew like lichtnin'.
My heart resiled, my e'en grew wild,
The landscape round gaed whirlin';
But, quick as licht, I waukened bricht
To my pirn wildly skirlin',
Which noo I held to like a helm
And sae tentily did thraw, man,
That I had noo a nearer view
O' grippin' my first saumon.

The Tweeddale loons, they heard the souns
And saw the fierce contention ;
Sae doon they ran to lend a han',
Wi' traitorous pretension.
I cried, "Haud aff, let go the gaff ;"
And spite o' their persuasion,
I spurn'd their help, for now I felt
I rose to the occasion.
Sae giving line, and fishin' fine,
I let him gently draw, man ;
And when he took a sulky fit,
I tickled my first saumon.

Hoo can I tell a' that befell ?
I fished like inspiration ;
And mason lads frae dykes in squads,
Looked on wi' admiration.
Frae neebor hills ran shepherd chiels,
Wi' collies mad careerin',
While by the flood in envious mood
The Tweeddale lads stood jeerin',
Expecting still, wi' richt ill will,
That something might befa', man,
Which yet a novice might deprive
O' grippin' his first saumon.

At last cleek'd fair wi' cannie care,
In silver sheen sae splendid,
A saumon sound o' thirty pound
Lay on the bank extended.
Nae tasteless dish o' lying fish,
But ane run fresh frae ocean ;
The first that year in Peeblesshire—
Was ever sic commotion ?
Sae fresh was he run frae the sea
The lice stood in a raw, man,
And laced like beads the sonsy sides
O' this, my maiden saumon.

The news flew aff like telegraph,
And reached the toun before me,
And auld and young their wark doon flung
To stare at and adore me
My eldest loon, wi' parritch spoon,
Half naked, ran to meet me,
While at the door, wi' smiles in store,
The guidwife stood to greet me—
Protesting loud, before the crowd
That she ne'er heard or saw, man,
O' sic a monster o' the deep
As this, the guidman's saumon.

"What wad ye wish done wi' this fish?"
My wife began inquiring;
"The minister maun hae a share—
His kindness is untiring."
Sae doon it went, and up was sent
A dinner invitation;
Syne to a party, saumon-panged,
I gave a long narration
Of how I wrought, and how I fought,
And still held by the maw, man,
This leviathan of the Tweed—
My first, my champion saumon.

Noo, far and wide, through a' Tweedside
I'm looked on as perfection;
In manse and ha', I crousely craw—
I've formed a wide connection—
The *Scotsman*, scanned through a' the land,
Announced the feat astoundin';
Next in the *Field* it was revealed,
And in *Bell's Life in London*—
A' telling o' an Embro' chiel,
A sportsman fresh and raw, man,
Wha had sic luck, and showed sic pluck
In grippin' his first saumon.

AN IMPRESSION.

I recollect ere yet I went to school,
My only brother, two years younger, died.
His face is still as fresh in memory
As when the black lid hid it from my gaze.
Behind there fell upon his fair plump shoulders
A clustering mass of ringlets, which, when moved,
Varied, like serpents twisting in the sun,
Or rather like the changeful hues that play
Around the necks of doves. Clear, mirthful joy
Basked in the radiance of his infant eye.
That day before he crept into his death-bed,
And frequent asked a drink to quench his thirst,
He came, and throwing his fair, soft round arms
Around my neck, gazed with an eye so soft,
Yet so intent and awful in my face,
That oft I've thought the angel that had come
To waft his gentle spirit up to heaven
Mixed his calm look with childhood's, and had lent
Unto its look of love presaging fire.
My mother, who then sat close by, and read
Her Bible, glanced from off its sacred page,
And caught this strange expression of her child,
Wherein the awful look of heavenly wisdom
Was mixed with that of childish innocence.

She rose, and took the child upon her knee—
And, looking full into its little face,
With all a mother's love pressed on his brow
A fervent kiss; yet followed by no smile,
But one large tear, like some sad messenger,
Stood trembling in her eye. That night my prayers
I spake with double fervour, and in sleep
I started full of fearful apprehension.
It may seem strange—but next week in the dust
Was laid the lily covered coffin.

SONG OF THE CAPTIVE.

O when shall I breathe the pure air of day,
When shall the cool breeze on my fevered brow play?
Shall I ere again see
'Neath the broad-spreading tree
My neat whitened cottage repose,
While around rings the young shrilly voice
Of my babes as they sport and rejoice?

Shall at evening my wife yet rise from the nook,
And for my return through the lattice oft look—
Then come to the door
With her children before,
And sweetly for tarrying chide me—
While gladness her meek eye arrays,
And a smile on her soft lip plays!

O how oft in the sweet summer eve have I seen
In the ivy-twined door of my cot stand my Jean!
The bright sun was setting—
Yet nature forgetting,
I saw only her in the scene;
I hailed her appearance from far,
And blest her as life's cheering star.

And when I'd arrive, she'd resign the sweet boy
To my arms, while his infant face brightened with joy;
Then happy we entered
Where comfort was centred,
And feasted on healthiest fare;
The cricket chirped on the hearth,
And loud grew the youngsters' mirth.

O then when I woke, as blithe was my heart
As the song of the lark which from sleep made me start;
I kissed, where they lay,
My sweet babes, then away—
And toiled till the evening fell;
But toil only sweetened my rest,
And to our plain fare gave a zest.

O woe to the wars, which compelled me to leave
The dear spot where joy I could give and receive.
That morning she wept,
While I silently crept
Round the couch of my soft breathing children,
With a long kiss each fair brow impressing
While murmuring low my last blessing.

O shall I ere see o'er the wide-spreading wave
The land of my fathers—the land of the brave?
Shall the blue bell's light head
Spring free from my tread
As I roam through the forest and field?
Shall I once more climb her steep mountains,
And drink from her mossy green fountains?

Yes—hope amid darkness and dungeons still reigns,
Its sweet voice I hear 'mid the clank of my chains;
It tells me that yet
My woes I'll forget
When the blue hills of Scotland appear—
That my wife and each lovely boy
Yet shall weep in my arms for joy.

REV. GEORGE JACQUE,

WHO, in connection first with the Relief, and then with the United Presbyterian Church, has been minister of a large and strongly attached congregation in Auchterarder for forty-six years, is also the author of not a few original and exquisite pieces both in prose and in poetry. He impresses all who have even a slight knowledge of him with the idea that he possesses such capacities and energies as would qualify him for engaging successfully in almost any department of intellectual toil. His presence bespeaks power, versatility, and geniality. He would have risen to high excellence in pulpit oratory if his mental qualifications—associated with the literary graces of style, and aided by a commanding figure

and a most expressive face—had not been burdened by some vocal obstructions which interfere with the flow and rush of his impassioned eloquence.

What he has done in poetry and in general literature is worthy of being regarded as valuable labour, and not as mere recreation. He might modestly place himself in our large gallery of poets, and be willing to sit or stand anywhere in the company; but he undoubtedly belongs to the "upper ten," and is entitled to a station close beside Thomas Aird.

George Jacque was born shortly after the commencement of the present century, though he is still not only hale, but vigorous and alert. His birthplace was quite that of a Scottish minstrel, "within two bowshots of Douglas Castle" (Lanarkshire). He was educated partly at the parish school and partly at an adventure school in the village of Douglas. He passed through a full college curriculum at Glasgow; and after studying divinity, was called to a pastoral charge at Auchterarder, where he has ever since laboured with great and growing acceptance and success.

The tales which Mr Jacque has produced contain as fine specimens both of humour and of pathos as could be found in Scottish literature. Some of them are constructed and finished with all the art which could have been expended on poems; and, indeed, they only differ from poems because they lack the distribution into fixed numbers of syllables. One of the earliest is also the most beautiful—"Wandering Menie." It might have appeared in Wilson's "Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life;" whilst in character, conversation, and incident, there is a reality about which Wilson, in the early days of his authorship, was too often indifferent. Several of Mr Jacque's tales—especially those recently written—have appeared in separate volumes. "The Three Street Orphans" has enjoyed a very wide circulation, and as a still more striking proof of its merits it has

been translated into Danish and Icelandic. A series of volumes written by Mr Jacque is in the course of publication by the Religious Tract and Book Society of Scotland. Into those tales religion is introduced in a new and very felicitous way. It is not attached to them by having Scripture texts labelled, or by having a moral prominently paraded. The author shows how we may and should have *sacred fiction* as well as sacred poetry. Nor will an attentive and sympathetic reader doubt that Christianity may be as greatly advanced by sacred fiction as by sacred poetry.

All the prose of Mr Jacque proves that he has the "poetic soul" largely and purely; but he does not lack any of the faculties and arts that are needed for the "accomplishment of verse." He is an Orpheus for words as well as for ideas; and his sway over all kinds of melody is perfect and easy. Quick lyrical movements, and the stately march of heroics are alike under his control. His syllables ripple, and his long lines majestically roll, with melody. He has produced two lengthy poems worthy of preservation; and preservation is the most genuine fame. "The Clouds" (Freeman: London, 1866)—a piece in the heroic measure, and extending to ten cantos. This is grandly yet delicately descriptive, for it deals with mountainous masses that stretch around and above, and with mere specks of breath, and it deals with as great contrasts in colour and in shape. But the most consummately fine description of scenery in sky, land, or ocean must be associated with human beings, and with their character and lot, before they can attract our deepest sympathy and interest; and Mr Jacque has unfortunately chosen to dispense almost entirely with men, women, and children. Under his matchless canopy of "clouds" he has placed no human group, not even a single human history; and by this strange omission he deprives himself of more than half of his power to influence us. What should

be a home is thus merely a house—if not its roof only. The other lengthy poem, "Hope, its Lights and Shadows" (William Blackwood & Sons, 1875), is in a great variety of measures. The rhythm and rhyme are all that could be wished, musical yet without the least monotony. The scenery, too, is associated with humanity; but this is represented by a changing succession of human beings under the stimulus of various hopes, and not by the continuous development of a group of men and women who were to be related to each other by a train of incidents. We find a collection of isolated and independent occurrences, instead of a regular tale, arranging a destiny for the leading agents. The poem is, indeed, didactic as well as descriptive; but had the human element consisted of an individual or family narrative, there would have been closer unity and a deeper interest. We could easily offer hundreds of extracts that would show our poet's genius and art. The first selections we give are from "The Clouds"—the "Ocean Telegraph" and "Ruin" being from "Hope, its Lights and Shadows."

List to the skies and they will wisdom teach.
The deaf may hear, the dumb and dead can preach.
God means all things our monitors to be,
The books lie open, and the light is free.
Did nature give us mind, and eyes, and light,
And draw the curtain, but forbid the sight?
Shall regal man descend to servile beast,
And leave the board where angels love to feast,
To bait with oxen, and with them to lie,
And choose an outhouse for the open sky?
What end is sought, enjoyment or pursuit,
But what most seek in common with the brute?
The spider shares the wily statesman's joys,
And dogs and sharks with warlike hosts rejoice.
The beetle owns the miser's niggard care,
And preaching apes the babbler's triumphs share.
The weakly vain find heaven in the street,
But peacocks too are bless'd in self-conceit.
Does glutton's joy in loaded banquets lie?
The pig with him exults in lavish stye.
What beast of prey that prowls with stealthy pace,
But knows with man the pleasures of the chase?

Nor special joy the jewell'd sceptre brings,
For stolid fish, and birds and beasts have kings.
But neither hoof, nor fin, nor pinion knows
The joys which science, or which art bestows,
And bounteous nature to her vot'ry yields,
Through all her skies, her oceans, and her fields.
And where, o'er all, is sage or artist found,
Untaught of God who tastes the peace profound
Of humble faith, or shares the hope sublime,
Which points to thrones beyond the lapse of time?
Would blinded man his own best interests knew,
His rights assert, and proper ends pursue.
Where these are sought, unmov'd by praise or blame,
And unseduc'd by pleasure, pelf or fame,
In fitting time, the God of harvests will,
With golden grain, his crowded garners fill.

. . . .

I love ye winds, for ye bring back to me
The dreams of youth and boyhood's stormy glee,
When heav'd aloft ye rock'd me on the bough,
Rear'd the high kite, and steer'd my little prow;
And still thy voice its ancient power retains,
And sends the blood careering through the veins,
And lifts the soul into a higher sphere,
Where other thoughts and brighter worlds appear.
And oft I weary when the listless air,
And sky sedate, no tidings of you bear,
For never do ye blow your tempest-horn,
But night departs and leaves the smiling morn.
Betimes grim Havoc leaps as with a bound
Into your seat, and deals destruction round,—
Strikes towers and temples prostrate at a blow,
Tears harvests up, and lays whole forests low,
Whirls children off before their parents' eyes,
Flings ships on shore, or lifts them to the skies,
With shot and cannon, as at bowls will play,
And drive like chaff, the tents of war away;
But every blessing has the drop of gall,
Which fell into it at the fatal fall.
Yet, if betimes you scatter ruin round,
Full compensation in your gifts is found.
You sweep the marsh and stir the stagnant pool,
And all the air you purify and cool;
The snows you melt, and dry the humid mead,
And make it ready for the waiting seed,
Arouse the lakes that in the valleys sleep,
Excite the pulses of the ponderous deep,
Transport the fragrance of the flowers away,
And 'mongst the grass make mimic billows play;
And, seating Autumn in your buoyant car,
You bear him hence to sow his seeds afar;

And o'er the highway of the heaving deep
Your wings of air the craft of ocean sweep,
And oft you form and take the clouds away
To fields that pant beneath excessive day.
In torrid climes you change your beaten road,
And heaven's wains with genial vapours load.
And ah, what sights your plastic powers reveal,
To eyes that see, and heads and hearts that feel!
The pliant clouds to every shape you turn,—
They go with you, and back with you return;
In Alpine lands you lay their treasures down,
And base and peak with snowy vestments crown;
From crag to crag stupendous roofs you throw,
And sudden temples form themselves below;
Or filling up the passes far and near,
The mountain tops as scatter'd isles appear;
Or dashing o'er their heads the surging clouds,
They lie entomb'd beneath their misty shrouds;
Then up again they heave from out the spray,
Dark splinter'd crags in a tempestuous bay;
Or piercing through the clouds which intervene,
You fling a flood of sunshine on the scene,
And shadows sink into a deeper night,
And light itself seems whiter than the light.

. . . .

A morning comes without a breath of wind,
And earth, with mist, is muffled up and blind,
As if the clouds, aweary of their flight,
Had lighted down to rest them for a night;
The bush at hand a tree far distant seems,
And men seem giants walking in their dreams;
And all things wear a strange unearthly hue,
And dingy walls shut out the narrow view;
The hum of life the busy valleys fills,
And distant bleatings come from yonder hills.
'Twas there, one misty morn, that there took place
A sad event which darken'd every face.
A ruin'd cottage standeth, lone and still,
Beneath the shadow of yon farthest hill,—
A naked, roofless thing without a door,
Weeds in its hearth, and nettles on its floor,
With empty windows wailing in the wind,
To three old trees that creak and moan behind.
And one liv'd there, some sixty years ago,
Lov'd by the good, and scarce the bad his foe.
His sire and grandsire had before him been,
In turn, possessors of that humble scene,
And held at little price a piece of ground,
Which each returning year with plenty crown'd.
And so they liv'd, and wax'd in years, and died,
And had their place from son to sire supplied.

And he who now in their quiet footsteps trode,
Was, like themselves, a fearer of his God;
A wife he had, and knew a father's joy,
In one fair girl, and one red-cheeked boy;
But worth nor wealth can keep that power at bay,
Which turns or kings or cottars into clay.
A winter's cold sat resolutely down,
And kept its place till autumn's leaves were brown;
And then it stretch'd him, weak, and thin, and wan,
Upon his lowly couch—a dying man.
He called his wife and children round his bed:
"I trust in God to save my soul," he said,
"And shall I doubt His providence will guide
You and your bairns, and for your wants provide?"
He closed his glassy eyes, and down the wan
And sunken cheeks his tears of blessing ran.
It was a sight to haunt the mind for years,
That widow gazing on her dead man's tears.
Anon she knelt, and mov'd her faltering tongue—
While round her neck her weeping children clung—
And cast herself and burden on her God,
And pray'd for grace to bow beneath the rod,
If day reveals the earth's refreshing green,
In night's dark eye the starry skies are seen.
And time went by (and it has power to soothe
And chasten grief, as streams their channels smooth),
And she was bless'd as widow'd heart could be
Her thriving crops, and prospering bairns to see.
The boy was six years now, the girl was nine;
She fair as morn, he dark as forest pine;
He quiet and moody, but of warm, deep love;
She quick and gay, but gentle as the dove;
Both frank to friends, with smile and prompt reply,
But both to strangers, as the landrail, shy.

. . . . .

A shepherd old (four score and five years old),
Sat down beside a lonely upland fold,
To drink a draught which careful love had sent
By one, whose winning ways to all things lent
A double charm—a little laughing child—
A grandchild dear, who all his cares beguil'd.
And first of all, the story he must hear,
The daily tale she pours into his ear,—
The flowers she's found, and all her little frights;
The day's small sorrows, and its great delights;
With running comments on the mix'd contents,
And sage conclusions on the day's events.
The good he praises, and the bad reproves,
But in such guise as one who fondly loves.
"But grandpapa, you know, though I am ill,
You're very good, and God will love me still."

"There's no one good but God, my child, and none
Will God forgive but those who love His Son."
"I love Him though, and I've His prayer got;
And He loves little children, does He not?"
"Yes, very much; and always takes their part,
When He receives the first place in their heart."
"And will He give me, if I love Him more,
The pretty dress I saw at yon shop door?"
"No child! He oft withholds or takes away
The things we love, lest they should lead astray;
And gives us things we do not like, that we
May love Him more, and wish with Him to be."
"That's very strange!"
"So we are apt to judge,—
And always give our toys up with a grudge;
But He knows best, for He dwells in the light,
And when we die, we'll see that He was right."

He took his bonnet off before he drank,
His gracious Father for his gift to thank;
But whilst he pray'd, a flash of lightning sped,
And down the pitcher roll'd, and down his head
Sank on his breast, and back he slowly fell.
His dog arose, with loud and doleful yell,
Look'd in his face, and lick'd his hand, and then
Held up his head, and wildly howl'd again.
"Hush, Rover, hush!" the little grandchild said,
And clench'd her fist, and shook her little head—
"You'll waken grandpapa—he's fallen asleep,
For he was very tired, and could not keep
Himself awake." And as she spoke she rais'd
The reverend head so gently up and laid
It in her lap, and soft its pillow made,
And kiss'd the furrow'd brow, and whispering spoke.

And now and then the white hairs she would stroke,
And wonder why he slept so very long,
And very sound,—but then, he was not strong,
And very very tired, and very old,
And had all day been mending at the fold.

And there she sat, the living with the dead,
And not a word above her breath she said,—
Till Rover left, as down the sun sank low
And brought her mother to that scene of woe.

OCEAN TELEGRAPH.

