

Tenth Series.

MODERN SCOTTISH POETS

WITH BIOGRAPHICAL AND  
CRITICAL NOTICES.



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## INTRODUCTORY NOTE.



**W**E have pleasure in announcing that, after not a little effort and correspondence, we have been privileged to give in this series of "Modern Scottish Poets" a number of valuable biographical sketches of popular authors, who have not, however, been hitherto known as poets. Here, also, will be found many less known present-day "makkars" who have written with much sweetness, pathos, and power.

The great dead counsellor, who lies among his humble kinsfolk in the churchyard of Ecclefechan, gives perhaps the best definition of the nature and purpose of poetry, and the mission and character of the poet, when he says: "Poetry, were it the rudest, so it be sincere, is the attempt which man makes to render his existence harmonious. It may be called the music of his whole manner of being; and, historically considered, is the test how far the feeling of love, of beauty and dignity, could be elicited from that peculiar situation of his, and from the views he there had of life and nature, of the universe, internal and external."

This "sincerity" spoken of by Carlyle is always found in the humble bard, and with it is often united "verbal melodies" and "rhythmic dexterities," and

other artistic forms. [It is customary for some who like to speak of poetry, but who seldom read it, to say that all the poets living in Scotland since 1800, and writing anything in the Scottish dialect, have simply been, more or less, distant imitators of Burns. Not to speak of Hogg, Tannahill, Motherwell, Nicol, and others, we have certainly been able to show that this is unjust to our modern poets, many of whom, but for the good work done by the editors of "Whistle-binkie," "The Scottish Minstrel," "The Poets and Poetry of Scotland," and by our own humble efforts, would not have deemed themselves worthy to be reckoned as even the least among poets. These writers prove that our "mither tongue" is not yet a dead language, and that it speaks from the heart to the heart, even at a time when poetic *method* appears by not a few to be ranked as of greater importance than *substance*.

Nearly one hundred years ago—and we are almost ashamed to own it—one of our own townsmen, a learned and talented medical gentleman, who was widely known as an author of translations of the works of "Callimachus" from Greek into English verse, and "Pædotrophia" from the Latin, spoke of the "childish method of clipping words" by leaving out the final letter in *ing*. He farther asserted that—

" . . . Many poets in harsh language write,  
 When they, with ease, might sweeter songs indite.  
 What bard, aspiring to immortal fame,  
 That future ages might preserve his name,  
 T' express poetic thoughts has ever chose  
 A tongue, in which none try to write in prose ;  
 A language neyer to perfection brought,  
 And out of use, and almost out of thought ?  
 'Tis true the Gentle Shepherd charms the ear,  
 And all his artless lays delighted hear ;  
 But whence has this superior pleasure sprung,  
 Save chief from lines that mark the English tongue ?"

The Scottish dialect is still known, and is still spoken and written in all its expressive purity and touching tenderness. Only recently we heard of the following death-bed utterances of an old woman who lived in a northern county. Asked if she had no fear at all in crossing Jordan?—"No," she made answer, "what should I be fear'd for, when I see Him wha is the Life and the Resurrection on the ither side? His word drives awa' a' the mists. I'm just like a bairn that's been awa' on the fields pu'in' flowers, an' I maun confess whiles chasin' butterflies; an' noo, when the sun's fa'en, I'm gaun toddlin' hame. I've a wee bit burnie to cross; but, man, there's the stappin' stanes o' His promises, an' wi' my feet firm on them, I've nae cause to fear." "Toddlin' Hame!" Is not this a beautiful text, enough to inspire the imagination of some of our poets? The Scottish language, so simple, touching, and pawky, lends itself so naturally to song that the feelings of the illiterate as well as of the educated seem to flow more copiously into lyrical expression than is the case in other countries. We give many bright examples of the fact that the "Doric phrase" is still known. As its "hamely worth and couthie speech" is endeared by many kindly associations of the past, and by many beauties and poetical graces of its own, and as our songs are said to be the richest gems in Scotia's literary diadem, let every true son of Scotland cherish and defend the brave words of the late Janet Hamilton—

"Na, na, I winna pairt wi' that,  
 I downa gi'e it up;  
 O' Scotlan's hamely mither tongue  
 I canna quat the grup.  
 It's 'bedded in my very heart,  
 Ye needna rive an' rug;  
 It's in my e'e an' on my tongue,  
 An' singin' in my lug.



For, oh, the meltin' Doric lay,  
 In cot or clachan sung,  
 The words that drap like hinny dew  
 Frae mither Scotia's tongue,  
 Ha'e power to thrill the youthfu' heart  
 An' fire the patriot's min' ;  
 To saften grief in ilka form,  
 It comes to human kin'.  
 My mither, tho' the snaws o' eld  
 Are on my pow an' thine,  
 My heart is leal to thee as in  
 The days o' auld langsyne."

The themes of our poets are manifold, and this is proved by a glance at the contents of each of our volumes. In the factory, the workshop, the warehouse, the office, and the study, pictures of childhood's happy days in country districts, and of rural scenes and village life, are drawn as vividly as if on canvas. We have the cluster of theeket biggins and kailyards ; the farm-toon, with its horses, cows, sheep, and swine ; cackling hens picking in the cornyard, or flapping their wings in the dusty loan ; noisy ducks spluttering about the mill dam ; the kitchen lass milking the kye, and the herd loon driving them to the park, and many other simple and peaceful scenes. But of this more hereafter. We have already written five or six "prefaces," and we hope to make *a big one at the end*.

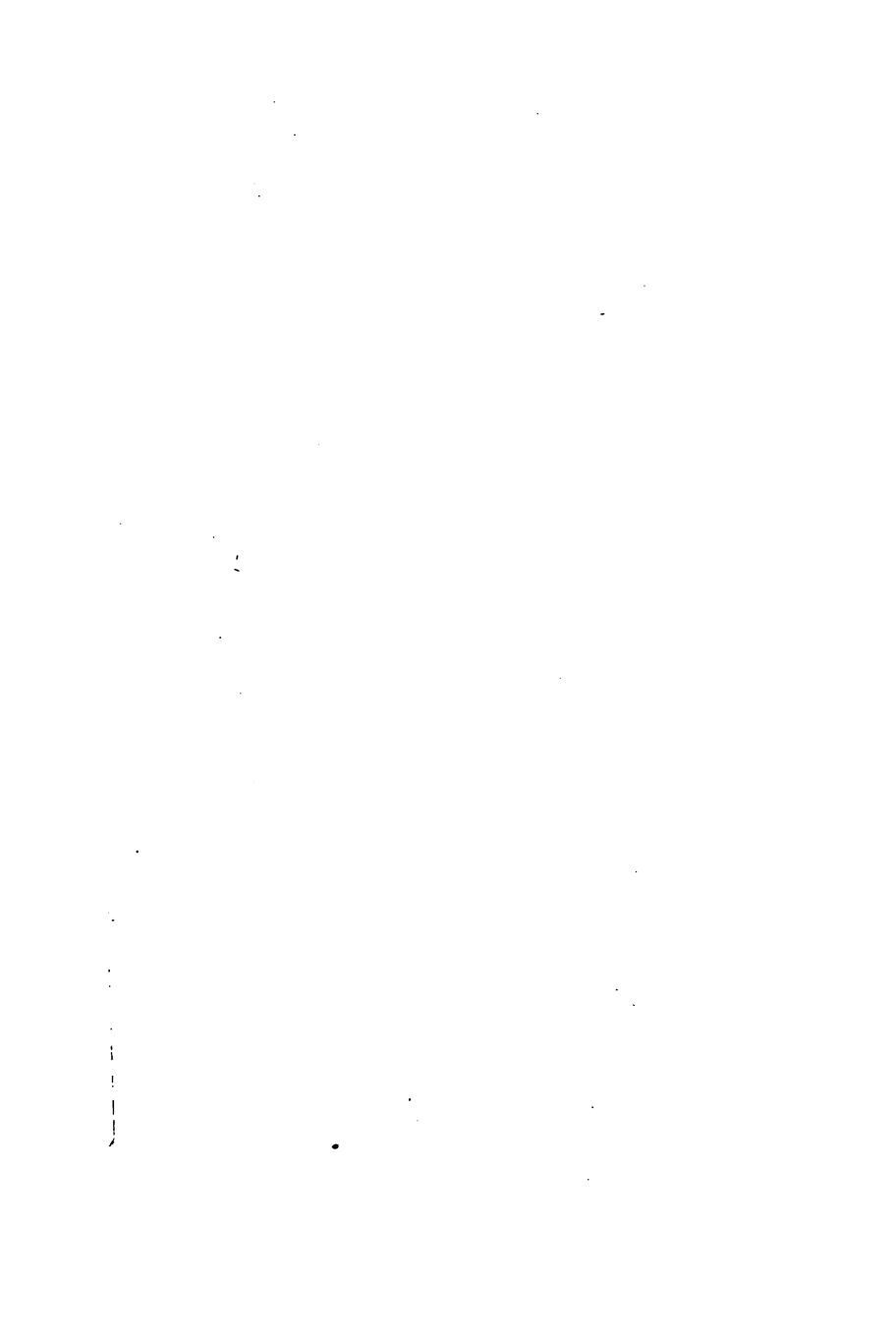
One of our critics says :—" Each Series has begotten its successor, until the present issue is the Ninth, or one for each of the Nine Muses. There is no reason why the number should not stretch out to ten, to correspond with the Ten Tribes, or to a dozen, and thus make a poetic zodiac." Well, there are many with whom we have been in communication whose productions we have been unable to include in this volume, as well as a few worthy poets suggested by friends, particulars of whose careers, with selections of their poetry, could not fail to be interesting. To bring

these to light, and get materials for biographical notices, would entail much research and laborious effort, but the result would be one of lasting value. We are prepared to make the attempt. Our plan is to complete the work in twelve volumes, the last volume to contain an exhaustive article on the subject of Modern Scottish Poets and Poetry, and some remarks on our experiences connected with the work during these eight years, together with a general index and a selection of "vagrant" gems that we have been unable to present to our readers with any particulars of the authors. These fugitive, unclaimed pieces ought to be preserved, and would doubtless be prized by many. We shall feel greatly encouraged to proceed in bringing to a conclusion our labours in this department of literature if former subscribers and friends, while ordering the Eleventh Series, would intimate their wish to have the remaining volume, which we hope to be able to bring out during the year 1888.

D. H. EDWARDS.

*Advertiser Office,  
BRECHIN, August, 1887.*







## MODERN SCOTTISH POETS.



### WILLIAM BLACK.

**W**ILLIAM BLACK! A name that is a spell, and "starts a spirit"—a master of Fiction! Is he amongst poets? We can imagine not a few of our readers exclaiming—"Has he, too, written in 'measured lines.'" He is known throughout the world as a great novelist, and we have brought him here as a true lyric poet. In doing so we would state that, while some speak of literature as merely supplying *ornament* to thought, we think the proper view is to consider it as presenting the *ideals*, and not the *dresses* of things—as developing throughout its domain the essence and form of beauty from the inner law of universal life. It makes truth issue from the soul of man in communion with Nature, and not from the surface of Nature alone. Such an origin fills truth with life, and gives it loveliness. Science has therefore been justly styled the anatomy of truth, philosophy its pervading spirit, and literature, uniting the two, converts the former into a beautiful incarnation of the latter. We thus assert the supremacy of literature, and claim as due to its proper cultivators the highest honours. And in the rich garland of Scotland's authors, recent and living, who have combined poetry with their prose writings, few have had or possess a

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better appreciation of what their work should be than William Black. In saying so, we do not forget such names as Scott, Wilson, Hogg, Cunningham, Buchanan, Macdonald, Aird, "Delta," and others we might name, who have wedded the story-writer to the poet—who, though holding in their hands fragrant garlands of English Literature, with all its varied blossoms and fruits, have not thought it beneath them to cherish the simple flowers with which native poetic genius has bound Auld Scotia's brow.

With the exception of Scott, perhaps no one of those mentioned has been more sedulous in his labours, or popularly successful than Mr Black. Most of his descriptions, sketches, and reflections are studies—elaborate pictures of nature and humanity—whereas the productions of not a few present-day authors are but momentary entertainments.

William Black is still in the vigour of life, his later productions giving evidence of unabated powers, and the promise of maintaining his supremacy, and the magical glow of his creations. Born in Glasgow in 1841, and educated at various private schools, he early evinced a warm love for botany, and became a close and intelligent observer of Nature. Like many of our poets, he, while yet a mere lad, manifested a taste for art, and studied at the Glasgow School of Art. He began his literary career on the staff of the *Glasgow Citizen*, and at the age of twenty-three removed to London, where he became connected with various metropolitan magazines, and, amongst other literary work, wrote a series of critical papers on Ruskin, Carlyle, Kingsley, and others. In 1866, having some months previously joined the literary staff of the *Morning Star*, he was sent as its special correspondent to the seat of the Franco-German War, where he made good use of his opportunities, and *proved himself* a keen observer, and a brilliant

correspondent. On his return from the seat of war he wrote his first novel, "In Silk Attire," and soon after became editor of the *London Review*. Having subsequently occupied the position of assistant editor of the *Daily News* for about four years, he, in 1875, relinquished journalism, and devoted himself to fiction. Mr Black generally spends the winter months at Brighton, where his family reside, but in the summer and autumn he delights to roam or sail amongst the Western Highlands and Islands of Scotland. Lithe of limb, and strong of arm, our novelist and poet is fond of out-door exercise and sports, and is occasionally to be found sketching some romantically-situated old castle, lonely shieling, or picturesque "bits" by a Highland lake.

Mr Black has written considerably over twenty novels. Perhaps the best-known of these are "A Daughter of Heth," "Macleod of Dare," "A Princess of Thule," and "Sunrise." We do not think any living writer has had a larger or more constant audience, and none affords a clearer proof that in order to be popular, it is not necessary to be merely sensational. The atmosphere is ever one of refinement. In his descriptions of scenery in "White Heather,"—one of his most recent works—we have all the freshness of the hills and the lochs of the Highlands, the witchery that lies in the pictures of heather bloom, the cloud shadows flying over the hill-sides, and the gleaming loch and silver stream. No writer equals him in the art of presenting a landscape to the eye of his reader. Nothing is left for the imagination to supply. The shadow of a hawk on the hillside, the advancing ripple of the sea when a faint breeze comes with the close of a day of calm, are painted with the same elaboration as the mighty headlands of the Hebrides or the vast undulations of the moors, and his people seem actually to grow out of their surroundings. One of his critics

has styled him a prose-poet—"in a sentence or two he comprises a lyric or a sonnet; and his descriptions prove him to possess the eye of a painter. The verses we quote are from "The Wise Women of Inverness," which we are enabled to give by the kind permission of the author and his publishers, Messrs Macmillan & Co. They are from "Rhymes by a Deerstalker," chiefly reprinted from "White Heather." We cannot but regret that Mr Black's literary occupations have as yet allowed him but little leisure to devote to the service of the Muses, but the following, like the widow's mite, cannot but be prized by all Scotchmen, and read with peculiar interest.

#### ACROSS THE SEA.

In Nova Scotia's clime they've met,  
To keep the New Year's night;  
The merry lads and lasses crowd  
Around the blazing light.

But father and mother sit withdrawn  
To let their fancies flee  
To the old, old time, and the old, old home  
That's far across the sea.

And what strange sights and scenes are these  
That sadden their shaded eyes?  
Is it only thus they can see again  
The land of the Mackays?

O there the red deer roam at will;  
And the grouse whirr on the wing;  
And the curlew call and the ptarmigan  
Drink at the mountain spring;

And the hares lie snug on the hillside;  
And the lusty black-cock crows;  
But the river the children used to love  
Through an empty valley flows.

Do they see once more a young lad wait  
To shelter with his plaid,  
When she steals to him in the gathering dusk,  
*His gentle Highland maid?*

Do they hear the pipes at the weddings ;  
 Or the low, sad funeral wail  
 As the boat goes out to the island,  
 And the pibroch tells its tale ?

O fair is Naver's strath, and fair  
 The strath that Mudal laves ;  
 And dear the haunts of our childhood,  
 And dear the old folks' graves ;

And the parting from one's native land  
 Is a sorrow hard to dree :  
 God's forgiveness to them that drove us  
 So far across the sea !

And is bonnie Strath-Naver shining,  
 As it shone in the bygone years ?  
 As it shines for us now—ay, ever—  
 Though our eyes are blind with tears !

O JOHNNIE, LEAVE THE LASS ALANE.

O Johnnie, leave the lass alane ;  
 Her mother has but that one wean ;  
 For a' the others have been ta'en,  
 As weel ye ken, Johnnie.

'Tis true her bonnie een would rive  
 The heart o' any man alive ;  
 And in the husry she would thrive,  
 I grant ye that, Johnnie.

But wad ye tak' awa' the lass,  
 I tell ye what would come to pass,  
 The mother soon wad hae the grass  
 Boon her auld head, Johnnie.

They've got a cow, and bit o' land  
 That we'll would bear another hand ;  
 Come down frae Tongue, and tak' your stand  
 On Kinloch's side, Johnnie !

Ye'd herd a bit, and work the farm,  
 And keep the widow-wife frae harm ;  
 And wha would keep ye snug and warm  
 In winter time, Johnnie ?

The lass hersel'—that I'll be sworn !  
 And bonnier creature ne'er was born :



Come down the strath the morrow's morn,  
Your best foot first, Johnnie !

#### K I N G D E A T H .

King Death came striding along the road,  
And he laughed aloud to see  
How every rich man's mother's son  
Would take to his heels and flee.

Duke, lord, or merchant, off they skipped,  
Whenever that he drew near ;  
And they dropped their guineas as wild they ran,  
And their faces were white with fear.

But the poor folk labouring in the fields,  
Watched him as he passed by ;  
And they took to their spades and mattocks again,  
And turned to their work with a sigh.

Then farther along the road he saw  
An old man sitting alone ;  
His head lay heavy upon his hands,  
And sorrowful was his moan.

Old age had shrivelled and bent his frame ;  
Age and hard work together  
Had scattered his locks and bleared his eyes—  
Age and the winter weather.

Old man, said Death, do you tremble to know  
That now you are near the end ?  
The old man looked : You are Death, said he,  
And at last I've found a friend.

#### T O H I S T E R R I E R .

Auld, gray, and grizzled ; yellow een :  
A nose as brown's a berry ;  
A wit as sharp as ony preen—  
That's my wee chieftian Harry.

Lord sakes !—the courage of the man !  
The biggest barn-yard ratten,  
He'll snip him by the neck, o'er-han',  
As he the deil had gatten.

And when his master's work on hand,  
There's none maun come anear him ;

The biggest Duke in all Scotland,  
My Harry's teeth would fear him.

But ordinar' wise-like fowl or freen,  
He's harmless as a kitten ;  
As soon he'd think o' worryin'  
A hennie when she's sittin'.

But Harry, lad, ye're growin' auld ;  
Your days are getting fewer ;  
And maybe Heaven has made a fauld  
For such wee things as you are.

And what strange kintra will that be ?  
And will they fill your coggies ?  
And whatna strange folk there will see  
There's water for the doggies ?

BY ISLAY'S SHORES.

By Islay's shores she sate and sang :  
" O winds come blowing o'er the sea,  
And bring me back my love again  
That went to fight in Germanie ! "

And all the live-long day she sang,  
And nursed the bairn upon her knee :  
" Balou, balou, my bonnie bairn,  
Thy father's far in Germanie,

" But ere the summer days are gane,  
And winter blackens bush and tree,  
Thy father will be welcome hame  
Frae the red wars in Germanie."

O dark the night fell, dark and mirk :  
A wraith stood by her icily :  
" Dear wife, I'll never more win hame,  
For I am slain in Germanie.

" On Minden's field I'm lying stark,  
And Heaven is now my far countrie ;  
Farewell, dear wife, farewell, farewell,  
I'll ne'er win hame frae Germanie."

And all the year she came and went,  
And wandered wild frae sea to sea :  
" O neighbours, is he ne'er come back,  
My love that went to Germanie ? "

Port Ellen saw her many a time ;  
 Round by Port Askaig wandered she :  
 " Where is the ship that's sailing in  
 With my dear love frae Germanie ? "

But when the darkened winter fell :  
 " It's cold for baith my bairn and me ;  
 Let me lie down and rest awhile :  
 My love's away frae Germanie.

" O far away and away he dwells ;  
 High Heaven is now his fair countrie ;  
 And there he stands—with arms outstretched—  
 To welcome hame my bairn and me !

#### A FLOWER-AUCTION.

Who will buy pansies ?  
 There are her eyes,  
 Dew soft and tender,  
 Love in them lies.

Who will buy roses ?  
 There are her lips,  
 And there is the nectar  
 That Cupidon sips.

Who will buy lilies ?  
 There are her cheeks,  
 And there the shy blushing  
 That maidhood bespeaks.

Meenie, Love Meenie,  
 What must one pay ?  
 Good stranger, the market's  
 Not open to-day !

#### SHOUTHER TO SHOUTHER.

From Hudson's Bay to the Rio Grand'  
 The Scot is ever a rover ;  
 In New South Wales and in Newfoundland,  
 And all the wide world over.  
*Chorus*—But its shouter to shouter, my bonnie lads,  
 And let every Scot be a brither ;  
 And we'll work as we can, and we'll win if we can  
 For the sake of our auld Scotch mither.

She's a puir auld wife, wi' little to give,  
*And rather stint o' caressing ;*

But she's shown us how honest lives we may live,  
And sent us out wi' her blessing.

*Chorus*—And its shouther to shouther, etc.

Her land's no rich ; and her crops are slim ;  
And I winna say much for the weather ;  
But she's given us legs that can gaily clim'  
Up the slopes of the blossoming heather.

*Chorus*—And it's shouther to shouther, etc.

And she's given us hearts that, whate'er they say  
(And I trow we might be better),

There's one sair fault they never will hae—

Our mither, we'll never forget her !

*Chorus*—And it's shouther to shouther, etc.

#### ADAM O' FINTRY.

“O Mother, mother, steik the door,  
And hap me in my bed :  
O what is the ringing in that kirk-tower ?”  
“It's Adam o' Fintry's wed.”

“It's Adam o' Fintry was my love  
When the spring was on the lea ;  
It's Adam o' Fintry was my love  
When the leaf fell frae the tree.

“O mother, mother, steik the door  
And make the window fast ;  
And wrap the sheet around my een  
Till a' the folk be past.

“And smiles he on the bonny bride ?  
And she is jimp and fair ?  
And make they for the castle-towers  
Upon the banks of Ayr ?

“O what is this, mother, I hear ?  
The bell goes slower and slow ;  
And are they making ready now  
For the dark way I maun go ?

“You'll lay me out upon the bed,  
In a fair white linen sheet ;  
With candles burning at my heid,  
And at my cauld, cauld feet ;

“But, mother, bid them ring low and low  
Upon the morrow's morn ;  
For I wouldna that Fintry heard the bell  
When to the kirk I'm borne.”

## DANIEL MACPHERSON.

OUR readers will long ere now have observed that the Caledonian Muse has from time to time shown decided partiality for certain localities and subjects of her realm. Ayr can boast her best and immortal love favours, but Clan Vourich of Badenoch won her earliest and latest blessing. Ossian wooed the divine maid by proxy of James Macpherson, as honest John Alden represented the Puritan captain, Miles Standish, and with similar results—

“ He warmed and glowed in his simple and eloquent language,  
Quite forgetful of self, and full of the praise of his rival,  
Archly the maiden smiled, and with eyes over-running with  
laughter,  
Said in a tremulous voice— ‘ Speak for yourself.’ ”

Daniel Macpherson, our modern bard of Badenoch, unlike his great fore-clansman, has not originated or translated any mighty epic to evoke the world's rapturous applause or controversy, but he has, nevertheless, written much that deserves a cordial reception. Fingallian heroes nor heroics characterise his lines, but the Ossianic influence pervades them recognisably. Notwithstanding a residence of over half-a-century in England, he uniquely represented the ideal *Perferendum Ingenium Scotorum*, and remained Celtic as an Ionan cross, as Scoto-Doric as Jamieson's Dictionary, and altogether perfect in national sympathy.

Macpherson was born at the clachan of Alvie, amidst the picturesque mountain grandeur and romantic solitudes of Badenoch, at a period when the Napoleonic idea tyrانىsed and convulsed Europe, and so disturbed the remote serenity of Alvie Kirk-Session as to cause that august *body to neglect* all record of the natal event.

Babies were then at a discount, and men were at a premium when the fiery cross summoned the Highlanders to arms. Suffice it to say that his birth occurred a few years before the memorable Battle of Waterloo. His father, a small tradesman and crofter, died when the subject of our sketch was three years old, leaving a widow and seven children in circumstances which, if not affluent, were at least easy. Whether from deficient educational supply or "up-tak'" we have no means of knowing, but his curriculum terminated with the "First Collection," and henceforth began the serious studies of life in the school of labour. At the age of eleven he entered the service of the Duke of Gordon, where he remained till his majority. This period may well be regarded as his apprenticeship to love and the Muses, for all the loveable maidens of the district were subjects of his song. Many of his Gaelic lyrics became popular in Badenoch, and still live—souvenirs of hame and auld langsyne—in Celto-Canadian communities.

In the hope of bettering his position, and with very little English, and less money, Macpherson left home, and travelled on foot all the way from Kingussie to Edinburgh, where he procured employment in the city police force. He was soon promoted, and became night-sergeant, or watch-housekeeper at the West Port Station. Deeming himself settled for life he married, and lived happily in the Scottish metropolis for several years, when he removed to Walker-on-Tyne, where we find him next employed as a colliery engineer. Here also his wife opened a school, and conducted it very successfully. The Wallsend Pit, at which he was engineer for fourteen years, becoming unworkable through flooding, he turned to the iron shipbuilding industry, where he was much esteemed by the firm and his fellow-workers, and which gave him employment for fifteen years. During these years he

distinguished himself as the organiser of several societies having for their object the promotion of literature and social reform. He also took an active part in Church matters; and among other tokens of appreciation of his worth and public spirit, he was presented with a gold watch, chain and appendages on removing to Newcastle-on-Tyne to fill a situation under his brother-in-law—Mr Macintosh, agent for Messrs Macewan, the Edinburgh brewers. His entrance into Newcastle was at once signalled by the establishment of a Burns Club in his own house, where the patriotic Scots of Tyneside flocked every Wednesday evening to listen to papers and discussions on Scottish themes. "Mac" was its honoured bard and president till the day when he left for his native hills never to return again. His second wife, Mary Stewart, a true Scotswoman, died in April, 1886, and grief for her death so greatly affected his health and spirits that he resolved to go home. He desired to be "gathered to his fathers" at Alvie, and this wish was duly fulfilled on the last day of the same year. He died on 29th December, 1886, peacefully falling asleep in Jesus. As we have already hinted, Macpherson's poems indicate the hand of a true master of the lyre, and merit a distinguished place in Scottish record.

## SCOTLAND.

O come, my Muse, bear me on fancy's wing  
 To Scotia's hills, whose summits cleave the clouds,  
 To barren wilds that own no vernal spring,  
 And rocks that sleep beneath their snowy shrouds.  
 To wild romantic glen, to verdant plain,  
 To pine-clad forest, and to birken bower,  
 To stream and lake, and blue majestic main,  
 To rural hamlet and to feudal tower.

Hail! land of liberty, of mirth and life,  
 Land of romance, and song's enchanting charms,  
 Even thy patriot sons in martial strife  
*Maintained thy glory 'mid the clash of arms;*

Whene'er ambition urged a foreign foe  
 To stamp his footprint on thy native heath,  
 Thine was the hand that dealt the mortal blow,  
 That laid him prostrate in the arms of death.

From high Ben Nevis, chief of Scotland's hills,  
 The monarch mountain of our mountain land—  
 I see the sparkling of a thousand rills  
 Gush from their fountains upon either hand ;  
 I see the torrents leaping o'er the rocks,  
 In wild cascades careering to the main,  
 While in their courses massive granite blocks  
 Are borne in fury to the trembling plain.

From these rude battlements on which I gaze,  
 Our noble ancestors, with sword and shield,  
 Rush'd like yon torrent foaming o'er the braes  
 To meet the foe upon the gory field.  
 The purpled Romans and the pirate Danes,  
 With flashing hopes came on to meet the brave,  
 But met among our mountains and our glens  
 Defeat and slaughter, and a foreign grave.

This is the land my fancy loves to trace,  
 The mountain land which Fingal trod of yore,  
 The land where oft he joined the sylvan chase,  
 Or drew in freedom's cause the broad claymore.  
 Where brave Galgacus shook his glittering spear,  
 Led on to victory his warrior band,  
 And checked imperial Rome in mid career  
 Among the mountains of his native land.

Many and great thy heroes of renown  
 Whose lives were sacrificed on freedom's shrine,  
 Who nobly stood the guardians of the crown,  
 Whose deeds of valour on thine annals shine.  
 The name of Wallace shall for ever blaze,  
 A scroll of fame above his sacred urn—  
 And martial bards in their heroic lays  
 Commemorate the Bruce of Bannockburn.

Land of the brave, in every distant clime  
 That saw thy banners waving in the breeze,  
 Floats thy renown upon the wings of time,  
 Wafting thy fame o'er continents and seas.  
 Egypt and Spain beheld thy bonnets blue  
 Subdue their foes on ev'ry battle plain,  
 And Europe saw at bloody Waterloo  
 That Scotland's sword was not unsheathed in vain.



Renowned at home, as on the battle-field,  
 While rests in scabbard thy unmatched claymore,  
 While hangs in hall thy once resounding shield,  
 And peace and freedom reign from shore to shore.  
 Thine is the heart that feels for human pain,  
 Thine is the arm that can redress each wrong ;  
 No friendly stranger ever sought in vain  
 A kind reception in the land of song.

Thine is the senator, the statesman thine,  
 And thine the critic in all classic lore,  
 Thine the philanthropist and sound divine,  
 Thine the explorer of each distant shore.  
 A Knox, " who never feared the face of man,"  
 Was thine, before whose voice and dauntless soul  
 The trembling priest turned sickly, pale, and wan,  
 The hooded monk in terror doffed his cowl.

And thine the bards who strung the mountain lyre,  
 Or tuned the border harps with magic hand,  
 Whose lips were baptised with seraphic fire,  
 And charmed with melody their native land.  
 Illustrious in a Burns, a Hogg, a Scott,  
 And in a Barbour of immortal lays ;  
 Nor shall " the voice of Ossian " be forgot,  
 Who gave the songs sublime of other days.

And never shall their mem'ry fade away,  
 Whose blood was shed for Scotland's sacred right,  
 Who spurned to stoop beneath a tyrant's sway,  
 And braved to death the persecutor's might.  
 What tho' their home was oft the moss-clad caves,  
 Their couch of rest the lonely mountain's side,  
 What tho' the heath-fowls nestle on their graves,  
 The Covenanters still are Scotland's pride.

Such is the land that give our heroes birth,  
 Our statesmen wisdom, and our patriots zeal,  
 That give our bards the highest boon on earth—  
 The lyric Muse to sing their country's weal.  
 That give our maids the meek and modest smile,  
 Our hardy swains the graceful form and mein,  
 And hearts and hands to labour and to toil,  
 And wreath new laurels round our thistle green.

#### THE SWEET MAID OF ALVIE.

At the grey dawn of morning from sleep I arose,  
*But the visions of midnight still float in my eyes ;*

For I dreamed I was still in the bloom of my pride,  
 With the sweet maid of Alvie close, close by my side ;  
 And we wandered along by the lake's lovely shore,  
 And we whispered the tales that we whispered of yore ;  
 But, alas ! I awoke, and 'twas all but a dream,  
 And my pleasures had vanished like snow on a stream.

Ah ! why did I leave the sweet home of my youth,  
 To wander afar through the realms of the south ?  
 Ah ! why did I leave my sweet lassie, forlorn,  
 To wither and droop like a rose from a thorn ;  
 Ah ! why, cruel fate, thus debar my return,  
 Till the sweet maid of Alvie is laid in her urn ?  
 But my fancy shall hover around where she lies  
 Till my spirit ascends to her home in the skies.

Though now I re-visit the home of my birth,  
 She welcomes me not to the scene of our mirth,  
 Now gloomy and sad seems the once lovely bower,  
 That witnessed our greetings at twilight's lone hour ;  
 And dull are the rays of yon bright evening star  
 That smiled on us down from her chamber afar ;  
 And cloudy the face of the once silver moon  
 That lighted us home in a rapturous swoon.

How noble her lineage—the foremost on fame,  
 The brave in the conflict, the bold in the game ;  
 How oft have they marshalled the might of her clan—  
 The rear in retreat, but in battle the van.  
 I traced her descent from the Lords of the Isle—  
 Tho' foremost in battle, were generous the while ;  
 Her mother, a branch from the high sheltered bower,  
 Where waves the green banner from Cluny's high tower.

Ye maidens of Alvie, weep, weep for her sake,  
 Who lies cold in death by yon lone mountain lake ;  
 Strew flowers on her grave, each bedewed with a tear,  
 And show to the world that your grief is sincere :  
 But pause as ye weep o'er the dark, narrow tomb  
 Where she that was lovely has dropped in her bloom,  
 And think on the mandate that's forth on the wing  
 To summons you hence to the bar of your King.

How fresh is the rose on its moss-covered thorn,  
 Unfolding its leaves to the beams of the morn ;  
 How sweet is the lily that blooms in the vale,  
 How fragrant the heath-bell that waves in the gale ;  
 How fair is the landscape begemm'd with each flower  
 That summer bespangles o'er mountain and bower—  
 But lovelier far was the maid I deplore,  
 Whose ashes repose by Loch Alvie's lone shore.

## TO MY BRIDE;

Awake, my mountain harp, and move  
 The Muse to sing the charms of love ;  
 Awake, and prompt my Muse to soar  
 On themes she never winged before ;  
 Awake, and as thy concert swells,  
 Tell me where charming beauty dwells,  
 And elegance in maiden prime,  
 And virtue pure, unstained by crime.

These dwell, the blushing Muse replied,  
 In Anster's maid, your plighted bride—  
 These dwell in her whose heart and hand  
 Shall soon be yours by sacred band.  
 In her each beauty we can trace,  
 The graceful form, the smiling face,  
 The lips carnation, eyes like sloes,  
 And cheeks that mock the summer rose

The ringlets of her raven hair  
 Hang o'er her shoulder moulded fair ;  
 In meet proportion every limb,  
 The tapered arm and ankle trim ;  
 The snow that crowns the mountain's crest  
 Not whiter is than Anna's breast ;  
 The stars that gem the midnight skies  
 Not brighter are than Anna's eyes.

Her heart, that knows nor fraud nor guile,  
 Accords with Anna's artless smile ;  
 Nor sin nor crime can linger there,  
 Where pure devotion breathes a prayer ;  
 In virtue, as in beauty's charms,  
 She every sinful thought disarms,  
 For thoughts of worth alone can find  
 Repose and peace in Anna's mind.

The warbling songsters of the grove  
 May sing their melodies of love ;  
 The blackbird from the covered brake  
 May summons echo to awake ;  
 The mavis from the flowery thorn  
 May hail with glee the rosy morn,  
 But ah ! they charm my heart in vain  
 When Anna tunes her vocal strain.

Content with her through life to dwell,  
 In city crowd, or lonely dell ;  
 Content with her whate'er my lot,  
 A mansion gay or humble cot.

Tho' stern misfortune's withered form  
Should turn my sunshine to a storm,  
Nor shall I at my lot repine,  
When I can call my Anna mine.

Thou sun, whose beams with martial scorn,  
Burst through the portals of the morn,  
Mount, mount with haste, and onward speed  
Thy golden car and fiery steed ;  
Fly, fly, ye days that intervene,  
Till I embrace my charming queen ;  
May hoary time like fawn deer bound,  
And bring the happy nuptials round.

Then hand in hand through life's career  
In peace and joy we'll onward steer ;  
We'll sail together side by side,  
And brave the surge of time's dark tide ;  
And when our course on earth is run  
We'll hail with joy a brighter sun,  
And quit the bark whose pliant oar  
Has rowed us to the happy shore.



## ARTHUR KING.

**A**MONGST the great band of Scottish singers who are little known is Mr Arthur King, of Aberdeen. Although there are thousands in Scotland who have been amused by his clever verses, the identity of the author is known to but a very limited circle of acquaintances. Mr Arthur King is the second son of the late Mr Arthur King, the well-known printer of Aberdeen, and was born in the Granite City in 1856. He received his education at the Grammar School there, and afterwards completed a course at the Glasgow University, being intended for the Law. When about eighteen or nineteen years of age he began to dabble in rhymes, the first effort of his youthful Muse being a humorous piece written for and read at the

first convivial meeting of the Bon Accord Cricket Club. Possessed of a keen appreciation of the humorous side of life, and having a most grotesque fancy, Mr King has successfully wooed the comic Muse, but like many other writers of clever *vers de société*, whose rhymes are published anonymously, and whose subjects are chiefly taken from passing events, he has gained little fame except among those who are behind the scenes of the comic journals of the country. That his work is duly appreciated in these quarters is evidenced by the fact that in the first series of *Bon Accord*, published in Aberdeen, he was a constant contributor; in the *Northern Figaro*, also printed in Aberdeen, after the demise of *Bon*, he was a frequent contributor, under the *nom de plume* of "Basileus;" the *Aberdeen Evening Express* has published many of his pieces, and he has on several occasions contributed poems to the pages of the Glasgow *Bailie*, and *Judy* (London.) On the issue of the new *Bon Accord* by its spirited new proprietor, Mr King became a regular contributor, and he has made many happy hits in its pages. That he is capable of higher and more enduring work, the following selections afford ample proof.

#### SONG OF THE ANVIL.

Kling ! Klang ! Kling ! Klang !  
 While the bellows solemnly roar,  
 And blend their voice in a deep set strain  
 With the anvil's musical lore ;  
 And we cheerily sing from morn till eve,  
 For contented and happy our lot,  
 For we know that the only way to succeed  
 Is to strike while the iron is hot.  
 Then strike while the iron is hot, my boys,  
 Strike yet again while 'tis hot,  
 The metal will yield  
 To the hammers we wield,  
 If we strike while the iron is hot.

Kling ! Klang ! Kling ! Klang !  
 Our hammers in melody ring,

While the pond'rous sledge uplifted on high  
 Comes down with a hearty swing.  
 Kling ! Klang ! Kling ! Klang !  
 The anvils merrily sound,  
 And the flickering sparks like Will o' the Wisp  
 Are joyously dancing round.  
 Then strike while the iron is hot, my boys, &c.

Our hearts are leal, tho' our hands are rough,  
 And our faces are 'grimmed with smoke,  
 For the thought that we toil for loved ones at home  
 Gives zest to each downward stroke.  
 Kling ! Klang ! when unable to work,  
 And second childhood appears,  
 Then memory will cling to the anvil's ring,  
 And brighten declining years.  
 Then strike while the iron is hot, my boys, &c.

## A RETROSPECT.

Just rest your head upon my breast—so—as it used to lie,  
 In happy times, long, long ago, those joyous days when I  
 Caressed your golden ringlets, love, and kissed your ruby lip,  
 When your father then surprised us with his rather stinging whip

And darling put your withered—once dainty—hand in mine,  
 Let's conjure up those happy times, in days of auld lang syne,  
 When I sang beneath your window, to the sighing of the wind,  
 When your dad let loose the mastiff, that bit my—never mind.

And do you still remember, that gloaming in the spring  
 When our youthful vows were plighted, when you wore my  
 golden ring ?  
 When (the old one coming on us, with passion-heated cheeks),  
 I jumped the spiked wall and got suspended by my breeks.

And then upon that Christmas Eve, when indoors you were shut,  
 And I whispered through your casement, from the frozen water  
 butt,  
 Till the ice gave way below me, and I vanished from your sight  
 To wait the coming Christmas in that water butt all night.

And then that happy evening, a night I'll ne'er reproach,  
 When we rattled o'er the Border in the good old-fashioned coach,  
 And you and I as one were bound, as fast as fast could be,  
 When I left my watch at Gretna Green to pay the blacksmith's  
 fee.

And then our happy honeymoon, ah ! joyous time long past,  
 When everything was roseate, and so bade fair to last,

When we basked in loving solitude beneath the sun's bright rays,  
And spent the cash I dearly raised on bills at sixty days.

And now when time sits heavy, while cares and ills increase,  
Oh, let the coming years to us be full of love and peace,  
We've joyed and wept together, since we were joined as one,  
And in all the many rows we've had, 'twas you that first begun.

Now you need not contradict it, nor fly up in a rage,  
For it's highly prejudicial to a woman of your age ;  
You'll never speak to me again ? well please yourself for that,  
But I wish you'd married some one else than me — by Jove, that's  
flat.

#### CHRISTMAS EVE.

Struggling vainly with fearful delirium,  
Eyes fever-laden—that restlessly roam,  
Wearily tossing his head on the pillow,  
Dying—an orphan lies there—in the “ Home.”

Outside o'er the country the snow fast is falling  
Silent and noiseless—as if by command—  
Hushed are the voices of those who are watching  
The last grains—fast gliding—of life's golden sand.

Tenderly brush back the curls from his forehead—  
Ah, that soft touch drives the fiend from his brain,  
And reason, triumphant o'er fever, reveals him  
Glad visions of home and his mother again.

Visions of days in that home—once so happy—  
See in those smiles how his thoughts speak so well,  
Mayhap he is joyous o'er gifts from his “ stocking ”  
Brought by St Claus and the Christmas bell.

See how his little pinched hands close, as praying,  
In vain strive his lips to speak words of love,  
But Love lights his eyes, as they slowly are closing—  
He has gone to his mother in Heaven above.

The snow still is falling on hill and on valley—  
Joyous are children in holly-deck't halls,  
Hush ! for one soul has gone up to his Maker  
Pure as the snow which so silently falls.

Hark ! the sweet bells from the old ivied steeple,  
 Hark how their notes o'er the stillness are borne,  
 Pealing glad chorus o'er him who's united  
 With his mother in Heaven on Christmas morn.

## DAVID KENNEDY.\*

Reft is the silver cord, the sweet lyre mute,  
 Of him who sung with true Orphean lute.  
 Hushed is that voice on earth ; for ever still,  
 That tongue which made the hearts of Scotchmen thrill !  
 Enchanter ! gifted with Apollo's art !  
 Awakener of the rugged Scottish heart !  
 Who, with one touch of thine own magic wand,  
 Brought Scotia's exiles back to native land—  
 Back, for a while, amid Auld Scotia's hills,  
 Her rugged glens, and bonny whimplin' rills ;  
 With tears and laughter, each in changing turns,  
 Awak'ning memories of the land of Burus ;  
 The humble cot, the quaint old ingle cheek,  
 The homely scent of fragrant " peaty reek,"  
 And made with tears those exiles' fancies roam  
 To scenes of childhood in some Scottish home ;  
 Made hardy " nieves " with dainty hand entwined,  
 Forgetting all save " days o' auld lang syne."

Auld Scotia mourns her dead, but not alone,  
 For Scotchmen drop a tear in every distant zone,  
 Where sympathetic hearts give back the throb,  
 Awakened now by Scotia's mournful sob.

\*Scottish Vocalist, who died at Stratford, Ontario, October 1885.



## ALEXANDER SUTHERLAND,

**A** YOUNG man of rich promise, whose earthly career ended when he was barely twenty years of age, was born at Skibhoul, Baltasound, in the Shetland Isles, in 1863. There the first three or four years of his life were spent, when his father removed north to Haroldswich, where the family remained till



the end of the year 1871, when they settled down in Glasgow. At school Alexander was a general favourite amongst his fellows, was an apt, intelligent pupil, and showed a very marked taste for drawing. In this department he carried off the prizes during several sessions. Shortly before he attained the age of fourteen, our poet entered the office of Mr Thos. Graham, writer, where he remained about two years. At this time there was a general Parliamentary election, and his employer was one of the agents. The work and the excitement inspired young Sutherland, and the result was that two of his songs became popular, and were sung at several of the public meetings. We next find Alexander engaged in the Commissary Clerk's office, and his last work was under Messrs M'Gregor, Donald, & Co., where he was employed as a law clerk. Although never robust, and his health breaking down gradually, he continued to labour amid much weakness and suffering, until he succumbed to the fatal malady—consumption—in November, 1883.

Alexander Sutherland was a frequent contributor to various periodicals and newspapers under the *nom-de-plume* "Balta," and what he accomplished only shows to us the bright promise of "what might have been." He wrote tenderly and thoughtfully, and with a fervid glow of love for his sea-girt home. In this work we have now sketched the careers of several worthy bards who first saw the light in Unst, the most northern isle of Her Majesty's dominions. These include such honoured names as Mrs Saxby, Basil R. Anderson, J. J. Johnston, and J. L. Nicolson, who, though not himself from Unst, can boast of all his ancestors having held estate there. The verses that immediately follow are from a poem, written only three weeks before Sutherland's death, entitled "It's My Turn Noo." They obtained a prize of £1, offered by the *Scottish Nights* :—

The things my mither taught to me I haud in high esteem,  
 An' frae their source I gather force in 'oors that darkest seem ;  
 Ae thing she said experience has rendered unco true,  
 " It may be lang or ye can cry, ' It's my turn noo. "

Some drive ahead wi' muckle speed, but a' fin' oot ere lang,  
 " The race aye isna to the swift, the fight no to the strang ;"  
 I'll work an' wait, wi' steady gait my journey I'll pursue,  
 An' may some day be heard to say, " It's my turn noo. "

For 'midst the difficulties great wi' whilk I hae to cope,  
 There's aye a licht shines unco bricht ; what can it be but hope ?  
 An' surely some bricht day'll come, I kenna whan or hoo,  
 Whan I can cry, triumphantly, " It's my turn noo. "

#### THE RABBIT ON THE WA'.

Ho ! Jimsie, what's the maitter noo, ye've tummelt, I declare,  
 Sic fa's wi' you are no sae few, but dinna greet sae sair ;  
 Come here a wee on daddy's knee, let tears nae langer fa',  
 An' watch me throw the shadow o' a rabbit on the wa'.

Ye've dried yer een, an' noo my man ye're safe on daddy's knee,  
 But watch the wa', ye understan', and dinna look at me,  
 See there it is, a tiny beast, wi' mooth, an' ears, an' a',  
 Ye never saw the like afore, a rabbit on the wa'.

Ye want to catch the rabbit noo, ye're aff my knee again,  
 But dinna try, for sure am I your efforts wad be vain.  
 Its hard to try an' try again, we nae success ava,  
 But see how hard it is to catch a rabbit on the wa'.

Ay, Jimsie, you have gi'en it up—exactly what I fear't,  
 But what's come owre the rabbit noo, ye see it's disappear't ;  
 Sae rin awa' to mammy there and tell her what ye saw,  
 A funny shadow, I declare, a rabbit on the wa'.

We a' hae troubles hard to bear—we a' hae trials too,  
 An' disappointments aye to meet as life we battle thro' ;  
 An' they wha see within their grasp e'en pleasure, wealth an' a'  
 May find them just as hard to catch as shadows on the wa'.

#### WARSTLE THROUGH.

What hardships as we gang thro' life we find on ilka han',  
 An' what a load o' care an' strife is borne by ilka man,  
 Harassed at times wi' fortune's froons, oor troubles arena few,  
 An' life wi' a' its ups an' doons is hard to warstle through.

When sportin' roun' a mither's knee nae thochts hae we o' care,  
 What needs we ken' o' sorrow then—the world seems bricht an'  
 fair ;

'Tis when we lea' that mither's knee that hardship comes in view,  
 An' then we see what ups an' doons we needs maun warstle  
 through.

An' when we face the busy world, an' mix amang the crood,  
 We needs maun persevere a while, an' work wi' cheery mood,  
 Tho' troubles hard our course retard, an' sorrows cloud the broo,  
 Some future day will bring reward, some day we'll warstle  
 through.

An' if dull care oppress us e'er, it's best to keep in min'  
 That darkest clouds 'll disappear, an' then the sun 'll shine ;  
 We'll strive wi' micht to do what's richt, nae idle aims in view,  
 An' when we reach the gowden gate it's easy winnin' through.

#### THE COT ON THE BRAE.

The sun's golden rays have illumined the west,  
 An' the wee feathered sangster has flown to its rest ;  
 Soon the evening's dark shadows 'll close o'er the day,  
 Then I'll hie me awa' to the cot on the brae.

The cot on the brae, there's a charm in the name,  
 An' I never could tire o' that cosy wee hame ;  
 There dwells sweet contentment, and peace hauds the sway  
 In that canty wee biggin'—the cot on the brae.

'Tis as cheery a cot, ay, as ever was seen,  
 An' 'twad match wi' a palace, sae tidy an' clean ;  
 Ah, but winsome young Jeannie, sae blithe an' sae gay,  
 Lends a charm—oh hoo sweet—to the cot on the brae.

I lo'e my young Jeannie, her heart aye is licht,  
 An' her smile, like the sunshine, sae cheery an' bricht ;  
 Gin I had but ae wish, oh hoo fain I wad say  
 " Let me meet wi' my Jean in the cot on the brae."

But the sun in its glory has sunk in the west,  
 The wood's hushed in silence, an' Nature's at rest ;  
 The evening's dark shadows have closed o'er the day,  
 Sae I'll hasten awa' to the cot on the brae.

#### THULE—A REVERIE.

I sit alone as evening shadows creep  
*Around me slowly, and I dream of home,*

For there instinctively my thoughts will roam ;  
 And o'er the heaving bosom of the deep  
 Methinks I in my bark serenely glide  
 To Thule's shore. Anon its coasts appear  
 As I am borne triumphant o'er the tide  
 Familiar sounds I fancy now I hear—  
 The sea bird's cry, the ceaseless roar of waves,  
 That lash the shore and echo through the caves,  
 And e'en in dreams 'tis sweet to linger near  
 This island home, for which my heart most craves—  
 For there's a tie that like an iron band  
 Securely binds me to my native land. -

## THOSE DAYS HAVE PASSED.

There is a little spot, Jean,  
 We'll aye remember well,  
 Where stood the little cot, Jean,  
 Where we in youth did dwell ;  
 Where sporting on the braes, Jean,  
 Sae frolicsome and gay,  
 We chanted youthful lays, Jean,  
 But childhood's days have passed away.

The berries ripe we pu'd, Jean,  
 Likewise the daisies sweet,  
 And wandered through the wood, Jean,  
 On little pattering feet ;  
 The birdie's joyous sang, Jean,  
 Has cheered us mony a day,  
 As thro' the woods it rang, Jean,  
 But childhood's days have passed away.

An' when we uilder grew, Jean,  
 There first we told our love,  
 The vows we made were true, Jean,  
 As through the vales we'd rove ;  
 Your een were bricht an' blue, Jean,  
 Hair jet, which noo is grey ;  
 Your een are dimmer noo, Jean,  
 For youthful days have passed away.

The little cot is gone, Jean,  
 Of it but stanes remain,  
 Our dear friends, one by one, Jean,  
 Have frae the earth been ta'en ;  
 An' sune we'll follow them, Jean,  
 Sune sleep beneath the clay,  
 May we see them again, Jean,  
 When all our days have passed away.

## MAGGIE SWAN,

**E**VERY promising and talented writer of both poetry and prose, was born at Edinburgh in 1867. She is the youngest sister of Miss Annie S. Swan, authoress of a number of the most enjoyable tales of Scottish life and character that have come from the press during recent years, and who is noticed in our Sixth Series. Maggie had only reached her sixth year when her father, who had hitherto been a potato merchant, leased the farm of Mountskip, in the neighbourhood of Gorebridge. After a short attendance at the village school, and when old enough to be able to travel to and from Edinburgh, she was sent to the Queen Street Institution for Young Ladies. Having passed several sessions there, she left off her school studies, and went home to take part in the household duties.

Inspired, doubtless, by her sister's most remarkable success, and encouraged to follow her example, Miss Swan, from a very early age, has written short sketches, tales, and verse. The first of her poems that appeared in print is one of those we quote, entitled "Change," which she wrote when only in her fifteenth year. She informs us that it is only within the last two years that she has "found an opening in an already over-crowded field." She has often laid her pen aside "with a sigh for something to write of—borne down by the thought that it was folly to write that which had already been written hundreds of times over." She fears that there is no originality in her poems, but "if they have touched with tender thoughts any reader's heart, they have amply repaid the writing of them." On various occasions she has composed short tales of marked ability and interest for several of the

weekly newspapers and magazines, and in connection with the competition of 1886 she was successful in gaining one of the prizes offered for stories in the Christmas number of the *People's Journal*. She is also an occasional contributor to the columns of the *People's Friend*, the *Christian Leader*, and other periodicals. Miss Swan's poetical and other productions are not as yet numerous, but they are sufficient to show that she possesses not a little of the talent of her sister. They are all marked by excellence of taste and careful thought. She is ever in earnest, and whether the subject of her Muse be a religious theme or a description of a scene of natural beauty, she conveys to the reader the impression that she has thought it over in all its bearings, and has concentrated in her lines the result of her meditations.

#### THE HOMES OF SCOTLAND.

Oh, saw ye yon cot by the rippling burn,  
Where the willows bend an' the saugh trees m'urn,  
Where the bonnie floo'rs o' the summer spring,  
An' the lark an' the lintie their sweet sangs sing?

Oh, saw ye the sun in the mornin' still  
Rise lowin' an' red on the Eastern hill,  
When the dawnin' creeps into openin' day,  
An' the guidman gangs to his wark away?

Oh, heard ye that sang like a wild bird's note,  
Sae soft and sae clear through the stillness float?  
For light is the heart wi' never a care  
That bides in the cot by the burnie there.

Oh, saw ye yon bairnies oot on the brae,  
'Mang the sun an' the floo'rs o' the summer day?  
Deep blue as the sea are their dancin' een,  
An' their locks i' the sun are a gowden sheen.

Oh, sweet is the peace o' the gloamin' hoor,  
When the bairns gather about the door,  
When the sun in the West sinks saft away,  
An' the guidman comes hame at the close o' day

To a cleanly cot an' a cheery hame,  
 For the guidwife honours her husband's name.  
 Oh, saw ye his face hoo it brighter grew  
 When the cot and the bairnies cam' in view ?

Ended ance mair is the toil o' the day ;  
 Quiet and unchanging their life slips away ;  
 Wi' little o' siller, but muckle o' health,  
 They kenna the cares that are gien wi' wealth.

Oh, blessed be sic hames in oor Scottish land  
 That are hauden by toil o' an honest hand ;  
 Where peace and contentment like gowans aye bloom  
 Through the sweet summer's sun 'an cauld winter's gloom.

#### THE GREATEST OF THE THREE.

They came, the multitude, in thronging bands,  
 With weary feet, and garments torn and stained,  
 O'er wide bleak moor, and mountain rough and steep,  
 Through moss and fen, down valley wild and deep.  
 Some came in sickness, worn with weary pain ;  
 Some came with sorrow, some with earthly care ;  
 And some, grown tired of pleasure, joined the band ;  
 And all hearts prayed for healing as they came.  
 Faith—pure-eyed Faith—drew near with noiseless feet,  
 And stretched forth hands to meet them, her clear gaze  
 Bent low upon them with a wondrous light ;  
 Some clung about her garments, their dim eyes  
 Uplifted to the heavens her gaze had swept ;  
 Their hearts in her near presence filled with joy ;  
 Then Hope drew near—fair Hope with starry eyes,  
 And lips that carolled forth a gladsome song  
 Like wild-bird's notes, so strong, so clear and free  
 That all around that listened could not cease  
 From joining in the chorus loud and long.  
 Still 'twere but few that Faith and Hope inspired,  
 For eyes grown blind with weeping cannot see,  
 And voices tuned to sighing cannot sing ;  
 But lo ! another came with gentle step—  
 Her great grave eyes lit with a quiet peace—  
 A sweet compassion dwelling in her face—  
 She scattered sunshine round her as she went,  
 Till eyes all tear-dimmed bright and brighter grew.  
 Her tender hand left healing in its touch,  
 And every weary burden rolled away ;  
 Her voice spoke but to cheer, to praise, and bless,  
 And every heart responded to her words ;  
 The barren earth grew glad beneath her feet ;

The little flowers bloomed fairer when she came,  
 And every bird sang forth a sweeter song :  
 Beside her Faith and Hope wait silently,  
 For Love is owned the greatest of the three.

## C H A N G E .

Friend after friend we loved has passed away,  
 It is not meet that they should linger aye ;  
 For there is rest beyond yon azure sky,  
 Where grief is lost in joy, and night in day.

Our dear old home is changed, maybe, to us,  
 The dearest ones have slipped from out our sight ;  
 Some sheep are missing from the fold to-night,  
 Let us be brave, for God has willed it thus.

There is no time for grieving, for the years  
 Are growing old, and we have work to do ;  
 We must begin with hearts both strong and true,  
 For we will find no recompense in tears.

What though the sunlight fadeth from our sight,  
 And we encompassed with dark clouds of woe,  
 The Father's hand upholds us still we know,  
 And in his time he'll lead us unto light.

Then let us each with patient heart fulfil  
 The daily task which God has given to do ;  
 And we shall learn that blessed truth anew,  
 Though all be change, our Christ is changeless still.

## G O D ' S   W A Y S .

Father, how soon our faithless love is led  
 Beyond the thought of thee, to earthly care  
 And human love. So Thou dost break the cords  
 Which bind us heart to heart, and take to thee  
 Our dearest ones to fill the home above.  
 Then our dim hungering eyes are upward turned  
 In search of our lost treasures, and we see  
 Thy hands down stretched with richer blessing still,  
 From thy great heart of love to fill the void.  
 How oft our lips grow feeble in Thy praise,  
 The clang of life drowns out the sweeter notes,  
 And voices sink that rose in melody.  
 So we forget to thank Thee. Then it is  
 Thou layest hands upon our silent hearts  
 And pressest often sore, until Thou hear'st  
 A true response unto Thy master touch.



## THE HOPE OF THE SPRING.

Oh, what a glad, sweet thought it is  
 To know the spring is almost here,  
 Her breath is blown o'er hill and glen,  
 And rippling burnie flowing clear.

The earth is waking from her sleep,  
 The young year's life strong in her breast ;  
 She has much toil to bear I wean,  
 Before she sinks again to rest.

The tender grass breaks through the soil,  
 And here and there with quiet grace  
 The pink-lipped daisy, spring's first-born,  
 Uplifts to heaven a brave, bright face.

In the brown woods shy mosses spring  
 About the pathway where I tread,  
 And all the restless, liltling birds  
 Pour forth their gladness overhead.

Soon, soon the sweet May flowers shall deck  
 The hedgerows with their snowy bloom ;  
 The fields, all clad in fairest green,  
 Will chase away chill winter's gloom.

There is a hope of plenteous store  
 O'er all the budding fruitful land,  
 The needful harvest cannot fail—  
 God gives with ever-loving hand.

But labour first, else nought is ours,  
 Strong arms must lift to till the soil,  
 'Mid stony ground in noonday's sun,  
 Strong hearts must beat to bear the toil.

Then when the reaping time is past,  
 Ours be the joy of well won gain ;  
 Blessed be his life whose days are spent  
 In honest toil which leaves no stain.

Lord, in life's spring-time may we come,  
 When hope is young and work is sweet,  
 And in Thy service spend our strength,  
 With ready hearts and willing feet.

And when the years of life have tried  
 The faithful hearts that lived for thee,  
 May the long rest in Thine own land  
 Be their reward eternally.

## BELLA PARKER.

**I**N the quiet, uneventful, happy home-life of the authoress of the following deeply graceful and touchingly tender poems there is little to tell. Miss Parker was born in Dundee in 1864. Her father is an engineer there, and her grandfathers, Charles Parker, engineer, and William Johnston, merchant and mill-owner, were both provosts of that town, and were very much esteemed by the citizens and a wide circle of friends. The last-mentioned occupied that honourable position during the years 1841-44, and Mr Parker was elected a provost in 1861. Such was his popularity that he was re-elected, and was in his sixth year of office at the time of his death. Regarding Miss Parker, we learn that one of her chief amusements in her childhood's days was to write verses which she read to an admiring nursery audience. These attempts, however, have long since been consigned to the flames. Her first extant piece, written in 1880, is on "The Tay Bridge Disaster," a subject that inspired the Muse of quite a host of poets who have had a place in this work.

Miss Parker spent the summer of 1883 amidst the grand and romantic scenery of the Highlands of Perthshire in the company of a gifted friend, who possessed the spirit of poetry in a very high degree. Her rambles in that lovely district, and the conversations she had with this companion, seem to have awakened her poetic nature, and from that time she began to write in earnest. Her modesty was so remarkable that the fear of having her MS. rejected kept her from publishing anything for a considerable time. In December 1884 her first piece, "The Dying Soldier," appeared in the Dundee *Evening Telegraph*.

Since then, under the *nom-de-plume* of "Faith," she has been a regular and valued contributor to that newspaper, as well as to the *People's Journal*, the editor of which, Mr Latto (Tammis Bodkin), having by his warm encouragement stimulated her greatly in her literary labours.

A vein of tender delicacy, and an ease and fluency of diction that make her thoughts very pleasing and attractive to all classes of readers, are marked characteristics of Miss Parker's poetry. Her poems ever speak the feelings of the heart, and have doubtless touched a tender chord in multitudes of bosoms. Her versification is always in keeping with her subject, which is ever well chosen, and such as to make one feel that it contains something to treasure, to read, and re-read. She invariably evinces a remarkable insight into human nature, a generous breadth of sympathy, and a courageous loyalty to the cause of truth and justice. Without being didactic, she teaches, and without preaching, she delivers an eloquent sermon. It is evident that she has an ear delicately tuned to the sweetest harmonies. Miss Parker has hitherto thought fit to appear anonymously, but as her poetry can bring nothing but honour to its author, we think she cannot too soon remove the veil, and give her scattered effusions to the world in book form.

#### THE DYING SOLDIER.

Nay, my faithful friend, I'm dying, my life is ebbing fast ;  
 I fear that every breath I draw is very near my last.  
 Oh, will you take a message to those friends I love so well,  
 Far away in bonnie Scotland, in that peaceful Highland dell ?

Tell my mother not to weep for me, her wayward, blue-eyed Jim,  
 Soon we shall meet in yon bright land where no tears the eyes  
     can dim ;  
 And tell her that I prayed each night, and read my Bible too  
 (Although some sneered and mocked at me), for she wished me so  
     to do.

Tell my brother Jack to guard her and wipe her bitter tears,  
 For I know she'll mourn and weep for me, when the bagpipes  
     notes she hears ;  
 And tell him when he grows a man ne'er from her side to roam,  
 But to be a keeper of the sheep, and stay with her at home.

And now I've but one message more—to her I love the best ;  
 Cut off a golden lock for her when this weary head's at rest ;  
 Say I received my death-wound when the fight was raging wild ;  
 'Twill soothe her knowing how I died, for she's a soldier's child.

I almost feel it hard to die just when the battle's won,  
 And you'll be marching home again ere sinks to-morrow's sun ;  
 But Jesus bids my fighting cease, and a soldier must obey.  
 So farewell, friend, we'll meet again, in yon bright land far away.

## OUR DARLING.

There's an empty cot in the nursery lone,  
     By the window an empty chair ;  
 Upon it a frock and two little shoes,  
     Which our darling never will wear.

Her doggie looks up with a mournful whine,  
     And waits for his mistress in vain ;  
 But the days pass by, and she never comes,  
     And never will come back again.

The birdies come to the window each day,  
     And wait, as of old, to be fed ;  
 But they look in vain for their little friend :  
     They know not our darling is dead.

There's a little mound in the quiet churchyard—  
     A mound where the violets grow,  
 And the daisies white and the cowslips bright,  
     The flowers our darling loved so.

There's one lamb less on this sorrowful earth,  
     One less to bear sorrow and pain ;  
 There's one angel more now in Heaven above ;  
     Our darling we'll meet there again.

## JAMIE'S BIBLE.

In the twilight some were gathered round the glowing, bright  
     camp fires,  
 'Mong them old and well-tried warriors, gray-haired, hardy  
     Highland sires ;  
     D

There were also youthful soldiers, eager for their first affray,  
Longing for the morrow's sunrise to proclaim the battle day.

There was one, young Jamie Lindsay, a fond widowed mother's  
pride ;  
How she wept, that lonely woman, as she sent him from her side ;  
But she buckled on his broadsword, which his soldier sire's had  
been,  
Sent him with a mother's blessing to fight bravely for his Queen.

While the soldiers laughed and jested, silent by the camp-fire  
bright  
Sat young Jamie, and, with pencil in his Bible, did he write :  
" If I'm killed to-morrow, fighting, he who finds this, will he take  
This small token to my mother, for a Highland comrade's sake ?"

Then he wrote upon the flyleaf — " Mother, darling, all is right ;  
I have fought for Queen and country as a Highland lad should  
fight.  
Now I've gone to be with Jesus ; all my fighting here is o'er,  
Mother, I am waiting for you on that peaceful, heavenly shore."

Morning broke : began the battle ; fierce it raged throughout the  
day,  
Soon upon the blood-stained greensward many dead and dying lay.  
Far away a lonely woman prayed to God to spare her boy ;  
Ere his mother's prayer was ended he had tasted endless joy.

In that humble Highland cottage, where young Jamie had been  
born,  
Sat his aged mother weeping, on a lovely summer morn ;  
In her hands she held a Bible—dirty, torn, and stained with gore ;  
How she wept and clasped it to her, as she kissed it o'er and o'er.

Ah ! how precious was that treasure, brought from a far distant  
land,  
Carried to that lonely mother by a loving comrade's hand ;  
Though with tears she read his message, yet her heart was not so  
sore,  
As she whispered, " Jamie, darling, thou art only gone before."

" When I sit alone at even with your Bible on my knee,  
Once again my soldier husband and my boy seem near to me ;  
In a few short years at longest we shall meet again, my boy—  
Meet where there are no more partings, but a calm and endless  
joy."

## "BLOOD ON MY HANDS."

## A RAILWAY MAN'S STORY.

"There's blood on my hands" he cries, and he wrings them the whole day long,  
 "There's blood on my hands, oh, God, forgive me that terrible wrong ;"  
 And the madman paces his room, whilst moaning in accents wild,  
 "There is blood on my hands, oh, God, the blood of my wife and child."

Once he was joyful and gay, as happy as you, sir, or I,  
 His life like a peaceful lake, 'neath a cloudless, blue summer sky,  
 With a loving wife and a child so fair, sir, you cannot think  
 How happy they were till Jim fell a prey to the curse of drink.

He was down at the pointsman's box, you see it just over here,  
 'Twas his duty the "Parly" to shunt, to leave the main line clear  
 For the mail which went rattling past with a thunder that  
 shook the ground,  
 Whilst the rocks and forests and hills all seemed to echo the sound.

Jim's wife, once so happy and bright, began to look heartless and sad,  
 And their cottage, once clean and neat, a dirty, shabby look had.  
 No wonder she'd lost heart, poor lass, for night after night from  
 "The Rink"  
 Her Jim went staggering home, after spending his earnings on drink.

We were mates, so I often went and tried to reason with Jim,  
 I spoke of his sorrowing wife, his example to little Tim ;  
 I feared there would be a smash, for I'd seen him dazed at his work,  
 I vowed I'd have to report though 'twas a duty I tried to shirk.

Jim begged for another chance, and promised at once to repent,  
 I thought of his poor wife and child, I for their sakes, sir, did  
 relent :  
 I saw he strove to do right, his wife looked happy again,  
 And, sir, we were all right glad, for Jim was well liked 'mong  
 the men.

His wife was asked to the South to visit her friend Mrs Trent,  
 Things were going so well at home, she took little Tim and went,  
 And Jim looked so smart and bright as he went to see her away,  
 Oh, why could some warning voice not have whispered to her to  
 stay ?

When Jim got back to the house he found there a very old friend,  
 Who had come from a distant town the evening with them to  
 spend ;  
 He said "Jim your house is so dull without wee Tim and your  
 lass,  
 Come, let us go down to 'The Rink,' I know you're fond of a  
 glass."

The demon was roused once again, tho' after a glass or two  
 Jim left and came down to his box, for he had his night work to  
 do ;  
 I knew that the man was lost, as I watched him, not without fear,  
 Draw the levers the "Parly" to shunt, then signal the main line  
 clear.

We did not meet for a week, for after that night I was ill,  
 When I got back to work again I found Jim was drinking still ;  
 He looked so haggard and wild, such a sad and pitiful sight,  
 I said "Does your wife soon return," he gruffly muttered  
 "to-night."

I saw him go down to his work, not drunk tho' he'd had quite  
 enough,  
 Oh, sir, had I only known, he'd more of the poisonous stuff  
 Down in the pointsman's box ; vain regret is no use, but I might  
 Have prevented, I sometimes think, the work of that terrible  
 night.

I'd scarcely been home two hours, when I heard the "Parly" go  
 past,  
 I looked at my watch, she was late, the mail would be following  
 fast :  
 I felt so uneasy that night, and yet I hardly knew why,  
 There seemed a wail in the wind, an ominous look in the sky.

I heard the mail thunder past, in a moment there was such a  
 crash,  
 To my dying day in my ears will ring the sound of that dreadful  
 smash ;  
 The ghastly sight that I saw when I ran with a light to the spot,  
 Though years have passed, sir, since then, was too awful to be  
 forgot.

I heard the pitiful cries of the dying, wounded, and crushed,  
 I knelt by some little child, whose sweet voice was forever hushed,  
 I gazed at the dying and dead until my eyes, sir, grew dim,  
 'Twas a terrible thought to know that this was the work of Jim.

I heard a strange fiendish laugh, I turned, and lo, there was Jim,  
 He knelt 'mongst the ghastly mass beside his dead wife and wee  
 Tim ;

I saw that his reason had fled, he turned with his eyes strangely wild—

“There’s blood on my hands, mate,” he cried, “the blood of my wife and child.”