"Away beneath the open sky,
Down in the briny depths I lie,
With sea-weeds for my pillow;
Around me great sea-monsters play,
And o'er me soundeth night and day
The seething restless billow.

"O'er crags I pass, and bluffs, and stones,
And meet with dead men's mouldering bones,
And piles of yellow gold;
Extinct volcanoes, sunken wrecks,
With splintered masts, and riven decks,
And sharks within the hold.

"And as I cross the deep ravine,
Where sounding-line has never been,
What fairy scenes arise!
Scenes now to human vision sealed,
But which, one day, by art revealed,
Shall flash on mortal eyes.

"And when the winds the ocean lash,
I hear the angry billows dash,
And break in thunder dread:
And men in ships go shouting past,
Conflicting with the furious blast
Above my tranquil head.

"Anon I pass the lonely isle,
And round the stormy Cape defile,
Nor aught my course can stay,
Until I reach the landward pole
That guides me to my destined goal,
A thousand leagues away."

And there it lies, from coast to coast,
The longest line the earth can boast,—
The latest, noblest art
Which wit of man has yet designed
To bring together mind to mind,
And thought to thought impart.

Across this highway in the deep
The fleet electric heralds sweep
In twinkling of an eye;
From where the morning sun ascends,
To where in glory he descends,
Beneath the western sky.

And this is but a part we see
Of what hereafter is to be,—
When wires, as nerves, shall run
From sea to sea, from pole to pole,
And bind in one stupendous whole
All nations 'neath the sun.

And when millennial times shall come,
Oppression cease, and war be dumb,
And earth from discord free;
Although men far apart may lie,
The lightning-rod will bring them nigh,
And they as one shall be.

For were there one continuous wire,
The message sent on wings of fire,
With easy usual pace,
Eight times, with speed of light, around
The earth's enormous girth would bound
Within a moment's space.

RUIN.

Ruin is not ruin wholly,
Evil is not evil solely,
Each to good its tribute pays;
Wisdom gathers wit from folly,
And in depths of melancholy
Genius sings its sweetest lays,—
Ruin is not ruin wholly.

Thrusting all its claims aside,
Ruin casts contempt on pride,
Blending in one common doom,
Palace, pyramid, and tomb.
Nature with a mother's care,
Strives the mischief to repair,
And with unremitting toil,
Brings she fitting seed and soil,
Clothing broken arch and tower,
Thick with ivy, shrub, and flower,
Setting all the birds a-singing,
Beauty thus from ashes bringing—
Ruin is not ruin wholly!

THOMAS AIRD,

AS a man of pure life, and as a poet of weird power, and lofty imagination, has had none to surpass him among all the great men of the century. He was born, August 28, 1802, at Bowden, a sweet village in Roxburghshire, which lies nestling at the feet of the Eildon hills, and on which, as he tells us in his delightful "Old Bachelor," he ("ill Tam," as he playfully designates himself in that work) so often sported and played in his youth. The view

from the three conical summits of this picturesque mountain range is very extensive, and is inexpressibly beautiful. It takes in many scenes of high poetic and historical interest scattered over Teviotdale and the Merse; it stretches away to the wild Lammermoor hills, and the classic braes of Yarrow; and far off to the blue heights of the Cheviot mountains; in among the bowery banks of the Tweed; and far along its silver winding way. Near at hand the grand old abbey of Melrose, grown grey beneath the touch of many centuries, looks out from among the surrounding trees, while to the east the fine woods which wave around the long-forsaken fane of Dryburgh are distinctly to be seen, as well as the colossal statue of Sir William Wallace, and the Temple of the Muses in which is placed the bust of Thomson, the bard of "The Seasons."

Such scenes as these, constantly spread out beneath the eye of the singularly contemplative boy, which Aird is said to have been, must have done much to nurse his poetic sympathies, and cause him to "give his soul to song." Although his parents were but humble people, with little of this world's goods among their hands, yet they designed to educate him for the Church, and with that aim in view he studied at the University of Edinburgh, where he was greatly distinguished as a scholar. He chose, however, to turn aside into the bye-paths of literature, and began to be a frequent contributor to the periodicals of the day—particularly to *Blackwood's Magazine*, on the staff of which he continued long, and through life he and the late Professor Wilson were the closest of friends. For a short time he edited the *Edinburgh Weekly Journal*, and thence passed to Dumfries to become editor of the Conservative organ there—the *Herald*—which he conducted with surpassing ability and rare good taste for thirty years,

> And ne'er had changed, nor wished to change his place,

though many opportunities of doing so, and for bettering his worldly position presented themselves. About the year 1860, and at an age when many men feel themselves at their best for literary labour, Mr Aird retired from his post, having made a modest competence. He loved Dumfries, however, and continued to live there—"the old bachelor"—till the close of his life. After a lengthened period of feeble health he expired on the 28th of April, 1876, in the 74th year of his age.

Mr Aird's first published volume was a small collection of poems, he being then only about the age of twenty. His next, "Religious Characteristics," was brought out in 1827. It is a work of deep and original thought, with occasional passages of gushing but well-balanced eloquence. It has always been a favourite with Christian men possessing a philosophic cast of mind. Writing to Mr A. B. Todd, in July, 1851, Mr Aird, referring to this work, says—"'Religious Characteristics' is long out of print. I have struck some of the crudities of youth out of it, and intend to publish a second edition on some future day." This, however, he never did. In 1830 appeared "The Captive of Fez," and in 1848 he published "The Old Bachelor in the Old Scottish Village," which is made up of a number of exceedingly natural and beautiful sketches, one of which, "Buy a Broom," is a powerful and thrillingly interesting tale. In 1852 he edited an edition of the poems of his recently deceased friend, David Macbeth Moir, the "Delta" of *Blackwood's Magazine*, prefixing to it a graceful memoir of his amiable friend. Writing of this work to the gentleman already mentioned—Mr Todd—Mr Aird says: "There is a strong taint of scepticism in many of our literary men in the present day. The dearer to us all should be the memory of a thorough Christian like Moir. He is a model to all of us."

In 1848 Mr Aird collected and published his poems

in a large and handsome octavo volume (Messrs Blackwood). It contains "The Tragedy of Wold," which is one of great power and originality, both of conception and of expression. Among the other lengthy poems are "The Devil's Dream;" "The Christian Bride," which runs on deep and strong, through seventy-five Spenserian stanzas; two "Tales of the Siege of Jerusalem" extend to about twelve hundred lines in the grandest heroic couplet; "The Captive of Fez," in five cantos, is in the same verse, and is a very perfect and interesting production; "Nebuchadnezzar," in eight short cantos, has all the high and lofty grandeur of one of the Old Testament Bards. Though, possibly, "The Devil's Dream" and "The Demoniac" excel all the other poems in point of grandeur and originality. The first of these two last-mentioned is quite unapproached in this respect by any production of the present century. Nor are its occasional soft touches of tenderness and beauty less remarkable than its weird and terrible parts. In a little poem, "My Mother's Grave," Mr Aird displays all the natural tenderness of Cowper, with a greater amount of strength. About two years after, Mr Aird brought out a new and a fourth edition of these poems, with numerous emendations and some additions, and in reference to these he says, in another letter to Mr Todd—"And so ends my rhyming; for, ah me! I am beginning to grow old; and so now leave it to you, and the other younger men, to carry on play."

Mr Aird was on terms of closest friendship with all the leading literary men of his time. Professor Wilson quite adored him, and often consulted him, and was guided by his calm and solid judgment. Carlyle admired his lofty and varied gifts; honoured his pure Christian life, and unbending integrity, and stood more in awe of him than, perhaps, he did of any other man. No man was more generally respected in Dumfries than he. The very "birds of

the air" seemed instinctively to know that his heart overflowed with kindness, for when he walked or sat in his garden, they would perch upon his shoulder and peck from his hand!

In his "Lectures and Miscellanies," the author of "The Circling Year," thus describes Mr Aird's appearance—"We think we see his tall form and noble figure still, as we shook hands and parted to meet no more for ever in the land of living men. There was more of native majesty about him, and he *looked* more a poet than any man we have ever seen. With him has passed away almost the last great Scotchman of the age, and one who linked us to a race of intellectual giants. It is painful thus to see the gradual extinction of those men of renown who formed such a bright galaxy in the literary firmament of a fast receding age." Mr Todd, in the same work, relates a very remarkable circumstance, which happened to himself at the very instant of time when his friend Mr Aird was dying. He gives it thus—"It struck us greatly when the sad news of his (Mr Aird's) decease first reached us, as, indeed, it strikes us still, that, while taking our evening walk on the very night of his death, and watching the setting sun far in the west, shooting his long lines of rosy light in among the splintered peaks of Arran hills, we should have been repeating aloud to ourselves those sweet and pathetic lines from "Buy a Broom" which he puts into the mouth of the warm-hearted and impulsive Italian boy when wailing over the death of his sister, and that we should have stood still then, and repeated a *second* time these charming, melting lines:—

Now sailing by, the butterfly may through the lattice peer,
To tell the prime of summer-time, the glory of the year;
But ne'er for me, to death her eyes have given up their trust,
And I cannot reach them in the grave, to clear them of the dust.

But in the skies her peerless eyes the mother-maid hath kiss'd,
And she hath dipped her sainted foot in the sunshine of the
bless'd.

Eternal peace her ashes keep ! who loved me through the past ;
And may good Christ my spirit take to be with her's at last.

Though we knew that Mr Aird was unwell, and were wondering how it was faring with him, yet little did we think that, just then, the films of death were gathering over his own eyes, and that they would glow no more here below with all a poet's joy and gladness, as they were wont to do while he gazed, at summer day's decline, upon the glorious saffron and orange tints which lay along the lovely hills of Galloway."

Poetry has represented the devil fighting, plotting, and tempting, but it has never before represented him as dreaming. The versification is of broad, compact, and thundering strength. The fiend alights on Mount Tabor, but not to tarry, for he has no memory of triumphs there. Westward, he tracks his way along the shadowy earth, until the form of African slavery meets his eye, and mounting the "untrodden top of Aksbeck, high and white," he there rests, and the following is

THE DEVIL'S DREAM.

In vision he was borne away, where Lethe's slippery wave
Creeps like a black and shining snake into a silent cave,—
A place of still and pictured life : its roof was ebon air,
And blasted as with dim eclipse the sun and moon were there ;
It seem'd the grave of man's lost world—of beauty caught by blight.
The dreamer knew the work he marr'd, and felt a fiend's delight.

The lofty cedar on the hills by viewless storms was swung,
And high the thunder-fires of heaven among its branches hung ;
In drowsy heaps of feathers sunk, all fowls that fly were there,
Their heads forever 'neath their wings, no more to rise in air ;
From woods the form of lions glared, and hasty tigers broke ;
The harness'd steed lay in his pains, the heifer 'neath the yoke.

All creatures once of earth are there, all seal'd with death's pale seal
On Lethe's shore. Dull sliding by her sleepy waters steal :
O'er cities of imperial name, and styled of endless sway,
The silent river slowly creeps and licks them all away.
This is the place of God's first wrath—the mute creation's fall—
Earth marr'd—the woes of lower life—oblivion over all.

Small joy to him that marr'd our world ! for he is hurried on,
Made, even in dreams, to dread that place where yet he boasts
his throne :
Through portals driven, a horrid pile of grim and hollow bars,
Wherein clear spirits of tinctured life career in prisoned wars,
Down on the second lake he's bow'd, where final fate is wrought
In meshes of eternal fire o'er beings of moral thought.

A giant rock, like mineral stone, instinct with dull red glow,
Its summit hid in darkness, rose from out the gulf below,
Whose fretted surf of gleaming waves still broke against its
sides.
All serpents, as if spun from out the lashings of those tides,
Sprung disengaged, and darted up that damned cliff amain,
Their bellies skinn'd with glossy fire ; but none came down
again.

These be the cares, still coming cares, that hang upon hell's
throne,
And live with him, nor leave him, who has rear'd it on that
stone.
Clouds round it are, that he at will may hide his haughty woe ;
But, ah ! no fence has it to stay those comers from below.
The dreamer heard a kingly groan : his own voice ill suppress'd
He knew, but could not see himself on his high seat distress'd.

Far off, upon the fire-burn'd coast some naked beings stood :
Down o'er them, like a stream of mist, the wrath was seen to
brood.
At half-way distance stood, with head beneath his trembling
wing,
An angel shape, intent to shield his special suffering.
And nearer, as if overhead, were voices heard to break ;
Yet were they cries of souls that lived beneath the welt'ring lake.

And ever, as with grizzly gleam, the crested waves came on,
Up rose a melancholy form with short impatient moan,
Whose eyes like living jewels shone, clear purged by the flame ;
And sore the salted fires had wash'd the thin immortal frame ;
And backward, in sore agony, the being stripp'd its locks,
As a maiden, in her beauty's pride, her clasped tresses strokes.

High tumbling hills of glossy ore reel'd in the yellow smoke,
As shaded round the uneasy land their sultry summits broke.
Above them lightnings to and fro ran crossing evermore,
Till, like a red bewilder'd map, the skies were scribbled o'er.
High in the unseen cupola o'er all were ever heard
The must'ring stores of wrath that fast their coming forms pre-
pared.

Woe, woe to him whose wickedness first dug this fearful pit !
For this new terrors in his soul by God shall yet be lit.
In vision still to plague his heart, the fiend is storm'd away,
In dreadful emblem to behold what waits his future day ;

Away beyond the thund'ring bounds of that tremendous lake,
Through dim bewilder'd shadows that no living semblance take.

O'er soft and unsubstantial shades that tow'ring visions seem,
Through kingdoms of forlorn repose, went on the hurrying dream;
Till down, where feet of hills might be, he by a lake was stay'd
Of still red fire—a molten plate of terror unallay'd—
A mirror where Jehovah's wrath, in majesty alone,
Comes in the night of worlds to see its armour girded on.

The awful walls of shadows round might dusky mountains seem;
But never holy light hath touched an outline with its gleam;
'Tis but the eye's bewildered sense that fain would rest on form,
And make night's thick blind presence to created things conform.
No stone is moved on mountain here by creeping creature cross'd,
No lonely harper comes to harp upon this fiery coast.

Here all is solemn idleness; no music here, no jars,
Where Silence guards the coast, ere thrill her everlasting bars.
No sun here shines on wanton isles; but o'er the burning sheet
A rim of restless halo shakes, which marks the internal heat,
As, in the days of beauteous earth, we see with dazzled sight
The red and setting sun o'erflow with rings of welling light.

Oh! here in dread abeyance lurks of uncreated things
The last lake of God's wrath, where He His first great enemy brings.
Deep in the bosom of the gulf the fiend was made to stay,
Till, as it seemed, ten thousand years had o'er him rolled away;
In dreams he had extended life to bear the fiery space;
But all was passive, dull, and stern within his dwelling place.

O! for a blast of tenfold ire to rouse the giant surge,
Him from that flat fixed lethargy impetuously to urge!
Let him but rise, but ride upon the tempest-crested wave
Of fire enridged tumultuously, each angry thing he'd brave!
The strokes of wrath, thick let them fall! a speed so glorious dread
Would bear him through, the clinging pains would strip from off his head.

At last, from out the barren womb of many thousand years,
A sound as of the green-leaved earth his thirsty spirit cheers;
And O! a presence soft and cool came o'er his burning dream,
A form of beauty clad about with fair creation's beam;
A low sweet voice was in his ear, thrill'd through his inmost soul,
And these the words that bow'd his heart with softly sad control:—

"No sister e'er hath been to thee with pearly eyes of love;
No mother e'er hath wept for thee, an outcast from above;

No hand hath come from out the cloud to wash thy scarred face ;
No voice to bid thee lie in peace, the noblest of thy race :
But bow thee to the God of love, and all shall yet be well,
And yet in days of holy rest and gladness thou shalt dwell.

" And thou shalt dwell 'midst leaves and rills far from this torrid heat,
And I with streams of cooling milk will bathe thy blistered feet ;
And when the troubled tears shall start to think of all the past,
My mouth shall haste to kiss them off, and chase thy sorrows fast ;
And thou shalt walk in soft white light with kings and priests abroad,
And thou shalt summer high in bliss upon the hills of God."

So spake the unknown cherub's voice, of sweet affection full,
And dewy lips the dreamer kissed till his lava breast was cool.
In dread revulsion woke the fiend, as from a mighty blow,
And sprung a moment on his wing his wonted strength to know ;
Like ghosts that bend and glare on dark and scattered shores of night,
So turned he to each point of heaven to know his dream aright.

The vision of the last stern lake, oh ! how it plagued his soul,
Type of that dull eternity that on him soon must roll,
When plans and issues all must cease that earlier care beguil'd,
And never era more shall be a landmark on the wild ;
Nor failure nor success is there, nor busy hope nor fame,
But passive fixed endurance, all eternal and the same.

SONG OF THE ITALIAN BOY.

(From "Buy a Broom.")

The stars that shine o'er day's decline may tell the hour of love,
The balmy whisper in the grove the golden moon above,
But vain the hour of softest pow'r, the moon is dark to me,
My sister, and my faithful one, and oh ! her death to me !

In trouble aye I cried to her, her beauty and her kiss ;
For her, my soul was loath to leave so fair a world as this ;
And glad was I when day's soft gold again upon me fell,
And the sweetest voice in all the earth said, " brother, art thou well ? "

She led me where the voice of streams the leafy forest fills ;
She led me where the white sheep go, on the shining turfy hills.
And when the mist upon me fell, oh ! she the fairest beam,
Led forth with silver leading-strings my soul from its dark dream.

Now sailing by the butterfly may through the lattice peer,
To tell the prime of summer time, the glory of the year ;

But ne'er for me, to death her eyes have given up their trust,
And I cannot reach them in the grave, to clear them of the dust!

But in the skies her peerless eyes the Mother-maid hath kiss'd,
And she hath dipped her sainted foot in the sunshine of the bless'd!
Eternal peace her ashes keep, who loved me through the past,
And may good Christ my spirit take, to be with her's at last!

THE SWALLOW.

The swallow, bonnie birdie, comes sharp twittering o'er the sea,
And gladly is her carol heard for the sunny days to be;
She shares not with us winter's gloom, but yet, no faithless thing,
She hunts the summer o'er the earth with wearied little wing.

The lambs like snow all nibbling go upon the ferny hills;
Light winds are in the leafy woods, and birds, and bubbling rills;
Then welcome, little swallow, by our morning lattice heard,
Because thou com'st when Nature bids bright days be thy reward!

Thine be sweet mornings with the bee that's out for honey dew,
And glowing be the noontide for the grasshopper and you;
The mellow shine, o'er day's decline, the sun to light thee home:
What can molest thy airy nest? sleep till the day-spring come!

The river blue that rushes through the valley hears thee sing,
And murmurs much beneath the touch of thy light-dipping wing.
The thunder-cloud over us bowed, in deeper gloom is seen,
When quick relieved it glances to thy bosom's silvery sheen.

The silent Power that brought thee back with leading-strings of love
To haunts where first the summer sun fell on thee from above,
Shall bind thee more to come aye to the music of our leaves,
For here thy young, where thou has sprung, shall glad thee in our eaves.

O! all thy life's one pleasant hymn to God who sits on high,
And gives to thee, o'er land and sea, the sunshine of his sky;
And aye our summer shall come round, because it is His word;
And aye we'll welcome back again its little travelling bird.

JOHN RAE

WAS born on the 25th January, 1859—the hundreth anniversary of the birth of Burns —and was consequently ushered into the world amid a blaze of illuminations, and the general rejoicings of all Scotland, and her wandering sons "the wide warld ower." The place of his birth was an unpretentious farm house at Cross Gight, New Deer, Aberdeenshire. Three or four years after the date of his birth his parents removed to Burngrains, Alvah, Banffshire, where they still reside. At an early age John devoured the chapman literature, in which the north was so rich—war-like ballads and tender tales of love in "ye faire ladye's bowers." He still delights in tales of superstition, scraps of folk lore, and any anecdote illustrating our national peculiarities, and the study of such matters has given a rich, ballad tone to several of his poems and songs.

It was designed to make Mr Rae "a son of the soil," but holding the plough not being exactly suited to his frame of mind and body, he resolved to try the wider fields of commerce. Accordingly he learned the drapery business, but only to find that life behind the counter was not so congenial to his taste as he had anticipated—his love of literature being still pre-eminent. However, he manfully toiled onwards, and after being employed several years in Glasgow he removed to London, and entered one of the city wholesale houses, where perhaps a greater degree of intellectual independence can be exercised than is compatible with the "smile and bow" customs of the retail trade.

He has cultivated with much success his favourite Muse in his spare moments after the bustling business of the day was over—

> A bardie son of commerce I,
> And here amid the strife
> Of cities with their turrets high
> I note the tide of Life;

And on this tide the man must float
Who lives amid the throng,
With little tune to raise the note
Of sad or joyous song.

The fact that his efforts have been generally appreciated by the press is sufficient recompense to a bard who writes more for "glory" than gold.

THE PIBROCH.

True Scottish hearts with pride it thrills,
That wild war music of the hills,
From pibroch of the brave.
In martial measures loud and free
Its stirring song of liberty
Might nerve the meanest slave.

The Scottish blood in all our veins
Fast courses as its magic strains
Each heart with ardour fires ;
For in that rousing, ringing strain
Each patriot hears the voice again
That led his gallant sires.

Thou'rt worthy of our meed of praise,
And honour to the latest days,
Thou pipe of deathless fame ;
And at thy sound may hearts aye bound,
And noble Scottish men be found,
To venerate thy name.

Oppression's chains can never bind
The hardy race of valiant mind
That owns the pibroch grand—
Whose courage-breathing martial strain,
Has led on many a bloody plain
Old Scotia's warrior band.

How proudly 'mong our hills and dells
Triumphantly its music swells,
And rings the glens along !
E'en mountain eagles, soaring high,
Swoop downward from their native sky
To catch the fearless song ;

And echo sends the chorus forth
Upon the wild winds of the north,
Till every royal Ben
Re-echoes back in measures free
That brave old song of liberty
And pride of Scottish men.

THE TARTAN.

Come, Scottish men an' Scottish maids,
Put on your tartan kilts an' plaids,
An' deck yoursel's wi' braw cockades,
An' stand up for the Tartan.

Let foreign birkies gape an' stare
At Scotland's sons in garb sae rare,
We still will laugh at them an' wear
Our warld-famous Tartan.

It is the garb our fathers wore
Wi' patriot pride in days o' yore,
An' won on mony a foreign shore
Bright honours in the Tartan.

Upon the field o' Waterloo,
When bullets thick as hailstones flew,
Our plaided pipers loudly blew
To cheer the lads in Tartan.

An' when the cavalry o' France
In floods o' valour did advance,
In vain their fiery steeds did prance,
Around our squares o' Tartan.

The Scottish lads in close array
Stood man to man upon that day,
And thick as leaves the Frenchmen lay
Around our squares o' Tartan.

Thrice glorious garb o' Scotland brave,
For ever let the tartan wave;
'Tis Freedom's flag, for ne'er a slave
E'er wore the bonnie Tartan.

Come rally then frae Tweed to Spey,
Ye Scottish lads an' lasses gay,
An' wi' one voice declare for aye
To still preserve the Tartan.

THE MINSTREL.

A wanderer of the minstrel train,
With ancient garb and locks of grey,
Stood 'mid the hushed and listening throng,
Which paused as he began to play.

His eyes did glisten as his hand
Swept swiftly o'er the wonderous thing
That poured the gushing sounds so sweet—
Like angel voice it seemed to sing.

Upon the busy street he stood,
While rose the swelling music sweet
In wildly thrilling magic strains
Above the din of hurrying feet.

Now Spring seemed in each warbled note,
With greening groves and springing flowers,
As bird-like forth the music streamed
Like echoes from the woodland bowers.

Then Summer's sultry skies seemed near,
With lightning's flash and thunder's roll,
While soft and airy zephyrs rose
And winged around the raptured soul.

And Autumn's hollow winds would sigh
And shower the fading forest leaves ;
Anon the changing strain would seem
The rustling grain in golden sheaves.

Then wintry blasts with dreary moan,
And silvery sledge bells tinkling near,
In bursts of grandest music fell
Upon the listening ravished ear.

That wonderous power, immortal dower,
Which gave the minstrel's hand its skill
To thrill the heart and move the soul
Obedient to the wanderer's will,

Threw over all a magic spell
Who heard those strains divinely sweet,
In measured melody that rose
And claimed the busy passer's feet.

The minstrel ceased, and with the throng
He mingled as he moved away ;
I look in vain for him again
With ancient garb and locks of grey.

JOHN ADAM,

A WANDERING minstrel of respectable parentage, is a native of Dundee. At a very early age he was at work in one of the mills there, and he continued at this employment until he became rest-

less. He preferred a wandering life, selling his ballads from town to town, and roaming amid the beauties of Nature, to that of being a useful member of society. The following pieces show that John possesses a little of the "divine afflatus." It is a pity that he has been led astray by the eccentricities of a lively fancy, and allured into the habits of a wandering and precarious life, instead of settling quietly down and securing the esteem of all classes, which his versatile talents would doubtless have secured. The first-quoted piece gives a true sketch of his nomadic career.

WANDERIN' JOHN.

Hae ye seen or heard tell o' a wanderin' chiel,
That some folk hae christened a never-do-well?
But he canna be term'd an idler or drone,
But a wee thocht unsettled—is Wanderin' John.

What led to his roving and rambling abroad?
Nae doot it was drink drove him first to the road;
The pleasure he ance felt had seemingly flown,
This weary and weird-looking—Wanderin' John.

A' kind o' contrivances John had to tak'
For a diet to the belly, and dud to the back;
Sometimes for a breakfast the half o' a scone,
But easy to do wi' was Wanderin' John.

Mankind should be grateful—John made it his rule,
For there's mair to be learn'd than we learn at the school;
Doubly pleased to get beef, but content wi' the bone,
It was just as it happened—wi' Wanderin' John.

You aft micht hae met him doon some lanely dell,
His companions the moor-cock and bonnie blue-bell;
It relieved him sae kindly the silent and lone,
And encouraged the musing o' Wanderin' John.

But pleasures seem scanty, and sorrows seem rife,
So may Guidness be near at the end o' the strife;
Syne the wild wind o' winter wi' musical moan,
Whistle shrill o'er the ashes o' Wanderin' John.

GUID DAYS O' THE PAST.

Wae's me but this warld's been turned upside doon
Wi' pride and presumption since I was a loon,
It has scarce turned out as it bargained to be,
But rather a gey curious warld to me.

Could I muse for a little and draw to my mind,
The auld hoose at hame and a mither sae kind;
How kindly and sagely she used to advise—
Be honest, act justly, be prudent and wise.

But I never again shall be likely to feel,
The joy that I felt at the auld pirn wheel;
The stint dune, sae merry I hied me away
To rejoice by thy banks, ever beautiful Tay.

But alas! 'tis a world baith unco and strange,
With the cry rising rampant, or sighing for change,
And the new introduction proceeding so fast,
The ways of our fathers are things of the past.

The moleskin-sleeved waistcoat is lost to the view,
The sow-backit mutch and wrapper o' blue,
And hame-spun blue-bannet wi' tassle sae red,
Are gane frae my gaze like the friends that are fled.

Education's the rage, and there's plenty o' schools,
May the Lord aye be near us, we've plenty o' fools;
Could ye find heads to haud it there's muckle to learn,
Sic a change since the days o' the tatties and herrin'.

Since the days o' the swells wi' the swallow-tailed blue,
And bonnie brass buttons like guineas when new;
It's a' guid enough wi' a little mair grace,
But pride and presumption puts a' oot o' face.

MARGARET MORRISON,

WIFE of the publisher and proprietor of the *Border Standard* and the *Hawick Advertiser*, was born in Edinburgh. Her father, Robert Greig, was a writer, and she was left an orphan at a very early age. Of late years Mrs Morrison has been almost an invalid, and many of her fine cheery verses have been written while prostrate with physical affliction. She can say, in very truth, "I'm sadest when I sing." Her effusions, however, apart from those adverse conditions, which might plead for tenderness in the critic, are always happy; and,

without neglecting home duties or the claims of a family, she has produced several brief poems that merit preservation.

THE MITHERLESS LAMMIE.

They ha'e tethered a lammie on oor brae face,
An' it fain wa'd be back to its ain auld place,
An' it ma-as for its mither the lee lang day ;
This wee murnin' lammie, that bleats on the brae.

It minds nae the grass, that's sae bonnie an' green,
Nor yet a wee kimmer, wha'd fain be its frien' ;
They are nocht like its mither ; ech, whowe ! I am wae
For the heart-broken lammie that bleats on the brae.

An' I pity't the mair, for I'm sair vexed mysel',
But its no for my mither, tho' her name I'll no tell,
For oh, she is winsome, an' bricht as the day,
An' pure as the lammie that bleats on the brae.

But oh, like the lammie's, my longing's in vain,
Tho' to ca' her my dawtie I wad be sae fain ;
'Mong a host o' braw wooers, what chance can I ha'e :
Oh, I'm juist like the lammie that bleats on the brae.

Oh, there ne'er was a lammie that skipped wi' sic grace,
Sae guileless her nature, sae bonnie her face,
An' waefu's the thocht, that we're pairtit for aye,
Like the ewe frae its lammie that bleats on the brae.

Mair lammies may frisk roon the auld ewe's knees,
But nae ither lassie can ever me please,
An' nae ither dam can the puir lammie ha'e ;
Oh, I'm owre like the lammie that bleats on the brae.

But I'll e'en hirsle on thro' this warl' o' change,
An' whaure'er I may wander, 'mong kent folk or strange,
I'll sing o' the lassie sae blythesome an' gay,
An, pure as the lammie that bleats on the brae.

TO BONNIE WEE MYRTLE.

Oh, gay glints the sunbeams owre meadow and hill,
The birdies ance mair gushing melodies trill ;
An' for a' sic a winter they're lookin' fou crouse,
An' fast laying plans about settin' up hoose.

The snowdrops and crocuses hae lang lain still,
But noo through the cauld earth they spring wi' a will ;
They're wearyin' sairly their auld freen's to see—
The buds o' the May and the lily oak tree.

I hae a wee bird I wad like ill to tine;
I hae a bright sunbeam, gars ilk corner shine:
I hae a sweet flower blooms the hale winter through—
'Tis bonnie wee Myrtle, my cantie wee doo.

Oh, what did I dae 'fore the wee lassie cam',
Or what's a' earth's riches withoot my wee lamb?
My heart swells wi' joy as I kiss the sweet mou',
O' my bonnie wee Myrtle, my pawkie wee doo.

A'e morn a wee stranger slipt into the toon,
And close by oor ingle sae cosy lay doon;
My wee birdie thocht we'd nae use for her noo,
An' aff on her travels she went, the wee doo.

A kind nee'bor met her, and cried "Bless the day!
Ye're owre a young baby to wander away;"
"I'se dot a wee sissy, I'se no baby noo,"
Spak up my brave Myrtle, the auld-farrant doo.

An' whiles when she sings o' the fair "Happy Land,"
An' the wee lips are lispin' the words "ittie band,"
Her e'en look sae queer that I think, wi' a grue,
She mak's trysts wi' the angels, my guileless wee doo.

May kind heaven spare my wee lammie to me,
My birdie, my sunbeam, the licht o' my e'e;
My sweet scented flower blooms the hale winter through,
My bonnie wee Myrtle, my artless wee doo.

REBECCA HUTCHEON

IS a modest writer of smoothly-running verses. She generally writes in the reflective vein, unmarred by affectation, and characterised by purity and tenderness. She was born at Bowglens, at the head of the beautiful Glen of Drumtochty, in the parish of Fordoun, "about thirty years ago." When a little over eight she began life's labours by herding the cow on a neighbouring croft, and since then she has followed the ordinary round of household duties.

She presently resides in Aberdeen, and relieves the monotony of her daily cares by penning brief, but thoughtful lines.

CHILDHOOD'S DAYS.

My childhood's home, I loved it so,
With its roof of thatch, and its casement low ;
I can see the gleam of its home hearth bright,
And a household met in the kindly light.

I love to think of those childish days,
With their innocent pleasures and trustful ways,
When joys fell thick as the autumn leaves
When the reapers gather the latest sheaves.

When we knew not life, with its work and care,
Its pathways rugged, and stern, and bare ;
But earth was an Eden to our view,
And all its dwellers were good and true.

What chains we wove on the daisied grass,
Where the light and shade alternate pass ;
And the breeze that drowsily swayed the blooms
Bore the breath of a thousand sweet perfumes.

And we loved to hear, where the willows meet,
The trip of the brooklet's silver feet,
Where it leaped o'er a stone till the white foam gleamed—
What a *fall* to our childish eyes it seemed.

Oh, the summer noon on the broom-clad braes,
Where we knew each note of the bird's glad lays ;
And often strayed till the crimsoned west
Sent each tired wing to it's own home-nest.

When wearied out with the world's false ways,
We look fondly back on the childish days ;
And fresh on our hearts, like dews they shine,
The cherished memories of "auld lang syne."

LIFE—A JOURNEY.

Fondled oft by loving hands,
Pressed by mother kisses sweet ;
Knows not of life's thorny ways—
Innocent wee baby feet.

Little journey round the room,
Pleased the approving smile to meet ;
Holding mother's fingers firm—
Timid little baby feet.

Never ceasing footsteps now,
Straying after wild flowers sweet;
Chasing summer butterflies—
Merry, restless childish feet.

Learning's halls must soon be trod,
Fitting for life's work complete;
Childhood's Eden left behind—
Gladsome, eager, boyish feet.

See the lad, in youthful pride—
Life's glad summer, brief and sweet,
Painting all the future bright—
Hopeful, fearless, youthful feet.

Manhood comes, oppres't with care,
Wearied with the mid-day heat;
Fearless eye, and thoughtful brow—
Sober, earnest, manly feet.

Age comes, leaning on his staff,
Thinking, "would not rest be sweet,"
Ah, your rest is nearly won—
Worn, weary, tired feet.

Laid at last in narrow bed,
While the pink-tipped daisies sweet
Grow above the sleeping form—
Here there's rest for weary feet.

Dawns the resurrection morn,
Safe upon the golden street;
Never more feel fear to stray,
Never more feel weary feet.

JOHN T. YULE,

POST-RUNNER, Alva, Stirlingshire, is a voluminous writer of poems and songs, and the fourth singer in our galaxy of poets who follows this honourable calling. He was born, in 1848, at Milnathort, Kinross-shire, a short distance from Lochleven. His life has been uneventful. After school hours he was wont to "twist the fringes of

shawls," "give in webs," work in the harvest field, and gather potatoes. At the age of twelve he went to learn the shoemaking trade. He followed this business for a short time in Dollar, and also the village of Scotland-Well, and about nine years ago he was appointed *the* letter-carrier at Alva with its population of about 5000. Although his duties are pretty heavy, he can devote a few hours daily to the awl, and can snatch occasional moments for reading and composition. He is a very frequent contributor, both in prose and verse, to several newspapers, under the *noms-de-plume* of "Violo Winifred," "Fugit Hora," &c.

Although his effusions are at times somewhat unequal, and would require pruning and more careful thought, still many of them are pleasing and apparently spontaneous productions. The theme of his Muse is domestic; yet he gives evidence of a strong and intelligent love of Nature, and a deeply-sensitive and loving heart.

WEE ROBIE ROLIC.

Wee Robie Rolic rowin' in glee,
Puin' the daisies bright, chasin' the bee,
Throwin' the chuckie stanes, paikin' the kye,
Wee Robie Rolic, stop noo—fy, fy.
Come to your mammy noo,
Come, come to me:
Scartit your bonny broo,
Losh, pity me;
Fy, Robie Rolic wi' tears in your e'e.

Wee Robie Rolic, aff noo again,
Chasin' the bumble bee over the plain,
Wi' his big bannet sae firm in his han',
Creepin' sae cannily, frichtet to stan'.
There, sic a yell, what has come o'er my bairn,
Tears runnin' fast noo, an' haudin' his arm.
Come, come my bonny doo,
Come, come to me;
Ah! the beast stanget you—
Oh! that vile bee;
Wee Robie Rolic, come, come to my knee.

Wee Robie Rolic, yonder's yer ta,
Cosh in his oxter a white suck-a-ma ;
Loupin' and rinnin', forgettin' the pain,
Wee Robie Rolic's a' weel again.
There, noo, he struts like a big, sonsy man,
Sayin' "It's mine ta, it's no to oor Tam."
"Father sweet milk 'ill bring
Hame to my pet ;
Tender grass frae the spring
Faither 'll get."
Wee Robie Rolic, rin, open the yett.

Wee Robie Rolic's sleepin' at last,
Hands roun' the wee lamb claspet sae fast ;
Ma's bonny lammie is tired out an' sair,
Frae morn till sunset it's play evermair.
Down by the fernie brae, down by the dell,
Whaur yellow flowerets grow by the fay's well.
Wee Robie Rolic, come
Rise up to ma,
Tired wi' ilk frolic, haste,
Come, come awa' ;
Wee Robie Rolic is worth ither twa.

Wee Robie Rolic, what's this I fin'
In your wee frockie, sae firm stapit in,
Twa bools, a peerie, a wee curly dug,
Three legs, a stump, aye, an' wantin' the lug,
Losh me a cracker, where's he got that—
Wee Robie Rolic's just a wild brat.
Come to your bedie ba',
Sleepy wee man ;
Tak' care and dinna fa'
O'er the big pan ;
Wee Robie Rolic's fond, fond o' mam.

Three bonny bairnies there in their bed,
Ane at the fit o't, and twa at the head,
Father's come in frae the sheep i' the glen,
Fu' cosy's the cot beside the sheep pen.
Far far away frae the din o' the plain ;
Plenty o' milk an' meal, nae routh o' gain.
Saftly on zephyr borne
Up from the vale—
Cometh the cuckoo's horn,
With the stream's wail,
Strange is its weird voice up from the dale.