“AT EVENING TIME THERE SHALL BE LIGHT.”

The setting sun in crimson light shone on the glistening snow,  
It lighted up the snow-capped peaks, the church spire far below,  
And on the windows of the manse a radiance bright was cast ;  
Into a patient sufferer’s room a fading sunbeam passed.

She felt the sunlight on her face, and brightly, sweetly smiled ;  
She was so gentle, good and fair, the minister’s blind child ;  
The village folks all loved her, into every heart she’d crept,  
No wonder then that Christmas eve that men and women wept.

The minister with tear-dimmed eyes sat gazing on his child,  
“Oh, God, how can I let her go?” he sobbed in accents wild ;  
“Since Jessie’s death she’s been to me dearer than very life—  
How can I live all lonely here, with neither child nor wife ?

“Daddy,” the little sufferer said—“Daddy, what aileth thee ?  
Those are not teardrops on my hands ? Daddy, don’t cry for me ;  
Remember we are always glad and gay on Christmas Eve—  
On this my last one here on earth let nothing us two grieve.

“As dear old John, the colporteur, to-day was passing nigh,  
Nurse asked him to come in, because I wished to say ‘Good-bye ;’  
We had a nice talk, Daddy dear, and then I asked old John  
If he would come and comfort you when little Gertie’s gone.

“Daddy, there is a lovely verse (’twas meant, I think, for me),  
I’ve thought about it since I was ill, ’tis this—‘Thine eye shall  
see ;’

And then there is another, ’twill I feel come true to-night—  
‘At evening time, yea, very soon, for me ‘there shall be light,’

“I shall not look on earthly scenes, though lovely they must be ;  
A fairer land and Christ its King in beauty I shall see.  
Please kiss me, Daddy, once again—there, now I’ll say good-  
night.”

A stricken father knelt alone ; at even it *was* light.

#### MY LADDIES.

“I will be soldier,” said Willie,  
As he played with his wooden gun ;  
“I will fight and kill all the Zulus,  
I think ’twill be jolly fun.”



"I will be a sailor," said Johnnie,  
 "And sail o'er the beautiful sea ;  
 I will visit those foreign countries  
 Which father describes oft to me."

"I will be a preacher," said Jamie,  
 "And carry the gospel news grand,  
 And our dear Saviour's loving message  
 Away to some dark heathen land."

There's, away in the lonely desert,  
 A wooden cross only to tell  
 Where my soldier Willie lies sleeping,  
 My Willie, who fought, oh ! so well.

No cross marks the grave of my Johnnie,  
 No willow waves over his head ;  
 In the depths of the ocean he's sleeping  
 Till the great sea gives up her dead.

And Jamie, my wee, bonnie laddie,  
 For long has been safe in the fold—  
 Safe from this world's care and sorrow ;  
 My darling will never grow old.

Some mothers, with hearts slowly breaking,  
 Are listening through the long night  
 For the falt'ring step of a darling son  
 Who has strayed from the path of right.

Though my home is lone I am thankful  
 That my darling laddies are safe ;  
 'Tis hard to part, yet 'tis better far  
 Than having a prodigal waif.



### MARY INGLIS,

**A**UTHORESS of the following very pleasing verses from a little volume entitled "Croonings," is a native of Berwickshire. She was born and spent her childhood and early youth in the United Presbyterian

Manse of Stockbridge, a sweet secluded spot nestling under the sheltering cliffs of the first low-lying range of the Lammermoor hills. There her father, the Rev. D. M. Inglis, lived and laboured amongst an attached and appreciative congregation for nearly half-a-century. The occurrence of a number of sad family events caused Miss Inglis, in the autumn of 1858, to exchange her beloved Berwickshire home for one in the near neighbourhood of Glasgow, where she still resides. Hers has been a devoted life to those she held dear, and "The Auld Manse," a deeply tender poem, which we quote, is, like most of her pieces, a heartfelt embodiment of what *had been*. Her poetry, which evinces a gentle, sympathetic nature, is expressed with a quiet and melodious grace, and with fine poetic sensibilities. It is full of a gentleness, a love, and a sympathy with all that is good and true and beautiful in humanity and in the material universe.

#### LET THE BAIRNIES PLAY.

Oh ! let the bairnies play themsels,  
 I like to hear their din,  
 I like to hear each restless foot  
 Come trippin' oot and in.  
 I like to see each face sae bricht,  
 And each wee heart sae gay ;  
 They mind me o' my ain young days—  
 Oh ! let the bairnies play.

Oh ! dinna check their sinless mirth,  
 Or mak' them dull and wae  
 Wi' gloomy looks or cankered words,  
 But let the bairnies play.  
 Auld douce wise folks should ne'er forget  
 They ance were young as they,  
 As fu' o' fun and mischief, too—  
 Then let the bairnies play.

And never try to set a heid,  
 Wi' auld age grim and grey,  
 Upon a wee saft snawy neck—  
 Na ! let the bairnies play.

For, oh ! there's mony a weary nicht  
 And mony a waefu' day  
 Before them, if God spares their lives—  
 Sae let the bairnies play.

#### THE MAIDEN MARTYR.

They have led her to the Solway sands,  
 They have led her there to die,  
 They have bound her fast to the cruel stake,  
 Yet fearless is her eye,  
 Though she knows she takes her farewell look  
 Of earth, and sea, and sky.

She stands amidst the soldiers stern—  
 A maiden young and fair,  
 And a wall of pity is heard from the crowd  
 As they gaze on her beauty rare ;  
 And see ! the wild waves rushing  
 Where the sands were lately bare.

“ Marget ! my bonnie Marget !  
 Why will ye, why will ye die ?  
 Oh ! speak the word that will save your life,  
 For the tide is rising high.”—  
 A shadow fell on the maiden's face  
 As she heard that piteous cry.

“ Nay, mother ! thae words I winna speak,  
 Though your loving heart should break ;  
 I would rather stand in the waters here  
 And dee for conscience' sake ;  
 I hae nae fear o' the foamin' waves  
 As they deepen round my stake.

“ This world is fair, and life is sweet,  
 But sweeter far to me  
 Are the songs they are singing in Paradise,  
 Where this day I hope to be ;  
 Even noo I can plainly hear them  
 Abune the roar o' the sea.”

There was grief that day in many a heart,  
 And tears on many a cheek,  
 And sorely they urged her to save her life,  
 But no word would the maiden speak :  
 Her will was firm as the changeless rocks,  
 Though her woman's heart was weak.

Oh ! noble Margaret Wilson,  
 I see thee standing there !  
 Thy drenched hair falling round thee,  
 Thy small hands clasped in prayer,  
 Whilst the blinding spray is dashing  
 O'er thy face so wan and fair.

Oh ! sainted Margaret Wilson,  
 I see thee standing now !  
 The martyr's crown, so early won,  
 Upon thy youthful brow,  
 And the robe thou wear'st is dazzling white,  
 And pure as the new-fallen snow.

#### LAST LONGINGS.

"Oh ! bring me a deep cauld draught," he said,  
 "O' the water I used to drink,  
 Frae the well at the foot o' Ewieside  
 Wi' the buttercups round its brink ;  
 And there grew the sweet-spotted orchis  
 Amang the rushes green,  
 And the bonnie blue-e'ed speedwell,  
 And the scented meadow-queen."

They held a cup to his pale parched lips,  
 But he turned his head away,  
 And yearned on still for a "deep cauld draught"  
 Frae the well in the howe o' the brae.  
 On Memory's wings his thochts had flown  
 Away from the close, dark room,  
 To the sunny hillside where he used to play,  
 'Mang the feathery fern and the broom.

Upon his ear there fell ance mair  
 The sang o' the Heriot burn  
 As it rippled along 'neath the alder boughs  
 Wi' mony a curve and turn ;  
 And he heard again the bees' blithe hum  
 Amang the heather bells ;  
 And the wae'fu' wail o' the new-spained lambs  
 High up on the grassy fells.

And ane by ane before his e'e  
 Rose pictures sweet and fair  
 O' the dear auld hame sae far away,  
 That he wad ne'er see mair.

But fairer than a' were the sights he saw  
 Lang ere the end o' the day,  
 In the blessed land where they thirst nae mair,  
 And a' tears are wiped away.

#### THE AULD MANSE.

The auld manse ! the auld manse !  
 Was neither grand nor braw ;  
 The passages were narrow,  
 The rooms low-roofed and sma' ;  
 But dear to me was every stane  
 In each time-worn wa'.

Hoo sweet the sunny garden look'd  
 Wi' a' its flowerets fair,  
 That wi' their mingled fragrance  
 Perfumed the summer air,  
 And fed the hungry honey bees  
 That flisked and feasted there !

The auld manse ! the auld manse !  
 Was filled wi' memories sweet  
 O' days when each spot echoed wi'  
 The din o' dancin' feet,  
 And nights when blithe young faces  
 Smiled round the hearth sae neat.

The dancin' feet hae lang been still,  
 The faces hid away  
 Beneath the grass and gowans  
 For mony a weary day :  
 Hoo often the bonniest blossoms  
 Are the first to droop and decay !

The auld manse ! the auld manse !  
 Is altered noo and fine,  
 Rude hands hae torn doon the porch  
 Where the roses used to twine  
 Sae lovin'ly about the stems  
 O' the starry jessamine.

I miss the shady summer seat ;  
 The apple trees are gane  
 Whose rich ripe clusters keeked langsyne  
 Through each bricht window pane ;  
 It does nae please *my* e'e sae weel,  
 That could bare front o' stane.

The auld manse ! the auld manse !  
 The hame o' infancy,  
 When each sma' grief was soothed away  
 On a loving mother's knee ;  
 A fairer, sweeter, sunnier spot,  
 I ne'er expect to see

Till life's lang journey ower, I reach  
 The heavenly hame sae fair,  
 Where they drap nae tear, and breathe nae sigh,  
 And ken nae grief or care,—  
 The hame where earth's broken circles  
 Re-unite for ever mair.

## AULD AILIE BROWN.

Fareweel, auld Ailie ! fare thee weel !  
 Nae mair ye'll ca' the big woo' wheel ;  
 Nae mair I'll sit by thy hearthstane,  
 As aft I've dune in days by-gane,  
 And munched my sugared piece sae sweet,  
 Auld pussy purrin' at my feet ;  
 And by my side a clockin' hen,  
 Wi' wee pet birdies nine or ten,  
 That aye I liked sae weel to feed  
 Wi' ears o' corn or crumbs o' bried,—  
 Whilst ever wi' a cheery sound  
 The whirrin' wheel flew round and round.  
 And oh ! hoo prood and pleased was I,  
 When I got leave mysel' to try,  
 Without a fear o' flyte or frown  
 Frae thee, dear gentle Ailie Brown.

. . . . .  
 But Ailie, ye hae gane to rest,  
 The lang grass waves o'er thy kind breast ;  
 Nae stately heid-stane marks the spot ;  
 But, dear auld frenn, ye're no forgot,  
 For closely memory clings to thee  
 As ivy clasps the withered tree,  
 And aften, aften brings to mind  
 Thy lovin' looks and words sae kind.  
 There was nae beauty in thy face,  
 And thy auld form had little grace,  
 For Time had been but rude to thee—  
 Had bent thy back and dimmed thine e'e ;  
 Yet aye that wrinkled face o' thine  
 Comes back wi' dreams o' sweet lang syne ;  
 Wi' dreams that mak' the tear-draps start  
 And thrill the deep chords o' the heart ;

Wi' memories' childhood's day  
 Nae length o' years can sweep away,—  
 Lang as the wheel o' life rins roun'  
 I'll mind ye, dear auld Ailie Brown.

## YON BURNSIDE.

Ah, me ! what gleefu' days I've seen  
     By yon burnside ;  
 What ploys among the brakens green  
     By yon burnside !  
 But noo nae bricht-e'ed bairnies meet  
 To climb the cliffs wi' tireless feet  
 And pu' fair flowers and berries sweet  
     By yon burnside.

There's nae din or daffin' noo  
     By yon burnside ;  
 There's nae licht-hearted laughin' noo  
     By yon burnside.  
 Still high on the thyme-scented brae  
 The wild wee lambies blithely play,  
 But a' the bairnies are awa  
     Frae yon burnside.

It's lanesome, noo, to dander doon  
     By yon burnside ;  
 And waefu', noo, the water's croon,  
     By yon burnside.  
 The laverock's lilt that used to be  
 Sae fu' o' mirthfu' melody,  
 Noo sounds like some sad dirge to me  
     By yon burnside.

But aye I like to wander yet  
     By yon burnside ;  
 The flowery knowes I'll ne'er forget  
     By yon burnside ;  
 For, oh ! sic visions haunt me there,  
 O' gracefu' forms and faces fair,  
 A' gane ! a' gane, for evermair  
     Frae yon burnside.

## I WADNA BE A SWALLOW.

I wadna be a swallow—  
 A fickle flichty thing—  
 That comes in summer weather,  
 Then flees on coward wing

Whene'er it sees the yellow leaves  
 Fa' flickerin' frae the trees,—  
 I wadna be a swallow  
 By ony bird that flees.

A swallow aye has been the type  
 O' cauldrie, heartless friends  
 That share our joys in summer hours,  
 Then flee when summer ends ;  
 Who smile upon us when they see  
 Oor fu' cup brimmin' o'er ;  
 Then coolly turn their backs whene'er  
 The wolf draws near the door.

O' a' the birds that wing the air,  
 I lo'e the robin best,  
 For, oh ! he wears a leal wee heart  
 'Aneath his scarlet breast.  
 When cauld blasts blaw and snawflakes fa',  
 And other birds are gane,  
 He comes and nods his feathery pow  
 In at the window pane.

The mavis and the mizzle-thrush  
 Sing in the early spring ;  
 And next the blackbird tunes his pipe,  
 And makes the wild woods ring.  
 But robin keeps his sweetest sang,  
 And lilts it oot wi' glee  
 When icicles hang like a fringe  
 Frae ilka bush and tree.

Ah, yes ! I lo'e the robin weel,  
 He's like a friend sae true  
 That grips oor hand in life's wild storm,  
 And kindly helps us through.  
 I hear his cheery voice e'en now,  
 He's chirpin' shrill and loud ;  
 There's aye a silver linin' glints  
 Oot through the gloomiest cloud.





## ROBERT SWAN

**W**AS born at Kirkburn, near Peebles, in the parish of Traquair and Innerleithen, on the river Tweed, in 1853. The son of a working man, he received a fair education, and having served an apprenticeship to the general drapery trade, he followed this calling in Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Hamilton. He is now in charge of an important drapery establishment in Lockerbie. At the early age of thirteen he first began to write verses on local topics, and for a number of years he has been a frequent contributor to several newspapers. His scanty leisure—for he devotes himself closely to business—is spent in the study of geology and botany. Being passionately fond of ferns, he has been a diligent and intelligent collector, and many of his specimens are both choice and rare. As might be expected, Mr Swan's Muse evinces a cultured taste, is touched with a gentle tenderness, and inspired with fervent adoration for the good and the beautiful.

## THE CONVICT'S SIGH.

Oh, for an hour of sweet repose  
 In the depths of the shady wood,  
 With nothing to break the stillness  
 But the lay of the feathery brood,

Or the silvery tone of the babbling brook,  
 From the uplands wild and free,  
 A throbbing, pulsing thing of life,  
 Flowing on to the restless sea.

Oh, for an hour to call my own,  
 For a while set free from care,  
 I would hie me away to the tangled brake,  
 For I love to linger there;

Oh, had I an hour to call my own,  
 I would hie me far away,

For I long to climb my native hills,  
So grandly grim and grey,

I would pillow my head on the waving fern,  
And inhale the fragrant smell  
Of the sweet wild rose and milk-white thorn  
And the flowers I love so well.

## THE DEBAUCHEE.

Man but in stature, child in strength, plunged in sin's deep mire,  
Drinking deep and deeper still, piling fuel on the fire ;  
Heeding not the still small voice that keeps ringing in his ear,  
Drink dethroning reason, no place for conscience here.  
Satan guides the frail craft onward, and onward he must go,  
Down the drunkard's well-worn path, down to eternal woe ;  
No pausing now to reckon up, no halting time to think,  
Beyond the power of human aid, he nears the giddy brink.  
Angels of light and love look on, with longing wistful eyes,  
When man, the noblest work of God, by his own folly dies ;  
And still we hear the widow's groans and the helpless orphan's  
cry,  
That might wring tears of pity from a demon's haggard eye.

## A SANG TO THE WEAN.

Beside oor cheerie hearth there staun's a wee arm chair,  
An' in its kindly grasp there sits a wee wean there,  
Wi' bonnie eep o' bricht sky-blue, an' 'locks o' gowden hair,  
A queen to me she seems to be in oor arm chair.

Whene'er I speak she loodly craws, an' flings her arms about,  
An' oft I wrap her in a shawl an' tak' my bairnie oot ;  
Like me, she's fond o' exercise oot in the open air,  
Like me, she likes the comforts o' her wee arm chair.

She's driven oor pair auld tabby cat amaist oot o' the hoose,  
An' when she gets it on her knee, my faigs ! she feels fu' croose :  
She grups it by the downy fur, by lugs, an' tail, depend on't,  
An' it in turn gies her a scart, of coorse, then, that's the end on't.

'Twas kind in heaven, ay, unco kind, a little wean to send,  
To scatter wi' her smiles an' wiles a gloom frae oor fire end ;  
Her little voice sae fu' o' glee wi' music fills the air,  
Diffusing love an' joy a' round frae her wee arm chair.

May heaven let down her leading strings, an' lead thee safely on,  
Until the bourne o' death is past, an' heaven's sweet home is  
won ;  
Then when oor pilgrimage is past, life's trial's an' struggles o'er,  
We'll roam through sunny paradise an' ageless evermore.

## OOR BACK DOOR.

TUNE—"Melville Castle."

There stauns a broken wuden pump against oor coal-hoose wa',  
The Dorkin' cock has mounted on't to flap his wings an' craw,  
A cacklin' crood are gathered round to hear what is in store—  
It's a regular hen convention at oor back door.

An' Mrs Dorkin too is there amid the noisy thrang,  
She's left her chickens in the nest to hear what has gane wrang,  
For sic a meetin' ne'er was seen in a' the toon before,  
Like that when Dorkin gave a speech at oor back door.

When a' is quiet he rises up the meetin' to address,  
An' rambles on frae bad to worse, syne landin' in a mess ;  
He speaks o' cocks an' hens he kent that sune could mak' a splore  
Wi' a' the flowers an' plants that grow at oor back door.

Then Mrs Dorkin in a funk cries " We are freemen born,  
So let us mak' a law at yince that we'll be fed on corn,  
An' treated weel in many ways that should been dune afore,"  
Or they'd scrape the berry bus'es up at oor back door.

Her warlike speech sune raised a row among the ducks an' geese,  
The bubbly-jocks and bantam cocks did loudly sue for peace,  
But still the fight went fiercely on as fight ne'er went before,  
An' bluid an' feathers flew aboot at oor back door.

At last the henwife hears the row an' hurries to the fight,  
An' wi' a ponderous heather broom she plies it left an' right ;  
The riotous crew disperse at yince disgusted wi' their splore,  
Resolved to meet an' fecht nae mair at oor back door.

## THE WIDOW'S ONLY SON.

"Come, haste ye, Johnnie, ye maun rise, it's time ye were at  
wark,  
Get on ye're duddy auld pit claes, an' this patched flannel sark ;  
The mornin' air is cauld an' keen, for yin sae puirly clad,"  
So spoke the mother to her son, her puir wee collier lad.

While he got ready for the road, his little lamp she lit,  
To light him on his weary way to yonder distant pit ;  
With hasty step he hurried on, and found he had but time  
To be among the very last that would descend the mine.

Now all below is active life, the morning work's begun,  
Each toiling hard to win his bread far from the smiling sun :  
The thrumming of the engine wheels proclaim to all around  
*That all is well so far, as yet, with those who're underground.*

The widow, in her cottage home, was putting all things right,  
 The cat lay purring on the rug, the grate was shining bright ;  
 All around was bathed in peace, each thing seemed fraught with  
 joy,  
 Yet the widow's mind was ill at ease about her collier boy.

'Twas long before she could consent to let her loved one go  
 To win his hard-earned daily bread away far down below ;  
 A boy in years, a man at heart, a noble-minded lad,  
 She thought if aught befel her boy 'twas sure to drive her mad.

'Twas well for her she didn't know what fate hung o'er his head,  
 Or that the son she loved so much was numbered with the dead ;  
 The miners' foe, the fatal blast, had laid her loved one low,  
 Soon many a happy home, alas ! would be a scene of woe.

And hark ! what booming sound is that borne on the morning air ?  
 Dark clouds of smoke rise from the pit, shows something wrong  
 is there ;  
 " Oh heavens ! " she cried, " what smoke and flame across the  
 sky is cast,"  
 The awful truth flashed o'er her mind, " the Blantyre pit's in  
 blast."

Then out she rushed into the street, her thought was of her child,  
 " Oh tell me if my Johnnie lives," she cried in accents wild,  
 And straightway hurried to the pit, she could no longer wait,  
 " Oh surely some kind one will tell me of my darling's fate."

An eager crowd of anxious ones impatiently stood there,  
 Sad groups of weeping wives and weans gave way to dire despair ;  
 But high above the clamorous din was heard the startling cry,  
 " Oh bring to me my only son, that with him I might die."

\* \* \* \*

The bell is rung, the cage ascends, until they reach the head,  
 The cry is raised they've found a boy, but hush, they say he's dead.  
 They wrap the body in a sheet, 'tis slowly borne away,  
 But see, a woman leaves the crowd, and bids the *corteje* stay ;  
 She has but one request to make, and instantly 'tis done,  
 That shriek of agony tells the tale, this is the widow's son.

### WAGGITY WA .

Where Tarth's crystal stream glides slowly along,  
 Creepin' on through the low wud wi' mony a sang,  
 Stan's some weel-theekit hooses baith bounnie an' braw  
 Where *langsyne leev'd* a worthy ca'd Waggity Wa'.

A douce canty couple were Rab an' Nan Reid—  
 (Wi' reverence I aye like to speak o' the deid).  
 Noo, Rab had his fauts, as maist o' folk hae—  
 A kind o' half-wit the neebours would say ;  
 But hoo far they were richt an' hoo far they were wrang,  
 I purpose to show ere I finish my sang ;  
 But the key-note o' a', if the truth I maun tell,  
 Puir Rab was an oot-an'-oot coward as well.

They'd a snug little hoose, aye tidy an' clean,  
 An' the auld bodies too were aye hale an' bien :  
 No a spec on the floor, be it ever sae sma',  
 An' the wa's were as white as the pure driven snaw ;  
 Nannie aye took delight to hae things in their place,  
 Frae a chair or a stool to her spec's on the brace.

At Nannie's command, an' that wasna a joke,  
 Puir Rab ilka nicht had to wind up the clock ;  
 'Twas nane o' yer new-fangled "Yankees" ava,  
 But a guid, tho' an auld-fashn't waggity wa',  
 An heirloom, in fact, Nan had got frae her mither,  
 Wha declared o' the kind there wasna anither ;  
 Rab used to aloo it had hung in the Ark,  
 An' Noah had made it when hard up for wark.

Ae nicht he forgot to wind up the clock,  
 And to rise in the dark was mair than a joke ;  
 But Nannie's shrill voice made him jump to his pins,  
 Mutterin' something o' some folk gien account o' their sins,  
 When crossin' the floor he made nae noise ava,  
 Until he had wound up the waggity wa' ;  
 But, alas ! comin' back to his warin bed again  
 His sark tail got hookit in waggity's chain,  
 An' then he set up sic a "hullabaloo,"  
 Cryin' "Help, Nannie, help ; for the deil has me noo ;"  
 An' to mak' maitters waur she oot wi' a roar,  
 As the waggity fell wi' a clash on the floor.  
 He floundered aboot wi' the clock at his heels,  
 Cryin' "Fare 'e weel, Nannie ; I'm awa' wi' the deils ;"  
 An' syne wi' anither unearthly-like roar  
 Baith Rab an' the clock flew oot at the door.

Doon through the wud like a phantom he flew,  
 While Nan an' the neebours joined in the "haloo,"  
 Cryin' "Stop, Robbie, stop, man ; it's uae deil ava,  
 But yer ain wreckit ricketty waggity wa'."



## HENRY ARNOT DEWAR,

**M**ESSENGER-AT-ARMS and Sheriff-Officer, Edinburgh, was born in 1844 in the parish of Abbotshall, Kirkcaldy. He comes of a poetic family, his father, who was teacher of St Andrew's School, Dundee, having been the author of several excellent poems. His uncles, the Rev. Archibald Dewar and Mr Thomas Jeffray, were also contributors to the newspapers and magazines of their time. Our poet, who was bred to the trade of a baker in Dundee, left home to serve his apprenticeship when only nine years of age, and was a journeyman when fourteen, his parents being then resident in Edinburgh. He then attended school for two years, and afterwards worked for some time, but was compelled to give up his calling through ill-health. He was consequently sent to Berwick-on-Tweed, where he was placed under private tuition, and in course of time fitted himself for the duties of messenger-at-arms.

Mr Dewar's first verses were on the subject of "Kindness," and were written for a comrade who went to New Zealand in 1860, of whom he never heard again. While working at Gilmerton and Aberlady he wrote numerous amusing pieces for "carters' plays, and lads' and lasses' marriage days." He never kept copies of these, as they were written, he tells us, "merely for fun, my supper, and a dance." Being an officer of Court, he has frequently to take part in proceedings which are trying to his keen sensibilities, and we have reason to know that he has often injured himself by assisting those who afterwards, by their conduct, taught him a lesson of the ingratitude of mankind. Mr Dewar has been a voluminous writer, and has touched on many themes. His poems are of a warm, reflective, and

thoughtful nature, full of a tender, loving spirit. His verse is also marked by an ease of expression, and by an insight and aptness that evince a finely-toned poetic sympathy.

#### THE BLIND BOY'S LAMENT.

I hear sweet birds, but cannot see,  
I hear them singing from the tree,  
I hear the murmur of the bees—  
The bright flowers rustling in the breeze,  
The reapers' songs amongst the corn,  
In balmy autumn's early morn :  
Their soothing lays of love and joy  
Are dear to me, a poor blind boy.

I hear the children play at night  
With gladsome glee and rare delight,  
The streamlets rushing down the hill,  
The troutlets splashing in the rill,  
The noise of busy life around,  
The showers rattling on the ground,  
I cannot mingle in their joy  
For I am but a poor blind boy.

Oh, what a blessing is the sight  
Of sunny day and starry night,  
Of waving fields and heaving sea,  
But they, alas, are blanks to me—  
The rolling waves around my feet,  
The gallant ships that breast the deep,  
Methinks I see the bright blue sky—  
Ah no ! I am a poor blind boy.

My sisters dear I hear at night  
Speaking of silvery stars so bright,  
Like diamonds glittering in the sky,  
Twinkling in the Heavens so high,  
The landscapes they describe to me,  
With all the glorious sights they see,  
This makes me breathe a bitter sigh  
Because I am a poor blind boy.

They tell me when I was a babe,  
My mother in her grave was laid,  
But oft she pressed me to her heart,  
While in her eyes hot tears did start,  
And as she gazed into my face,  
Would still more lovingly embrace ;

Before she died she prayed that He  
My guide, my all-in-all would be.

Tho' often I feel sad and lone,  
Love reigns within our cottage home,  
And if down hearted I should be,  
My sisters sing sweet hymns to me ;  
Standing around my couch of rest,  
Their warm cheeks to mine are prest,  
For me their prayers ascend on high,  
That God would spare their poor blind boy.

Helpless and weak, still I have bread,  
With plenty on my table spread,  
While I can hear my pastor say  
That Christ can wash my sins away,  
And will at last my soul receive,  
If I do love Him and believe,  
Tho' earthly sight He has not given,  
He'll open wide my eyes in Heaven.

So while I hear my Saviour's voice,  
My doubting heart may well rejoice.  
Death's terrors I will fear no more,  
By faith, I see the sunlit shore ;  
All life's dark paths he'll lead me through,  
Till Heavenly light bursts on my view,  
When I shall taste unmingled joy,  
Tho' I was once a poor blind boy.

#### ANITHER DAY IS PAST.

Anither day is past, Joe—  
I'm weary o' this life ;  
I ken it winna last, Joe—  
Nae lang ye'll ca' me " wife."  
Weel I do mind the time, Joe,  
When I became yer bride ;  
Baith bloomin' in oor prime, Joe,  
To a' the toun a pride.

It looks but like yestreen, Joe,  
Since we oor days began ;  
An' faithfu' ye hae been, Joe—  
By me a weel-lo'ed man.  
For sax and forty years, Joe,  
We noo hae marrit been ;  
An' ye've ne'er gar't the tears, Joe,  
To drap doon, frae my een.



Thae happy days are gane, Joe,  
 Ne'er to again return ;  
 But when yer left alane, Joe,  
 For me ye mauna mourn.  
 Noo dinna leave me here, Joe,  
 I'm nae distrest wi' pain ;  
 Tho' death is comin' near, Joe,  
 We part to meet again.

In lands ayont the sea, Joe,  
 Oor bairns are awa' ;  
 Sae whan my spirit's free, Joe,  
 Ye'll tell them ane an' a',  
 Richt glad was their mither, Joe,  
 To leave this world o' care ;  
 To Heaven, which is forever, Joe,  
 Whaur she will meet them there.

Yer face I dinna see, Joe—  
 Draw close by my bedside ;  
 A kiss afore I dee, Joe—  
 I canna langer bide.  
 On yer fing'r put this ring, Joe,  
 An' wear it till ye dee ;  
 'Twill o' the past aye bring, Joe,  
 Sweet memories o' me.

Pou' up the blind a wee, Joe,  
 'Tis surely growin' dark ;  
 Lat the sun shine on me, Joe,  
 Frae it I too maun part.  
 Sune a' will noo be past, Joe—  
 My hauns are icy cauld ;  
 Sune in oor Saviour's breast, Joe,  
 His arms will me enfauld.

#### THERE'S AYE A SOMETHING THAT TAK'S US AWAW'.

In this wearifu' warld whate'er oor lot be,  
 Lat's be rich or be puir, or claithed unco braw,  
 To tell us we're mortal, an' sune we maun dee,  
 There aye is a something that tak's us awa'.  
 Tho' strong we may look we do fade like the leaf  
 That's green for an hour, an' wi' the blasts fa',  
 Oor years are a shadow, oor days are sae brief,  
 There aye is a something that tak's us awa'.

The bonnie wee bairnie wha kens nae a care,  
 Be he born in palace, in cot, or in ha',

To mak' us mair humble oor troubles to bear,  
 The dread something comes to tak' him awa'.  
 We rise in the mornin' an' aften forget  
 To praise Him wha safely has kept ane an' a',  
 The lost we may mourn ere the sun may have set,  
 There aye is a something that tak's us awa'.

We woo in the e'enin', bright love in oor ee,  
 An' pu' frae the thorn the roses that blaw,  
 Wi' saft kisses we part, oor hearts fu' o' glee,  
 Ne'er thinkin' how something will tak' us awa'.  
 Frae lands yont the ocean the sailor wi' pride  
 Comes back for to tell a' the wonners he saw,  
 When he fin's his hame toom, an' gane has his bride,  
 There aye is a something that tak's us awa'.

The braw sodger lad seeks the place o' his birth,  
 Tho' worn oot an' wearied an' white like the snaw,  
 He sees nane but strangers noo sit roon' his hearth,  
 There aye is a something that tak's us awa'.  
 The couthie auld man, wi' his sweet wife Jean,  
 Wha cheerfu' hae been nigh years fifty an' twa,  
 Gang aff to their bed, but, alas, never dream  
 There aye is a something that tak's them awa'.

We ne'er can be happy unless day an' night  
 We strength seek frae Heaven, an' bend to its law,  
 We'll hae hope in the end, oor burden gey licht,  
 To meet aye the something that tak's us awa'.  
 Less sorrow wad vex us, an' happier we'd be,  
 Were we lovin' Him mair wha died for us a',  
 We'd smile e'en at death when by faith we do see  
 Christ aye in the something that tak's us awa'.

#### UP AND BE IN TIME.

With a cheerful heart rise like the lark,  
 Victory will be thine;  
 'Tis late to cry when the well is dry,  
 Then up and be in time.  
 Whate'er befall, there is work for all,  
 Should unity combine,  
 Aye forward go and fear no foe,  
 Then up and be in time.

Come want or care never despair,  
 A bright sun yet may shine,  
 Keep working away while it is day,  
 Then up and be in time.  
 Shining afar there's a guiding star  
 In not far distant clime,

Hidden from view, it will light you through,  
Then up and be in time.

Far better to wait than be too late,  
Though hard the hill to climb,  
With a steady pace you will win the race,  
Then up and be in time.  
If fame you'd find never look behind,  
Gold's lying in the mine,  
Poor you may be, 'tis waiting for thee,  
Then up and be in time.

So you may live, and to others give  
The vintage of your vine—  
Whate'er is gained is all attained  
From getting up in time.  
That man's a fool who self cannot rule,  
And carefully draw the line  
Between right and wrong, the weak get strong  
Since they get up in time.

#### A' FOR THY BONNIE SEL'.

Dear lassie, for you a bunch I'll pu'  
O' flowers frae wud an' dell,  
Roses red an' white, wi' pansies bright,  
A' for thy bonnie sel'.

The snaw-white thorn at early morn  
Sparklin' in mossy fell,  
Wi' pearls o' dew I'll gather for you,  
Fresh as thy bonnie sel'.

Frae the apple tree whaur haunts the bee,  
Hard by yon limpid well,  
Whan the birdies sing its blooms I'll bring,  
Sweet as thy bonnie sel'.

Primroses gay frae the sunny brae,  
Whaur lovers like to dwell,  
An' daisies fair for thy flaxen hair,  
Pure as thy bonnie sel'.

There's a tiny flow'r in ilka bow'r,  
Its name I needna tell,  
While it shall grow by it I'll vow,  
True as thy bonnie sel'.

I'll pu' for you the violets blue,  
 An' the wee heather bell ;  
 Plait them neatly roon' wi' yellow broom,  
 Rich as thy bonnie sel'.



JOHN DOUGALĀ REID,  
 "KALEIDOSCOPE,"

**AS** a novelist, essayist, and poet enjoys a wide popularity under the *nom-de-plume* of "Kaleidoscope," and it was only after repeated solicitations that he would consent to allow us to reveal his identity by giving his name. Although reluctant to pose as a candidate for public applause, he says—"If I can do good work—if a single effort of mine can lead one human soul out of itself into the light that tracks the steps of God, induce it to lift weary eyes from the dusky ways of life and behold the glory and the beauty with which the world of Nature is full ; if I can do this, my choice for the rest would be obscurity—my work in the light, myself in the shadow."

Mr Reid is a native of Glasgow. His father, who was a marine engineer, died at Liverpool when John was quite a child. After the death of the father his mother removed to Glasgow, to stay with his grandmother, who resided in a little cottage at Keppochill, on the Springburn Road. Here, in company with several of his brothers and sisters he was sent to the Old Normal School, and made his first entrance into the shadowy ways of learning. He did not then, nor indeed for long afterwards, prove an apt scholar. Not that he was what is called a dull boy, but somehow the routine of the daily tasks, as he tells us, stuck in his throat, and in spite of his utmost efforts,

largely aided though they were by the use of the cane, he proved an indifferent pupil. He considers that he learned more, and that of more lasting value, in his solitary rambles among the woods and fields than he ever learned at the feet of the wisest Gamaliel of them all.

It was decided, after the visit of a distant relative of his father's to his mother, that this relative was, in a sense, to adopt him, and accordingly he was sent to Helensburgh. This lady, Mrs Dougall, was a widow, had no children, and was in comfortable circumstances, but it appears that they never thoroughly understood each other. She was a woman strong both in body and mind, and held very decided opinions regarding what was good for the rising generation. Of these opinions he had the benefit, with results pretty evenly divided between good and bad. In nothing more was the utter want of sympathy between them manifested than in her choice, by some flash of evil inspiration, of a trade for the lad. She insisted upon his becoming a draper. This calling he utterly detested, but, like it or not he had to go, and it is almost needless to say that his employer's dissertations on haberdashery and learned disquisitions on the relative values of druggot and flannels fell on inattentive ears.

When his apprenticeship was ended, the restless craving for change that has dominated his whole life set him on a tour of discovery. His first flights were short ones. He successively stayed in Alloa, Falkirk, and other towns, filling situations as salesman in each. He seldom remained a year in one place, and at last, through his dislike to the trade, and habits of dissipation in which he had begun to indulge, he found himself at home again. Soon after, he quarrelled so decidedly with Mrs Dougall that he left the house "*for good.*" He acknowledges that the fault was his—

"She was a good scul, whose only error was that she would drive when she should have led." Our poet made his way to London, in which city he gained a fairly accurate idea of the meanings of the words "poverty" and "misery." In about four months he learned more of "Outcast London" than philanthropists dream of, and witnessed enough social horrors to people a new "Inferno."

Tired of the struggle for honest existence in the Metropolis, he at last resolved that, before he died of outright starvation, he would don the red coat. He accordingly, in 1876, enlisted into the 2nd Seaforth Highlanders—then 78th Regiment. Regarding his life as a soldier, it will be sufficient to say that he saw a good bit of the world. He visited the Mediterranean Stations, took part in the occupation of Cyprus, and returning, after a short stay in Edinburgh, was sent out to India. When in that country, and while lying at Benares, he finally resolved in future to devote his life to literature—a resolve he has never had cause to regret. His time expired, he returned to Glasgow, where, with the exception of being some time on the staff of the *Dundee Evening Telegraph* he has since resided, pursuing his literary career, and accomplishing much good work. He speaks in warm terms of the help and encouragement he received at the hands of Mr Stewart of the *Friend*, and Mr Honeyman of the *Journal* during his Dundee experiences. He gave evidence of his gratitude, and at the same time a proof of his poetic genius, by writing for the *People's Friend* Cot Bazaar a poem of exquisite and touching pathos, entitled "No Room." It was tastefully printed, with illustrated wrapper, and sold very extensively.

In Mr Reid's poetry we find ever the presence of simplicity and directness of thought, combined with charming melody and artistic finish. The moral and the

intellectual are happily blended, while his sympathies are wide, and he touches the solemn and tragic as he touches the tender and the true, with a vigour in which strength and gentleness are fitly joined. The subject itself speaks from the heart to the heart, and is always handled with genuine poetic fervour. The same might well be said of his tales and essays. These are full of realistic skill and tender pathos, with striking and clearly cut sketches of character, and subtle analysis of suffering, weakness, and joy. His stories are ever perfectly natural in detail, and the scenes of the narratives are drawn with vigour and accuracy.

#### COMRADE. GOOD-BYE.

Comrade, good-bye, the trumpets blare,  
 The lance-heads gleam on the foemen's front ;  
 They'll have work for their best and bravest there  
 If they 'bide of this charge the desperate brunt.  
 Grim it will be as ever we pressed,  
 And you, or I, or both may fall ;  
 What matter ?—Hurrah ! be it win the best.  
 'Tis duty for us, and God for all,  
 So, comrade, brother—good-bye, good-bye.

Comrade, good-bye—though death be nigh,  
 We two have looked on his face before ;  
 And whether or now or by and by,  
 We meet him, we'll scorn him more and more.  
 And should it be that he claims us here,  
 I have your heart and you have mine,  
 And the love we held so long and dear  
 Will light the hour of our life's decline.  
 Comrade, brother—good-bye, good-bye.

Comrade, good-bye—one hand-clasp true ;  
 We've nought to forgive, we've nought to forget.  
 There never was cloud between us two—  
 When we meet 'twill be as we aye have met.  
 Then tighten the grasp on lance and blade—  
 The squadrons move, the word is given,  
 And over the ruins the guns have made  
 The tempest rush of the charge is driven.  
 Comrade, strike home—good-bye, good-bye.

Comrade, good-bye, the fight is won,  
 Pursuit rolls past on the flying foe ;  
 Look up, my brother, ere life is done !  
 Speak to me, comrade, before you go !  
 Oh, never can earth to me replace  
 The life fast ebbing even now—  
 Gone, with my tears upon your face !  
 Gone with my lips upon your brow—  
 My brother—oh, God !—good-bye, good-bye.

## M A T R I M O N Y .

*Obverse.*

Sweet on the soul as airs from Eden blown  
 Throng fullest thoughts of this best joy so near.  
 Home, children, wife !—sure never man hath known  
 Bliss more assured, more unalloyed, more dear.

*Reverse.*

Confound it—this is really past a joke,  
 There lie the buttons and here hangs the shirt  
 Divorced, and ne'er a needle can I poke—  
 I'll put this on again, and—hang the dirt.

*Obverse.*

There sings nae bird in shaw or glen  
 Wi' happier heart than this o' mine.  
 My ain wee wife—my ain fire en'—  
 Od, e'en to think o'ts joy divine.

*Reverse.*

A roupie hoast and a reeky hoose,  
 A flytin' wife and a screechin' wean ;  
 I' the spence the teacups clatter crouse—  
 I sup cauld parritch here alane.

*Obverse.*

Och, sure an' it's a'fther the praste I'll be  
 Wid the wings of a swallow on ivery fut—  
 For Molly, the darlint, has taken me,  
 An' he'll tie us a knot can never be cut.

*Reverse.*

Och, wirra, wirra—ochone, ochone,  
 Sure, potheen an' women's the devil's riches ;



She's off on the spray—I'm starved skin an' bone,  
The childer's in rags, an' luek at thim breeches.

*Obverse.*

Ta king she'll wass not ca' hersel',  
She'll wass pe merrit ta nicht's morn,  
Her heather ponnie Flora Pell—  
She'll pe as plithe afore she's porn.

*Reverse.*

Ach, ach ! and shust to think what ass  
Ant fool ant eedywit she's peen,  
Ta Flora waas aal honey lass,  
Ta wife pe saut in hersel's een.

AN INVITATION.

You, from the din and the dust of the street,  
You, from the seething of squalor untold,  
You, from the care-curse that 'fends Mammon's feet,  
You, on whose young cheek the pallor is old—  
Follow, through summer-time's opening gate,  
Where the pure joys of The Beautiful wait.

You, from the triumph, the toil, and the tears,  
You, from the fighting, the fever, and fret,  
You, from the sinning that saddens and sears,  
You, in whose heart youth is lingering yet—  
Follow, down summer-time's opening way—  
God on His children is smiling to-day.

Laughter shall lead you to loves long unknown,  
Gladness shall guide you where glory is given,  
Blessings shall call you to make them your own,  
Meeting and mingling the earth and the heaven—  
Follow, where summer-time's opening wings  
Beat out the melody innocence sings.

Out of the shadow and out of the chain,  
Over the moorland and over the sea ;  
Nought shall remind you of vanished pain,  
Nothing shall whisper of sorrow to be—  
Follow, while summer-time's opening eyes  
Move the heart-fountains to waken and rise.

Might of the mountain and mirth of the vale,  
*Flame of the sun on the flood and the shore,*

Magical music in deep glen and dale,  
 Woo you to win what life loses no more—  
 Follow, where summer-time's opening hand  
 Scattereth brightness abroad in the land.

Nature shall show where the heath-springs are found,  
 Nature shall beckon where thought-rivers flow ;  
 Spirits of beauty shall compass you round,  
 Spirits of peace brood above and below—  
 Follow, then, follow through summer-time's gate,  
 Where the pure joys of The Beautiful wait.

## WAS EVER A LASS.

Was ever a lass sae beset ?  
 Was ever a body sae teased ?  
 Was e'er a maid's life sae fashed wi' the strife  
 O' lovers wha winna be pleased ?  
 They're girnin' aboot the fire en',  
 They're fechtin' in baith o' the byres—  
 What wi' tongue an' wi' nieve the deil they wad deave,  
 Wi' their " hearts," an' their " loves," an' their " fires."

Oh, what can a puir lassie dae,  
 An' what should be dune wi' sic men ?  
 Wi' their coaxin', an' pu'in', an' warrin', an' wootin',  
 They'll sune bring my life to an en'.

At milkin' time, oot in the field,  
 They gather like bees roun' the kye ;  
 I canna get Herry kep' oot o' the dairy,  
 Or Jack aff the tap o' the stye.  
 Tam's watchin' doon by at the well,  
 Will hings owre the kail-garden gate,  
 Pate's scartin' his lugs doon by 'mang the dougs,  
 In the barn Rab's cursin' his fate.  
 Oh, what, &c.

I'm " bonnie," I'm " lo'esome," I'm " sweet,"  
 I'm a " gowan," a " lily," a " rose ;"  
 Ane blethers a week o' the " bloom o' my cheek,"  
 Anither ane swears by my nose ;  
 This ane " dees for a kiss frae my mou',"  
 That " expires 'neath the dart o' my e'e ;"  
 Gin they'd murder ilk ither, an' dee a'thegither,  
 'Twad be blitheest o' news to puir me.  
 Oh, what, &c.

My father he nichers an' lauchs,  
 My mither she flytes an' she bans ;

The lasses are mad, though I wad be glad  
 Gin they'd tak' the lot aff my han's.  
 Oh, it's ill to hae nocht o' real love—  
 It's waur though to hae love decried ;  
 But the warst o' it a' is a dizzen or twa  
 O' jo's wha will no be denied.  
 Then what, &c.

## D E A T H .

Over its bright sands the river is flowing,  
 Over the valley the breezes are blowing,  
 Over the blue sky the white clouds are going ;  
 Nothing is now as but now it hath been.  
 Down in the thorn brake bird-voices are singing,  
 Down in the woodland the echoes are ringing,  
 Each moment bringeth, and dieth in bringing,  
 Silence to song and to echo, I ween.

Music of morning the noontide bewaileth,  
 Strength of the noontide the even assaileth,  
 Over the even the deep night prevaieth,  
 Night comes to die on the bosom of morn.  
 The leaf from the bud doth banish abiding,  
 Ne'er from the flower the leaf findeth hiding,  
 Growth of the seed the flower death betiding,  
 Ceaseth the seed ere the plantlet is born.

Nought that life holds in its holding remaineth,  
 Nought life contains, its own life containeth ;  
 Nought life explains life's secret explaineth—  
 Questionings all things and answerings none.  
 Gain after gain the future beholdeth,  
 Loss after loss the by-time enfoldeth,  
 Ever from death the deep present mouldeth  
 Newness of life wherein death is begun.

Dieth the strife with the gain of the booty,  
 Fatal fulfilment to effort of duty,  
 Fatal is use to the pride-time of beauty ;  
 'Neath new joy's glamour old joy's regret hides.  
 Singing were weary if 'twere not the sighing,  
 Laughing were weary if 'twere not the crying,  
 Living were weary if 'twere not the dying—  
 Only in changing earth's changelessness bides.

Ne'er hope arose that told not of setting,  
 Ne'er peace was born that waned not to fretting,  
 Ne'er memory lived that found not forgetting,  
 Love never ripened to hatred unknown.

Deep pain upbearth earth's sunniest gladness,  
 Laughter inlieth earth's uttermost sadness,  
 Wisdom's star shines through earth's gloomiest madness—  
 Shadows of all things on all things are thrown.

Why, then, since death o'er all Nature reigneth,  
 Cling I to life that only life feigneth—  
 Life that from death a new glory gaineth ?  
 Stars brightest shine in the night's deepest gloom.  
 Earth in the white mists of reason sojourneth,  
 Thought to its birthplace bewildered returneth,  
 Only the clear ray of sure knowing burneth  
 Over the gateway that opes on the tomb.

Since from sure change life nought can withhold, then,  
 Since but by death life's true tale is told, then,  
 Since death's embrace all life doth enfold, then,  
 Fear I to tread where my fellows have gone ?  
 Foe though thou, Death, thy purpose completing,  
 Dark though the cloud through which comes thy greeting,  
 Well I know now, as in hour of our meeting,  
 Stronger than thou art, my spirit lives on.

Conqueror yet ! though thy fetters have bound me,  
 Conqueror yet ! though thine arrows have found me,  
 Conqueror yet ! though thy chain is around me—  
 My soul defieth all efforts of thine !  
 Conqueror yet ! though now to thee bending,  
 Conqueror yet ! when the heavens are rending,  
 Conqueror ever ! beginning and ending,  
 Servant art thou to this spirit of mine.

#### AT IT AGAIN.

Ho, ye who are faint in fortune's strife !  
 Ye who are down in the foremost fray !  
 Blinded and bruised, despairing life,  
 Turning your faces to yesterday—  
 Up, nor moan o'er slip or fall !  
 Measure not now the how or when ;  
 Let cowards and weaklings go to the wall,  
 Set your teeth the closer an' at it again.

At it again, again, and again ;  
 Surrender's a word never known to men :  
 Women have—crying,  
 Cowards have—flying,  
 Men only—dying—  
 At it again !  
 F

Ye who are armed in the cause of right,  
 Warring with error for virtue's sake !  
 Shun ye the van in the thickening fight ?  
 Dread ye the wounds the bravest take ?  
 Though fierce the front th' opposers show,  
 Though for your one the foe be ten,  
 Flinch not under their starkest blow ;  
 Grip your hilt the firmer an' at it again.

At it again, again, and again,  
 Surrender's a word never known to men.  
 What though they jeer you ?  
 What though they sneer you ?  
 Compel them to fear you—  
 At it again !

Ye who, beset by Passion's hand,  
 Losing life's highest heritage,  
 Are pressing yet, with heart and hand,  
 The bitterest war a man can wage ;  
 Sink but to rise, and, rising, strain  
 To drag each curse from its darkest den :  
 For every fall, and shame, and pain,  
 Draw the reins the tighter an' at it again.

At it again, again, and again,  
 Surrender's a word never known to men.  
 Spite of the thralling,  
 Spite of the falling,  
 Manhood is calling—  
 At it again !

On all who duty's pathways keep,  
 Striving to gain, to guard, to save,  
 Fall high rewards and blessings deep,  
 With God's " Well done ! " o'er a true man's grave.  
 Wrong must die as right must live ;  
 Then, steady and true, in heaven's ken,  
 Ever your life to duty give,  
 Ever your watchword—At it again,

At it again, again, and again,  
 Surrender's a word never known to men.  
 Women have—crying,  
 Cowards have—flying,  
 Men only—dying—  
 At it again !

## BABY VIOLET.

Baby is here,  
Come, let us name her,  
Lest angels claim her  
Kin to their sphere ;  
Then though she dies,  
Memory can keep  
Our darling who lies  
Asleep—asleep.

What shall the name be ?  
What shall it mean ?  
If false 'tis seen,  
Whose shall the blame be  
When the years prove  
Its spells profound,  
Her young life move  
Around—around ?

Fond love's first flower—  
With her life twined,  
Flower-name shall find  
Surely love's dower ;  
Then come the meekest  
Of flowers that live,  
Name to our sweetest  
To give—to give.

Daisies are modest,  
Primroses sad,  
Roses are glad,  
Hyacinths oddest ;  
Lilies are proud,  
Bluebells are shy,  
To snowdrops a shroud  
Is nigh—too nigh.

I know of one,  
Dearest and best ;  
'Mong all the rest  
Sweeter is none.  
Deep in the dell,  
To the world unknown,  
Content to dwell  
Alone—alone.

Pet o' the fairies,  
Pride o' the wood ;  
"Enough to be good"  
Its motto so rare is.

Even winds gliding,  
Watch it above ;  
Loving and hiding  
From love—from love.

Then "Violet"  
Shall baby be ;  
Whate'er her life see  
Of gladness or fret.  
Of gladness and weeping,  
With hopes deep and broad,  
Her heart in the keeping  
Of God—of God.

And o'er her bent,  
Eyes with tears dim ;  
Mother, to Him  
Be thy prayers sent,  
Who gave to thee  
Blossom so fair.  
What dost thou see ?  
Declare—declare !

"Two little eyes  
Wide-lidded roll,  
Through which her soul  
Peeps in surprise ;  
One little brow,  
White as the snow,  
Gleams her curls now  
Below—below.

Mouth dewy red,  
Giving love's blisses  
For tender kisses—  
Love's daily bread.  
Two dimpled cheeks,  
One dimpled chin,  
Soft witchery seeks  
To win—to win.

Fingers so pliant,  
Feeblest of clasp,  
Yet in their grasp  
Strong as a giant.  
Enslaving, I ween,  
Holding us all,  
Proud baby queen,  
In thrall—in thrall.

Sunlight of smiles,  
 Music of laughter,  
 Tears coming after—  
 Oh, baby wiles, —  
 On white feet apart,  
 With pinkest of toes,  
 Straight to each heart  
 She goes—she goes.

Grow, little soul,  
 Body, grow too,  
 May God with you  
 Each day unroll  
 Record confessing  
 Christ and His rule,  
 Till life with blessing  
 Is full—is full.

Laugh, summer skies,  
 Baby is here !  
 Streams blue and clear  
 Smile with her eyes—  
 Eyes that with rays  
 Of wonderment scan  
 The world and the ways  
 Of man—of man.

Bugle winds blowing  
 Over the sea,  
 Interpret for me  
 The mother-heart glowing  
 With love-rays that fall—  
 Gladness that gives  
 A blessing to all  
 That lives—that lives.

Sing, birdie, sing,  
 On lilac bough fair !  
 Flash through the air  
 On love-litten wing !  
 To you, bird, and I,  
 Sure heaven is near,  
 For your love is nigh—  
 Mine here—mine here.

Cloud fleeces whirl,  
 Glad for the noon,  
 Leaves dance in tune,  
 Cool eddies curl—  
 Oh ! Nature is mad  
 With music and ray !  
 The whole world is glad  
 To-day—to-day."



### HUGH ARCHIBALD MACLEAN,

**A** YOUNG poet of considerable promise, and brother of Duncan Maclean noticed in our Ninth Series, was born in the charming village of Dunoon, on the West Coast. After receiving a very fair education he served his "time" to the engineering trade in Glasgow. On the expiry of his apprenticeship, he had for some time a rather chequered career. Times were bad, and he had frequently to be on the "move" in search of employment. He worked for a *period* in Paisley, the "cradle" of so many songsters, *but employment* becoming scarce, he was again thrown

idle. Through the influence of friends he ultimately procured a situation in the Globe Parcel Express Company, Glasgow, which position he still retains. Mr Maclean early evinced the rhyming faculty, some of his first effusions being characterised by a broad rollicking humour, but as our poet advanced in years and experience these early flower-thoughts of his Muse were destroyed. His hearty, manly songs have readily found a place in various newspapers and literary journals. He loves to praise the beauties of his native Caledonia, and possesses a happy lyrical style that is admirable both for natural flow and poetic thought, and that readily lends itself to musical setting. In many of his poems we find patriotism, independence, and an ardent love of the "auld hoose at hame" exemplified in a marked degree.

MY HIGHLAND LASSIE, O.

Awa' 'mang yellow tassell'd broom,  
 Yestre'en at gloamin' fa',  
 Blythe Nature bade the fairy 'oors,  
 Joy-laden, flee awa',  
 But, oh, within my breast  
 A joy I felt the best,

As in my arms I held my Highland lassie, O.

The lintie singin' sangs o' love  
 Amang the gowden whins,  
 The cadence o' the neighb'ring burn,  
 Clear loupin' owre the linns,  
 Threw roun' the scene a spell,  
 As zephyr in the dell

Played 'mang the locks o' my dear Highland lassie, O.

The gowden beam o' Hope lights up :  
 The gloom o' weary Care,  
 The po'er o' walth can fin' ye frien's  
 That kent ye na when pair ;  
 But better far than those  
 Is the spring o' love that flows

Frae the heart o' my bewitchin' Highland lassie, O.

I'm but a simple son o' toil,  
 An' she a simple maid ;



But then wi' health 'gainst warldly gear  
 The odds are even laid.  
 Sae let things tak' their swing,  
 Owre human ills I'll sing  
 When to my hame I bring my Highland lassie, O.

## A M A Y - M O R N S O N G .

Hail to the glad May-morn,  
 Hail to the flow'ry thorn,  
 Filling with fragrance the soft breathing West ;  
 Birds on the dewy spray  
 Sing in the gladsome day,  
 First rose of summer that Nature loves best.

Streamlets, with joyful song,  
 Lightly they dance along  
 Thro' pearly meadows and wild woodland green ;  
 Flowers blooming fresh and free,  
 Laughing at Nature's glee,  
 Kissed by the zephyr that fans the gay scene.

Oh, I remember well  
 Blythe childhood's fairy spell,  
 Wand'ring thro' greenwood in bright rosy May ;  
 There love and virtue met,  
 No tears of sad regret  
 E'er dimm'd my eyelids throughout the long day,

Now, where's my glad May-morn ?  
 Where now the scented thorn ?  
 Where are the lambkins that frisked o'er the lea ?  
 Scenes such as these are still  
 By dell and heath-clad hill,  
 But the real pleasures come no more to me.

## C A L E D O N I A .

Land o' the mountain, brave land o' the North,  
 Whaur the waves, like war-steeds, are lashed into froth  
 As they break on the barren an' wild rocky shore,  
 An' the hoary cliffs echo the billows' loud roar.  
 Staunch Caledonia, dauntless an' free,  
 Land o' the heather, my heart warms for thee.

At the soond o' the pibroch oor clansmen arose,  
 In days o' langsyne, to mak' war wi' her foes,  
*Wha tried to subdue her an' mak' her sons slaves,*  
*But the lads wi' the tartan crushed doon the knaves ;*

Ay, they crushed doon the tyrant, an' bled for their ain  
In the red field o' glory her richts to maintain.

Now, stern Caledonia ! free as the breeze,  
Rears high her mountains an' phantom-like trees ;  
Independent she stands, an', laured in Fame,  
Guards the graves o' her heroes o' deathless name.  
Her emblem the thistle, that streams on the hill,  
Shows the warld that, unconquered, she reigns proudly still.

Wave on in the hill-breeze, both thistle an' heath,  
Lang may the sword o' war rest in the sheath,  
May peace rule the land, an' true honour ne'er fade ;  
But should the usurper oor country invade,  
Then, to the front, Highlanders, fearless an' bold,  
An' fight for your rights like the heroes of old.

#### MY HIGHLAND HOME.

O, I'll tune my old harp, and a song I will sing  
To the home of my childhood, where wild echoes ring,  
Where the streamlet sings freedom as onward it flows,  
And the bee sips the sweets from the wild laughing rose.

O my dear Highland home ! how my heart with joy fills  
When I think on your mountains and heath-covered hills,  
Where I spent jocund hours in that long, long ago,  
And this bosom of mine felt love's passionate glow.

When the sun sunk in crimson adown the calm West,  
And up rose the moon with her star-spangled crest,  
Then I'd pace through the woodlands with fond airy tread,  
While Nature lay pillowed on eve's dewy bed.

How my pulses beat high when, in holiday time,  
I musingly stray 'mong green ferns and woodbine,  
And list to some bird as it sings to the stream,  
Bringing back thro' a mist of years some golden dream.

The heather blooms yet round my dear Highland home,  
And the wild sea-bird still rides as free on the foam ;  
But they ne'er give such joy, for the spell is now broke,  
As when youth reigned a star in the bright sky of Hope.

O the joys, hopes, and fancies, the bliss and the truth,  
That pictured the scenes round the home of my youth,  
They are gone, as old Time in his flight ne'er returns,  
But in mem'ry will live while the flame of life burns.

## JAMES KELLY,

**W**HOSE poetry abounds with vivid description, and dainty yet forcible sketches of scenery, was born in Carluke in 1855. His father was a native of Carnwath, and belonged to a family that appears to have been long connected with several parishes in Upper Clydesdale. The patronymic spelt "Kello" is found in some of the oldest parochial records extant. Some years ago a tombstone bearing the name was unearthed at Carnwath, and after examination by competent authorities, was pronounced to be the oldest memorial in the churchyard.

James Kelly received the rudiments of his education at Braidwood School, Carluke, and began to write verses when only eleven years of age. He was known by his companions to be possessed of a poetic temperament and considerable powers of intuition. Although he was by no means studious in his habits, he kept ahead of his class-fellows by looking over his lessons on the way to school. His parents seem to have been somewhat indulgent towards the youth, endowed as he was with an impulsive and imaginative nature, for in opposition to the advice of his father, who wished him to take a superior education, with the view of entering one of the learned professions, he left school, and for a shorter or longer period between his thirteenth and eighteenth year he was employed in several vocations, none of which he found congenial to his tastes. At Christmas, 1874, he gained a Queen's scholarship in the Glasgow F.C. Normal Seminary, and after the usual course of training, in the final examination for Certificates, he took a position in the First Division of the students of his year. *During sessions 1878-79 and 1879-80 he pursued a*

classical course at Glasgow University, and he is at present engaged in the irksome and arduous duties of a teacher in his native town. Mr Kelly is a poet of bright promise, his verse ever giving evidence of remarkable originality of conception and beauty of diction. He tells us, with a poet's power of perception and expression, what he finds in his own heart and in the open book of Nature, and his subjects afford him opportunity for minute description and pleasing imagery.

#### THE FISHERMEN'S WIVES.

Wild, wild the north wind blew,  
 And fast the darkness flew,  
 Fierce on the frith black storm came sweeping down,  
 Breakers foaming white,  
 Hissed and growled in sight  
 Of the fishermen's wives looking out from the town.

"Wee bairns," who smiled in sleep,  
 Had "faithers" on the deep;  
 Morn saw their bonny boats, worth many a crown,  
 Gleam along the sands—  
 Wringing now their hands  
 Were the fishermen's wives looking out from the town.

With bellowing outright,  
 The sea was hoarse, all night  
 It boomed and clutched the cliffs to drag them down;  
 Eerie were the cries,  
 Sleepless were the eyes  
 Of the fishermen's wives looking out from the town.

The red lights glimmered low,  
 The storm howled to and fro,  
 When down into the dark, their grief to drown,  
 From the cottage door,  
 Trailing to the shore  
 Went the fishermen's wives looking out from the town.

Dishevelled in the blast,  
 The night went sweeping past,  
 And rose above the brine with murky frown—  
 Darker were the fears,  
 Bitter were the tears  
 Of the fishermen's wives looking out from the town.

Seen in the morning light,  
 The seascape shimmered bright,  
 Some painted spars were drifting up and down ;  
 Still with streaming eyes,  
 Late, and at sunrise,  
 Are the fishermen's wives looking out from the town.

#### THE BEAUTY OF NATURE.

As darling child in love-wild ecstasy,  
 Clasp't eagerly unto a mother's heart,  
 Plays with her ringlets, woos the lightning glance  
 Of mirth from her kind eyes, and greedy culls  
 Ripe kisses from her lips : deep in the soul  
 That child engraves the earnest mother's face ;  
 And so do we the face of mother Earth ;  
 Her flowered skirts, her forest garniture,  
 Her outstretched arms, the mighty cloud-smit hills ;  
 Her moods of beauty through the seasons four,  
 Reflected in our own ; we know them all,  
 From valley wrinkle to her inmost heart.  
 She holds us gently to her teeming breast ;  
 We dally with her tresses - wind and rain ;  
 We look into her glistening eyes—the seas,  
 And in their depths we find rich beautiful things.  
 She strews her fruits to usward honey-veined ;  
 Her smiles warm all our shadows into light,  
 And in responses we smile back to her.  
 If earth be beautiful, and thus beloved  
 Shall we deny Creator, Father God.

'Tis noontide, come with me, leave that steep road  
 Of rough descent, and take this easy stile  
 Unto the softness grassy on the path,  
 Beneath yon copse meandering, edging round  
 The ferny hollows - like a garment trail  
 Of velvet green most gracefully outspread  
 Behind the goddess of sincere delight.  
 Walk slowly, how the flowers, as we pass,  
 Glance up into our eyes, each fondling each ;  
 Among the waving herbage twinkle they—  
 Anemones with features delicate,  
 And cowslips varnished like a golden couch  
 Fit for a sunbeam ; purple hyacinths,  
 Wood sorrel, daisied tufts, and jessamine ;  
 Peep well into the grass, and ye shall find  
 The lovers' favourite, forget-me-not ;  
 Feel how a warm renewal unto youth  
*Stirs in our veins to hear that cuckoo call,*

And Nature's universal mellowness  
Out from a thousand throats gush happily.

A galaxy of sleek faced violets  
Beside this hedgerow, from the crowd remote,  
Will more than all the snaky, tangled maze  
Of human greatness, me control, and awe.  
Here, in my youth amid such sylvan scenes,  
I courted Nature like a soul in love ;  
For, sober-minded, I had no delight  
Among the thoughtless in a village crowd,  
To dally with cobwebs the gossip spun.  
I rather was a worshipper in glens  
At eventide, or by the moorland wild,  
And solitary tarn on mountain side ;  
But most of all, when like a silver rain,  
The moonlight lavished lustre on each scene,  
Refreshing it, was I a lover fond  
Of lone glens, copses wild, and waterfalls  
So was it that I felt the outward calm  
Of lofty purpled hills—the ambient,  
Cool quietude far in the cloistered woods,  
Slip stilly in along my burning veins,  
How did I joy to feel the inner life  
Of Nature palpitate far from the rust  
That reddens all things breathed on by the world.

#### TO A BEAUTIFUL CHILD.

What joy divinely ripens flushed in thee  
To lovely incarnation, like a bloom  
Of freshest tint, and virginal perfume  
Blown from the Eden of the life to be.  
Thou art between us and eternity  
A bond of innocence, as if our God  
But yesterday smiled thee along the road  
Slow circling back from man to Trinity.  
God gives, and by unchangeable decree  
He takes unto Himself in ripe good time  
The priceless harvest in thy soul sublime  
Above things earthy—Heavenly may be  
Much in this world with all its bitter crime,  
Else could such loveliness environ thee?

#### AMONG THE HILLS.

The cry of plover—plaintive from the lea,  
The bleat of sheep—no other sound intrudes

Far up the sullen sun-smit solitudes  
 Whence runnels of dark waters seek the sea.  
 A brooding weirdness throngs the sultry air,  
 While summer lies supine, all debonnair  
 Among wild flowers—and up among the hills  
 Sun-smurs of dreaminess, whose silence fills  
 My being with a spirit not mine own.  
 For who can walk this grass-enauelled sod,  
 And feel it springy as a velvet throne,  
 No veneration, not a thought of God  
 Meanwhile to sway and thrill one with disdain  
 For man and all the projects of his brain?

#### IN AUTUMN.

I hear a curlew's lonely cry  
 From yonder reedy pool,  
 I feel the breath upon my brow  
 Of breezes blowing cool,  
 Beneath a lightsome sky, that looks  
 As white as rippled wool.

An autumn sky of fleecy cloud  
 Above a sunny bay ;  
 Amid long fields of yellow corn,  
 A farmhouse old and grey,  
 And on the lea milch mellow kine  
 Low at the break of day.

A rosy bosomed, dawning mist,  
 The faint horizon fills,  
 Where morning sits demurely throned  
 Upon a hundred hills,  
 Whose grassy slopes are silver-streaked  
 With laughter-flashing rills.

Hark, jocund words of pointed wit  
 Ring with a blithe, good cheer ;  
 Young men and maidens, rosy-faced,  
 About the grange appear,  
 And sally forth right glad to see  
 The harvest sky so clear.

The bright blade glitters in the grass,  
 The young folk stand aside,  
 To work, the mower riseth up,  
 And with a sturdy stride,  
 Down where the grain is heavy-eared  
 He cometh in his pride.

The stout arm swings, and swift and keen  
 The scythe cuts down amain  
 The glossy stalks, that rustling fall  
 Top-heavy with good grain—  
 The farmer smiles to see the sheaves,  
 And cheer the sweating swain.

For soon the rumbling cart shall come  
 Along the winding road,  
 Home, harvest home, shall be the cry,  
 To hail the teeming load ;  
 While we in gratitude avow  
 The lasting love of God.



## WILLIAM HOUSTOUN

**W**AS born in 1857 at Kilbarchan, Renfrewshire, the birthplace of Robert Allan, a contemporary of Robert Burns and Robert Tannahill. He was educated at Quarrelton Parish School, which lies at the foot of the Gleniffer Braes, rendered famous in song by the pen of the sweet singer of Paisley. While still a boy, and in company with his parents, he went to the United States of America, visiting many of the principal cities there. After his mother's death, which took place in Columbia, South Carolina, he returned to his native land along with his father, who immediately thereafter sailed for China, where he had obtained an appointment in the Chinese Imperial Customs at Shanghai, leaving the young poet under the care of his grandparents. In 1871 he entered the Post Office service at Johnstone, and two years later transferred his services to the Telegraph Department, G.P.O., Glasgow, where he holds an important appointment.

Our poet, who devotes his spare hours to literature,



has for many years been a frequent contributor, both in prose and verse, to various weekly and monthly periodicals, among which might be mentioned *Sunday Talk*, the *Ardrossan Herald*, and the *Helensburgh and Gareloch Times*, with the latter of which he has been closely identified for several years. Mr Houston, besides being a member of several literary societies, is also a Fellow of the Scottish Society of Literature and Art. His prose productions are marked by a grave and dignified tone, while neatness of phrase and pleasing thought are characteristics of his Muse. In everything that he writes there is evidence of a heart strung to give the tender tones of love, faith, and Christian sympathy.

## G O D .

No God ! Who made yon shining sun on high ?  
 Who made yon silv'ry moon—nocturnal lamp—  
 And countless stars that stud the midnight sky,  
 To light this world's drear night-vales, dark and damp ?  
 Who sends in Spring refreshing, fost'ring showers,  
 The diamond-sparkling dew, and soft wing'd-breeze ?  
 Who strews in summer, fields with bright-eyed flowers,  
 And clothes with verdant foliage the trees ?  
 Who spreads in rich profusion Autumn's bower,  
 And scatters stores of mellow fruit around  
 Who sends the snow, stern Winter's icy power,  
 To fertilise the dead, exhausted ground ?  
 Rise, men of thought, flash the great truth abroad,  
 "Earth with her thousand voices echoes—God !"