EVENING THOUGHTS.

I watched the little children play
Along the stream at evening's fall ;
With merry hearts, through all the day,
They wandered out ; the morning sun

Saw them at happy romp ; and now
The day is wearing to a close,
And still their merry laugh is heard
Through all the vale, and on each brow
Are flow'rets from the grassy sward.

Oh, happy children in the lane,
You mind me of the olden time ;
This is the echo of the same
Sweet music, and my heart beats chime—
My heart beats chime, my pulse beats fast,
My feet would tread the yielding sod ;
And memory brings the long, long past—
The faces that are now with God,
The ones that fainted in life's blast.

Rest, rest—sweet rest is theirs, and we
A-wander, with a clouded brow ;
We fain would romp the grassy knowe,
And dance with gladness on the lea.
And when I see the children play,
My heart is with them in the game ;
Fain would I mingle in their fray,
As once I did a-down the lane,
But, ah, my locks are turning grey.

My hair is tinged with grey ; I find
A strange-like feeling in my soul,
'Tis changeful as the summer wind,
These thoughts are not at my control,
I have a longing after some
Strange country lying 'yond my ken—
A higher life, a fairer home,
And loved ones I would see again—
My way lies 'youd that mountain zone.

The darkness is around my feet,
I do not see the way I go ;
Far, far below me rolls the deep,
With piercing rocks, and waves of snow.
Life's road is rough, the way is worn,
'Tis long and drear, my feet are sore ;
The light will break at early morn—
Will break, and I will see life's shore—
The goal—from yonder mountain hoar.

Why, what is this I feel to-night ?—
A hand close-clasped within my own,
I see a fairer, purer light ;
Full winding is the path I've gone,
And strong as yonder eagle's flight,
Faith reacheth out towards the years.
"'Tis long," I murmured yesternight,
But now, I have no craven fears,
And round my feet is glorious light.

HOLD ON AND DO THE RIGHT.

Hold on and do the right. Life's path is rugged, rough, and worn.
Ye toilers 'mid the city's marts, my brethren in the strife,
Take heart like the great orb of day that shines at early morn.
Excelsior is on our brow, we strive for very life.

We're often weary waiting, striving, fighting with the wrong,
And sick at heart when others fall weak, wounded by the way;
'Tis ours to give the healing balm, and sing Faith's grand old song
Of love, and hope, and simple trust, and courage 'mid the fray.
Life is not all a vale of gloom; there's many a spreading plain
Filled with the fragrance of the flowers—peace, happiness, and joy.
Ye sad at heart, hold up your heads; face life's stiff brae again,
Excelsior is on our flag, and care doth only cloy.

Hold on and do the right, ye bards, glad minstrels of the land
In quiet towns, 'mid city's noise, in hamlets far remote;
Atune your lyres, and make them thrill with magician's hand,
And touch the human heart for good—this is our task I wot.
'Tis not for fame, 'tis not for gold, or wreaths of fading flowers
We touch the golden harp of song, but to lead our brethren on,
When weary with the ways of life, to fragrant beauteous bowers,
And fill their souls with happy thoughts of many a varied tone.

Hold on and do the right, my lads, at anvil, forge, and mill,
Keep aye a firm heart within, and hands to do and dare;
God needs the river's mighty force, likewise the purling rill
We'll take life's burdens deftly up, and march with martial air.
The grey-haired sire, the little child, the one with strong right hand,
Are needed in this world of ours to counsel, cheer, and wield
The woodman's axe, and lead the glistening ploughshare o'er the land,
And little ones can lighten up the old man's lonely bield.

Dear are thy hills, auld Scotland! their hoary tops so high,
Their bonny glens, and lonely moors tells of the martyr's doom;
The fox-glove and the blue-bells grow where meets the blue-arched sky,
The daisy, fern, and wild hill flowers bedecks the martyr's tomb.
Long may thy bairns hold on and do the right o'er all the world;
The spirits of our worthy sires still beats within our breast,
Prosperity and Freedom dwell where Britain's flag's unfurl'd,
'Neath southern cross, and eastern sky, or prairies of the west.

LADY FLORA HASTINGS.

WHATEVER deference may be accorded to the titled and the great in other respects, no condescension, certainly, is shown to them as authors. It is rather, indeed, the other way, for while the public get into raptures with a ploughman poet, or an artisan, a postman, or a policeman bard, which sober and discriminating critics often think a little overstrained, somehow the aristocratic poet gets scant justice, and is generally looked upon with a doubt and suspicion not warranted by the true genius which he many times displays. Had Byron not been possessed of a powerful will, and a most combative disposition, he would have been snuffed out, and driven from the ranks of literature by the contemptuous sneers and unmerited taunts of Lord Brougham's unjust criticism in the *Edinburgh Quarterly*. In our own day the poetry of the Marquis of Lorne has been much underrated, and has had little justice done to it by the critics, while the people have been less taken with its force and its beauty than was to be expected from the poetic fervour and the natural glow which it really possesses. Some like cause, doubtless, has kept the genuine and the truly beautiful poetry of Lady Flora Hastings from winning its way into that wide and high popularity of which it is so worthy.

Lady Flora Hastings was the eldest daughter of Francis, Marquis of Hastings, Governor-general of India, and Flora Mure Campbell, Countess of Loudoun, and was born at Edinburgh, February 11th, 1806. Highly educated, talented, and beautiful, she was the ornament of her sex, and of her high station in life; and with fine abilities, and a pure poetic taste, great things might have been expected from her pen, had her life not been blighted and shortened by a

crushing misfortune, the melancholy details of which have not yet been forgotten by the people of her native country. For some time she was lady of the bed-chamber to the Duchess of Kent. She died at Buckingham Palace, July 5th, 1839, and was interred in the family vault at Loudoun Kirk, Ayrshire.

Shortly after her death, her sister, Lady Sophia Hastings (afterwards the Marchioness of Bute), edited a volume of her poems, which was published by Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh, early in 1841. Although Lady Flora had published nothing in her lifetime, yet having been repeatedly urged to do so, she, in writing to her sister only three months before her death, says that she "had almost decided when she returned home" in doing so, as that estimable lady says "with the view of dedicating whatever profits might be derived from the work to the service of God in the parish where her mother's family have so long resided." In the course of a modest, touching, and finely written preface, dated at Loudoun Castle, November, 1840, Lady Sophia says—"I have been told by many, whose rank in the literary world entitles their opinion to attention, that the intrinsic merits of the poems of Lady Flora Hastings would justify my laying them before the public; yet I must disclaim, as my object, the ambition of acquiring for my sister any degree of literary celebrity, and although I confess that I do feel a thankful confidence that when these compositions are read they will excite respect, if not admiration, for the mind whence they emanated, still it needed a higher motive than either of these to impel me to the undertaking, and I have given them to the world from a fervent desire to fulfil the wishes of a beloved sister—wishes which death has hallowed."

No careful reader of the poems can doubt that the devoted and sorrow-striken sister did right in giving to the world these chaste and choice productions. Lady Flora's mind had evidently been imbued with a

love of poetry very early in life, for at the age of sixteen we find her writing some beautiful and truly poetic lines "To the Moon," and, when not much older, making spirited translations from Horace in verse. When only about twenty, she appears to have been peculiarly impressed by the magnificent, though ruined grandeur and decay of the Coliseum. Hardly anything finer has been written on that vast, hoary structure than this—

"Oft as the lingering rays of parting light
Hover around yon ruin's towering height,
And still with fading lustre love to play
Around the hoary mass, then fleet away—
I think how apt an emblem there we view
Of fleeting glory's last, sad, fond adieu;
And every beam that gilds the crumbling pile
Seems as 'twere victory's expiring smile,
While every gale, and every zephyr's sigh,
Seem voices of the centuries gone by;
And not a tone is heard but seems to chime
Some sound, memorial of the olden time.
Oh! days of victory for ever flown,
When nations bent before thy sevenfold throne."

Throughout the greater part of Lady Flora's poetry there runs a sweet, plaintive melancholy, as if the shadow of death, and of an earthly tomb, were lying along her path even when life was young. Her poetry, therefore, makes a peculiar impression (and an impression for good) upon the heart. A beautiful vein of quiet meditative piety and trust in God runs through the whole, proclaiming the simple, trustful, and pure heart of the accomplished poetess.

LINES WRITTEN UNDER A DRAWING IN AN ALBUM.

Light gliding o'er the silver sea,
Yon little vessel mark—
How blithely and how gallantly,
Sails on the fairy bark!

Flying before the winged gale,
She steers her watery way;
And gaily, through each swelling sail,
The gladsome zephyrs play.

Before her beams that little star
That never wont to roam ;
The steersman hails it from afar,
It guides him to his *home*.

Oh ! such for ever be *thy* way,
So bright thy fortunes beam ;
And oh, for aye, may Mercy's ray
Sleep on thy life's calm stream !

And when thou seek'st, with untried sail,
A distant unknown realm,
May'st thou the changeless pole-star hail,
And Faith direct the helm !

TO MY FATHER'S SPIRIT.

Oh, Thou to whom my thoughts unceasing tend
My Father, my Instructor, and my Friend !
Best loved on earth, while still to mortals given,
And now, oh ! more than loved, adored in heaven ;
Parted, not sunder'd from us though the cloud
Of earth-born being may thy presence shroud—
Still, father, be it still our bless to prove
Death cannot burst the links of holy love.
Thy spirit still o'er all our thoughts presides,
Soothes us in sorrow, and in trouble guides ;
The delegate of Heaven, thine eye surveys
Our faltering footsteps with paternal gaze ;
Thy hand wipes off the grief-extracted tear,
And thy voice whispers us that Heaven is near.

Not only thus.—When bending o'er the page
Of gifted poet or of hoary sage,
With throbbing heart, as fleet the hours along,
I drink enraptured of the stream of song,
And, tranced, bless the wisdom-prompted line—
Father ! I feel *thy* spirit blend with mine.
And when, my book thrown down, midst busy men,
I move almost this vain world's denizen ;
While through the mazy round my footsteps rove,
If music wakes some tone that leads above
This passing scene ;—her wealth, if genius pours
And charms away the slow and lagging hours—
If pure, high thought in chosen accent flows,
Or guileless wit, irradiating glows—
Transported by the flash of mind I see
All I admire—and fondly turn to thee !

And when in the still calm of summer even,
I gaze upon the deep blue vault of Heaven,
And view those countless orbs of living light,
Leading their mystic measure through the night

Methinks I trace thee in thy bright career,
Urging thy ceaseless flight from sphere to sphere,
And bearing on thy seraph wings abroad
The mandates of the mercy of thy God.
When 'neath the flowery limes, with murm'ring bees
Cluster'd, and sighing to the Summer breeze,
I walk—or when a wider range I tread,
Thine own old oaks high branching o'er my head;
Or when from wooded cliff a glance, I throw
On thy loved Trent, which brightly rolls below.
Art thou not near me? Yes! I hear thee, yes!
Thou still art near to counsel me and bless.
And as creation, to its Maker's name,
Pours forth its mingled praise with loud acclaim;
When bird and flow'r and incense-breathing hill,
And rock, and mossy fount, and murm'ring rill;
When all that breathes, or *is*, seems to rejoice,
And loudest swells the hymn, I hear *thy* voice.

THE CROSS OF CONSTANTINE.

"Conquer in this!"—Not unto thee alone
The vision spake, imperial Constantine!
Nor, presage only of an earthly throne,
Blazed in mid-heaven the consecrated sign.
Through the unmeasured tract of coming time
The mystic cross doth with soft lustre glow,
And speaks through ever age, in every clime,
To every slave of sin and child of woe.

"Conquer in this!"—Ay, when the rebel heart
Clings to its idols it was wont to cherish,
And, as it sees those fleeting boons depart,
Grieveth that things so bright were formed to perish.
Arise, bereav'd one! and, athwart the gloom,
Read in the brightness of that cheering ray—
"Mourn not, O Christian! though so brief their bloom,
Nought that is worth a sigh shall pass away."

"Conquer in this!"—When fairest visions come
To lure thy spirit to a path of flowers;
Binding the exile from a heavenly home,
To dwell a lingerer in unholy bowers:
Strong in his strength who burst the bonds of sin,
Clasp to thy bosom, clasp the holy cross?
Dost thou not seek a heavenly crown to win?
Hast thou not counted all beside as loss?

"Conquer in this!"—Though powers of earth and hell
Were leagued to bar thee from thy homeward way,
The cross shall every darkling shade dispel,
Chase every doubt, and re-assure dismay.

Faint not, O wearied one! faint not: for thee
The Lord of Righteousness and Glory bled,
And His good Spirit's influence, with free
And plenteous unction, is upon thee shed.

"Conquer in this!"—When by thy fever'd bed,
Thou see'st the dark-wing'd angel take his stand,
Who soon shall lay thy body with the dead,
And bear thy spirit to the spirit's land:
Fear not! the cross sustains thee, and its aid
In that last trial shall thy succour bring,
Go fearless through the dark, the untried shade,
For sin is vanquish, and death hath no sting.

"Conquer in this!"—Strong in thy Saviour's might,
When bursts the morning of a brighter day,
Rise, Christian victor in the glorious fight,
Arise, rejoicing, from thy cell of clay!
The cross, which led thee scathless through the gloom,
Shall in that hour heaven's royal banner be:
Thou hast o'ercome the world, the flesh, the tomb;
Triumph in Him who died and rose for thee.

THE RAINBOW.

Soft glowing in uncertain birth
'Twixt Nature's smiles and tears,
The bow, O Lord! which thou has bent,
Bright in the cloud appears.
The portal of Thy dwelling place
That pure arch seems to be,
And as I bless its mystic light,
My spirit turns to thee.

Thus, gleaming o'er a guilty world,
We hail the ray of love;
Thus dawns upon the contrite soul
Thy mercy from above;
And as Thy faithful promise speaks
Repentant sin forgiven,
In humble hope we bless the beam
That points the way to Heaven.

JOHN INGLIS,

AUTHOR of the following poem, is a native of the town of Hawick, having been born there in 1857. He was trained to the frame-work knitting, at which he continued for twelve years, when he went into one of the tweed factories. In 1872 he removed to America, where he succeeded well, but his heart was so strongly attached to the wild and historic scenery of his much-loved Teviotdale, that he returned home in 1874. In 1879 he published a volume entitled "Borderland." The work was a success, and it is but right to mention that the poet handed over the profits as a gift to the building fund of St John's Church, Hawick, then in course of erection. He sings with much force and vigour the praises of his native vale.

BORDERLAND.

They tell of merry England—its palaces and halls,
Which tower above its leafy woods, their old embattled walls ;
But, oh, give me the shielings where the heath and thistles wave
O'er the rugged hero's cairn and the gentle martyr's grave !
There playful zephyrs lightly waft fresh fragrance from the fell,
And laverocks 'mid the fleecy cloud their lays triumphant swell,
To charm the Scottish maidens, till in song their voices blend
Round the cozy cottage homes of the bonny Borderland.

When Winter, in his hoary robe, haunts mountain sides and groves,
And Boreas, with an angry howl, through naked woodland roves,
There's joy within the shieling of the blithesome Border wight,
By his bonnie blazing fire, when daylight dies in night.
As he leans back in his settle, he gazes with delight
To the joist where hangs the claymore, with basket hilt so bright,
That was wielded by his sires, who died but would not bend
To sacrifice the freedom of the bonnie Borderland.

In fields where noble Wallace led they bravely bore the brunt,
When fortune's tide seemed ebbing, they still kept form and front,
Till fell the great-souled hero, in the noontide of his fame,
And left stern Scotland weeping o'er the treachery and shame.

But Bruce's war-cry echoed with vengeance wild and high,
From Carrick's frowning turrets proud Edward to defy ;
Then rushed the belted yeomen, with spear and sweeping brand,
From the cozy cottage homes of the bonnie Borderland.

Then wild the cry of battle rose, and wide the carnage spread,
While lunged each gleaming weapon, and on with death they sped,
Shouting loud in triumph as they trod the crimson'd plain,
When the flowery earth was sodden with the hot blood of the slain.
But still the conflict deepened with each continuous shock,
Till England's proudest squadron in wild confusion broke ;
The fury of the onset no foemen could withstand,
When they charged for Bruce and Freedom, and the bonnie Borderland.
In days of persecution, when the tramp of armed men
Made them seek the dark seclusion of the deep and lonesome glen,
There to suffer cold and hunger without one fret or frown,
And at last pour forth their life-blood for the martyr's fadeless crown,
Whence came these martyred preachers, the holy and the brave,
Who suffered in the woodland, the moorland, and the cave,
For their worship, pure and simple, which no despot e'er could rend
From the cozy cottage homes of the bonnie Borderland?

Or whence the bards and minstrels who sang in days gone by
The strain that's ever ringing, the song that ne'er must die?
They touch the sympathetic chord, and noble thoughts impart ;
They swell, in cottage and in hall, each patriotic heart ;
They charm the lonely bushman, in his cabin far away ;
They nerve the soldier in the van in danger's darkest day ;
They build a mighty pillar, which Time shall e'en defend,
That it may tell *who* lived and loved the bonnie Borderland.

Where joy is ever springing, oh, may it never cease
To be the hallowed resting-place of piety and peace!
There at eve the toiling peasant can read the Word of God,
And teach the children of his care Salvation's blissful road.
Thus they grow to men and maidens, in beauty and in might,
With virtue for their guiding star to tread the world aright,
Clinging fast to truth and justice, that blessings may descend
On the cozy cottage homes of the bonnie Borderland.

WALTER C. SMITH, D.D.

EA RECENTLY-DECEASED, and a truly great and original poet, has said that "Labour, Art, Worship, Love, these make man's life;" and that the good and gifted Thomas Aird was right when he said so, the life and the rich, peculiar poetry of Dr Walter C. Smith most unmistakably prove.

This gifted divine, and pleasing and prolific poet, was born in Aberdeen, on 5th December, 1824, and was educated at the Grammar School there, under Dr Mellom. At the early age of thirteen he was sent to Marischal College, and was so apt and diligent a scholar that he graduated at seventeen. Foolishly then—as he himself afterwards thought—he went to Edinburgh, uncertain what course of life to follow; but two years afterwards (at the Disruption of the Church of Scotland) he went to study divinity in the new Free Church College; and, on Christmas day, 1850, was ordained minister of the Free (Scotch) Church in Chadwell Street, Islington, London. With a delightful *naïvete*, which makes one smile, he writes regarding his sojourn there—"The church was a small charge, and did not grow larger, so I resigned and returned to Scotland in 1858." He was then chosen minister of Orwell, in Kinross-shire, "having about the same time," as he touchingly writes, "married my late beloved wife, Agnes Monteith." Here he remained for three years, his poetic sympathies being doubtless in the meantime nursed among the breezy braes and fine undulating heights around, and in shadow of the green, though bolder mountain range of the Ochils; and here too, by the bright and ever-surging cascades of the North Quiech, and on the gentle margin of sweet Lochleven, with its many stirring historic memories, we cannot doubt but that his Muse was occasionally trying her wings,

and preparing for those lofty and well-sustained flights into the regions of song which she has so frequently taken since.

The Free Roxburgh Church, Edinburgh, having given him a call, he accepted it and laboured there for three years, when he was called to the Free Tron Church, Glasgow, and remained there till five years ago, when he returned once more to Edinburgh as minister of the Free High Church, and where, with a still widening popularity, he at present labours.

Not only in the large body to which he belongs, but among all the Churches of Scotland, there is no name which is better known, or is a greater power, than that of Dr W. C. Smith; and his masterly sermon, "The Modern Sadducee," published in 1874, shows that he is more than a match for our most celebrated scientists when, from infidel positions, they seek to assail the scriptures of truth, and the hopes of immortality, and none of them all ever reasoned more logically, or uttered anything more poetically eloquent than when he says—"I care not very much though it should be proved that grass and flower, fish and insect, bird on the wing, and steer browsing on the meadow, and even the body of man himself, sprang at first from the lumpish clay, or the quivering waters. Certainly it has not yet been proved. There is not one solid fact of this kind established to be the stepping-stone for science across the great mystery of life; and I do object, and I think I am entitled to object, when I am called to launch forth into the blank and sterile region, dark as the spaces that lie between the stars, and to believe that matter of itself is capable of producing all the phenomena of life, not in virtue of any facts that lead to such a conclusion, but simply at the bidding of the scientific imagination. To unsettle so old a faith at the bidding of a mere fancy, does appear to me a somewhat wanton procedure, quite unlike the humility and patience of the true philosopher." Equally grand

is the following passage, which has quite the poetic glow and the eloquent ring—"Science may babble about vibrations and pulsations and nerve-waves and folds of the brain; and all these, for aught I know, may have something to do with thought as its organs and instruments. But love, and reason, and poetry, and devotion are not mere vibrations of any substance; neither are they nitrogen and carbon, nor anything you can see with cunning glass, or test with subtlest drop. If ever man was powerless, in the face of an utter mystery, it is the man of mere science when he has to do with spirit. His scalpels, his microscopes, his vials, his wires, his tests, touch everything but thought; his very processes of reasoning fail him in this province, and he seems unable to see that he may break the Sphinx in pieces, and grind it to powder, without in the least explaining its mystery to us." The dullest reader will at once see that the man who could write in a style like this must have been a poet, whether he had ever written in verse or no. A poet, however, Dr Smith is, and was, in the ordinary sense of the term, before he wrote so eloquently in defence of the truths of religion.

In 1867, when he had reached the mature age of thirty-three years, he published "Hymns of Christ and the Christian Life;" and about the same time he also published a volume of poetry, under the name of "Orwell." Although issued anonymously, he, we believe, has avowed himself the author of "Olrig Grange" (1872), "Borland Hall" (1874), "Hilda among the Broken Gods" (1878), and "Raban: or Life Splinters" (1881).

The first thing which strikes the reader of Dr Smith's poetry is its thorough originality of style, and also of mere expression, and we might add, likewise, in the construction or mechanism of the verse. We do not think, however, that in the *form* of verse which he has generally adopted, he has been altogether happy; and wide though his fame has already

become, we cannot but believe that it would have been wider still had he chosen less cramped and stilted measures. Had he given us the lofty and deep thoughts of "Borland Hall" or "Hilda" in the grand old heroic couplet, or, nobler still and less monotonous, in the Spenserian stanza, the beauties and the charms of these striking poems would have been greatly heightened. That Dr Smith has a fine ear for versification is evident, for he can sport and play with his rhythm and his rhymes as naturally and as gracefully as the summer sunbeams do among the cloud-shadows which lie along the green mountain's breast; but this very power, if applied to popular and more euphonious measures, would give a double charm to his poetry.

Some have compared Dr Smith's rhythmic resources, and power of numbers, to those of Tennyson, but we would rather liken them to Herrick, Heywood, Herbert, and others of the seventeenth century poets—the latter poet Dr Smith especially resembles, in the natural force of his thoughts, and the simplicity yet elegance of his expressions.

There is hardly any poetry which suffers so much from quotation as that of Dr Smith, and no extracts can give any adequate idea of his great strength, or of the full-orbed beauty of his larger poems when read or studied as a whole; nor can they even be understood apart from the poems to which they belong. The following will, however, give an idea of his manner; and though the following songs, from "Borland Hall," are in a different style from that which we have indicated as being a general characteristic of his poetry, they are exquisitely beautiful and most natural in the mouths of students, by whom they are represented as being sung.

SHE IS A WOMAN.

She is a woman to love, to love
As the flowers love light;
All that is best in you is at its best,
All that the heart opens to her as a guest
Who makes it bright.

Is she a woman to love, to love
With soul and heart?
And all in her that is sweet and true
She makes as if it was drawn from you
By gracious art.

You cannot help but love, but love;
Nobody can;
She carries a charm with her everywhere,
Just a circle she makes in the air,
Bewitching man.

Is it her beauty I love, I love?
Is it her mind?
Is it her fancy nimble and gay?
Or her voice that spirits the soul away?
I cannot find.

But she's just a woman to love to love,
As men love wine
Madly and blindly: yet why should they
Bring their hearts to be stolen away,
When she has mine?

MYSIE GORDON.

Now where is Mysie Gordon gone?
What should take her up the glen,
Turning, dowie and alone,
From smithy lads and farming men?
Never seen where lasses, daffing
At the well, are blithely laughing,
Dinging a' the chields at chaffing:
Bonnie Mysie Gordon.

Mysie lo'ed a student gay,
And he vowed he lo'ed her well:
She gave all her heart away,
He lo'ed naething but himsel':
Then he went to woo his fortune,
Fleechin', preachin', and exhortin',
Got a kirk, and now is courtin'—
But no his Mysie Gordon.

Every night across the moor,
Where the whaup and peewit cry,
Mysie seeks his mither's door
Wi' the saut tear in her eye.
Little wots his boastfu' minnie,
Proud to tell about her Johnnie,
Every word's a stab to bonnie
Love-sick Mysie Gordon.

A' his letters she maun read,
A' about the lady braw;
Though the lassie's heart may bleed,
Though it even break in twa:
Wae her life may be and weary,
Mirk the nicht may be and eerie,
Yet she'll gang, and fain link cheerie,
Bonnie Mysie Gordon.

Whiles she thinks it maun be richt;
She is but a landward girl;
He a scholar, and a licht
Meikle thocht o' by the Earl.
Whiles she daurna think about it,
Thole her love, nor live without it.
Sair alike to trust or doubt it,
Waesome Mysie Gordon.

Mysie doesna curse the cuif,
Doesna hate the lady braw,
Doesna even haud aloof,
Nor wish them ony ill ava:
But she leaves his proudfu' mither,
Dragging through the dowie heather
Weary feet by ane anither,
Bonnie Mysie Gordon.

UP IN THE NORTH.

Up in the North, up in the North,
There lies the true home of valour and worth;
Wild the wind sweeps over moorland and glen,
But truth is trusty and men are men,
And hearts grow warmer the farther you go,
Up to the North with its hills and snow,
Ho! for the North, yo ho!

Out of the North, out of the North,
All the free men of the nations came forth,
Kings of the sea, they rode, like the waves,
Crash on the old Roman empire of slaves,
And the poor cowed slaves and their Cæsars saw
Rise from its ruins our Freedom and Law,
Ho! for the North, yo ho!

Up in the North, up in the North,
O but our maids are the fairest on earth,
Simple and pure as the white briar rose,
And their thoughts like the dew which it clasps as it blows;
There are no homes but where they be,
Woman made home in the north countrie,
Ho! for the north, yo ho!

O for the North, O for the North!
O to be there when the stars come forth!
The less that the myrtle or rose is given,
The more do we see there the glory of heaven,
And care and burden I leave behind
When I turn my face to the old North wind,
Ho! for the North, yo ho!

O THE CHANGES OF LIFE.

O the changes of Life! every five or six years,
There's a new body fitted on us it appears,
Like a new suit of clothes made in old-fashioned modes,
The newer the older—and so where's the odds?
But hand round the beer, and let it run clear,
The older the better the body of beer.

We change our opinions, we alter our laws,
For the sake of a change, or for some other cause,
We change our old country, our altars, our gods,
That's but passing our small-change, and so where's the odds?
While they leave us our beer, all beside may change here,
For our capital sum is the pottle of beer.

O once it was classics—all Latin and Greek,
Then came mathematics each day in the week,
Now its German and Nature, but every one plods
With his pipe and his beer—and so where's the odds?
Smoking and beer! they make Nature appear
Teutonic and wonderful, smoking and beer.

Erewhile there were battles of Tories and Whigs,
But they're gone to the limbus of powder and wigs;
Pit and Fox wouldn't know the new parliament modes,
But they'd find the old ale—and so where's the odds?
Amber-bright beer! let no change come near
The wise, ancient custom of smoking and beer.

THE FALSE SEA.

Singing to you,
And moaning to me,
Nothing is true
In the false cruel sea.

Where its lip kisses
The sands, they are bare,
Where its foam hisses
Nothing lives there ;
When it is smiling,
Hushed as in sleep,
It is beguiling
Some one to weep.

They were seafaring,
With light hearts and free,
And full of the daring
That's bred of the sea :
It crept up the inlet,
And bore them away
Where it laughed in the sunlight,
And dimpled the bay,
Singing to them,
But moaning to me,
Tripping it came,
The cold cruel sea.

I heard the oars dipping,
I heard her bows part
The waves with a rippling
That went through my heart.
And I saw women weeping
And wringing their hands
For the dead that were sleeping
That night on the sands :
For nothing is true
In the false cruel sea
Which is singing to you
And moaning to me.

JUDAS ISCARIOT.

From "Hilda."

The very prince of Darkness
Came once to Heaven's gate,
Where Peter and the angels
Talk together as they wait ;
And he brought with him a spirit
In a very dismal state.

Then Satan : "I'm in trouble,
And come here to get advice ;
I've been going up and down there
Where you think we are not nice,
And they will not have this fellow
Among them at any price.

"I took him first to Lamech
And the bloody race of Cain,
But they rose in flat rebellion,
That so mean a rogue should gain
A place with gallant fellows
Who in simple wrath had slain.

"Then I thought of those wild Herods
With their burning diadem,
And their spirits ever haunted
By the babes of Bethlehem :
But they would not have the traitor
Coming sneaking among them.

"After that I looked to Ahab,
And the panther Jezebel ;
But she sprang up like a fury,
'It were shame unspeakable
To lodge a half-hanged felon
Where a queen of men must dwell.'

"I'm afraid there's not a corner
Into which they'll let him in ;
The common rogues are furious
To confound them with his sin,
And my people are excited,
And the place is full of din."

Then Peter : "Traitor Judas,
Thou hearest what he says,
How the murderers and demons
Abhor thee and thy ways,
Thou betrayer of the Holy,
Who the Ancient is of days."

Then Judas answered meekly :
"Yea, Peter, they are right ;
Cain and Lamech, Ahab, Herod,
They were godless men of might,
But not so vile as I am—
O they loathe me, and are right.

"Jezebel that slew the prophets,
Fawned not on the life she stole ;
Ahab only smote the servants,
Not the Lord who bare our dole ;
There should be a hell expressly
For my miserable soul.

"Let my name be named with horror,
Let my place be wrapt in gloom,
Let me even be hell's lone outcast,
With a solitary doom—
I that kissed Him and betrayed Him
To the cross, and to the tomb."

Then Satan : "There's the mischief,
He goes whinning like a saint ;
I could keep my people quiet,
But he'd have them penitent.
Its as bad as if a parson
Made their very hearts grow faint."

But, as Peter looked on Judas,
Sunk in utter misery,
Lo ! there rose before his vision,
A grey morning by the sea,
And a weary broken spirit
On the shores of Galilee.

"O once, too, I despaired,
For my Lord I had denied,
And once my heart was breaking,
For I cursed Him, and I lied ;
I did not slay myself, but yet
I wished that I had died.

"Leave thy burden with me, Satan,
He is not too bad for me ;
He will get his own place duly,
And it is not mine to be
A breaker of the bruised,
Or the Judge of such as he."

L'ENVOI.

I do not paint a picture just to show
How cracks the old crust of Faith beneath our feet,
Partly by light of Heaven and fervent heat,
Partly by fierce upheaval from below.

Here fissures deep are gashed : there but a rent
Scores the shrunk surface thirsting for fresh showers
To water its dry herbs and drooping flowers ;
But everywhere is great bewilderment.

God's ploughshare trenches well, nor will He wait
And see His fallow lying all unbroke,
Because another's heifer takes the yoke,
Nor is his furrow always clean and straight.

But still He maketh ready for His sowing,
And scatters with the sweep of unseen hand
Fresh seed of life upon the fresh turned land,
And gathers cloud and sunshine for its growing.

O weep ye for the Home whose tottering wall
The trembling heart with unseen anguish saw,
And with untempered mortar daubed its flaw,
Faith lacking Faith that God is over all.

Weep, yet rejoice ! for her unselfish deeds,
Mightier than words, have bidden doubt away,
And led him into light of better day,
And Love, which is the soul of all the Creeds.

DORTS, THE MASON.

Jeanie, what was yon the minister was saying ;
I kept the grip o' it while he was praying,
Saying it o'er and o'er a score o' times,
Though it got mixed wi' tags o' idle rhymes,
Until a shower o' texts came plash like rain,
And fairly washed it clean oot o' my brain.

Folk telling him that he is grand at praying,
He prays till ane forgets what he's been saying ;
Prays you stupid wi' a thing that's like a sermon,
Dripping-wat wi' texts as wi' the dews of Hermon.
Oh, they spoil a minister wi' silly praises
O' a' his paintit words and dainty phrases !

'Twas something aboot faith and work. Let's see—
Ye're gleg at reading, lass, and weel may be ;
Ye had rare schooling, I had almost none,
But gnaw a book as dogs will gnaw a bone :
Look it up now, and let me see't in print—
How that book smells yet o' your mother's mint !

She was a woman ! Oh, that ye may be
To some one what your mother was to me !
And yet I never told her, hardly said
Ae kindly word to her ; and now she's dead !
Wae's me ! Could I but see her for a minute,
And show my heart to her, and a' that's in it !

There, that's it, lass ; and are ye sure its Paul ?
" We're saved by faith, and no by work at all."
Read it again ; it clean dumfounders me !
Hand me my specs ; unless my own eyes see
The very words, I will be bold to doubt it,
And even then I'll ha'e my thoughts about it.

Ay ! there it is as plain as print can make it,
God's very word, and nought on earth can shake it.
Yet doubt in me grew fast as down frae thistle ;
I learnt the trick o't ere I learnt to whistle.
Surely my mind must ha'e some kind o' thraw,
For I could ne'er believe the half I saw.

But for my work, I'll stand to it that none
Could do a better job in hewing stone,
Or building either, from a dry-stane dyke
Up to a kirk and steeple, or the like ;
And is it nothing that I wrought wi' burr,
But couldna swear aye by the minister.

I never hammered stone, until I saw
Into its heart, and kent its inmost law ;
For stones, too, ha'e their way, and they maun be
Humoured, like women, each in its degree.
But all my work I did wi' heart and might,
Till even the whinstones knew they must go right.

There's the new brig, 'twil stand as sure's the Bank ;
The waterwarks—'twas I that dammed the tank
Among the hills—it never leaked a gill.
Did not Sir Hew himsel' uphaud my skill
And work, and vow that he was proud to call
The man his friend had planned, and made it all ?

My work was true as plummet, line, and rule
Could make it, though I had but little school,
And never could believe the half I saw ;
I never plastered up an ugly flaw.
God's work is good, I said, and so is mine,
Right human work, and therefore like divine.

But look just at the kirk that Bailie Clyne
Robbed them to build, and then compare't wi' mine.
A bonnie elder he ! to sit and look,
In the front loft, upon his gilt-clasped book !
How could I gang to kirk and him sae crouse,
Smirking at me in yon ramshackle hoose ?

I'm dying. Yes ; but would you have me speak
What is not true, because my breath comes weak ?
Oh, he believes of course whate'er he's bid,
Then taps his finger on his snuff-box lid ;
But for his work, they'll find it out some day,
And sorry I'm that I shall be away.

Just bide a wee ; some wastland wind, I'm thinking,
Will gar yon steeple reel, as't had been drinking.
Will they say then that faith which does not work
Will save a man, although he cheat the kirk ?—
My end is near ! forgiveness now is best !
Why should the end no' be like all the rest ?

He's to be provost, set him up ! I hear
He's ta'en the crown o' the causeway many a year,
And drives his coach, and now he's all the vogue—
A ruling elder, yet the loon's a rogue.
I tell you, even in heaven if he should find me,
I'd take my hat and bang the door behind me.

Draw up the blind ; it's growing unco dim.
Read me a psalm—we'll say no more o' him—
A good strong psalm aboot the evil-doers
Whom for a while the righteous one endures.
Surely yon's not the sun that looks so dark,
Nor that the singing o' the evening lark.

What was I saying? Is this death at length,
The strong one gripping at my failing strength?
Well my job's done—I'll lay my tools aside;
And there's your mother, all my joy and pride,
She's made the hearth neat, and the fire looks bright;
It's growing dark; but she'll ha'e a'thing right.

ROBERT HUNTER

WAS born at Hawick in 1854. His parents were "honest aye, though puir folk," who struggled hard to give their children a good education. Robert began early to string together "bits o' jingles," he ever having a great love for poetry. He learned the trade of a powerloom tuner at one of the large factories for which the town is famed, and there, amid the whirr of machinery and the bustle of factory life, he still continues to court his much-loved Muse. Robert Hunter was made Bard of St John's Lodge of Freemasons (No. 111), in 1879, and P.G. Bard of Border District in 1880.

He has contributed chiefly to the local newspapers, and several of his spirited songs in praise of the "craft" have appeared in the *Masonic Magazine*. He had the honour of being second in the Dumfries Statue (Burns) Competition, when Mr Stewart Ross gained the medal. We have much pleasure in giving a place to the following:—

"OOR DEAR AULD MITHER TONGUE."

I lo'e thee yet, I lo'e thee weel—
Thou dear auld mither tongue—
There's music in thy hamely soon'
When spoken or when sung.
Though strangers ca' thee auld an' plain,
An' fain wad rin thee doon;
Thou'lt stan' as lang as Scotland stan's
In spite o' foreign loon.

Hoo monie weary Scottish hearts
By thee hae been made glad,
When wandering far frae hame an' freends,
An' unca lane an' sad.
They've chanced to hear thy kindly tones
By some at random flung,
An' hands hae met, an' hearts been cheered,
By thee, thou dear auld tongue.

Gae wa' wi' a' yer mimpet words
That's brocht frae foreign lan's,
They need sae monie becks an' boos
Afore folk understan's ;
They want the honest hearty ring
That's felt by auld an' young,
When listening to thy cheery lilt,
Thou dear auld mither tongue.