## G O D ' S B O O K .

O Sacred Book ! Of Heaven's vast gifts the best !  
 Life's counsellor and guide safe to the end !  
 When giant Doubt has filled us with unrest,  
 Thy truths have swept away his thoughts that tend  
 To mind disquiet, stealing ho'y peace  
 Which we've received through thee, from Christ, the Son,  
 We prize thee, Book divine, for what thou'st done ;  
 For all that thou art destined yet to do  
 In teaching nations who war's arts pursue  
 To love each other, and their turmoil cease.  
 O blessed book ! Thou'rt Heaven's bright lamp, to guide  
 Our weary footsteps to that home above,

'There, 'neath Christ's sov'reign smile, we'll bask and 'bide  
Eternally—in the all-perfect Love.

## WHY THIS UNREST.

Why this sad mournful song ?  
Why dost thou sigh and weep ?  
Sad heart ! 'twill not be long  
Ere thou shalt sleep.  
Be still ! for surely He,  
Thy God, doth know thy grief ;  
And, weary heart, resign'd be,  
He'll send relief.

Oh ! never breathe complaint,  
For He will make thee bold ;  
And, if thou shouldst faint  
In Death's stern hold,  
He'll courage give to thee ;  
And, walking by thy side,  
Dispel the terrors grim that be,  
And with thee 'bide.

Be still ! sad weary heart,  
And give thyself to God ;  
From thee He'll never part,  
But ease thy load.  
And He will give thee rest—  
For thou may'st never die—  
But dwell for ever on His breast  
Beyond the sky.

## A REVERIE.

Through woodland haunts at close of day  
I like to rove,  
There, where wrapt wooers wend their way,  
And whisper love ;  
When as the Sun's expiring glow  
In sapphire dips the plain below ;  
Or when queen Cynthia's silver beam  
Is mirrored in the placid stream.

I love to spend some idle hours  
In fern-edg'd nooks,  
Or watch meand'ring by the bowers  
The brawling brooks,  
Or hearken to the plumaged throng,  
That live the rocks and woods among ;

Or seated 'neath some age-bent trees  
Inhale the passing scent-wing'd breeze.

I love to linger by the shore  
And hear the sea  
Or ripple, or tumultuous roar—  
    'Tis sweet to me !  
In cloud or shine, in foul or fair,  
'Tis highest pleasure to be there ;  
The very wind-wafts borne along  
Bear on their wings both health and song.

'Tis bliss supreme to hear the strain  
    Peal through the grove,  
Of these wild soothers of the brain—  
    Creatures we love ;  
The thrushes and the linnets rare—  
Sweet quiet'ners of giant Care !  
Mayhap by Providence they're sent  
To teach mankind to live content.

## M A G G I E.

When with ambient tints, Maggie,  
The sun lights up the sky,  
When among the trees, Maggie,  
The gentle zephyrs sigh ;  
When o'er dusky hills, Maggie,  
Peeps the full-orbed moon,  
And fills with sil'ry light, Maggie,  
The leafy vales of June ;

Where the limpid streams, Maggie,  
Prattle through the dell ;  
Where the wilding flowers, Maggie,  
Bind us with a spell ;  
Where the birds' sweet song, Maggie,  
Stirs the sylvan glade,  
We'll meet at twilight's close, Maggie,  
'Neath trellised woodbine's shade.

There, by the moss-fring'd well, Maggie,  
Near which grows many a fern ;  
Where the castle stands, Maggie,  
'Mid scenery wild and stern—  
I have a tale to tell, Maggie—  
To tell alone to thee—  
And though 'tis old to some, Maggie,  
'Tis ever new to me.

## ROBERT A. WATSON, M.A.,

AS an Aberdonian by birth, but not by descent, his father having begun life in a Kincardineshire village, and being of a Cromarty stock on one side. Mr Patrick Watson was a teacher for some time, and then began business in the city of Aberdeen. His eldest son, inheriting the father's taste for literature, went from the Grammar School to the University, where, amongst other distinctions, he gained a first prize for a poetical translation from Horace, and took his degree of M.A., with honours in the Natural Science department. Inheriting also his father's quiet, strong devotion to Secession principles, he entered the Divinity Hall of the United Presbyterian Church, and chose to accept, in preference to another call, that of a congregation at Middlesbrough-on-Tees. There he spent rather more than seven years, cultivating poetry and philosophy in the brief pauses of ministerial cares, but publishing nothing. A good many poetical efforts of this period were addressed to the friend who became his wife, and were for strictly "private circulation." In 1879 he received the call of a Dundee congregation, and since then has been chiefly engaged in the many labours of ministering to a considerable number of working people in a busy town, and taking a full share of presbyterial work. The poetic fire finds expression sometimes in a paraphrase of a psalm for a Sabbath discourse, sometimes in a hymn for the children; occasionally time is snatched for a more ambitious effort, and one such is contributed specially to this volume. For the rest, it goes into the sermons, and those who are at all able to catch the spirit of their teacher are aware of a high clear strain of Christian thought, an originality, because a true genuineness of

preaching, a fine enthusiasm for Christ and His kingdom, such as are not found everywhere. Mr Watson is, however, known in the religious world chiefly as a critic of unusual power and keenness, his article in the *Contemporary Review* on Professor Henry Drummond's book ("Natural Law in the Spiritual World") being regarded as one of the most weighty criticisms directed against that popular work. He has since wrestled with Matthew Arnold in the pages of the *British and Foreign Evangelical Review*, and he is about to publish a volume of critical essays dealing with the "counterfeit evangels" of the day. This sort of work may not be poetry, yet it demands much the same kind of insight, and can only be done effectually by one who unites to the student's knowledge of science a measure of the poet's knowledge of Nature and of man.

### THIS LIFE AND BEYOND.

#### I.

Afloat on the ocean of life we are caught, ere we know,  
 In the strong set of currents that silently, steadily flow.  
 Through zones of fair weather and sunshine, o'er crystalline seas  
 We are urged by the stream, hurried on by desire like a breeze;  
 No motion too swift for the ardour that burns in the breast,  
 No future too fair to behold in the mystical West.  
 Through sphere after sphere, in the bright dreams of hope, we  
     are borne  
 From the night with its calm to the new resurrection of morn.

#### II.

But we leave the smooth reaches; and, sud-den, the heart is  
     aware  
 Of powers elemental astir in the sea and the air;  
 And the ocean is furrowed by long-rolling billows that sweep  
 From the troubled horizon and lift us to heaven as they leap.  
 Then we hear the fierce call of the tempest, our spirits elate  
 On the edge of the strife and the imminent issues of fate.  
 In the crash of the thunder we stand up and face the vast storm;  
 We quail not, we dare;—what we dare we have strength to  
     perform.  
 Blow win is, blow your wildest, ye lightnings flame out overhead:  
 We yield not to you, we compel you to serve us instead.

We fly with the gale over miles, over leagues of the main ;  
 It is life to plunge on, to endure the tumultuous strain.  
 Yes, we live now at length, for the tempest, the foam-crested  
     wave,  
 The elements, mad in their riot, are serfs of the brave.

## III.

But the ocean is broad ; and the chill winds that burst from the  
     pole  
 Numb the muscles and nerves, and more tense is the strain on  
 the soul.  
 We long now for morning ; we peer through the drift and the  
     haze  
 For some glimpse of the shore we shall reach at the end of the  
 days :  
 And we waken to thought ; cry aloud " Is this life ? Is our all  
 A voyage across the grim sea, underneath the dark pall  
 Of clouds that shake downward upon us their pitiless rain ?  
 We have hoped : is our hope a delusion, our labour in vain ?  
 How cruel the surge ! How it heaves, how it leaps evermore !  
 Is there never a moment of respite,—no harbour, no shore  
 Shall we drift thus along till some wave, in its vehement sweep,  
 Overwhelms our frail vessel, engulfs us at last in the deep ?  
 Better death than a life of unrest in the face of despair.  
 Is there none that can save us, no power that responds to a prayer ?

## IV.

And we call upon God : O God, if Thou rulest above,  
 O God, if Thou stoapest to pity, or deignest to love,  
 Behold us, Thy creatures, who wrestle with tyrannous force ;  
 One ray clear and steady vouchsafe that may show the right  
     course,  
 Or quell this mad tumult, or lift the close veil of the mist,  
 And show us, remote, the great mountains, eternally kissed  
 By the sunshine that fades not, the far-away goal of our life.  
 We are weary with labour, we faint in the stress and the strife.

## V.

Falls a voice from on high : " For the creature no exit from change,  
 No haven of utter repose in the limitless range  
 Ever opens its portal. Behold ! The Creator alone,  
 At whose presence the mountains flow down, sits unmoved on a  
     throne  
 That is centred in fathomless calm. All around and below  
 The tides of existence obey Him, in ebb and in flow.  
 Ye are men, not as God. Through the cycles of death and of  
     birth  
 Immortal ye move where the currents of being go forth.

Fear not the dark waters ; your travail and anguish He tells  
 Who holds in His grasp the great ocean, the storm when it swells.  
 Behind and before He besets you, above and beneath  
 His might everlasting enfolds you in life and in death."

## VI.

'Tis the voice of a dream : for, close on the ultimate bound  
 Of endurance, we see but the tumult, the darkness profound.  
 Our strength is departed. What hope for the weary and old  
 But to sink into slumber? Our years are a tale that is told.  
 From the calm of the blessed our life is dis severed for aye.  
 We will rest ; we will die—give the conquering ocean his prey.

## VII.

Yet behold ! O'er the billows of change, in the face of the storm,  
 What shape is advancing majestic, what luminous form ?  
 What hand is outstretched to the tempest in royal command  
 That it pauses and droops? At the helm who has taken his stand  
 To pilot our vessel? In mute adoration we gaze ;  
 For we know Him, the Son of the Highest, the Ancient of Days,  
 And He speaks :—" O my brothers, fear not ; lo ! I live who was  
 dead.

To the highways of being ye move in the changes ye dread.  
 I guide you through death ; and, beyond, immortality lies  
 Where the sunshine of God kindles dawn in His infinite skies.  
 Behold, ye advance where the waves of a measureless deep  
 Shall lift you to rapture, shall bear you along in their sweep,  
 Where new constellations that flame in the bosom of night,  
 New suns in expanding horizon shall give to your sight,  
 In mystic procession, the splendours of God as they move  
 Through the orbits of law, in the vast revolutions of love."

## VOICES OF THE TOWN.

Forth from the gloom of the city I wandered till o'er me  
 Spread the blue sky untainted at length, and before me,  
 Down the resounding hollow cumbered and shrouded,  
 Chimneys, and roofs, and house-rows inazily crowded.

Many a theme of reflection and reason of wonder  
 Lurked in that scene ; and I bethought me how, under  
 Those dark banners of smoke for ever uncoiling,  
 Masterful Want kept all the multitude toiling.

Men and women with eager hearts and affections,  
 Ceaselessly moving among their life recollections,  
 Gifted each with a soul of heavenly creation,  
 Godward reaching with blind or brave aspiration.

Rank upon rank, amid the whirling and flashing,  
Pinions and levers and shafts, that with thunderous crashing  
Move from morn to night with speed unabated,  
Ever exacting toil and ever unsated.

There are they spending the hours and years of existence,  
And while the engines they tend, with iron persistence  
Cease not from going, they, one by one, from their places  
Silently pass, and forgotten soon are their faces.

Darkly enough the doom upon them is lying,  
Swiftly enough the lives of the toilers are flying ;  
Oh, will ye not have pity, ye men of invention ?  
Racked are their sinews and brains, and ye add to the tension.

Whereunto tends this ever-increasing commotion,  
Tossing of human lives like waves of the ocean ?  
When shall we cease to disquiet ourselves and each other—  
Man by his craftiest science but vexing his brother ?

So as I mused there deepened the shade of misgiving,  
Grief for the dead, forebodings dark for the living ;  
And with my soul oppressed by comfortless pity  
Homeward slowly I held my way through the city.

But, as I went, the songs of the children light-hearted  
Fell on my ear and much of my sadness departed—  
Joy will survive, for childhood ever rejoices ;  
Loud in the dingiest lane is the mirth of young voices.

Burdensome children, who lighten the burden of labour,  
Shout at your play and dance to the pipe and the tabor !  
Strange to our carefulness freedom like yours, but we borrow  
Hope from your gladness and strength for the toil of to-morrow.

#### THE NEW YEAR.

Soft in the silence of the night  
That was not stirred by his calm flight  
There came an angel :  
The Old Year fell asleep, the New  
Awoke to hear where'er he flew  
His sweet evangel.

He whispered to the dreaming child,  
Who in his happy slumber smiled :  
The sailor steering  
Beneath the quiet midnight sky  
Looked up to heaven with glistening eye  
That angel hearing.



It was of Grace his message told,  
 And Hope divine that grows not old,  
     Nor faints nor falters.  
 "Behold," he said, "The fire of love  
 From year to year burns bright above  
     On heavenly altars.

"One feeds the flame, your Brother dear,  
 Who knows the bitterness of fear,  
     The sting of sorrow :  
 All that is wrong he will set right,  
 And there shall dawn on every night  
     A holier morrow.

"Another year begins. Arise !  
 The sunward slope before you lies,  
     The radiant portal,  
 Up, in the ardour of new faith !  
 Press onward through the clouds of death  
     To life immortal."

Thus did the Old become the New,  
 The glory broadened as he flew,—  
     God's holy angel.  
 And far and wide beneath his wing  
 The earth lifts up her voice to sing  
     The great evangel.



## JOHN WALKER

**F**URNISHES a worthy example of what can be accomplished by indomitable perseverance under the most discouraging and adverse circumstances. He was born in Rothesay in 1857. While still a child, his parents removed to Glasgow, where he received his education, and where he still resides. During his boyhood he had a strong desire to be an artist, but, having no one to guide and encourage him in his tastes, and being obliged very early to contribute to *the support* of his widowed mother, he had to apply

himself to the readiest and most remunerative occupation within his reach. He is at present employed in one of our large factories, and although under the necessity of earning his livelihood by uncongenial toil, he still continues to foster in his leisure hours his natural love for artistic and literary pursuits. By private study, and by attending evening classes he obtained nearly all the certificates in drawing and music that could possibly be reached by one who had only small leisure to devote to such subjects, and whose means were limited.

Although indulging secretly in verse-making, for some time Mr Walker did not venture to submit any of his attempts for publication, until coming in contact with Mr Wm. Houstoun—the subject sketched on page 93—who at that time edited a small parish magazine. Mr Houstoun's warm appreciation of his compositions, his willing sympathy, and kindly encouragement were to a large extent the means of drawing out his latent poetical faculties. His poems show that he possesses a considerable share of the "divine afflatus," and a warm sympathy with the finer feelings of humanity. A keen and intelligent love of Nature is disclosed in his poetry, while a well-regulated mind, and a highly religious and moral character, like glints of sunshine, are shown in all his writings. It might be added that Mr Houstoun informs us that some of Mr Walker's sketches in landscape and portrait-painting are full of promise, and in a paper on our poet, entitled "A New Singer," he says—"I have often seen him spellbound at the sight of the setting sun, and many a panegyric has rippled from his lips as it sank adown the western horizon, tipping with opal tints the mountain crests. The poems of Mr Walker are the offspring of a lively fancy, aided by a taste which is at once refined and true. They are consequently elevating and instructive to all students who are fond of scenes

of Nature described in words of artistic finish. When expounding scientific truth, he presents to the uninitiated in that field of research pictures which he can understand and appreciate; and when his deft pen sets to work on passages of history which appeal to his genius as worthy of being embalmed in the beautiful garb of poetry, he does so, always subordinating art to truth. Herein lies his power of stirring the emotional part of our being to sympathy with the past, and individuals who lived in those times. He has not yet published his poems collectively, or in book form, but it may be safely predicted that when he does take a thought to become famous, he will find his place amongst the foremost of our minor bards."

#### THE LAST HYMN.

Sing, mother, sing, I hear your voice although my eyes are dim,  
Draw nearer to my bedside now, and sing that dear old hymn;  
For now with precious truth it seems so wonderfully stored,  
And hope dwells on that sweet refrain, "For ever with the Lord."

Sing, mother, sing, it won't be long that you can sing to me,  
For soon to every earthly sound my ears will closed be;  
Yet in this feeble body pent I would not longer roam;  
I'm weary now, and love to think I'm drawing "nearer home."

Sing, mother, sing, "My Father's house," blest home, 'tis very  
near,  
Soon shall its songs of welcome burst on my enraptured ear;  
Soon shall those dim and weary eyes, 'mid purer light restored,  
Rest on unfading glories there, "For ever with the Lord."

Sing, mother, sing, you're weeping now, your voice it falters so,  
O mingle not that blessed strain with sounds of earthly woe;  
Think on my weary sojourn here, think on the rest to come,  
And tune your voice to sing once more, "A day's march nearer  
home."

Sing, mother, sing, how faintly now your voice falls on my ear,  
Earth's sights and sounds are fading fast, Jordan is drawing  
near;  
Yet here my Father will fulfil the promise of His word,  
And oh, my spirit longs to be "For ever with the Lord."

Sing, mother, sing, my moving tent is pitched to move no more,  
 The sun has set, the day is done, the weary march is o'er ;  
 Encamped on Jordan's lonely brink until the Master come,  
 Faith with increasing rapture sings, " A day's march nearer  
 home."

Oh mother, are you singing still, I cannot hear you now,  
 Draw near and place your gentle hand upon my fevered brow,  
 'Twill let me know that you are near, and comfort sweet afford,  
 Until I pass the flood and be " For ever with the Lord."

Look, mother, look, it is the Lord, He beckons me away :  
 I hear His voice, He calls on me, I cannot longer stay ;  
 He's near me now, and in my ear He whispers softly, Come,  
 O kiss me, mother, darling now, Good night, I'm going home.

#### WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

What opportunities lie lost  
 Along the track of bygone years,  
 How much life's misspent hours have cost—  
 When calmly viewed their worth appears—  
 When from the past we turn to glean  
 The mem'ries of what might have been.

What might have been had we but trod  
 The path that seemed so thorny then ;  
 Our weary spirits feel their load  
 Afresh, when looking back again  
 Along life's retrospective scene,  
 Recalling all that might have been.

If we had only left unsaid  
 Those bitter words that wounded sore,  
 And uttered loving words instead,  
 They might have shed an influence o'er  
 Some wasted lives now crushed between  
 What once they were, and might have been.

If we had only left undone  
 The evil we would fain undo,  
 Oh, had we but in time begun  
 The good we cannot now pursue ;  
 Along the years that intervene  
 How sad to view what might have been.

Had but our ears refused to hear  
 Those words that lured us from the way,  
 Had we but lent a listening ear  
 To counsel, in life's early day ;

In every change our lives have seen  
We still behold what might have been.

What might have been, this vain regret  
Still casts its dreary shadow o'er  
Our brightest moments, but, while yet  
An untrod future lies before,  
May we not learn from life's past scene  
Of all that was and might have been.

In kindly words and earnest deeds,  
'Midst joys and sorrows, hopes and fears,  
To sow through life those precious seeds  
That rise to gladden future years  
With golden fruit 'mongst which is seen  
No wreck of aught that might have been.

#### THE FOOLISH VIRGINS.

Deep is their sleep ;  
The world's ambition, the concerns of life,  
Its vanities, its tumults, and its strife  
Engage their dreams.

Soiled are their robes  
With many an inwrought stain of crimson dye ;  
Yet all unconscious of impurity,  
Those virgins sleep.

Untrimmed their lamps ;  
So feeble and so flickering their light,  
They but reveal the blackness of the night  
That reigns around.

They slumber on,  
And one by one the flick'ring flames expire ;  
Midnight approaches fast, now gloom entire  
Enshrouds the night.

Sudden they start ;  
What cry was that resounded through their dreams ?  
What light is yon that 'mid the darkness gleams ?  
The Bridegroom comes !

With frantic haste  
Th' affrighted maidens seize their lamps each one,  
But ah ! the oil is spent, the light is gone,  
And all is dark.

With joyful step,  
 And well-trimmed lamps aglow, the wise advance,  
 White are their robes, and in their eyes the glance  
 Of happiness.

Give of your oil,  
 In pleading tones the foolish maidens cry ;  
 We have each but enough, the wise reply,  
 We've none to spare.

With eager haste  
 Those anxious virgins hurry to and fro,  
 Seeking the needful oil, that long ago  
 They might have bought.

The Bridegroom comes,  
 In splendour bright, in at the open door,  
 The joyful guests in countless numbers pour ;  
 The feast begins.

With beating hearts  
 The foolish maidens re-appear at last ;  
 Their lamps burn brightly, but the hour is past,  
 The door is shut.

Loudly they knock !  
 Lord ! Lord ! they cry, Thy bidden guests are we,  
 We have been favoured and beloved by Thee,  
 Open the door.

Soft from within  
 The voice of mirth is heard in cheerful strains ;  
 Outside the night winds moan, the darkness reigns,  
 But no reply.

Loudly they call,  
 Lord ! Lord ! the night is dark and chill, without  
 Peril and gloom encircles us about ;  
 Open, we pray.

Stern is the voice  
 That once the invitation kindly prest ;  
 Addressing now each mute unwelcome guest,  
 Too late, depart !

Bright is the gleam  
 Upon their pale and anxious faces shed,  
 A glimpse of glory, but the words are said,  
 And all is gloom.

Oh ! loud and long  
The bitter cry of anguish and despair,  
That echoes wildly through the midnight air  
As they depart,

Hopeless and sad,  
Amid the weird wild moanings of the night,  
Forth from the gates of everlasting light,  
For evermore.

## THE TALE OF LIFE.

Flowers are springing, birds are singing,  
Glad spring reigneth everywhere ;  
Earth rejoices, merry voices  
Fill with songs the morning air ;  
Far away amid the shadows rolls a dark and swelling stream,  
But unheard, its distant murmur breaks not in on childhood's  
dream ;  
For the earth is full of sunshine, childhood's heart is young and  
gay,  
And this dark and rolling river seems so very far away.

Flowers are growing, sunlight glowing,  
Hark ! 'tis noon's glad joyous chime ;  
Youth with pleasure fills life's measure,  
In the joyful summer time ;  
While afar amid the shadows rolls this dark and swelling stream,  
But its faint and distant murmur breaks not in on youth's fond  
dream ;  
For the world is full of pleasure, long and golden seems life's  
day,  
And this dark and rolling river still seems very far away.

Flowers are dying, winds are sighing  
Through the autumn-tinted vale,  
Nature pining, day declining,  
Pictures now life's swift told tale ;  
Yonder, 'mid approaching shadows, rolls this dark and swelling  
stream,  
Now distinct its solemn murmur—faded now youth's golden  
dream ;  
Still the world is full of pleasure, but the heart is not so gay,  
For this dark and rolling river is not very far away.

Bleak and silent, winter's twilight  
Deepens into midnight now ;  
Now grown weary, earth seems dreary,  
Care hath long bedimmed the brow ;

While alone amid the shadows by this dark and swelling stream,  
 Feeble age stands fondly musing o'er youth's long departed  
 dream ;  
 Distant sounds of mirth and gladness tell of hearts that still are  
 gay,  
 While death's dark and rolling river bears its burden far away.

## A B I D E W I T H U S .

With weary and despondent hearts our journey we pursued,  
 We could but mourn earth's barrenness, and o'er life's sorrows  
 brood :  
 For dark, dark seemed the coming night, and cheerless was the  
 day,  
 When as a friend in time of need we found Thee by the way.  
 Thy presence, like the bright sun-light, dispelled the gath'ring  
 gloom,  
 And gilded with sweet rays of hope the portals of the tomb ;  
 Thy message to our weary souls was precious every word,  
 And woke within our hearts the prayer, " Abide with us, oh  
 Lord."

For Thou didst ope our blinded eyes till truth with glory shone,  
 And Thou hast led us since in paths we never would have known ;  
 Recalling now communion sweet, how fervently we say—  
 " Did not our hearts within us burn when walking by the way ?"  
 How many stormy scenes we've passed in safety by Thy side,  
 How often would our feet have slipped had'st Thou not been our  
 guide ;  
 And now while twilight o'er us steals, Thy presence still afford,  
 Until the night is past, do Thou abide with us, oh Lord.

Oh tarry with us, Risen One, while softly fades the light,  
 And slowly o'er life's path descend the solemn shades of night ;  
 While earthly glory waxes dim around us day by day,  
 And one by one we miss the friends who cheered us by the way.  
 Still closer would we cling to Thee, our best our truest friend,  
 We know that Thou needst not depart, e'en when our life shall  
 end ;  
 But wading with us death's dark stream, what comfort 'twill  
 afford,  
 To grasp Thine arm of strength, and cry " Abide with us, oh  
 Lord."





## SAMUEL REID.

**W**E have long been accustomed to find poetry in the work of the artist. He, as well as the poet, sees every bank and meadow, wooded glen and solitary moor, beautiful with life and cheerful profusion. He also admires the inexhaustible abundance of Nature in every tree, moss, fern, and flower. A true artist can scarcely fail to be a poet. Painting and Poesy are twin sisters; and in this work we have given not a few bright examples of distinguished painters being sweet and tender poets, including Sir Noel Paton, and others. The subject of the present sketch is the youngest of a large family, and the third of its members who has taken to art as a profession—his brothers, Mr George Reid, R.S.A., and Mr Archibald D. Reid, having long been known in the world of art.

Samuel Reid was born in Aberdeen in 1854. His father, who died in 1883, was for many years manager of the Aberdeen Copper Company. Our poet received his education at the Trades' School of his native city, and afterwards at the Grammar School. From the fact of his earliest years having been passed in an atmosphere of pictures and all art influences, and in the society of art lovers and artists, it is little to be wondered at that he very early showed a tendency to follow in the same direction. At the age of twenty-one, having already received a considerable amount of instruction from his brothers, he began a course of training at the school of the Royal Scottish Academy, which lasted for the winter half of five consecutive years. During the autumn and summer months he roamed the country between Land's End and John o' Groat's, sketching and making studies *and pictures*. In 1881 he settled in Glasgow, to which

town he has ever since returned for the winter months of each year.

During his student days in Edinburgh, Mr Reid contributed occasional verses to the "poet's corner" of the local and Glasgow newspapers, either anonymously, or under initials. His first more ambitious efforts were contributed to a small monthly magazine, *The Grey Friar*, printed and published in Elgin, and edited by one who has since distinguished himself in the world of letters—Mr David J. Mackenzie, the present Sheriff of Shetland. This magazine had a brief but brilliant career of some eleven months' duration. In addition to several poetic pieces, he wrote for this magazine a prose story, which, after being re-produced in the *Glasgow Weekly Citizen* and the *Leeds Mercury*, was translated into French, and appeared in the pages of *Le Courrier de l'Europe*.

In 1883 Mr Reid began his connection with *Good Words* as one of its staff of artists. To this magazine he has since continued to furnish illustrations, and to write verses from time to time. Two prose tales—one the outcome of a summer's sojourn in the district of the "Norfolk Broads," the other written, and the scene laid, in the neighbourhood of Torryburn, Fifeshire—have appeared within the last two years in the pages of the *Glasgow Weekly Citizen*. Of his artistic work we do not require to speak here. It has been referred to in high terms of praise by competent critics. He has annually contributed charming landscapes to the principal art exhibitions in the Kingdom. Many of the pictures of this variously gifted artist are at once a tale, a poem, and a work of art—the three-fold fruit of his genius. Recently, the *Aberdeen Free Press*, in noticing "At Twilight,"—the poem quoted below—said: "The pencil of our gifted young townsman, Mr Samuel Reid, has been employed to reproduce one of his charming Nor-

folk 'Broads' pictures recently as a full frontispiece illustration to the November number of *Good Words*. The picture, which shows a lady standing at the top of the steps that lead down to the boat on the placid, lily-strewn water, is titled 'At Twilight,' and accompanying it in their fitting place are pensively musical verses from Mr Reid's own pen." Mr Reid's life, so far, has been rather that of an artist than of a literary man—literature having formed merely a relaxation, or, as in the cases where his verses have accompanied his book-illustrations, another channel of expression for the same sentiment. We learn that, finding his love for a country life more than counter-balance the attractions of a town one, he is in future to retire for the summer months to the old mansion-house of West Grange, near Alloa, where he looks forward to having more leisure, and a more congenial atmosphere for the prosecution of literary and poetic effort. From the specimens we submit of his Muse from the pages of *Good Words*, it will be seen that our artist is no "poacher on the preserves of Apollo;" and from what we have seen of his prose and poetry, we do not hesitate to predict for him as wide a reputation in literature as he has already earned in art. Mr Reid has written numerous fine poems, abounding with delicacy of thought, calm beauty and attractive grace. With strong earnestness he unites philosophic subtlety and beautiful creative imagination, and all his poetry is characterised by the same careful detail and pleasing fancy that form so great an attraction in some of his best-known pictures.

#### THE MESSAGE OF THE SNOWDROP.

Courage and hope, true heart!

Summer is coming though late the spring

Over the breast of the quiet mould,

With an emerald shimmer—a glint of gold,

Till the leaves of the regal rose unfold

At the rush of the swallow's wing.

Courage and hope, true heart !  
 Summer is coming though spring be late :  
 Wishing is weary and waiting long,  
 But sorrow's day hath an even-song,  
 And the garlands that never shall fade belong  
 To the soul that is strong to wait.

## IN AN AUTUMN GARDEN.

In an autumn garden olden,  
 When the yellow leaves did fall—  
 Sunflowers flamed and apples golden  
 Reddened on the gable wall,  
 One was pacing, grief-infolden.

Looked he at the ash tree sober,  
 As her leaves fell one by one,  
 " Leaf by leaf the winds unrobe her,  
 Thus and thus, my hopes have flown,  
 All my heart is like October."

" Never more when frosts have bitten,  
 Flows the sap within the leaf,  
 He whom cruel claws have smitten  
 Scarce again will come to grief,  
 Trusting still the velvet mitten."

" Love is dead, and Cupid's missiles  
 Now shall storm my breast in vain,  
 Through my heart a cold wind whistles  
 Where no flower can bloom again,  
 But a crop of weeds and thistles."

In an autumn garden olden  
 Thus the hapless lover sighed,  
 Cared not if the leaves were golden,  
 Cared not if the skies were wide,  
 He so sad and grief-infolden.

In the Spring, as I've been told,  
 Happiest youth and fondest maiden  
 Those same garden walls infold,  
 Spring with bud and blossom laden,  
 Brings a new love for the old.

## IN THE FOREST.

The wind had gone with the day,  
 And the moon was in the sky,

As I walked last night, by a lonely way,  
 To a lonely path in the forest grey,  
 That we loved, my love and I.

They said, "She had gone to her home  
 In a land that I did not know."  
 And the winds were still, and the woods were dumb,  
 But I knew that she could not choose but come  
 To a soul that loved her so.

I had longed for her return,  
 And she came and met me there,  
 And I felt once more the swift blood burn  
 Through my heart, as a foot-fall rustled the fern  
 And a whisper stirr'd the air.

And through where the moonlight streamed  
 She passed, and never a trace,  
 Yet sweet in the shadow the glad eyes gleamed,  
 And the shade more bright than the moonshine seemed  
 For the brightness of her face.

And I stretched my empty hands,  
 And I cried in my weary pain,  
 "Is there—away in the unknown lands,  
 A heaven, where Time reverts his sands  
 And the past returns again?"

#### THE WATER-LILIES.

I muse alone, as the twilight falls  
 Over the grey old castle's walls,  
 Where a sleepy lake through the lazy hours  
 Crisply mirrors the time-worn towers ;  
 And scarce a whisper rustles the sedge,  
 Or a ripple lips to the water's edge,  
 As far and wide, on the tideless stream,  
 The matted water-lilies dream.

I stood, in the quiet even-fall,  
 Where, in the ancient banquet-hall  
 Over the hearth, is a panel placed,  
 By some old Florentine chisel chased,  
 Showing a slender, graceful child,  
 In the flowing robes of a wood-nymph wild,  
 Bending over the wavy flood  
 As she stoops to gather a lily bud.

In words as quaint as the carving old,  
 An aged dame the story told,

How an Earl's daughter, long ago,  
 A strange, pale child, with a brow of snow,  
 Had loved, and lost her life for the sake  
 Of the lilies that grew in her father's lake  
 Holding them ever her favourite flower ;  
 Till once, in the hush of a twilight hour,  
 Floating among them, out in the stream,  
 Where the passionless blossoms nod and dream,  
 They found her lying, white and dead,  
 "Like a sister lily," the old dame said.

And a sadness, born of the old-world tale,  
 Haunts me still, while the starlight pale  
 Gleams on the leaves, so green and wet,  
 Where the changeless lilies are floating yet,  
 And a message I fain would read aright,  
 Seems to lurk in each chalice white,  
 A secret, guarded fold on fold,  
 As it guards its own deep heart of gold,  
 And only told to the listening ear  
 Of him who humbly tries to hear.

Oh ! mystic blossom floating there,  
 Thing of the water, thing of the air,  
 We claim thee still, as we hold the dead,  
 Anchored to earth, by a golden thread.

#### AT TWILIGHT.

Since from the castle's belfry, old and grey,  
 I heard the chimes ring out a slow-spaced seven,  
 The flame-fringed west has burned its fires away.  
 The lake lies like a downward-curving heaven

All pulsing with the light of coming stars ;  
 And night and rest float downward, hand in hand,  
 As, merging at the sunset's saffron bars,  
 A dreaming heaven melts in a dreaming land

Spirit of peace ! outbreathed on mere and wold  
 Be with me when the night has passed away,  
 And swathe my restless heart, as, fold on fold,  
 Thy robes have gathered round the parting day

Till on my life's brief hours the twilight falleth  
 And far away I see the shadowy hands  
 That beckon me, and hear a voice that calleth  
 My faltering steps into the unknown lands.

Softly, as you last lingering flush uncertain  
Faints on the bosom of the darkening west,  
So may my spirit pass the cloudy curtain  
Into the portals of his perfect rest.



### ALFRED WOOLNOTH

**AS** another artist-poet. Although born at Torquay, in Devonshire, his childhood, with the exception of his first year, was spent mainly in Glasgow—every summer season, however, from May to August, finding him amongst the hills and dales of Scotland. He is a son of Charles N. Woolnoth, S.W.P.C., a well-known artist of the West of Scotland. From the age of fourteen our poet studied drawing and painting under his father, and it was also about this time that he first began to rhyme a little. He subsequently, as assistant to his father, and ultimately on his own account, taught drawing in some of the principal Glasgow schools. At the early age of seventeen years he exhibited at the Glasgow Institute of the Fine Arts. In 1870 he removed to Edinburgh, studied at the Board of Manufacturers, and exhibited at the Royal Scottish Academy. His picture entitled "Glencoe" was sold for £50 on the opening day of the Royal Academy, London, in 1872. Mr Woolnoth has since exhibited in Edinburgh, and in the principal Scottish Exhibitions in Dundee, Kilmarnock, and Elgin. For seven years he acted very successfully as Drawing Master at Stanley House, Bridge of Allan, but he has now given up teaching, and hopes to remove to London in the autumn of this (1887) year.

Mr Woolnoth has written numerous prose articles for the *Christian Leader*, *The Banffshire Reporter*, and

other magazines and newspapers. Many of his poetical pieces have appeared in the *Hamilton Advertiser*, *The Bridge of Allan Gazette*, *Reporter*, &c. These, like the productions of his brush, present pleasing pictures of scenery, and richness of fancy. They are mostly tender in feeling, and are frequently melodious in sound, with an occasional blend of quiet humour and touching pathos.

## VIOLET.

Little pet, little flower, 'twine thine arms around me,  
 Let me gaze into your eyes so tender and so true ;  
 Little one, pretty one, with the Spring I found thee,  
 Gathering the pink-edged daisies and the "speedwell" blue.

Violet ! sweetest name ! and when first I heard it,  
 How the sound brought back to view the treasures of the past ;  
 All the perfumes of the woods and distant hills endear it ;  
 As thy hair floats o'er my shoulder, and you hold me fast.

Little pet, little flower, four years old this morning,  
 Knowing of the clouds that shade this earthly scene ;  
 Dreaming not of sudden storms that come with scarce a warning,  
 In the brightest hours of life, when all things look serene.

Little pet, little flower, full of sunny laughter,  
 Flashing from those round blue eyes undimmed by grief or  
 care ;  
 Pleased with every simple joy,—gold roof or rustic rafter  
 May over-arch thy curly head, yet each alike be fair.

Little pet, little flower, when my round of duty  
 Has been faithfully performed and leisure crowns the hours,  
 (Childhood needs no more than flowers the aids of borrowed  
 beauty)  
 To beguile ; thy simple smile revives my wearied powers.

Little pet, little flower, may no earthborn feelings  
 Ever lead thy heart to quit communion with the flowers ;  
 And may latest Sabbath evenings ever find thee kneeling  
 At some holy shrine of prayer as close the twilight hours.

## UNDER THE SURFACE.

The stream, with every pebble seen, whose swiftly flowing tide  
 Invites the children's busy feet to wade the other side,



Is ever deeper than it looks, its currents stronger flow,  
So the springs that govern life's swift wave are deeper than we  
know.

The first hill-top so quickly won—discloses many more  
Stretches of heath and fern and rock, all hidden heretofore,  
Round each successive knoll and cairn, a wider breeze doth blow,  
So the thoughts that rise in human hearts are broader than we  
know.

I sought to move a garden tree forth from a bed of flowers,  
I dug full deep, laid bare the roots, and toiled for many hours,  
But sad the havoc that was made, the roots were tangled so,  
Thus the clasp of faith twixt heart and heart is stronger than we  
know.

The topmost willow bough had snapt, the gardener hewed it  
down,  
Fresh leaves have blossomed all around since we returned from  
town,  
Yet the tree has lost a certain grace it never more will show,  
So the parting between kindred hearts is sadder than we know.

Yet love and tears, across the years, still throw their rainbow  
bright,  
For storms shall never fully chase hope's sunbeams from our  
sight,  
Though wounded oft by sin and strife—thank heaven this is so,  
His love, who ruleth over all, is vaster than we know.

#### TO THE WOODS.

Come where the larches wave their feathery boughs,  
And sunbeams glint athwart the tall fir-boles  
In yonder forest ;  
Life hath brief holidays, we need them all,  
And one hath writ we take our pleasures sadly,  
And yet the mutual chat of social friends  
Pleasingly wiles away the summer day,  
For then we drop life's burdens, and feel gladly.

And nature owns a thousand kindred tongues  
To teach and preach the lessons of the hours,  
As the shades lengthen ;  
Lightsome her music, and its echoes long,  
And dreamful with the hopes of each good morrow,  
Things might be better than they are perhaps,  
But then there would be less to muse upon,  
And we might lose our pleasure with our sorrow.

Oh, passing sweet to cast our cares aside,  
 A few short hours to let the fancy soar  
     Through moods prophetic,  
 To gather up our present with our past,  
     In one fair circle of enduring flowers,  
 To kill the straggling weeds that choke their life,  
 To waken harmony from out the strife,  
     Through scaffolding to view the rising towers.

Mark how yon stately venerable trees,  
 Stretching their lofty branches to the sky,  
     Bend to the breeze ;  
 With all our boasted wisdom we are babes ;  
     If even now the clouds are round us lifting,  
 Should we not train our thoughts in higher flights ?  
 To watch in quiet hours from calmer heights  
     Whither life's bark on time's rough sea is drifting.  
 Come, then, where larches wave their graceful boughs,  
 And sun-beams glint athwart the tall fir-boles  
     In yonder forest.

## DEESIDE—BRAEMAR TO BALMORAL.

Youth's early ardours quicken as I view  
 The fir-crowned summits of the misty North  
 Late in the season—autumn's mellow sun  
 Flushing the drooping birk with amber hues ;  
 Here in the valley runs the silver Dee,  
 And by its banks the watchful fisher strays,  
 Eager and earnest as he plies his line  
 Across the rippling current of its wave,  
 I raise my eyes abroad o'er crag and cairn,  
 And many a heath-crowned peak and grassy knoll,  
 Where fickle lights and shades perpetual play.  
 Now light, now dark, each tower and turret, grey,  
 Of lordly mansion rising through the trees  
 Courting our notice as we drive along,  
 Until at length the palace of our Queen  
 In snow-white beauty nestles in the dale.  
 Each tower and minaret in bold relief  
 Shows clear against the purple mountain's gloom,  
 The foreground trees ablaze with autumn gold.  
 Here let me rest awhile amidst the hills,  
 Each rising higher, crossed with wreaths of mist,  
 Till, towering over all, the lofty crest  
 Of Lochnagar rears his majestic form  
 In calm reserve, serenest height of all.

## ALEXANDER STEWART.

THE subject of the following sketch is one of the living poets of Ayrshire. He was born in 1841 in the quiet little village of Galston, where John Wright, an unfortunate yet most gifted son of song, penned "The Retrospect;" and where Hugh Brown, in a low thatched house in the same street, wrote "The Covenanters." The little thatched tenement in which our poet was reared had its old-fashioned garden reaching down to the Burnanne, a favourite stream round which his earliest recollections are gathered, and whose fairy haunts—not now, though then, unsung—have ever had to him a peculiar charm. The beauty of the scenery around the retired village is calculated to awaken the sympathies of the poetic mind. North of the town, rampart-like, are "Loudoun's bonnie woods and braes," immortalised in song by the pen of Tannahill; south-east stretch the heather-dyed martyr moorlands; farther "ayont" the vale, the eye rests on Drumclog, where liberty and truth keep vigil over the heroes of the Covenant. Of the infantile days of Alex. Stewart little need be said. Four years at Barr School partly under the tutorship of Dr Taylor, now of New York, supplied him with the mere rudiments of education. Leaving school early, he was apprenticed to the art of weaving, which trade, however, was never congenial to his tastes. An inner consciousness perhaps told him he was naturally fitted for something more elevated than the drudgery of the loom, for his superior powers thus early prompted him to nobler pursuits. For long no opening presented itself, and his prospects were dark and discouraging, illumined at intervals by a flash of poetic fire which tended to brighten his *wearry way in the drama of life*. His first effusion

given to the world was a short piece entitled "The Soldier's Death." It was with misgivings that he forwarded it to the *Ardrossan Herald*, but to his great joy it was accepted, and appeared in the first issue. Aglow with the poet's aspirations, he at this period—between 1860-63—contributed largely to the *Kilmarnock Post*, *Scottish Banner*, &c. Those early flights of song, sleep, we regret to say, in the musty files of forgotten prints.

Bidding farewell to the loom, we follow Mr Stewart to the Emerald Isle as a book-deliverer. There, in lovely Erin, with his harp re-strung, he is to be found singing its soul-inspiring melodies, and feeding on the legendary lore of a superstitious peasantry. Many of his best pieces were written in Ireland, and for the Green Isle he has ever had a warm heart. We next find him traversing the wilds of Cambria as a colporteur, and in her mountain glens he found many pretty flowers of poesy, and was soon acknowledged as one of her sweetest songsters. His life, however, did not then partake much of the nature of the placid stream that flows cheerily along, experiencing nothing but gentle rippings. It sometimes progressed in calmness and peace, but more often it partook of the perturbation and dash of the mountain torrent. By and bye calmer waters were entered on. City mission work at last claimed him, and in Manchester, Glasgow, and, during the last six years, in Birkenhead, he has been an active worker in the cause of his Master. While faithful to his trust, the poetic fire still burns within him, and his latest contributions to a very interesting weekly paper issued by Messrs M'Donald & Sons, entitled the *Galston Supplement*, in which he has long written under the *nom-de-plume* of "Galstonian," are full of vigour, and in thought fresh as in Spring's first flush. Mr Stewart has not as yet published a selection of his numerous pieces in book form,

but we feel certain that when he consents to do so, the volume will be greatly prized. His verses are characterised by earnest, elevated feeling and true poetic expression. Many of them are full of descriptive brightness and quick apprehension of every-day life surroundings, while several of his religious ballads are not inferior to George Macdonald's exquisite "Godly Ballants." They possess similar originality and force, and are evidently the aspirations of a pure and highly cultivated spiritual mind.

THE LORD'S MESSAGE TO THE KING.

The guid<sup>king</sup> lay on his bed o' state,  
An' a gey dune man was he,  
Though he houplit still wi' the Lord's guidwill  
That he nichtna jist yet dee.

The coort physicians sheuk their helds,  
But ne'er a word spak they,  
Tho' they hovered about the sick man's room,  
An' watched him while he lay.

In cam' the prophet o' the Lord,  
Till he stood beside the bed,  
Solemn an' slow, like a funeral dirge,  
Were the waefu' words he said—

"Thus saith the Lord," the king leuk'd up,  
An' wistfully held his breath,  
"Get yer hoose in order, lose nae time,  
For yer sickness 'ill end in death."

The messenger boo'd, then steppit oot,  
As quait as a flake o' snaw,  
The guid king lay for a moment stunned,  
Then turned his face to the wa'.

"Has it come to this, oh Lord my God.  
What hae I— what hae I dune?  
Keep min' hoo I've walked wi' a perfect heart,  
Aye shunnin' the ways o' sin."

Thus he prayed, wi' his wan face to the wa',  
While his sabbins' sheuk the bed,  
Alas, for the prophet's unwelcome ca',  
An the lorn words he had said.

But wha's, this hurryin' back to the hoose,  
 Wi' a quicker, blyther gait?  
 It's the man o' God, an' mak's his way  
 Ance mair to that bed o' state.

But his big black een hae a brichter lenk,  
 His voice has a cheerier ring,  
 As he hastily bends doun ower the bed,  
 An' speaks to the waukrife king.

"Guid news," an' the coortiers gather roun',  
 "Guid news, thus saith the Lord,  
 I hae heard thy prayer, I hae seen thy tears,  
 An' noo this is the word—

I'll set ye up on yer feet again,  
 An' mak' ye perfectly hale,  
 An' ye'll come an' pray in my haly hoose  
 On the third day without fail.

I'll bless yer friens, I'll conquer yer faces,  
 Sae e'en dry up yer tears,  
 An' I'll gie ye a further lease o' yer life  
 For ither fifteen years."

Hurrah! hurrah! there was joy that day,  
 'Cause the folk believed the word,  
 An' the guid king payed wi' a reemin' heart  
 Thank offerings to the Lord.

Oh friens an' neebors, tak' tent to this—  
 We're a' but tenants at will,  
 The message 'ill come to you some nicht,  
 An' yer hearts grow cauld an' still.

Redd up yer hooses, hae a' things straucht,  
 Be the guid Lord's bairns, I pray,  
 Then oh, the joy when he tak's ye hame  
 To his haly howff for aye.

### I'M GETTIN' AULD AN' CRANKEY.

The ither morn my heart played stoun,  
 As in the glass I keekit,  
 To see my heid, a' roun' an' roun',  
 Wi' silvery grey hairs streakit;

Wi' lines fast deep'nin' roun' my mooth,  
 An' jawr a wee thocht lankey,  
 Thinks I—I maun confess the truth,  
 I'm gettin' auld an' crankey.

To ither signs I'm no jist blin',—  
 Through warnings I hae gotten,—  
 I'm mair inclined for roomy shoon,  
 I'm no sae fond o' trottin',  
 Nor jumpin dykes, nor speelin' heichts,  
 As souple as a Yankee,—  
 That's a left noo for crouser wichts,  
 I'm gettin' auld an' crankey.

Gane are the thochtless pranks o' youth,  
 I've turned extror'nar' sober,  
 For nonsense I maun e'en hae truth,  
 My June has grown October ;  
 For music I had ance a lug,  
 An' sung as sweet as Sankey,  
 Noo, croichlin' like a roopit speug,  
 I'm gettin' auld an' crankey.

The warm bluid disna gallop noo  
 Sae fast alang life's channels,  
 My vera claes hae changed their hue,  
 I've ta'en to wearin' flannels.  
 Me gang a twenty-five mile walk !  
 Ah no, my frien', I thank ye,  
 I'm jist as different's cheese frae chalk,  
 Sin' gettin' auld an' crankey.

Nae doot the worl's jist as bricht  
 As when I was a callan',  
 While starnies, warm wi' kindly licht,  
 The heavens owerheid are fillin' ;  
 But then, the sun's aye wearin' wast,  
 An' oh, but Time grows swankey,  
 The lang twal'oor o' life is past,  
 I'm gettin' auld an' crankey.

Whist, (a sweet voice cam' in atween)  
 Man, what's the guid o' whinin' ?  
 The darkest gloamin'-cloud e'er seen  
 Had aye a siller linin' ;  
 Ye're hale an' weel, ye're naether wae,  
 Nor lang, nor lean, nor lankey,  
 Tho' twa-three hairs are growin' grey,  
 Don't think ye're auld an' crankey.

## THE SYRO-PHENICIAN WOMAN.

Ae day when oor Lord was far awa'  
 On the Syro-Phenician coast,  
 Huntin' for sheep that had wan'ered wide,  
 Seekin' to save the lost,

A woman, sair forfoughen wi' grief,  
 Wi' a dochter ill at hame,  
 Cam' rinnin' to seek the Maister's help,  
 Tho', a Gentile, she had nae claim.

An' she widna tak' Nay! but cried an' cried:  
 "Oh Lord, hae mercy on me!"  
 Till the selfish disciples said: "Sen' her awa',  
 She'll bother us, that ye'll see."

Oh, could were the words the Maister spak',  
 As He passed on stern and douce:  
 "I am only come to look efter the sheep  
 Belangin' to Israel's hoose!"

Puir woman! was this the kindly man  
 Wha never said No! to ane,  
 Wha never refused to help the puir,  
 Be they deaf, or dumb, or blin'?

Was this the man wi' the lovin' heart,  
 Wi' the ready open han',  
 For the waefu' an' the desolate,  
 For the sufferin' an' the fa'en?

But she nearer cam', wi' a trustfu' heart  
 Still lippenin' to be heard,  
 And her prayer was: "Lord hae mercy on me,  
 Tho' He answered her no' a word!"

Then doon she fell at His haly feet—  
 Will the guid Lord spurn her there!—  
 Wi' winnerfu' perseverance, still  
 "Lord help me" was her prayer.

"What!" quo' the Lord, as He leukit doon,  
 "Nice thing it wad be indeed,  
 To tak' the laif that belongs to the bairns  
 An' gie't to the dougs instead!"

"Be it sae!" quo' she, "ye hae spoken truth,  
 An' I thank ye for the word,  
 For e'en the dougs partake o' the crumbs  
 Whilk fa' frae their Maister's board!"



Dumfooned the Heevely Maister stood,  
 Wi' the love-light in His e'e—  
 "Oh woman, woman! great is thy faith,  
 E'en sae be it unto thee,

"Gae hame in peace! I hae heard yer prayer"—  
 An' His words fell saft an' sweet,  
 She gat the blessin' whare a' maun come  
 To be bless'd—at the Maister's feet.

She wrung a "Yea" frae the Saviour's "Nay"!  
 'Cause her confidence never failed,  
 An' noo she's enrolled 'mang the guid and true  
 Wha had power wi' God an' prevailed.

Oh, wearifu' hearts, wi' a burden sair!  
 Tak' courage frae this my sang,  
 To the Lord, wha lo'es ye in spite o' a',  
 In faith an' humility gang.

He'll maybe delay, but He'll no' deny,  
 He may hide His face for a wee,  
 He may keep ye chappin' a while at His door,  
 Jist to try yer sincerity;

But oh! the blessin's no' far awa',  
 An' ye'll thank Him yet, I can tell—  
 Ilk trial 'll prove but a link in the chain  
 To bind ye the mair to Himself'.

#### B E N J I E.

Losh, stan' back! wha's yon that's coming  
 Up the Orchard Street pell mell,  
 Bent on some extr'or'nar' business,  
 Talkin' loodly to himsel'?

Callans, dinna meddle Benjie,  
 Dinna tease the honest man;  
 See hoo grey hae grown his haffets,  
 Treat him kindly while ye can.

Smooth for him life's shady pathway;  
 Gae him whiles a wab to beam,  
 Or a pock o' claith to carry,—  
 Bright an' active he will seem.

Leukin' forrit to the coppers,  
 Or a canty cup o' tea,—

Syne he'll blythely canter hamewards  
Wi' a twinkle in his e'e.

Puir auld Benjie, though thy cannel  
Disna shine as bricht's the sun,  
Tho' thy name an' fame may perish  
When life's busy race is run,

Aiblins thou hast done thy duty,  
In the kindly licht o' Heaven,  
Guidness disna look for greatness  
Whaur the talent wasna given.

Thus I hail thee honest Benjie,  
As a brither an' a man !  
Let us a' as Heaven has blessed us  
Dae oor duty while we can.

## AN EVERY DAY STORY.

"Forty lang years, man an' wife,  
We hae leev'd in peace thegither ;  
Whiles, nae dout, a word o' strife,  
Still, content wi' ane anither,

"Forty years, man, hee they've past,  
Every ane the faster fleein',  
Bringin' life's fareweel at last—  
For the doctor says he's deein'.

"Yes, I fin't gae sair to pairt,  
Mony a time my e'en get blearie  
Wi' the big saut tears that start,  
Thinkin' thochts that mak' me weary.

"Till I try to leuk abune,  
Syne a glint o' licht comes shinin'-  
For I ken His will be done,  
Shame it were to be repinin'.

"I hae born twal bairnies braw,  
Ilka ane wi' joy receivin',  
Weel an' welcome were they a'—  
Ony deid? I've jist twa leevin'.

"Only twa out o' the twal,  
Dochters baith, a comfort to me  
Ane's at service up the hill,  
While the youngest's stoppin' wi' me."

“And the ten?” “Weel, they’re awa’,  
Needless noo to greet aboot them,  
God kens hoo I lo’ed them a’,  
Still, I’ve learned to leeve without them.

“Oh, my weans, jist far ower sweet  
For this sinfu’ worl’ seemin’,  
Five jist trottin’ on their feet,  
Th’ ither five maist men an’ women.

“Grief writes wrinkles on the broo,  
But it maks the heart grow safter ;  
What we dinna ken the noo,  
’Ill be a’ made plain hereafter.

“Life’s a schule, an’ we’re but weans,  
Sweer to learn, an’ gae comstairie,  
Unco keen to gang oorlanes,  
E’en tho’ starless grows the carie.

“Then the Maister brings the rod,  
Sair an’ bitterly it bites us,  
But it brings us back to God,  
Till we kiss the han’ that smites us.

“Comin’, John—He’s geyan dune,  
Oot o’ sicht he canna bide me ;  
Weel, quid-day, for I maun rin,  
God Himsel’ reward an’ guide ye.

#### THE MASTER AND THE FLOWERS.

One summer morn delightfully I strolled  
Along the walks, and smooth enamelled sward,  
Within a garden, gemmed with richest flowers,  
The careful gardener, filled with honest pride,  
Descanted on the variegated charms  
Distinguishing his treasures. I remarked,  
He spoke of them as if they were his own,  
Meanwhile they were not,—his alone the charge  
To plant, to water, to preserve from harm,  
To nurse the opening bud, to trim the plants,  
With tenderest care, and ready thoughtful skill.  
One peerless gem in the full flush of beauty  
Especially he praised. How I admired  
Its faultless symmetry ! No human pencil  
Could limn its softened shades. It seemed a thing  
Too beautiful for earth’s dull atmosphere,  
Born rather for the Arcadian groves of Heaven. ]

Long time I lingered, and the following day  
 I brought a kindred soul, to view the flower—  
 Alas, it was not there. Its place was vacant,  
 Gone,—I felt disappointed,—Gone, and where?—  
 Calling the kind old gardener, I enquired—  
 Where is my queen of flowers?—

“Yonder,” he said,  
 Pointing to where the stately mansion rose  
 Half hidden 'mid the trees. Then he continued—  
 “Last night the master came into the garden  
 To see his flowers. Gazing with admiration,  
 He chose a few, the fairest, saying only—  
 ‘Take these into my lady’s drawing room,  
 And this one too,’—then quietly walked away.

. . . . .  
 A picture this, I said, of human life,  
 So does the Heavenly Master come betimes  
 And walk among His flowers ; till, seeing some  
 Too fair and delicate to blossom here,  
 Too fragile for the wintry storms of Time,  
 They are transplanted from earth’s thorny soil  
 To flourish in a more congenial clime.  
 Oh, ye who weep in silence for the forms  
 Of loved ones passed away. Voices now mute  
 Once full of sweetest music. Memories  
 That linger round the heart and shed sweet fragrance,  
 Like scented blossoms in the dewy eve,—  
 Look up ! They are not dead ! Call it not Death  
 When the frail, cherished flowers of earth are taken  
 To grace the palace of the King above,  
 To bloom for evermore in Paradise.



## ROBERT MAUCLINE.

**R**OBERT MAUCLINE was born at Edinburgh in 1846. Possessing a most retentive memory, he made, when still very young, rapid progress at school, under Mr Hutton, Nicolson Square Academy, and afterwards in the practising school connected with the Free Church Training College, where he was con-

sidered a very promising pupil. Here he attracted the notice, and secured the valued friendship of the late Rev. W. Tasker, minister of Dr Chalmers' Territorial Church, Edinburgh, at whose suggestion he became a pupil teacher in the school connected with the church. On the completion of his apprenticeship he entered the Free Church Normal College, where, for two years, he pursued his studies, giving particular attention to history, his favourite subject, of which extensive reading and a powerful memory enabled him to store up a great amount of information. During his college career Mr Mauchline contributed to a magazine conducted by the students an exhaustive article on "Clive and the Conquest of Bengal," and a metrical romance entitled "Shireen," dealing with the Mohammedan conquest of Persia in the seventh century, which was most favourably commented on by the authorities of the College as displaying, apart from its poetical merit, an extensive knowledge of Oriental history, customs, and legendary lore. Mr Mauchline also wrote and set to music a number of songs for the infant department of the practising school.

Leaving College, Mr Mauchline was engaged for upwards of two years in the North of England. He returned to his native city in 1870, and in 1874 was appointed assistant in the Parish School, Carlisle, where he had considerable experience in literary work as reporter and correspondent to the *Clydesdale News*. To this newspaper he also contributed numerous poetical pieces, and a series of military sketches entitled "Reminiscences of 'Ours,'" bearing chiefly on the exploits of the 78th Highlanders in Persia, and during the Indian Revolt. These sketches were brought under the notice of General Lockhart of Cambusnethan, who served with the 78th during the period referred to, and who testified to the correctness of the narrative. In 1877 Mr Mauchline was appointed to the

head mastership of one of George Heriot's Hospital Schools, Edinburgh, an appointment which he still holds.

From his earliest years Mr Mauchline has been an enthusiastic musician, and an indefatigable student of military history, particularly of all matters regarding the history, traditions, and organisation of the British army. In his native city he is known as an authority on both subjects. This passion appears in his poems, many of which refer to military life in language full of patriotic fervour, true martial ring, and deep pathos. Tenderness, dignity, and grace are also characteristics of his Muse, although his more homely pieces are natural and unrestrained, and full of simple and pleasing fancy.

#### THE DYING SOLDIER.

Bright rose the silver orb of night o'er Forbach's corpse-strewn field :

The gleaming sabre was at rest—no more the cannon pealed ;  
 A bronzed Zouave lay bleeding 'mid the festival of death,  
 Murmuring low and wearily with fast-expiring breath.  
 Stained with the oozing life-blood were the medals once so bright,  
 Gained at the deadly bayonet's point in many a hard-won fight ;  
 His glazing eyes beheld not now the carnage of that day,  
 His gaping wounds he heeded not—his thoughts were far away.  
 " I see, as in a fleeting dream," the dying soldier said,  
 " The humble cottage by the Loire, where as a child I played ;  
 There, in the little vine-clad porch, my aged mother sits,  
 Singing the lays of by-gone days, as busily she knits ;  
 And loved Helène, whose deep dark eyes upon me cast a spell,  
 In those my happy boyish days, Helène I loved so well,  
 I see her now, as once we stood, beside her mother's grave,  
 When to the ardent conscript lad her plighted troth she gave ;  
 But now they're sleeping side by side in the little lone church-  
 yard

At home in lovely sunny France, with angels for their guard ;  
 I see the heights of Inkermann, where, on that glorious day,  
 Thick on the sward the bearskins of the British Guardsmen lay ;  
 I see the plains of Italy, where, in the bright blue sky,  
 The Imperial Eagle spread his wings, and soared to victory !  
 I think of Solferino, when, resistless our advance,  
 The white-clad Austrians fled in rout before the sons of France !

It seem'd as though the shade of Lodi's Conqueror hovered there,  
As the thrilling shout 'Vive l'Empereur!' rang in the summer  
air!

Fled are these glories now! no more I hear that battle-cry,  
The star of France hath fallen; oh, 'tis hard like this to die:  
The once proud eagle's pinion droops—the tricolour is rent—  
I would not see it thus—I die for France—I am content!  
Farewell, my native land! Helène! ma mère, I come!" he  
cried,  
And, with a smile upon his lips, the gallant soldier died.

### THE WITCH'S STANE.\*

#### A LEGEND OF DORNOCH.

Mark yonder wild spot where the grey mossy cairn  
Its gloomy shade casts on the black sullen tarn,  
Where the flow'rets are withered, and blasted the heath,  
And Nature is wrapped in the silence of death.  
'Tis a spot to be shunned; e'en the bold mountaineer  
Shrinks back from its shadow with awe and with fear,  
And nought but the hemlock and deadly wolfsbane  
Grows rank by the cairn of the grey Witch's Stane.

See yon pale, wan creature, by misery bowed,  
Dragged forth to her doom by the murderous crowd,  
With wild maniac gaze on the throng she looks round,  
As her poor shrinking form to the dread stake is bound;  
The faggots are gathered, the stake towers high,  
And fierce roar the flames as they leap to the sky,  
While her cries rise on high in a sad plaintive strain,  
Where now towers the silent and grey Witch's Stane.

"Farewell, glorious sun! thou bright lord of the morn,  
Farewell to the land where my fathers were born;  
To mountain and valley a long, long farewell,  
To bright wimpling streamlet and sweet mossy dell,  
Farewell to the glen where, a maiden, I roved  
With Ronald the gallant, the winsome and loved;  
He fell with the noble Dundee 'mid the slain,  
But his spirit looks down on the grey Witch's Stane."

"Ay, pile up the faggot, and fan the bright blaze,  
Ay, demons of fury, rejoice as ye gaze,  
Let my poor smouldering ashes to fierce winds be given,  
But the deed shall be seen and recorded in heaven.  
The heath shall be withered, the grass still ungrown,  
Where this poor heart of mine shall be quivering thrown,

\* Said to mark the spot where the last witch was burned in Scotland,  
in 1722.

And the ban of your victim for ever remain  
On th' unhalloved spot marked by the grey Witch's Stane."

But high rose the tumult, and loud the fierce hum,  
With shrill sound of pipe and of hoarse rolling drum  
That drowned her low wails, while the red embers glowed,  
And her ashes by wild blasts were scattered and strewed.  
And oft 'mid the storm and the lightning's blue sheen  
The spirit of poor hapless Elsie is seen ;  
And there desolation for ever doth reign,  
Nor breezes of spring kiss the grey Witch's Stane.

### THE GRENADIER OF TENGINSKI.

*(A Tradition of the Russian Army of the Caucasus.)*

The eagle standard of the Czar waved vauntingly on high  
O'er Michailoff's grey bastions 'gainst the red Circassian sky ;  
Behind the hills of Daghestan the sunset shed its glow,  
And on the walls the sentries paced with measured tread and  
slow.

And as the murky pall of night descended drear and dark,  
The wearied soldiers sink to rest in tranquil sleep. But hark !  
See now the watchful sentinel pause on his tedious round,  
He peers into the darkness—for he hears the well-known sound  
Of an armed host advancing ! his warning musket calls  
The sleeping garrison to arms ; they crowd upon the walls ;  
And hoarsely in the midnight air resounds the rolling drum,  
Answering with defiant note the fierce and angry hum  
Of that invading horde, whose eyes gleam with fanatic light,  
Schamyl, their prophet, priest and king, now leads them to the  
fight !

Forth peals the deadly volley, shrieks and groans resound on  
high,

But on like ravening wolves they rush, and "Tcherkesse !" is  
the cry,

They clamber o'er the gory walls ; the Muscovite is brave,  
But cannot stem the human tide that, like a mighty wave,  
O'erwhelms him now on every side. What means that wail of  
woe ?

The flag of Holy Russia in the dust is trampled low !

A soldier good was Carlovitch, and 'mid the carnage dire  
He seemed to bear a charmed life. His dark eyes shone with  
fire,

And fire, too, burned within his heart, for well he knew the post  
The Czar had trusted him to hold was to the Empire lost ;  
The loss of honour and of fame survive he never would,  
But on those walls his trust fulfil by th' offering of his blood.



To him now came a Grenadier, one of the valiant few,  
 Who still maintained a solid front against that yelling crew,  
 His face was pale and haggard, and determined was his mien,  
 "Haste, haste," he cried, "we'll foil them yet—come to the  
 magazine ;"

Away he rushed with headlong speed to the dark bomb-proof  
 cell,

His leader following, "List," said he, "to what I have to tell—  
 This night, and just before they came, I paced my weary round  
 On yonder eastern tower when lo ! the soft melodious sound  
 Of sweet celestial harmony my drooping spirits cheered,  
 And our holy patron Sergius to my wondering eyes appeared,  
 He said that I this very night a glorious death should die,  
 In Russia's holy cause, and to her arms give victory.  
 He showed me in a vision, too, a vision bright and fair,  
 My darling wife—my Olga—Olga with the flaxen hair,  
 And Ivan, with his laughing eyes, my little cherub boy,  
 He too was there, and clapped his chubby hands with childish  
 joy.

Grieve not for them, St Sergius said, for they shall be my care,  
 But for thy glorious martyrdom with trusting heart prepare."  
 I heard the words with awe and joy, standing with low-bow'd  
 head,

And when I dared to raise my eyes the sainted form had fled.  
 Oh, do not scorn the warning now ! but, ere it be too late,  
 Retreat—lead forth our comrades by the secret postern-gate ;  
 And when the last has cleared the fort, shrill let the bugles  
 sound,

And the Tcherkesse horde shall find a tomb upon this blood  
 stained ground,

The stern commander spoke not, but in haste he turned away,  
 And clearly rang the bugle's note amid the deadly fray ;  
 As if by charm of magic art the soldiers disappear,  
 And the wild mountaineers rush in with an exulting cheer.  
 Again is heard the trumpet's note, then a terrific shock,  
 Hurling the massive pile in air, rending the solid rock.  
 A flash—a peal like thunder—then the silence of the tomb,  
 For there the Tcherkesse lay engulfed in ruin, death and gloom !

. . . . .

Forty years and more have passed since that dark night of blood,  
 And Russia's countless hosts on many a battlefield have stood ;  
 But the Cossack and the soldier of Tenginski still revere  
 The name of gallant Ozepoff, and his memory hold dear,  
 And on the muster roll his honoured name they still retain,  
 Although, alas ! he ne'er will answer to the call again ;  
 But a comrade answers for him, in a tone of honest pride,  
 "For the glory of his country at Fort Michailoff he died."

The episode described in the above lines occurred in 1840, when Fort  
 Michailoff, in the Caucasus, was captured from the Russians by the

Circassians, under the heroic Schamyl. The story of Ozepoff's devotion is most graphically treated by Mr James Grant in one of his popular novels. The Tenginski Regiment, which consists of Grenadier infantry, Hussars, and a force of artillery, is numbered as the 37th.



## JOHN MOONEY,

**A**UTHOR of a small volume entitled "Songs of the Norse, and other Poems" (Kirkwall: J. Calder, 1883) was born at Kirkwall in 1862. His father and grandfather are itinerant rag-gatherers, the latter being a native of Banffshire, while his mother, whose maiden name is Betsy Burgess, is a native of Kirkwall. We learn that though in stature John is diminutive—being not more than three feet two inches in height—he has a well-formed head, indicating to the physiognomist high mental compass and keen penetration. Brought up by his paternal grandparents, to whom he has been much indebted, he was sent to the Glastness School in his native town, where he received a fairly good English education, which he has greatly improved by his own private study. Indeed, there are few with his limited advantages whose minds are so well stored with information drawn from all departments of literature. The Rev. David Webster, of the U.P. Church, Kirkwall, who knows him intimately, and to whom we are indebted for these facts, also informs us that for many years our poet has been a leading member of one of the local literary societies, and that the occasional papers prepared by him are, in point of excellence, considerably above the average of essays read at such meetings.

After leaving school, Mr Mooney obtained a situation

as clerk to a mercantile firm in Kirkwall, which he held with much credit for several years. The work was not, however, to his mind, and being offered the post of reporter for a local newspaper he accepted it, and did the work admirably, contributing frequent poetical pieces and prose sketches which were much appreciated by a wide circle of readers. On the paper being discontinued, Mr Mooney was thrown out of a situation. He is now managing clerk in an extensive warehouse, and is still a diligent student in his spare time. A number of his poems and songs have appeared in the *People's Friend*, the *Orkney Herald*, and the *Orcadian*. The volume already referred to, published in 1883, enjoyed a wide circulation. Its contents show on the part of the poet a passionate love of Nature, warm sympathy with, and quiet appreciation of the many faint whisperings that pervade all creation. Although his poetry is distinguished rather by warmth and colour than by metrical accuracy, the sights and sounds around him are vividly brought before us, tenderly dwelt on, and lovingly depicted, all showing that the coy Muse is not confined to any class or rank, but finds its congenial home with the man whose soul is great enough to rise above sordid environments.

#### THE BURNIE ON THE HILL.

Rippling, lipping, trickling,  
Gently at its will,  
Flows the little burnie  
Doon the heath'ry hill ;  
And its crystal water  
At sweet noontide gleams,  
As from heaven's regions  
Fall the golden beams ;  
An' the little pebbles,  
In the streamlet's bed,  
Gaze, like brilliant diamonds,  
At the sun o'erhead.