Then ne'er think shame where'er ye be,
In cottage or in ha' ;
But speak the dear auld mither tongue
Afore baith grite an' sma'.
Her soul-inspiring stirring strains
Auld Scotia's harps hae strung,
An' still her bards shall sing wi' pride
O' dear auld mither tongue.

OOR ROBIN.

Among the nobles o' the yirth,
Oor Robin stan's, an' a' that ;
Though humble was his place o' birth,
An' hard his han's, an' a' that,
His soul was noble, great, an' free,
Ower high born Lords, he buir the gree ;
An' aye he scorned the coward lee,
An' told the truth an' a' that.

He sang o' Scotia's heights an' howes,
Her glens, her shaws, an' a' that ;
Her brattlin' burns, an' broomie knowes,
Her Freedom, Laws, an' a' that—
He sang her lads, an' lasses braw,
In lowly cot, an' lordly ha',
An' humbly prayed that ane an' a'
Micht live in peace, an' a' that.

He sang her Thistle, waving free,
On hill, an' dale, an' a' that ;
Her Daisy blooming bonnily,
By wood an' vale, an' a' that ;
An' wha, like him, could sweetly tell
The beauties o' the bonnie Bell,
That tinkles in ilk flowery dell,
Whaur mawkins sport, an' a' that.

Her Haggis, an' her Cakes he sang,
Her Barleybree, an' a' that ;
Her joys he sang, till rafters rang,
Wi' mirth, an' glee, an' a' that ;
Her famous weel-lo'ed Halloween,
When Fairies sport in moonlit dean
An' play their pranks ; by him has been
Immortalised, an' a' that.

He sang her pleughman at his pleugh
Sae blythe, an' gay, an' a' that ;
Her Cottar, toiling in a sheugh,
The lea-lang day, an' a' that ;
An' showed that happiness can dwell
Without the aid o' magic spell,
Beneath a hame-spun, weel-worn shell
O' hoddan grey ; an' a' that.

His words hae cheered the Scot at hame,
The Scot abroad, an' a' that ;
Wi' tears o' joy they've bless'd his name,
An' thankit God, an' a' that,
For rearing on their native soil,
This noble, gifted son o' toil,
To help them through life's care, an' moil,
Wi' poem, saug, an' a' that.

An' shall not we our homage pay,
An' Heaven thank, for a' that ;
Foul fa' the loon, that wad say nay,
Whate'er his rank, an' a' that.
We'll rear a monument o' art,
To him wha can sic joys impart,
Wha sits enthroned in Scotland's heart,
Her Bard supreme, an' a' that.

THE FREEMASON'S SECRET.

In an auld burgh toon that I daurna weel name,
That boasts o' its hicht in the annals o' fame,
There lived at the time o' this short rhyming tale,
A canty auld couple baith hearty and hale.
Fu' lang had they travelled thegether through life,
Wi' a routh o' its joys and but little o' strife ;
For the worthy guidman, sae the neebours wad say,
In settlin' disputes had a pauky auld way.
And when oucht wad arise to annoy and harass,
He wad quietly say, "There noo, Jenny, my lass,
Since for weel or for wae we are tied to ae tether,
Let's look ower ithers fauts and pu' cheerfu' thegether,"
And sae, wi' a kindly bit word and a smile,
The auld wifie's anger he aft wad beguile,
But the best o' us a' are but mortals, I wot,
And the auld proverb's true, "There's a crook in ilk lot.'

And sae no to gie ye a lengthy narration,
A crook Jenny had—her guidman was a 'Mason,
No a mason by trade, but a Freemason grand,
Wi' his secrets, his signs, and his grips o' the hand.
And Oh ! but it troubled the auld bodie sair,
To think he had secrets that she couldna share,
And for week after week, and year after year,
Baith early and late the same questions she'd speir,
She had wrocht roon' his heart, and she'd wrocht roon' his fears,
She had tried him wi' fleeching, wi' flyting, wi' tears,
But it a' wadna do, for by nicht or by day
He only wad answer her, "Nay, Jenny, nay."
But the hardest o' stanes aye maun yield to the stroke,
As the constant drap drapping'll wear oot the rock,
Sae ae cauld winter's nicht when he'd come frae the meeting,
And Jenny began wi' her fleeching and greeting,
He rose frae his seat in the deepest vexation,
Saying, "Weel, weel, at last I shall make ye a 'Mason ;
Gae bar ilka door, and mak a'thing fu' ticht,
For awfu's the gait ye maun travel this nicht
'Mid rapping and chapping, 'mid darkness and gloom,
And a' sorts o' horrors on this side the tomb,
Sae mak up yer mind e'er I tak ye ower far,
Daur ye gang through the secret," quo' Jenny "I daur,"
But quo' the guidman, "I had almost forgot,
Whate'er shall we dae for the want o' a goat,
Gae bring the big stool frae the ben ingle neuk,
And bring me the poker, the sand-glass, and Buik,
Syne tak ye your seat wi' ye'r een steekit ticht
And ne'er speak a word while I screw doon the licht,
Noo tak ye this sand-glass, an emblem o' death,
And ower the guid Buik swear a terrible aith
That ye'll never reveal what this nicht ye may hear,
Nor at ye'r guidman ony mair questions speir,
But wi' Masons and Masonry leave me alane,"
To whilk she responded wi' solemn "Amen."
"Noo tak ye the poker, come, ne'er think to fret."
Quo' Jenny, "My faith ! but ye've made it *rickt het*,
The guidness be wi' us, but this is nae fun,"
But he stampit his fit like the crack o' a gun,
"I daur ye to whisper, far less thus to cry,"
To whilk a sair sich was the only reply ;
Syne he bent ower her shouther fu' solemn and queer,
While Jenny sat quaking and trimlin' wi' fear,
And he whispered fu' low, sae that nae ane micht hear,
"Will ye promise again *nae mair questions to speir ?*
But can ye keep secret, speak low in reply,"
Quo' Jenny, "I can," then quo' Tam—"So can I !"
And frae that day till this he can gang to the meeting
Without either fleeching, or flyting, or greeting.

ALEXANDER RANKIN

WAS born in Dundee in 1842, but he spent his boyhood days at Arbroath, to which town his father had removed. Alexander augmented the education common to a working man's son by his own efforts, and at the early age of fourteen he was sent to learn the art of flaxdressing. After completing his apprenticeship, and working as a journeyman for several years, he, with a partner, commenced business. The firm succeeded very well for some time, extending their connection, but at last through dull trade and losses they had to succumb before the crushing hand of misfortune, and the subject of our sketch removed to Brechin, where he is still employed as foreman over the hackling machines at the East Mill Spinning Company's Works.

Notwithstanding that his life has been somewhat chequered, and that he has shared in the proverbial misfortunes of the followers of Apollo, he yet occasionally lilts a canty sang, and modestly and tenderly depicts in the local and district press the innocent glee of childhood, and the joys and comforts of home. He is peculiarly happy when he sings of the healthy mental and moral manhood born of honest labour.

MY BONNY BAIRNIE.

Play on, my bonny bairnie—
'Tis noo your time for play;
I like to see you rinnin' roond,
Or rowin' on the brae.

I like to hear your merry laugh—
Your wee tongue like a bell;
It taks me back to ither years,
When I was young mysel'.

Play on, my bonny bairnie,
Your bosom's licht and free;
I like to see my bairnie glad,
As aye you ought to be.

I like to see your face aye bricht—
Undimm'd by thocht o' sin ;
Wi' eenie bricht that aye speak richt,
And tell o' joy within.

Play on, my bonny bairnie,
Sae fu' o' joy and mirth ;
I like to see your wee bit pranks
And games upon the hearth.

Play on, my bonny bairnie—
This is your time for play ;
Play on, my little lammie,
Be happy while you may.

But, oh, my bonny bairnie,
Life's day is short—they say ;
Before you in the future
A part you hae to play.

Soon you'll hae to mix wi' life,
And join the warld's thrang ;
God grant you grace to dae the richt,
And aye to shun the wrang.

HOME.

There is a place o'er which we brood,
No matter where or in what mood—
Its name is home, sweet home.
No other name sounds half so sweet,
The heart aye glows with joy to greet
That dear, dear name of home.

No matter when or where we stray,
In life's fresh flush or gloamin' grey,
We love to hear from home.
Its scenes to us are ever dear,
To us its skies are ever clear,—
'Tis thus we muse on home.

There live our friends we love and prize,
Dear to our heart and in our eyes,—
Endearing name of home.
And now by night as well as day
In dreams we meet them far away,
And share their love at home.

We think of those we left behind,
Imprinted firmly in our mind
Though far away from home.
Home is the sweet, the golden ray
That cheers the sailor on his way,
When bound o'er seas to roam.

And when the skies are overcast,
And perils fraught on every blast,
When all is seething foam:
His darling wife and children fair
Then cluster in his memory there,
And courage breathe from home.

WILLIAM M'DOWALL.

THE county town of Dumfries (the Queen of the South, as it has been proudly called) is not more remarkable for its pleasant situation, and the rare beauty of its surroundings, than it has long been for the high excellence of its newspapers, and the great ability of their editors. John M'Diarmid, of the *Courier*, Thomas Aird, of the *Herald*, and William M'Dowall, of the *Standard*, are names widely known and universally honoured, not only in the ranks of journalism, but the more enduring walks of literature. The two first have "gone over to the majority," but the last-named still lives to benefit mankind by the labours of his pen.

William M'Dowall was born at Maxwelltown (opposite Dumfries), in the east of Galloway, in 1815. He was educated at Dumfries Academy, but just as he was acquiring some knowledge of the Latin tongue, his father, who was a commercial traveller, died, and his chance of getting a good classical education was thus lost, and his worldly prospects otherwise dimmed. Put to a trade at which, after serving a regular apprenticeship, he wrought for some years, during which he cultivated his mind so well by reading and study that at length, from being a binder of books, he was quite qualified for, and became, a broad-sheet editor and a maker of books, which, though few in number, owing to the exactive duties

which the management of a bi-weekly newspaper involves, have, without exception, been most favourably received by the public.

When quite a stripling he contributed poetical pieces, letters, and paragraphs to the local journals. In 1843 he went to assist Mr Robert Somers, also a Galloway man, in conducting the *Scottish Herald*, Edinburgh, and from thence he was transferred to the *Banner of Ulster*, which he sub-edited for eighteen months, under the late Mr George Troup. From Belfast he "got a call" to occupy the editorial chair of the *Dumfries and Galloway Standard*. It was then young in years, and had nearly sunk beneath the many difficulties which it had to face; but now, after an existence of thirty-eight years, and under Mr M'Dowall's talented and judicious management, it is one of the most prosperous provincial newspapers in the United Kingdom.

When in Belfast, Mr M'Dowall sometimes filled the poet's corner of the *Banner*, and he has written numerous poems since he became editor of the *Standard*. "The Man of the Woods, and other Poems," was published so far back as 1844, since which period prose rather than poetry has been the medium of his thoughts—newspaper prose in the form of leaders, critiques, and historical prose—a field of literature which he feels more pleasure in cultivating than that of politics. The grand old Scottish ballads are very dear to him, and he has frequently lectured upon them with great acceptance. Of studious and observant habits, he has made physiognomy a special study for the last forty years, and he has ready for the press a small work, entitled "The Mind in the Face." In 1867 he published a "History of the Burgh of Dumfries, with Notices of Nithsdale, Annandale, and the Western Border," a large, interesting, and exhaustive work. In the preface he says:—"To the preparation of this history the precarious leisure snatched from five years of a somewhat busy

life has been devoted. A second and enlarged edition appeared in 1873.

Two years before the latter date he published "Burns in Dumfriesshire," a sketch of the last eight years of the poet's life, which soon passed into a second edition. In 1876 he published "Memorials of St Michael's, the Old Parish Churchyard of Dumfries," a work of great interest. The subject is thus explained in the preface:—"Undeniably, St Michael's Churchyard is in many respects unique: it is very often spoken of as without a parallel anywhere; and this much at all events may safely be said, that few provincial burial places throughout the United Kingdom can compete with it in antiquity or extent. In one respect it stands alone, presenting an attraction with which no other cemetery throughout the world can vie—in possessing the dust of Robert Burns, and the noble mausoleum raised over it as a tardy tribute to his genius."

It is of Mr M'Dowall as a poet, however, that we have mainly to speak, and it does seem surprising that one who can sing with such truth, power, and beauty should have laid his harp almost wholly aside for well-nigh forty years. Such a thing is quite common, and is not at all surprising, in those who are merely mechanical verse-makers, and who by dint of sore labour succeed in hammering hard, dry prose into the mere form of poetry; but for a poet who could write "The Man of the Woods," and "The Nithsdale Martyrs," every line of which is fresh as the dews of Parnassus, and natural and delightful as the song of the lark above the green hillside, and whose prose writings, moreover, give the clearest evidence that the poetic dew of his youth is still upon him, to turn away from the Muses, who once loved him so much, and inspired him to sing so well, is a source of deep regret.

I WILL HAVE MERCY AND NOT SACRIFICE.

Ye call me great, and good, and just,
The needy's stay, and the stranger's trust;
Ye name my name in your place of prayer,
And speak of my loving-kindness there;
Your hands are spread to my holy throne,
Your lips make music for Me alone,
And your songs below are like those above,
And their mutual theme is the God of love.
But my ear is filled with another strain—
'Tis the piercing plaint of unheeded pain—
The deep, dread tones of a Nation's wail,
As the hearts of her strong men faint and fail:
It has stilled the singing seraph's lyre,
It is louder far than the loftiest choir;
It has risen first to the golden gate,
And pleads like a claimant that will not wait;
And shall not I in my strength arise,
And avenge me on all who the claim despise?

Ye hear it not, or ye give no heed;
In vain, with you, do the people plead.
As your high hearts spurn their lowly suit,
As your ears are deaf—let your lips be mute—
For your pæan of praise I cannot bear,
And my spirit contemns your solemn prayer.
Your homage is hollow, your worship naught,
The incense with odour is all unfraught—
Unleavened by love, such gifts I scorn:
Ye mind not your brethren's case forlorn.

Once in the lapse of ages past,
My people were held in fetters fast,
In a land of drought and the shadow of death,
Where they spent for others their sweat and breath
But they prayed to me in the starless night,
And I heard and pitied their dismal plight;
My hand the tyrant-troubler smote,
And for them a great deliverance wrought,
Till the people's rightful cause prevailed,
And I was the Lord of their freedom hailed.

Ye read and admire my grace displayed,
As I gave these trampled bondsmen aid;
Their deeds your Sabbath-songs employ,
And you share in their jubilee of joy;
In praise of freedom's fight and gain,
Whilst slavery girdles your own domain,
And brands with its bliss-dispelling shade
Your fellow-men, in my image made;
Though its withering blight on thousands fall,
Though its banner of dread is their burial-pall;
Though its cords are crushing my children dear
Till life is stayed in its young career,

And the gladsome land which my sweet showers
lave,
Yields little to them save a birth and a grave ;
How are they fallen from their high estate !
How do their tyrants exult in the gate !
How is the blaze of their glory dimmed !
How is the cup of their bitterness brimmed !
Blasted and dry are their channels of bliss,
But ye heedless pass by, and think nothing of
this ;
Enough that you "Abba Father," cry—
Whilst the "people's poor ones" pine and die ;
But their blood I shall yet at your hands require,
When I rise in the day of my terrible ire.

THE NITHSDALE MARTYRS.

Wax frail and crumble into dust
Each fretted tomb and storied bust ;
Memorials of the perished proud
Be your infirm foundations bowed ;
Let shattered shaft and plumeless crest
Time's desolating march attest ;
The gilded scroll, the blazing urn
To blank and voiceless stone return ;
That truncheon to the earth be thrown,
Its severed sand like ashes strewn,
That diadem to darkness cast ;
Its emblematic glory past :—
Let these memorials, one and all,
In unrecorded ruin fall ;
Yea, let the poet's lofty shrine
Its laurelled garniture resign,
And sink, with dark oblivion hid ;—
But spare this rude grey pyramid !
Time ! take the rest, without a tear,
But turn aside, nor trample here.
Though well the chisel and the lyre
To consecrate the dead conspire,
And hearts beloved are hushed below,
Who merit all that these bestow ;
Yet if thy path must needs be traced
By mouldering shrines and tombs defaced—
If these, which Art has called her own,
But form a footstool for thy throne,
To tremble 'neath thy tireless tread,
Then mingle with the insulted dead ;
If thou canst not thy foot refrain ;
Take these proud piles which crowd the plain ;
But, as thou wouldst a blessing earn,
Spare, spare, the martyrs' humble cairn !—
Memorial of that doughty band
Whose blood so often dyed the land—

Of those who trod a toilsome path,
Thorn-planted by the tyrants' wrath—
Who nobly braved contempt and shame,
Contending for Messiah's claim,
And, leagued in brotherhood and love,
For His crown-rights and covenant strove,
Witness ye hills that point to heaven,
How true the testimony given!
Witness, ye streams which calmly glide,
How fearfully their faith was tried!
Witness, thou vale of Nith so fair,
Their hours of weariness and care—
Their days of dread, and nights of pain,
When shelter there they sought in vain!
Thy dusty caves their shadows bent,
Thy craggy glens their foliage lent,
To clasp within their dim embrace
The remnant of that stricken race.
But cruel men have eagle eyes—
They pierced the folds, and found the prize,
They found them, with long watching tired,
But yet with deep devotion fired—
With haggard look and raiment torn—
With visage marred, and famine-worn,
How wasted now each stalwart frame,
But still their high resolve the same—
To worship, though the host said nay,
As conscience pointed out the way:
Their heart-strings held their birth-right fast,
It was life's dearest boon and last;
In its blest exercise they fell,
Sore smitten in the mountain dell,
'Mid taunt and scorn they died—they died—
By desert stream, and lone hillside.
And this grey pyramid was piled
To keep their memory undefiled,
That men unborn might understand
The claim of Scotland's martyr'd band.
Then spare these stones, thou spoiler, Time!
To touch them were presumptuous crime.

. . . . . .

MRS JESSIE J. SIMPSON WATSON.

FROM this poetess we have received several very pretty verse-pictures. Her songs are fresh, natural and cheery, while her descriptive poems possess much beauty of fancy, and her domestic pieces are tender and deeply loving. Mrs Watson was born on St Patrick's day, 1854, in the more mercantile than poetic town of Greenock. Her father is a miller, and she tells us that she "would not have changed the mill, of which I knew every cheek and crannie, for a palace." She thought in her early days that there could be no happiness anywhere like that which she found there. She had entered her 'teens before she began to embody in rhyme her thoughts about the mill and the millers. She thinks that any one would have been poetically inclined there. All around were sugar refineries, railways, boatbuilding yards, &c., and no wonder that the Muse turned aside from their din and bustle, and sought shelter beside the clatter of the mill. Does not the spirit of Poesy seem to haunt a mill, and any dusty miller may catch a glimpse of her if he keeps his eyes open? But now other cares engage her attention. She has a "fireside o' her ain." Yet although duty bids her *live* poetry, rather than write poetry, and although she very properly considers that a clean fireside and a happy home are the unwritten, yet grand and noble poems of daily life, she still can snatch a brief moment to dash off a beautiful poem or a cheerful song.