How our thoughts do wander,  
 Wander at their will,  
 As we watch the burnie  
 Gliding doon the hill ;  
 Wander o'er the meadows  
 To some bonnie vale,  
 Where, in days o' sunshine,  
 Swept mirth's balmy gale ;  
 An' to distant countries  
 Where our friends have gone ;  
 An' far from the present,  
 Into scenes unknown.

Sweetly sings the linnet  
 Near its little nest,  
 While among the heather  
 I lie doon to rest,  
 Gazing at the streamlet,  
 Beautiful and bright,  
 Till my beating bosom  
 Swells with mild delight ;  
 An' my he'rt sae joyous  
 Feeleth many a thrill,  
 As I hear the burnie  
 Trickling doon the hill.

In the dusk o' evening,  
 When the sun's at rest,  
 Up alang the burnie,  
 Wi' a beating breast,  
 Wander I fu' lightly,  
 An' the heather sways  
 As the gentle breezes  
 Sweep alang the braes ;  
 An' I hear the music  
 Soft an' pleasant still,  
 As the burnie gurgles  
 Doon the silent hill.

Oh, I love the burnie,  
 Smile to see it flow,  
 Gentle thro' the heather,  
 To the vale below ;  
 How I wish, when list'ning  
 As the lispings blend,  
 That low, peaceful whisper  
 But to comprehend ;  
 But my beating bosom  
 Feels a joyful thrill  
 When I hear the burnie  
 Trickling doon the hill.

## WHISPERS FROM AFAR.

Breezes sweeping, breezes sighing,  
 Ever o'er this changing earth,  
 Over lands of dark misfortune,  
 Over shores of love and mirth,  
 Can ye whisper as ye pass me,  
 Whisper softly in my ear,  
 Of my friends in distant countries,  
 Who are to my bosom dear?

Balmy breezes blowing softly  
 O'er the ocean calm and bright,  
 When ye come with summer's sunshine,  
 Fill my bosom with delight ;  
 For ye surely bring some message  
 Which was meant for me to hear—  
 Loving whispers sweet and thrilling,  
 From the friends who still are dear.

If ye saw them roving, dreaming,  
 'Mong the fields with flow'rets strewn,  
 Knew ye whether, since they wandered,  
 They have sad or weary grown ?  
 When ye passed them were they sighing  
 Low, but so that ye might hear,  
 That ye might convey the meaning  
 To the friends who still are dear ?

Yes, I know it is a token  
 That their lives are free from care,  
 When ye come in gentle whispers,  
 Slowly through the summer air ;  
 For if all their mirth had vanished,  
 And they lay oppressed by woe,  
 Ye would never sigh so softly,  
 Nor so gaily dare to blow.

Oh then, gentle, balmy breezes,  
 From the land where loved ones dwell,  
 Ye that carry loving whispers,  
 Ever floating doubts dispel ;  
 Ever whisper as ye pass me,  
 Whisper softly in my ear,  
 Of my friends in distant countries,  
 Who are to my bosom dear.

## FLEECY CLOUDS.

Bonnie fields o' fleecy clouds,  
 O'er me gently sailing,

On you, in the summer sky,  
 All my thoughts are dwelling ;  
 An' whene'er I lie alone,  
 'Mongst the blooming flowers,  
 Oft I think I with you sail  
 In these golden hours.

Bonnie floating fleecy clouds,  
 Wi' the heavens bending,  
 Softly, mildly, to my heart,  
 Thrills o' love you're sending ;  
 An' the azure vault is bright,  
 Filled wi' radiant visions,  
 Which so tenderly you fan,  
 On your peaceful missions.

When I watch you, bonnie clouds,  
 Through the sunshine trailing,  
 Far away, to distant frien's  
 A' my thoughts go sailing ;  
 And I only lie and gaze,  
 Moody, longing, dreaming,  
 As the rays o' light an' love  
 On the earth are beaming.

Still ye bonnie, fleecy clouds,  
 While ye glide at leisure,  
 O'er the lav'rock's joyfu' notes,  
 'Gainst the lovely azure,  
 Fill my breast wi' happy thoughts,  
 Cheer the hours so weary,  
 Banish a' the gloom that mak'  
 Earth an' mortals dreary.

## WILLIAM STEWART

**W**AS born in 1867 at Waterside, near Lochlee, the mountain-girded waters of which ripple close to the grave of Alexander Ross, the author of the delightful pastoral poem of "Helenore, or the Fortunate Shepherdess," and the songs "The Rock and the Wee

Pickle Tow" and "Woo'd an' Married an' a',"—songs admired wherever the Scottish tongue is spoken, and remarkable for their natural humour, force of language, and the striking pictures they convey of the manners and customs of a past age. At the south-west corner of this Forfarshire loch, too, is the old farnhouse of Inchgrundle, which, for more than twenty years, formed the autumn home and Highland resting-place of the late Dr Guthrie. Amid the solemn grandeur of the grey hills the author of the following verses has spent his childhood and youth. He has seldom been a day absent from the sight of the heather braes, the sparkling streamlets, and hoary crags of Glenesk. He has not learned any trade, but has "just remained at home, helping with the farm work, or anything that comes in the way." During the summer and autumn months "The Glen" is visited by crowds of tourists, and many families then make it their abode for two or three months. This gives employment for a number of the young men, and our poet has been in the service of Mr C. J. Guthrie, advocate, Edinburgh, who, like his distinguished father, already referred to, loves to spend some time in Glenesk every year. He received what is termed a fair education at Tarfside School, but being of a studious turn, he has since employed much of his time in reading instructive works and otherwise storing his mind with useful knowledge. Mr Stewart occasionally contributes prose and verse to the newspapers, and, as might be expected from his beautiful and picturesque surroundings, his Muse is of a reflective nature.

#### EVENTIDE.

Like sunlight softly fading  
 At close of summer day,  
 Like river ceaseless ringing  
 Across its pebbly way;  
 Like the ship that's homeward sailing  
 On silver crested foam,

My soul is drawing nearer,  
Nearer to its home.

Like summer beauty dying,  
Its fragrant sweetness fled ;  
Like evening shadows falling  
O'er fairest field and glade,  
Like Christian pressing onward  
Along the heavenly road,  
My soul is drawing nearer,  
Nearer to its God.

Like wreckage swiftly drifting  
Towards some peaceful shore,  
Like ship the haven nearing,  
Its perilous journey o'er ;  
Like sun in beauty sinking  
Behind the mountain's crest,  
My soul is drawing nearer,  
Nearer to its rest.

#### THE QUEEN O' THEM A'.

I'll sing to the praise o' my lassie,  
Tho' a' the wide world say na,  
Tho' a' the young lasses look saucy  
I'll crown her the queen o' them a'.

Sae winsome, sae gentle, an' lovin',  
She scarce has a fallin' ava,  
An' a' the lads for her are sighin'.  
Because she's the queen' o' them a'.

Her sweet voice, sae gladsome an' cheery,  
Will chase a' life's shadows awa' ;  
The future could never look dreary  
If shared by the queen o' them a'.

O' swift the brief moments are fleetin',  
An' saft the night's shadows doonfa',  
That bring roond the hour o' my meetin'  
Alane wi' the queen o' them a'.

Her sweet smile, sae winnin', sae lovin',  
There's nane can resist it ava',  
It sets a' their fancies a-rovin'—  
A smile frae the queen o' them a'.

Some carena for naething but money,  
Their motto is gold abune a',



To me she is dearer than ony,  
 She's winsome, the queen o' them a'.



### WILLIAM R. LYALL.

THE subject of our present sketch having, in a sense, been a student during the greater part of his days, his life has been an uneventful one. Mr Lyall was born at Calcutta in 1831. His father, James Napier Lyall, was a Scotchman, and had in his youth been a midshipman. His ship having unfortunately been captured by the French, he was kept a prisoner on parole at Verdun for eight long and weary years. In his journal he mentions that Napoleon was much liked by his British prisoners-of-war. He was afterwards a stock-broker in the Exchange at Calcutta, where he amassed a considerable fortune. While on his way home, with his two children—our poet, then four years of age, and a brother—he died on board ship, strange to say, off Verdun, where he had so long been a prisoner. The voyage was made in a sailing vessel, and the weather being stormy, it was six months before the children arrived in this country.

Mr Lyall received his education, first at the Montrose Academy, and afterwards at the Universities of Edinburgh and St Andrews. While in Edinburgh he gained two first prizes—one for Greek at Professor Dunbar's classes, and one for elocution at Professor Aytoun's. He lived in Montrose till 1865, when he purchased Bellevue House, Auchtermuchty, where he and his family have ever since resided. Mr Lyall has *long been*, and is still an occasional contributor of both *prose and verse* to several newspapers and magazines.

A cultured taste is shown in the descriptive portions of his verse, and while he sings cheerfully and melodiously of home and the domestic affections, there is ever prominently manifested an honest and fearless appreciation of the truly noble in man.

OH, WE'LL NE'ER SEE OUR PRINCE AT BALMORAL AGAIN.

The cauld winds o' winter sough dowie and wae,  
There is dool i' the ha', i' the glen, on the brae,  
The clansmen are silent frae ghillie to chief,  
An' the women and bairnies are loud i' their grief ;  
Dee's waters croon sadly o' sorrow and care,  
Like the murmur o' ane in a dream o' despair,  
The grey rocks and white hills resound the refrain—  
"Oh, we'll ne'er see our Prince at Balmoral again."

Will his kilt, pouch, and plaid, his glengarry and feather  
Never mair shine and dance i' the muir 'mang the heather ?  
Will he ne'er come again to the Gatherin' o' Mar ?  
Will he ne'er spiel again the steep Lochin-y-gar ?  
Frae his ain Hieland hame what'll keep him awa'—  
The laddie wha looks in his tartans sae braw ?  
Ah ! Death's grip hauds him doon on a cauld marble stane—  
"Oh, we'll ne'er see our Prince at Balmoral again."

The sweet varied notes o' his voice and his lyre,  
Which could melt us to tears or awaken our ire,  
Will we never hear mair ? Never mair will we see  
Warm sympathy's dew's dim his glancin' blue e'e ?  
Our mountains are grand and our valleys are fair,  
But their charms are a' fled since he canna come there,  
We maun just sit and greet, while we sing the sad strain—  
"Oh, we'll ne'er see our Prince at Balmoral again."

"NO, I'LL NOT."

Not, child ! you are too soon begun  
An independent will to show ;  
You know your parents love their son,  
Why will you, wayward, answer so ?  
"No, I'll not."  
No frown your smooth young brow should wear,  
No wrath flame thro' your soft blue eye,  
Against your mother's watchful care,  
Who grieves to hear your harsh reply—  
"No, I'll not."

Wait till you are a man, midst men  
 Who tempt your doubting steps to stray  
 From honour's path, then, darling, *then*,  
 To wicked counsellors boldly say—  
 "No, I'll not."  
 Your heart should Mammon strive to lure,  
 And Beauty, Flattery to beguile,  
 Then, like a rock, stand firm and sure,  
 And turning, cry with scornful smile,  
 "No, I'll not."

When you have lost your parents dear,  
 When faithless friends elude your grasp,  
 When coaxing fiends enchant your ear,  
 Till you have barely strength to gasp  
 "No, I'll not ;"  
 When conscience ebbs, and passions swell,  
 And syrens, beckoning, round you rise,  
 Oh, may that charm the surges quell—  
 That heavenly charm which sin defies—  
 "No, I'll not."

## TO A SOVEREIGN.

(*Presented as a Prize at School.*)

How bright thy golden countenance shone  
 That day I called thee first mine own !  
 No medal e'er more proudly prest  
 The scarlet on a marshal's breast  
 Than thou ! Thy radiance sheds the light  
 Of life's sweet morn around its night.  
 Faces and forms of other days  
 Smile on me—young eyes on me gaze ;  
 Loved eyes ! dear faces ! are all gone ?  
 I see them now in dreams alone.

Tho' tempted oft, like silly boys,  
 To part with thee for sweets or toys—  
 Emblem of strifes 'tween God and Mammon,  
 That stir the hearts of men and women—  
 Yet have I kept thee many a year,  
 Like sacred idol, treasured here,  
 And nought shall sever thee from me  
 But thieves, or death, or poverty ;  
 Faithful in sunshine and in storm,  
 Like true love, beams thy constant form,  
 A friend throughout life unestranged,  
 'Midst earthly change thou art unchanged.

Type of the immortal soul thou art,  
 For, shouldst thou e'er from me depart,  
 As long as merchant's eye may trace,  
 On thy small disc, thy monarch's face,  
 Even tho' thy worth be kept by me,  
 Thy value will remain with thee :  
 So good men, dying, leave behind  
 The treasures of their heart and mind,  
 Yet on their souls Heaven's image wear  
 As clear as when 'twas graven there,  
 Re-moulded in the mint of death,  
 Earth's dust blown off by God's own breath.  
 For after death, unlike the stamp,  
 That's bruised and flattened by time's tramp,  
 Unlike itself in life's wild race,  
 Sin-spattered with gold's miry chase,  
 The stained soul, bathed in love divine,  
 Will purer grow, and brighter shine.

## SILENCE.

The dawn creeps slowly to the wakening night,  
 And plants grey feathers on his raven wing ;  
 The weary stars now doff their golden crowns,  
 And with the radiance of the morn suffused  
 Amid the azure of the skies dissolve,  
 The queen of night veils her refulgent charms  
 When she beholds the glance of day's bright god,  
 As he rolls upward in his flaming chariot  
 And paints the horizon with gay purple streaks.  
 As from my window on the street I gaze  
 There is no sound, no murmur, not a breath ;  
 Or if imagination heareth aught  
 'Tis but the sound, the murmur, and the breath  
 Of the intensest silence, more intense  
 After the din of midnight revelry,  
 And howl of drunken orgies. Who could dream  
 That in a few short hours those noiseless stones,  
 That idle pavement, and the breathless air  
 Shall ring and rattle with the stir of life,  
 The traffic and the bustle of the world ?  
 The busy world is full of poetry ;  
 There's poetry in labour—life's a poem.  
 The heart-strings vibrate with strange minstrelsy,  
 And when the heart is full, too full for words,  
 Tears bubble forth its woe ; but when our anguish  
 Mocks at the sobbing tell-tales—when despair  
 Comes like a blight on the distracted soul,  
 'Tis nursed and cherished in the lap of silence.  
 O sacred silence, now to thee I listen !

I hearken to thy stillness, and the waves  
 Of thought subside, like ocean in a calm ;  
 The currents of the mind refuse to flow.  
 It seems that motion, too, as well as sound,  
 That even the pulsing of the heart and breath—  
 Yea, the inaudible action of the soul  
 Must cease, to perfect and complete thy rest.  
 Then, when the faculties are in a swoon,  
 Behind is left an unimpassioned feeling,  
 Waveless and placid as a lonely lake,  
 Whose dreamy face is never kissed by winds,  
 Whose solitary peace is never marred  
 By any sound of any living thing ;  
 A feeling palpable, but still as death,  
 Filled with unutterable awe and grief—  
 Such grief as owns no language and no tears,  
 And causeless, but inspired alone by silence ;  
 A dread sublimity of solemn feeling,  
 As if the spirit of silence bound my thoughts  
 Within the enchantment of his charmed ring.  
 And as in the retentive shell for ever  
 Lingers the music of its natal wave,  
 So to my bosom will that feeling cling—  
 That inspiration of the silent morn.



### MINNIE THERESE WHITLOCKE,

**A**LTHOUGH a native of Hampshire, England, may be classed with the tuneful sisters of Scottish song. Her father died when she was very young, and her mother, coming to Glasgow, gave her two daughters, Minnie Therése and Isa Gertrude, excellent educations to qualify them as governesses or teachers, and both sisters have acquitted themselves with marked ability. Miss Whitlocke is a young lady of exquisite taste and accomplishments. Her musical abilities have also amply evidenced themselves in the various public concerts she has organised amongst her pupils, which *have* always earned the encomiums of the press. Her

poetic tendencies were manifested at an early age, and although, through sensitiveness of disposition, reticence, and a strong aversion to being known, she contributed little to the press, she has proved herself to be an industrious and graceful author. Her verses have earned the acknowledgments of the ex-Empress Eugene and the late Napoleon III. Some years ago, complying with the repeated and pressing solicitations of her friends and admirers, she published a very handsome volume of poems, "A Garland of Wild Poesy" (Dumfries: J. Martin, High Street, 1878). These evince not only deep poetic feeling, warmth of sympathy, and richness of imagery, but fully indicate the pure lofty breathings—the noble spirit and the impulsive warmth of nature blended with the keen sensibility of feeling which imbue her everyday life.

## THE BIRD'S MESSAGE.

Fly away, birdie, fly from me,  
 Over the hills to the West Countrie,  
 And there thou wilt find a lover, I know,  
 Dreaming of love in the firelight's glow.  
     Sing to him, birdie, and sweetly tell  
     The secret thou knowest so long and well;  
     My heart, my heart is no longer free,  
     But belongs to a lad in the West Countrie.  
         Warble, sweet bird,  
         Every word,  
 To the lad that I love in the West Countrie!

Fly away, birdie, fly from me;  
 My soul's sweet messenger thou shalt be  
 To scatter the clouds from "Faith's darkling sky,"  
 And light up with hope his bright blue eye.  
     Fly to him, birdie, on Love's fleet wing,  
     And charm him to listen while thou dost sing  
     Of the love I've bade thee to tell for me  
     To the lad that I love in the West Countrie.  
         Hide not a word,  
         Sweet bird! sweet bird!  
 Of the love that I send to the West Countrie!

Fly away, birdie, fly from me,  
 Let me behold thee on swift wing flee!

I may not whisper the tiniest word ;  
 Do thou tell him all for me, sweet bird !  
     That near or afar—where'er I be—  
     My heart will be still in the West Countrie ;  
         Oh, beautiful bird !  
         Hide never a word  
 From the lad that I love in the West Countrie !

Fly away, birdie, fly from me,  
 Fleet as the wind when it sweeps the sea ;  
 Nor linger thou long on the road, I pray—  
 Fly to him, birdie !—away ! away !  
     Tell him the love I so coldly met  
     In mine own soul burned, tho' in pride t'was set ;  
     That I loved him then, birdie, fond and well,  
     Till my heart throbb'd wildly beneath the spell ;  
     That I love him now as thy mate loves thee,  
     The lad far away in the West Countrie :  
         Oh, beautiful bird !  
         Warble every word,  
 Full of love, to my love in the West Countrie !

#### LOVE'S PRESENCE.

My darling ! can'st tell me what joy-stream is filling  
     This heart that so lately was weary and lone ;  
 What bliss like the sweets which the flow'rs are distilling  
     When summer sits robed on June's rose-circled throne ?

What heavenly sunlight hath beamed o'er my spirit,  
     Dispelling the storm-clouds of grief that uprose,  
 Swift threatening to doom me alone to inherit  
     Life's bitterest legacy—sorrow and woes ?

What beautiful halo is this now surrounding,  
     That turneth all darkness to glory and light ?  
 What magical charm hath wrought change so astounding  
     As this, giving foretaste of Eden's delight ?

Ah, love ! 'tis thy love from whose pure source upspringing  
     Doth come all this sunlight, and beauty and rest—  
 'Tis thou, love-crowned King of my soul, who art bringing  
     The joy which hath conquered where weariness pressed.

A sunburst of glory thou art to my being—  
     The day-star of Hope when my soul sinks in Fear,  
 Ah, love of my heart ; never more shall I, fleeing,  
     Court gloom when the sun of my life shineth near !

## MAY MORNING.

BORN 25th APRIL, 1834.

Sweet Baby newly born, I welcome thee,  
 Though miles of weary distance lie between,  
 And fancy only can reveal to me  
 The joy with which they hail thee baby-queen !  
 Mine eyes through space, alas, cannot behold  
 The rosy life that flushes on thy cheek,  
 Nor see the dainty airs with which untold  
 Thou drinkest all the flatteries love doth speak ;  
 A vision only in my dreams thou'rt now,  
 A picture as of angel spirit fair,  
 God's holy grace sweet shining on thy brow,  
 And all its purity reflected there.  
 A sinless little creature he hath made  
 To love Him and be loved by Him again ;  
 A tiny sunbeam that from Suffering's shade  
 Hath come to teach forgetfulness of pain,  
 Ay, come as herald of the sweetest days  
 When earth holds carnival that May appears,  
 Instinct with life and beauty, prayer, and praise,  
 And Summer smiles to banish April's tears !  
 Oh, be this promise of thy birth fulfilled,  
 Thy sky all sunshine and thy life all May,  
 The honey-dew of peace which grace instilled  
 For ever keeping Sorrow far away !  
 A crown to those who love thee, mayest thou be,  
 A sunbeam ever near to cheer their hearth,  
 And thrill their bosoms with such ecstasy  
 As first leapt into being at thy birth.  
 Thus, baby-sweet, may blessings round thee twine,  
 As ivy twines, the oak-tree's stem adorning,  
 And love of heaven with earthly love combine  
 To make life Paradise for thee May Morning !

DIED 25TH MARCH, 1836.

My darling ! Oh, my darling May !  
 My baby bright and fair !  
 This heart is wildly throbbing now  
 Beneath its load of care.  
 In anguish, all unspoken, sweet,  
 I gaze upon thy brow—  
 Thy sightless orbs and clasped hands,  
 And all that's of thee now.  
 And tears the bitterest I have shed  
 Rush from mine aching eyes,  
 For thou, my treasured one art gone  
 And hope within me dies !



Too fair for this rude earth, beloved,  
 Too pure to blossom here—  
 Thou'st gone to wear thy spotless crown  
 Far, far from mortal sphere.  
 No wealth of earthly love, sweet babe,  
 Could keep thee near our hearth,  
 Else thou had'st not so early known  
 God's fairer glory-birth !  
 Thy gleesome child-heart throbs no more—  
 Thy ruby lips are sealed,  
 And where the sun of love once shone  
 Death's gloom is now revealed.  
 And I could wish this pilgrimage  
 On Earth for ever past  
 So that it brought me, Maimie dear,  
 To God and thee at last.  
 For ah, 'tis hard to teach the heart  
 While grief the soul doth fill  
 To breath resigned the heav'n-taught prayer—  
 " Praised be God's holy will ! "



### JOHN CRAWFORD,

**A** WELL-KNOWN Lanarkshire poet, whose productions, in a remarkable degree, display a pawky humour and felicitous use of the Doric, was born at Carluke in 1851. He has been a life-long resident in his native town, and is a general favourite among his associates, possessed as he is of a versatility and force of character ever welling out in spontaneous and natural ebullitions of native wit, mimicry, story-telling, song-singing, and patriotic ardour for auld Scotland, its deeds of valour and sons of song. Mr Crawford is quite an enthusiast in his patronage of Scottish vocalists, and has been known to travel long distances to hear the late Mr Kennedy in his *entertainment*, "A Nicht wi' Burns"—indeed, to use his *own words*, he "was very much bent at one time on

touring the country as an exponent and singer of Scotch songs, but the counsels of a wise mother to the contrary prevailed." It may be stated that his vocal sympathies and predilections for rhyme have been inherited from his maternal parent, who was endowed with a mind strong in its retention of traditional lore, and of a decidedly poetic temperament.

Mr Crawford's education was such as is commonly received in elementary schools. As a lad he was fond of outdoor sports and escapades, consequently, in his fourteenth year he sought employment on the bank of an opencast in the neighbourhood of Carluke, where the ironstone cropping out, is, as it were, quarried from the surface. Leaving this rough labour in his sixteenth year, he was apprenticed to the trade of cabinetmaking, one of the staple industries in the place. Having served his period of apprenticeship, he worked for several years as a journeyman, then got married, and started business on his own account. In the capacity of master he has found less leisure than formerly to cultivate the Muse; however, his productions, occasionally appearing in the *Hamilton Advertiser* and other journals, are eagerly perused and very highly appreciated by a large circle of friends.

#### KATE GALLOWAY'S TAM.

Frae the auld Sparrow Inn, wi' its theek'd roof o' strae'  
 To the Kirk, wi' the bell, on the tap o' the brae,  
 Frae the Cadger's-dub, kent a' to callants sae weel,  
 Whaur kittlens are drooned, an' they ne'er gie a squeel,  
 Ye may seek the hale parish for miles roon' an' roon'  
 Ere ye'd fin' sic anither camsteerin' young loon;  
 Frae the heights o' the Bashie till Forrest's Mill-dam  
 Big an' wee, far an' near, kent Kate Galloway's Tam.

He was lithe as a whuttret, as gleg as a hawk,  
 Wi' a pair o' stieve shanks, ticht as ony corn stauk;  
 'Tween dirt, fernieticles, he was black's a yird taed,  
 An' his hauns ye'd hae thoct had been used as a spade,  
 Langer toosie black hair never theekit a pow,  
 Tho' ance in a wheezie 'twas brunt i' the lowe,

For a twalmonth a kame through his locks never cam',  
Saeip and water were strangers to Galloway's Tam.

Nae wild deer thro' forest-glade bounded mair free,  
Nor short fuddy maukin' along the green lea,  
Than Tam in his glory, thro' thick an' thro' thin,  
Rampagin' in scouth as unbridled's the win';  
Nae faither or mither to keep him in boun's  
Hae Tam like some ither camsteerin' young loons,  
He was left bird-alane when a wee tottin' lamb,  
Sae it fell to his grannie the rearin' o' Tam.

His grannie, guid bodie, as kin' grannie's'dae,  
Did her best to instruct him by nicht an' by day,  
'Tween clootin' an' plannin' to keep his duds richt  
Sairly tried her guid patience and wasted her sicht;  
Like ither douce folk she took beuk ilka nicht  
When the pains wad aloo her, an' no grippin' ticht,  
But the bodie was timmer, sae Tam led the Psalm,  
An' auld Bangor got *ferte* without fork frae Tam.

Kind-hearted auld Peggy, a neebor hoose freen,  
Wae to see him sae duddy, a fricht to be seen,  
Got her auld guidman's coat that shespun when a bride,  
'Twad suit him fu' braw tho' a wee kennin' wide;  
Tam said nocht about that, 'deed there's far bigger fools,  
He cut the tails aff't to the ragman for boots;  
In its big waly pooches'ocht for use he wad cram,  
'Twas a win'fa' for ance to Kate Galloway's Tam.

On the Saturdays, free frae the maister's lang tawse,  
A richt picket lot wad set oot to the haws,  
Tam was aye the ringleader and chief o' the gang,  
The first aye to venture, the last to gang wrang.  
Nane wad gie him the coochers, or weest his coat sleeve,  
They dreeded the wecht o' his big waly nieve,  
An' when cross'd was as dour as the cudd o' Balaam,  
Oh, the plague o' the place was Kate Galloway's Tam.

He wad get a lang string, mak' a loop like a noose,  
Put millens inside on the road to catch doos,  
He wad spiel ony tree tho' as bare as a wa'  
To get haud o' the eggs o' the cushie or craw.  
Had a lozen been broken, a kundie chok't up,  
Or a divot been flung doon a neebor's lum tap,  
Had a' the cats sickened, gane aff in a dwam,  
Fient a ane could hae dune't but Kate Galloway's Tam.

He ance fell frae a tree on the back o' his heid,  
*The weans ran haune cryin'*, Tam Galloway's deid;

When the folk were cam' doon he was no to be seen—  
 They glower't a' like warlocks, an' rubbit their een ;  
 Cats, 'tis said, hae nine lives, some said Tam had ten,  
 But they a' said he'd come to an awfu' weird en',  
 Ithers thoct that the fa' was a lee or a sham—  
 He'll be waur afore death nabs Kate Galloway's Tam.

Butcher Bob's killin' days weel he kent them ilk ane,  
 The mail might be taigl't, Tam ne'er was ahin',  
 Hoo his e'e kennel't up, the savage young deil,  
 To len' haun' at the raip, an' hear the last squeel.  
 Weel awat for mischief, neither lazy or blate,  
 If a notion o' ocht took his noddle he'd hae't,  
 In his auld grannie's aumrie, her posie o' jam  
 Got mony a ca' frae Kate Galloway's Tam.

But things couldna last wi' young Tam in this state,  
 He was banned by ilk neebor at nae canny rate ;  
 In a dirdum ae day he got barrow an' creel—  
 Deil noo tak' the lazy, Tam was gaun to dae weel.  
 His first stock was plensished by auld Peggy Craw,  
 Wi' leeks, cabbage, carrots, an' turnips an' a'.  
 The auld cuddie creel was as fou as could cram,  
 An' ilk door got a ca' frae Kate Galloway's Tam.

Yes, the daftest young cowts whiles the best geldin's mak',  
 Whiles the tooziest pup grows the best in the pack,  
 Time slipped by workin' changes, an' will to the en'—  
 Deed some ventured to say that they thoct he wad men'.  
 Guid cause had the neebors to tak noo his pairt—  
 Tam's barrow had changed to a bonnie spring cairt,  
 A snod keepit pony nichered skeech 'tween ilk tram,  
 At its heid strutted proodly Kate Galloway's Tam.

Tam's changed noo his stock to a far bigger way,  
 An' saves like a hatter, mak's gowd every day,  
 An' hawks his provisions for miles roon' an' roon',  
 Success noo seems smilin' his efforts to croon.  
 He was sittin' fu' snug at the ingle ae nicht  
 At the papers, when something attractit his sicht—  
 That property owned by the late Simon Fram',  
 Will by auction be sold, read Kate Galloway's Tam.

The hoose Tam kent weel at the heid o' the toon,  
 An' markit the day o' the sale promptly doon.  
 When the day had arrived Tam was there 'mang the rest,  
 As braw as the lave, deckit oot in his best ;  
 First the biddin' gaed brisk, then it stuid for a wee,  
 Till a nod frae young Tam caught the auctioneer's e'e,

Then the hammer cam' doon wi' a snell sudden slam,  
At twa hundred pounds to Kate Galloway's Tam.

Sae Tam noo sits laird in a hoose o' his ain,  
A braw wife to hansel't, an mair than ae wean ;  
But young Tam, the wee birkie's his father's ae e'e,  
An' diverts the hale hoose wi' his prattle an' glee.  
Noo Tam wants for naething that money can buy,  
He mak's gowd jist in gowpens, an' rowth o't laid bye,  
An' his rise in the warl's nae lee or a sham,  
Syn'e he's never kent noo as Kate Galloway's Tam.

#### W E E D O D .

Wee Dod is the bauldest young stumper  
That e'er had the use o' twa feet,  
His laugh is the essence of music,  
His gabbin's a by-or-nar treat.

Jist a wee kennin' boo'd in the bittles,  
In shape like the roon letter O,  
When mischief's the bee in his noddle  
They're neither lame, lazy, or slow.

An' the soun' o' his twa bittle dumpers  
Gaun stumpin' at nicht thro' the flair,  
As prim an' as ticht's a drum major,  
He's a very horn sodger I'm shure.

His nieve is as plump as a dumplin',  
His cheeks match them clean to a tee,  
Fun lurks roon his mooth sae provokin',  
An' plays at keekbo' in his e'e.

Nae coaxin' wi' cookies an' sugar  
To claw oot his parritch, the rogue,  
Ye'll no droon a flee in the dribbles  
He leaves in the doup o' his cog.

When first daylight keeks thro' the window  
Ye'd think that he gets the first ca',  
He's up on his en' like a laverock  
As plump as a wee butter ba'.

Losh, the laddie's uncommonly giftet—  
Ye should see him mount up in his chair  
An' leather awa' at the readin',  
Near a hale stricken hour I am shure.

What's his lot in the dim misty future,  
 We guess, but we dinna weel ken,  
 Let us hope he'll reflect nocht but credit  
 On his faither an' mither's fire en'.

## A NEW YEAR LILT.

Come join wi' me, douce honest folk,  
 Wi' richt gudewill an' glee,  
 Let care an' fyke gang whaur they like—  
 Let gladness bear the gree;  
 Here are we met, a canty lot,  
 A jolly picket few,  
 To see the auld year toddle oot,  
 An' welcome in the new.  
     We'll hansel't in like decent folk,  
     An' be richt happy tae,  
     An' aye be blythe, as lang's we leeve,  
     To welcome mony mae.

Let ithar bodies keep Auld Yule—  
 A day they lo'e sae dear—  
 But we will lo'e the first, the best  
 An' king o' a' the year;  
 Wi' doonricht joy I maist could flee,  
 But, losh, I want the wing—  
 Bang to yer feet, my guid auld lass,  
 We'se hae a cantie spring.  
     We'll hansel't in like decent folk, &c.

Fu' mony glad New Years we've seen,  
 An' aye been hale an' weel,  
 An' mony mae we hope to see,  
 To warsle through life's reel;  
 Fu' lang we've toddled cheek for chow,  
 Thro' weal an' woe, life's maze,  
 An' baskit in each other's love  
 Thro' mony gladsome days.  
     We'll hansel't in like decent folk, &c.

Be steerin' when the clock strikes twal,  
 An' gie ilk ane his share—  
 We'll hansel't in wi' ae guid glass,  
 But fient a drappie mair;  
 Let's aye be blythe, nor dowie be,  
 Nor girn aboot oor fate,  
 But let's be honest, brave, and leal,  
 Although we ne'er be great.  
     We'll hansel't in like decent folk, &c.

## MAGGIE HAY.

What ails ye, bonnie Maggie Hay?  
 What's wrang, my bonnie doo?  
 Ye're no sae blythe's ye used to be—  
 What is't that cluds yer broo?

Gane is the roselicht frae her cheeks,  
 The glegness frae her e'e,  
 An' mony illa baith nicht an' day  
 The lassie has to dree.

The lassie tells to nane her tale—  
 They guess, but dinna ken;  
 But, could the nameless burnie speak  
 That dances doon the glen,

'Twould tell o' byegane days—  
 O' lightsome days an' lang,  
 When, blythe's the lintie on the thorn,  
 Her hale life was a sang.

Noo, dowie, doon the loanin' drear,  
 She daun'ers to the glen,  
 To weep in solitude for him  
 She ne'er will see again.

Their weel-kent trystin' shade she coorts,  
 Low 'maug the hazel trees,  
 An' then she tells the burn her waes—  
 The burnie tells the breeze.

The burnie lo'es to taigle there  
 An' listen to her tale,  
 Then, sabbin' saftly to itsel',  
 It toddles doon the vale.

Lang, lang, they kent ilk ither weel—  
 'Twas never telt to nane;  
 An' he was comin' ower the sea  
 To mak' her a' his ain.

Her thochts were on the ocean wide—  
 Her thochts baith nicht an' day—  
 The very birdies, when they sang,  
 She thoocht they seemed to say—

“Yer laddie's comin', comin' hame,  
 He's comin' ower the sea—

Yer Johnnie's comin' hame at last,  
An' comin' hame to thee."

But weeks gaed by, an' years an' a',  
An' aye the ship ne'er came ;  
He never landed yet to change  
Young Maggie's hinmaist name.

The ship was wrecked amang the waves,  
Lang miles frae lan' an' hame;  
He sleeps the lang soun' sleep o' death  
Aneath the white sea faem.



### JAMES L. BAIN,

**A** VERY thoughtful and promising writer, was born at Pitlochry, in the Highlands of Perthshire, in 1860. His father, who also possesses true poetic genius, and whose compositions are rich in humour, occupies his time in looking after his bees and garden, in both of which he takes quite a scientific interest. His home is romantically situated amidst sweet valley scenery surrounded by majestic hills, and the boyhood years of our poet were spent for the most part about rivers, woods, and mountains. His father being a keen angler, he always accompanied him, and many of the exciting scenes of joyful adventure that took place on these occasions have afforded an inexhaustible supply of rich tales of fishing enterprise by which he has often delighted the ears of his boyish friends in town. Indeed, he informs us that his boyhood was "altogether real, unwritten poetry—one continuance of adventure at home, at fishing, and in the woods, the incidents of which are too numerous to detail." Here is one as he wrote it—



When I was a little fellow  
 I would draw a pail of water  
 From a tank of awful deepness,  
 Where my father cherished minnows,  
 Cherishing them but to use them  
 As the bait that "taketh" best.  
 Woe to me! the water drew me  
 Down into its bosom headlong,  
 Where I floundered 'midst the minnows,  
 Vainly trying back to scramble  
 Up the wooden walls so slipp'ry,  
 Till my mother (bless her spirit)  
 Came about and saw me kicking  
 (For my feet were out of water),  
 And without much ceremony  
 Drew me back from horrid Hades.

Such are the influences that were brought to bear on him as a boy. He had many narrow escapes while fishing, being frequently carried off when attempting to ford too strong a current, and he considers that he owes his life to being able to swim. The following lines are from an "Address" to the trout of the Tummel, in Sapphics, which seem to indicate a knowledge of Homer—

Shine ever, shine ever, silver-bowed Apollo,  
 On the mossy Spartan where the dark-brown waters  
 Give the best food to the Tummel's finny maidens  
 Yellow with beauty.

Tell them, tell them to wait but for a moment  
 Only, till tryst-time bring me to their secrets,  
 Soon I'll be with them, a lover true and ardent,  
 Wooing their favours.

Only don't tell them that this my love is cruel—  
 Selfish as a Hobbite's—seeking but enjoyment,  
 Lest, with a shyness silent as a maiden's,  
 They may avoid me.

Shine ever, shine ever, far-darting Phœbus,  
 Kindly o'er them twang thine arrows light and joyful,  
 While for a fortnight they sport and frolic gayly,  
 Woeless in wooing.

In 1880 Mr Bain undertook a University course on

his own responsibility, and he is now a very promising student of Divinity in the Edinburgh University. He has not as yet offered any of his verse for publication, although he has for some years been engaged on what will be the most ambitious work of his poetic efforts. This poem will be entirely lyrical, and its theme is the true life of man in its processes of development. The poem, "Ewan," from which we give a selection, extends to about 1600 lines, principally in blank measure. The descriptive portions of Mr Bain's poetry show cultured taste, a thoughtful and reflective mind, and remarkable lyrical power. Indeed, his lyrics alone are sufficient to convince one that the author has a rare gift of poetic fancy and musical expression. They are pure, sweet, and pathetic, subduing all earthly splendour by its divine radiance—the religious, truly so called, being the mainspring of all his song, the true and deepest of his motive power, working by music and imagination. All his verse evidently moves to the throbbings of an inner organism—not to the pulsations of a machine; and while, as we have said, his store of imagery is rich, his versification is equally felicitous.

TO GLEN FERNATE.

Sweet glen of grassy hill and heathery crag,  
 Of moss-brown waters, changed by sunny ray  
 Into a living stream of mellow gold;  
 Grandly your silent Bens arise afar,  
 Like voiceless guardians of your grassy slopes,  
 And silent wardens of your northern gate.  
 Your heath of heavy bloom and shaggy growth  
 Thatches your giant rocks, whose bases lie  
 Deep in the gorge, washed by the mighty rushing  
 Of the onbounding Fernate's bouldered stream;  
 Or sunk in sullen blackness in a pool,  
 Where lie the yellow trout, all eager for  
 The floating insect, and unknowing of  
 Man's cruel cunning, ready at the word  
 Of native instinct, forth into the light  
 Of golden brown to dart with arrowy speed  
 And seize the phantom gaily dressed with guile

Sweet glen, may I again behold  
 Your spring time joy, your slopes of tender grass,  
 When west wind blows, and sunny cloudlets fly.  
 Your breezy air may I again rejoice in,  
 And leap for mountain gladness in its life.  
 Your troops of sporting lambs may I once more  
 Be gladdened to behold their boy-like glee,  
 To hear their voice of fresh outgoing youth,  
 To spy their dainty beauty-spots and think  
 Their modest faces sweet as modest folks.  
 And I would hear again the warning voice,  
 Or anxious call of wise old mother sheep,  
 Each careful only for her little one,  
 And the clear cry of innocent alarm,  
 The quick response, while straight away she trots  
 At fullest speed, each to her mother's teat,  
 Where speedy comfort from all ills is found.

TO AN OLD WELL AT A DESERTED HIGHLAND  
 CLACHAN.

Forgotten friend of long forgotten men,  
 Neglected spring of long forsaken homes,  
 How often has the blithesome mother drawn  
 Drink for her children from thy ferny wave ;  
 How often has the labouring father quenched  
 At thy cool fount a toil-begotten thirst ;  
 But other days are thine, thine ancient flock  
 Of righteous, hardy, and industrious men  
 Have gone to dwell with thee in mother earth ;  
 Their children too have gone far, far from thee,  
 To labour in a land of stranger men,  
 To die far from their own dear fatherland.

ETERNAL LOVE.

(FROM "EWAN.")

For what is love that springs from source divine  
 But ever fair communion of two souls,  
 When welded into one they live and breathe  
 The same ethereal air of pure delight,  
 And though ten thousand worlds their lives divide,  
 Yet spirit dwells with spirit, and the arms  
 Of sacred union hold them in embrace  
 More near, and blended more in truer life  
 Than though their bodies should together dwell,  
 An earthly one beneath the hallowed roof  
 Of wedlock—holy as a thing of God.—

Thus over Ewan's life of many days  
 Malina's spirit shed forth tender strength,  
 And joyfully he cared for everyone ;  
 For loved Malina's sake he loved all,  
 And many a troubled one, who, sorrowful  
 And weightened much with a distressful load,  
 Had caught his skillful eye, was left at length  
 With lighter spirit and with gladsome heart,  
 To thank the goodness that had wrought him thus  
 Into a sympathetic friend of man.  
 And never did the needy or the weak,  
 Who crossed his way, unfriended travel on,  
 And never did the youth who sought his hearth  
 Homeward return ere he revered the voice  
 That spake of man's Divine nobility,  
 And of the path becoming him to tread ;  
 And never did the aged or the child  
 Melt into tears so warm with joyfulness  
 As when the tender soul of Ewan loved  
 Spake words of beauty to the softened heart.

## SELECTIONS FROM "EWAN."

*Ewan.*—"My saintly Gentle, you my spotless one  
 Art purer far than snow upon the hills  
 And tenderer than the new-born lamb or grass  
 Which pass before the bitter winds of spring,  
 And lovelier than the heather in its bloom,  
 And sweeter in your love to me than is  
 The honey of the heather to the bee ;  
 And though, like sacred ptarmigan, you dwell  
 Nearest the sky on snow-white wings of love,  
 For love to me a lowlier covert seek  
 Where I may bide with you and so rejoice ;  
 For you to me are as a holy light,  
 And wanting you my soul is dark and drear."

*Malina.*—"Nay, Ewan, I am nothing of the high  
 Or lovely one you fancy me to be,  
 But as a simple honey-suckle plant  
 I rise by you, my Ewan, strong and tall  
 And shelter in your bosom all the day,  
 As slender mountain ash beneath the cliff,  
 Or foxtail weak beneath the storms-wept heath ;  
 And when the lily in the wood will bloom  
 Unlooked on by the sun—its life and joy,  
 Then may I live without your sunny face.  
 For as the eagle in its cloud-lost flight  
 Surpasses in its awful majesty

The bird of shady bower or lowly shrub,  
 So you above me soar in high-souled dignity.  
 And as the humble moss of feeble growth  
 Doth live by clinging to the giant rock,  
 And in his mighty bosom findeth joy,  
 And comfort draws from out his noble breast,  
 Thus I by you my Ewan kind and strong."

*Ewan.*—"Nay, thou of lowly mind, so pure and fair,  
 That all to thee, however humbly formed,  
 Appears o'er thee to dwell in majesty ;  
 For rather as the rock from mountain-side  
 Rough-hewn, and only smoothed a little way  
 On its hard face by stormy water's rush,  
 Receives its only beauty from the moss  
 That robes it in her garb of modesty  
 More beauteous than the castle garden's bloom,  
 And sweeter than the beds of roses there ;  
 So from you all my comeliness doth spring,  
 And you to me art Beauty's sacred fount,  
 And your fair holiness embraceth me,  
 As in a cloud of pure unshadowed joy."

. . . . .

And now the autumn night had gathered down  
 The mountain side, and overhung the moor,  
 And heavy was the blackness of its wings  
 Enabling all as with the shade of death ;  
 And wildly through the gloom the curlew swept,  
 And drearly he shrieked his lonely cry.

. . . . .

And then the rain

And wind descended in a whirling sheet,  
 And wildly swept along the open moor,  
 And roared around the corries high and deep,  
 Whose depths resounded with the torrent's rush.

. . . . .

I've stood upon the hillside when a sky  
 Of darkest shade hung heavy o'er the earth,  
 When more than midnight stillness lay around,  
 And more than midnight gloom enclosed the air,  
 And brooded o'er it in oppressing weight ;  
 Even then I've seen the darkness flee away,  
 When God hath called the covering from the sun,  
 And bade him shine forth gladness o'er the earth ;  
 And often have I seen the gladsome west

Blow forth the breath of God when He had told  
 The east wind, bearing haze of heavy shade,  
 No more to blow its breath with trouble fraught.  
 Then, then its baleful presence fled away,  
 Nor could you find it, for He called it off,  
 And gave instead the cloud of joyful light  
 That brightened all in its enlivening course,  
 And called forth gladness to the bleating herds.

## A W A K E , A W A K E .

Awake, awake, my golden harp,  
 Awake, thy soul hath slumbered long,  
 The zephyr breathes upon thy strings,  
 And moves thee unto fragrant song.

Awake, awake, hark, how the voice  
 Of love divine is whispering,  
 Inspiring thee now to rejoice,  
 With men and creatures, everything.

Awake, my harp, thou too wilt join  
 In the eternal song of love,  
 Thou too art breathed on by the One  
 Who moves around, beneath, above.

Thou art awake, I hear the sound  
 Of mellow music from afar,  
 As though arising from the ground  
 It compasseth the utmost star.

I feel its wave returning here,  
 It plays on every thrilling nerve,  
 It travels the unbounded sphere,  
 And hastens mighty love to serve.



## JAMES MARSHALL,

**A**UTHOR of the following verses, was born in the village of Burrelton, Parish of Cargill, Perthshire, in 1829. Having attended school until he was about twelve years of age, he, along with an elder

brother, removed to the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, and afterwards went into the city, where he learned the business of a nurseryman and seedsman. Gaining experience in Glasgow and other cities, he, nearly thirty years ago, started business on his own account in Montrose. In addition to being a thoroughly practical and intelligent gardener, he has devoted much of his leisure hours to the study of botany, the result being that he has a very extensive acquaintance with native plants. The horticulturist, whether professional or amateur, ought to give his attention to a science so closely connected with his calling, and Mr Marshall has found his knowledge of botany of much practical utility, not only in connection with his business, but as an essential in several other congenial pursuits. In the course of his rambles he has made several important discoveries, and added greatly to his store of scientific knowledge. For many years Mr Marshall has contributed to the press both prose and verse, but from a natural shyness and dislike of notoriety he never attaches his name to any of his productions. Although of quite a literary turn, the demands made by a large and varied business leave him little time for composition, and most of his efforts have been the result of quiet meditation when the duties of the day were over. While possessing a vein of sarcastic, yet pleasing humour, he is perhaps seen to best advantage in his descriptive verses, which evince the eye of the poet, the true lover of Nature, and the enthusiastic botanist.

THE WEE DOGGIE SCRAPIN' AT THE DOOR.

There's a wee doggie scrapin' at the door a' its lane,  
 An' the wee thing's howlin' unco sair,  
 An' its tremblin' wi' sittin' on the cauld door-stane—  
 But there's naebody noo that will care,  
 For its maister's been ta'en to his lang, last hame,  
 An' wi' the cauld earth covered o'er,

He has left ne'er ane to lament that he's gane  
 But the wee doggie scrapin' at the door.

It has followed the bier o' its maister dear,  
 Wi' mony a waesome whine,  
 An' come back to the door, but, alas, never more  
 Will he open an' welcome it in.  
 O, it looks in the face o' ilk wean for a piece,  
 For it ne'er was sae hungry afore,  
 But it canna tell its tale, so there's nae ane will feel  
 For the wee doggie scrapin' at the door.

The wee dog that scrapit at the door noo has gane  
 To keep watch on its maister's grave,  
 And lang did it sit on the cauld turf its lane,  
 An' mony a sad whine it gave.  
 It scraped for its bed a deep hole near the dead,  
 Then crept therein and died—  
 As it followed him in life it sought near him in death,  
 And buried itself by his side.

THE RECLAIMED PRODIGAL TO THE MISER.

Oh, gibe me not on former days,  
 For then my heart was light and young,  
 I lost my way in Folly's maize,  
 And mad and blindly rushed along ;  
 And Pleasure's eddy drew me strong,  
 And whirled me in its giddy round,  
 And woman's siren voice and song  
 The appeals of friends and conscience drowned.

Oh, gibe me not on former days,  
 If all had stood aloof like thee,  
 And blazed abroad about my ways,  
 Nor ever tried to rescue me  
 I'd floated to Perdition's sea,  
 Without one outstretched hand to save,  
 And all ungenerous souls like thee  
 Had told my failings o'er my grave,

Why gibe me upon former days ?  
 My folly never injured you ;  
 Nor from thy purse my riotous ways  
 One single farthing ever drew.  
 Thine is a heart that never knew  
 The thrill of Love, or Pity's tear.  
 Once in your life you wept, 'tis true,  
 The loss of that you hold most dear.



Yes, for the yellow dross *you* wept,  
 Who ne'er was known to weep before,  
 Because a thief at night had crept  
 And robbed you of your darling ore.  
 Gibe me on former days no more,  
 But go ! penurious ways extol,  
 And grovel 'mong thy mouldy store,  
 Till rust consume thy sordid soul.

#### WHEN ONCE YOU'RE DOWN.

When once you're down, 'tis hard to rise,  
 The world regards you with a frown,  
 While former friends avert their eyes,  
 'Tis hard to rise when once you're down.  
 That man who, with dejected look,  
 In threadbare suit slips through the town,  
 Fortune smiled on him, then forsook—  
 He once was great but has come down.  
 While all the fawning, flattering crew  
 That used to crowd his table round,  
 Now never own that e'er they knew  
 The man, because he has come down.  
 Some men come down, that they may rise—  
 There are such rogues in every town,  
 Who are but robbers in disguise—  
 'Tis to defraud that they come down.  
 The honest man gives up his all  
 When floored by stern misfortune's frown ;  
 He hides no sum to break his fall,  
 Or raise him after he's come down.  
 Respect, tho' poor, the honest man  
 Who pays in full his debts per pound ;  
 Despise, tho' rich, the cheating clan  
 Who credit get, and then come down.

#### THE HUNGRY SKYLARKS.

Bird of the wild and waste,  
 Thou must be sore distrest  
 E'er thou wilt come to seek food on our street  
 Picture of helplessness,  
 Left in thy friendlessness,  
 Homeless, and frozen, and starving for meat.  
 In summer thy song of love,  
 High in the lift above,

\* *Written on seeing some skylarks on the street among the snow  
 furnishing for food, and almost frozen.*

Is heard with pleasure by us far below ;  
 Now mute and sad thou art,  
 Frozen thy little heart  
 All thy green sheltering nooks covered with snow.

Would some philanthropist  
 Came with an open fist,  
 Spreading his bounty abroad o'er the lea,  
 Feeding the famish'd things,  
 Who on their frosted wings  
 Vainly seek shelter in bush or in tree.  
 Snow and frost everywhere,  
 Think how the birdies fare,  
 And crumbs and shelter spare unto them now,  
 While these fierce storms last,  
 Until the winter's past,  
 And the green fields cast their mantle of snow.



## MAGGIE STOTT,

**D**AUGHTER of Mr J. E. Watt, (see First Series of "Modern Scottish Poets") the gifted author of a volume entitled "Poetical Sketches of Scottish Life and Character," and numerous other poems, was born at Montrose in 1862. After receiving a fair education, she was employed for some time in one of the public works in her native town, and subsequently had a short experience of domestic service. Strange to say, it was not till after her marriage that she began to court the Muse, and since then her poetical productions have occasionally appeared in several monthly magazines and newspapers. These are mostly of a sacred nature, and her religious ballads are finished productions, reminding the reader of the spirit and fancy of some of our ancient poets. Her utterances are all chaste, loving, and reverend, both in conception and thought.

## WAITIN' THE MAISTER.

I'm waitin' for the Maister,  
 An' ilka e'enin' fa'  
 Brings me a day's march nearer  
 My gowden hame sae braw.

I ken that I'll be welcome,  
 An' you, whae'er ye be,  
 If you obey His blest command,  
 "Leave a' an' follow Me."

A robe o' white awaits us—  
 A crown o' gowd sae bricht ;  
 Darkness will never enter there,  
 The Lamb, He is the licht.

An' God Himsel' will dicht awa  
 The tear frae ilka e'e ;  
 Oh, tak' the Saviour as your ain,  
 His bluid was shed for thee.

The road o' sin looks unco wide,  
 Owre mony wander there ;  
 The pleasures that they seek are fause,  
 An' lead to dark despair.

Ye needna try to please the world,  
 An' gang in its broad way,  
 Thinkin' that Christ, ye've saired sae ill,  
 Hereafter will repay.

But turn at ance, while ye're in time,  
 An' tak the narrow road ;  
 Though whiles it's rough to travel here,  
 We'll sune get hame to God.

Then cast aside yer filthy rags,  
 An' trust to what Christ's dune,  
 That you an' I may sing His praise  
 When earthly days are dune.

## THE AULD YEAR.

The auld year's deein' oot, freends,  
 But yet, afore it's dune,  
 Some wha wad least expect will hear  
 Their summons frae abune ;  
 But if we hae the perfect love  
 That casteth oot a' fear,

Then, when the hour o' pairtin' comes,  
The Saviour will be near

O lat your lamps be burnin' bricht,  
An' waste your time nae mair ;  
But try to bring the outcast in,  
A father's love to share.  
Bless'd be oor God, there's nane owre vile ;  
If for their sins they grieve,  
Like to the prodigal of old,  
A blessing they'll receive.

If bravely oot an' oot for Christ  
The cross we suffer here,  
Nor hide oor licht for what folk say,  
But keep it bricht an' clear,  
Then, when the Lord shall seek us hame  
To glorious realms abune,  
We'll get the faithfu' steward's reward,  
An' hear oor God's "weel dune."

#### ONLY TRUST HIM.

Look to Jesus, hear Him say—  
"Come to Me, I am the way,"  
He will guide you day by day  
If you trust Him.  
Though your sins be black as night,  
Jesus' blood can wash them white ;  
If for Christ you mean to fight  
Only trust Him.

Then though persecution rise,  
And our friends may us despise,  
Our reward's beyond the skies  
If we trust Him.  
He will ne'er forsake us here,  
Christ at all times will be near,  
While His loving words will cheer  
If we trust Him.

We'll be faithful in the fight,  
With our lamps all trimmed and bricht,  
Ready waiting day and night  
For the Master.  
And to realms of endless day  
He will bear us safe away ;  
Then, poor sinner, don't delay,  
Only trust Him.

## CONRAD HUGO LAUBACH,

THE readers of this work must have noticed how largely the poetic faculty predominates amongst those who are artists or musicians by profession. This need not be wondered at, seeing that poetry is necessarily so closely connected with melody and sound, as well as fancy and imagination. The subject now under notice is a young musician, son of the well-known bandmaster of the Queen's Edinburgh Rifle Volunteer Brigade. He was born in the Scottish Metropolis in 1867. For five years he was a chorister in St Mary's Cathedral (Scottish Episcopal), and was partly educated at the Choir School, from which he retired as dux. After his "voice broke," it was decided that he should adopt the law as a profession, and he spent three years under a Writer to the Signet. Ultimately, however, he felt the conviction becoming stronger that his natural inclination led him to follow the vocation in which several members of the family had distinguished themselves, and he finally entered the musical profession in 1884.

Mr Laubach, although young, has already written much that is of considerable merit, and full of the promise of future excellence. He has studied poetry as well as music, and has made himself intimately acquainted with several of the masters of the sonnet. The result is that his latest compositions consist mainly of that form of verse, although more naturally his calling has frequently moulded his thought in the form of song, the proclivity for which has been strengthened by a love for our Scottish and Elizabethan poets. It will readily be thought that the work of one not yet out of his "teens" cannot but be *strongly* influenced by his models, and contain

evidences of an unformed style and execution. The pieces, however, submitted for our selection disclose real imaginative power, almost perfect melody, and much beauty and strength. Some of his songs have the flow and music of Nature, and glow with true lyrical feeling.

## THE POETESS.

The bloom is fading from the rose,  
 The leaves begin to fall ;  
 The streamlet runs with mournful plaint,  
 And sadness broods o'er all.  
 Alone, I weep how many a tear,  
 And dream of summer past ;  
 I list afar, I list anear,  
 But never a cheerful voice I hear,  
 For the birds have sung their last.  
 The birds have sung their last.

The bloom is fading from my face,  
 The locks begin to fade,  
 And all is sad, since he, my love,  
 Beneath the earth was laid.  
 I mind me of the glad July,  
 (Ah me ! for summers past,)  
 When he sang of his deathless love for me,—  
 " My own, my own, I love but thee ;"—  
 That song became his last,  
 His soul hath sung the last.

I know the rose will bloom again  
 Beneath the sapphire throne ;  
 I know that I shall see him there  
 Where sorrow is unknown.  
 In Faith, then, let me wait that hour,  
 Nor weep for summers past ;  
 The long-loved lute no more is played,  
 The pen's at rest, the prayer is made,  
 My soul hath sung her last,  
 My soul hath sung her last.

## HECTOR'S OBSEQUIES.

Cleanse, cleanse from his most hallowed corse the mire  
 Of that deep shame might move a breast of steel,  
 Suffered at fierce Achille's chariot wheel ;  
 Lift him with reverent hands upon the pyre,

Now set the torch thereto, and as the fire  
 Grows lurid and the eddying smoke-wreaths reel,  
 Raise we the dirge, let lamentation peal,  
 Till Troy resounds with voice and trembling lyre.

Behold his spouse, upon whose anguished breast  
 His child lies locked in soft unconscious sleep :  
 Behold his aged sire and those loved best,  
 And think what his great heart to them has been,  
 Think what to them, to Troy, his death must mean,  
 And marvel not the gods themselves do weep.

#### LOVE'S EGOTISM.

As on the wave the sunbeams shine,  
 Or shadows darkly rest,  
 So floats the thought upon thy face  
 Or e'er by lips express'd.  
 O, sweet that face to see, and watch  
 The clouds and sunbeams play,  
 And think that I am oft the sun  
 That drives those clouds away.

Thine eyes, the altar-lights of Love,  
 Reveal thine inmost soul,  
 And round thy heart's clear music cast  
 A burning aureole.  
 O sweet those azure eyes to see,  
 And on that music feast,  
 And think, as thou Love's Temple art,  
 That I am still high priest.

#### THE OLD VIOLINIST.

In the dusk of an ancient chamber,  
 At eventide serene,  
 An old musician lingered  
 Alone with his loved violin ;  
 And still as some passion moved him  
 With majesty supreme,  
 He drew from its throbbing bosom  
 That passion's mighty theme.

Now soft as her voice, whose music  
 He heard in the spring-tide years,  
 The instrument sobbeth, moving  
 The age-worn man to tears ;  
 And now in a storm of feeling  
 Upscars a deeper strain,

And the flame in his eyes enkindled,  
Consumes those tears again.

It seemed as when high in heaven  
The laverock pours her song,  
And the list'ner with grief is riven  
That his limits to earth belong ;  
Still swelling and louder swelling,  
With tone-pulse full abeat,  
Ah ! surely the nightingale's plaining  
Was not so passionate sweet.

But again the strain grew softer,  
And again he paused to sigh  
As some passage seemed recalling  
A sweet, sad memory ;  
Then his tremulous arm grew fainter,  
The theme he scarce could play,  
Till in cadence slowly dying  
It passed, like breath, away.

The gloom of the twilight shadows  
Deepen around the wall,  
And softly o'er hill and forest  
The mists of evening fall.  
In the dark of an ancient chamber,  
At the midnight hour serene,  
Lo ! the master in death still clasping  
His loved old violin.

#### IN EXILE—A LETTER.

In the old days there was a spot  
We used to love—a leafy dell,  
Where grew the sweet forget-me-not  
The hyacinth and lily-bell ;  
Rememb'rest thou that leafy dell ?  
'Twas there you laid your hand in mine,  
And with that gentle voice of thine  
Said how you loved so true, so well.  
O Love, my Love,  
Though oceans make us twain,  
There we shall meet again.

In dreams I see the lowly cot  
Where first I brought you as my bride,  
Where care and sorrow entered not  
Until our boy, our darling died ;  
There sorrow was beatified,



There first I learnt the holiness  
 That dwelleth ever in distress,—  
 The riches that in pain abide.  
     O Love, my Love,  
 Though Time doth make us twain,  
 There we shall meet again.

And yet, if Heaven should please it so,  
 On earth we never meet again ;  
 And I, O Love, be lying low  
 In these far lands or 'neath the main ;  
 Though you awhile be left in pain,  
 Yet still there is a happy spot,  
 Where care and sorrow enter not,  
 And we may clasp our child again.  
     O Love, my Love,  
 Though Death should make us twain,  
 There we shall meet again.

## AN AUTUMN THOUGHT.

The eve is sad and sombre ; there's a dream  
 Of Winter in the heaven. Lo ! yonder stray  
 Brown leaves implore the fleeting year to stay,  
 Poor suppliants clinging to her garment's hem ;  
 And as the child still striveth to redeem  
 Something of her dear eyes beneath the clay  
 In his cold step-dame's loveless glances grey,  
 Rather than pine alone, so doth it seem  
 These fading summer-flowers yearn fervently  
 Towards Autumn ere the frosts their beauty slay.  
 And yet for us these winter-signs portend  
 Not tears ; but new delights and revels gay  
 That Christmas gives ; new life, new liberty,  
 And converse sweet 'twixt friend and loyal friend.



## HUGH MUIR

**W**AS born at Edinburgh in 1846, and his fore-  
 fathers, for at least five generations, belonged  
 to Rutherglen. His father, a man of good education,  
 was an accomplished musician and talented artist,

and before he was twenty-one had travelled much both at home and abroad. His restless, roaming disposition was the cause of much grief and anxiety to his wife, and resulted in her having to leave Edinburgh for her native Rutherglen when Hugh was only six weeks old. There, penniless and broken-hearted, she had to fight the battle of life for herself and her worse than fatherless bairn. When five years of age, our poet had the misfortune to fall and break his nose. This mishap was followed shortly after by his right leg being broken, and before he was seven years of age the same leg was fractured at a different place by a tumble from a wall eighteen feet high. At the very tender age of eight he was sent to work in a coal-pit, with no more education than he had received from an old weaver. As he puts it himself—

My schullin' was but seven months,  
 My schule an' auld loom shop,  
 My maister was a crazed auld man  
 Wha kent na' whan to stop  
 When letherin' laddies for their fau'ts  
 Wi' his big leather tawse,  
 Or cuffin' them wi' his big neives  
 On tender heids an' jaws.

On the third day of his experiences in the pit his unfortunate leg was again broken, and this was followed by quite a series of accidents, which resulted in his having to leave this calling, and he ultimately learned the trade of a bobbin turner.

Possessing a rich tenor voice and a fine ear, our poet devoted much of his spare time to the study of music, and he ultimately became leader of the Rutherglen Band of Hope. His gentle winsome manner soon gained the hearts of the three hundred children who weekly attended his instructions, and these, with a senior class which was afterwards started soon made such progress that they were able to give very successful concerts for charitable objects. Many of his

“bairns” are now occupying high positions in the musical world, as well as in commercial circles, and Mr Muir has received numerous valuable tokens of their appreciation of his labours. In 1878 he, out of a large number of candidates, was selected as precentor in London Road Free Church, Glasgow, and here he also organised a Band of Hope and several musical classes, which still flourish. After a stay of about two years in Glasgow, he made application for the vacant situation of Burgh Officer and Public Hallkeeper, Rutherglen, and was accepted by the Magistracy and Town Council. He has now held these offices for over seven years. It might be added that from his boyhood Mr Muir has been fond of modelling. When a mere lad he occupied every spare moment for two years making a model of the residence of his employer, which afterwards was sold at a big figure. He has also completed a model in Teke wood of Rutherglen Town Hall and Municipal Buildings, which has on several occasions been exhibited in public and greatly admired. Mr Muir has done some good literary work, and in 1884 he received from Messrs Blackie & Son, publishers, a magnificent copy of their “Popular Encyclopædia” for an article on “Rutherglen” contributed by him for that work. He began to write verse at an early age, and his productions have for many years appeared in the columns of the local and other newspapers. A great admirer of Burns, he has frequently written the “Anniversary Ode” for the “Rutherglen Club.” His Muse is generally reflective, and affords evidence that he can appreciate whatever is beautiful, good, and tender. He has given us several very homely, yet pleasing descriptions of humble life and character.

#### THE DEATH O' GRANNIE.

She said she thocht the hoose was dark,  
And that she couldna see

Whaur ilk ane stood beside her bed,  
And then she ask'd for me.

My mither took me in her arms,  
Then set me on the chair,  
And said "Oh kiss your Grannie noo,  
For ye'll ne'er see her mair."

Then Grannie, hearin' what was said,  
Held oot her hand to me,  
An' added, wi' sic canny voice,  
"Yes, kiss me 'fore I dee ;

For O I hinna lang to bide  
Beside ye, my sweet wean,  
Sae put your arms 'bout Grannie's neck,  
An' kiss me owre again.

Afore its very lang, my bairn,  
Frae troubles I'll be free,  
Whaur sorrow ne'er comes owre the heart,  
Or saut tears dim the e'e."

Then on my head she laid her hand,  
While I stood on the chair,  
Then closed her een, an' said for me  
A bonnie, sweet wee prayer.

An' this is what my Grannie said—  
"The Lord bless you, my wean,  
O may he send the Spirit doon,  
To mak' ye a' his ain.

May ye be taught to love the Lord,  
And walk in Wisdom's ways,  
To live a pious holy life,  
Unto your Saviour's praise."

#### MARY, DEAR MARY.

O Mary, dear Mary, would God I were with you,  
For our parting is crushing my poor breaking heart,  
Yet may this grief teach me, like thee, my dear Mary,  
And "Mary of old," to seek "the good part."

That, like thee when nearing death's dark dismal shadow,  
I may say to some dear one, "I'm no fear't to dee,"  
And pillow my soul on God's gracious promise,  
And say "O Lord Jesus, I'm comin' to thee."

O, mother, you never would speak of your sorrow  
 If you knew but the joys of the place I'm in now,  
 No harsh words e'er spoken, our rest never broken,  
 But robes of pure whiteness, and crowns on each brow.

No heart ever sighing, no stricken ones crying,  
 No deathbeds, no funerals, no long weary waits,  
 No sick ones, no faint ones, none tired, none bereaved,  
 But endless delights are within its bright gates.

None hoping 'gainst hope, none e'er disappointed,  
 None weeping in silence because of their sin,  
 None timid, none tempted, none sneer'd at or slighted  
 Because they have dared the "good fight" to begin.

Jesus, dear mother, is the poor sinner's Saviour,  
 The saint's only glory, the centre of bliss,  
 The hope of the faithful, our blessed Redeemer,  
 The "ancient of days," yea the great "Prince of peace."

The sweet "Rose of Sharon," the valley's pure lily,  
 The "Root out of Jesse," "The Branch," and "the Vine,"  
 "The Father's anointed," the tender "Good Shepherd,"  
 Oh make Him, dear mother, from this moment thine.

#### HOW NOBLE THE THEME.\*

How noble the theme, and how sweet, sweet the strain,  
 My poor yearning soul cries sing it again,  
 Stand forth, noble poet, again tune thy lyre,  
 Such grand lofty thoughts raise me higher.

O, sing of the mountains, the hills and the glens,  
 The valleys and fountains, the rocks and the fens,  
 The sweet hidden spots, where we love to retire,  
 Such grand lofty thoughts raise me higher.

Or sing me a song fraught with cadences sweet  
 Of the innocent lambkin's low moaning bleat,  
 And fan my fond heart with thy poetic fire,  
 Such grand lofty thoughts raise me higher.

Or sing soft and low of some poor sin-sick soul,  
 Whose inward desire is to be "made whole,"  
 For soul-songs like these I love and admire,  
 Such grand lofty thoughts raise me higher.

\* On receiving a set of verses by Mr Freeland, editor of the *Glasgow Evening Times*.

Sing songs of Redemption's mysterious plan,  
 Lead men to the Saviour of men while you can,  
 Be this thy chief aim to bring lost ones nigher  
 To him who'll receive them up higher.

## HAIL, LITTLE STRANGER.

Hail, gentle little stranger,  
 Come to my loving breast,  
 Where, should God please to spare thee,  
 Thou wilt be oft caress'd.

Hail, tiny little stranger,  
 My heart goes out to thee,  
 Though many claims have with thee come  
 From none would I be free.

Hail, lovely little stranger,  
 My love to thee expands,  
 Yea, it shall be the motive power  
 To ply my willing hands.

Thrice hail, dear little stranger,  
 Thy mother hails thee too ;  
 No language could express more plain,  
 No voice proclaim more true,

Than every smile upon her face,  
 Which is in love exprest ;  
 O hail, our angel darling, hail,  
 Thou wilt be oft caress'd.



## ROBERT BIRD

**S**INGS with as true and as sweet a lyrical gush as  
 his own "Scottish Blackbird," whose song so  
 enraptured him that at each pause his

"Beating heart  
 Told o'er his notes in echoed rhythmic throng,  
 Thrilled with the singer's masterhood of art—  
 As eloquent in pauses as in song."

We feel proud to be able here to reveal the identity of the author of "Law Lyrics," a small volume that contains more pure, expressive Doric, and more well-rhythmmed and well-rhymed lines than any we have seen since the days of Outram and Lord Neaves. We are borne out in this assertion by what is said by one of our best authorities in the *Christian Leader*, who, while mentioning that a new edition of the work is in the press of Mr Gardner, Paisley, says that "the author is one of the two purest and strongest writers in the Scottish vernacular that have been added to the choir of northern minstrels during the present century." This proves that in connection with the bar there is more than the orthodox surroundings of parchment and red tape,—there is also not a little true poetry as well as the generally acknowledged essence of wit and humour. One of his reviewers (in *Quis*) says that it has been proved to the satisfaction of many "that Shakespeare was at one time a lawyer's clerk; and everyone knows that one of the finest modern poems—'The Ring and the Book'—is based on an old law case. From Shakespeare to Browning there have been a respectable number of poets who have been affianced to the blind goddess of the scales. Comparatively few, however, have drawn their inspiration from the statute book or the imposing shelves of digests, treatises, cases, and judgments, and of these few the most successful in obtaining a hearing have been Scotchmen."

Robert Bird, youngest son of David Bird, writer, Glasgow, was born at Govan, on the Clyde, in May, 1854, in what was then a country villa, and now lives near Glasgow. His parents—one of whom only now survives—were natives of Queen Mary's palatial town of Linlithgow, and thoroughly Scotch. Mr Bird considers that his knowledge of and love for the sweet *Doric* is inherited from his mother, who spoke it with

epigrammatic force and humour, and with a pathetic softness seldom heard now, and who taught him to speak it as his native tongue. She was of most tender, loveable, and forcible nature. From her he imbibed a deep affection for Scotland and its rich scenery and language, as well as his homely sentiments and poetic fancy.

Our poet was educated in Glasgow—principally in Glasgow College, where he took honours in Scotch Law, and a prize in the English Literature Class for a poem on “The Glasgow Statue to Burns,” which was afterwards printed in the *Glasgow Weekly Herald*. In 1878 he passed as a procurator before the Sheriff Courts of Scotland, and immediately thereafter began practice in Glasgow. Although devoting himself closely and with success to his profession, this has not prevented him from cultivating his literary gifts, taking occasional side glances at literature, and encouraging a natural and continual underflow of poetry to wet the dust of the law.

From boyhood he has delighted in Nature, and been a lover of pastoral poetry. He loves rural scenery, wild beauty, bird and beast, with the eye of an artist and the gentle humanity of a true poet, and some of his finest lines are the outcome of communings with them. While yet in his teens he contributed frequent verses and several prose tales to the *Glasgow Weekly News*, now extinct. As he is generally a slow producer and careful elaborator, he is never satisfied with his work till it has been in type, and even after that he gives it several finishing touches. Hence, doubtless, the polish, lightness of touch, and lyric grace of all his verse.

Mr Bird is a member of the “Glasgow Ballad Club,” which was formed in 1876 for the study of ballads and ballad literature, and for friendly criticism of original verse contributed by the members. He is also a



member of the "Ruskin Society," while his religious principles are those of the Society of Friends. In poetry, he follows Burns, Scott, and Whittier; in sociology, John Ruskin; and in politics, John Bright. His verse-writing is only practised in the hours of evening leisure, after a day of close bread-winning, and also as an additional charm to his summer holidays. He writes for love, not money, as all poets should, and his Muse has never yet felt the goad of hungry necessity. His writings are now pretty numerous, including ballads, sonnets, fairy pieces, songs, and natural descriptions—some very serious, and many humorous. His principal poem is "The Falls of Clyde," being descriptions of the three falls, Stonebyars, Cora Linn, and Bonnington. Of this poem Whittier has written in the highest terms. Mr Bird has had several selections printed for private circulation, including "Sonnets of the Year," which were much commended for their fine descriptive power.

"Law Lyrics" was first published by Wilson & M'Cormick, Glasgow, in 1885, and was received everywhere with great favour by the reviewers and the public. In the volume, mixed up with the purely legal poems, are many lay pieces, where he goes wider a-field for subjects. It is frequently observable that the "Law Lyrics" have an aim, which is evidently to call the attention to anomalies in legal forms, and to suggest remedies. When he touches on some of the quibbling technicalities and evasions made use of by pettifoggers his humour and satire are clever and telling. It is, however, when he casts off his wig and gown, and leaves his court lyrics for happy rambles among the streams and moors of Caledonia that we like him best. It is then that we have the most exquisitely neat and dainty lines, flowing with graceful fancy and picturesque beauty. His delicate interpretations of Nature's loveliness are full of rich fragrance.

They form expressive pictures, or rather vignettes, traced by one whose whole soul is evidently in harmony with the sights and sounds of hill and dale. He sings with a noble patriotism of "Scotch heather" and "Scotch porridge," and depicts the "hairst-rig" and rural pursuits with heartfelt fervour and irresistible fascination. His language is never forced or artificial, while throughout he ever shows himself an adept in the use of the purest Doric. This is a most remarkable feature in Mr Bird's productions when we consider the great amount of "mongrel" Scotch we meet with in these days, which is nothing short of "provincial slang." On this account, and his true poetical ear, as well as his warm appreciation of what is droll, touching, homely, and beautiful in the Scottish character, he is entitled to a foremost place on the list of our present-day poets.

## SCOTCH PORRIDGE.

Ower Scotland's corn the laverocks whustle,  
 Amang the rigs the corncraiks rustle,  
 Frae gowden taps the millstanes jostle  
     And heap wi' health,  
 Auld Scotland's cog of grit, and gristle—  
     A nation's wealth.

Ye wha wad ken life's pleasures sweet,  
 Wad haud the doctor in the street,  
 Wad mak' the tichtest twa ends meet  
     When scant o' siller,  
 Taste parritch fine! and thy glad feet  
     Will chase the miller.

In boilin' water, salted weel,  
 'Tween fingers, rin the ruchsome meal,  
 While the brisk spurtle gars them wheel  
     In jaups an' rings—  
 Ae guid half-hour, syne bowls may reel  
     Wi' food for kings.

Nae butter, syrups, sugar brown,  
 For him wha sups shall creesh thy crown,  
 But milk alane, maun isle thee roun',

Till thou dost soom,  
Then a' he needs is ae lang spoon,  
And elbow room.

Gie France her puddocks and ragous,  
Gie England puddings, beef, and stews,  
Gie Ireland taties, shamrocks, soos,  
And land sae bogie,  
True Scotchmen, still will scaud their mou's  
Ower Scotland's cogie.

Puir parritch ! here thou'rt scant respeckit,  
For frizzled fare, thou'rt aft negleckit ;  
But Grecian Sparta sune was wreckit  
'Mang drinkin' horns,  
And Scotia's thistle may be sneckit  
When thee she scorns.

But, mark the Scot ayont the sea  
Welcome his meal, wi' dewy e'e,  
He gars the first made parritch flee  
Frae out the dish,  
While, that his pock ne'er toom may be,  
Is a' his wish.

Proud Scotland's sons, o' hill and glen,  
Ha'e roused the world frae en' to en'  
Wi' doughty deeds o' tongue and pen,  
And dauntless steel—  
Oh, what has made these mighty men  
But Scotland's meal ?

On Bannockburn, and freedom's day,  
When Britons met in war's array,  
E'en though the Northmen knelt to say  
Their creed or carritch,  
What made some differ in that fray  
Was Scotland's parritch.

For makin' flesh and buildin' banes,  
There ne'er was siccan food for weans,  
It knits their muscles steeve as stanes,  
And teuch as brasses ;  
Fills hooses fu' o' boys wi' brains,  
And rosy lasses.

My blessing on the dusty miller !  
Wha gies me gowden health for siller !  
My blessing on each honest tiller,  
Wha breaks the clod,  
And gars green corn, Death's foe and killer,  
Spring frae the sod.

## THE TABLE O' FEES.

AIR—"The Laird o' Cockpen."

O, how oft hae I heard  
 That our whole stock-in-trade  
 Is a desk for a yaird  
 And a pen for a spade—  
 While it maan be agreed,  
 There's a world's guid in these,  
 Yet oor best pock o' seed  
 Is the table o' fees.

For the desk and the stule,  
 Wi a sigh let me say,  
 May be props for a fule  
 At the end of the day,  
 But like manna and snaw,  
 Or a peck o' white peas,  
 For the doves o' the law  
 Is the table o' fees.

Let the merchantman boast  
 O' his fine speculations,  
 And the clergyman hoast  
 O'er his teinds' allocations,  
 For a steady on-cost,  
 Banking up the bawbees,  
 Like a warm dreepin' roast  
 Is the table o' fees.

Man ! it gangs wi' a clack !  
 Like a mill makin' flour ;  
 Three-and-fourpence a crack !  
 Six-and-eightpence an hour ;  
 Half-a-crown for a wink,  
 And a shillin' a sneeze,  
 Come like stour o' sma' ink  
 Frae the table o' fees.

I could hand ye my stule,  
 Ruler, ink-horn, and dask ;  
 I could hand ye my quill,  
 Or whate'er ye might ask ;  
 And could yet wi' my tongue—  
 Whilk nae man can appease—  
 Fill a cask to the bung  
 Frae the table o' fees.

## O A T M E A L.

When round and red the harvest moon  
 Keeks wi' bleered e'e the trees aboon,  
 And tasselled corn, wi' nodding croon,  
     Stands stiff and strang,  
 The farmer thinks next day gin noon  
     Will find him thrang.

Nae jinkin' teeth, or birlin' wheel,  
 Shall reap his crap wi' fearsome squeal,  
 But brawny arms and circling steel,  
     Will do the wark ;  
 Where'er he goes wi' hearty zeal  
     He'll lea' his mark.

He dichts his scythe, and wi' his stane  
 Gars ilka side o't ring again,  
 Till sharpened as 'twad nick a bane  
     He wades waist deep,  
 And half a sheaf o' rustlin' grain  
     Fa's wi' ilk sweep.

The ruddy lassies, pleased and thrang,  
 Bind up the sheaves wi' straw-rape strang,  
 Whiles liltin' out a rantin' sang  
     Ne'er fand in books,  
 Till a' the field, clean raked alang,  
     Stan's reared in stooks.

A week o' dryin' wind and sun,  
 And out the vera weans maun run,  
 A' dancin' daft to get begun  
     And dae their parts,  
 To hae a day o' glorious fun  
     Among the carts.

And ere the sun blinks in the wast  
 The fecht o' forks is ower and past ;  
 The waving field is hame at last,  
     In farmyard stackit,  
 The golden treasures, safe and fast,  
     Weel raiped and thackit.

When hoary winter nips the air,  
 Upon the dusty threshing-flair,  
 The loundering flails mak' music rare  
     Wi' thuds and rings ;  
 While straw fecs here, and seeds flee there,  
     In heaps and bings.

Then, loaded fu' wi' tentie skill,  
 The carts gang clinkin' ower the hill  
 To where the sandstones bumm their fill  
     Like rings o' licht,  
 And dips the wat wheel o' the mill  
     Frae morn to nicht.

And there, aneath the birlin' stane,  
 The broken corn sheds out like rain,  
 To be shooled plowterin' back again  
     And grunded weel,  
 Till bulgin' pocks hang doon amain  
     Wi' painch o' meal.

Oatmeal ! that wanders ower the warl'  
 To smile in ilka housewife's barrel,  
 Wi' choicest grit for cake, or farl,  
     And parritch fine,  
 That hauds in health the auldest carl  
     O' ninety-nine !

Some hae their wealth in land and rock,  
 And some in ships and some in stock,  
 And some in bank wi' bolt and lock  
     To scare the deil,  
 But my best wealth's in ae wee pock  
     That nane wad steal.

## SCOTCH HEATHER.

Bright purple bloom of Scotland's hills,  
 Garb of her mountains, glens, and rills,  
 At sight of thee my bosom fills  
     With memories proud  
 Of tartans, thistles, snuff, meal-mills,  
     And mist-wet cloud. †

Thy stem is like some fir-tree green  
 With twinkling bells hung thick between ;  
 Pressed to the earth, thou low dost lean,  
     But scorns to break,  
 Up-springing quick as ne'er had been  
     Foot on thy neck.

Thou'rt like the man when Fortune's tread  
 Falls fell and crushing on his head  
 Who bows, but when the blow has sped  
     With dauntless will  
 He struggles up from sorrow's bed,  
     A soldier still.

On storm-beat crags of dusky white  
 Where brackens wave their fans of light,  
 And rowans drop their berries bright  
     The clefts between ;  
 Thy breast of purple on the height  
     Is richly seen.

Home of the moor-cock, snipe, and deer,  
 The gaudy pheasant, crowing clear,  
 The partridge brown, that schemes her fear  
     With draggled wings ;  
 And dappled grouse, when man draws near,  
     That whirring springs.

Oft have I climbed the steep hill's side  
 'Mong hairsts of heather, deep and wide,  
 When sweet dust flew at every stride  
     Like spendthrift's money,  
 And yellow bees could scarce abide  
     The smell of honey.

On thee has patriot Wallace trod,  
 Who bled to break the tyrant's rod ;  
 And oft the Covenant's banner broad  
     Has swept thy bloom,  
 Proclaiming at the pike's sharp shod  
     Oppression's doom.

But why should thy small purple flower  
 Be dyed with blood in peaceful hour,  
 On moors, where men who creep and cower  
     With guns resort,  
 To pour on birds a leaden show'r  
     And call it sport ?

When dogs and guns are laid to sleep,  
 'Neath the cleft moon thy sweet bells weep  
 To hear the plaintive dying peep  
     From birds half-killed,  
 As, from soft breasts, sore wounded deep,  
     Their life's distilled.

No more the dusky legs will spring,  
 No more will spread the speckled wing ;  
 A bloody head does earthward hing  
     No more to live. —  
 'Tis sport to some to take the thing  
     They cannot give.

Badge of true manhood and the brave,  
 Long may thy purple glory wave  
 O'er moor and hill, when red guns rave,  
     And death's abroad ;  
 To shield the weak thou can'st not save,  
     Bright flower of God.

## THE SPARROW.

Brown-backit, dusty-breasted chappie !  
 Wi' streakit throat, and pow sae nappy,  
 Wi' sturdy legs and neb sae rappy  
     For fechtin' splore,  
 Thy cheery chirp mak's a'things happy  
     Aboot my door.

In some tree fork, nane thick wi' leaves,  
 Or darksome hole aneath the eaves,  
 A harum-scarum nest thou weaves  
     O' strings and straws,  
 That trailin' fast, thou rugs and rieves  
     Frae kings or craws.

In simmer's prime, the world's thy ain,  
 To range the fields and scour the plain ;—  
 O' farmers' guns, fear thou hast nane !  
     Or thowless rattles ;  
 But helter-skelter at the grain  
     Thou yirps and battles.

When winter comes, thou begs nae pity,  
 But townward hies, wi' chirping ditty,  
 Hailing wi' yellochs in the city  
     Ilk frien' thou meets,  
 To win thy bread, and coup the kitty  
     In vera streets.

Gi'e finches fine their music mellow,  
 Gi'e blackbirds trig their nebs o' yellow,  
 The redbreast to—the sodger fellow—  
     His sang sae sma' ;  
 In clatterin' noisome chorus bellow  
     Thou dings them a'.

But haud ! I dinna like thy fechtin',  
 Whan, breast to breast, hot war thou'rt wechtin' ;  
 Strivin' wi' hangin' wings to strechtin'  
     On yird thy foe ;  
 Crumbs fa' for a', and nebs fast dichtin',  
     Work endless woe !



Kings mak' the wars, and fules tak' swurds,  
 And cloor ilk ither into curds ;  
 But men o' sense, and bonnie birds,  
     Wi' brains to harrow,  
 Should fecht their battles oot wi' words,  
     My wee cock sparrow !

Ance in a riddle-trap I caught thee,  
 And to a strugglin' captive brought thee ;  
 But 'twas na dabs or kicks that got thee  
     Thy wings sae fleet ;  
 'Twas thy wee burstin' heart that bought thee  
     Thy freedom sweet.

Black shame to the unworthy son  
 Wad lift on thee a murderous gun,  
 And through thy ranks, as thou dost run,  
     Pour spreading lead,  
 To see thee fall, with wings undone,  
     And bleeding head.

Nae gun hae I, or dog, or warden ;  
 Thou'rt welcome to my house and garden ;  
 I dinna heed thy thefts ae farden  
     Frae simmer tae simmer :  
 Thou hast my love, my peace, my pardon—  
     Thou blythesome comer.

#### THE SCOTTISH BLACKBIRD.

Withdrawn a furlong from the sea's white marge  
 Stands Roseneath's avenue of centuried yews ;  
 An old-world street, roofed green with branches large,  
 Home of the squirrel, glossed with tearful dews.

Betwixt red sundown and the blue of night,  
 At gloaming's tender hour, with footstep slow  
 I sought this path, to mark the fading light,  
 And feel in thought the day's sweet afterglow.

'Twas in this grove I heard the blackbird sing,—  
 Prophetic were his raptures, loud his lay ;  
 Whistling of summer in the steps of spring,  
 Singing of sunshine at the close of day.

In full, flute tones from upraised rippling-throat,  
 The coal-black singer of the crocus bill,  
 Across Clyde's listening Gareloch flung his note,  
*That woke the slumbering echoes of each hill.*

From budding elms outflanked in double line  
 Small birds rang chorus through the green domain,  
 Till in rich voice, with modulation fine,  
 The wizard's solo drowned the choir again.

And at each pause, my waiting, beating heart  
 Told o'er his notes in echoed rhythmic throng,  
 Thrilled with the singer's masterhood of art—  
 As eloquent in pauses as in song.

At sleep's still hour, when shook the evening star,  
 I heard him, hastened by the moon's soft ray,  
 Calling farewell, to brothers known afar,  
 As to the woods he winged his rapid way.

For song's repose, how fitting is this place !  
 When vesper singers to their nests have flown,  
 Where mournful yews their plumage interlace,  
 And meditation treads the path alone.

#### MY OLD GOOSE QUILL.

Ye artists, and ye etchers all,  
 Of velveteen and plush,  
 With easels, stools, and stretchers all,  
 Chalk, needle, stump, and brush,  
 I dare your whole utensils fine,  
 Your oils and pigment mill,  
 To match with paints or pencils fine  
 My old goose quill.

With birse of independence up,  
 Defences he can draw,  
 And shut a condescendence up  
 With stirring pleas of law ;  
 In prayers that thrill in reading of,  
 In statement, fact, and will,  
 Like music is the screeding of  
 My old goose quill.

Ye painters have on palette got  
 The lark in sunny cloud,  
 But nowhere in your wallet got  
 His song that rings so loud ;  
 And so you pass completely from  
 The ripple and the trill  
 That chirps and flows so sweetly from  
 My old goose quill.

With one ink drop upon it, sirs,  
 This plume of barn-fowl's wing,  
 In summons, or in sonnet, sirs,  
 Can make the paper sing ;  
 And then when love or Latin does  
 His liquid bosom thrill,  
 He runs like any rattan, does  
 My old goose quill.

#### A STILL LAKE.

Dusk, as an oval shield of beaten steel,  
 The still lake lies : its level waters feel  
 The autumn of the bright long laboured year—  
 The bliss of rest. Suspended dream-like, clear,  
 In its calm tide, the circling kingdom swims.  
 The silver shore that girds its waveless rims,  
 Steals unperceived into the glassy deep :  
 And castellated rocks where birches weep,  
 Where hazels droop, crowned by the rowan bold,  
 O'er-frost the flood with scarlet and leaf-gold :  
 While, flowing down the verging trees between,  
 Dyed is the wave with streaks of grassy green.  
 Caught from a sloping square of stubble field,  
 The rising hills their patch of yellow yield,  
 And heather holms, and reach of bracken lands  
 Blush in the flood, and bathe their russet hands,  
 While at the further end, with shoulder high  
 A purple mountain pushes out the sky—  
 That gentle sky ! of blue and pearly flake  
 That fills with heav'n the whole remaining lake.

And so the mirror's held to nature. Thus  
 On thought's clear glass, like scenes may shine on us,  
 But let a squall smite on the steely blue,  
 Then not one trembling image will be true,  
 And should the breeze outspread his blurring wings  
 The whole suspended world will fade in rings,  
 And yet, should calm once more regain its sway  
 The glass will smile again with scenery gay.

#### WHEN LITTLE MAY'S ASLEEP.

*From "Fairy Dreams for the Children."*

When little May's asleep in bed  
 'Neath coverlet and lace  
 She says the fairies green and red  
 Come peeping at her face,

And taking each a chubby hand  
 Through doors and locks they fly  
 On rainbow wings to fairyland  
 Behind the sunset sky.

That there a secret spot they find  
 Which fairies only know  
 Where ripest fruits of every kind  
 On bending branches grow ;  
 That climbing through the boughs like bees  
 They feast and laugh and sing,  
 And hear among the silver trees  
 A golden robin sing.

Then with the brightest of the flowers  
 They fill her baby hands  
 And dance away through velvet bowers  
 In chains and rings and bands,  
 And seated on the mosses brown  
 Of roses white and red  
 They twine a little fragrant crown  
 And place it on her head.

They call her then a small rose star  
 And all their love to show  
 They say that little children are  
 The dearest things they know,  
 And that if she is good and kind  
 Flowers sweetest of the sweet  
 Through all her little life she'll find  
 Will cluster round her feet.

Then, taking both her hands again,  
 They say she must not stay,  
 And through the clouds like merry men  
 They fly with her away.  
 And when she wakes at morning light  
 And lifts her little head  
 She finds that she is safe and bright  
 Tucked up again in bed.



JOHN GEORGE MOODIE HEDDLE.

**A**LTHOUGH Orkney abounds in romance and legend, it can hardly be said to be very prolific in poets. Perhaps the most illustrious of these is  
 M

David Vedder, of nearly half-a-century ago. The subject of this sketch is a worthy representative of the present-day Orcadian poets. John George Moodie Heddle of Melsetter was born in Kirkwall in 1844. He is the eldest son of the late Robert Heddle of Cletts and Melsetter, who can claim descent from the last Norse Earl of Orkney. Our poet received his elementary education at Loretto School, Musselburgh, which has the credit of sending out many distinguished scholars, all more or less imbued with a deeply-rooted poetical taste. He finished his educational career at the University of Edinburgh. From a very early age Mr Heddle was known to write ballads, some of which are sung in the homes of Orkney folks both at home and abroad, while many of his songs and poems on passing events have found their way into newspapers and magazines, generally under an anonymous signature. Besides being known as a poet of considerable merit, he has long been considered one of the most spirited and generous landlords in Orkney, and personally superintends the management of a very large estate. The specimens of his Muse that we are able to give show that his verse runs melodiously—that it is fraught with strong poetic feeling, and full of rich and native fragrance. The first poem we give was published in the *Orkney Herald* when the news of the Battle of Isandula came to this country, and was quoted in many Scotch and English newspapers.

## THE NEWS FROM AFRICA.

12TH FEBRUARY, 1879.

What sound is this gathering from southward,  
With rumour and clamour of war—  
More fleet than the wind flying northward,  
And startling still valleys afar ;

The crash and thunder of battle  
 Now pierced by the wild bugle's blare,  
 And now by the musketry's rattle  
 Streams forth on the air?

And still through the night it spreads seaward  
 With terror and war in its wings,  
 And wafts through the darkness to meward  
 A sound of unbearable things,  
 How Englishmen given to slaughter,  
 And faint 'neath an African sun,  
 Fought thinking of wife and of daughter,  
 And fell one by one.

The dull mingled sound of men fighting,  
 The cries of men wounded in pain,  
 The fierce hard drawn breath of those smiting  
 Who feel they shall ne'er smite again.  
 "Let's sell our lives dear, though outnumbered,  
 Since all hope of succour is vain,  
 With baggage and stores though encumbered,  
 Let's face them again."

O people! O daughters! O mothers!  
 These—these were the sounds that I heard,  
 Your husbands, your sons, and your brethren  
 Have fallen by the edge of the sword.  
 They fought in the fearless old fashion,  
 Outnumbered by twenty to one,  
 And true to their Queen and their nation  
 They fell every one.

They fell, but behold, how around them  
 The ground is all 'cumbered with slain  
 In sheaves, as the pale reaper found them,  
 The harvest is thick on the plain.  
 Five thousand they slew, these stout yeomen,  
 Ere wearied and wounded, and sore  
 They fell upon heaps of their foemen  
 To rise up no more.

O heroes! stretched bloodless in beauty,  
 Say—Know you the rights of the strife?  
 Or did you pour out there from duty  
 The red precious stream of your life?  
 O Time, overburdened with sorrows,  
 When wilt thou bid slaughter to cease,  
 And give us calm nights and fair morrows,  
 And nations at peace?

WHA SAT 'MANG THE HEATHER WI' ME.

In the spring time saft and sunny,  
'Mang the bloomin' broom sae bonnie,  
Floweries smelling sweet as honey,  
Birdie's cheepin' cheerilie.

Ance o' kisses got I mony,  
Sweeter lips ne'er preed ony,  
Troth, she was baith blythe and bonnie  
Wha sat 'mang the broom wi' me.

Blythe the birdies built abune her,  
Lythe the lammies leaped aroun' her,  
Till the gloamin' came and foun' her  
Still amang the broom wi' me.

O, the road was dark and drearie,  
Hame I maan gang wi' my dearie,  
Till she saw the house lights cheerie—  
Haith, she couldna pairt wi' me.

I'll no tell you what her name is,  
I'll no tell you whaur her hame is,  
Na—ye'll no ken wha the dame is,  
Peasant maid or proud ladye.

COLD IS THE MOULD.\*

Cold is the mould,  
Ah, bitter cold  
The mould by the flowing river,  
And the leaves play round  
The new heaped mound,  
And the pine trees shake and shiver.

The pine trees shake,  
The willows quake,  
But the birch tree quivereth never,  
For its roots have found  
The warmth around  
Her grave by the restless river.

Far, far away  
From light of day,  
Where the death shade resteth ever,

\* It was the first death since this part of the country was settled. We  
found her beneath the solitary birch tree that stands in the glen by the  
stream, a spot she always loved.—*Canadian Letter*.

In a darksome dell  
 She's hid full well,  
 'Neath the birch that bloometh never.

Yet in the gloom  
 That birch will bloom  
 With an angel 'neath it sleeping,  
 And an odour sweet  
 The mourner greet  
 For his loved one 'neath it weeping.

## I S O B E L .

Oh ! know ye not sweet Isobel,  
 Oh ! know ye not her face ;  
 Oh ! saw ye not dear Isobel,  
 Her beauty and her grace.  
 Oh, but she's quizzical,  
 Sweet Isobel,  
 And metaphysical  
 Is Isobel,  
 My Isobel—my own !  
 Most amusing,  
 Self accusing,  
 And confusing  
 Isobel.

Yet still I love my Isobel,  
 My wee, wee Isobel,  
 My sweet wee Isobel,  
 I dearly love my Isobel,  
 My Isobel—my own.

## W I L L .

This is the power by which we smile  
 When fortune frowns, and friends betray  
 When woman's love has gone its way  
 And darkness wraps us round awhile.  
 This is the night of inner life  
 That still upholds us on our way  
 Until the chambers of the day  
 Ope—past the darkness and the strife.

## S O N G .

Yestreen I dreamed a dreary dream  
 And mingled sair wi' sorrow,  
 Said—"Happiness is but a gleam  
 That fadeth with the morrow !"



Methought I was a boy once more  
 And sate with her by Yarrow,  
 And she was still, as plight before,  
 To be my winsome marrow.

Long years were blotted from my sight  
 Wi' a' their care and sorrow,  
 And still I pressed her to be kind,  
 And wed me on the morrow.

“There's no a face like my love's face,  
 In lands baith near and far, oh !  
 There's heaven in my true love's kiss,  
 Here, on the banks of Yarrow !”

But why sae cauld my true love's hand,  
 And why's her hair sae yellow—  
 A' tangled through wi' weeds and sand,  
 And eke her waist sae narrow ?”

There came a voice wi' morning's gleam  
 That wakened me to sorrow,  
 Said—“Happiness is but a dream,  
 She's drowned—she's drowned in Yarrow !”



REV. W. H. GRAY, D.D.

**W**ILLIAM HENRY GRAY, the much-respected minister of the parish of Liberton, near Edinburgh, was born at St Madoes, in the Carse of Gowrie, in 1825. His father could claim connection with the Grays of Kinfauns—a family that had been for a very long period in that district—and the grandfather of our poet had a free house and some land from a member of the family. He, however, married three times, and as Dr Gray's father was the youngest of all, he early felt the pressure of the *res angusta domi*. Against the wishes of his parents, he went to Perth with a young man belonging to the district, and lived with

him, learning shoemaking there. After his marriage, he took a farm in the parish of St Martins, Dr Gray being very young when the family removed from the Carse to this farm. His father was anxious to give his children a good education, and it was decided that he and a younger brother (now minister of Dalkeith) should be educated for the Church. After attending country schools in Guildtown and St Martins, he went to Perth seminaries for Latin, Greek, &c., and in 1837, when between twelve and thirteen years of age, he entered St Andrews University. Young as he was, he proved himself a diligent student, was successful in taking several prizes in various classes, and took his degree of A.M. when he was little more than sixteen. He completed his divinity course in St Mary's College, where he was also a distinguished student and prizeman.

In 1846 Dr Gray was licensed by the Perth Presbytery, and in the same year he was ordained minister of St Paul's Parish, Perth, where he gathered a large and much-attached congregation. His talents and wide popularity as a preacher led to his translation, in 1850, to Lady Yester's Parish, Edinburgh, as successor to Mr, now Principal Caird. It was while in this important charge, in the year 1869, that he received his degree of D.D. from the University of St Andrews; and when he removed to Liberton, in June 1880, he had 1800 communicants and 600 Sabbath scholars.

Dr Gray has led a busy and successful Christian life, and he continues to give to the service of the Church the ripe fruit of a learned and cultured mind. He is the author of a volume entitled "Morning Seed," being a selection of sermons for the young, in whom he takes a very warm interest, and by whom he is held in high esteem. A number of his discourses have also been published separately, and have met with wide popularity. While from an early age he

has, as he tells us, "amused" himself writing verses, he has never made it a "serious business." He considers that he has profited by the remark made by Professor Gillespie, of St Andrews, when giving him a prize for poetical translations of some of Horace's odes. The learned Professor said he preferred some of them to those of Francis, but added, "Remember, poetry and poverty are very much alike." At College he wrote occasional pieces of a humorous nature on subjects of passing interest, and ever since he has continued to write occasional poems bearing his initials only. In many of these he expresses his thoughts with true poetic ease and fluency, and with pleasing rhythmic melody, reflecting the writer's delicate perception, and loving reverent nature.

#### HOW DID IT HAPPEN?

How did it happen? Not by chance,  
 For high above our fields of strife  
 A watchful God directeth all,  
 And shapeth every human life,  
 One Just and Good is on the throne,  
 And doeth all things, He alone.

How did it happen? Who can tell  
 The secret springs of every act?  
 We know not all that went before,  
 We see but the accomplished fact;  
 These secret things to God are known,  
 He seeth all things, He alone.

How did it happen? Trifles oft  
 Bring great results for good or ill,  
 But nothing small or great can come  
 Without His knowledge and His will,  
 And all the fruit of seeds thus sown  
 Is known to God, to Him alone.

How did it happen? God is judge,  
 Leave all to Him; in love believe  
 Thy brother struggled ere he fell,  
 And fallen, oft doth deeply grieve—  
 Think of *his* faults as of *thine* own,  
 Judgment belongs to God alone.



## SUFFERERS! DO NOT GRIEVE.\*

Sufferers ! do not grieve so sadly  
 God is king and God is love ;  
 Trusted men have acted badly,  
 Some will rage and curse them madly—  
 Wail not, rail not, look above.

Onwards ! heavenly love discloses  
 Pathways in the darkest hour ;  
 Neither Fate nor Hate disposes,  
 God is king, and life reposes  
 On His wisdom, love, and power.

God is king, and sins of others  
 Work the good they think not of,  
 Nursing graces Plenty smothers,  
 Forming spirits like our Brother's,  
 Showing hearts and deeds of love.

Think not ye are all forsaken,  
 Love is no such rarity,  
 Need will Christian effort waken ;  
 Onward, then, with souls unshaken,  
 Closer to your breasts be taken  
 Faith and Hope and Charity.

## THE CHRISTIAN HERO. †

Toil on, brave heart, as Thou hast toiled,  
 In noblest work for God and man,  
 With love uncooled, with soul unsoiled,  
 With body worn, with visage wan,  
 Toil on, brave heart, toil on.

Sow on, brave heart, thou sowest seed  
 Of knowledge, freedom, faith, and love ;  
 Of sowers such the world hath need  
 For peace below, for bliss above,  
 Sow on, brave heart, sow on.

Love on, brave heart, thy Master loved  
 The weakest most, the most opprest ;  
 Love on, by Him and His approved,  
 And show His spirit, share His rest,  
 Love on, brave heart, love on.

\* Written after the failure of the City of Glasgow Bank.

† Dr Livingstone.

Lie down, brave heart, the call is given,  
 Build now a hut in which to lie ;  
 With thoughts of home and prayers to heaven,  
 Lie down in faith and hope to die,  
 Lie down, brave heart, lie down.

Live on, brave heart, thou art not dead,  
 Thou liv'st on earth, thou liv'st above,  
 Thy spirit here is round us shed,  
 And thou art in the home of love,  
 Live on, brave heart, live on.

“PHYSICIAN, HEAL THYSELF.”\*

“ Physician, heal thyself,”  
 Dost thou so soon succumb ?  
 Why is thy busy brain at rest,  
 Thy voice already dumb ?  
 That well-knit frame and stubborn will  
 Marked thine a later doom,  
 But work and worry, more than years,  
 Have laid thee in the tomb.  
 Who can rejoice to-day ?  
 Who has not tears to shed ?  
 The world has lost a friend—  
 The world will miss the dead.  
 A great professor lost,  
 A wise physician gone,  
 He gave to tortured thousands rest,  
 By him were countless mothers blest,  
 Who, in their arms, their infants prest,  
 Maternal pains unknown.  
 Nor only wise, but good,  
 Beloved as well as great ;  
 To-day how many tears are shed ?  
 One darkened home has lost its head,  
 A thousand mourn his fate.  
 What is the dead one's fate ?  
 A night that knows no morn ?  
 No ! wisdom for the wise is there,  
 And goodness for the good to share—  
 The dead are there new-born.  
 Our body-tent decays,  
 Our spirit-light still shines,  
 We know not where, we know not how,  
 But if its glory awes us now  
 In desert bush, how bright its glow  
 Among the heavenly vines.

\* On the death of Sir James Y. Simpson—May 13, 1870.

## F A R A W A Y .

I loved, and was a promised bride,  
But cruel Fate imposed delay ;  
My lover had to leave my side,  
To serve his country far away.

I cared not then, though scenes were fair,  
And lighted up with sunny ray ;  
One light was ever wanting there,  
For my true love was far away.

I danced and sang, I read and wrote,  
I tried to work, I tried to play ;  
I could not find the joy I sought  
My lover still was far away.

And some there were that spoke of love,  
And bade me name the marriage-day ;  
For heart and hand, in vain, they strove,  
I loved another far away.

But now I flutter with delight,  
I cannot rest or think to-day ;  
My lover will be here to-night,  
He comes to take me far away.

I needs must feel, I needs must grieve,  
To go, while many loved ones stay ;  
But even home, content, I'll leave,  
For Love goes with me, far away.

## M Y M A R Y .

I loved my Mary long ago,  
As I had never loved before ;  
And as the years of youth rolled on,  
I loved her still, I loved her more.

They would not give me Mary's hand,  
They said I had not worldly store ;  
They sent me to a foreign land,  
I loved her there, I loved her more.

There fortune smiled upon my path,  
And golden showers did on me pour ;  
Then I returned and claimed my bride,  
And vowed to love her evermore.

Some wedded years of life flew by,  
 A girl and boy to me she bore ;  
 They filled our happy home with glee,  
 And then I loved their mother more.

But sorrow's arrows pierced our hearts,  
 And death came knocking at our door ;  
 Our little ones were torn away,  
 And I loved Mary more and more.

Their mourning mother drooped and pined,  
 She told me all would soon be o'er ;  
 I clasped her to my breaking heart,  
 And loved my dying Mary more.

And now I wander forth alone,  
 In search of yon eternal shore ;  
 I'll meet my children there in joy,  
 And love my Mary evermore.



### JAMES BURR,

**A** WRITER hitherto favourably known under the *nom-de-plume* "Quilquox," was born in 1863 in the village of Tarves. His father was then a working shoemaker, but when James was about two years of age, the family removed to Quilquox, a rural district at the extreme end of the same parish, where they still reside. At school our poet was a lad of such promise that he was urged to become a pupil-teacher by the School Board of Savoch, a neighbouring parish. This was when he was about thirteen years of age, but he preferred to follow his father's calling, and served his apprenticeship accordingly. He afterwards worked for some time at Brucklay, and at present he has a business of his own at Cumines-town, a "toonie" situated about six miles from Turriff,

where he occasionally enlivens the sterner duties of life, as he tells us, "wi' a hamely bit lilt o' a sang."

It was while serving his apprenticeship with his father that he first attempted verse-making—his securing a copy of Burns' poems at a "raffle" having been the means of enkindling the fire of poetry within his soul. He then began to contribute to the *People's Friend* in the form of acrostics, riddles, and enigmas, and of late years he has had numerous songs and poems in that popular Scottish miscellany, as well as in the *Aberdeen Free Press*, *Dundee Weekly News*, &c. His versification is occasionally easy and flowing, his imagery is natural and graceful, while his thoughts on mental and moral manhood are elevating and cheerful.

#### ONWARD! UPWARD! HEAVENWARD!

Ho! faint not youthfu' pilgrim as ye sprauchle up Life's brae,  
Put a stoot he'rt till't an' thinkna o' dangers i' the way,  
Tho' ye often meet wi' trials ne'er at a' doon-he'rted be,  
Aye look them boldly in the face an' aff like cowards they'll flee.  
Ne'er gie Despair—the sulky chiel—within yer he'rt a hame,  
But gently woo his sister fair—blythe Hope—wi' Love's true  
flame,

An' as ye warstle westward aye life's pits an' snares amang,  
Lat "onward, upward, heavenward," be the burden o' yer sang.

Onward, onward press wi' zeal, for soon Life's sun will set,  
Soon the shades o' nicht will fa', haste ye, dinna wait,  
Swerve not to the right nor left, keep straight in Duty's way,  
Wi' he'rt firm centred on the goal strive onward, come fat inay.  
Onward! onward! like the river, always on the flow,  
Never restin' for a moment, onward, onward go,  
Waxin' mightier as it rolls, ever gainin' strength,  
Till in that haven o' peacefu' rest ye find yersel' at length.

Upward! upward hie yer course, risin' step by step,  
Surmountin' ilka obstacle that wid yer progress kep,  
Firmly plant yer feet aye, lest yer footin' ye sud miss  
An' doonward sink wi' headlang course in Error's grim abyss.  
Upward! upward like the eagle, higher, higher soar,  
Leave the grovelling earth-bound wretch to his sordid store;  
Rise abune the warl's heicht—show yersel' a man,  
Lat the weaklings flag ahin', lat the haltin' switherin' stan'.



Heavenward ! heavenward be yer flicht, soarin' fae earth's din  
 To that bricht an' happy lan', faur a' is peace within,  
 Faur a' the trials an' sorrows en' o' oor tried life below,  
 An' hushed for ever is the wail o' misery an' woe.  
 Heavenward ! heavenward like the lark, singin' as ye rise,  
 Rejoicin' that ye hae a hame—a rest ayont the skies,  
 Faur aifter Life's rouch journey's dune, a welcome for ye waits  
 Among the pilgrims that are noo within the gowden gates.

## COURAGE TAKE.

Fellow-worker, tired and bleeding,  
 Let not fears thy manhood shake ;  
 Reward and rest to thee come speeding,  
 Pluck up heart, fresh courage take.

Vexing thoughts are born of care,  
 Why longer with Despair abide !  
 On wings of Hope leave his dark lair,  
 And soar at freedom in noontide.

Bitter sorrow—sweat of heart,  
 Oozing from wound deep an' keen ;  
 There's present good in every smart,  
 Which in the future's clearer seen.

Lonely waif on life's rough tide,  
 Struggle on yet manfully ;  
 An unseen Friend is by thy side,  
 With outstretched arm to succour thee.

Weary runner, up, away !  
 Why halt so near the starting place ?  
 Set face of flint to toilsome brae—  
 The goal draws nearer pace by pace.

## OH IT'S AYE SIMMER YONNER.

Oh, it's aye simmer yonner, an' a' thing's fair an' green,  
 Oh, it's aye simmer yonner, nae cauld nor blicht e'er seen,  
 For a' thing's in its fairest, an' dazillin' to the e'e,  
 An' I'm langin', oh, I'm langin' that bonnie place to see.

Oh, it's aye simmer yonner, an' the floories brightly blaw,  
 Oh, it's aye simmer yonner, an' they look sae sweet an' brow—  
 The floories o' Contentment, o' Love, an' Peace, an' Glee,  
 An' I'm langin', oh, I'm langin' that bonnie place to see.

Oh, it's aye simmer yonner, an' the sangs o' gladness ring,  
 Oh, it's aye simmer yonner, an' the angel-voices sing,  
 They sing the sangs o' glory, the ransomed an' the free,  
 An' I'm langin', oh, I'm langin' that bonnie place to see.

Oh, it's aye simmer yonner, an' a' thing is sae sweet,  
 Oh, it's aye simmer yonner, an' the loved ones we shall greet ;  
 There joy, an' bliss, an' rapture shall licht up ilka e'e,  
 An' I'm langin', oh, I'm langin' that bonnie place to see.

“TIS DARKEST AFORE THE DAWN.”

Look up, despondin' brither ; look up, look up on high,  
 See noo yon rift o' bonnie blue sae gladdenin' to the e'e  
 That's teetin' oot sae genty frae the dark an' cloudy sky,  
 An' lichtin' up the gloom aroon' like some bricht starnie wee ;  
 The shadows o' the langsome nicht will sune a' flee awa',  
 Mind that 'tis darkest aye, my freen, afore the mornin' daw'.

Look up, despondin' brither ; look up, look up on high,  
 See faintly in the hazy east the flickerin' licht appears,  
 Nicht's cloudy screen moves slowly athwart the brightenin' sky,  
 An' lo ! upon the dreamin' earth the emerald sun uprears  
 Her winsome form in beauty, an' throws a charm ower a'.  
 Mind that 'tis darkest aye, my freen, afore the mornin' daw'.

Look up, despondin' brither ; look up, look up on high,  
 The mists hae left the mountain side, the valley, an' the glen ;  
 The laverock wakes the silence as he trills sweet i' the sky,  
 An' joins in symphony sae sweet wi' Nature's glad refrain,  
 An' joy wi' radiant, smilin' face beams brichtly noo ower a'.  
 Mind that 'tis darkest aye, my freen, afore the mornin' daw'.

Look up, despondin' brither ; look up, look up on high ;  
 Why grum'le at the lang, dark days o' winter-time, sae drear ?  
 The snaw will leave the meadows sune, the Spring is drawin'  
 nigh,  
 An' Simmer wi' her temptin' sweets, ere lang will noo be here,  
 We'll wander oot again at eve, by flooer-draped vale an' shaw,  
 Mind that 'tis darkest aye, my freen, afore the mornin' daw'.

Look up, despondin' brither ; look up, look up on high ;  
 Tho' dark an' drear thy prospects seem an' freeness ye may be,  
 For there is Ane a' else abune, an' ever, ever nigh  
 To those wha are in sair distress, He help an' strength will gie.  
 A never-failin' Freen to those wha humbly on him ca',  
 Mind that 'tis darkest aye, my freen, afore the mornin' daw'.

Look up despondin' brither ; look up, look up on high ;

What tho' adversity's dark clouds obscure the sun's bricht rays,  
Keep up yer he'rt, hope for the best, the clouds will sune gang  
by,

Prosperity's bricht star will sheen throu'oot the comin' days,  
An' life will e'en be sweeter wi' ilk care an' backward thraw,  
But mind 'tis darkest aye, my freen, afore the mornin' daw'.



### REV. ANDREW CUNNINGHAM,

**A**T one time among the ablest and most distinguished ministers of the Free Church, was born at Duns about the year 1817, and died in 1879. The end came suddenly. He sat down to supper after his work for the day, and, apparently without any premonitory symptoms, fell back in his chair, and life ebbed silently away.

Andrew Cunningham was the youngest son of the late William Cunningham, banker, Duns, cousin of the late Principal Cunningham, of the New College, Edinburgh, and could claim relationship with Alexander Peden. He received the elements of his early education at the Academy of his native town. Afterwards, at the Edinburgh High School, he was a distinguished scholar, and when at the University of Edinburgh he was known both as a diligent and an able student. On the completion of his studies at the University, Mr Cunningham entered the Theological Hall of the Established Church, and passed through his studies there with the view of taking license as one of its ministers. This was towards the close of the "Ten Years' Conflict," and he was known as a distinguished advocate of non-intrusion. He was licensed by the Presbytery of Duns in 1842, and in *the Disruption* year was ordained to a charge at Dun-

donald, in the Presbytery of Ayr. After a short but successful ministry he returned to his native county, and got a hearty call to the newly-formed Free Church congregation at Eccles, which he accepted. He was ordained in the latter part of 1843, and was pastor of that congregation for the long period of thirty-seven years.

Mr Cunningham soon took that place as a leader in the Presbytery of Kelso, and the Synod of Merse and Teviotdale, for which his accurate knowledge of Church laws and forms so amply qualified him. For about twenty years he was Clerk to the Synod, and besides being a faithful pastor, he was always an earnest student, familiar with the fathers of our old theology, and equally at home in discussing modern speculation. The writer of a loving article that appeared in the newspapers at the time of his death informs us that his intimate knowledge of the sciences was exhibited in the able lectures which he delivered in various towns. His knowledge on any theme that might form the subject of private conversation was at once various and exact, and hence to young ministers his company was both valuable and much prized. Although endowed with eminent gifts and fitted to fill any place in the Church, he preferred the quiet of a country manse, where he could, uninterruptedly, add to his store of knowledge, to another sphere where his studies would be more disturbed by other labour. It was said of him that he hid so determinedly his many gifts that few knew fully how able and accomplished he was—how full of real manhood. Yet, in spite of his shrinking from display, he was courageous, and true to his charge as a minister of the Gospel. In the case of Mr Cunningham there was also an amount of practical wisdom and knowledge of man and things, and a capacity to bring his sources of information and his varied gifts to bear on the business

of life, very seldom to be met with. To this might be added his wide acquaintance with ancient and modern literature, and what most concerns us at present, his deeply poetical nature. By the assistance of his friends, we are here enabled to give a selection from his hitherto unpublished effusions. These are mostly in the sonnet form, and possess a deep meditative pathos, with the compactness, unity, and finish, the idea, the thought, and the emotion, the apt simile and imaginative metaphor so necessary in the structure of the sonnet.

#### THE REGENT MURRAY.

Murray, thy place in history is not  
 That of a king's son ; kings we would forget  
 In so august a presence ; if a blot  
 Rest on thy 'scutcheon thou art noble yet  
 In all thy soul and deeds ; we will thee set  
 High o'er the royal race from which to spring  
 Was thy misfortune not thy fault : the pet  
 Of sentimental minds,—she who could sing  
 A man's life done,—that daughter of a king,—  
 Who could shed blood and smile,—thy sister was  
 But in name only. Bring fresh laurels, bring,  
 And crown the hero who to freedom's cause  
 Gave up his life and fell,—his country's laws  
 Upholding as his latest breath he draws.

#### KNOX.

A king of men behold ; a man in truth,—  
 Aye, every inch a man ; a spirit bold,  
 But noble ; brave and warin of heart—not cold,  
 Not rough, unfeeling, rude—who, in his youth,  
 To generous learning gave his soul away  
 With all a lover's deep devotion ; who  
 Stood for his country and his kind ; and through  
 Evil and good report upheld the sway  
 Of what was true and just ; and founded all  
 On Christ's Evangel pure ; leaving no fear  
 What man could do ; and not prepared to fall  
 And worship despots even if death were near ;  
 Not moved by blandishment in royal call  
 Nor by fair face wet with deceitful tear.

## THE SEA OF GALILEE.

No scene on earth like this, most sacred sea !  
 Without a history save linked with One  
 In hallowed memory ; what deeds were done  
 Of mercy on thy shores ! It was but He  
 That gave thee fame abiding ; though no tree  
 Be shadowed in thy depths, and fancy run  
 To other scenes more fair ; beneath the sun  
 Men hail thee first of all ; nor can there be  
 Stamped, as on " Forest Sea," by patriot lore,  
 A past like thine ; no lay of combat gory  
 Fought once for freedom, when stout peasant bore  
 Back knight encased in steel, can match the glory  
 Which plays upon thy surface ever more  
 When from the page of Truth we read thy truest story.

## THE ROBIN REDBREAST.

Bird of the ruddy breast which bears the stain  
 Of the clear blood shed for us on the tree ;  
 Bright trusting bird, when winter comes again  
 Thee on doorstep and window-sill we see ;  
 To man's companionship thou dost thou flee.  
 When storms are coming, and earth, white with snow,  
 Is bound in bands of frost, and the brief day  
 Is dark and cheerless and the sun is low,—  
 Still dost thou keep thy seeming merry play,  
 With glances quick cast upward to the face  
 Of pleased observer, as the children lay  
 The daily crumbs in some accustomed place ;  
 With bold arch look invading even the store  
 Of careful housewife—near the open door.

## OLIVER CROMWELL.

Milton has placed a wreath upon thy brow,  
 Never to fade, but though he had not sung  
 Thy greatness among men, nor tuneful tongue  
 Had might to praise thee, Cromwell, even now,  
 When mists of prejudice have passed away,  
 Men set thee high, although they do not bow  
 Before thee as a king, nor homage pay  
 On bended knee, yet surely king thou art  
 If ever king there was ; far nobler thou  
 Than any James or Charles among them all,  
 Edward or Henry ; royal was the part  
 Which fell unto thee at thy country's call,  
 When the full burden lay upon a heart  
 Not trembling at a monarch's crimson pall.

## L U T H E R .

Strong monk of Wittenberg, thy homely face  
 And firm-set figure are the very type  
 Of what thou wroughtest for all time ; the trace  
 Is still of thee and of thy sturdy gripe  
 Even on the Book thy labour first revealed  
 To Europe and mankind ; God's truth, concealed  
 By priestly guile, thou, forth in language ripe,  
 Did'st send to German homes ; and darkness fled  
 From half a world ; and Rome's blood stood congealed,  
 Her very heart ceasing to beat, stone dead  
 In blank dismay ; while on the message sped  
 From town to castle ; they who in the field  
 Trained vines, or tilled the ground the toil-bent head  
 Raised heavenward as they read in straw-roofed shed.



## KEITH FORBES MACKIE

**W**AS born in Edinburgh in 1861. On leaving school he spent a year in the Edinburgh Mechanics' Library as an assistant to the Librarian, Mr James Smith, the well known Scottish poet and humorist, who has lately retired from that office. Thereafter Mr Mackie was apprenticed to an S.S.C. in his native town, and was subsequently several years with a writer to the signet. In 1882, however, he left the law, and entered the service of the North British Railway Company, where he remained until May of the present (1887) year, when he left for America. While in "the library" his natural poetical temperament was fostered and encouraged by his genial and kindly superior, and since then a number of his poems and songs have appeared in the columns of the *North British Advertiser and Ladies' Journal* and other newspapers. Most of his pieces have been written under the influence of passing emotions that

have swayed his mind at the time, and generally jotted down during a leisure half-hour, with little attempt at elaboration. Being of an ardently musical disposition, his songs have a very pleasing ring and are smoothly and easily written, while his poems show minute observation of Nature and give evidence of a reflective mind.

W A F T H I M O ' E R T H E F O A M .

The sailor's heart is sad, my lads,  
 As land fades from his sight,  
 And shadows, creeping o'er the deep,  
 Soon melt into the night.  
 He feels he ne'er may look again  
 On his dear native shore,  
 For in the gale his bark is frail  
 When mighty storms roar.  
     Then softly blow, oh, gentle winds,  
     And waft him o'er the foam  
     To fair sweetheart or anxious wife,  
     That wait for him at home.

And oft his thoughts flit back to her  
 He left upon the quay,  
 With sighs and tears and anxious fears  
 Of dangers met at sea.  
 But to his Nance he aye is true—  
 She is his guiding star ;  
 By her he steers his wayward thoughts  
 In other lands afar.  
     Then softly blow, oh, balmy winds,  
     And waft him o'er the foam  
     To fair sweetheart or anxious wife,  
     That wait for him at home.

When homeward bound, with fav'ring winds,  
 Soon Albion's coast draws nigh ;  
 Then as he looks with longing gaze,  
 He breathes a tender sigh :  
 For joyous raptures fill his breast—  
 His dangers now are o'er ;  
 With hearty grasp his Nance he'll clasp  
 Unto his heart once more.  
     Then softly blow, oh, fav'ring winds,  
     And waft him o'er the foam  
     To fair sweetheart or anxious wife,  
     That wait for him at home.



## WHEN GLOAMIN' FADES.

As daylight wanes and all is hush'd,  
 And twilight's lurking shadows fall,  
 While sweetly sounds from forest near  
 The nightingale's delightful call ;  
 And like to vesper hymn from heav'n,  
 The softly sighing zephyr breeze,  
 With gentle low harmonious tones,  
 Sings sweetly 'midst the old oak trees.

When redly glows the western sky,  
 And ling'ring sunset quickly fades,  
 And dusky shadows deep'ning creep  
 Amidst the shady sylvan glades,  
 And on the gentle breeze are borne  
 Sweet chimes that stir dim mem'ry's chords,  
 Then waken, as in youth long past,  
 Glad thoughts and nigh-forgotten words.

For mingling with the sighing winds,  
 Recalling scenes of long ago,  
 And echoing through the distant years,  
 Familiar voices whisper low,  
 As in the rosy dawn of Hope,  
 When all the world was fair and bright,  
 And life was full of joy and mirth  
 With youthful dreams of fancy's flight.

And *one* sweet voice still rings out clear,  
 And whispers gentle words of peace—  
 Glad words that, like a healing balm,  
 Make all heart-pains and yearnings cease ;  
 Thus as I muse night's mantle falls,  
 Enshrouding all in gloomy shade,  
 E'er as experience rudely dims  
 Fair dreams that all too swiftly fade.

But o'er yon hill with silv'ry gleams,  
 The moonlight calm steals on the scene,  
 In mellow radiance flooding all,  
 While silent Nature sleeps serene,  
 And stillness o'er the earth descends,  
 As hills and dales are bathed in light,  
 While through the twinkling starlit heav'ns  
 Serenely sails the Queen of Night.

'Tis at this hour—this witching hour—  
 When mellow moonbeams softly play,

And ling'ring daylight, loth to leave,  
 Now slowly fades and dies away.  
 I love to roam 'mid sylvan scenes,  
 Where some clear streamlet murmurs by,  
 Far from the city's troublous din,  
 Where noise and turmoil ne'er come nigh.

For then, just as the gloamin' fades,  
 And night's dark shadows gather fast,  
 On fancy's wing the thoughts aye roam  
 Into the dim and distant past,  
 'Tis then the mem'ry's magic touch  
 Recalls the happy days of yore—  
 Those days that ne'er return again,  
 But pass away for evermore.

#### HER DARK BROWN EYES.

Thou gentle balmy summer winds,  
 Go whisper soft and low,  
 As o'er the sleeping earth there steals  
 The dawn's first radiant glow,  
 While sunbeams gleam 'midst heaven's blue,  
 And fast approaches day,  
 Go whisper softly in her ear  
 The burden of my lay—  
 Her dark brown eyes I'll ne'er forget,  
 For ah ! I love, I love her yet.

And when 'tis eve, and shadows fall  
 At gloamin's pensive hour,  
 When night is nigh, and o'er the heart  
 Steals mem'ry's soft'ning power ;  
 When thoughts fit back to other days,  
 And fading scenes of yore,  
 Then, breezes, murmur in her ear  
 The words—yea o'er and o'er—  
 Her dark brown eyes I'll ne'er forget,  
 For ah ! I love, I love her yet.

Thou songsters 'midst thy leafy bow'rs,  
 Thy carols sweet prolong,  
 And ere the twinkling stars appear  
 Trill forth thy twilight song ;  
 Oh ! let the forest glades resound,  
 With love thy notes aglow,  
 And ever let thy theme be mine—  
 Sing on thus sweet and low—  
 Her dark brown eyes I'll ne'er forget,  
 For still I love, I love her yet.

Thou streams that ripple through the glen,  
 If she should chance to stray  
 Where thou art murm'ring peacefully  
 'Mid wild flowers bright and gay,  
 Ah ! let her know I love her so,  
 Repeat it in her ear,  
 While wimpling o'er thy pebbly course  
 In gentle cadence clear,  
 For her brown eyes I'll ne'er forget,  
 And, come what may, I'll love her yet.



### MARY CADELL,

**T**HE subject of our present sketch, was born in Edinburgh in 1866. She is a daughter of an Indian officer, and is connected with several of our oldest families. Educated chiefly in the south of England, Miss Cadell, since she was fifteen years of age, has resided in the neighbourhood of Glasgow. In addition to possessing a considerable acquaintance with English literature, and the French, Italian, and German languages—the latter of which she reads almost as easily as she does English—Miss Cadell is also a self-taught musician, and although she never got a lesson in painting she has such artistic gifts as to secure her a place in the present Glasgow Exhibition. Miss Cadell has also done a considerable amount of very promising literary work in poetry and prose. Her poetry manifests a nature open to the spiritual strength and beauty lying in all material things. A striking feature in her pretty and well-turned verse is her vivacious imagery and the great amount of thought compressed into narrow limits. Her rhythm is generally true and harmonious, while all her subjects are such as readily appeal to the heart, and are invariably handled *with true poetic fervour*.

## SOUL COMMUNION.

We met last night, others were standing by,  
 No word of confidence between us passed,  
 But from her lips escaped a half-drawn sigh  
 As, parting, in her own my hand she clasped.

As sobs the wind o'er the Æolian harp,  
 That sigh made mournful music in my heart,  
 Deep in my soul it piercèd quick and sharp—  
 From pain's broad quiver a keen-tempered dart.

I could not stay to offer one small word  
 Of comfort, nor my sympathy to show—  
 I could not stop to touch that throbbing chord  
 Of anguish, nor to soothe the bitter throes ;

But as I homeward passed the thought uprolls,  
 My own heart's glad, can I not cheer her then ?  
 Influence unconscious flows from out our souls  
 For woe or weal unto our fellow men.

'Tis a soul-power which distance cannot bar,  
 The spirit's scope limits nor space nor time.  
 May I not cheer her soul even from afar ?  
 Through space mayhap to her heart-chamber climb ?

Her sky is overcast while mine is bright,  
 My heart is full of joy while she is sad ;  
 May not this brightness edge those clouds with light ?  
 And joy from my soul flow to make her glad ?

On love's strong wings I bound my load of joy—  
 Out with her burden through the air she fled ;  
 Say ! could I better love and joy employ ?  
 Tell me, dear friend, oh wert thou comforted ?

## A SPRING SONG.

Do you not feel God loves you ?  
 When the sun shines warm and bright,  
 Bathing earth, and sea, and sky in glory  
 Of mysterious sweetness and mystic light.  
 Say, do you not feel His encircling love ?  
 Say, do you not feel He's ruling above ?

Do you not feel God loves you ?  
 When you hear the melodious song  
 Of the diverse-toned sweet warblers

That gladsome, music-speaking throng,  
 Say, do you not feel the birds love the Lord?  
 He them, and both you a three-fold cord?

Do you not feel God loves you?  
 When you hear the river's song,  
 As it steadily flows and calmly,  
 As it laughs and ripples along.  
 Say, does it not tell you too to pursue  
 Your course to God and yourself to be true?

Sometimes with a motion peaceful and slow,  
 Sometimes with a rush and deafening roar,  
 Sometimes playfully kissing the rocks and stones,  
 Sometimes deep and still, as 'twould flow no more.  
 Yet never ceasing, ever in motion,  
 Goes to join its voice with the song of the ocean.

Do you not feel God loves you?  
 As you see the trees and flowers  
 Fresh growing, new life pulsing,  
 Nursed by the sun and showers.  
 Do you not feel that beyond the deep blue  
 Of the Heaven's vaults there's new life for you?

Do you not feel God loves you?  
 As the flower turns its face to you,  
 The daisy white yet blushing  
 As it screens its heart from view.  
 The violet's fragrance, the golden star  
 Of the celandine beckoning from afar.

Do you not feel God loves you?  
 As you mark, the rosy flush  
 Of the morn's awakening, the soft gray  
 Of the twilight, its soothing hush.  
 Say, do not these, all of them, tell the tale  
 Of that wonderous love that shall never fail?

The sun gives light, and warmth, and life,  
 Birds music make—the rivers too;  
 Upward grow trees, and grass, and flowers,  
 Point ever upward, why not you?  
 Will you, of creation the last and best,  
 Waver and fail, while these withstand life's test.

#### S N O W.

Whence comest thou, beautiful snow?  
 Art thou the bridal dress  
 For the earth's espousals to the skies?  
 Or bringest thou redress

For the winter's cruel cold,  
 For the frost king's icy frown?  
 Softening his harshness pityingly,  
 Gently thou comest down.

Did the angels form thee, beautiful snow?  
 Little flakes, one by one,  
 Fairy-like crystalline gems of heaven,  
 Fading away in our sun.

Melting quickly away, too fair,  
 Too pure, too spotless pure to last;  
 But thy beauty memory will recall  
 After thy form has passed.

#### THE SPIRIT OF BEAUTY.

"Spirit of beauty, where dost thou dwell,  
 Art thou on the earth or in the sky,  
 Beyond those marble cloud-towers high,  
 Or beneath the waves? Tell me, oh tell,  
 Spirit of beauty, where thou abidest,  
 I seek thee, oh Spirit! I follow, thou guidest."

"My home is not on any haunts of earth,  
 The mountains know me not, nor at my birth  
 Shone on my wondering eyes the sun, the peaceful vale  
 Was not my childhood's playground, where no gale  
 Humbles the forests' pride, where all is peace  
 And gladness, where the birds and flowers and trees  
 Strike each unconsciously a thrilling note  
 Of Nature's harmony, sweet echoes float  
 Of distant rivers, hurrying to the sea:  
 The myriad insects' hum, the melody  
 Of tinkling streams, sweet zephyrs' gentle breath  
 All tell of peaceful life, far off seems death.  
 Not there am I, nor in the gauzy mist,  
 Which shrouds the mountain tops, nor they resist  
 Its coy caresses, not within those waves of white  
 Which float across heaven's dome of blue so bright,  
 Those pearly shadows hide me not from view,  
 Nor from my hiding-place me gently woo."

"The leaves may whisper to the leaves, yet not disclose  
 My secret will they, nor the petals of the rose  
 Unfolding, lay my beauty bare, thou wilt not find  
 Me in the lily's drooping bell, tho' with the wind  
 Heavenward it turns its face, the waving sedges

That skirt the sleepy, drowsy water's edges  
 Shade not my slumbers, nor the waters cool  
 My limbs, I bathe not in that twinkling limpid pool  
 In that bright streamlet hurrying to the river  
 Hasting in turn, to the ocean to deliver  
 Its message. In that calm creeping wave,  
 Eager the hot sand's burning brow to lave,  
 I float not, nor when howling winds  
 Lash the wild waves to frenzy, while foam blinds  
 The vision and the grand majestic beauty of the storm  
 Strikes awe into the soul.  
 Seek me not there, not there thy search incline."

"Spirit of beauty, where dost thou dwell?  
 In that subtle art which strives to tell  
 The yearnings and strainings of the soul  
 For perfection and harmony of the whole  
 Of man and the universe, bid me come  
 And embrace thee, fair spirit, if here is thy home."

"Next to the force and power of Nature's laws  
 Come those of art, whose subtle magic draws  
 Aside the veil with which so jealously  
 Nature her secrets guards, and zealously  
 Art strives to expound to th' unobservant eye  
 Those laws of harmony which underlie  
 The outward forms of beauty and of grace.  
 Nor for the eye alone doth art embrace  
 These beauties, for the tuneful ear doth she prepare  
 Sweet strains of melody and music rich and rare,  
 Faint echoes caught from mystic symphonies,  
 Like unto angels' words set unto Nature's harmonies.  
 And from the soul's strings, too, doth she evoke  
 Words musical and rare, transparent cloak  
 Of greater thoughts, fancies supreme and deep,  
 From mind and soul and spirit joined Art forth doth sweep  
 Rare themes of wisdom and of beauty—powers  
 Which, sought on earth, Eternity makes ours.  
 Most beautiful realms are these, and yet my feet  
 Tarry not here, these sweet sounds do not greet  
 My ears, those scenes my eyes for ever, here  
 My home is not, tho' to my heart they're dear."

"Where, then, shall I seek thee? oh spirit so fair,  
 In the form of man which soul expresses  
 In the eye's liquid depths which impresses  
 Some spirit pure and true, or graces rare  
 Of simple childhood whose incompleteness  
 Is complete perfection—soul-filling sweetness?"

"Last of Creation's works and best is man  
 Formed to fulfil the preconcerted plan  
 O' the universe, without him incomplete,  
 And without aim or purpose, 'neath whose feet  
 With all their glories th' earth and heavens are placed,  
 His course 'a little lower than the angels' traced,  
 The secret of whose being is withheld from all  
 But the great Three in One, whose bitter fall  
 Brought sin and death into the world, the strife  
 'Twixt mind and matter, 'twixt the higher life  
 And lower, for the soul two-sided is—  
 One side up-turned receives heavenly impress  
 And ever soareth upward, but down-borne  
 Upon the other with a sense forlorn  
 Of sinfulness and weakness, yet destined  
 At last to mingle with the Master Mind,  
 When all that ere hath been of beauty and of power  
 Shall be conjoined and merged, as matchless dower  
 Of some yet uncreated being, fit to mate  
 With One, Omnipotent, Omniscient, Great."

"O Spirit of Beauty, why vex me so long?  
 Not proudly not idly have I sought for thee,  
 All humbly I panted thy glory to see,  
 Bend down, then, in pity, and list to my song,  
 That the future thy form will disclose give me hope,  
 With the present I then shall have courage to cope."

"O child of man, thou know'st not thy demand—  
 Thou could'st not, dar'st not 'fore my presence stand,  
 Thy mortal eyes could not my glory see.  
 In terror dire thou would'st before it flee.  
 'Tis but the veil of flesh that hides me from thy sight,  
 Till that falls from thee, till thy spirit's flight  
 From out the thrall of sense, rest thou content  
 With all the beauty o'er the earth besprent.  
 I cannot e'en describe, in words translate  
 My home or form, too high is it and great  
 For words to clothe, for mortal ears to hear.  
 Work on in patience, work and do not fear  
 To lose me, I am ever near at hand,  
 Close by my faithful followers I stand,  
 Then, when thy spirit wends its way above,  
 Through Beauty's realms thou'lt ever with me rove"





## WILLIAM LINDSAY ALEXANDER, D.D., LL.D.

**I**N addition to his being a man of real mark—a scholar, and a man of strong personal character, Dr Alexander possessed a true relish for Scotch characteristics, and mourned their passing away. As the author of several well-known hymns, especially the one which opens with the line “I’m kneeling at the threshold, weary, faint, and sore,” he is entitled to a high place among our Scottish poets and hymn-writers.

William Lindsay Alexander was born at Leith in 1808. His father, a merchant there, was a native of Moffat, and belonged to a branch of the family that had settled in the county of Peebles before the Reformation. Dr Alexander received his early scholastic training at Leith and at East Linton, Haddingtonshire, under Dr Hugh Jamieson, a minister of the Associate Synod. As a boy he is described by his biographer, Rev. James Ross, Glasgow, in his “Life and Work” (London: James Nisbet & Co.)—a most engaging and carefully prepared volume, to which we are indebted for many of the particulars we give here—as “possessed of an ardent and impulsive disposition, somewhat shy and reserved towards strangers, but open, frank, and affectionate towards his relatives and friends.” His father being a man of considerable means, his son enjoyed many educational advantages. In 1822, when little over fourteen years of age, he entered on his University studies. The first three years of his curriculum he spent at Edinburgh University. Even thus early his classical scholarship was so conspicuous that he was chosen by Professor Pillans to show, by competition, to some doubting Englishmen *that a Scotch student could be more than a match for*

any English one at making Latin verses. In the contest young Alexander proved himself worthy of his name and fame. He finished his University course at St Andrews, whither the fame of Dr Chalmers was attracting students from all parts of Scotland. Dr Chalmers, recognising his ability, treated him more as a friend and companion than as a scholar. He was known at St Andrews for his skill in golf as well as for his scholarship and general attainments. Here he first essayed to preach; and during his student time at St Andrews he became a member of the Congregational Church in Leith. He preached his first sermon in Edinburgh. It was delivered in the church his father attended, and in presence of many old friends. He says: "I discharged the duty to the best of my ability. But on coming down to the vestry one of the worthy Deacons came to me and said some very disparaging things about my sermon, saying plainly that that sort of thing would never do. Among other things he said it was too flowery. Saunders, the church officer, who was in the vestry, and was standing with his hand on the door, turned round and said 'Floors! an' what for no? What ails ye at floors?' After the Deacon went out I went up to Saunders and thanked him for taking my part. To that he replied, 'Weel, Maister Weelum, I jist didna like to see him ower ill to ye; but, atween oorsels, he wasna far wrang. Ye ken, *yon'll* no dae!'"