WE'RE A' WEEL AT HAME.

Wee messenger aneath whose seal sweet mysteries abide,
Wee trysting nook where hearts may meet tho' lips be sundered wide,
O' hie ye to yon distant shore, ayont the billow's faim,
An' whisper in my laddie's ear, we're a' weel at hame.

The bairnies, lad, are thrivin' weel, and glaikit aye wi' fun—
Wee Johnnie maist can stan' his lane, his mither's dautit son ;
An' Jamie wi' the towsie hair, sae steerin', aye the same ;
An' Wattie too, an' Bess and Kate—they're a' weel at hame.

Frae early dawn to late at e'en, they toddle but and ben,
An' leave fu' monie a neuk to tosh, and duddie goon to men' ;
But blythesome is the couthie heart that's warmed by love's sweet flame,
An' cantie is the mither's sang when a's weel at hame.

Brisk flee the tentie minutes by till gloamin' shadows fa',
An' here an' there are lyin' stool, an' doll, an' gird, an' ba' ;
Nae mair wee toshie feet to bathe, nor gowden locks to kame,
Ilk bonnie bairn is soun' asleep, an' a' weel at hame.

But laddie, laddie, wha can tell hoo sune the ruthless plou'
O' warld's carkin' care an' strife may scaith ilk sunny broo ;
O' wae if in the feckless race o' pleasure, gowd, an' fame,
They e'en forget the prayers they lisped when a' weel at hame.

O' still to guide ilk bairnie's fit may ae star glint aboon,
Till, 'mid the dreesome shades o' nicht life's glimmerin' sun gangs doon :
Till far ayont the dowie clouds o' wae, an' grief, an' shame,
An' safe within the pearly yetts we're a' weel at hame.

DUNE WI' TIME.

O dinna, dinna greet sae sair beside my deein' bed,
But raise me in your arms ance mair, an' haud my droopin' head
That I may see the bonnie wood an' hear the burnie's sang,
An' see the bonnie gownie braes that I hae speel'd sae lang.

The summer sun is sinkin' fast 'mang clouds o' gowden hue,
An' sune the sicht maun be the last that I maun ha'e o't noo ;
For, Bessie, Bessie, wha can tell ? e'er neist it lichts the glen,
This weary heart may bid fareweel to ilka throb o' pain.

I see my flocks on yonder brae, they wander by the burn,
An' watch for ane the lea-lang day wha'll never mair return ;
My kine are lowin' on the hills, my lambs are bleatin' sair,
They sadly miss the guidin' voice they noo maun hear nae mair.

Nae mair when twilicht glints the plain, my plaid aroun' me drawn,
I'll listen to the laverock's notes that echo o'er the lawn ;
Nae mair I'll wander in the wood when gloamin' shadows fa',
An' watch the bonnie siller moon an' warlds sae far awa'.

Adoon the brae the streamlet sweet 'll wimple late an' ear',
The trees that stan' aroun' its banks 'll blossom green an' fair ;
The yellow broom an' heather bell 'll crown the sunny brae,
An' there the happy bairns 'll pu' the bramble an' the slae.

Ah, Bessie, lass, it's hard to break the ties that bind me here—
To lea' ilk bonnie weel-kent haunt that we hae lo'ed sae dear ;
But oh ! it's harder far to pairt wi' you, my trusted frien'—
It seems to break my very heart, an' dims wi' tears my een.

It's hard to think a stranger lad maun fill my place to you—
That ane I lo'ed sae dearly ance a stranger lad will woo ;
But oh ! it maun be for the best—this sad an' waefu' doom—
That I, in life's sweet morning bricht, maun sink into the tomb.

For oh ! I'm sinkin', sinkin' fast ; the clammie han' o' death
Will triumph sune o'er this puir frame, an' stop my failin' breath.
Then, Bessie, gently lay me doon—ye ha'e been kind to me—
An' kiss me fondly on the broo ance mair before I dee.

Beside the burnie on the brae ye'll mak' my lowly grave,
Where birds may sing abune my head an' willow branches
wave ;
Beside the bonny mossy seat, where we were wont to bide,
The burn I lo'ed sae dearly ance will wimple by my side.

Oh ! dark, dark is the dreary bed beside the mountain stream,
An' dull, dull is the weary sleep that kens nae lichtsome dream.
But glintin' through the mists o' time a glorious land I see—
A world mair bricht than yonder sun noo greets my wonderin' e'e.

This world noo wadna win me back, though it may seem sae fair,
For, joy, eternal joy is mine, when I shall enter there.
Oh ! what for me is yon pale sun ? what earthly care an' strife ?
I'm dune, for ever dune wi' time—Life, life, eternal life !

COME WI' ME, BESSIE.

O come wi' me, Bessie,
My lo'esome wee lassie,
The sun's gowden beams are delayin' for thee ;
The minstrels are singin',
The woods are a' ringin',
O come to yon leaf-theekit bowrie wi' me.

Wee Robin sae fenny
Brings oot his ain Jenny
To listen his lyrics o' love in the glen ;
An' couthie an' cantie
Ilk bonnie blythe lintie
Beguiles his wee mate wi' his pawkie love strain.

Lown breezes are blawin',
Saft dew-blabs are fa'in',
Sweet flow'rets are bloomin' for you an' for me ;
The burnie is rinnin',
Sabbin' an' croonin',
Doon the green valleys awa' to the sea.

Frae 'neath ilk green bracken
The fairies are keekin'
To see the moon spiel o'er yon heathery brae ;
When we are a' sleepin'
Their tryst they are keepin'
Daffin' an' singin' till dawnin' o' day.

The curtains o' e'enin'
O'er yon hills are beamin',
The lamps o' the gloamin' are lichted aboon ;
Then come to yon bowrie
E'er dark winter scowrie
Has stown frae sweet simmer her braw bridal goon.

THOMAS BROWN,

THE proprietor of the extensive estates of Waterhaughs, and Lanfine, in the east of Ayrshire, was born early in the century. His college education was received, first at the University of Glasgow, and afterwards at Trinity College, Cambridge. He thereafter studied for the Bar at the Edinburgh University, being advised to do so by his uncle, Lord Jeffrey, renowned in law, literature, and politics. Al though Mr Brown became a member of the Scottish bar, he never, however, practised as an advocate, though there can hardly be a doubt that had he done so he would have shone in the profession, as, naturally, he was possessed of a clear understanding, and wit that was always ready at his will. His general knowledge was also broad and deep, while his taste was refined by large and well-directed reading, and by the companionship of the most cultured minds of the time. With William Makepeace Thackeray he was on intimate terms in his youth, and had penetration enough to

predict his future success as an author, before the world had perceived or acknowledged his high intellectual power.

Mr Brown, with his sisters, founded the Brown Institutes of Newmilns and Darvel, in which the instruction and entertainment of the villagers are wisely provided for. He died at Edinburgh on the 30th of January, 1873.

The delightful scenery which surrounded his country house, overlooking, as it does, the whole length of the river Irvine, from Loudon hill (with its ancient battle grounds and stirring historical associations) to the sea, with the blue peaks of Arran, far away in the western distance, rising high above the shining waters of the Firth of Clyde, could not fail to move his poetic sympathies. His tastes, however, were purely and severely classical; and so, when he did invoke the Muse, it was not to sing of Scottish scenes, but of great continental events and traditions, ancient as well as modern, such as "The Last Hours of Tiberius," "Margarita Pelagia," "The Legend of St Rosalie," "Catherine De Medici," and the like; while in strongly-drawn characters, but with finely-finished power, he portrayed in a tragedy the dark career of Borgia, that symbol of blackest vice and deepest infamy.

Although Mr Brown published nothing in book form during his life-time, yet it seemed as if he had intended to give his powerful tragedy to the world, for shortly before his death it was revised, and in a great measure re-written by him. We give two of his shorter poems, with the introductory notes by which they are preceded, and we may mention that the volume from which we quote, with a preface by his sister, was printed for private circulation in 1874.

MARGARITA PELEGA.

[In the fifth century, St Nonus preached at Antioch, in the open air, in front of the Church of St Julian the Martyr, from Mark xvi. 9. Margaret, a beautiful actress, interrupted the discourse, and insulted the preacher. She was, on the instant, converted, and was baptised by the name of Pelagia. She is the patron saint of penitents.]

St Nonus preach'd at Antioch, before St Julian's cell,
As the long shades of Easter eve in deepening twilight fell,
Like bees, on tower and city-wall, the clustering myriads hung,
To hear the Gospel of the Lord flow graceful from his tongue.

"Wake, sluggard men of Antioch, to tremble and to weep!
Is this a time for drowsy souls to slumber and to sleep?
Our text hath told how, like to you, enslaved by fiends unclean,
Your spell-bound, hell-bound sister writhed, the wretched Magdalene;

How, from her heart, at God's command, her sevenfold torments flew;
And now she pleads before His Throne, in angel theme for you.
The voice of mercy speaks by me, to warn you of your fate;
Unless you quicken and repent. It is not yet too late."—

The preacher paused, as through the crowd, advanced a lady fair;
The plume, the jewell'd wreath, adorn'd the tendrils of her hair;
On flowery robe, on sandal'd feet, were starlight jewels set;
On armlet, bracelet, golden zone and rubied carcanet.

There was a hum among the throng, a murmur and a stir.
"Let her come forward," Nonus said, "make way, make way for her."
Intruder on forbidden ground, she will not be controlled.
Alas! she sang a siren song. Was ever front so bold?

THE SONG.

The choral hymn, the cloister dim
For those who choose to sigh;
For me, for me, the vine-hung tree
Shall be my canopy.

Come, Hebe fair, with braided hair
And rosy cup of joy;
Come, Cupid, play thy roundelay,
My merry minstrel boy!

'Tis, Nonus, thine to mope and pine,
O'er tear-soil'd beads to moan.
Thy mitre's weight, thy staff of state,
To all are loathsome grown. . . .

"'Tis pity, daughter, that thy song abruptly thus is done.
Take breath, and end the canzonet thou hast so well begun.
Art thou a painted sepulchre, a mass of deadly sin—
All fresh and beautiful without, all rottenness within?

That soul of thine, that leprous thing which venal vice besmears—
It is not lost. It may be cleansed with penitential tears.
Hell hath its fiends, that cheat like thee, as specious and as vile;
And thou, with all thy craft, art snared by their alluring smile.

Like blessed Mary, let us pray that thou enfranchised art,
And wholesome flesh reanimate thy flinty rebel heart.
Tear, tear those tawdry trappings off. Unhappy woman throw
Down, to the dust, thy gewgaw gems, the types of shame and woe.

No, brethren, the All-gracious God, who made her form so fair,
Will not condemn her precious soul to sorrow and despair;"
'Tis done. The rescued penitent the contrite Margaret stands,
The tear-drop glistening on her cheek, she wrings her folded hands.

The glorious triumph is achieved, the sacrifice complete;
That night, attired in sackcloth weed, she knelt at Nonus' feet;
That night, her gorgeous ornaments were sold to feed the poor;
That night, she clipp'd her tresses close, and trod them on the floor;

That night, a Christian convertite, breathed her baptismal vow;
The tainted name of Margaret must ne'er be uttered now—
For Nonus spoke in joyful voice, "Henceforward shall she be
A fondled sheep within my fold, her name is Pelagie."

THE LEGEND OF ST ROSALIE.

[Rosalie was the niece of William the Good, who reigned in Sicily in the Pontificate of Celestine III. She mysteriously disappeared from a convent, where, though not a professed nun, she resided. Three hundred years afterwards, remains, believed to be hers, were found on Mount Pelegrino, near Palermo, of which city she is the patron saint. The scene is laid in the nunnery of Cefalu, on the northern coast of Sicily. Mon Gibello is the popular name of Etna.]

Softly ceased the vesper bell,
The anthem died away,
And Rosalie has sought her cell,
To watch, to weep, to pray.

She slept, she dreamt: Palermo's shore
All torchlit seem'd to be:
And galleys rode in triumph o'er
The blue Sicilian sea.

"By Rome's high Pontiff sent to thee,
This royal crown is thine;
He hails thee Heir of Sicily,
And Queen of Palestine.

"Wake, Princess, rise! relinquish all,
And quit this vestal shrine.
Should cloister'd Cefalu enthral
That captive soul of thine?"

And Baron bold and lady bright
Knelt; but they sued in vain.
"O why," she cried, "should fiends of night
Assume an angel strain?"

"Since thou wilt spurn our 'broider'd pall
Nor wear our proffer'd crown,
We bring a nobler coronal,
A fairer garland down.

"Agnese's faith, Lucia's fame,
Are poor compared with thine;
And brighter lamps than theirs shall flame
Around thy holier shrine.

Thy God inflicts no martyr's doom,
Exacts no life of pain"—
The dreamer cried, "Can fiends assume
An angel's rapturous strain?"

While solemn notes of music fell,
'Midst mystic radiance dim;
"Alas," she sigh'd, "that fiends of hell
Can mock an angel's hymn!"

"The Moor! the Moor! The spear, the sword,
The blazing torch they bring;
They spoil the altar of the Lord;
And basely slay the King:

"Beside him saintly Celestine
Lies pale and mangled there,
His heart's blood sprinkles Peter's shrine,
And stains the world's tiare."

"Earth reels and totters to and fro;
In sulphurous lighting blue
Gibello's fiery torrents flow
On shatter'd Cefalu."

"The Temple's veil is rent in twain,
Hell riots uncontroll'd;
The wolf, he has the shepherd slain,
And rages in the fold."

"Fly, while the way for flight is clear,
Ere sorcerous hordes pursue.
Away! there is no shelter here
In outraged Cefalu."

Softly chimed the matin bell;
She knelt not in the fane:
They searched the cloister and the cell
For Rosalie in vain.

Three hundred silent years came round;
The legend scarce was known;
When shepherds on the mountain found
A whiten'd skeleton.

They read, engraven on the rock,
O'ergrown with mosses grey,
"Oh, why should fiends of darkness mock
A seraph's holy lay?"

JOHN RAMSAY,

THE author of "Woodnotes of a Wanderer," and "Gleanings of the Gloamin'," was born at Kilmarnock, in 1802; and if "the genius of misfortune" did not preside at his birth it at least dogged his path through life. His parents were humble people, and though John was sent to school at the early age of five years, yet they were only able to keep him there long enough to enable him to read the Bible and "Barrie's Collection," "to write a little and cypher less." Even at that early age the poetic feeling grew upon him. At the age of ten he became draw-boy to his father, who was then a carpet-weaver. At the same time he commenced to instruct himself, and learned grammar and some Latin. He early began to write for the periodicals —first in an Ayr magazine, and afterwards in the *Edinburgh Literary Gazette*, of which the late Henry

Glassford Bell was then editor. After working as a carpet weaver for some time, he took a grocer's shop, but did not succeed; and, with the exception of a few years passed in Edinburgh, became a wanderer in the truest sense till the end of his days.

In 1836 he published his first volume of poetry, nearly the whole edition of 1000 copies having been subscribed for, and in 1839 he brought out a second and enlarged edition. In 1854 (through the influence of Mr Patrick Maxwell, of Edinburgh, author of a life of Miss Susanna Blamire, the charming Cumberland poetess, and himself a poet), Ramsay was appointed officer in that city to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, which four years afterwards he resigned on obtaining the situation of Superintendent of Slaughter-Houses there. After a service of eighteen months, he had to take again to wandering from city to city all over Scotland, England and Ireland, selling his works. In this way he had sold not fewer than 9000 copies of his "Woodnotes," and at least 3000 of his latest work, the "Gleanings." He told many strange tales of his adventures when so engaged, and of the men and women of note with whom he had met; and it is not without interest to the public to know that, having called upon Wordsworth only a year or two before that great poet's death, the venerable bard, while talking to him kindly of his poems and of his prospects, also gave him excellent moral and religious advice.

Ramsay died in Glasgow two years ago, and lies buried in the quiet country churchyard of Kilmaurs, only two miles from the place of his birth. Ramsay's poetry has very considerable strength, though but little lyrical fluency; and his later writings in no way surpassed, if, indeed, they equalled, the early utterances of his Muse.

TO THE "CUSHIE DOO."

Idol of my early days,
Come, O come thou in the rays
Youthful fancy round thee threw !
Be again my "cushie doo."
Never ! no, it cannot be ;
And the fault is all in me.
What a transport filled my breast
When I first beheld thy nest !
Flat it was, and hard and bare ;
Two white eggs were lying there,—
Worthless in reality,
Yet a treasure great to me ;
But a treasure greater still
When the brood was fledged, with bill
Smacking, and distended breast,
Up they rose to guard their nest,
And each wilful, struggling bird
To my bonnet was transferred.
Four long miles, with cranium bare,
On I trudged then, nor did care
If it shone, or rained, or blew,
There was but one point in view ;
Stopping oft to feast my eyes
On the panting hapless prize ;
Not a single thought to spare
For the stricken parent pair,
Making all the sylvan vale
Vocal with their plaintive tale.
Thus we are in every stage,
Selfish, whether youth or age,
Boyhood's happy moments flown,
In the woodland deep, alone,
Where I lov'd to sit, and be
Tranced with thy sad melody,
While the hare was flitting by,
And the redbreast, summer-sky,
Started at the pheasant's cry ;
Then the woodland old and grand
Was to me a spirit land,
Whence I dreams of bliss would see
Robed in immortality.
There the ivy flung its cloak
Richest round the aged oak ;
There the fox-glove stateliest grew ;
There the wild-rose freshest blew.
Such imagination's power
Was in youth's delightful hour.
I've heard in England's southern pale
The thrilling notes of nightingale ;
But in some native long-loved scene,
Where memory's favourites convene,
'Twere sweeter, though more bleak the view,
To hear thy strains, dear "cushie doo.'

THE WAIL OF THE DISCONSOLATE.

Oh ! loved and lamented, and though from this sphere
For ever departed, in memory still dear !
Yes, mind must relinquish her power to review
The past, when I think not, dear angels, of you.

So formed for to reap the enjoyments of life,
So furnished with parts to prevail in its strife,
And just in the dawning of manhood's glad day,
How saddening to think ye were summoned away.

That natures so earnest, so generous have been
The dupes of the false, and the prey of the mean,
Of malice and ignorant avarice made
The tools, and your lives were the price that you paid !

The voice of the comforter speaks but in vain,
Unwelcome, though friendship is heard in the strain,
And the scenes though in light and in beauty arrayed
Seem dark and unlovely through sorrow's deep shade.

Time was when from Nature sweet solace I drew,
And song was a source of delights ever new ;
But lost to the heart is their generous sway
Since my dear bonnie lads have been laid in the clay.

One hope still remains, but at times it appears
Like the vista of life in the valley of years,
Or moon of the midnight, whose shadowy form
Is struggling and trembling in gusts of the storm.