On the termination of his University career, Dr Alexander went a session to the Glasgow Theological Academy, then under the charge of Dr Wardlaw. After this we find him spending four years as classical tutor at Blackburn Academy, now Lancashire College, for the training of students for the Congregational ministry. On leaving Blackburn he returned to Edinburgh, and was for some time in doubt and perplexity as to his true vocation in life—having suc-

cessively thought of the legal profession, literature, and medicine. Then he went South again, preached for a time in a vacant church in Liverpool, received a call to be its pastor, but declined. He now, however, finally decided to follow the ministry, and he left Liverpool with the resolution to study theology more thoroughly and systematically than he had hitherto done. With this view he proceeded to Germany, but his visit to that country was of short duration. On his return, in 1835, he received and accepted, somewhat against his own inclination, a call to be pastor of the Congregational Church, Edinburgh. This was North College Street Congregation, which, in 1861, removed to the new church in George IV. Bridge, well-known as Augustine Church. He presided over this congregation with growing power and acceptance for nearly forty-three years. Several offers of professorial positions came to him from Congregational Colleges in England, but these were set aside on account of the great attachment existing between him and his people.

In 1869 Dr Alexander visited Palestine—his work as editor of “Kitto’s Bible Cyclopædia” quickening the desire to see the Holy Land. A very large part of the Cyclopædia was written by his own hand, including most of the books of the New Testament as well as the biographical notices of eminent Biblical and theological scholars. During the seven or eight years he was engaged in this laborious undertaking he was compelled to confine his attention almost exclusively to his duties as editor, pastor, and professor. After forty-two years’ service as minister he was presented by his people with a cheque for £1500 and a timepiece, in recognition of his noble and long-continued work among them. In 1877 he resigned the pastorate, and became the first holder of the Endowed Principalship of *the Hall*—a post that failing health compelled him

to relinquish in 1882. The last years of his life were occupied in private study, and in his periodical visits to London in connection with the revision of the Old Testament. He died in December 1884, at the age of seventy-six, after a short but painful illness, due to cold caught in Edinburgh when sitting for the portrait to be presented to him on the occasion of the jubilee of his ministry.

We do not require to trace here at any length Dr Alexander as a preacher, teacher, controversialist, and scholar. Mr Ross gives a clear and interesting account of the story of the work and life of Dr Alexander as minister, trainer of theological students, the man of learning, the student of science and philosophy, with glimpses of his inner spiritual life, as well as his family and social life, which was genial. Indeed, although often in controversy, when he relaxed himself from his multifarious duties, he was inimitable as a teller of bright and sparkling stories, and he was ever ready with racy anecdote. Out of much material, Mr Ross has made a judicious selection, and the portraiture given of the Doctor, as he was generally called by his people and students, is said to be strikingly exact. He was eminently a man, the charm of whose character lay to a large extent in the impressive, dignified, though kindly manner which he carried with him into the discharge of his professional duties, and which made itself apparent in his private and social relations, but never so as to become in any way objectionable. It was clear to all that his manner was not the result of any studied coldness, but the outcome of natural reserve and even modesty, which, however, could not long subdue the latent kindness of heart that overspread his face in sunny smiles and rippling laughter. A scholar, he continued to keep up his scholarship; a student of the Bible, he became renowned for his expository powers, St Andrews honou-

ing him with the degree of D.D., and Edinburgh with that of LL.D. ; fond of philosophy and ethics, he grew more addicted to their study as the years rolled on ; a teacher of Divine truth, these years were full of work done in training young men in the Theological Hall to preach Christ, and his congregation to live the life of faith. Evidence is afforded of his tenderness, devotion of spirit, and playfulness in his Latin translations of Scotch songs and other pieces in English, Greek, and Latin verse. A number of the hymns given by Mr Ross are taken from "Hymns for Christian Worship," compiled by Dr Alexander for the use of his congregation, others have a place in various congregational hymn-books, while some have been printed in the *Sunday Magazine*, and several are from his own manuscript. The hymn "The Aged Believer" has been published separately by Mr James Taylor, Edinburgh, and has been set to music by Messrs Paterson & Son.

Principal Donaldson, LL.D., St Andrews, whose eminence as a scholar, and his friendly association with Dr Alexander, enable him to speak of his deceased friend with special knowledge, furnishes interesting details of the character and attainments of our poet. These occupy a portion of the "Biography," and therein he refers as follows to Dr Alexander's delight in writing verses, both English and Latin. "In English, indeed, it was not songs but hymns that he wrote, in some of which he had been very successful. Accordingly, when I required a poetical translation of the hymns of Clemens Alexandrinus for the Ante-Nicene Library, I applied to him, and he produced most excellent versions. He also devoted a few of his spare hours to Latin verses, and collecting them together he printed them privately, and dedicated them to the Hellenic Society. Occasionally he takes a liberty with the quantity, but this is rare, and on

the whole they show great command of the language and poetical power, and he was very happy in his translations from Burns into mediæval Latin rhymes. He kept up this literary amusement to the end, and one of his last communications to me was a translation of Burns' song, 'Willie brewed a peck o' maut.'"

#### THE AGED BELIEVER AT THE GATE OF HEAVEN.

I'm kneeling at the threshold, weary, faint, and sore,  
Waiting for the dawning, for the opening of the door ;  
Waiting till the Master shall bid me rise and come  
To the glory of His presence, to the gladness of His home.

A weary path I've travelled, 'mid darkness, storm, and strife,  
Bearing many a burden—struggling for my life ;  
But now the morn is breaking, my toil will soon be o'er ;  
I'm kneeling at the threshold, my hand is on the door.

Methinks I hear the voices of the blessed as they stand  
Singing in the sunshine of the sinless land ;  
Oh ! would that I were with them, amid their shining throng,  
Mingling in their worship, joining in their song !

The friends that started with me have enter'd long ago ;  
One by one they left me, struggling with the foe ;  
Their pilgrimage was shorter, their triumph sooner won—  
How lovingly they'll hail me when my toil is done !

With them the blessed angels, that know nor grief nor sin ;  
I see them by the portals, prepared to let me in !  
O Lord, I wait Thy pleasure, Thy time and way are best ;  
But I'm wasted, worn, and weary—O Father, bid me rest.

#### THE AGED SAINT ENTERING HEAVEN.

At length the door is opened, and free from pain and sin,  
With joy and gladness on his head, the pilgrim enters in ;  
The Master bids him welcome, and on the Father's breast,  
By loving arms enfolded, the weary is at rest.

The pilgrim's staff is left behind, behind the sword, the shield,  
The armour dimmed and dented on many a hard-fought field ;  
His now the shining palace, the garden of delight,  
The palm, the robe, the diadem, the glory ever bright !

The blessed angels round him, amid heaven's hallowed calm,  
With harp and voice are lifting up the triumph of their psalm ;

" All glory to the Holy One, the Infinite I Am,  
Whose grace redeems the fallen ! Salvation to the Lamb !

" Another Son of Adam's race, through Jesu's loving might,  
Hath crossed the waste, hath reached the goal, hath vanquished  
in the fight.

Hail, brother, hail ! we welcome thee, join in our sweet accord,  
Lift up the burden of our song ! Salvation to the Lord ! "

And now from out the glory, the living cloud of light,  
The old familiar faces come beaming on his sight ;  
The early lost, the ever loved, the friends of long ago,  
Companions of his conflicts and pilgrimage below.

They parted here in weakness, and suffering, and gloom ;  
They meet amid the freshness of heaven's immortal bloom ;  
Henceforth in ever-during bliss to wander, hand in hand,  
Beside the living waters of the still and sinless land.

Oh ! who can tell the rapture of those to whom 'tis given  
Thus to renew the bonds of earth amid the bliss of heaven ?  
Thrice blessed be His holy name, who, for our fallen race,  
Hath purchased, by His bitter pains, such plenitude of grace.

" I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAYS."

Always on *Earth* !—oh, no !  
Like dark Cocytus river ;  
'Mid scenes of pain and woe,  
To wander on for ever ?  
Oh no !

Always on *Earth* !—to mark  
Its hurrying scenes of sorrow,  
And feel my soul grow dark,  
Yet hope for no to-morrow ?  
Oh no !

Always on *Earth* !—to see  
The loved and lovely perish ;  
Till, like a wasted tree,  
I had no bud to cherish ?  
Oh no !

Always on *Earth* !—to wear  
The warrior's harness ever,  
The racer's toil to share,  
Yet reach his triumph never ?  
Oh no !

No ! there's a better land,  
 A nobler prospect given—  
 A seat at God's right hand,  
 A calm repose in heaven.  
 And there,

*There would my spirit rest,  
 'Mid bowers of light and gladness,  
 And, with Emmanuel blest,  
 Lose every sense of sadness !  
 Yes, there !*

## BEREAVEMENT.

I once possessed a flower—  
 A little flower, which grew beneath my eye,  
 And cheered me with its beauty, and the balm  
 Of its sweet fragrance poured upon my heart,  
 Awhile it seemed to thrive, and, to the sun  
 Spreading its velvet petals, each new morn  
 It gave fresh pledge of vigour, while to me,  
 With its bright smiling eye upturn'd to mine,  
 It ever seem'd to thank me for my love.  
 Thus day by day it grew, and day by day  
 My love grew with it ; till one gloomy eve  
 The tempest rose and beat upon my flower.  
 Before the furious blast it stoop'd its head,  
 Cowering and shivering as it fain would 'scape  
 The ruthless pelting of the heavy drops  
 That sought to dash its beauty in the dust.  
 All through that anxious night I watched my flower,  
 And sought with loving hand to hold it up  
 And give it shelter ; but in vain ; ere morn,  
 All torn and dabbled on the pitiless soil  
 It lay ; yet, smiling, bade me hope.  
 And I *did* hope—hoped on in spite of fear,  
 Till hope became the parent of belief -  
 When suddenly a dark form pass'd  
 Between my flower and me, and pluck'd it up—  
 Up by the very roots. In grief and wrath  
 I started up, when lo ! with sudden change  
 The ruthless plunderer put on a form  
 Of more than earthly beauty, and the smile  
 Of a calm love play'd o'er his sunny face.  
 I might not choose but gaze ; and as I gazed,  
 Spreading his glist'ning wings I saw him rise  
 And soar with rapid flight, in his kind hand  
 Bearing with gentle grasp my little flower.  
 Upward he flew and on, until at length  
 I saw him plant my flower in that fair clime



Where suns for ever shine and no storm comes—  
 There now it grows, fed by immortal dew,  
 Close by God's throne ; and now no longer mine,  
 'Tis His ; while I look up and see it smile,  
 And dry my tears and say, " 'Tis better thus. '

#### THE LAST WISH.

No more, no more of the cares of time !  
 Speak to me now of that happy clime,  
 Where the ear never lists to the sufferer's moan  
 And sorrow and care are all unknown :  
 Now when my pulse beats faint and slow,  
 And my moments are numbered here below,  
 With thy soft, sweet voice, my sister, tell  
 Of that land where my spirit longs to dwell.

Oh yes ! let me hear of its blissful bowers,  
 And its trees of life, and its fadeless flowers ;  
 Of its crystal streets, and its radiant throng,  
 With their harps of gold, and their endless song ;  
 Of its glorious palms, and its raiment white,  
 And its streamlets all lucid with living light ;  
 And its emerald plains, where the ransom'd stray,  
 'Mid the bloom and the bliss of a changeless day.

And tell me of those who are resting there,  
 Far from sorrow and free from care—  
 The loved of my soul, who passed away  
 In the roseate bloom of their early day ;  
 Oh ! are they not bending around me now,  
 Light in each eye, and joy on each brow,  
 Waiting until my spirit fly,  
 To herald me home to my rest on high ?

Thus, thus, sweet sister, let me hear  
 Thy loved voice fall on my listening ear,  
 Like the murmur of streams in that happy grove,  
 That circles the home of our early love ;  
 And so let my spirit calmly rise,  
 From the loved upon earth to the blest in the skies,  
 And lose the sweet tones I have loved so long  
 In the glorious burst of the heavenly song.

#### GRUEL.

A wind from the north  
 Came over the Forth,  
 Biting and blasting and cruel ;

So I went to my bed  
 With a cold in my head  
 After taking a basin of gruel.

All through the night  
 In sorrowful plight  
 In vain I attempted to slumber  
 I found no repose,  
 For from my poor nose  
 Came sneeze after sneeze without number.

I tumbled and toss'd  
 Till my temper I lost,  
 And the heat brought a nice perspiration ;  
 As this over me broke  
 I slept, and then woke  
 In a state of immense jubilation.

So I cast off the sheet,  
 And rose to my feet,  
 And washed, and was bright as a jewel.  
 And now I declare  
 There is no sort of fare  
 Half so good for a cold as hot gruel.

#### JOYFUL EXPECTATION.

Hallelujah ! note of gladness  
 Which the choirs above prolong !  
 There no sense of sin or sadness  
 Murs the music of their song ;  
 Strains of triumph  
 Burst from all that blessed throng.

Hallelujah ! here in sorrow  
 Oft our notes of triumph die,  
 And from earth our spirits borrow  
 Clouds which darken all our sky ;  
 But the dawning  
 Of a griefless day is nigh.

Hallelujah ! though our dwelling  
 Here 'mid Kedar's tents is found,  
 Let our voices, gladly swelling,  
 Echo back to heaven the sound,  
 Till the anthem  
 Roll the universe around.

Hallelujah ! realms of glory !  
 Ye shall hear our worthier strains,  
 When we sing redemption's story  
 Where redemption's Author reigns ;  
 There for ever  
 Free from sins, and fears, and pains.



PATRICK PROCTOR ALEXANDER, M.A.,

**A**N accomplished literary critic and an able philosophic writer, as well as a poet of tender grace, was born in 1823 at St Andrews, where his father was long Professor of Greek. He was educated at the Madras College and at St Andrews University, and his love for the ancient town of his birth grew with every year of his life. We are informed by the writer of a loving memorial paper in the *People's Friend*, that he there formed a life-long friendship with the late Principal Tulloch, and there his genial humour and his kindly wit made him a valued member of the Clubs, while his love of golf and his physical strength made him a constant and a welcome sight on the course. To the end he loved the good old game, and when, a few weeks before his death, no longer able to follow the ball, he, like Dr Robert Chalmers, "hirpled" with the players, though unable to wield his club. "Than St Andrews," says the writer already referred to, "perhaps there is no town on Scottish soil more likely to rouse in the bosom of a Scotchman a deep patriotism and a passionate love for the nationality, the heroism, and the chivalry of Scotland. . . . Does not the very spirit of its independence cry aloud from its ruined walls ? It is teeming with history. Cardinal *Beaton*, Archbishop Sharp, Patrick Hamilton, Andrew

Melville, sturdy Knox, beautiful Mary Queen of Scots—each and all people our dreams there.” Among such associations as these in the “little city worn and grey,” passed Patrick Alexander’s boyhood and youth. Its traditions sank deep into his mind, and went to form his impressions and mould his poetic soul.

Mr Alexander’s start with the practical concerns of life was evidently a mistake. His own wish was for the profession of arms, but, as we are informed by Mr Hodgson, of West Park, Cupar-Fife—who knows much of his career, and wrote an able critical article on his talents and attainments—the decree went forth that he should try his fortune among the commeroes of Glasgow. This arrangement was utterly distasteful to him, and he had no natural aptitude and less liking for such a career. With his fine physique he would have been a splendid soldier. He looked the part of Mars, as well as felt it, and the literature of battle and adventure was his favourite perusal through life. Five and twenty years ago he dropped out of the commercial world, and, in a sense, never took his place in the battle of life again, although for a time he was examiner in philosophy to the University of St Andrews. His resolutions for a while were indeterminate. The bent of his mind was distinctly literary, therefore, although he was humility itself as regarded his own capacities, he frequently indulged in fugitive contributions to the columns of the *Weekly Citizen*, whose conductor, Dr Hedderwick, still living, was Alexander’s sole contemporary in the West out of the remote past. While in Glasgow, we are informed by the writer of a warm tribute to his memory in the *Scotsman* of the day following his death, he spent much of his time with Alexander Smith and others in a society that is described in his charming sketch of Smith prefixed to the “Last Leaves.” He must then have written a great deal, but much of it is buried in

the now irrecoverable files of an extinct newspaper. He destroyed many manuscripts shortly before his death, which took place in Edinburgh, at the residence of his sister, in November, 1886. In sadness of spirit he survived most of his Edinburgh literary circle—James Hannay, Alexander Smith, Dr Findlater, and others; and as friend after friend departed, his figure grew pathetic and springless. The death of Principal Tulloch, only a few months previous to his own demise, at last overthrew him altogether. As Mr Hodgson touchingly writes:—"That memorable scene in St Andrews Burying-ground, when all that was mortal of the beloved Principal was laid to rest, had no more pitiable spectacle in it than poor Alexander in picturesque thrall of grief. Alone he stood in dejection, regarding the mournful activities over the bier of his class-fellow long ago, as if in envy of the rest that was not yet his, and tired utterly with the ever-increasing despoiling of his already displenished affections. He said little, as his manner was when inwardly in flame; but the observer noticed a great age in Alexander's looks as he wended his way at snail's pace from the tombs by the sea, as if he had added to himself a sum of years which he was perfectly willing to take for granted—if only Tulloch's eternal quietude could be shared." The sonnet on "Rest" grew out, we are told, of a close companionship he had with an ivory mask copy of the dead face of Dante which lay among his pipes and tobacco ashes on the mantelpiece in his "diggings" in Pitt Street—a souvenir that he much cherished of the author of the "Life Drama." It is worthy of note that in Smith's last illness, Alexander was most devoted to him, and nursed him like a brother. Unique in many ways, he was unique in the possession of a tender grace that was always concealing itself, or when at work was moving about in chosen obscurity. His universal pity fastened its

preference on the weak, the unfortunate, and the young. His "True Story for Little Children" in "Christmas Gleams," 1884 (Glasgow: David Bryce & Son), shows how he could lisp in their own prattle to infant years. It is modelled upon Wordsworth's "Pet Lamb," and Bishop Wordsworth says "it is as good" as his uncle's ballad.

At one time he was an occasional contributor to the *Scotsman*. His best-known writings are "Mill and Carlyle" and "Moral Causation," the efforts of "amused leisure." These are full of humour and subtle thinking—the parody of Carlyle is admirable, and under the guise of parody much serious criticism is concealed. Mr Hodgson tells us, in regard to his work "Sauertig," by "Smelfungus," republished a few years ago by Messrs Maclehose, Glasgow, that Swinburne has said that it is "one of the few masterly satires in the English language." Without doubt it contains the evidence of the many-sidedness of his mental resource, and its agile repartee, rollicking humour, and icy cynicism, together with its sub-current of scarcely-veiled humanity and piety, will long preserve it fresh in the spontaneous and manly literature of the time. He was phenomenal, however, for other than metaphysical originality. He shared with Lord Rosslyn the gift of writing the Petrarchan stanza as successfully as any contemporary poet. A clever little work on "Spiritualism," an article in the "Encyclopædia Britannica" on "Golf," and some inimitable biographies in "Chambers's Encyclopædia," with a number of poems which were printed in his latter days, and which show a mastery of composition, indicating that there have been many more only known to friends, comprise the bulk of his literary labours. A writer in the *Scotsman* says:—"He attached little value to these pieces, and we do not suppose he had any collection of them; but as

they appeared he was in the habit of sending them, frequently accompanied by satirical, cynical, critical, and depreciatory remarks upon their 'wretchedness,' to some of his friends, who, setting greater store upon them than he himself did, have preserved them. Several of his sonnets appeared in *Fraser's Magazine*, when it was under the editorship of his old school and college companion and lifelong friend, the late Principal Tulloch. Others appeared in the *Spectator*. Many of his verses, specially translations from Horace, and fugitive pieces which, perhaps, had been written in his youth, were every now and again dug up from some old Glasgow or other newspaper, or written down from memory and printed in the *Fifehire Journal*, often (showing the innate drollery of the man) under the initials of his fast friend the editor, Mr William Hodgson. Others were sent to another friend, 'Orion,' and appeared in his 'Tangled Talk,' in the *Glasgow Evening*, and subsequently *Weekly*, *Citizen*. Many of them, the property of his friend, Mr William Tod of St Mary's Mount, Peebles, are before us at present, and bear ample evidence of the eminence he might have attained had he cared to cultivate the art."

That he had it in him to do much more was evident to every one that came across him. His conversation showed that his critical power and his humour were great; but he could not be persuaded to make any serious use of them. This partly arose from a somewhat indolent disposition, and partly from the feeling, which was evidently very strong in him, that it really mattered very little to other people what he said or did, or whether, indeed, he ever said or did anything at all. He wrote entirely to relieve his own mind about something he had chosen to take an interest in, generally of a rather out-of-the-way kind. "Enough of fools," he used to remark, "were at work writing *already* without his joining the number as not unlikely

to prove that he was the biggest of the lot." Perhaps, also, the feeling that he had not altogether succeeded in making the best of life, had more to do with this than was seen on the surface; but if this were so it was never allowed to appear. In all that concerned himself he wore the aspect of philosophic humorous indifference. In all that concerned his friends, indifference was replaced by warm-hearted interest. His disregard of the conventional aims and customs of life, his careless dress, and his enjoyment of any manner of company that pleased his sense of humour, must have made him appear to many as a typical Bohemian. If so, he was only a denizen of Bohemia in its kindlier aspects; for he was ever singularly scrupulous in all his relations to others; his manners were always marked by a courtesy which sometimes became dignified. In his prime he was a handsome, striking figure, and to the last the sharp well-cut features and the half keen, half weary expression of the close-set eyes gave his face an air of distinction. It is to be regretted that so little remains of his noble poems of humour and thought, and the hope may well be expressed that diligence will be used by some one in recovering his anonymous gems that are in the pages of magazines or the files of newspapers.

## S L E E P .

Come to me now ! O come ! benignant sleep !  
 And fold me up as evening doth a flower,  
 From my vain self, and vain things which have power  
 Upon my soul to make me smile or weep.  
 And when Thou comest, oh, like Death be deep—  
 No dreamy boon have I of thee to crave,  
 More than may come to him that in his grave  
 Is heedless of the night-winds how they sweep.  
 I have not in me half that cause of sorrow  
 Which is in thousands who must not complain ;  
 And yet this moment if it could be mine  
 To lapse and pass in sleep, and so resign  
 All that must yet be borne of joy and pain,  
 I scarcely know if I would wake to-morrow.



## D E A T H .

Death ! I have heard thee in the summer noon  
 Mix thy weird whisper with the breath of flowers :  
 And I have heard thee oft in jocund hours,  
 Speak in the festal tones of music boon—  
 Not seldom thou art with me late and soon,  
 Whether the waves of life are dancing bright,  
 Or, dead to joy of thought, and sound, and sight,  
 My world lies all distraught and out of tune.

But most—in lone drear hours of undelight,  
 When sleep consents not to be child of choice,  
 And shuddering at its own dread stillness, Night,  
 Hung like a pall of choky dampness round,  
 Makes Silence' self to counterfeit a sound—  
 Methinks it is thine own authentic voice.

## THROUGH THE LONG SLEEPLESS NIGHT.

Through the long sleepless night I lie  
 In musings dark and lone,  
 And listen to the solemn sea ;  
 Its immemorial moan,  
 The solemn voice that rises from  
 The long lash of the wave—  
 It moaned about my cradle,  
 It shall moan about my grave—  
 For ever and for ever  
 It shall moan about my grave.  
 It moans round all the shores of earth ;  
 It has moaned through all my life ;  
 A life which more and more becomes  
 A worn and idle strife.  
 Alone, alone, it seems to groan ;  
 Alone, alone, alone !  
 Alone we live, alone we die ;  
 We live and die alone !  
 So sobs to me the solemn sea,  
 With its immemorial moan.  
 This solemn voice which rises from  
 The blind and battling wave—  
 It moaned about my cradle,  
 Let it moan about my grave—  
 For ever and for ever  
 Let it moan about my grave.  
 This weary wail which rises from  
 Mad tumults of the wave,  
 I heard it in my cradle,  
 I shall hear it in my grave.

## BANNOCKBURN.

Five hundred years ! since the same peaceful sky  
 Which bends above these peaceful fields and sees  
 The corn about the scattered villages  
 Mellowing, as fruited Autumn ripens nigh,  
 Saw here the blaze of arms, and heard the cry  
 Of mighty nations like a sound of seas,  
 Go thundering hourly up, by proud defiles,  
 To the full roar of Scotland's victory.

Yet still that shout the gifted sense may hear ;  
 Yea, while one Scottish foot shall tread the ground,  
 Each wandering aim that stirs and whispers near,  
 Each swelling hill and conscious mountain round,  
 Shall keep for the imaginative ear  
 Triumphant echoes of the immortal sound.

## AFTER THE BATTLE OF ALMA.

Oh ! wae's me now ! I canna greet,  
 Though a' my heart is sair—  
 My heid is stounin' wi' a grief  
 I canna, canna bear.

Oh, a' the toun's gane wud wi' joy ;  
 But ilka step I gae  
 I see my laddie lying deid  
 Half up the bluidy brae.

And oh ! to hear the cruel folk  
 A' cheerin', cheerin' sae,  
 And bonnie Donald lying deid  
 Half up the bluidy brae.

Oh ! slower, slower, weary bells !  
 It's slower ye sud gae  
 For bonnie Donald lying deid  
 Half up the bluidy brae.

Oh, gin I could but greet, but greet,  
 Though still my heart were sair,  
 The deid bells stounin' at my heid  
 I maybe maist could bear.

## REST.

Rest ! rest ! so long unhappy—happy now ;  
 I will have faith in death, that his great signs,  
 The sleep upon the face, the tender lines,

The long lost peace come back upon the brow,  
 Lie not like life—false as a strumpet's vow.  
 In this still dream, which heightens and refines,  
 Somewhat with solemn cheer, the soul divine,  
 Of blessing sent we know not whence or how.  
 But now the world, with harsh and shallow noise,  
 Frets thine ear—deaf : thou sleep'st and never more,  
 As in the waste of desolate years before,  
 With sad eyes up to heaven, shalt crave relief  
 From earth's vain round of most unmeaning joys  
 And griefs which want all dignity of grief.

## FIRESIDE.

The pur-pur-purring of my lonely fire  
 As of a creature pleased, for me this night,  
 Beloved of gentle thoughts, hath strange delight,  
 And as its voice and warmth do win me higher,  
 Forth from my breast is gone all vain desire—  
 Which souls may cherish in their own despite—  
 Of fame, or meaner wealth, or worldly might,  
 And I have breath in humbler air, yet higher.

A world of household peace is in this sound,  
 A sound in many a home now haply heard,  
 Like intermitted warblings of a bird  
 Between the shouts of happy children round ;  
 Let not in me so stern a heart be found,  
 But thinking thus it should be gently stirred.

## OUR POET.

I wander where the river strays,  
 Through woods asleep in pearly haze,  
 With quiet nooks, where earliest peer  
 The firstlings of the dawning year.  
 I feel, but scarcely seem to share,  
 This sense which haunts the happy air  
 Of young life stirring everywhere ;  
 For ever at my heart of hearts  
 A pulse of nameless trouble starts.  
 I watch this tender April sky,  
 I see its aimless clouds go by,  
 I gaze, and gaze, and only think—  
 It would have pleased our Poet's eye.  
 From his low nest the glad lark springs,  
 And soars, and soaring ever, flings  
 Blythe music from his restless wings.

Though all the air he trembling pleased,  
 The unquiet soul is nothing eased ;  
 I hear with scarce the heart to hear  
 That carol, ringing quick and clear ;  
 I hear, and hearing only think  
 It would have pleased our Poet's ear.

His ears are shut from happy sound ;  
 His eyes are softly sealed ;  
 The oft-trod old familiar ground,  
 The hill, the wood, the field ;  
 This path which most he loved that runs  
 Far up the shining river,  
 Through all the course of summer-time  
 He treads no more for ever.

#### A TRUE STORY FOR CHILDREN.

I stood upon the mountain top, with Hugh\* and James and John,  
 Of these four blythe young hearts, on earth, there now remains  
 but one ;

And as we stumbled down the rocks, amidst our very feet,  
 As seemed from out the rock itself, there came a faint, sad bleat.

And, looking all about, we found—fallen in a rocky cleft—  
 Its Mother wandered far away—a little Lamb was left.  
 Ah ! surely that poor Mother, with many a piteous cry,  
 Wailed to the winds before she left her little Lamb to die.

Said Hugh, that man of tender heart, "God bless the dear wee  
 Lambie !—

Fau'n into sic a gruesome pit, an' left by its ain Mammie.  
 The puir bit thing's maist starved, ye see—we canna leave it  
 here—

Let's try't among the ither sheep ; they'll nurse it up, nae fear."

He took it in his tander arms, and bore it down the hill ;  
 The Lamb within his tender arms lay nestling close and still ;  
 And it seemed to Hugh, the kindly man,—so did he think and  
 feel—

Its sad, soft, yearning eyes to his put up a mute appeal

We set it down among the sheep ; of its Mother's aid bereft  
 The Lamb among these Sheep was lone—as in that rocky cleft—  
 Alone among its own race round—each Lamb had its own  
 Mother ;

Each Mother had her own dear Lamb—no heart for any other.

\* Hugh Macdonald, author of "Rambles Round Glasgow," &c.

For kindly help of Sheep, as seemed, on the bleak mountain side,  
That night, the prey of wolvis winds, the little Lamb had died.  
Sad fate for this un-mothered Lamb—to almost ask a tear—  
To perish lonely in the night, with all these Mothers near.

Not so—for now—what wisest man this mystery comprehends ?  
Cast out by its own kind, this Lamb clung to its human friends ;  
And as, to leave it loth, we turned and down the mountain  
went,  
It came, and, bleating at our heels, it trotted well content.

Just like a little dog it came, and trotted close behind ;  
It would not leave these Christian folk, that had to it been  
kind ;  
With wisdom in its little heart, beyond all human ken,  
It left the heartless ways of Sheep, and followed ways of Men.

The shepherd at the Mountain-base we met, and what befell  
We told ; the wondering shepherd considered all was well ;  
It seemed to that good shepherd, on that fair summer day,  
That, if the Lamb would follow us, the Lamb should have its  
way.

And thus the Lamb became our own ; no evil man could say  
We stole the Lamb that followed us through half that summer  
day.  
For still—ah ! sure, a touching thing for him who thinks and  
feels—  
This Lamb, just like a little dog, kept trotting at our heels.

Through all that summer afternoon, and as we homeward went,  
The little Lamb still followed us, and seemed right well content.  
Where'er we went the little Lamb came trotting close behind ;  
It would not leave these Christian folk, that had to it been kind.

And when it stopped to nibble grass, and—its little nibblings o'er—  
Looked up and found us gone from it some thirty yards before ;  
Ah ! then, with little pleading bleats, and many an eager bound,  
It galloped up to overtake the friends that it had found.

And thus, that summer eventide, full fifteen miles or more,  
This little Lambkin followed us, till we reached our Cottage door.  
And in that kindly Cottage, thence never more to roam,  
This little wandered Lambkin found a welcome and a Home.

And in that kindly Cottage Home, this Lamb, without a Mother,  
In two dear little children found a Sister and a Brother.  
And thrice a day, with milk and bread, they fed it from a can,  
Till the little Lamb grew strong and brisk, and frisked, and  
jumped, and ran.

It ran, and gaily frisked, and jumped, and butted with its head,  
 And all their kindly care of it with its gambols well repaid ;—  
 For, as to these two children who thus the Lamb did tend,—  
 How could they else have found so dear a playmate and a Friend?

These children, with their little Lamb, in the sunny noon at  
 play—

A happier sight you could not see on a happy summer day !  
 These little children with their Lamb at sport upon the green—  
 More innocent and pretty sight could scarce!y well be seen.

The Cobbler is the mountain called on which this Lamb was  
 found ;

And when a sky-blue collar about its neck was bound ;  
 Upon the sky-blue collar, which did its throat enfold,  
 This quaint device—"The Cobbler"—was worked in strands of  
 gold.

So the little Cobbler flourished here,—and very sure I am  
 There scarce could be on all the earth a happier little Lamb ;—  
 Till one sad day it went astray, and down by the road-side  
 A fierce, bad dog so worried it that the little Cobbler died.

The little Cobbler died, alas ! and over its little bier,  
 From two pairs of childish eyes was shed the grace of a Christian  
 tear.

#### MORAL.

And now, my pretty Madge, for whom this quite true tale I tell,  
 The lesson which it well may teach, dear Madgie ! think of it  
 well.—  
 Where'er in this bewildered world your little feet may stray,  
 For love of the good Lord Christ, be kind to all poor Lambs  
 astray ;  
 And should ever you find a little Lamb thus fallen into a cleft,  
 Though left by its own, own Mother, may it not by you be left.



## ALEXANDER DEWAR,

**A**UTHOR of a volume entitled "Goodwon and other Poems" published in 1857 (London: Partridge & Co.), was born at Crathie, Aberdeenshire, about 1822. By steady plodding, determined resolution, and unwearied perseverance amidst unfavourable circumstances, he struggled hard to become a minister, and prepared himself to enter Glasgow College, at which, and at the Evangelical Union Hall, he nearly completed his curriculum. Then followed a successful time of missionary work at Dunfermline. Difficulties being in the way of further progress, we find him at Liverpool engaged in active business. Here, in hasty moments, snatched from the teeth of time, he managed to contribute to the newspapers and magazines, and issued his little volume of poetry, which went through two editions. Soon after publishing, he settled in Ormskirk as a Congregationalist minister. Resigning this charge, Mr Dewar had another appointment, and his labours were being much blessed when he was struck down by fever in the midst of a season of special services. The doctors recommended a change to his native hills, which advice was acted on, but soon after he caught cold, and died in July 1883. The chief aim of his poetry was to cherish a love for the true and the beautiful in Nature, in principle, and in character. His temperance songs are peculiarly fervent and melodious, and we have no doubt that, in his own words, he has been fortunate enough to "prompt a benevolent wish, stir a generous impulse, strengthen a good resolution, cherish a love for truth, foster a confiding trust in Providence, or fan in any breast a flame of hot burning hate to alcoholic drinks and all their attendant vices and *devastating evils.*"

## THE WINE-CUP.

We'll drink no more the wine-cup,  
 We'll taste no more the wine-cup,  
 We'll touch no more the wine-cup  
 While light and life remain.

Ah, once its spell was o'er us,  
 From all that's good it tore us,  
 And hellward fast it bore us,  
 But it wont do so again.  
 We'll drink no more, etc.

Its galling chains were round us,  
 Its burning fetters bound us,  
 And deep in misery drowned us,  
 But it wont do so again.  
 We'll drink no more, etc.

We'll teach the young to shun it,  
 We'll show them we have done it,  
 And ever look upon it  
 With horror and disdain.  
 We'll drink no more, etc.

We'll use our best endeavour  
 Poor drunkards to deliver,  
 And banish drink for ever  
 Far from earth's wide domain.  
 We'll drink no more, etc.

## THE WIFE O' GOWRIE.

O Willie was as brave a swain  
 As ever stepped on hill or plain,  
 You would not find his like again  
 In a' the Carse o' Gowrie.

His manners won fair Mary's heart—  
 He sought her hand with guileless art,  
 And they were joined, no more to part,  
 As man and wife in Gowrie.

He made her mistress o' his hame  
 And all that heart could wish or name—  
 His kindness gave till she became  
 The happiest wife in Gowrie.

O blythe and sunny was the spot  
 Where stood their sweet wood-sheltered cot,



A scene more flowery fair was not  
In a' the Carse o' Gowrie.

If fair without 'twas bliss within—  
True love presided o'er the scene—  
A happier home had never been  
Within the Carse o' Gowrie.

Time passed—and Willie's heart was changed—  
From home he daily grew estranged,  
For social scenes and drink he ranged  
E'en half the Carse o' Gowrie.

A thousand wrongs his Mary bore,  
But this her heart in pieces tore—  
She dwined, she sank, and spoke no more,  
The bonnie wife o' Gowrie.

“HE HAS A DRUNKEN FATHER.”

Why stands that youth with downcast eye  
In garments mean and torn?  
Why do the neighbours pass him by  
With silent looks of scorn?

Why is he shunned by other boys  
When play calls them together?  
He must forego their merry joys—  
“He has a drunken father.”

Why is he sent to work for bread  
Ere his eighth year's completed?  
His fondest schemes of heart and head  
By penury defeated.

Why must he toil from day to day  
When school should claim him rather  
He must not learn to read or pray—  
“He has a drunken father.”

God speed the time when vice and crime,  
Caused by the drinking system,  
Shall flee our land and every clime  
That's cursed by such a custom!

Then children all each right shall share  
That round the virtuous gathers,  
And earth no more such monsters bear  
As lazy drunken fathers.

## THE BARLEY BREE.

O custom strong has sanctioned long  
 The drinking of the barley bree,  
 Now better light has cleaved the night  
 That shrouded then such revelry.  
 We'll drink no more, we'll taste no more,  
 While life and reason light our e'e,  
 The trees may grow and rivers flow,  
 But we'll ne'er taste the barley bree.

The march of right has cleared our sight,  
 And opened wide our eyes to see  
 That serpent vile which did beguile  
 Our fathers in their barley bree.  
 We'll drink no more, &c.

They dreamed not then what now is plain,  
 And clearly seen by every e'e—  
 The greatest ill that man can feel  
 Arises from the barley bree.  
 We'll drink no more, &c.

The moon may rise and fill the skies  
 With light serene and silvery,  
 And like her beams in mildness seems  
 The mind that's free from barley bree.  
 We'll drink no more, &c.

## HILLS, HILLS.

Hills, hills, hills,  
 And mountains towering high ;  
 Hills, hills, hills,  
 Leap up and brave the sky.  
 Far to the northward, see !  
 Rising so loftily,  
 The peaks of Benachie,  
 Frowning majestic.  
 O'er many a mount and strath,  
 O'er many a streamlet's path,  
 Towers high the Tap O Noth,  
 Conic and crest-like.

'Mid hills, hills, hills,  
 And many a fruitful plain ;  
 Hills, hills, hills,  
 Where health and plenty reign.  
 Nearer in sunshine glare,  
 Broad, rugged, bleak, and bare,

Rises the Hill of Fair,  
 Furrowed with fountains.  
 Pressing the left again,  
 See, the Grampian chain,  
 Stretching from main to main,  
 Bulwark of mountains.

On hills, hills, hills,  
 On rivers, lakes, and streams ;  
 Hills, hills, hills,  
 The brilliant sunshine gleams.  
 High in this range are seen,  
 O'er many of lofty mien,  
 Clochnaben and Mont Keen,  
 Shading the lowlands.  
 Westward tow'ring higher far,  
 O'er the mountains of Braemar,  
 See the dusky Lochnagar!  
 Monarch of snow-lands !

'Mong hills, hills, hills,  
 And many a deep ravine ;  
 Hills, hills, hills,  
 Lo ! Morven and Culbleen !  
 With Ben A'n and Cairngorm,  
 And Benmacdhui's mighty form,  
 Tow'ring high like giants o'er 'em,  
 Heavenward soaring ;  
 Looking up with hallowed air,  
 As in attitude of prayer,  
 To the God who placed them there,  
 His wisdom adoring.

“ IF THOU CANST SING.”

“ If thou canst sing, though left alone,  
 From hawk and fowler undefended :  
 Why may not I, with grateful tone,  
 Though homeless now and unbefriended

“ Thou hast no other home but this  
 Wild woodland, for thy lonely dwelling  
 Yet thou art not devoid of bliss,  
 I hear thy numbers sweetly telling.

“ Here thou canst live in love and peace,  
 Far from the tumult of the city,  
 Where vice and discord never cease,  
 In hearts devoid of love and pity.

“Thou canst not penetrate beyond  
The confines of thy present being;  
Eternity's mysterious round,  
Is hid for ever from thy seeing.

“This life is but a winter's day,  
Whose night is hastened on by sorrow;  
The darker now the tempests play,  
The brighter then will seem the morrow.

“The night of death will soon be come,  
(How welcome to this heart of sadness!)  
When I shall reach my heavenly home,  
Where reigns the light of love and gladness.

“Sing on, kind bird! Thy magic lay,  
Has soothed a heart by anguish riven;  
Rejoiced, I trace my pilgrim way,  
Right grateful for the song you've given.”



## M. W. FAIRBAIRN,

THE subject of this sketch, was born at Selkirk in 1825. In her tenth year her father was appointed to a situation under His Grace the Duke of Buccleuch at Bowhill, and the family removed to the lovely banks of the Yarrow. About six years afterwards he was made custodier of the keys of Newark Tower, and here in a rose-bedecked cottage, almost in the shade of the ruin—with a break of a few years, and until about seven years ago—her life has been spent. Here the Yarrow winds calmly and peacefully round the north side of the almost precipitous bank on which stands Newark, in the hoary beauty and peaceful grandeur of its old age. The Yarrow, owing, perhaps, rather to undefinable tradition than to positive history, has a sweet, sad interest connected with it, and the deep silence that reigns in summer, the wild and stern

grandeur of winter, the soft beauty of the "lasting hills," and the glory of "sunset at Newark," all had a powerful influence on the young girl's mind. Delicate health, which prevented active exertion, afforded ample opportunity for reading and for cultivating the poetic faculty with which she was endowed. With imagination, an ear for rhythm, and an ardent temperament, with a child-like faith, and the power of literary expression which a good education had given her, Margaret Waters Fairbairn was, when in her teens, regarded by all her friends as a poetess. She worked chiefly in the pathetic vein, although the humorous and the realistic sometimes found expression in her verse. It is but right to add, however, that by herself her talents were much underrated, and the consequence is that she destroyed much of the work of her early years.

Our poetess had just completed her nineteenth year when she became the wife of one of "the song-bird race of men"—a man of ardent, impulsive, and kindly nature, a writer of excellent songs (as noticed in our Fourth Series), a glorious singer of our national ditties, and with literary talents that might have raised him to eminence. We find him successively a factory worker in Selkirk, a baker in Edinburgh, in the railway service in Perthshire—now desiring to get up in the social scale and tempted to fret at the bars of the cage that circumscribed his motions, and again writing of the glory of the stars, the beauty of the flowers, and of the joys and sweets of domestic life—his partner sustaining him when about to sink, soothing him when fretting under difficulties and disappointments, and, withal, every now and then bringing to him another mouth to be fed. At last he resolved to strike out for himself and family another path. He had the power to charm men with song—he would *become* a vocalist. The wife and her children returned

to Newark, and many years afterwards, when her sons had grown into stalwart young men, cheering her by their upright manliness, we find her with calm and Christian resignation still in the paternal home—a comfort to the aged father and mother, whose sons had gone to other lands.

About twelve years ago the old matron died, and shortly after, the father, then in his eighty-third year, was appointed keeper of Melrose Abbey. His daughter acted as his assistant, until 1882, when he also went to his rest. Mrs Fairbairn then had the entire charge for about four years, when she removed to London, where she now resides.

As keeper of the Abbey she was, on account of her intelligence and courtesy, held in high esteem by tourists, and her work, "Melrose Abbey: with Notes Historical and Descriptive," is a charming little volume. It has given pleasing and accurate ideas of the famous ruin, and of the times in which it was built, to thousands of visitors from all parts of the world. In 1885 Mrs Fairbairn published a selection of her poetical productions in a neat volume, entitled "Songs of the Night" (London: Thomas Bosworth—Edinburgh: J. Menzies & Co.), which was very kindly received by the public and the press. Many of these "songs" possess quiet reflective grace, and pleasing touches of fancy, imagination, and natural tenderness.

#### B A B Y.

Baby with the laughing eyes,  
Waking thus in sweet surprise,  
Need they ask if thou canst love,  
Ray of light from heaven above?  
Nought but love could give the light  
In those eyes so blue and bright.

What strange lesson would'st thou teach,  
Had thy spirit power of speech?  
Would'st thou tell us thou art given,  
As a boon from highest Heaven,

To be cared for like the flower,  
Watered by the summer shower ?

Would'st thou tell us love doth grow,  
Like all other things below,  
Watered by the gentle tear,  
Should perversity appear ;  
Warmèd by the genial smile  
Of a soul devoid of guile ?

Would'st thou tell us there shall be  
In the blest eternity  
Highest love and holiest joy,  
Free from care, without alloy,  
Where the blessed still shall shine,  
With a radiance all divine ?

Would'st thou tell us children there  
Ever shall be young and fair ;  
Ever giving joy to those  
Who secure the blest repose ;  
That like children we must be  
Or lose the blest eternity ?

Sweetest baby calmly rest  
On thy gentle mother's breast ;  
Thou the floweret, she the flower,  
Decking thus my earthly bower ;  
Sweetest blessings from above,  
Proving well that "God is Love."

When the earthly time is passed,  
When hath blown the trumpet's blast,  
May you both, in peerless light,  
Have no fear of coming night !  
Life eternal dwells in thee,  
Sweet bud of immortality !

#### THE SINGER ASLEEP.

She is taking rest in sleep,  
Making ready for the song,  
Like the mighty ocean deep,  
Like the earth's broad surface long :  
She is sleeping, calmly sleeping !  
She is sleeping—peace be still !  
Making ready for the singing  
That Eternity shall fill !

She is wanted for the choir  
 Of the golden courts above,  
 With the tongue of living fire  
 To sing out that God is Love :  
 She is sleeping, etc.

We have seen, how fair the sight !—  
 And we think we see her now,  
 With those eyes of holy light,  
 And that calm and peaceful brow :  
 She is sleeping, etc.

And our wondering ears have heard  
 All the beauty of her song,  
 And our soul's deep joy been stirred,  
 And we cry " O Lord ! how long ?"  
 She is sleeping, etc.

Make us ready, Lord, to go  
 To the mansions of the blest,  
 With the dear one sleeping so,  
 Whom Thyself hath hushed to rest :  
 She is sleeping, etc.

#### THE ANGELS.

Angels are watching over the town,  
 Eagerly watching, love sent them down ;  
 Waiting upon us—beauteous are they—  
 Knowing that we are the children of day.

Angels are watching, vigils we keep ;  
 Loved ones are drooping therefore we weep ;  
 Love sends a message—" Watch ye and pray,  
 Death cannot hold them, the children of day."

Angels are watching evils, are rife,  
 Seeking to poison beautiful life—  
 Life that is given, given for aye ;  
 Boon of high heaven, ye children of day.

Angels are watching, aye, and they weep ;  
 Some are in fetters, drugged into sleep ;  
 " Keep, keep, thy brother, work while ye may,  
 Brighter your crowning, ye children of day."

Angels are watching, angels are nigh,  
 Eagerly catching the penitent's sigh ;  
 Quicker than lightning 'tis wafted away,  
 Heaven's joy bright'ning, ye children of day.



## BEREAVEMENT — HOPE.

The dark mountain passes, the torrent's wild roar ;  
 The loneliness vast of the desolate shore ;  
 The forest's deep shade, and the lightning's red gleam ;  
 The dark sullen flow of the treacherous stream ;  
 The night's silent hours, with no star in the sky ;  
 The wild barren heath, where no dwelling is nigh—  
 These, these all accord with the spirit's deep gloom ;  
 When the heart's best affections are laid in the tomb.

In vain we look back through the vista of years,  
 Our eyes are so blinded by torrents of tears ;  
 When father, and mother, and brothers are gone ;  
 The heart surges up with piteous moan :  
 And so lonely we feel when the crowd passes by,  
 The heart's only solace is then in a sigh ;  
 No ear there to catch it, 'tis wafted above,  
 It stirreth the bosom of Infinite Love.

And Hope is sent down with a smile like the morn,  
 To comfort the heart of the weeper forlorn :  
 'Tis charged with a beam from the glory afar ;  
 'Tis Love's gentle herald, Love's sweet morning star ;  
 It tells us our loved ones shall rise like the flowers,  
 'To life all unending, in Beauty's own bowers ;  
 It tells us that we shall with them pass away,  
 To swell out the glory of infinite day.

## FIRST LOVE.

There was a lad, I lo'ed him weel ;  
 And now tho' years hae rolled between,  
 My heart's wae duntin', I can feel,  
 When thinkin' on his slae-black een.

His voice was melody itsel',  
 A manly soul spake in his mien,  
 Love joyed around his lips to dwell,  
 An' sparkle in his slae-black een.

I watna how he won my heart,  
 But aften, when by a' unseen,  
 Love's meltin' tenderness wad start  
 Into his glancin' slae-black een.

The sun had then a brighter blaze ;  
 A glory hung o'er a' the scene ;  
 Ah me ! the beautifyin' rays  
 Cam' frae his sparklin' slae-black een !

Alas ! 'twas like a vision fair !  
 I wept to think what might hae been,  
 When my fair sky was bright nae mair :  
 My sun had set, his sparkling een.

I've had some blinks o' joy sin' syne ;  
 I've battled wi' the tempest keen ;  
 But there are thoughts I winna tine—  
 The memory o' his slae-black een.



## W. T. M. HOGG

**H**AS written much, both in prose and poetry, the fruits of his leisure hours. His father was teacher of the Parish School of Whitekirk, Haddington (where the subject of our sketch was born in 1842), but as he "came out" at the Disruption, he had to leave his charge, and the family lived for some years at Gullane. Here our poet attended school for two years, when the family removed to Edinburgh. At the age of fourteen he was apprenticed to a grocer, but at the end of four years he became possessed with a desire to enter the ministry. His parents, however, were unable to gratify that wish, and after "knocking about" for some time, and finishing his education at the Free Church Normal School, he became a teacher. Through the kind assistance of friends, and by engaging in mission work, he was able to enter College when in his twenty-seventh year. About this time he acquired a knowledge of shorthand, and he ultimately became a successful teacher of the art, occasionally writing under the *noms-de-plume* "Gullane," "Lysander," &c. Mr Hogg's love of rural scenes and pastimes, and his intelligent study of books and of Nature is seen in some of his ambitious and well thought-out poems.



A bell doth ring, see all things ready made,  
 The games begin, a merry tune is played.  
 A soldiers' band for the occasion's hired,  
 A happy feeling o'er the whole's inspired,  
 The music rendered in a charming style,  
 Each passer-by is seen to wear a smile.  
 So much enjoyed the captivating strains,  
 While interspersed are truly grand refrains.  
 But miss we not amid the different parts  
 Those airs which native energy imparts,  
 And love of country wakes within our hearts ?  
 To them Italian trills are surely tame,  
 Of German airs our notions much the same.  
 Is it because of our untrained ear,  
 Or love of country maketh these less dear ?  
 Our language, too, recedeth far behind ;  
 Language thought only for the unrefined !  
 Must needs give place to English undefiled,  
 The Scotch, ahem ! barbaric thought and wild.  
 High culture, frequent interchange of thought—  
 United these, the mighty change hath wrought.  
 For this indulge we a poetic wail ?  
 Nay, verily ; rather would we hail  
 That glorious day when all the sons of earth--  
 Even as they joy in one common birth,  
 (Acknowledged one great Father of us all,  
 Before whose footstool we should humbly fall).



## JOHN Y. GRAY.

**T**HE career of Mr John Y. Gray furnishes a noble example of the reward that follows honest effort after self-improvement. He was born at Letham of Dunnichen in 1846, and was next the youngest of a family of twelve. His father was a handloom weaver, whose income as such never exceeded eight or nine shillings a-week. Being, however, a great florist, exceptionally intelligent, and a "handy man," he was frequently employed as a jobbing gardener in spring,

at which time, and in harvest, the circumstances of the family were much improved. When he recollects the poverty and misery of his early years, and the hard struggle his parents had, our poet even yet looks back on those days with a feeling of pain. Notwithstanding, all the family got *some* schooling. John attended the Feuars' School in Letham for a few months during each of three sessions—the result being that he was able to read well, write fairly, and do simple sums in multiplication. His father's library being a large one for a poor man, he kept up his reading, while his desire for knowledge of every kind, but especially antiquarian and legendary, was whetted by the stories his father would tell him of the old families of Forfarshire, together with the legends connected with their ancient castles. With advancing years he has lost none of the interest then excited, and would travel a day's journey at any time to see some old ruin, and learn the story of its rise and fall. He has always been an enthusiastic lover of Nature—flowers and birds, and bees and butterflies being his playmates in youth. Parental chastisement had no effect in keeping him at home, and he was often lost for whole days.

After being employed variously at farm work, in a bleaching mill, at a saw mill, &c., Mr Gray began, when about eleven years of age, to learn the handloom. He remained at this occupation till he was sixteen, although he never liked it, for he informs us that he was a "lazy weaver, and my truant propensities manifested themselves stronger than ever—trout-guddling, and fern and flower collecting occupying a larger share of my time and attention than did the gettin' in o' my keel." Having attained the age of sixteen, he went to serve an apprenticeship as millwright and joiner at Idvies Mill, and it was while there that the poetic *spirit first* began to stir his soul, and soon after he

was thrilled with joy to see his "Musings on the Vinney" in the columns of the *Dundee Weekly News*, under the *nom-de-plume* "G.," a signature he has frequently used. His apprenticeship having expired, he worked for a short time at Stonehaven and at Gichty Burn, after which he was for seven years in the employment of Messrs Cox Brothers, Lochee, during which period he also learned pattern-making. Ward Foundry, Dundee, was next the scene of his labours, and here he was for a number of years foreman pattern-maker.

It was during his apprenticeship that he first felt his want of education. He began to read with care, attended evening classes and a mutual improvement society, and devoted much of his so-called leisure to drawing. When at Lochee he joined the Dundee School of Art—all this while busy at his usual work during the day. Indeed he attended classes five nights in the week—travelling over nine miles every day. And now, having risen steadily year by year, he holds the Art Master's Certificate, with numerous prizes and honours from the Department, South Kensington.

Mr Gray next began the study of natural philosophy and applied science, and succeeded equally well—having gained the highest honours from the Science Department. In the evenings he taught drawing and applied science with great success. Men of all sorts and conditions, from fourteen to forty years of age, were among his numerous pupils. His own early experiences and difficulties made him sympathise with those who struggled after knowledge. For two sessions he was a student of University College, Dundee, where he carried off high honours, gaining the Armitstead Scholarship for science for second year students. His pupils in Lochee on two occasions showed their esteem and gratitude by presenting him with an easy chair

and a magnificent astronomical telescope. In 1885 he was appointed teacher of drawing and workshop superintendent in Sharp's Educational Institute, Perth, but, before he was long there, he was called back to Dundee. The Directors of the High School having been engaged in changing their curriculum so as to give the boys of the modern side of the school a course of more scientific and technical study, the gift by ex-Provost Robertson of a fully-equipped workshop afforded them the means of doing what they desired. Mr Gray was placed at the head of this department, and he is now engaged in teaching theoretical and applied mechanics, steam and the steam engine, practical geometry, machine construction, &c., in addition to superintending the technical training of the boys in the workshop of the Dundee High School.

Mr Gray has not lived in "Sleepy Hollow." He has risen steadily, but only after hard work, and by resolute application, and is a noble example of what can be achieved by properly-directed effort. As Carlyle puts it, he has "an immense capacity for taking pains." Although his labour has been great, he has found time to give frequent addresses at public meetings of a social nature, and as a "reader" he always receives a hearty welcome. Many of the working men of Dundee look on him as their friend, and as one who in no small degree has been the means of leading them in the upward road. His pen is also a ready one, and he takes occasional flights in the regions of Poesy. His cultured taste is shown in his descriptive verse, and being a passionate lover of Nature, his poetic and artistic eye and ear are ever in warm sympathy with the sights and sounds that pervade all creation.

#### COME DOON TO THE BURNSIDE.

When the grey shades o' gloamin' steal sweetly ower a',  
An' the dewdraps sae saftly and silent doonfa',

When the mavis and blackbird sing sweet frae ilk tree,  
Come doon to the burnside, dear Kirstie, to me.

There unkennd to ony sae sweetly we'll stray,  
Whaur the lammies gae sportin' the lang summer day,  
The wee modest gowan, a' wat wi' the dew  
I'll twine in a garland, dear Kirstie, for you.

I'll pu' the wild rose and the woodbine sae fair,  
An' braid them mysel' 'mang your bonny black hair,  
I'll busk you wi' sprigs aff the hawthorn tree  
If you'll only come doon to the burnside to me.

Aneath the dark shade o' the birk an' the brier  
That hangs ower the braes whaur the Vinney rins clear,  
We'll whisper the auld tales o' love, ever new,  
Till the sweet story thrills a' oor veins through and through.

Nae matter what gossips may say 'bout us twa,  
We'll hear oot their haivers, and lauch at them a',  
An' when we're ance married we'll lat them a' see  
What brocht you sae aft to the burnside to me.

#### TO A FOSSIL SHELL.

Strange relic of a bygone age, e'er man had trod this earth,  
Far down beneath the deep sea wave thou had'st thy pristine  
birth,

No wealth-fraught Argosies had ploughed o'er thee, the flashing  
foam,

Nor heroes such as Nelson won their laurels o'er thy home ;  
E'en Fancy scarce can dash aside the dim and mystic haze  
That shrouds thy natal morn in gloom back in these olden days,  
And yet methinks I see thee down beneath the amber wave,  
Near by a wild and waste sea-shore where dashing waters lave,  
All round the wide horizon not a sail relieves the eye,  
Nought but waters, weary waters, stretching till they meet the  
sky.

The tempest howls in madness, the wild waves lash the shore,  
But no shriek of drowning seaman mingles with the storm king's  
roar,

The waves are glancing brightly 'neath the sun's effulgent beams  
But their ripple lulls no sea boy, to his childhood's home in  
dreams,

Nor tempt they forth the pleasure yacht with white and snowy  
sail,

To skim like sea-bird o'er the wave before the pleasant gale.



No! Nature's God entombed thee long before such things had  
 been,  
 Thy work till future years was done, and thou did'st quit the  
 scene;  
 But a hand embalmed thee with a skill no hand of man could  
 do,  
 And Time had not the power to change thy form, which still is  
 true,  
 But whilst thou thus art lying by, strange scenes came o'er the  
 earth,  
 For Nature had not given yet to all her children birth,  
 And change on change continual came in these her far back  
 years,  
 Till on the stage proud boasting man, her master-work appears.  
 But Death's cold icy hand hath sent them one by one away,  
 All's mingled with their parent dust and turned to kindred clay;  
 The poet and philosopher, the warrior and the sage,  
 Have but been born to die again in each succeeding age.  
 Earth's mighty empires that have shone in glory's annals fair  
 Have sunk amid the wreck of Time and turned to what they  
 were,  
 And kings and princes that have awed awhile this wondering  
 world  
 Have been by Death's relentless hand back to oblivion hurled;  
 Fair palaces and temples too have crumbled all away,  
 And round the warrior's moss-grown cairn the mists have  
 gathered gray,  
 Where kingly glory reigned supreme, and mirth and beauty  
 shone,  
 The ivy clings to mouldering walls and towers with moss o'er-  
 grown,  
 And passions fierce have swayed mankind and urged them madly  
 on  
 To deeds of vice and crime that nought on earth could e'er atone,  
 And gentler through their veins have throbb'd emotions pure  
 and sweet,  
 As love and holy brotherhood in kind communions meet;  
 Still slowly back, yet steadily, each boiling angry wave  
 Retired like baffled foe and left thee hid within thy grave,  
 Above thee, each in order, were the various strata piled—  
 In order, though confusion seemed to mark them rude and wild,  
 Now from the bowels of the earth brought back once more to  
 light,  
 Though thou had'st life thou would'st not know the world that  
 meets thy sight.

The ocean now is studded o'er with white and flapping sails,  
 And war, and wealth, and pleasure scud before its driving gales,  
 Thou hast no tongue to speak surprise unto our wondering ears,  
 Nor tell the deeds that have been done within thy long, long  
 years,

And yet methinks I hear a voice within thee gently call  
 That He who laid this earth's foundations ruleth over all ;  
 That back upon Creation's morn when Time as yet was young,  
 When angel bands and seraph choirs their heavenly anthems  
 sung,

Within the eternal council halls the Almighty's wisdom planned  
 And over all the impress stamped of His Almighty hand,  
 That man through long succeeding years the truth might learn  
 and know,

One great Creator rules o'er all, around, above, below,  
 That Heaven's pavilions and the sure foundations of this earth,  
 Alike to one great Author owe their being and their birth.

#### THE OLD AND THE NEW.

From the old church tower how solemnly swells  
 Peal upon peal from the deep-toned bells,  
 Solemn yet sweet are their echoes sublime,  
 Telling afar of the swift march of Time ;  
 O'er the night air how they wake far and near  
 The slumbering voices of mountain and mere,  
 Moorland and forest, though dreary and lone,  
 Hear their deep chimings "the old year is gone."

Knell upon knell, how they swell, how they fall,  
 Breathing a sad tale of sorrow to all,  
 Telling of joys that are past and away,  
 Lost in Eternity ! lost ! and for aye ;  
 Whispering of Hopes that have vanished in gloom,  
 Breathing of Loves that can never more bloom,  
 Weird-like and wild how the bells sob and moan,  
 Ever ! for ever ! the old year is gone.

Knell upon knell, hark ! how weirdly they chime,  
 While sad voices whisper in cadence sublime ;  
 Gone are the old days, the old friends are gone,  
 More dark grows the journey, the pathway more lone ;  
 Dear forms lie unheeding, the snow on their breast,  
 All dreamless their slumbers, unbroken their rest,  
 No bright flashing mirth, no sorrow's dark gloom  
 Can lighten or darken the tints of their tomb.

Farewell, then, old year, we bid thee adieu,  
 Time bids us leave thee, and turn to the new,  
 Farewell ! the joys we have known in thy reign,  
 Oft in our memories we'll live them again.  
 Brooding o'er thee will the weary heart yearn,  
 Till from the lone tomb the lost ones return ;  
 Faces of loved ones, our dearest, our own,  
 Will hover oft near when the old year is gone.

Chiming, still chiming, how softly they grow,  
 From sadness to gladness the sweet echoes flow,  
 The New Year is dawning, the welcome rings clear,  
 Thus light springs from darkness when morning is near.  
 And thus the tossed heart, battling on in despair,  
 With loud cries and weeping and hands stretched in prayer  
 When Life's shadows lengthen and dark comes the night,  
 Has all its prayers answered—"at eventime 'tis light."

#### A SPRINGTIME GARLAND.

Gone the winter's icy breath,  
 And days of darkling sorrow,  
 Nature bursts the bonds of death,  
 And brighter dawns each morrow.

Far from out the azure blue  
 Falls Love's song of gladness,  
 Where the skylark, lost to view,  
 Breathes reproof to sadness.

Hark ! from yonder shady grove,  
 As bird-life quickens in it,  
 Mellow come the notes of love  
 From blackbird, thrush, and linnet.

Forth we flee the city's care,  
 Out where Nature calleth,  
 Blessing gently everywhere,  
 As the dew that falleth.

Let us then a garland make,  
 We will cull the fairest,  
 Stream and fountain, wood and brake,  
 Shall yield up their rarest.

We will search with zealous care  
 For the violet's blossom,  
 Where it hides with modest air,  
 Nestled on earth's bosom.

The primrose bathed with pearly dew,  
 Culled at early morn,  
 Twined with hyacinth so blue,  
 Shall our wreath adorn.

We will roam each dewy dell  
 That the sorrel gladdens,  
 Climb each dizzy crag and fell  
 Where the tempest maddens,

Gathering beauty where, it springs,  
 Far o'er moor and mountain,  
 Where the loud-voiced ocean sings,  
 Or by gentler fountain ;

Feeling still our Father's hand  
 Evermore is leading,  
 Pointing where His secrets grand  
 Wait His children's reading.

Father, help us, do Thy will,  
 Teach us still our duty—  
 Bless and lead us upward still,  
 Through Life's springtime beauty—

On through summer's toil and heat,  
 On through autumn's sadness,  
 Onward still, till mercy sweet  
 Crown our lives with gladness.

## EDZELL CASTLE.

Wandering 'midst these mighty ruins,  
 Where the Lindsays ruled of old,  
 Backward, backward, rolls Time's curtain,  
 And I see the clansmen hold.

Warlike visions flit before me,  
 Ancient heroes meet my gaze,  
 And these battlements frown o'er me  
 In the pride of earlier days.

Lo ! methinks I see them gather,  
 Weird and gaunt each shadowy form :  
 Clearer, brighter, still they're growing,  
 Heroes of the battle storm.

Mustering round their chieftain's banner,  
 Pressing forward comes the brave,  
 All impatient for the mandate—  
 On to victory or the grave.

But another scene comes o'er me,  
 And around the festive board,  
 Knit by firm and truest friendship,  
 Meet the vassal and his lord.

Noble warriors, youthful maidens,  
 Join the dance with sprightly grace,

While around the ancient ball-room  
Hang the spoils of war and chase.

But again thin clouds envelop,  
And enshroud the vision bright,  
And another gloomier picture  
Opens on my 'wilder'd sight.

Sad and dismal wailings soundeth  
Mournfully upon the ear,  
While adown each clansman's visage  
Silent steals the briny tear.

From beneath these gloomy portals  
Slowly files the funeral train,  
While the Lindsay's coronach wakens  
Notes of woe, from glen to glen.

Borne upon the murmuring breezes,  
Slow and sad the echoes swell,  
As in deep and mournful cadence  
Peals the Lindsay's passing bell.

Gone the glory of the Lindsays,  
Hid within the silent tomb,  
And thy glory fast is giving  
Place to desolation's gloom.

Now mouldering walls and battlements,  
And ramparts hoary gray,  
The ruined shrine of a noble house  
And race, long passed away.



### JAMES THOMSON.

**W**E have had a James Thomson in almost every series of this work, and the present James is not the least interesting as a man and as a poet. He is an ingenious and pleasant writer, for particulars of whose career we are indebted to Mr Ford and his "Poet's Album." Born at Bowden, near St Boswells,

he followed the handicraft of a wood-turner for many years in Hawick, and for a long period the productions of his Muse have enriched the columns of the Border newspapers, and have borne their author's name in favour to hearts and homes over the length and breadth of the land. Though his verses have been well known, very little has hitherto been learned of the personality of Mr Thomson. Of a retiring disposition, he has shrunk from publicity. We do not see why this should be the case, for his poetry is worthy of his name, and the association of his life with his work can only widen the circle of his friends and admirers. From a letter to Mr Ford, we learn that he has long suffered from ill-health and its ghastly train of attendants. The rupture of a blood-vessel many years ago exposed him to imminent peril, and being unable to work, he retired to his native village, where he has since lived all alone in a little straw-roofed cottage. He is a bachelor, and in very poor circumstances. Still, he does not complain, but lives in the fond hope of seeing better days. In the course of another letter, he says:—"If blood relationship and association can confer the gift of poesy, I ought to have it. Thomas Aird, of the *Dumfries Herald*, to which journal my first pieces were contributed, was a cousin, though not in the first degree. Andrew Scott, author of several volumes of poetry, and that spirited song, 'Symon and Janet,' has, like Yorick, carried me on his back an hundred times. Henrietta Wilkie (Mrs Drummond, of Tranent)—the author of several beautiful hymns, and 'The Banks of the Bowden Burn,' a simple but beautiful song which has been plagiarised no less than three times, with only the name of a different burn substituted—and my mother were sisters to Dr Wilkie, of Innerleithen, an archæologist of some note. He was a friend and correspondent of Sir Walter Scott, and a cronie and boon companion of the

'Ettrick Shepherd' and of old Dr Jamieson, the compiler of the Scottish Dictionary. I was born here on the 4th of July, 1827. A few winters at the village school comprised my education, and in the summer months I was sent to herd kye on the sunny slopes of the Eildon Hills. In the neuk of my plaid I carried a tattered copy of the Kilmarnock edition of Burns' poems, and a volume of 'Whistle Binkie.' With such companions, coupled with the scenery and associations of the district, my heart must have been hard indeed, and my brain barren, if they had not caught a love of Nature, and a slight touch of poetic inspiration. Some time about the age of sixteen I went to the town of Selkirk, and served an apprenticeship to the cabinetmaking and wood-turning trade. From thence I removed to Hawick, where I worked for nearly forty years, and then returned to Bowden, where I hope to end my days."

His "Doric Lays and Lyrics" was first published in 1870, and so well has the book been received by the press and the public that it is now in the third edition. It is published by Dunn & Wright, Glasgow, but may be had from the author himself at Bowden village, St Boswells. It is a volume of genuine Scottish lyric verse, and contains much rich poetic fancy as well as wise reflection. Mr Thomson is peculiarly felicitous when he, with simple sweetness and natural tenderness, lilts "a bairn's sang," some of these being equal to any of the fine productions of Alexander Smart, author of "Rhymes for Little Readers," &c.

#### THE HAMELESS LADDIE.

Be kind to the bairnie that stands at the door—  
 The laddie is hameless, and friendless, and poor—  
 There's few hearts to pity the wee cowerin' form  
 That seeks at your hallan a bield frae the storm.  
 Your hame may be humble, your haddin but bare—  
 For the lowly and poor hae but little to spare—

But you'll ne'er miss a morsel, though sma' be your store,  
To the wee friendless laddie that stands at the door.

When the cauld blast is sougin' sae eerie an' chill,  
An' the snawdrifts o' winter lie white on the hill,  
When ye meet in the gloamin' aroun' the hearthstane,  
Be thankfu' for haddins an' hames o' your ain ;  
An' think what the feckless an' friendless maun dree,  
Wi' nae heart to pity an' nae hand to gie,  
That wee guileless bosom might freeze to the core  
Gin ye turned the bit laddie awa' frae the door.

The bird seeks a hame o'er the wide ocean wave,  
In the depths o' the covert the fox has a cave,  
An' the hare has a den 'neath the wild winter's snaw,  
But the wee dowie laddie has nae hame ava ;  
Then pity the bairnie, sae feckless an' lane—  
Ilka gift to the puir is recorded abune—  
For the warm heart o' kindness there's blessing in store,  
Sae be kind to the laddie that stands at the door.

#### THE DAYS O' LANGSYNE.

I'm an auld body noo, but I mind o' the days,  
There were nae foreign fashions nor new-fangled ways ;  
When a pair o' new shoon wad ha'e sair'd a hale year,  
An' wincey an' guid corduroy was the wear.  
When oor faithers were pleased wi' a coat o' the blue,  
For it happit the hearts that were honest an' true.

In the days o' langsyne, when we raise in the morn,  
The breakfast was parritch, the spune it was horn ;  
The clean timmer luggies they stood in a raw,  
And a blessin' was ask'd frae the Giver o' a'.  
Then sheep's heid an' haggis at denner was seen,  
An' sowans an' sweet milk was fare for a queen.

Wi' oor Martinmas mart an' oor melder o' meal,  
Oor fleeces o' 'o.' an' our auld spinnin' wheel,  
We cared na for winter, come rain or come snaw,  
At our warm ingleside there was room for us a' ;  
The lasses were canty, the callants were slea,  
An' the courtin' was dune wi' a glent o' the e'e.

Then tight, strappin' maidens, wi' smooth braided hair,  
Gaed skelpin' barefittet to kirk an' to fair,  
An' the warm tartan plaid an' the dimity goon  
Made them decent and douce baith in kintra an' toon.  
Losh, hoo fashions are altered, I'm puzzled to ken  
If the tapcoat an' hat covers women or men.



Ye may say that I'm doitet, an' ca' it but spleen,  
 Yet I canna but sigh for the days that ha'e been.  
 Ye may say they're but mem'ries and dreams at the best,  
 But the closer the auld heart will cling to the past.  
 We were happier, I trow, baith in cottage an' ha',  
 In the days o' langsyne, the dear days that's awa'.

#### THE WEE CROODLIN' DOO.

Will ye no' fa' asleep the nicht,  
 Ye restless little loon?  
 The sun has lang been oot o' sicht,  
 And gloamin's darkenin' doon.  
 There's claise to mend, the hoose to clean—  
 This nicht I'll no' get through;  
 For oh ye winna close your eeu—  
 Ye wee croodlin' doo.

Spurrin' wi' yer restless feet,  
 My very legs are sair;  
 Clautin' wi' yer buffie hands,  
 Touslin' mammy's hair.  
 I've gien ye meat wi' sugar sweet,  
 Your little crapie's fou;  
 Cuddle doon ye stoorie loon—  
 Ye wee croodlin' doo.

Twisting round and round again,  
 Warslin' aff my lap,  
 And pussy on the hearthstane,  
 As sound as ony tap.  
 Dickie birdie gane to rest,  
 A' asleep but you;  
 Nestle into mammy's breast,  
 Ye wee croodlin' doo.

Now hushaba, my little pet—  
 Ye've a' the warld can gie;  
 Ye're just yer mammy's lammie yet,  
 And dear to daddie's e'e—  
 And ye shall ha'e a hoody braw  
 To busk your bonnie broo,  
 "Cockle shells and siller bells,"  
 My wee croodlin' doo.

Guid be praised, the battle's by,  
 And sleep has won at last;  
 How still the puddlin' feetie lie,  
 The buffie hands at rest!

And saftly fa's the silken fringe  
 Aboon thy een o' blue,  
 Blessin's on my bonnie bairn,  
 My wee croodlin' doo.

## LITTLE JOCK.

Cam' ye straught along the toon,  
 Or doun the Randy Raw?  
 Ha'e ye seen a truant loon  
 Playin' at the ba'?  
 Riven breeks an' barkit face,  
 As black as a coal pock;  
 Ye'll ken the creature ony place—  
 It's our little Jock.

He's never out o' some mischief—  
 He'll no gang to the schule—  
 He tore his carritch leaf frae leaf  
 To mak' a dragon's tail.  
 I've trailed him to the maister's fit,  
 But frae my grip he broke;  
 I'll ha'e to face the Shirra yet  
 For our little Jock.

He's been afore the Bailie Court  
 An' fined for throwin' stanes;  
 My pouch has suffer'd for his sport  
 In breakin' window panes.  
 The first and foremost in the van  
 Where truant laddies flock;  
 The leader o' the ranger clan  
 Is our little Jock.

There's no a day gangs by but what  
 Complaints come pourin' in;  
 At times he fells a neighbour's cat,  
 And whiles he fells a hen.  
 I wish he mayna fell a wean  
 Wi' some unlucky stroke,  
 For catapults an' slings there's nane  
 Like our little Jock.

I've fleech'd an' fouchin' a' in vain—  
 Jock disna seem to care;  
 I've thrash'd him o'er an' o'er again,  
 Until my arm was sair.  
 He lauchs at switches, belts, an' tawse,  
 An' ne'er a hantam cock

Sae proudly struts, sae crouselly craws,  
As our little Jock.

Oh, wad the loon but tak' a thought  
An' mend his evil ways ;  
I'm sure the wit that he has bought  
Might serve him a' his days.  
He yet might keep the causey croon  
Alang wi' decent folk—  
A raggit cowt a race has won,  
And sae might little Jock.

## H A I R S T.

The yellow corn waves in the field,  
The merry hairst's begun,  
And steel plate sickles sharp and keen  
Are glintern in the sun ;  
While strappin' lads and lasses braw,  
A' kilted to the knee,  
Bring to my mind a hairst langsyne  
When Robin shaire wi' me.

Licht lie the mools upon his breast,  
He was a strappin' chield,  
A better shearer ne'er drew huik  
Upon a harvest field.  
And didna joy loup in my heart,  
And sparkle frae my e'e,  
Sae prood was I when Robin hecht  
To shear alang wi' me.

That was a lightsome hairst to me,  
For love makes licht o' toil,  
The kindly blink o' Robin's e'e  
Could a' my care beguile.  
At restin' time, amang the stooks,  
I sat upon his knee,  
And wondered if the world could haud  
A blyther lass than me.

Lang Sandy and his sister Jean  
Thocht nane wi' them could shear,  
And a' that hairst, at Rab and me,  
Threw many a taunt and jeer.  
Rab gae them aye as guid's they brocht,  
And took it a' in fun,  
But inly vowed to heat their skin  
Afore the hairst was done.

The kirn day cam' a kemp began,  
 And hard and fast it grew,  
 Across the rigs wi' lightuin' speed  
 The glintin' sickles flew.  
 Lang Sandy wamelt like an eel,  
 But soon fell in the rear,  
 For no a pair in a' the toon  
 Wi' Rab and me could shear.

We cleared our rig baith ticht and clean,  
 And thocht the day oor ain,  
 When waes my heart! I brak my huik  
 Upon a muckle stane.  
 "Mak' bands," quo' Robin, while the sweat  
 Like raindraps trickled doon,  
 But Robin reached the land-end first  
 And foremost o' the toon.

I thocht that I wad swoon wi' joy  
 When dichtin' Robin's broo,  
 He says, "Meg, gin ye'll buckle to,  
 I'll shear through life wi' you."  
 What could I do but buckle to,  
 He was sae frank and free,  
 And many a time I blessed the day  
 That Robin shaired wi' me.



## JOHN USHER.

**T**HERE is perhaps no better-known name in all the South and Mid-Borderland than that which stands at the head of this notice. But it has been as the man of the "fields" and "affairs" and genial social life—with a skilled and critical knowledge of crops, whether roots, cereals, or bestial of every kind and breed—and whose judicial services either as "arbiter" or "oversman" have been in request at most of the neighbouring valuations, as well as from time to time as judge at nearly all the leading agricultural showyards in the three kingdoms, that he has

hitherto gathered his well-earned fame, rather than in that field in which we here seek a place for him among "Our Scottish Poets."

Venerable as Mr Usher now is for years, and esteemed for many attractive qualities, it has long been known to an inner circle of friends that there is also about him the true "faculty for verse," which might well come abroad and be heard in a wider circle than it has yet reached. Most of his effusions that have been seen have indeed about them much of an occasional character, and the colouring of time and place, but there is also the fine and true lyric ring. The songs especially are eminently singable, and when heard from his own lips to music of his own setting (for he has this faculty also), ring out in a very pleasing manner—whether in the bold and stirring, or in the tenderly pathetic, as the mood may be upon him. As he has never published anything in a collected form, we account it a privilege to be permitted to present here a few specimens, and, before doing so, to narrate several facts and incidents in what he himself calls an uneventful life. From some of its circumstances and surroundings, however, it will be seen how "meet" also has been the nursing of this poetic child.

His father, the John Usher who has such a pleasing and picturesque place in "Lockhart's Life of Sir Walter Scott," was laird of Toftfield, a patrimonial inheritance of the Ushers for some previous generation, which ultimately became, and is still, under the name of Huntly Burn, a considerable portion of the more celebrated Abbotsford estate. It was at Toftfield that *our* John Usher was born in October 1809, and it was not till some six or seven years later that the "yird-hunger" of the distinguished neighbour and friend, which sought its gratification in laying together *the* "crofts, tofts, parts, and pendicles" that went to

the making up of Abbotsford, induced the father to part with Toftfield at a goodly price.

Mr Usher likes to tell still of the many marks of friendly regard which his father continued to receive from Sir Walter, and among others of an occasion when the great man had been dining at his father's house, he himself as a mere boy had what he considers the distinguishing honour of his life—of standing between the "Magician's" knees, his arm thrown around him, and singing to him a song, which pleased so well that he was then and there presented by the great man with a pony—the first bit of horse-flesh he ever possessed. Thus did the two ruling passions of his life—love of the horse and love of song—each receive a strong and abiding impulse.

The Usher family, on parting from Toftfield, removed to the small mansion-house of Weirbank, close to Melrose, and there had their home for the next six years. Here John spent his boyhood, receiving his education at Melrose Academy, with the addition afterwards at Edinburgh University of two sessions, of a not very definite or profitable kind, for want, perhaps, of a specific aim. But there was an education of another kind—that by "flood and field" and "scraps of song" and all sorts of outdoor life, which went on without ceasing. As a boy he had got to know Willie Laidlaw, Sir Walter's friend and amanuensis, and author of the exquisite song "Lucy's Flittin'," with whom his father lived on terms of very close friendship. He also knew Jamie Hogg, the "Ettrick Shepherd," both in his boyish days and in more mature life. He often met him at athletic sports, fairs, and elsewhere, and had heard him sing all his favourite songs.

In 1824 the Usher family removed to East Lothian, in the upper regions of which, on the estate of the Marquis of Tweeddale, the elder Mr Usher rented the farm of Quarryford at the northern foot of the ~~Law~~

mermoor range, and along with it the farm of Tullishill, which lies towards Lauderdale. Here also there were poetic surroundings, for on the closely-adjacent farm of Brookside the tenants were the parents of that unfortunate son of song, Henry Scott Riddell, author of "Scotland Yet" and many other fine lyrics.

In 1835, being then in his twenty-sixth year, Mr John Usher entered on the tenancy of Stodrig, a beautifully-situated farm on the estate of the Duke of Roxburgh, just to the north of the ducal policy of Fleurs Castle. There he has continued ever since, through good times and bad times, with the usual and common vicissitudes of happy married life and children about him, and widowed life and children gone forth to interests and cares of their own. With the farm as his basis of operations, he has been a man of ceaseless activity, with a genuine love for all outdoor occupations and amusements; a fearless and "straight" rider to hounds, with considerable success on the turf as a gentleman jockey, a lover of horses, dogs, and "varmint" even, and, what must not be omitted, the "keenest of curlers"—all of which, at one time or other, he has made subject of song. And when the evening falls, with a crony or two, it is discovered what a fine knowledge of English and Scotch literature, with wide and various reading, he has managed to put together and digest. When in best trim a song or two of his own composition and setting brings out at once the strength, the tenderness, and—for his years, now approaching the fourscore—the fine force and vivacity of his character. Mention may be made of the curious fact that though quite ignorant of the technical mysteries of musical notation, he has the faculty of wedding his songs to appropriate music—the words and melody coming into his mind by a kind of inspiration, almost simultaneously, and generally when on horseback. Mr George Croal, Edinburgh, an excellent

teacher and composer of music, has arranged ten of his published songs, with suitable symphonies and accompaniments.

Mr Usher has for many years been Secretary of "The Border Union Agricultural Society," in the management of which he takes much pride, and has had no small success. At various times he has been a contributor to agricultural and sporting journals. A series of papers which he wrote for *The Field* on "Border Breeds of Sheep" has been collected and published in book form, with photographs of some of the noted breeders, their shepherds, famous sheep, and sheep dogs, which was so popular that we believe it is now out of print. He has often been importuned to make a collection of his poetical effusions, but has hitherto resisted the pressure. This is to be regretted, for he is really a Scottish poet, and his Muse is such as is eminently calculated to touch the feelings of Scottish readers. Yet while the rich robust Doric falls from his lips, his heart is in tune with the great heart of humanity. His thoughts are full of healthy sentiment and of musical rhythm. We ever find present a sunny and refreshing melody, and, as might be expected, he describes natural objects with ease and accuracy, and evinces an affectionate love of rural sights and sounds.

#### BOO TO 'THE BUS' THAT BIELDS YE.

Boo to the bus' that bields ye—  
 When bitter blasts o' fortune blaw,  
 Cling to the arm that shields ye,  
 E'en tho' yer back be at the wa'.  
 When things are no as they hae been,  
 An' censure's shafts are sharp an' keen,  
 O that's the time to test a freen,  
 An' boo to the bus' that bields ye.

Tak' to the blessin' kindly,  
 Nor deem the motive coarse or low;  
 Pride often judges blindly,  
 And checks the current at the flow.



Be tender ties no rudely riven—  
 What's freendly ta'en an' freely given,  
 May mak' twa hearts mair meet for heav'n,  
 Sae boo to the bus' that bields ye.

Need hae we a' o' pity  
 To ease life's journey o' its load  
 In cot or ha' or city—  
 And lift the spirit nearer God.  
 Be thine the warld's toil to bear,  
 Wi' thankfu' heart in foul or fair,  
 An' livin' in the breath o' prayer,  
 To boo to the bus' that bields ye.

#### THERE'S NAE FREENS LIKE AULD FREENS.

There's nae freen's like auld freens !  
 Hoo sweet the tearfu' joy o' meetin' ;  
 Ane's heart aye warms to auld freens,  
 An' music o' their kindly greetin'.  
 When hand is clasped in truthfu' hand,  
 An' social bonds o' trust are glowin',  
 The bliss to hae sic auld freens,  
 The fu' heart swells to overflowin'.

I hae nae broo o' new freens,  
 The hasty growth o' art an' fashion ;  
 Gie me the freendship stamp'd in youth,  
 And welded in the glow o' passion ;  
 That bears the dunts an' cloor's o' life,  
 An' clings as close as love o' brither,  
 O when we meet sic auld freens,  
 We're young again when we're thegither.

Then let us cherish auld freens,  
 The alder be they aye the dearer ;  
 They wear awa' like autumn leaves,  
 An' mak' life's pilgrimage the searer.  
 Sae cling to them wha yet are spared,  
 As blessin' frae the bounteous Giver ;  
 The tie that knits twa auld freens,  
 May be a bond to last for ever.

#### MEMORY.

O memory, thou art a spell  
 More potent far than tongue can tell—  
 A gleam of joy or funeral knell,  
 Even as thy fitful mood may be ;

O memory, O memory,  
 Thy voice can scourge like scathing cords,  
 Or soothe like sound of bonied words,  
 Such is thy might, O memory.

Thou art the mind's kaleidoscope,  
 The birth of love, the dawn of hope,  
 The blessedness so soon to stop,  
 Are vividly recalled by thee ;  
 O memory, O memory,  
 The tears and throes of mortal strife,  
 The vision of a wasted life,  
 Rise in thy light, O memory.

And thus we feel, that in man's will  
 Thou art a power for good or ill,  
 That whispers to the heart "be still,"  
 And from all worldly taint be free ;  
 O memory, O memory,  
 If by thy light we learn to prize  
 The blessedness beyond the skies  
 We'll bless thy torch, O memory.

"THE CHANNEL STANE."

*(Inscribed wi' britherly love to a' keen curlers.)*

Up! curlers, up! oor fresn John Frost  
 Has closed his grip on loch an' lea ;  
 Up! time's ower precious to be lost,  
 An' rally roun' the rink an' tee.  
 Wi' steady han', an' nerve, an' e'e,  
 Noo canny, noo wi' micht an' main,  
 To test by "wick," an' "guard," an' "draw,"  
 Oor prowess wi' the channel stane.  
 O the roarin' channel stane,  
 The canny, creepin' channel stane,  
 What music to the curler's ear  
 Like music o' the channel stane.

It's bliss to curlers' eye an' ear  
 When "crack an' egg" or "chap an' lie"  
 Is greeted wi' responsive cheer  
 An' wavin' besoms raised on high,  
 Or when nocht else is left to try  
 Wi' rapid glance an' easy swing  
 The "ootring" o' a stane is chipp'd  
 An' twirled within the inner ring.  
 O the roarin' channel stane,  
 The toddlin', trinklin' channel stane,

What music to the curler's ear  
Like music o' the channel stane.

The time is called—the match a tie—  
The game, contestit close an' keen,  
Seems sealed, for guards like bulwark lie,  
Nae vestige o' the winner seen ;  
Anon the skip, wi' dauntless mein,  
Puts doon his broom—"creep tilt," cries he ;  
The stane's sent hirplin' through the port,  
An' scoopit deftly to the tee.  
O the roarin' channel stane,  
The hirplin', wimplin' channel stane,  
What music to the curler's ear  
Like music o' the channel stane.

It boots not whence the curler hails—  
If curler keen an' staunch he be—  
Frae Scotland, England, Ireland, Wales,  
Or colonies ayont the sea ;  
A social britherhood are we,  
An' after we are deid an' gane  
We'll live in literature an' lair  
In annals o' the channel stane.  
O the roarin' channel stane,  
The witchin', winsome channel stane,  
What music to the curler's ear  
Like music o' the channel stane.

#### A PIPE OF TOBACCO.

*(Dedicated to the Monks of St Giles.)*

Let the toper regale in his tankard of ale,  
Or with alcohol moisten his thrapple,  
Only give me, I pray, a good pipe of soft clay  
Nicely tapered and thin in the stapple,  
And I shall puff, puff, let who will say enough,  
No luxury else I'm in lack o' ;  
No malice I hoard 'gainst Queen, Prince, Duke or Lord,  
While I pull at my pipe of tobacco.

When I feel the hot strife of the battle of life,  
And the prospect is aught but eaticin'.  
Mayhap some real ill, like a protested bill,  
Dims the sunshine that tinged the horizon.  
Only let me puff, puff, be they ever so rough,  
All the sorrows of life I lose track o' ;  
The mists disappear, and the vista is clear,  
With a soothing mild pipe of tobacco.

And when joy after pain, like the sun after rain,  
 Stills the waters long turbid and troubled,  
 That life's current may flow with a ruddier glow,  
 And the sense of enjoyment be doubled,  
 Oh ! let me puff, puff, till I feel *quantum suff*—  
 Such luxury still ! I'm in lack o' ;  
 Be joy ever so sweet, it would be incomplete  
 Without a good pipe of tobacco.

Should my recreant muse, sometimes apt to refuse  
 The guidance of bit and of bridle,  
 Still blankly demur, spite of whip, and of spur,  
 Unimpassioned, inconstant, or idle ;  
 Only let me puff, puff, till the brain cries enough,  
 Such excitement is all I'm in lack o' ;  
 And the poetic vein, soon to fancy gives rein,  
 Inspired by a pipe of tobacco.

## THE FLEUR DE LIS.

The "Fleur de lis" bloomed fresh and fair,  
 Fanned by the breath of summer air,  
 And far and wide her tendrils spread  
 Deep rooted in luxurious bed ;  
 No adverse blasts her strength assailed,  
 No rival charms her glory paled,  
 And wondering nations flocked to see  
 The beauty of the "Fleur de Lis."

Flowers wither without fostering care,  
 Tho' blest with soil, and sun and air,  
 As noble natures run to seed  
 That lack the stamp of noble deed ;  
 And noxious weeds gain strength and power  
 To mar the man and stunt the flower,  
 Soon wasted, wan, and sad to see,  
 So fared it with the "Fleur de Lis."

The blushing rose in silent grief  
 Bent low and shed a withered leaf,  
 The verdant shamrock at the view  
 In sympathy dropt tears of dew,  
 The stalwart thistle doffed his pride  
 On lofty mountain's rugged side,  
 An' for the dool she had to dree,  
 Had pity for the "Fleur de Lis."

While showers of blessing fell, as rain  
 Falls on some waste and arid plain,

The tender flower, tho' all but dead,  
 With culture might have raised her head ;  
 But impious hands in evil hour  
 Plucked from the earth both root and flower,  
 And crushed the hope once more to see  
 Fresh beauty in the "Fleur de Lis."

ON THE DEATH OF A FAVOURITE HORSE.

Alas ! poor Hab,\* thy race is run,  
 Thy heaving breath comes thick and fast,  
 Before the sinking of the sun  
 Life will have passed.

The fire that kindled in thine eye  
 Is quenched and dim with racking pain,  
 Thy mouth and tongue are parched and dry,  
 All hope is vain.

Would rather that thy breath had passed  
 With a good sportsman on thy back,  
 In charging hurdle bold and fast,  
 Close on the pack.

But thus, oh thus, to see thee die,  
 Distracts my heart and makes it bleed,  
 I feel thou murdered art, and I  
 Have done the deed.

In thee affection ever found  
 Requite love, strong and sincere,  
 With confidence and kindness crowned,  
 Love without fear.

My heart is full and sore with grief—  
 Hadst thou been human my remorse  
 In groans and tears had found relief,  
 My faithful horse.

And wherefore should my heart be cold,  
 Why ought I not to weep for you ?  
 I'll ne'er again find horse so bold,  
 Nor friend so true.

Now cease thy strong convulsive start,  
 For thee the surgeon's skill is vain,  
 The whizzing ball must seek thy heart,  
 And shorten pain.

\*A favourite horse that had his back broken by a fall in jumping him over a hurdle in cool blood.

Yet oft in fancy's saddest mood  
My memory will thee recall,  
Whene'er I see thy sheet or hood,  
Or empty stall.

I would I might give vent to grief,  
I'd rather deem it pensive joy  
To weep, and mourn thy fate as if  
I were a boy.



## CHARLES WADDIE,

**A** DRAMATIC poet of much power and imagination, a vigorous prose writer, and a patriotic Scotsman, was born at Edinburgh in 1836. His father and mother were natives of Forfarshire. Mr Waddie was educated at a private school, but being very delicate, and having to go to business when fourteen years of age, much of his education was acquired in the evenings after the duties of the day were over. His early experiences were those of toil, and hard application. Nevertheless he was able to employ "odd bits of time" in literary culture, and when only nineteen published his first production—an historical play in five acts, entitled "Wallace, or the Field of Stirling Bridge." His next play was "The Heir of Linn," a romantic comedy founded on the old Scotch ballad of the same name. He was then twenty-two years of age, and the piece was played with success at Edinburgh. This was followed by "Raymond and Laurie," a tragedy founded on an Italian novel. After this he laid his literary pen aside for a period of nearly twenty years, during which time he devoted his entire attention to the building up of a large and successful business.

With well-earned leisure, Mr Waddie found his old love for the Muses return again, and he wrote, under the *nom-de-plume* "Thistledown," "Dunbar, the King's Advocate, a Tragic Episode in the Reformation," which many consider his best work. Since this was published, he has engaged largely in politics, and has discussed with great fullness the subject of Home Rule. He has also written three comedies and one musical drama—all in five acts, but these have not as yet been published. Appended to "Dunbar," Mr Waddie gives an able article on "Dramatic Poetry," in the course of which he says:—"The student of English literature, if he be a Scotsman, must be struck with, and not a little humiliated at, the poor part his countrymen have played in the greatest of all arts—the dramatic. Were the Scots a poor-witted people, with no artistic talent, their lack of dramatic instinct would not be remarkable; but it is only bare justice to a country that has done so much with so small a population, to say that there is not another in Europe their superior in artistic genius. A little acquaintance with the history of Scotland will explain the reason of this poverty in dramatic poetry, although it can give little comfort to the patriotic Scot, who, with a sigh, sees other countries pointing with pride to their great poets, whose noblest works are in the dramatic form. At the time of Elizabeth and James, London had a population nearly as large as Edinburgh at the present day, while there was no town in Scotland that had more than twenty thousand. It is clear, then, that in so poor a country there was no room for the theatre to flourish. Thus, while England was producing the plays of Shakespeare and other great writers, the dramatic muse was silent in Scotland; and events which transpired during the struggle of the Covenanters identified the players and dramatic poets with the *enemies* of the national cause. An effort was made in

1736 to build a theatre in Edinburgh by Allan Ramsay, whose beautiful pastoral, 'The Gentle Shepherd,' is almost the only work of genius in the dramatic form produced by a Scotsman, and in happier times a dramatic period might have been begun. But this the furious bigotry of the clergy forbade; they closed his theatre, and nearly ruined the careful poet. Twenty years after, Home produced his tragedy of 'Douglas;' and again the implacable animosity of the clergy broke forth, his only reward being to be driven from his profession; while Thomson, who knew them better, spared them the trouble by retreating in time. . . .

. . . The namby-pamby plays of our day have driven natural character from the stage, while the idiotic burlesque and ridiculous melodrama have degraded the literature of the theatre to a point never known before. Would it not be of real service to art if the well-instructed critic would give some encouragement to those authors who try to write a better class of plays than is common on our stage now? Works of genius must of necessity be few and far between, but something better than the nonsense imported from France should surely be possible."

We think Mr Waddie's productions are such as are calculated to raise the tone of the stage. His knowledge of history is extensive and accurate, and his historical plays are thus valuable and instructive, and possess the necessary ingenuity of thought and brilliancy of fancy to make them popular. In tragedy he presents us with much high-wrought passion and rapid dramatic action; his comedies are easy, and possess much lively wit and humour, while sprinkled throughout both we have a variety of fine lyrical pieces, many excellent thoughts, and pathetic touches.



## THOU WERT FAIR OF HUE, ANNIE.

Thou wert fair of hue Annie, thou wert fair of hue,  
 The lily lent her whiteness, and the rose her rich tints too,  
 The violet gave her blue, Annie, to paint thy laughing e'e,  
 Which saftly danced 'twixt sunny locks, and glinted sweet at me.

Thou wert tall and straight, Annie, thou wert tall and straight,  
 As mountain ash or poplar slim that grows beside the gate ;  
 But thou art dead and gane, Annie, thou art dead and gane,  
 The green grass grows upon your grave, and o'er your head's a  
 stane.

I wander a' forlorn, Annie, I wander a' forlorn,  
 A fleeting shadow i' the woods, that shuns the rising morn ;  
 The summer is in bloom, Annie, the summer is in bloom,  
 But sour, cauld winter hides wi' me, and never-ending gloom.

I speer at ilka wind, Annie, that blaws from o'er the sea,  
 I speer at ilka breeze, Annie, gif they ken aught o' thee,  
 I speer at ilka burnie clear that I think ca's thy name,  
 I cry until the silent wood aft gars me greet for shame.

I'll gang unto your grave, Annie, I'll gang unto your grave,  
 And there I'll sit, and never fit, for death's the boon I crave ;  
 I'll no let death a-be, Annie, I'll no let death a-be,  
 Until he take me to himsel', that I may bide wi' thee.

## THE BATTLE OF THE DEAD.

The warder paced on his airy rounds, and looked o'er moor and  
 fen ;  
 The warder traced from his lofty tower the inmost nook of the  
 glen.  
 The moon stood balanced on a hill, and shed her silvery light ;  
 The moon stood balanced on a hill, and made the welkin bright.  
 On that wild moorland, underneath, as in old tales is told,  
 Two hosts fought all a summer's day, till two-thirds bit the wold.  
 The warder starts and crosses himself, as he hears a hollow sound,  
 'Tis the spectre horn ! the spectre horn blown hoarsely under-  
 ground.  
 The earth shook from the east to the west to let the dead men  
 free,  
 And 'gan upheave and sink again, like the waves of a troubled  
 sea,  
 And clink and clank as they uprose went the harness of each  
 knight,  
 Their shields still bore on the face of them the scars of the  
 ancient fight.

The moon was 'bove the distant hills, and shone along their  
 line,  
 And danced upon their plated mail as she would upon the brine,  
 O black, black are their sable plumes, and black their horses'  
 manes,  
 Their fiery steeds do paw the ground and chafe against the reins.  
 Ah well ! I wot when they were 'live they were a gallant band,  
 As ere drew sword or levelled spear to free their native land ;  
 But hollow are their sunken eyes, and sharp their features thin,  
 And through the helmet bars appears the cracked and wrinkled  
 skin ;  
 Long, long and gaunt their skinny arms, though clad in plated  
 mail,  
 The steel gloves rattled on their wrists and fingers long and pale.  
 " Hurrah !" now cry the spectre bands ; " Hurrah !" they shout  
 aloud.  
 Ah ! save me, Christ ! but they are wan and pale as any shroud ;  
 Their shouting seems beneath the ground, as rumbling earth-  
 quakes are—  
 The thunder of the nether heavens in wild domestic war.

But suddenly their foes appear to burst the western gloom—  
 A second band on prancing steeds, and many a waving plume ;  
 A thousand is at least their strength, and each a sturdy knight,  
 Their spears are like a troop of stars and make the welkin bright.  
 " Hurrah !" respond this second band ; " Hurrah !" they shout  
 aloud.  
 Ah ! save me, Christ ! but they are wan and pale as any shroud.

On smoking steed, with panting speed, and words that speak  
 their rage,  
 They couch the spear and draw the sword and furiously engage.  
 Close by the fierce contending crowd, upon a little hill,  
 Sits mighty Death, with bloody breath—the hosts are at his will.  
 He rubs his long and bony hands, and seems convulsed with glee,  
 As 'neath him strive those spectre bands as furious as the sea,  
 When winds and waves and lightnings strive which shall the  
 conqueror be ;  
 The thunder of their hurtled spears, the clashing of their blades,  
 Their party cries—such hideous din—the midnight air invades ;  
 And ever and anon arose to heaven a piteous wail,  
 Like the wild parting of a ship that founders in a gale,  
 As one by one the leaders dropped exhausted on the moor,  
 And felt the pangs of violent death as bitter as before—  
 As bitter as upon that day, that fatal day of yore.

The moon stood balanced on a hill, and shone upon the field,  
 Upon their gashes wide and deep, as death their eyeballs sealed,  
 But thrice again beneath the moor the spectre horn is wound,  
 Earth opens and the strife is done—the dead sink under ground.

The fresh air breathes when they are gone, the dew is on the thorn,  
While up at heaven the merry lark proclaims the rising morn.

O read the warning, pause a while, ye angry men of strife,  
For God in heaven doth hold most dear the sacred fount of life;  
That vital spark which He hath given no mortal man should quench,  
For woe to the victors, and woe to the slain, and woe to the bloody trench!  
Each of these spectre warriors was gallant, bold, and brave,  
But for this sin they find no peace within the mouldering grave;  
And ever as the season comes, the peasant tells the tale  
Of the ancient battle on the moor, and hears the parting wail,  
As from the shelf he takes the book—the precious Book of Life—  
To read the warnings given therein to those that live in strife.

SCENES FROM "WALLACE."

[Sir Charles Lindsay having been executed by command of the English, Lady Lindsay and her son are discovered bending over the body immediately after the execution.]

*Lady Lindsay.*—Hide now thy face thou brightest orb of heaven

In some thick cloud, as cheerless as my grief,  
Come murky night and chase the garish sun.  
That smiles, and smiles, and smiles, upon my woe.  
The trembling captive burdened with his crimes  
Seeks the dark hollow of the leafy wood,  
Or in the night, cased in some mean disguise,  
Prowls fearfully where men do congregate,  
But Edward Longshanks, king of villains,  
His beastly crime flaunts in the face of day.

*Lindsay.*—I prithee, gentle mother, to be still,  
My father's spirit hovers o'er me now,  
Vex him not, mother, with too much of grief.

. . . . .

*Wallace.*—Aid me, just heaven, to venge these cruel wrongs.

*Lady Lindsay.*—Grief must in future be to me a husband,  
Sorrows my children, tears my cup of joy—  
O coward death that early takes the best,  
Here on the ground a monument of woe,  
I'll sit all day and call upon thy dart,  
And thou wilt pass in scorn of the poor wretch  
That gladly would be wedded to a shroud.

. . . . .

(*Wallace addresses the Scottish army near Irvine :*)

*Wallace.*—Hear me, ye patriots, 'tis the hap of war  
That Edward spoils our country, wastes our blood,  
And robs the independence of our Church,  
For never can we aught behold in him  
Than the oppressive, ruthless conqueror,  
Whose power keeps equal footing with our loss,  
Nor he in us than danger to his power,  
So rank are our opposing interests,  
Our glorious freedom hath endured so long,  
From Fergus unto Alexander's death,  
That like the channel of a mighty stream,  
The disposition of the land is fixed,  
And moulded with the current of the wave ;  
Nor till as many generations pass  
Of crouching slaves can nature be subdued,—  
This knows proud Edward, and he plans the slope  
Down which our honoured country shall decline,  
While sharp and bitter are our present wrongs.

*Douglas.*—We'll spend our lives to gain our liberty.

*Fraser.*—We shall avenge the insults which we've felt.

*Moray.*—And revel us in England's merry countie  
As she so long has in our bonny Scotland.

*Wallace.*—O ! let the spirits of our ancestors  
Give to us manly stomachs in the war ;  
Upon the topmost peaks of our high hills  
The souls of our departed heroes stand  
To overlook our actions, and to join  
In glorious sympathy with our bold deeds,  
Fame shall exalt us to their company,  
And from her lofty citadel blow wide  
Our names to every country of the free,  
Till they become the watchwords of renown.

#### FROM "DUNBAR."

(*Dunbar discovered asleep in prison, a bright light shining on him.  
A Choir of voices sing above.*)

Heavenly angels on thee wait,  
Mortal man, though doomed to die ;  
We regard thy low estate,  
Though thy prostrate body lie  
Gro'ling on thy parent earth,  
Where so late thou had'st thy birth.

Such the power of heavenly truth  
Which doth now possess thy soul,  
Though scarcely past meridian youth  
Already thou hast reached the goal  
S

Where God will welcome thee with choirs  
And grant thee all thy soul's desires.

Fear not, mortal, though they spill  
Thy best blood upon the ground,  
He who God's behests fulfil  
In his sustaining arms is wound ;  
With guilty hands when thee they slay  
They help but faster on thy way.

*Sailor.*—He sleeps the sleep of the just, great Dunbar.  
I have seen many die, and sleeping, too,  
Soundly the night before their execution,  
But this man hath no semblance unto these.  
Gentle and true, the worst words of his mouth  
Sound like a blessing dropped from heaven itself.

*Dunbar.*—It is the coward that doth fear to die.  
A thousand shapes of horror's in the word,  
And direful sounds in every passing breeze  
Appals the votary of superstition ;  
But my soul's calm, my pulse beats temperate,  
And heavenly peace is seated in my heart.  
A thousand happy memories of the past  
Come trooping o'er the tissues of my brain,  
And smiling faces meekly bend their eyes  
With parted lips and words that blesses me.  
Has, then, a life like mine been idly spent ?  
Ah ! no, the soldier of the cross,  
When death o'ertakes him, dies to be immortal.



## FRANCIS BARNARD,

THE collier poet of Woodend, Armadale, author of a volume entitled "Sparks from a Miner's Lamp" (Baird & Hamilton, Airdrie, 1875), was born in 1834 at Red Row, one of a cluster of hamlets belonging to the Devon Iron Company, and situated in the county and parish of Clackmannanshire. When

he was yet a child his parents removed to the neighbourhood of Airdrie, where they remained for four years, after which they returned to Clackmannanshire, and settled for a time at Forrest Mill. Here, in his sixth year, Francis was sent to school—the same damp, dingy building in which the young poet, Michael Bruce, was teacher for a period. The Barnard family, as is typical of the mining class, experienced many “shifts,” and we find them now at Bo’ness and again at Grangemouth, where the subject of our sketch worked in the pit with his father, followed the occupation of a cowherd, and attended school, where he was an apt and intelligent pupil. His mother laboured early and late at hand-sewing to keep him at school and in books. It was her ambition that he should “wag his pow in a pulpit,” and she made every endeavour in her power to bring about this consummation. However, the fates were against the family, and he had to go down the mine. “Toiling from three or four in the morning until five or six o’clock in the evening,” he says, “left little or no time for mental culture. Still I generally read whatever came in my way, and continued a regular attender at the Sunday school. Looking back, and calling to remembrance the persons with whom I was associated at one of these, I am forcibly reminded of a sentiment in *Thenstone’s Schoolmistress*—

‘A little bench of heedless bishops *here*,  
And *there* a chancellor in embryo,’

for, besides others of note who were in that Sabbath school, there was a Lord-Advocate ‘in embryo.’ This was the late Lord-Advocate, Johnnie Balfour, as we used to call him. He and I were in the same class, and his tutor was our teacher. . . . I learned that ‘labour, all labour is noble and holy,’ that a man’s calling would never disgrace him, but that on the con-

trary, he might ennoble it, so that I thought to be an honest miner may not be the worst occupation after all. It is now nearly a quarter of a century since I was employed in the Coltness Iron Company's service at Woodend Colliery, near Bathgate, and with the exception of fully two years I have remained with them ever since. I now and again string together a few verses on any subject that occurs to me, and send them to the *Airdrie Advertiser*, *West Lothian Courier*, and other newspapers, where I always get a cordial reception. During the winter months I gather a few boys into my room and give them lessons in the three 'R's,' and thus try in many ways to be useful to my fellow-men. But a time came when my eldest child, son, and first help met with an accident, which seemed trivial at first, but cost him years of suffering and acute pain. Not only was it suffering to him, poor fellow, but it reduced the whole family to penury and want. It was then that one of our numerous friends suggested that I should venture on the publication of my poems."

The volume met with the success its merits deserved. Many of his descriptive and pastoral poems are graphic and pleasing, and possess true pathos. In his labour poems we find tender and touching delineations of pit life, and it is refreshing to hear his joyous echoes ring amid the darkness of the mine. In a letter accompanying several of his recent productions he says—"I am now past the July of my days, when birds forget to sing. At best I am but a sparrow among the birds, and it is only an occasional chirp that is now heard from me." We will be glad to be cheered by such "chirps" for many a day. Altogether, the worthy collier bard deserves the admiration of our readers not only on account of the excellency of his verse, but also for the nobility of his personal character.

## THE DYING WIFE.

Noo, John, ye'll raise me up a wee, for ere I gang awa,  
 Tho' weak an' low my voice, I'd like to say a word or twa—  
 I winna trouble you lang noo, but ye've been guid an' kin',  
 An' for your pains ye'll get reward; O had the task been mine;  
 No that I hae a grudge to gang, but in your latest hours,  
 I'd seen hoo ye were cared for, but it is His will, be't ours.  
 An' sin' it's sae, ae thing I'll say, an' ye'll be proud to learn,  
 My heart is fu', big wi' the joy o' meetin' wi' our bairn.

It wasna lang we had her, no, but barely twa short years,  
 She dwelt on earth, an', John, oh weel I mind your doubts an'  
 fears;

An' hoo ye said that when, wi' care, your heart was vex'd an' sad,  
 Her bits o' droll wee funny ways, again sune made it glad;  
 An' aye ye said she kent whene'er it was o'ercaast wi' gloom,  
 But aye you thocht she wad be ta'en a bud in Heaven to bloom;  
 Owre true, but ae short week she dwined, nae need for her  
 preparin',

An' then she quietly gaed awa—in Heaven a lanesome bairn.

No but I ken the bairnie's free frae sin an' a' its harins,  
 An' aft the Saviour taks her up an' faulds her in his arms:  
 Yet thro' the sweet green fields I've thocht she aften lanely trips,  
 But aye the everlasting sang upon her sweet wee lips.  
 The dear wee lamb, she'll surely ken her mother sune will come,  
 Be surely foremost at the gate to bid me welcome home;  
 For tho' on earth will ne'er be kent the bliss the righteous earn,  
 The joys o' Heaven maun sweeter be when I gang to our bairn.

An' tho' the way be lang an' dark, the journey's short in time,  
 For I'll be safely hame before the morrow's midnight chime;  
 An' tho' I ken ye'll weary, weary sair when I am gane,  
 There's ae consolin' thocht, I ken ye'll no be left alane;  
 An' ye'll be comforted, an' whiles I'll wing a journey doun,  
 E'en to the pillow whaur ye lie, but ye'll be sleepin' soun';  
 An' dream that I'm beside ye, John, an' in your dreams ye'll  
 learn

A' that is lawfu' to be kent about me and our bairn.

Ye hae a trust, a heavy charge, Heaven help you to fulfil  
 Your duties a', an' bide your time, an' when you come I will  
 Be waitin' to receive you, an' till then upon His breast,  
 I'll rest secure, for O I'm weary, langin' for that rest.

Noo, John, ye'll lay me back again, my head is geyan sair,  
 An' weet my lips, they're unco dry, an' I maun speak nae mair;  
 But till ye come, may He wha gied us aye our daily bread,  
 Keep you an' guide you to the end, wi' blessings on your head.



## THE SUN IS EVER SHINING.

Ho ! brothers travelling o'er life's way,  
 All sick, all weary, and repining,  
 Thro' cloud and gloom day after day,  
 Cheer up ! the sun is ever shining.

Oppressed with toil, oppressed with care,  
 Thro' others' selfish base designing,  
 You deem your ills too hard to bear,  
 Take comfort, still the sun is shining.

The blackest cloud that e'er did loom  
 In air had aye a silver lining ;  
 Amid the night of deepest gloom  
 Somewhere on earth the sun was shining ;

Tho' fortune's winter on you frown,  
 With cloud on cloud your hopes repelling,  
 Summer will after winter come,  
 With sunshine all your gloom dispelling.

Worn out and weary, tho' you fall,  
 Yet know, in your last days declining,  
 Earth's sun may fade, moon, stars, and all,  
 Still there's a Sun will aye be shining.

Then, brothers, struggling o'er life's way,  
 O go not heartless and repining ;  
 Tho' seeming cloudy is your day,  
 The Sun of Righteousness is shining.

## HONEYMOON SONG.

O care will gar a man look wae,  
 An' care will mak' him glad,  
 E'en care will heave his heart owre hie,  
 An' care will drive him mad ;  
 But trow me, man is blessed by cares,  
 The fewer that they be,  
 For a' my care is for my Nell,  
 An' Nell's a' for me.

Nae world's gear e'er gae me fear,  
 Or care to cross my rest,—  
 But what has love to do wi' gear,  
 For wi't he's seldom blest ;  
 I daily toil for Nellie's smile,  
 An' the sweet blink o' her ee,

An' I've nae care but for my Nell,  
An' Nell nane but me.

Ye wha hae liv'd in Hymen's band  
Twa-thirds o' a' your life,  
An' watch'd your little offspring sweet,  
Grow up to man an' wife,  
The sweetest time o' a' your lives  
Was (sure ye'll a' agree),  
When ye'd nane to care for but your Nell,  
And Nell nane but ye.

Gae mix ye wi' the babblin' crowd,  
Whase peace is wreck'd at hame,  
An' seek your joys in princely ha's  
Wanrestfu' lord an' dame ;  
In the wide desert I could dwell,  
An' joyfu' there wad be,  
Wi' nought to care for but my Nell,  
An' Nell nought but me.

#### AN EVENING IN SPRING.

How sweet, how beautiful, how mild and still,  
Now that young Spring has shown her infant face.  
The sun has set behind the western hill,  
And gold-tinged clouds swim thro' the vaulted space,  
Like golden fishes in a crystal vase.  
Pleasant the murmur of the purling rill,  
Mix'd with the little songsters of the grove,  
All sweetly carolling their lays of love.  
'Tis twilight, and the thrush now sings alone—  
The smaller birds erewhile have one by one  
Dropt off—his song confused, but sweeter grown,  
The last tones sweetest, till, now hush ! 'tis done.  
O ! I could dwell among the woods with thee,  
To listen to thy strains of richest melody.

#### THE AULD MAN.\*

A gay and sprightly lad was I,  
When in my youthfu' years ;  
This waird I thought a paradise,  
Nae cares had I nor fears.

\* I have here attempted to imitate that change or apparent inconsistency of sentiment very noticeable in aged people. SCENE—The king's highway, beside a wood, near a village, and boys playing at ball.

Where'er I went, whate'er I saw,  
 A' seemèd to divine,  
 A life o' lasting bliss for me,  
 Ah ! cheating days langsyne.

I wander dowie thro' the woods,  
 Tho' cheerie is the spring ;  
 The trees 'mid joy shoot forth their buds,  
 The birdies sweetly sing.  
 The mavis, loud aboon them a',  
 Pours forth his notes sae fine,  
 But sings na the same canty sang,  
 He used to sing langsyne.

The palm-buds oh ! they draw a tear,  
 They sae resemble man,  
 Born wi' the grey hairs on his head—  
 Life spent ere weel began,  
 They fade an' mingle wi' the clay,  
 Amaist before they shine,  
 Sae short is life, yet seems to me,  
 A weary lang langsyne.

Lang, lang ere this my weary saul,  
 Had Heaven-ward wing'd its way,  
 Had not its flight been kept down by  
 This weary load o' clay.  
 I lang to see that place o' bliss,  
 Where saints with angels join,  
 In sangs o' lasting praise to Him,  
 Wha lov'd us sae langsyne.

Play on, ye merry youngsters, play,  
 Drive out the cheerie ba',  
 The time will come when a' your mirth  
 An' glee maun pass awa'.  
 But dinna dae as I hae dune,  
 An' cause hae to repine,  
 Nor dream aught o' the silly joys,  
 I doted on langsyne.

Tho' Time has placed upon my head  
 A crown o' hoary hairs,  
 Whilk tells me noo that I, ere lang,  
 Maun leave this warld o' cares ;  
 Yet when I see thae sportive boys,  
 My eild amaist I tinc,  
 For, yet, my heart beats to the joys  
 An' pastimes o' langsyne.

## ROBERT STIRLING INGLIS.

WE have occasionally found it to be a characteristic of those who possess in some degree the power of rhyme or the gift of poetic expression, that they are eager to see their productions in print, and early ambitious of appearing, if possible, in all the dignity of a volume of poems. The subject of the present sketch is a marked exception to this tendency. Though belonging undoubtedly to the *genus irritabile vatum* he was singularly free from the weakness of seeking to expose his poetic musings to the glare of the public press. In early life, indeed, he seems to have sent at least one piece to a newspaper, yet he has but seldom allowed anything to appear in this way, and only at the close of life—finished too soon—was he persuaded to allow a small volume of his poems to be prepared for publication. And after all he did not live to see the book, in preparing for which the last weeks of his life were spent. This volume, entitled "Whisperings from the Hillside," was published in 1886, by Mr A. Elliot, Edinburgh, with a prefatory note giving some account of the author, by the Rev. James Bell, Auchtermuchty, to whom, and the publisher, we are indebted for bringing Robert Inglis under our notice.

The poet was born in 1835, in the parish of Heriot and county of Edinburgh, near the head of Gala Water. His father was a shepherd there, but in the poet's second year removed to the farm of Outterstone, in the parish of Temple. The family was a large one, consisting of eight sons and one daughter, Robert being the third. The home was at the foot of the Moorfoot hills, and Robert and his brothers got their scanty education at the Parish School, some distance

off. He was early acquainted with the care of sheep, and the shepherd's dog was his playmate. In the poem "The Summer Brook," he looks back from the end of life to its beginning,

"Ere I had donned the male attire,  
Or doffed the female's druggel frock,  
And when, like pious monk or friar,  
I wore the shepherd's tartan cloak.

Ere, like a little hardy man,  
Wi' worthy Bob, then auld an' dune,  
Alang the march burnside we ran,  
To turn the flocks at summer noon.

In after years, too, as may be seen in "The Whinny Dell," pleasant memories of schooldays at Temple are preserved. Yet these schooldays must have been few, and his attendance at school, especially in the later years, was much broken. The large family at home, and their scanty means, required that the elder children should be early called upon to help their parents. He left home for the first time before he reached the age of twelve. During the next ten or eleven years he was engaged at various farms in his native county, always coming home now and again. At one time he was home ill, and had to undergo an operation, when his life was despaired of, and he was long unfit for employment.

In the year 1857 our poet got a situation as shepherd at Campsie, which he changed in the following year for one at Fintry. By this time the poetic faculty had awakened, and he was known among his friends as a writer of verses. The following verse is from a poem written at this time, the oldest, so far as known, which he has preserved, and which he says "was printed in the English newspapers, and recommended by the editor to an attentive perusal. It is entitled "Hope."

"Gift of heaven, what can buy thee?  
 Not the pinching miser's hoard;  
 Nothing earthly can supply me  
 With the pleasures you afford:  
 When the gay and great pass by me,  
 Patiently thou lingerest nigh me—  
 Gift of the eternal Lord."

In a letter which has been preserved from J. N., the parish schoolmaster at Fintry of date 10th February, 1859, which accompanies a poetical effusion addressed to R. Inglis "the poet of the Jaw," (evidently the name of the place where the shepherd lived), reference is made to a manuscript book of poems, of which the writer says that "it is most astonishingly correct, both in orthography and syntax, to be done by one who is unacquainted with the rules of grammar." "It would be a pity," he adds "if you did not go on as have done, as you have some very fine feeling in poetical language."

Encouraged by such words of praise, he did go on, and in subsequent years, while shepherd in varied scenes, he continued to cultivate the Muses. His employment afterwards led him to Strathblane and Gargunnoch, in Stirlingshire, and to Brackland, to Aldie, near Methven, and to Invermay, in Perthshire. Many of his pieces date from the last two places, though in Invermay he only remained one year. He removed to Fife in the year 1871, and in 1873 he married and settled down in the little cottage of Darnoe as the shepherd on the farm of Falklandwood, near Falkland. Here he remained eleven years, till in 1884 failing health caused the removal of the family to the neighbouring village of Newton. For nearly two years he lingered on under severe liver complaint, much confined to bed, yet ever cheerful, till the end came on 19th June, 1886.

The poems of our author well illustrate the value of the old godly upbringing of the Scottish peasant

homes, and the truth, too, that, with this advantage, oftentimes from lowly cot came forth in after years some of the best influences on society. He is a humble instance also of what Burns and Hogg illustrate splendidly—that true poetic power may have its origin in the poorest rustic dwelling, and that the Muse may be nursed in the shepherd's plaid on the hillside.

The love of home, as in all true Scottish hearts, was deeply cherished by our poet, and frequently finds expression in his verse; and so, too, the friends of home—indeed the poems of the affections form the bulk of the book. Not till within a month or two of his death, and when urged thereto by some friends, did he attempt writing in his native dialect. This is much to be regretted, as his success in the few poems he has thus produced gave promise of excellent work.

The poet was very busy during the last year of his life. His growing affliction cast a pensive gloom over his spirit, but it did not crush his poetic faculty. He sat or lay and mused over many things of the past. Fancy was quickened, while he remembered all the scenes of joyous nature from which he was now shut out. The last poem which left his hand, only three or four days before his death, that addressed "To Robert Nicoll," is here reproduced. He seemed to trace some resemblance between his own case and that of the weary though youthful poet returning to his native place, but not permitted to reach it. The selections we give show the variety of his themes and the versatility of his Muse.

WE FEEL NOT TILL WE SUFFER.

Dark sorrows cloud full many a hearth,  
When life's most valued joys have fled;  
And angel smiles, and childhood's mirth,  
But live around the early dead.

As oft spring's fairest flowers are left  
 Of all their fragrance and their bloom,  
 So are those homes where nought is left  
 But aching hearts and silent gloom.

When wrathful tempests lash the deep,  
 And strew the shore with many a wreck,  
 And lone hearts for their lost ones weep,  
 How little heed of those we take !  
 But when dire troubles nearer come,  
 And from the circle dear ones steal,  
 And leave sad blanks in our sweet home,  
 For others then we learn to feel.

Oh ! let us not refuse to learn  
 To sympathise with human woe,  
 Till by some lesson, kind tho' stern,  
 Life's nobler work we're taught to know.  
 And when our trusted gourd lies low,  
 Let's bear in mind the lesson given,  
 And try some kindly light to throw  
 O'er lives by sorrows bowed and riven.

How blest is he who stoops and bears  
 His brother's burden through the brake  
 Of thorny griefs and bramble cares,  
 Where robes are torn and sore limbs ache.  
 On him may choicest blessings fall,  
 And good men honour long the name  
 Of him who came at duty's call,  
 Responsive to the tend'rest claim.

#### THE LAND WHERE THE EAGLE SOARS.

And this is the land where the eagle soars,  
 O'er his rock-built home by the northern sea,  
 Where the fisher's song, as he plies his oar,  
 Chimes in with the wave right joyously.

Bold bird of the rock ! when the billows sweep  
 Round thy watchtower base, in their wrathful might,  
 Unawed thou canst gaze on the seething deep,  
 And peacefully brood on the giddy height.

The land of the heath and moorland mist,  
 Where the flocks roam far o'er the furzy fell,  
 And the stag bounds light, with his dappled breast,  
 Through the rugged pass of his native dell ;



Where the grey curlew on the upland screams,  
 And the moorhen wades thro' the reedy fen ;  
 Oh ! these are the scenes of the Muse's dreams,  
 And the touching themes of the poet's pen.

For this is the land of immortal song,  
 Where the bard has touched, with a power sublime,  
 The hidden springs of the young and strong,  
 And solaced the old with his tenderest rhyme ;

And wept o'er the wrongs of the lonesome glen,  
 By the ruined hall and the roofless cot,  
 Where the loyal clans of unflinching men  
 Came true to a man at the pibroch's note.

For the rust is red on the broad claymore,  
 And the song wakes not in the festive hall,  
 Where the banner droops on the cold dank floor,  
 From its fameless place in the mouldering wall.

The turf is green on the manly breast,  
 And the hearth he loved by the heath o'ergrown ;  
 While his offspring, far in the fertile west,  
 Is claimed by that land as her stalwart own.

Then know, as ye gaze on this land of ours,  
 By the craggy steep or the rolling flood,  
 That those desert haunts, and those sweet wild flowers,  
 Are immortalized by the martyrs' blood.

For the bracken bush, and the rock's cold ledge,  
 And the streams o'ergrown by the mossy sod,  
 Have a hiding been from the trooper's rage,  
 When athirst for blood the demon rode.

For the hoary cliff, and the fertile strath,  
 And the solemn glen, and the cavern deep,  
 Have blushed to behold his murderous wrath,  
 Like a fiend that could neither rest nor sleep.

But the scene is changed ! for the martyr's dust,  
 'Neath the mouldering cairn and the grassy sward,  
 Like a relic of love, a sacred trust,  
 Is left with the angels of God as guard.

Though his grave is hid in those wilds untrod,  
 And his life unwrit in his country's lore,  
 His name is enshrined in the heart of God,  
 Where he lives in His love for evermore.

## THE CAPTIVE LARK.

I passed along the crowded street,  
 And wondered much to hear thee sing  
 Thy own wild notes so clear and sweet,  
 Not like a cramped imprisoned thing ;  
 And yet I thought that song might be  
 Thy last appeal for liberty !

So full of tenderness, and still  
 With all thy native beauty fraught,  
 Graceful as when, above the hill,  
 By Nature only wert thou taught  
 To sing and soar, and soaring sing,  
 The sweetest minstrel of the spring.

As gushing from thy little throat  
 The wild notes came, a bitter pang  
 Crept o'er my spirit, for I thought  
 These more with plaint than pleasure rang,  
 And blending, yet distinct and strong,  
 An answering call rung in thy song.

With ready ear, O had you caught,  
 Tho' singing in that thoroughfare,  
 Some well-known sounds the breeze had brought  
 From old companions passing near ?  
 Or noting them with upward glance,  
 You gave their song that quick response ?

And as a random word let fall  
 In lonely hearts will often find  
 An echo deep, did these recall  
 A time when thou wert unconfined ?  
 When thou could'st soar as free as they,  
 And sing to heaven thy morning lay ?

A time when crimson heath-bells rung  
 Their " merry moorland chimes " to thee ?  
 When crystal streamlets far among  
 Their own wild mountain scenery,  
 Or flowing on thro' fertile plains,  
 Murmured to thee their sweetest strains ?

And lo ! my thoughts were borne away  
 To green hillside and brake of fern,  
 Where peacefully the grey mist lay  
 In silvery folds around the cairn,  
 And there in that lone spot I heard  
 Another sing - no captive bird,

But free,—and as he raised his crest,  
 Drew up his limbs and spread his wing,  
 And shook from off his speckled breast,  
 The dewdrops black upon the ling,\*  
 Oh! happy bird! my spirit sighed,  
 If I could thus fling cares aside.

Yes, free, and as he rose from earth,  
 “'Bove morning cloud and mortal ken,”  
 He looked a bird of heav'nly birth,  
 And sung at heaven's portal then,  
 Still, like the heav'n-sent shower of rain,  
 To earth came back the sweet refrain.

As up thro' ether fields he rose,  
 If his sweet song appeared to wane,  
 'Twas but as in the distance grows  
 More mellow music's powerful strain;  
 For still he sung, tho' lost to sight  
 Amid the morning's sweetest light.

And was not his a princely lot,  
 In that “bright region of the sun?”  
 Thro' summer's calmest sky to float,  
 And when his song of peace was done,  
 Drop from the “blue expanse,” to press  
 The fair flowers of the wilderness.

Bright soaring bird! what cares could touch  
 His sinless heart those clouds among!  
 God spread for him his heath-bell couch,  
 And taught to him his beauteous song,  
 And bade the hill and streamlet nigh  
 His few and simple wants supply.

ROBERT NICOLL.

If talent equalled the regard  
 I bear this unaffected bard,  
 Then wad I bring  
 A kind remembrancer o' him,  
 Who, when he herded by the stream,  
 First learned to sing.

Pure was his liltin' as the air,  
 Which played amang his laddie hair,  
 An' sweet forby,

\* Common heath.

Sweet as the flowers which grew aroun',  
 Bright wi' the sunny licht o' June,  
 Or calm July.

An' happy as the birdies' lay,  
 Sung when the mornin' still is gray  
 Upon the hill,  
 Or when the peaceful gloamin' hour  
 Creeps saftly round the lover's bower,  
 Where a' is still.

I love his hamely, tender strain,  
 Fu' o' a beauty stown frae nane,  
 But nature wild ;  
 For a' conspired in her domain  
 To win the muse's amorous swain,  
 When summer smiled.

An' as the burnie rowed alang,  
 Doubtless he gathered frae its sang  
 New melodies ;  
 For if one ear could hear therein  
 Oucht but a minglin' o' strange din,  
 That ear was his.

From these he caught that living fire,  
 Which shone around his Scottish lyre ;  
 An' thro' a' time,  
 Where Scotchmen sing, an' Scotch hearts ache,  
 His touching piety will make  
 His verse sublime.

#### A L B U M V E R S E S .

Blessed be the art which thus can give  
 The friends we treasure most,  
 Although in foreign lands they live  
 Their image is not lost.

Though deeply stamp'd on mem'ry's page,  
 Long, long their doings last,  
 And from our youth to heary age  
 We hold their sayings fast.

Yet dimmer to fond memory's eye  
 Their likenesses become,  
 As farther off the bright days fly  
 When we were all at home.

T

But here their forms and features dwell,  
 A banquet to our sight,  
 And all can feel, though few can tell,  
 The depth of that delight.

TO MY AIN GUIDWIFE.

I never dreamed when I had made ye  
 My ain guidwife, I only wed ye  
 To slave wi' needle, thread, an' preen,  
 An' sit wi' sheers, an' shapes o' paper,  
 An' tapeline, 'side the midnight taper,  
 To work nicht oot, an' mornin' in.

I canna see, tho' much I hope it,  
 How we wad fen, were ye to drop it,  
 Nor mair the midnight toil begin ;  
 For sair's the fecht, an' hard the scrapin'  
 To get our sowp, an' bite, an' happin',  
 An' keep want oot, an' bein folk in.

But we wad cheerfu' bear the burden,  
 Nor let oor hearts wi' trials harden,  
 Nor fash oorsel's 'bout fortune's frown ;  
 For sometimes wealth is not in riches,  
 An' delvin' yairds, an' scourin' ditches,  
 Will bring mair pleasure than a crown.

Fu' weel we ken, an' never question,  
 The nicht was gien for man to rest in,  
 An' nae to shape, or caird, or spin ;  
 But this we hae to min', an' note aye,  
 What my auld grannie used to gote\* aye,  
 "The naked man wi' need maun rin."

Oh ! mony a sad an' weakly mither,  
 Wi' scanty means, an' painfu' swither,  
 When nane but God cud see her greet,  
 Through lang drear nichts has sairly striven,  
 For luve still maks this life worth livin',  
 An' try to gar a' ends to meet.

Wi' mony things your brains are wracket,  
 Twice waur to richt than mak' a jacket  
 For the fair scion o' the hoose ;  
 To get a scone or bannock baket,  
 When box an' barrel are clean raket,  
 Nor ae kurn left to feed a moose.

\* To impress upon one.

I wadna like to see ye lazy,  
 But clean an' trig aye as a daisy,  
 An' ruddy as the heather bloom ;  
 Aye hopefu', mid oor care an' sorrow,  
 An' seein' aye a cheerfu' morrow,  
 Bricht painted on ilk night o' gloom.

## T O M A R Y .

Come, tell me now, my fairy love,  
 Oh ! say do ye remember still,  
 When bright the sun shone right above  
 Yon distant wood-encirled hill ?  
 And how a parting glance he threw,  
 Like one who says a kind good night,  
 Or friend who waves a last adieu,  
 Ere he descends the last seen height.

How grand and green the old hills shone,  
 Touched by the evening's fading glow,  
 And solemn came the curfew's tone  
 Up o'er the woods and marshes low.  
 Sad is that past, and dark and drear,  
 Which has enshrined no happy smile,  
 Nor kindly deed our hearts to cheer,  
 In times of sorrow or of toil.

Dear were to me those walks of ours,  
 Along our own thorn-guarded road,  
 Or through the fields among the flowers,  
 Upon the cool, refreshing sod ;  
 Fair grew thy little fav'rite flower  
 Away beside the corn-field fence,  
 The emblem of thy young life's dower,  
 The daisy—type of innocence.

When by the wood the evening mist  
 Crept slowly up the streamlet's brink,  
 And weary flowers looked athirst,  
 The cooling soft night dews to drink ;  
 How bright the lark rung out betimes  
 Those strains no purer poet knows,  
 Which heavenward, like vesper chimes,  
 And sweet as evening incense, rose.

Oh ! were I filled with living fire,  
 And deep with poet's ardour stirred,  
 I'd praise on the immortal lyre  
 That happy, peerless, poor man's bird.

Like him I'd soar in song sublime,  
 With thoughts in fittest language dressed,  
 I'd thrill the soul with glowing rhyme,  
 And sing to it and thee of rest.

Rest ! 'tis not dug from learning's mine,  
 Nor found in deeds of noble aim,  
 Nor do we see its lustre shine  
 Upon the laurelled brow of fame ;  
 The sable robe and costly gem,  
 The round of pleasures ever new,  
 The post of power, the diadem,  
 Is but the mirage,—all untrue.

Oh ! there is music in that word,  
 A melody akin to home,  
 A fragrance as when flowers are stirred,  
 Rich with the flush of summer bloom.  
 It fills the soul with hope and peace,  
 When heavy sorrows strike it dumb,  
 And sings of joys which never cease,  
 When God's own promised rest has come.



REV. J. R. MACDUFF, D.D.

THE Rev. Dr Macduff, one of the most popular and voluminous religious writers of the day, is the second son of Alexander Macduff of Bonhard, Perthshire, where he was born in 1818. He was educated for the Church at the High School and at the University of Edinburgh. In 1843 he was ordained minister of the parish of Kettins, in Forfarshire, and in 1849 was presented to the parish of St Madoes, Perthshire, where he remained until 1855, when he was appointed to the Sandyford Parish Church, Glasgow. After fifteen years of able and successful labour in Glasgow he retired to Chislehurst, Kent, where he now devotes all his time to literary work. He re-

ceived the degree of D.D. from the University of New York in 1857, and from the Glasgow University in 1859.

Dr Macduff has written a large number of religious works that have attained an immense circulation—indeed, in this country and in America about three millions of his books have been sold. These have been principally published by Messrs Nisbet & Co., and include “Memories of Bethany,” “Memories of Gennesaret,” “The Shepherd and His Flock,” “The Grapes of Eshcol,” “The Mind and Words of Jesus,” “Hosannas of the Children,” “Eventide at Bethel,” “The Morning and Night Watches.” His best-known tales are “The Parish of Taxwood,” “The Story of a Shell,” and “The Story of a Dewdrop.” He has also written and edited a series of “Bible Forget-me-nots,” and “The Speedwell” series of miniature text-books, published by Marcus Ward & Co. These are very artistically got-up, and have enjoyed wide popularity. In 1884 Nisbet & Co. published his volume of poetry, entitled “Gates of Praise and other Original Hymns, Poems, and Fragments of Verse.” These manifest the high-souled earnestness of purpose, the keen insight into human nature, the desire to lead humanity in noble paths, and the ripe fruit of much communing with spiritual truth so marked in his pulpit ministrations and in his prose writings. They possess lyrical ease, sweetness and simplicity, and are eminently adapted to cheer and strengthen the heart of the desponding. Some of them have long been special favourites with those who have come to know the blessedness of religion as the only stay and comfort of their lives.



## KNOCKING.

Knocking, knocking !—it is Jesus,  
 Jewels deck His kingly brow ;  
 Lo ! He standeth great and glorious,  
 Over death and hell victorious,  
 Knocking long and knocking now.

Knocking to unbar the door,  
 Matted thick with weed and thorn ;  
 Sprinkled are His tresses o'er  
 With the dews of night and morn.

“ Knocking, knocking !—Vainly knocking,  
 Do I plead to enter in ?  
 Days and years I have been standing  
 Importuning and demanding,  
 Still are fast the bolts of sin.

Knocking !—hear My earnest pleading,  
 Give the welcome I implore :  
 Why thus mock My interceding—  
 Open wide the long-closed door !”

Knocking, knocking ! Enter, enter,  
 Enter ere the morning dawn !  
 Enter, Saviour-God, most glorious !  
 Enter, enter all victorious,  
 Every bolt is now withdrawn.

Enter ! let this heart of mine,  
 To its rightful King restored,  
 Be henceforth for ever Thine :—  
 Welcome—“ Blessed of the Lord !”

## THE RESPONSE.

Darkness is past, and all is light ;  
 The iron bars exclude no more ;  
 God's Sun has shone ;—its arrows bright  
 Lie thick and golden on the floor.

Transfigured Nature henceforth seems  
 On dimpled cheek new smiles to wear.  
 New music ripples in her streams,  
 New subtle beauties everywhere !

I see, as this new life revives,  
 With other eyes the wooded ridge

Where bees go laden to their hives,  
Or, humming, skirt the moss-grown bridge :

The sea's expanse of azure blue,  
The lichens starring rock and hill,  
The flowerets diademed with dew,  
The choir birds waking up their trill.

The frost long dimmed my window pane,  
The ashes on my hearth lay cold ;  
Life seemed composed of rust and stain ;  
But all is now transformed to gold.

Thrice welcome art Thou, Blessed One !  
As soon Thy name and love divine  
Now would I doubt, as that the sun  
In yonder sky had ceased to shine.

Thou mad'st the din of passion cease,  
The angry tempests which before  
Made havoc of my soul and peace,  
Have stilled their rage for evermore.

Where once at eve and morning prime,  
Despair had tolled its deadly knell ;  
Now rings bright Hope its matin chime,  
And Peace its silvery vesper bell.

This heart henceforth shall be Thine own ;  
Each rival occupant subdue !  
Reign thus, O Christ, supreme, alone ;  
And by Thy grace make all things new.

In grief and joy—in youth and age,  
Throughout each varying chequered scene  
Of life's uncertain pilgrimage,  
Be near :—let nothing come between

My soul and Thee. Whate'er Thou deem  
Unworthy of Thy love, expel ;  
The grovelling aim—the selfish scheme ;  
Let nought within my bosom dwell

Save what is pure and true and kind.  
With the blest sense of sin forgiven,  
Give more and more the holy mind,  
A foretaste of the bliss of heaven.

Thus, by Thy gracious hand upborne,  
Be my life-journey short or long ;

On Thee I'll lean from early morn  
Till day chimes out its even-song.

And if, at times, in sorrow's night,  
Thou dost appear to hide Thy face ;  
I shall believe that all is right,  
And trust Thee, where I fail to trace.

O let my love no longer wane,  
Tempted no more from Thee to roam ;  
Calm waiting, till Thou come again,  
And with Thy promise call me home.

Then shall be heard Thy gracious word,  
(When not *Thy* knock but mine is given ;)  
" 'Come in ! thou blessèd of the Lord !'  
Welcome within the gates of heaven ! "

" Within the Gates ! " with nought to dim ;  
No sin to blight—no death to sever ;  
A brotherhood with seraphim  
My heritage, the Great For-Ever !

#### THE GRAVE OF BETHANY.

Who is this, in silence bending  
O'er a dark sepulchral cave ?  
Sympathetic sorrow blending  
With the tears around that grave ?  
Christ the Lord is standing by,  
At the tomb of Bethany !

" Jesus wept ! "—these tears are over,  
But His heart is still the same,  
Kinsman, Friend, and Elder Brother,  
Is His everlasting name.  
Saviour ! who can love like Thee,  
*Gracious One of Bethany ?*

When the pangs of trial seize us,  
When the waves of sorrow roll,  
I will lay my head on Jesus,  
Refuge of the troubled soul ;  
Surely none can feel like Thee,  
*Weeping One of Bethany !*

" Jesus wept ! "—and still in glory  
He can mark each mourner's tear,

Loving to retrace the story  
 Of the hearts He solaced here.  
 Lord ! when I am called to die,  
 Let me think of Bethany !