That hope is, when time and its trials are o'er,
To meet on a fairer, a happier shore :
But favourites of Heav'n are call'd earliest home—
In mercy removed from the evil to come.

O ! loved and lamented, and though from this sphere
For ever departed, in memory still near !
Yes, mind must relinquish her power to review
The past, when I think not, dear angels, of you.

WILLIAM C. CAMERON

AS a poet of singularly tender and melting pathos, and when his education and circumstances during the earlier part of his life are taken into account, one is struck with wonder at finding thoughts both forcible and eloquent which distinguish many of his compositions.

William C. Cameron was born in Dumbarton Castle in 1822—his father being then sergeant and for sometime schoolmaster in the 42nd regiment. On the elder Cameron receiving his discharge he returned to his native Dingwall, and dying soon after, he left his wife and three children to "fight for life." The mother was greatly respected, and was employed by the late Lady Seaforth, Brahan Castle, for whom she spun linen and did needlework. William was then employed as a message and stable-boy, for which in return he had his food, clothing, and education. At fourteen he became an apprentice shoemaker—a trade he never liked, although he manfully stuck to it, and completed his "time." On becoming journeyman he set out for the South, and after working in various places, he settled down in Glasgow. He married when he was scarcely twenty, was foreman for thirteen years in a large establishment, and then commenced business for himself in the classic Gallowgate, where he flourished for several years, until he met with reverses. After paying all just claims in full, he became again a servant. At present he in the employment of Messrs Menzies & Co., publishers, in their Glasgow branch. He is in his element amongst books instead of boots.

In 1875 he, under the patronage of Lady Campbell, of Garscube, issued a selection of his poems—"Light, Shade, and Toil." The volume was edited by Dr Walter C. Smith, who also prefaced the work

by a commendatory note, and it was heartily reviewed by the press—the *Quarterly Review* and the *Pall Mall Gazette*, in particular, spoke of the poems as breathing a very genuine poetic spirit. William Cameron has long been a contributor to the "Poet's Corner" both of our leading newspapers and magazines. A love of Nature in her quieter moods, and a heart alive to the sympathies and affections of friendship are their more marked characteristics. His poems are full of thought and feeling, felicity and imagery, and smoothness of versification. His verses on the joys and sorrows of children are tiny paintings that touch the heart. They are distinct from the gibberish that so often passes for nursery rhymes—showing *heart* and strength, goodness of soul, and much tenderness.

THE ANGEL IN THE CLOUD.

Heigh ho! my little Willie, my own sweet, bonnie boy,
Crowing like a bantam cock, in mirthfulness and joy;
What, I wonder, are the scenes, that greet your eagle eyes;
See you visions in the clouds, of loved ones in the skies?
Much I marvel if the shade of her who gave thee birth,
Comes to guard her boy again through this cold and sinful earth;
Ah! yes, nought else could light your eye, or make you crow so loud,
Save angels hovering o'er your head—the angel in the cloud.

Aye! dance away, my darling boy, in innocence and health,
Soon, soon, old Care, in stealth will come, to rob you of your wealth;
Ah! soon, too soon, this busy life will shade your polished brow,
And draw across your dimpled cheeks grief's heavy, iron plough;
Your pretty curls of yellow hair grow thin, and grey, and wan,
Your eyes turn dim with sorrow's tear, my bonnie, little man,
Your lisping words be changed to threats, your crowing to a cough,
And moans and sighs be heard instead of silvery, ringing laugh.

Still, little Willie, play away, youth is for sport and fun;
In me a father you'll aye find, and I in you a son:
So play away with bat and ball, with bool, and hoop, and top,
And skip like lambkin on the lea, sweet minative of hope.
I would not mar your happy hours, for miser's heaps of gold,
Nor would I cloud your sunny skies, for riches yet untold;
For God intended boys should play, and God delights to see
The rosy days of childhood spent in happiness and glee.

Be careful, little Willie, pet, the world has many wiles,
And many a hollow heart lies hid beneath the blandest smiles;
Be sure each step you take is firm, nor trust too much to man,
For help will only come to those who do the best they can:
The seeds you sow in youth will grow, and bring forth in due time
The blessed fruits of peace and joy, or sorrow, shame, and crime;
And, oh! the anguish that I'd feel to see my Willie's name
Disgraced—disowned, would break my heart, and fill my soul with shame.

Yet, Willie, why, why thus repine, 'tis yet the moon of life,
And brightly beams your morning sun—no harbinger of strife;
Effulgent be your march to noon, and cheerful be its ray,
And I will watch your glory spread for the sake of her away;
A fading flower, I'll gaze up to your splendour, love, and light,
My heart exulting in your strength, your manliness, and might,
And moon, and noon, and eventide, shall find me at my prayers,
Beseeching God to save you from youth's many siren snares.

Ah! yes, my wee, wee manikin, the "Benjie" of the flock,
I'll tend with a Jacob's care, my little crowing cock;
My arms shall shelter your fair head, my hand will dry your eyes;
And I will teach your dawning mind the language of the skies.
O! could I share your every woe, your every sorrow bear,
Remove each thorn from life's rough road, and drink your cup of care;
Assuage time's sea for your frail barque, and calm its murmurs loud,
In memory dear, of one who sleeps—the angel in the cloud.

"WEE RODDIE'S" GRAVE.

There is a little spot of earth—
A little bed of slumber blest!
The winter's blast—the summer's breath,
Unheeded pass, so sound's the rest
In "Roddie's" grave.

High o'er the narrow portals grow
The grass—the flowers kind Nature shed;
The daisies—like a quilt of snow
Are spread—for angels make the bed—
My "Roddie's" Bed!

The eye of day delights to come
And linger at his holy grave!
I watch the shadows on the tomb—
The flickering beams seem loath to leave
"Wee Roddie's" Grave.

Two golden Summer suns have shone—
Two merry Autumns full of joy—
Two weeping winters pass'd and gone—
Two merry Spring-times have passed by—
O'er "Roddie's" Grave—

Have passed, since he has sought that shore—
Life's certain—changeless—cloudless day,
Where peace and bliss are evermore—
The mansion bright whose only way
Is through the Grave.

No mocking marble o'er him weeps—
Deep, deep, indeed, his memory lives,
Within my heart his vigil keeps
A long, dark night:—my whole soul grieves
O'er "Roddie's" Grave.

I have a little plot of earth—
'Tis six feet long by three feet wide,
Nor miles of land have half the worth
Of that dear bed where rests my pride—
My "Roddie's" Grave.

Breathe, balmy winds, the trees among—
Spring—spring ye flowers he loved so well—
Sing, little birds, your sweetest song—
For wind, and flower, and bird all tell
Of "Roddie's" Grave.

THREE IN HEAVEN.

"Woman with the sable garment—
Woman with the moistened eye!
Why that sob, and weeping, wailing,
Why that heart-felt pensive sigh?
"O! my boy, so fair and rosy,
Is now dead," was the reply.

"He's not dead—dear mourning matron!
I had children same as thou—
Three on earth, and three in heaven.
Why should care-clouds shade my brow?
Gone before me to blest mansions,
Where methinks I see them now!"

Thus I heard two Rachel-mothers
Speaking of their loved ones gone;
Of their places ever vacant,
Places sacred—aye their own!
Now these mothers' eyes behold them,
Angels round their Father's throne.

"Gone before us"—words of beauty;
O! what scenes before me rise!
Pastures green, and streamlets gliding
Silver bright as sunny skies;
Mellow fruits and foliage leafy,
Glimpses bright as angel eyes.

"Three in heaven!" O, happy mother!
Safely housed from hurt and harm.
"Three in heaven!" no clear eye dimming,
Drooping head, nor wasting form.
"Three in heaven!"—nor tempest driven,
Securely sheltered from all storm.

"Three in heaven!" bliss coming nearer!
The dimly seen becoming bright!
"Still small voices" sounding clearer,
Sunlight gilding clouds of night;
Melting music—sweetest singing—
Faith and hope now lost in sight!

Wisely walk, thou angel-mother—
"Three in heaven" thy footsteps guide!
Three loved forms are ever bending,
Tending closely by thy side!
Keep thyself all free from earth-taint
Four shall soon in heaven abide!

SONNET—EVENING.

The Day is done, and Night is in her weeds,
Like matron mourning for her lord's demise;
And shining stars are beaming down like eyes
Of holy angels smiling from the skies,
And watching with a guardian care the deeds
Of mortals here below. The day is o'er—
The city hushed as distant thunder's roar—
Or as the waves of ocean in half rest—
Or like an infant on his mother's breast
Ere slumber seals his eyes! The hour for thought
Has come, and man now reads the heavens fraught
With poesy! 'Tis Night that gives the soul
Free scope to ruminate—to scan the scroll
The heavens contain—the wonders God has wrought.

DUNCAN M'NICOL,

CABMAN, and author of "Bute, and other Poems" (Glasgow: Aird & Coghill, 1879), was born near the village of Luss, Lochlomond, in 1851. His first experience of the world was when he was sent into Inchlonaig (Sir James Colquhoun's deer island) to teach the gamekeeper's children to read—the schoolmaster having recommended him as a boy qualified to teach others. He remained there for eighteen months, during which time he imparted to his scholars all the knowledge he was possessed of. This was when he was fourteen, and from that time till six years ago, his occupation consisted of gardening or any similar work that presented itself. Duncan is presently in the employment of a cab proprietor in Rothesay, where he is much respected.

Although he always *felt* that he could do a little to versifying, he, very wisely, did not write or offer anything for publication till five years ago. Since then he has been a frequent contributor to the local press. His descriptive poem on "Bute" is graphic, and shows much historical knowledge, and an intelligent appreciation of scenery. The prevading characteristic of his poems is a quaint mixture of pathos and humour, totally free, however, from everything approaching to grossness or vulgarity.

LOCHLOMOND.

'Twas in an auld biggin', wi' broom-theckit riggin',
That first on creation I clappit an e'e ;
Where frae their fountains on bonny blue mountains
The burnies ran lauchiu', Lochlomond, to thee.
Chorus.—They may sing o' green mountains an' clear sparklin' fountains,
Or boast o' fair waters ayont the blue sea ;
But they never, no, never, the union can sever,
That lies, peerless lake, 'twixt this bosom an' thee.

Oh! wasn't I happy when, a wee steerin' chappie,
I ran by thy shores a' the lang summer day,
When for bunches o' gowans, or hips, haws, and rowans,
I skipp'd o'er each meadow or whin-cover'd brae.
Chorus.—They may sing, etc.

Thae days lang hae vanish'd, but time hasna banish'd
The memory o' happy hours spent by thy side;
An' oft, when soft slumbers my spirit encumbers,
To thee, sweet Lochlomond, in fancy I glide.
Chorus.—They may sing, etc.

Fair, fair are thy islands, thou gem o' the Highlands,
Where wave the tall fir and the bonny yew tree,
An' the mild soughin' currents and wild foamy torrents
That rush to thy bosom mak' music to me.
Chorus.—They may sing, etc.

'Mid the loud din an' rattle o' life's feckless battle
My ance bosom-freens may frae memory dee;
But where'er I may wander I'll aye grow the fonder,
An' lovin'ly ponder, Lochlomond, on thee.
Chorus.—They may sing, etc.

FALLEN LEAVES.

As fiercely blows the wintry gale
O'er wood and lea, o'er hill and vale,
And whirls with melancholy wail
Around the eaves.
Fast flies the driving sleet and rain,
The branches creak in plaintive strain,
While on the highway and the plain
Lie fallen leaves.

No more does kindly nature bloom,
She scatters not her sweet perfume,
No more she o'er the lowly tomb
A garland weaves.
The hills are bleak, the forests bare,
Frost's icy breath has chilled the air,
And on the meadows once so fair
Lie fallen leaves.

The honeysuckle's scented flower
No longer decorates the bower,
But pall-like to the ruined tower
The ivy cleaves,
Where nature's gems of varied hue,
Each morn caressed by heaven's dew,
In wild but sweet profusion grew,
Lie fallen leaves.

The feathered tribes no longer sing,
To sheltered nooks they've taken wing,
There to abide till genial spring
The gloom relieves.
Till then they hover round the shed,
Till then on friendly crumbs they're fed,
Till then their heavenly notes are dead
As fallen leaves.

As fiercely blows life's blighting blast
With care our souls are overcast,
While silently, yet sure and fast,
Death binds his sheaves ;
And we frail creatures of a day,
Like flitting shadows pass away,
And fading, mingle with the clay,
Like fallen leaves.

TO AN OLD CLOCK.

All household gods their radiance cast,
O'er the long dead, yet living past,
Revealing each a volume vast,
Upon whose pages
We read, as in the days of yore
The ancients read from relics hoar,
The prized, although unwritten lore,
Of bygone days.

Quaint register of time, on thee
We thus the past in fancy see,
Chequered and varied, though it be
By joy and grief.
Oft at thee we've looked askance,
Oft cast on thee an angry glance,
Or hailed some happy hour's advance—
However brief.

When first with feeble exclamation
We swelled the records of creation,
What thou didst say on that occasion
Was duly noted.
While all unseen amid the mirth,
That echoed round the social hearth,
And welcomed sinful flesh to earth—
Fate's legions floated.

With joy thy visage has been scanned,
As merry wedding guests did stand,
Waiting the hour when heart and hand
Should be united.
While as the sacred deed was sealed,
And heart and voice to mirth did yield,
Grim Care, behind the scenes concealed,
His part recited.

The mother by her infant's bed
With aching heart thy face has read,
While pillowing that fevered head
She loved so dear.
With fluttering heart she's on thee glanced
As slowly midnight's hour advanced,
While fast her flitting fancies danced
'Twixt hope and fear.

Thy chimes have fallen sad and weird,
As death the aged Christian neared.
He's passed the common span of years
To mortals given.
"Tic, tic"—he's on the Jordan shore,
Another, and he's crossing o'er,
One little "tic"—but just one more—
He breathes in heaven.

SARAH PARKER DOUGLAS,

BETTER-KNOWN as "The Irish Girl," was born at Newry, Ireland, in 1824. When she was very young she came over with her parents to a brother then resident in Ayr. Little is known of her education, but as she could write grammatically, and even elegantly, both in prose and verse, it must have been a fairly good one. When about twenty she began to contribute poems to the local newspapers, particularly to the *Advertiser*; and in 1844 her verses on the Burns' Festival attracted the notice of a number of the literary celebrities who had come to Ayr on that great occasion. In 1846, through the kindness of Mr T. M. Gemmell, of the Ayr *Advertiser*, she was enabled to come before the world with a volume of poems, which bore the surprising and almost irreverent title of "The Opening of the Sixth Seal." She now became famous, and might have risen in

status as well as in literary renown, for the late Dr Hamilton, of Beechgrove, Mauchline, a landed gentleman of large and kind heart, took her into his family, to have her fully educated and brought under the influence of the best moral, intellectual, and religious training. Such a course, and the beautiful rural retreat, and the pure moral atmosphere, however, did not suit her tastes, and she latterly left altogether. Being enabled, however, to bring out a second, and then a third and a fourth edition of her works, with some new poems always added, she lived on the sale of these, until she married a sort of "hedge" schoolmaster, a Dougal Douglas, who, for a short time, taught the country school of Drumclog, in Avondale. Leaving this situation, the husband, who had a paralytic arm, went about the country selling the works of his wife. She also contributed several prose tales, of some merit, to the newspapers. Latterly, she lived with a sister in a lowly and poor abode in Glasgow. Her husband, who had become a helpless and a hopeless paralytic, died in the hospital at Ayr, while she too was dying, an utterly broken-hearted wreck, blaming the world for its neglect. In this present year (1881) she died in Glasgow, amid poverty, and beneath a mental gloom and depression which it is distressing in the extreme to contemplate.

Her writings show high moral purity and beauty, and are remarkable for their freshness, vigour, fine lyrical flow, as well as clear and penetrating knowledge of human nature; while the lofty claims, and the crowning importance of religion are fully recognised. And while her chequered life will ever be traced with pain, her poems will always be perused with pleasure and surprise.

THE STREAM OF LIFE.

Life's infant stream, how calm and fair
  And beautiful it lies,
Its silvery surf reflecting clear
  Young morning's cloudless skies !
How smooth our little bark glides on
  Upon the sunny stream—
How every thing we gaze upon
  Looks bright as poet's dream !

Unruffled by one breeze of care
  The waters onward glide,
Unbittered by one woe-fraught tear,
  Flows on the lucid tide ;
Or if a tear should chance to fall
  In childish sorrowing,
'Tis lighter than the dewy pearl
  Shook from the skylark's wing.

And oh ! what sweet and gladsome bowers
  The sunny banks adorn—
We reach and pluck the fadeless flowers,
  That bloom without a thorn ;
With bounding heart we rapturous drink
  From young joy's guileless spring,
Nor ever in that bright hour think
  What sorrows yet shall ring

The heart, round which dance dreamy things,
  Bright as the golden beam,
The orb of day effulgent flings
  Upon the silvery stream.
On, onward by the current borne,
  We reach the stream of youth ;
We fancy, as in life's young morn,
  All innocence and truth ;

We see the flowers we loved so much,
  And try to catch the joy ;
We, passing, grasp—but at our touch
  The transient glories die.
Now fancy's rainbow tints portray
  Our path along the wave
All sunshine, and the colours gay
  Hide far the distant grave.

The stream is deeper, wider now,
  And fitful gales arise ;
Deep whirlpools grumble far below,
  And darker seem the skies.
We're launched on manhood's watery waste—
  We drink of manhood's cup—
'Tis gall, and acid to the taste—
  Ah ! where's the honied drop ?

Hope, like a phantom, but allures
Our way from wave to wave,
With joys that never can be ours
This side the darksome grave.
As little wanton schoolboys try
Their shadows to out-run,
So we pursue the fleeting joy,
And end as we begun.

Then back through disappointment's tears,
On our past scenes we gaze :
There, in the vale of other years,
The stream of early days,
Bright as the azure vault above,
In hallowed glory lies :
Oh ! all seems happiness and love
'Neath young life's sunny skies.

SPEAK GENTLY OF THE DEAD.

The dead—nay, mention not the dead,
Thy silence now they claim ;
Wherefore select the low-laid head,
If slander be the theme ?

Have they no virtues to record ?
Then let their vices lie ;
If from the upright path they err'd
Who says—"So have not I ?"

The dead—the lost—whate'er their fault
May've been in life, there's some,
Some who, with heart all sorrow—fraught,
Bewail their lonely home ;

Some who have miss'd them from their hearth,
And could with tears reveal
Such virtues of the "laid in earth,"
As purest bosoms feel.

But be it as it may—'tis not
For us to wound their fame,
And hold to view each tarnish'd spot
Once flung upon their name—

Perhaps by envy—for there are
Tongues that, with scorpian cling,
Lay venom'd hold on character,
E'en till they lose their sting.

But ah ! they might in pity spare
The sleepers 'neath the sod ;
E'en though their hearts were prone to err,
Their gracious judge is God.