“ Jesus wept ! ”—that tear of sorrow  
 Is a legacy of love,  
 Yesterday—to-day—to-morrow—  
 He the same doth ever prove.  
 Thou art all in all to me,  
 Living One of Bethany !

## IN MEMORIAM:

*Thomas Guthrie, D.D. Funeral Day, March 1873.*

On comes the funeral car ! All heads uncover  
 Down the long surging crowd which line the way ;  
 With bated breath each whispers to the other—  
 “ A prince and great man fallen has to-day ! ”

By whom shall best the funeral hymn be chanted ?  
 Who on his sod shall lay the immortelle ?  
 Shall some cathedral's chancel-choir be wanted,  
 And courtly fingers strew the mute farewell ?

No ! Call the “ Arabs ” of his much-loved city,  
 Those once of ragged dress and weary limb—  
 The outcasts who engrossed his manly pity ;  
 No surpliced choristers so dear to him.

Still are his words of burning pathos ringing ;  
 Who can forget the magic of their power ?  
 New strength imparting—fresh resolves upbringing  
 That long survived the fleeting Sabbath hour.

Lay him to slumber, full of years and hoary,  
 Where rests his chief with chieftians all around ;  
 No mighty minster with its sculptured story,  
 Garners such dust as does that hallowed ground.

## LIFT, LIFT THE CROSS OF CHRIST.

Lift, lift the Cross of Christ :—Tell of grace abounding ;  
 In every tribe and kingdom let His banner be unfurled.  
 Blow, blow the trumpet, loud and lofty sounding,  
 Till its tones of jubilee echo round the world.

Sow, sow the Gospel seed :—Forget the night of weeping ;  
 The furrows are athirst, and invite the precious grain ;  
 They that sow in tears, shall yet have a glorious reaping,  
 And bearing harvest treasure “shall rejoicing come again.”

Gird, gird the loins about, let the lights be burning ;  
 Be like servants waiting for the coming of their Lord :  
 Lest the Royal Bridegroom find on His returning  
 Lamps of faith untrimmed, and the oil of grace unstored.

Work, work while yet the spring flowers deck the meadows ;  
 While times of blessing linger, and working seasons last :  
 Before the landscape darken with evening's lengthened shadows,  
 The summer sunshine ended, and the joy of harvest past.

Lift, lift the Cross of Christ ;—Tell of grace abounding ;  
 In every tribe and kingdom let His banner be unfurled.  
 Blow, blow the trumpet, loud and lofty sounding,  
 Till its tones of jubilee echo round the world !

#### CHRIST IS COMING.

Christ is coming ! Let creation  
 Bid her groans and travail cease ;  
 Let the glorious proclamation  
 Hope restore, and faith increase—  
 Christ is coming,  
 Come, Thou blessed Prince of Peace !

Earth can now but tell the story  
 Of Thy bitter Cross and pain ;  
 She shall yet behold Thy glory,  
 When Thou comest back to reign—  
 Christ is coming,  
 Let each heart repeat the strain !

Long Thine exiles have been pining,  
 Far from rest, and home, and Thee ;  
 But, in heavenly vestures shining,  
 Soon they shall Thy glory see !—  
 Christ is coming,  
 Haste the joyous jubilee.

With that “blessed hope” before us,  
 Let no harp remain unstrung ;  
 Let the mighty advent-chorus  
 Onward roll from tongue to tongue ;—  
 Christ is coming,  
 Come ! Lord Jesus,—quickly come !

## BETHLEHEM.

What are these ethereal strains  
 Floating o'er Judea's plains?  
 Burning spirits throng the sky  
 With their lofty minstrelsy.  
 Hark! they break the midnight trance  
 With the joyous utterance—  
 "Glory to God, and peace to men,  
 Christ is born in Bethlehem."

Quench, ye types, your feeble ray;  
 Shadows, ye may melt away;  
 Prophecy, your work is done;  
 Gospel ages have begun.  
 Temple, quench your altar-fires;  
 For these radiant angel-choirs  
 To a ruined world proclaim—  
 "Christ is born in Bethlehem."

Pillowed is His infant head  
 On a borrowed manger-bed;  
 He, around whose throne above  
 Angels hymned their songs of love,  
 Now is wrapt by virgin hands  
 In earth's meanest swaddling bands;  
 Once adored by seraphim,  
 Now a Babe of Bethlehem.

Eastern sages from afar,  
 Guided by a mystic star,  
 Followed, till its lustre mild  
 Brought them to the Heavenly child.  
 May each providence to me  
 Like a guiding meteor be,  
 Bringing nearer unto Him  
 Once the Babe of Bethlehem.



PETER GARDINER,

**A** VERSATILE writer of many richly-humorous  
 Scottish character-sketches and tales, as well  
 as a man of true poetic instinct, died in his thirty-

seventh year. He was born in 1847, in one of those quaint old closes that still form a marked characteristic of the old town of Edinburgh. After receiving a fair education he was, when about eleven years of age, apprenticed to a blacksmith. All his life, however, with the exception of a short time he served in the American Navy as a marine, he followed the occupation of a mechanic. Details of his career have been kindly furnished by Mr Robert Ford and Mr David Macrae, from which we learn that, on the expiry of his apprenticeship he went to America, and remained for a year in Philadelphia, thereafter joining the United States Marine Corps. During his term of service in that corps the regiment to which our poet was attached was serving in the Barracks at Washington when President Lincoln was assassinated in 1865. Gardiner formed one of the guard of forty odd men detailed to watch over the misguided men arrested in connection with the assassination, and the equally dastardly attempt on the lives of the leading members of the Cabinet. He stood guard also for two hours over the lifeless body of John Wilkes Booth, who murdered the good President with a pistol shot in Ford's Theatre. And this grim scene, together with all he saw and experienced as a marine soldier on board the United States sloop-of-war Hartford, is minutely and graphically described in a series of papers, entitled "My Start in Life." Indeed, while yet a boy he evinced a naturally studious and reflective turn, and an aptitude for literary composition, and while at school secured a prize for an essay on "Our Trip to Musselburgh."

At the close of the Civil War in America Gardiner took a three years' cruise, visiting many parts of the world. This helped, doubtless, to quicken his intellectual powers. On account of failing health, he returned to Scotland in 1869, and lived for some time *thereafter* in Glasgow, where he married. He then

went to Edinburgh, where he resided till his death in 1885. Feeble health and consequent want of employment made his efforts to secure the necessaries of life for a young family a hard struggle. To endeavour to make "ends meet" he tried to keep tradesmen's books. But poring over grocers' ledgers or making up "pass books" was poorly-paid work, and now he bethought of making a crutch of what had formerly been a hobby—writing for the periodical press. He accordingly began writing poetry and humorous sketches and tales for several newspapers and magazines, principally the *People's Friend*—a literary miscellany we have frequently had occasion to refer to as being the means of drawing out real talent—introducing to the public not a few who are now occupying a prominent and popular place as Scottish writers. Essays, poems, tales, and sketches of rare strength, beauty, and humour flowed from his versatile and ready pen. His deep and tender pathos was expressed in "Agnes Morton's Atonement," a story that took a first prize in the *People's Journal Christmas Number* some years ago. He is best known as the author of "Gutta Perky," "Five Feet Nine," "Up the Lum," and other really clever "readings," ranging from the powerfully sensational to the ludicrously comic. He had also a song-gift of no mean power. In the patriotic vein he frequently struck a vigorous chord, and many of his tender and melodious verses showed that he possessed a heart that could feel for the sorrowful and the poverty-stricken. The efforts of his intellectual powers afford indications of what, under happier circumstances, might have been achieved. There are, however, some of his humorous productions that have secured a permanent place in collections of "Scottish Readings." He died, as we have stated, in 1885, in his thirty-seventh year. His wife had predeceased him only by a few months, and his own premature demise was rendered



all the more sad by the fact that he left behind him five helpless children, almost totally unprovided for.

DEAR SCOTLAND.

Dear Scotland ! my country, mine own rugged land,  
 Where in childhood thy mountains I wander'd,  
 No blue bell was torn from its couch by this hand,  
 On the breezes abroad to be squandered.  
 Thy heather, thy thistle were sacred to me ;  
 And the mist-plaided mountains above me  
 Seemed the haunt of the souls of the fearless and free,  
 Dear Scotland ! my country, I love thee.

A stripling I strayed on a far foreign strand,  
 And dreamt of the days of my childhood ;  
 And in fancy re-gazed on the cliff-guarded land,  
 Where the fierce eagle nurtures her wild brood.  
 My heart gave a bound, and my pulses beat high,  
 I frown'd on the clear blue above me ;  
 I sigh'd for the mist, while a tear dimm'd mine eye,  
 Dear Scotland ! my country, I love thee.

In manhood I tread thee, mine own cloudy land,  
 Love's fire in my soul brightly burning ;  
 She touches my heart with her weird wizard wand,  
 Thy name in its chambers inurning.  
 I bow to my mistress—I kneel to my God—  
 And I smile on the grey sky above me,  
 While the wild blood leaps high as I spring o'er thy sod,  
 Dear Scotland ! my country, I love thee.

Dear Scotland ! my country, though Time's shrivelled hand  
 Be heavily laid on my forehead ;  
 Though sapp'd be youth's fire, still love for thy strand  
 Will rekindle the eyes in my hoar head.  
 Though Death strikes me down, still live shall my strain,  
 While my soul from its haven above,  
 Defying his power, shall murmur again,  
 "Dear Scotland ! my country, I love thee."

THE MAISTERLESS DUGGIE.

A flee in December is vexin' to see,  
 It reminds us so strongly o' what we may be  
 When the kind an' the kent anes are mis'd frae life's wa',  
 An' oorsel's dreadin' death in ilk blast age may blaw.  
*But, ah !* there's a sicht that is mair waesome yet—

It's ane that I winna an' canna forget—  
 For as sadd'nin' a sicht as a body may meet  
 Is that maisterless duggie that leeves on the street—  
     The uncar'd for duggie,  
     The unthocht o' duggie,  
 The maisterless duggie that leeves on the street.

It fits like a ghaist through the streets in lamp licht,  
 An' finds where it can a quiet howf for the night,  
 'Neath lorry or barrow, in cellar or midden,  
 Where its banes may be stretched, an' its heid may be hidden ;  
 It shrinks frae yer glance as the serf frae the rod,  
 It has lost a' its faith in the image of God,  
 An' it crawls frae the kick that the savage hath given,  
 An' sends up its spiritless howlings to heaven—  
     The supperless duggie,  
     The kennelless duggie,  
 The maisterless duggie that leeves on the street.

Its lean an' its mangy, its dirty as sin,  
 An' its sharp banes are just cuttin' holes in its skin ;  
 Ilk expressionless luggie dejectedly hings,  
 An' its tail to its hurdies aye abjectly clings ;  
 Its slavish, its knavish, its thievish and sly,  
 An' at times there's a wild wolfish glare in its eye :  
 Its a creature no ane in ten thousand wad like,  
 It seems to be siccan an ill favoured tyke—  
     The unfriended duggie,  
     The unsheltered duggie,  
 The maisterless duggie that leeves on the street.

Lord help ye, puir beastie, for I am unable,  
 Ye may hae, if ye like, a' the crumbs frae my table,  
 But the high price o' things, an' the way landlords rax,  
 Mak' it oot o' my power, noo, to pay a dog tax,  
 And though I could spare it, puir beast, do ye ken,  
 I wad wair't wi' mair pleasure on laddies an' men.  
 On women an' lassies, unhamed an' unfed,  
 The unfriended duggie in great cities bred—  
     The unlettered duggies,  
     The rag-covered duggies,  
 The human-kind duggies that leeve on the street.

Oh, whaur is there ane disna feel for his kind ?  
 An' is there a man wi' a heart an' a mind  
 Wha hasna a word o' warm kindness to spare  
 A bite or a shelter to gie to the puir,  
 Whase lips never breath'd gentle sympathy's sigh,  
 Whase een never moisten'd at misery's cry ?

I'm no a street preacher, wi' cant I'm no cramm'd,  
 But if such a ane lives he may live to be damn'd—  
     He's a hard-hearted duggie,  
     A pitiless duggie,  
 A cruel human duggie as mortal may meet.

Oh, God o' auld Scotland ! o' Wishart an' Knox !  
 Hae mercy, for Christ's sake, on Scotland's puir folks !  
 Oh, help them to struggle through life's weary span,  
 An' be lenient in' judgin' the puir, honest man.  
 Great God o' our fathers ! I cry unto Thee,  
 Wi' a sair-saddened heart an' a tear-blinded e'e ;  
 Oh, hasten the day o' Equality's birth,  
 When the sunlicht o' Love will illumine the yirth —  
     An' remember your duggies,  
     Your lost human duggies,  
 Your faitherless duggies that leave on the street.

DO I LOVE HER? YES, I LOVE HER!

Do I love her? Do I love her?  
 Ask the wind that wanders by,  
 Ask the grass blades, softly whisp'ring  
 In the meadow where I lie.  
 Ask the stars which shine above me,  
 Ask the lonely, moaning sea,  
 They will tell you that I love her,  
 She is all the world to me.

Do I love her? Yes, I love her,  
 And I know that she loves me.

Do I love her? Do I love her?  
 Does the sunshine love the wild?  
 Does the ocean love the moonsheen?  
 Does a mother love her child?  
 Does a tigress love her cublings?  
 Would a slave love to be free?  
 Do I love her? Yes, I love her,  
 She is all the world to me.

Do I love her? Yes, I love her,  
 And I know that she loves me.

GOD GUARD OOR BONNIE BOAT.

When wild winds strike the frichted firth,  
 An' spray blows by like drift ;  
 When darkness covers sea an' yirth,  
 An' waves loup to the lift.

When a' the lave are safe at hame—  
 Doon whaur the breakers roar  
 I watch wi' fear the seethin' faem  
 Come hiss'n to the shore.  
 God guard oor boat, she's a' my thoct,  
 For bairns upbrocht maun be,  
 An' spare the lad wha aye has focht—  
 An' wrocht for them an' me.

Far oot the nicht oor boatie reels  
 The tumblin', wind-lashed sea ;  
 But fear or toil oor Dave ne'er feels  
 If a' is richt wi' me.  
 He'll see the bairnies' faces shine  
 Like stars o' hope an' licht ;  
 An', O, I ken he'll think o' mine  
 A' through the eerie nicht.

On drookit wing the sea-maw swirls  
 Aboon the whirlin' yeist ;  
 She calls her mate wi' waefu' skirls,  
 That dirl a' my breist.  
 O, cease yer strife ye winds and waves—  
 Ye Powers aboon gie heed,  
 An' still the wrath my Davie braves  
 "To win the bairnies' bread."

O, morn, come bringing ower the faem  
 The sail I lo'e to see,  
 An' nicht will find my lad at hame,  
 A bairn on ilka knee ;  
 An' I on Davie's neck will hing—  
 The truest lad afloat,  
 An' learn my bairnies a' to sing—  
 God guard oor bonnie boat.



WILLIAM MACRAE LAWRENCE,

**A**LTHOUGH a native of Capetown, Cape of Good Hope, is the son of Scotch parents, and received part of his education in Scotland. He was born in 1860. His father was originally a photographer, and

on the family removing, about eight years ago, to Lilyfield, Manitoba, he became a farmer and minister, preaching at Stonewall, about twelve miles distant. William presently assists on his father's farm, and frequently appears in the poet's corner of the newspapers. His verses are simple and pleasing, and his themes are mostly of an elevating nature.

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

It might have been. Oh ! stop and think  
 A peaceful, happy home,  
 But for the dreadful demon drink,  
 Who made his wife and children shrink,  
 And severed to the last fond link  
 What bound his heart to home.

It might have been a happy scene,  
 Beside that dying bed,  
 If he that lay there should have been  
 Train'd by a parent to hate sin,  
 And tried for Christ his soul to win,  
 But ah ! what scene instead ;

It might have been, but God alone,  
 With all his loving care,  
 For us did leave his heav'nly throne,  
 And led us safe by paths unknown,  
 When fierce temptations thick were strewn,  
 And dangers everywhere.

ZOSEMITE VALLEY, CALIFORNIA.

See yonder snow-clad rocks, upon whose shaggy brow  
 Those clouds in snowy drapery are seen descending now ;  
 They droop their fleecy folds upon its gleaming crest,  
 And there, in peaceful slumber, repose upon "Cloud's Rest."  
 Absorbed with nature's wonders, we slowly wander on,  
 Nought to break the silence save the wild dove's mournful tone  
 Leaving the level path, we climb the rocky trail,  
 Then bursts upon our vision the "Fall of Bridal Veil."  
 Such a sight now greets us ! In silence we do gaze,  
 The sun in sinking splendour, casts forth its brilliant rays.  
 Gorgeously appavelled in such unrivalled hues,  
 Bright Nature now exhibits one of her finest views.  
 Lofly scenes of grandeur this wondrous valley holds,  
 Every way we wander fresh beauty it unfolds. —

Mountains range around us, clad with eternal snow,  
 Rivers dashing headlong, as o'er the falls they go ;  
 Enormous rocks, detached from out the mountain face,  
 Lie scattered in confusion at its gigantic base.  
 Compared with those wild scenes, how calm is Mirror Lake ;  
 No mad leaping torrent there, whose fierceness makes you quake.  
 Great, O Lord, are Thy works, Almighty is thy power ;  
 In all Thy strength and wisdom, we see Thee every hour.



## ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON,

**A** POET of strong originality and genuine humour, was born in Edinburgh in 1850, and is "as Scotch as the Bass Rock" in lineage and taste. He comes of a distinguished family, his grandfather being the builder of the Bell Rock Lighthouse, which was erected on a dangerous sunken reef about twelve miles from Arbroath. This rock is thus referred to in "Stoddart's Remarks on Scotland":—"By the east of the Isle of May, twelve miles from all land, in the German Seas, lyes a great hidden rock, called Inchcape, very dangerous for navigators, because it is overflowed every tide. It is reported in old times, upon the said rocke there was a bell, fixed upon a tree or timber, which rang continually, being moved by the sea, giving notice to the saylers of the danger. This bell or clock was put there and maintained by the Abbot of Aberbrothock, and being taken down by a sea pirate, a yeare thereafter he perished upon the same rocke, with ship and goodes, in the righteous judgment of God." Southey's well-known poem, "The Inchcape Bell," is said to have been founded on this tradition. The work began in 1807, and, the object being the saving of life, and therefore "a work of necessity and mercy," the engineer considered it expedient to carry

on operations on Sundays. Notwithstanding this, the Sabbath was not forgotten, for Robert Stevenson conducted appropriate services, and read "A Prayer for the use of those employed at the erection of the Bell Rock Lighthouse, composed by an Edinburgh minister." The work was completed in 1810, and in July, 1814, Sir Walter Scott, along with Robert Stevenson, and three of the Commissioners, visited the Rock. They breakfasted in the library, when Sir Walter, at the request of the party, on subscribing his name in the album, added the following lines—

Far in the bosom of the deep  
O'er these wild shelves my watch I keep,  
A ruddy gem of changeful light  
Bound on the dusky brow of night ;  
The seaman bids my lustre hail,  
And scorns to strike his tim'rous sail.

Members of the Stevenson family are presently engineers to the Commissioners of the Northern Lighthouses. Our poet was called to the Scotch Bar in 1875. Although by no means robust in health, Mr Stevenson has done a great amount of excellent literary work. A volume of his poems, entitled "Underwoods," is presently in the press. From this work we have the author's kind permission to give the pieces we now quote. A new edition of his volume of stories, entitled "The Merry Men," has lately been published, and contains the semi-mystical "Will o' the Mill," one of the tales in which the writer first made his mark in *Cornhill*. A selection of "Essays" in two volumes is also announced—the first volume to contain the collection originally published under the title "Virginibus Puerisque," which has been for some time out of print; the second, a number of personal and literary papers that are likely to prove of deep interest, and attract considerable notice. He is also the author of several Scotch

dramas that have been produced with much success both in this country and in America.

It is as a poet, however, that we have to consider Mr Stevenson. Entire devotion to law, as in the case of Scott, would have made him a prisoner. Pope lamented that so many good poets had been spoiled by the superior attractions of the law, but we have on previous occasions given various bright examples, including Lord Neaves and other vigorous thinkers, to prove that distinguished members of the profession did not require to forsake entirely their original calling before they could enter the ranks of authorship. Mr Stevenson's poetry generally possesses a fine admixture of genuine pawky fun and sound philosophy. While thus full of admirable good sense, it combines quickness to perceive the ludicrous. His humour is always fresh and rich, and his cast of mind being essentially Scottish, he is well versed in, and has a high appreciation of the strength and beauty of his native Doric, which he can use with telling effect.

#### A MILE AND A BITTOCK.

A mile and a bittock, a mile or twa,  
 Abune the burn, ayont the law,  
 Davie an' Donal' and Charlie an' a',  
 And the mune was shinin' clearly !

Ane gaed hame wi' the ither, and then  
 The ither gaed hame wi' the ither twa men,  
 An' baith wad return him the service again,  
 And the mune was shinin' clearly !

The clocks were chappin' in house and ha',  
 Eleeven, twal, and ane an' twa ;  
 And the gudeman's face was turnt to the wa',  
 And the mune was shinin' clearly !

A wind got up frae affa the sea,  
 It blew the stars as clear's could be,  
 It blew in the een of a' of the three,  
 And the mune was shinin' clearly !



Now Davie was first to get sleep in his head—  
 "The best o' freen's maun twine," he said,  
 "I'm weariet, an' here I'm awa to my bed,"  
 And the mune was shinin' clearly!

Twa o' them walkin' an crackin' their lane,  
 The mornin' licht cam' gray an' plain,  
 And the birdies yammert on stick an' stane,  
 And the mune was shinin' blearly!

O years ayont, O years awa,  
 My lads, ye'll mind whate'er befa'—  
 My lads, ye'll mind on the bield on the law,  
 When the mune was shinin' clearly!

#### MY CONSCIENCE.

Of a' the ills that flesh can fear,  
 The loss o' frien's, the lack o' gear,  
 A yowlin' tyke, a glandered mear,  
 A lassie's nonsense—  
 There's just ae thing I canna bear,  
 An' that's my conscience.

When day (an' a' excuse) has gane,  
 An' wark is dune, and duty's plain,  
 An' to my chalmers a' my lane  
 I creep apairt,  
 My conscience! hoo the yammerin' pain  
 Stends to my hairt!

A' day wi' various ends in view  
 The hairts o' time I had to pu',  
 An' made a hash wad staw a soo,  
 Let be a man!—  
 My conscience! when my han's were fu',  
 Whaur were ye than?

An' there were a' the lures o' life,  
 There pleasure skirlin' on the fife,  
 There anger, wi' the hotchin' knife,  
 Ground shairp in Hell—  
 My conscience!—you that's like a wife!—  
 Whaur was yoursel'?

I ken it fine: just waitin' here,  
 To gar the evil waur appear,  
 To clart the guid, confuse the clear,  
 Mis-ca' the great,

My conscience! an' to raise a steer  
Whan a's ower late.

Sic-like, some tyke grawn auld and blind,  
Whan thieves brok' through the gear to p'ind,  
Has lain his dozened length an' grinned  
At the disaster;  
An' the morn's mornin' wud's the wind,  
Yokes on his master.



### GEORGE WEBSTER,

WHO has furnished us with several poetical pictures of Scottish life and character full of graphic detail and lively fancy, is a native of the village of Stuartfield, Aberdeenshire. The son of "douce, hard-working Scotch folk," and born in 1846, he was sent to a dame school in the village until he was able to travel to the parish school of Old Deer. He was transferred from this to the care of a daughter of the Very Rev. Dean Ranken, who taught a school in the parsonage of Old Deer. It was while there that he first felt a desire for the companionship of books, and through the kindness of his teacher his appetite for reading was fostered and his taste refined. On leaving school he became a cowherd—an occupation that afforded him considerable spare time for cultivating his mind, and he never went to the field without a volume in the pocket of his "muckle coat." Like most herd lads, he graduated into a ploughman, at which calling he continued for several years. Whilst thus engaged at Nether Kinmundy, Longside, he made the acquaintance of Mr James Annand, then working there as a blacksmith, but who afterwards became editor of the *Buchan Observer*. Mr Annand, discovering

the natural bent of our poet's mind, talked with him on literary matters, and tendered him much valuable advice. The result of this intercourse was that Mr Webster frequently not only expressed his thoughts in verse, but also became a regular contributor of prose to the district newspapers. He is now a bookseller and newsagent in his native village. The exigencies of business prevent the execution of more than an occasional poem or song, displaying a well-cultured mind, refined sentiment, and an elevated tone, that appeal to our warmer sympathies, and commend them irresistibly to the heart and the affections.

## P L E A S A N T   S O U N D S .

The song of birds in the summer-time,  
The sigh of the perfumed breeze,  
Whilst kissing the birds and the blossoms,  
And hugging the giant trees.

The rippling of crystal waters  
O'er stones of fairy form,  
The bleating of snow-white lambkins,  
The scythe sweeping through the corn.

The raindrops pattering wildly  
On a dry and parched earth,  
Bringing new life to the flowerets,  
Giving colour a second birth.

The ploughboy whistling sweetly,  
The neigh of the willing team,  
The swish of the plough, as she turneth  
O'er the lea, in a brownish seam.

The tolling of distant bells  
On a summer Sabbath morn,  
Reminding the soul of the message of peace  
That from heaven to earth was borne.

## M Y   G R A N N I E .

'Wa' doun in yon glen 'mang the myrtles and roses,  
Where Philomel chants ower his sweet evening sang  
A cottage a' covered with ivy and woodbine  
Stands snugly half hidden the bushes amang.

Nae tarrets adorn its low thacket riggin',  
 There's nae shinin' domes on't to dazzle the e'e,  
 Ae wee reekin' lummie is a' it can boast o',  
 It seems to me aye to bid pomp stand abeigh.

Its windows are sma' but there's nane o' them broken,  
 The screens that hing on them are baith neat and clean ;  
 The rustic bit palin' surroundin' the yardie,  
 Though frail, is a beauty and's painted pea-green.

Through sunshine and shadow, through dry day and weat,  
 Through ilk up and down in this world o' care ;  
 Ae sicht o' that cottage, sae humble and hamely,  
 Aye brichtens my heart, e'en though dark with despair.

'Tis the hame o' my grannie, the couthie kin' bodie,  
 Sair, sair's been her trachle a livin' to earn ;  
 Yet grumblin' and frettin's been far frae her bosom,  
 Content she has speil'd ilka hillock and cairn.

Her hair that langsyne was sae glossy and curly  
 Is noo nearly gane, and's white as the snaw ;  
 Auld age with his plough has been drawing deep furrows,  
 And searing her cheeks, castin' roses awa'.

For fine silks and satins, gay ribbons and brooches,  
 For velvets and trimmin's she cares nae a preen ;  
 A wee tartan shawlie and plain goon o' wincey  
 Is a' that she likes on her back to be seen.

The mutch that she wears is as white as the snaw-flake,  
 Her sheen are as black and as bright as the slae ;  
 Pride's nae in her gait, she bears her head lowly,  
 For weel kens my grannie we are a' made o' clay.

Though needfu', she'd share her last moothfu' wi' ony,  
 And shelter ilk beggar that comes to her door ;  
 The greedy and graspin' are nae frien's o' grannie's—  
 Iscariot's spirit she aye did abhor.

Her words they are wise, and are aye kindly spoken,  
 There's something about them that's sweet to my ear ;  
 Oh, blessin's upon her, I'll gang by her counsels,  
 And tread in her footsteps without ony fear.

Lang life to my grannie, may she ne'er want a penny,  
 A wee pickle tea, and a bannock o' bread ;  
 Ill, ill would I like if she'd want while she's livin',  
 I'm sure she'll hae a' thing when ance she is dead.

## A MOTHER'S ENTREATY.

Angels bright and beautiful  
 Attend my darling babe,  
 Hover round its cradle,  
 Pour blessings on its head.

Kiss it when it wakens,  
 Watch it while it sleeps,  
 Never leave it comfortless,  
 Soothe it when it weeps.

Guide its little waxen feet,  
 Lead it by the hand,  
 Till, with the babes whom Jesus blessed,  
 It sees the better land.

Grant my earnest wishes,  
 Then I ask no more,  
 But to stand with darling Lizz  
 Safe at heaven's door.

## TELL ME, TELL ME.

Tell me, tell me, evening breeze,  
 Hast thou seen my darling fair,  
 Lingerin' near yon murmuring brooklet,  
 Longin' for my presence there.

Tell me if his heart's o'erflowin'  
 With a passion pure and strong,  
 Running in his manly bosom  
 Like the flame that's in mine own.

Tell me, tell me, evening breeze,  
 I beseech thee tell me now,  
 Hast thou in thy journey onward  
 Fanned that high and noble brow.

Tell me, tell me, evening breeze,  
 May I cherish one bright ray  
 Of the hope that brightens sadness,  
 And dispelleth doubts away?

Can I trust him, is he fickle,  
 Or a flirting, flattering elf,  
 Ever roaming, never resting,  
 Always shifting like thyself?

Tell me, tell me, evening breeze,  
 Tell me o'er that tale once more,  
 Then I'll let you end your mission,  
 Free and frisky as before.

Sweetest bliss I now have tasted,  
 All that's bleak is scattered far,  
 Clouds and shadows, weird-like fancies,  
 Beameth now like Bethle'm's star.

## SANDY'S AWA.

Bright summer may come in luxuriant splendour,  
 Its wild notes may ring out o' ilka green shaw,  
 Its sweet flowers may bloom in their heavenly beauty,  
 But they'll ne'er cheer my heart noo, for Sandy's awa.

Clear burnies may wimple and murmur in music,  
 An' zephyrs kiss leaflets as onward they blaw,  
 The lambkins may dance roun' their dams in the green fields,  
 But, ah! there's nae pleasure noo Sandy's awa.

The hedgerows that grow near the spots whaur we've rested,  
 They hung rich with blossoms as white as the snaw,  
 And wild bees may drink frae ilk wee bud the nectar,  
 Alas! what are these noo when Sandy's awa.

Kind friends may lo'e me an' lang for my presence,  
 But I'll get a hame far oot ower frae them a';  
 Their kind words and fond looks hae lost ilka charm,  
 They're naething to me noo, for Sandy's awa.

Still, why should I murmur, there's balm yet in Gilead,  
 There's solace abune aye for me an' for a',  
 That Being's still willing where Sandy is waiting,  
 To welcome me there when I gang awa.



## REV. JOHN KERR.

**T**HE Rev. John Kerr, the talented, energetic, and popular minister of the parish of Dirleton, Drem, was born at Dumfries in 1852. His grandfathers were farmers in the parish of Torthorwald,

Dumfriesshire, and his father followed the same occupation in the parish of Middlebie, also situated in that county. Our poet was educated at the Crossford and Moniaive Schools, Glencairn, and graduated M.A. at the Edinburgh University, where he took the Arts and Divinity courses. On being licensed by the Presbytery of Edinburgh, in 1875, he became assistant minister at Newbattle, and in the following year he was elected to the parish of Skelmorlie on the Clyde. After a short but brilliant and successful incumbency he, to the great regret of his attached people, accepted, in 1878, a very hearty and unanimous call to the church and parish of Dirleton, in East Lothian. Here his scholarly qualifications and personal gifts are much appreciated, and his work is bearing excellent fruit. Although the parish is away from the busy wheel of mercantile and city life, and nestles in rural beauty in a peaceful spot, he is still an earnest and busy student. It has been said of him that the vigour and acuteness of his mind, the decision and energy of his character, his Christian ambition to consecrate his powers to his sacred calling, and his winning and attractive manners all combine to point him out as a trusted and influential minister. From several of his published discourses, it is evident that Mr Kerr is emphatically a man of wide culture, kindly feeling, practical sagacity, and one whose wise teachings must be helpful to his people. He devotes much attention to the improvement of church music and church services, and engages heartily in all matters that have in view the advancement and elevation of the working classes—being liberal in theology as well as in politics. What Mr Kerr preaches is “a gospel broad in its sympathies, and yet truly evangelical, as being for all the good news of God.” He is also a popular lecturer, and in addition to being a keen golfer, he has done much to foster and extend among working people a knowledge of the

modern system of beekeeping. He has a warm sympathy with all those manly pastimes that help to wean the youth of our country from more effeminate and degrading pursuits.

Mr Kerr began early to court the Muses, his juvenile pieces appearing in the *Annan Observer*, and his later productions in the *Haddington Courier* and *Haddington Advertiser*. Some of these manifest delicate interpretations of Nature's loveliness, liveliness of fancy, keen philosophic reasoning, a pawky and pleasing use of our proverbial philosophy, a fine perception of rhythm, and a subdued possession of the humorous faculty.

#### THE WEE WINKIN' CANDLE.

Tho' many are the means to clear the darkened human mind,  
Cimmerian glamour covers some, and some are awsome blind ;  
Some fowk again, like owls and bats, see only in the dark.  
So big I trow wad be the list, and heavy be the wark,  
Were I to speak o' a' the plans that are, and yet may be,  
Whereby the darkened intellect mysterious things may see !  
But I speak about externals, and the burden o' my hymn  
Is, "The wee winkin' candle maun aye be kept in trim."

First comes the burnished king o' day his circuit to begin,  
An' a' the world steers about among the merry din :  
See how he smiles at a' he sees (nae won'er, gin he scan  
How man forgets his Maker, and afflicts his fellow man)  
But when we think o' a' his freens, and how he favours us,  
If for a while he leaves us dark we needna mak' a fuss,  
But, waitin' till he rise again the heaven's arch to climb,  
Take the wee winkin' candle an' keep it aye in trim.

The bonny mune, that looked sae pale when gloamin's dew-drops  
fell,  
Steps forth a chaste and comely queen, and glances down the  
dell ;  
The sea is sappin' on the shore, the wind sighs thro' the trees,  
Whose silvery sheen is the spirit's seat that whispers in the  
breeze.  
Bright thro' my cottage windows the yellow moonlight falls,  
And my humble little furniture is shadowed on the walls,  
Oh rare in Luna's magic light, but sma' will turn her rim,  
And the wee winkin' candle maun then be kept in trim.



There is a power in ae lane star that sparkles in the sky,  
 As when in adverse fortune smiles a maiden's loving eye ;  
 And grand it is to see the lift blue-set with gems of gold.  
 Let mortals pry and peer aboot, their kennin' ne'er has told  
 The secrets hid ayont the stars ; an' better 'tis for me  
 To live and trust wi' confidence in what I canna see,  
 Contented wi' my humble cot, where things are no sae dim,  
 For the wee winkin' candle there is aye kept in trim.

The lichtnin' glents zigzag, and flares its glory in the gloom ;  
 And high above the rushing wind the rattling thunders boom ;  
 The waves roll o'er the brave ship's deck, down shivering comes  
 the mast,  
 And the stoutest forest-hero reels below the crushing blast.  
 Ah ! what wad a' oor power avail without a higher han'  
 To guide th' uncertain levin-flash, and care for beast and man ;  
 Let's be thankfu' when the storm gaes by, and God has spared  
 the slin,  
 That the wee winkin' candle is oors to keep in trim.

Sir David's light is on the sea ; Sir Humphrey's in the mine ;  
 And mony deid an' gane, like them, as burnin' lights still  
 shine ;  
 And what o' a' the rummaging beneath the earth and seas,  
 The search for light by day and night in beasts, and rocks, and  
 trees.  
 What dangers will not men endure, how sternly will they toil :  
 (Nae wunner that the times are fast wi' sic a trade in oil.)  
 I'm ane o' them that think it wad advantage life and limb  
 If the wee winkin' candle wad jist be kept in trim.

By the ancient Jewish temple it twinkled night and day ;  
 And the world's greatest Teacher points a moral in its way ;  
 Great Shakespeare from its light told what good deeds could  
 do,  
 And I trow it burned in Plato's cave and Diogenes' too ;  
 It reckoned good King Alfred's hours ; and now there may be  
 seen  
 In modern Britain's capital a chandler to the Queen ;  
 And the decent cottage house-wife, as she dandles little Jim,  
 Snuffs the wee winkin' candle and keeps it aye in trim.

The hooded monk at vespers, and the warrior on the plain,  
 The traveller on the desert, and the sailor on the main ;  
 In the castle, in the palace, in the cottage, in the ha' ;  
 Thro' the garish day and darkness it has bided by them a' :  
 Its modest licht has sacred been, and sacred it shall be :  
 And when the aged universe shall close its auld dim e'e  
 It'll keek across the mists, and show it hasna been a whim  
 That the wee winkin' candle maun aye be kept in trim.

## W O R M   W O R K . \*

In Eden worms their work began,  
 And worms their work will not have done  
 Till Eden is won back to man,  
 And man to Eden back is won.

Thus, veteran Darwin, have we found  
 That earth and heaven together meet ;  
 That God works often under ground,  
 And glory lies beneath our feet.

No fitful gleams of transient grace  
 Athwart the world at random shine—  
 The light of love, o'er every place,  
 Makes every form of life divine.

The mightiest powers are often hid,  
 The strongest voices small and still ;  
 The gizzard of an annelid  
 Grinds more than many a noisy mill.

A worm, a Christian, or a Jew—  
 In this great world there's work for each,  
 And only those whose work is true  
 The higher life may hope to reach.

Lose not thy birth-right, brother man,  
 In foolish feuds o'er fruitless forms,  
 For God and right do all you can,  
 Or yield the crown to common worms.

## H A R V E S T .

'Tis sweet to wander forth at morn, where apples show their  
 bloom ;  
 To scent the garden's fragrance, the wild wood's rich perfume ;  
 To shake the laden pear-tree ; to pull the cushioned plum ;  
 To walk across the heather hills where bees in myriads hum ;  
 To stain the mouth with blaeberries, or in the hazel shade  
 To watch the squirrel's antics and rob it of its bread ;  
 To pull the prickly chestnut, the rowan, and the sloe ;  
 To pace the favoured meads where the slender mushrooms grow,  
 To search the rasp and strawberry, the bramble and the crane ;  
 Or wandering by the hedge to pluck the ears of ripened grain.

From off the wavy golden fields, along the tinkling rills,  
 Thro' bushy brake and woodland far up the blooming hills,

\* From a review, in rhyme, of Darwin's recent work on "The Formation of Vegetable Mould and the Habits of Earth-Worms."

'Tis sweet to hear the hum of men that greets the rising sun,  
Sent out from autumn's fattened fields, when harvest is begun :  
When Heaven's hand hath opened wide, that holdeth every good,  
And man goes gladly forward to take his offered food,  
And all the vale is music, and rarely goes the morn  
When workmen ply their busy hands among the bending corn.

The sun has scarcely topp'd the hill, the dews are not away,  
The mists still press in drowsiness the eyelids of the day ;  
But the merry lads are stirring, I hear their harvest mirth ;  
They're heaving off the burden from the heavy laden earth :  
Strong arms and sturdy sinews, with hearts as stout and strong,  
Bind up their brimming riches, and scent them with their song.  
Who does not joy that He who clad the fields so rich and fair  
Hath given hearts to thank Him for all His tender care ?

The brawny arms are bared, and the work goes on apace,  
The big clear burning sweat drops roll down each sunburnt face ;  
And for the corn field's autumn robe ye now in vain may look,  
For they've changed its waving mantle-folds to band and sheaf  
and stook.

Who asks for man's true birthright, for Adam's truest heirs ?  
Is not the sweat of labour, and earth's rich produce theirs ?  
And, say, is't not with all its ills true glory to be born  
And nursed between auld Scotland's hills where grows the yellow  
corn.

In stack and barn they'll store their grain, they'll store it snug  
and warm ;  
'Twill stem the winter's bitterness and stay the winter's storm ;  
They will have their jolly bicker, their bannock and their bread,  
When the furs are bound in iron, and the fields are hard and  
dead ;  
And when clouds are chasing gloomily, and cold winds keenly  
blow,  
And we trace the hare's red footsteps o'er the wreaths of drifted  
snow,  
You'll hear these stout and hearty lads ring out their music still  
Across the bleak and frosty air, when merrily *birrs* the mill.

#### NOO, OR NEVER.

I mind when I was wee, and could barely lift a fit,  
By the bleezin' ingle-neuk my grannie used to sit,  
Teasin' oo' or knittin' stockin's oot o' hanks o' hamespun yairn,  
And tentin' for my mither the wee bit wauffin' bairn,  
Wi' her queer auld-fashioned mutch frillin' roon her lyart heid,  
And her auld black cutty-pipe—for she likit her bit weed ;  
She wad puff awa and tell us aye to dae what we were bid,  
Tetherin' aft some text or proverb to what oor mither said,

Sic as this auld-farrant sayin', which I minded best o' a',  
 "Gin ye dinna dae't enoo ye may never dae't ava."

Then, when I was a callant, I whiles wad skip the schule,  
 Guddlin' troots or stickin' beardies and wadin' every pool,  
 Wi' my first new-fangled breeks buckled up aboon my knees,  
 And elbows keekin' thro' my coat wi' climbin' dykes and trees,  
 And a' my pouches fu' o' peeries, bools, an' string,  
 As lightsome as a laverock I wad whistle, whoop, and sing ;  
 I kenned I had to work at the steerin' dawn o' day,  
 And tho' I sud get skelpit for't I took the truant's play,  
 And I mummel'd as I guddled on the auld foreseein' saw,  
 "Gin ye dinna dae't enoo ye may never dae't ava."

But nae dunderhead was I, for a twalmonth didna speed  
 Till a' the "Rimmadaisy" was stickin' in my heid,  
 And I sune could read my Bible, for in thae days ye maun min'  
 Nae pouterin' Schule Boards keepit bairns frae learnin' things  
 divine ;

The carritch too I learnt aff loof, but whiles I got the tawae ;  
 And I was sair forfouchen wi' Lindley Murray's laws,  
 Yet I wauchled thro' them a' at last, and ran them aff the reel  
 Sae glibly that the maister glowered to hear them dune sae weel,  
 And my secret o' success was the mindin' o' the law—  
 "Gin ye dinna dae't enoo ye may never dae't ava."

I was daein' halfin's wark when the speakin'-time cam' roun',  
 And the maister's kindly hand was clappit on my croon,  
 Wi' cheery voice said he, "My lad, ye'll no gang to the fair,  
 But bide wi' me, an' try if ye can haud a canny pair ;  
 Ye'll get wages like the lave when your hindin'-work begins."  
 So aye sin' syne, wi' Bob and Bess, I've ta'en my oots and ins ;  
 Nae gowk was I like some I ken to pride in gettin' fou,  
 And squanderin' at the public what I gathared at the plough ;  
 But sune I filled a stockin' fit, although my gains were sma',  
 "Gin I hadna dune sae then I had never dune't ava."

Noo the feck o' folk may think that a pawky chiel like me,  
 Afore I took a wife, wad hae coontit twa and three ;  
 But, when barely through my teens, I canna tell ye hoo,  
 I fell in love wi' Nannie, and could dae nocht but woo ;  
 I ettled aft to speir her, but couldna for my life,  
 For there's naething man can tak' in hand like askin' for a wife,  
 Had her granny been like mine she wad jist hae held her tongue,  
 But she gar'd her mither tell me the lassie was owre young  
 To marry me enoo, but said I—"Just come awa,  
 Gin ye dinna dae't enoo ye may never dae't ava."

So Nan and I were merrit, as a'budy wad ken,  
 And happy were we baith in our canty but and ben ;

Nae gowd nor gear she brocht me, and nane had I to gie,  
 But I gied my heart to her and she gied her heart to me ;  
 Oor lot was puir and puirer whyles than ever we let on,  
 But we never wad hae swappit wi' the Queen upo' the throne :  
 If a' folk when they're merrit wad jist gang and dae the same,  
 They wad a' find out the secret o' a couthy cosy hame ;  
 And thro' a' their merrit life be as happy as us twa—  
 Gin they dinna be sae noo they will never be ava.

Oor hame was happy aye, though there wasna muckle in't,  
 For we paid as we gaed on, and let naething fa' ahint ;  
 Then wi' my stockin' fit we coft a bonnie wee bit coo,  
 For thae days ye maun mind were better days than noo—  
 When fairmers withoot grumblin' loot cottars keep their kye,  
 Ye ken when ye've a crummie ye hae'na much to buy,\*  
 An' routh o' milk and porridge makes healthy flesh and banes,  
 While pats o' spoutroch tea-broe mak' puir bit shilpit weans ;  
 Oh, fairmers, bring oor crummies back and blessin's on ye fa',  
 "Gin ye dinna dae't enoo ye may never dae't ava."

Fu' crusely did I craw when, forbye mysel' and Nanny,  
 There were half-a-dizzen sounsie bairns that ca'd my mither  
 granny,  
 Dreich and dull might be my darg, but at nicht I had nae cares,  
 For my heart got aye sae licht as it inked into theirs ;  
 And in the witchin' mirk, when they wunner't at the mune,  
 I kiss'd their cheeks and tauld them o' the better land abune,  
 I sang to them its sangs, and helped them to prepare  
 By daein' gude on earth for bein' happy there ;  
 Aye comin' owre the words o' her they never saw,  
 "Gin ye dinna dae't enoo ye may never dae't ava."

And noo I'm gettin' auld, it'll no be very lang  
 Till the gate your granny gaed your faither too maun gang,  
 Nae man can jouk his hinner end, for a'body maun dee,  
 And in the cauld kirkyard ye'll sune be layin' me,  
 But when I'm happit i' the mools ye'll mind your faither's creed,  
 "If yer leevin' weel enoo ye'll be leevin' when ye're deid,  
 For ilka man and mither's son that acts up to his licht,  
 And foonds life's biggin' on the true, and fends it wi' the richt,  
 Nae deevil's blast will e'er ding doon, however loud it blaw,  
 Gin it canna dae't enoo, then it canna dae't ava."

\* "We have lived for months of old (and when he was not any longer poor) because by ourselves, on porridge and potatoes, with no other condiment than what our own cow yielded."—*Thomas Carlyle—Reminiscences of his father.*

## REV. JAMES BELL, B.D.,

**M**INISTER of the South United Presbyterian Church congregation, Auchtermuchty, was born at Auchenairst, a village three miles to the north of Glasgow, in 1846. Having attended the village school, where he received his primary education, he became a pupil teacher in St Andrew's Parish School, Glasgow—trudging from Auchenairst to the city in the morning and home again at night for a period of five years. He entered Glasgow University in 1866, studied there two sessions, and engaged in teaching during the first of these. In 1868 he went to Edinburgh University, and remained three sessions, again engaging in teaching on an average of three hours daily. Having resolved meantime to study for the Church, he entered the U.P. Divinity Hall in 1869, and attended the then usual course of five autumn sessions. Although he was not what might be called distinguished in his college classes, he took a fair place, and was a prizeman in Junior and Middle Greek in Glasgow and Mathematics in Edinburgh, and graduated at the latter University as M.A. in 1871, and B.D. in 1874. While attending the Hall he held a tutorship for fourteen months at Durie House, Leven, Fifeshire, and at the close of his course passed four months at the University of Leipzig, Germany.

Mr Bell became a probationer in 1874, and was called and settled as minister of South U.P. Church, Auchtermuchty, in 1877. He enjoys the respect, confidence, and affection of his attached flock, and is in every respect one who, by his wise and fervent teachings from the pulpit adorns the Christian ministry. His wide culture, unobtrusive piety, and sterling worth is also manifested in his occasional poetic fancies

and utterances, as well as in his scholarly translations, most of which have until now been confined chiefly to newspapers, under the *nom-de-plume* of "Beta." These show him to be possessed of a mind accustomed to reflection, and prove that the author is capable of portraying, with elasticity of fancy, both the beauties of natural scenery and the feelings and passions of the heart. His graceful, ornate, and musical versification also affords evidence of a heart keenly sensitive to all that is elevating, pure, and gentle in everyday life.

TO THE OCEAN.

Deep 'neath thy fretting, restless wave,  
How many hearts, both true and brave,  
Lie ever hid in nameless grave,  
From those who watched, but watched in vain  
For loved ones from beyond the main.

How many a wistful look was cast,  
While o'er thy bosom swept the blast,  
Upheaving foam and billows vast,  
To catch a glimpse of "homeward bound,"  
Bringing the lost ones safe and sound.

How many a prayer was sent on high  
To Him who hears the widow's cry  
That He would wipe the weeping eye,  
Would homeward bring the truant son,  
That loved, that wayward wandering one.

How many sighs, relieved by tears,  
And mixed with griefs, and hopes, and fears,  
The burdened bosom heaved for years,  
Which heaved for one, and one alone,  
Him whom thou claimest for thine own.

Oh hoary deep ! through ages old,  
By man thy power is uncontrolled,  
Time over thee no sway doth hold,  
Thou dost remain all fresh and pure,  
And wilt, while time lasts, so endure.

Mysterious as thou seem'st to be,  
 Oh deep unfathomable sea !  
 The end shall come thou can'st not flee,  
 When all thy spoils ahal be revealed,  
 Affection's jewels lost, restored,  
 All broken up thine ancient hoard,  
 And thy dread secrets all unsealed.

## THE THREE SUNS.

*(From the German of Chamisso. The word sun, in German sonne, is feminine.)*

Thae curly locks o' mine, lassie,  
 Were nae aye siller gray,  
 For aince, 'tis mony a year sinsyne,  
 I was baith young an' gay.

An' when I look on you, lassie,  
 Sae rosy, fresh, an' young,  
 The thochts o' time that's lang gane by  
 Will oot upon my tongue.

The mither o' your minnie, lassie,  
 Bonnier ne'er met my sicht,  
 I lookit on her as on the sun,  
 Maist blindit wi' the licht.

An' ance wi' joy it thrilled me thro',  
 The pressure o' her han' ;  
 But syne to anither she gied hersel',  
 An' I sailed to a foreign lan'.

At length I turned me hame again,  
 Weary an' tempest driven,  
 An' noo I saw a second sun  
 Shine in my native heaven.

Ay, it was jist your minnie, lassie,  
 Bonnier ne'er met my sicht,  
 I lookit on her as on the sun,  
 Maist blindit wi' the licht.

She offered me ance her bonny broo,  
 An' I kissed it tenderlie,  
 But syne to anither she gied hersel',  
 An' I gaed ower the sea.

I've dream'd an' m'urned my life awa',  
 A grey-haired carle am I,



An' noo I'm hame, anither sun  
 Illumes my native sky.

'Tis you ! 'tis you ! my bonnie bairn,  
 Bonnier ne'er met my sicht,  
 I look on you as on the sun,  
 Maist blindit wi' the licht.

Ye offer me your lips to kiss,  
 It's weel an' kindly dune,  
 Ye gie yoursel' to anither, an' I  
 In the mools will rest me sune.

THE MAIDEN'S PLAINT.\*

(Schiller.)

The oakwood is sounding,  
 The clouds drive on ;  
 The maiden is sitting  
 By the brookside alone.  
 The wavelets are breaking with might, with might,  
 And she sighs forth her plaint to the darksome night,  
 Her eyes with tears overflowing.

“ My heart is deadened,  
 The world is bare,  
 And further it yields me  
 Nought but despair.  
 Thou Holy One ! call back Thy child again,  
 I have tasted the joys allotted to men,  
 The joys of living and loving.”

“ Thy tears are flowing ;  
 In vain they flow,  
 Thy plaint may not waken  
 The sleepers below.  
 Yet say what will comfort and heal the breast,  
 That with love's sweet delights no more is blessed,  
 I, the Heavenly One, will not refuse thee.”

“ My tears ! let them flow on !  
 Though vainly they flow,  
 Though my plaint may not waken  
 The sleeper below.  
 The sweetest delights for the sorrowing heart,  
 When the joys of beautiful love depart,  
 Are the lover's tears and sighing.”

\* Thekla, the daughter of Wallenstein, hearing of the death of her lover, Max Piccolomini, in battle on the frontier of Bohemia, left her father's camp along with her maid, to seek out the place where he fell, and to weep over his grave.

## CHILDHOOD.

Oh ! the happy hours of childhood,  
 Distant days of golden hue,  
 Longingly my memory lingers  
 O'er the scenes that rise to view.

Time can throw no shade across them,  
 Beautifully clear they lie ;  
 Autumn woods, and streamlets sparkling,  
 Red ripe fruits and calm blue sky.

Come, ye sunny hours of gladness,  
 Let me taste your joys again ;  
 Never did a thought of sadness  
 In your pleasures mingle pain.

Happiness was all my study  
 In the passage of those hours,  
 When my soul was free and lightsome,  
 Gathering life's gladdest flowers.

Threatened trials ne'er deterred me  
 Wishing to become a man,  
 Hope was strong within my bosom  
 To fulfil the life's great plan.

Time with gentle wave swept o'er it,  
 'Twas a picture in the sand :  
 At the breath of reason vanished,  
 'Twas a dream from fairyland.

Oh, for childhood's dewy freshness,  
 Freedom, modesty, and truth,  
 Trust and love and hope that gladdens,  
 Give me back my "dews of youth."

## WINTER'S SNOW.

Keen o'er the moor blow wintry winds,  
 They whistle through the leafless wood,  
 They eddy round the bare hill top,  
 And sweep the pass in gushes rude.

Upon the bosom of the blast  
 Are borne the fleecy flakes of snow,  
 They whirl and dance, and hurry past,  
 Unceasingly, in mazy flow.

As sailing downward thro' the air,  
 From side to side their course is sped,  
 They seem reluctant to impair  
 Their whiteness by a lowly bed.

God's messengers they are, from heaven,  
 Sent to protect the tender flowers,  
 Till, wakened by the breath of spring,  
 They bloom again in vernal bowers.

#### FRIENDSHIP'S GIFT.

(*Album Verses.*)

The fairest gift that friendship owes  
 Is not the flattering word of praise,  
 Is not the smile that fortune throws  
 On them who bask in her false rays.

'Tis not the gift of gleaming gold,  
 'Tis not the fairest work of art,  
 It is not power, nor wealth untold,  
 'Tis this alone—the loving heart.



#### JOSEPH GRANT

**W**AS a man of beautiful and winning character, who left behind him memorials that in all probability will last and be admired as long as the human mind retains a thirst for the history, the sayings and doings of the past. He gave much promise of achieving great things, both in prose and verse, but, like so many of our lowly-born and struggling children of talent, he was cut off by the hand of death in his thirtieth year. It was said of him by Robert Nicoll, the poet, that if he had been so fortunate as to secure a biographer like Southey, he would have bulked more largely in the poetic firmament than Kirke White;

while his friend and brother-poet, Alexander Laing of Brechin, author of "The Standard on the Braes o' Mar," and other deathless songs and poems—a genuine poet, and a man of great moral worth—wrote on hearing of his early death—

He came a stranger from the north,  
 Enquiring for my weal—  
 He sat beside my humble hearth,  
 And shared my homely meal.

Though humbly born and lowly bred,  
 By lonely Highland hill,  
 The book of human life he read  
 With knowledge and with skill.

And kinder, warmer heart than his  
 Was ne'er to minstrel given,  
 And purer, holier sympathies  
 Ne'er sought their native heaven.  
 Ah! what avails the fever'd hour  
 Of mental pain and toil,  
 If earthly fame is not a flower  
 That grows on earthly soil.

Joseph Grant, who was uncle to the gifted David Grant, noticed in our Ninth Series, was born in 1805 at Affrusk, parish of Banchory-Ternan, Kincardineshire. Lying on the cold, desolate northern slope of the Grampians, far from neighbours and social intercourse, it was remarkable that one reared amongst such surroundings could nurse and cherish the flame of poetic inspiration. There seems to have been something of an intellectual cast in the family from which he sprang, for Joseph was wont to show a friend of ours, now deceased, who knew him intimately, a well-written manuscript volume by his grandfather, on "Medicine, or the Art of Healing." Old Grant had been a firm believer in witchcraft and the power of demonology, as his prescriptions were more like charms than rational cures for "the many ills that flesh is

heir to." The time, place, and manner of applying the drugs were carefully and minutely set down : the gray of the morning, between the sun and sky ; the twilight ; silence in the case of meeting anyone when the drugs were administered—in short, the volume was an antidote against supernatural agency of the malignant kind.

The father of our poet, descended from a race of crofters, was a hardy, plucky man, who, according to Mr Walker, in his "Bards of Bon Accord," struggled late and early with the stubborn soil of his little "tack," and occasionally tried to eke out the scanty means of living which it brought him by the more profitable, if risky, adjunct of illicit distilling. Joseph, in common with the other members of the family as they grew up, lent a hand at the work of the farm by day, or helped to watch when the still was "going" at night, and got his turn, as winter came round, of a short spell at the parish school of Banchory. With the slight educational equipment thus obtained, this child of the glens soon began to show signs of ability and a thirst for knowledge far beyond the majority of those of his age and circumstances in life. How early his spirit had been touched by the legendary lore, the ballads and tales—which stood in the place of literature to the rustic mind of his generation—it is impossible to tell, but as early as his fourteenth year he had begun to embody some of them in verse. His father, plain, prosaic man, did not care much for these things, but the mother, who had strong leanings in that direction herself, saw it with a glad heart, and encouraged him as only a mother can.

At the age of fourteen Grant continually carried writing materials about his person—the inkhorn attached to a button of his coat, paper and pens in the crown of his bonnet. He was thus able to jot down on the spot any idea or verse that came to his

mind. Alive to all the leading questions of the day—political, religious, or literary—he, when only a boy of fifteen or sixteen years of age, wrote smart articles and most surprising verses on local and other subjects in the Aberdeen newspapers. Buying and borrowing books as means or opportunity offered, he went on reading, writing, and educating himself when his duties as assistant to his father permitted. Farm labour was too severe, however, for his by no means robust frame. The “night work” we have already referred to, and watching “when the still was going” in damp and out-of-the-way places, had even then told on his fragile body. By the time he was fourteen, he told Mr George Duthie—a sketch of whom appeared in our Seventh Series—that his constitution was broken down, and we have no doubt these unhealthy vigils were in a great measure the cause of his early death. In a poetic epistle to Mr Duthie, he detailed his difficulties and hardships, his discouragements and rebuffs, and described his involuntary night-watchings at the distillations of

The dews of Glenchorly  
That stream in the starlight, when kings dianna ken.

His ambition from boyhood was to be an author. He did not conceal this craving, and taxed his mental powers to the very utmost to obtain that end. Although his native glens, in their varied aspects of natural beauty, were dear to him, he found it necessary to go to seek employment. He had not the means to be a farmer, the higgling or precarious bargain-making connected with cattle-dealing was altogether foreign to his quiet, retiring disposition, and he consequently sought other outlets to his literary genius in some degree suitable to his taste. After acting as assistant for a short time to an ironmonger in Stonehaven, he went to Dundee about 1833, and was employed, first

as a clerk in the office of the *Dundee Guardian*, and subsequently in the same capacity to a writer. Still, amidst the irksomeness of "law's dry musty arts," our poet continued to woo the Muses.

Previous to this date he had published his "Kincardineshire Traditions," and "Juvenile Lays," and contributed to *Chambers's Journal* several excellent prose tales, (afterwards published under the title of "Tales and Sketches,") which were highly appreciated, and brought around him a circle of literary friends. There were then living in Dundee a number of highly gifted men of letters, including David Vedder, author of "Tales and Sketches of Orkney," "Poems," &c., who was employed in the Custom House; Robert Nicoll, author of "Poems and Lyrics"; Myles, the author of "Rambles in Forfarshire," and others. Mr Walker informs us that Grant's intercourse with Nicoll had a highly inspiring effect upon our poet, and the prospect of a literary career was opening before him with considerable promise. He began to regret that he had published the two little volumes we have noticed above, and wished to forget them. He set about gathering his prose tales and sketches and a few of his ballads and songs, with a view to publication. His health broke down, however—the close confinement at office work, conjoined with the general insalubrity of city life, could not fail to tell on one predisposed as he was to pulmonary disease; and it soon became visible to his friends that the tall, thin form of the young poet was stooping over an early grave. He was persuaded to return home in hopes that his native air might recruit him. But by that time disease had too firm a hold of its victim, he never rallied, and his last words to his mother, whom he loved so tenderly, were—"I'm going home." He died, under the roof-tree where he was born, on 14th April, 1835, and was buried in the churchyard of Strachan, Kincardineshire, where a plain

headstone, bearing the inscription by his poetic friend Alexander Laing, marks his last resting-place—

“Though young in years, and not unknown to fame,  
 Though worth and genius both had told his name,  
 Though hope was high and certain honour near,  
 Grant left the world without a sigh or tear.  
 Yes ! trusting in the Saviour's power to save,  
 No sting had death, no terror had the grave—  
 His parting words in prospect of the tomb,  
 Were, “ Dearest Mother, I am going home.”

With Laing this was a labour of love. He at once set about getting the memorial erected over his grave, and after no little trouble and expense, he went with it over the “Cairn o' Mont” to see that the melancholy duty was carefully performed.

The volume of stories and poems—“Tales of the Glens”—on which he was working at the time of his death, was seen through the press by Mr M'Cosh, of the *Dundee Journal*, and a memoir of his life was prefixed to it, from the pen of his friend, Robert Nicoll. During the present year (1887) a new edition of Grant's “Tales” was published—“London: John Leng & Co., Fleet Street; Aberdeen: W. & W. Lindsay. Of a fine genius and amiable nature, he afforded eminent promise, with a prolonged career, of becoming an ornament to literature. His sun went down at noon, but he has left behind him much that will last. As Mr Walker has well said—“When we look back to each of the three volumes he gave to the world, we begin to see clearly how they mark stages in his mental growth, and how they indicate more distinctly than may be seen in most young poets' work the transition from being a poet of Nature and human life pure and simple—a picture-painter, who weaves whatever poetic wealth he possesses round something outside himself—to the thoughtful, reflective, self-conscious kind of poet with an ever-growing interest in



his own mental states more than in anything else. This tendency to subjectivity—he did not live to develop it—grew upon him when, shut out from the influences which amid Nature's surroundings tend to draw man away from self, he was cooped up in Dundee at work and studies which were telling on his general health."

In quaint bits of folk lore, romantic simplicity, tender pathos, and play of fancy, we think his short tales, as well as some of his ballads, have scarcely any rival. No one can read his sketches of kelpies, mermaids, spunkies, and other supernatural beings, without feeling his soul and imagination in the grasp of a powerful genius. The same can be said of his descriptions of scenery—the solitary glen in its varied aspects of summer and winter, the heather-scented balmy breeze, or the angry, howling blast. The superstitions that linger in remote districts, and weird legends hitherto neglected, are humourously interwoven and reproduced in poetry and prose as naturally as if they were narratives of actual facts. His miscellaneous poems are clearly "the outpourings of a pure and exalted spirit," in which the lights and shadows of the human breast are vividly portrayed—a spirit that had little of the gross, the earthly, the mortal, binding it to the world of flesh. Yet, as Robert Nicoll, in his too brief "Memoir" tells us, "he did not think the power of expressing lofty and noble thoughts—the appreciation of mental and material beauty, though possessed by a man, excused him from fulfilling the duties of life; and in this Joseph Grant was an example to many who think that poetry should be not only enjoyment and happiness to the mind, but food and clothes for the body. He often lamented the cold-heartedness of the world in not encouraging the struggling, but he had more manly feeling than to think that the world should support him like a beggar."

One does not wonder, after reading and studying his works—the beautiful emanations of a refined and comparatively spotless soul—that his last words to his mother, who never left his side during the three months of his last illness, were—“ I am going to leave this world and you, but I shall never die—I am going home.” Withdrawing his arms, which encircled her neck, he slept on earth, and his weary spirit was away to the better land it was worthy of, to sing its visions of purity and goodness before the throne of love-lighted Omnipotence.

## SONG OF THE FAIRY KING.

I am the chief of the Elfin band—  
And none more bold than me  
Has ever led their ranks so grand  
Through the shades of the moonlit lee.

My cloak is the leaf of the birch tree high,  
My vesture the greenfly's wing,  
My shield is the hide of the grasshopper's thigh,  
And my lance the brown ant's sting.

We hunt the gnat through the leafy dell  
And over the broomy hill,  
And steer our barks of the acorn shell  
Through the waves of the silvery rill.

And O, when the storm-beat steeple quakes,  
When the deer in covert quail,  
And the sprite of the blast from his dark wing shakes  
Around the rattling hail,

Gleefully then we dart abroad  
On the whirlwind's viewless wing,  
And in the halls of the dark, dark cloud  
Our songs of battle sing.

And when morning's ruddy banner glows  
Wide over the eastern sky,  
In the fragrant folds of the snow-white rose  
We hide from human eye.

## BALLAD.

The wee bird sat on the rowan tree,  
 An' he warbled sweet an' clear,  
 An' aye the owre-words o' his sang  
 Was, "Yer lover 'ill never win here!"  
 She listened to the birdie's sang  
 Till her heart could bear nae mair,  
 An' she's thrown on her mantle wi' a sob,  
 An' forth through the gloamin' air.

There were cauld draps on the flowerless green,  
 An' black clouds o' the sky;  
 An' the leafless shrubs, like angry birds,  
 Hiss'd as the blast swept by.  
 But the maiden's on through the auld ash wood,  
 Sae lonely an' sae drear,  
 An' her heart beat loud as she sped along,  
 Wi' a strange owre-swellin' fear.

The fitfu' win' seem'd bearin' past  
 The tones o' a spirit's sang,  
 An' the clouds o' night had a bodin' flight  
 As they raced the skies along.  
 The soun' o' a death-drop seem'd to mix  
 Wi' the patterin' o' the rain;  
 An' the bent stumps o' the moulderin' trees  
 Seem'd ghaists o' ancient men.

But the maiden has passed the dreary wood,  
 An' the fisher's lanely shiel';  
 An' still her Sandy met her not  
 On the path he loved sae weel.  
 An' she climb'd the steps o' the steep shore-cliff,  
 An' stood on its summit bare;  
 An' gazed through the gloom o' the distant fell,  
 But nae movin' form was there.

The sea was groanin' far below  
 In mony a darksome cave,  
 An' a startlin' soun' gaed rushin' aroun'  
 Wi' the dash o' ilka wave.  
 Her brain burn'd wi' distractin' thoughts  
 O' her lover kind an' dear—  
 When she thought she heard the waters say,  
 "Your Sandy is sleepin' here!"

She turn'd, an' roun' the dizzyin' cleuch,  
 Wi' tremblin' limbs, she wore;

An' she found her lover cauld in death  
 'Mang the black rocks o' the shore !  
 An' the maiden couldna weep nor scream,  
 For her heart's-blood scarcely ran ;  
 But she laid his head on her woe-smote breast,  
 An' kiss'd his lips sae wan.

There's nane can tell the agony  
 O' her watch beside the dead,  
 For lang ere human eye look'd on  
 Her woundit soul had fled.  
 An' the lyke-wake sang o' the hapless twain  
 Was the wail o' the white sea maw :  
 An' the waves crept up an' kiss'd their feet,  
 An' mournin' turn'd awa.

## H O P E .

O, Hope's like a little minstrel bird  
 That sings by the path o' a child,  
 Ay loupin' frae bloomy bough to bough  
 Wi' an air sae merry an' mild ;  
 An' maist within grasp o' his gowden wings  
 He lats the bairnie creep,  
     Syne aff bangs he  
     To a high, high tree,  
 An' the wee thing's left to weep.

O, Hope's like a maiden o' fair fifteen,  
 Wi' an e'e as dazzlingly bright  
 As the dew that blinks i' the violet's cup  
 When the sun has reached his height ;  
 An' she bows her bright head to your sweet waled word  
 Till love turns burnin' pain,  
     Syne wi' sudden scorn  
     She leaves ye forlorn,  
 To smile on anither swain.

O, Hope's like a sun-burst on distant hills,  
 When stern and cloudy's the day,  
 And the wanderer thinks it's a heaven-blest spot  
 And his spirit grows licht by the way ;  
 The blooming moors seem lakes o' gowd,  
 An' the rocks glance like castles braw,  
     But he wins nae near  
     The spot sae dear —  
 It glides aye awa and awa.

An' whiles Hope comes like a prophet auld,  
 Wi' a beard richt lang an' grey,

An' he brags o' visions glitterin' an' gran',  
 An' speaks o' a blyther day.  
 Ne'er heed him; he's but a hair-brained hard  
 A-biggin' towers i' the air—  
     A lyin' seer,  
     Wha will scoff an' jeer  
 When yer heart turns cauld an' sair.

#### THE THREE AULD WIVES O' KEERICAN LEE.

Hurra for the auld wives o' Keerican Lee!  
 The three auld wives o' Keerican Lee!  
 The hale parish waur than Gonorrah would be,  
 Gin't waurna the auld wives o' Keerican Lee.

O laud them an' bless them ye young and ye fair,  
 For a' yer bit failin's they hit to a hair;  
 Yer parents an' guardians ha'e little to dee—  
 O lang live the auld wives o' Keerican Lee!

Ye wee rosy gipsys, sae pawkie an' blythe,  
 O little ye ken, while sae gaily ye kithe,  
 The travail an' toil that for your sakes they dree—  
 O be kind to the auld wives o' Keerican Lee!

An' you madcap rebels wha woo i' the mirk,  
 An' mid daffin' an' din, tine yer fear o' the kirk;  
 It's hard to say how meikle waur ye would be,  
 Gin't werna the auld wives o' Keerican Lee!

In sooth he's a sly ane wha gangs in or out,  
 Gin you ladies canna tell what he's about—  
 Auld Fame, wi' her trumpet, is nae worth a flee  
 Compared to the auld wives o' Keerican Lee!

Puir carlins! ye're scurvily paid for your wark,  
 Though yer eident attentiou the dullest may mark;  
 A vile thankless ward has nae praise to gie  
 To the three auld wives o' Keerican Lee!

#### MY OWN LOVE.

My own love, my true love!  
 I may not hear thee speak,  
 But yet the light that's in thy eye,  
     The glow that's on thy cheek,  
 A tale unto my spirit tell,  
     No other lips may speak;  
 The minstrel's noblest melody,  
     To tell that tale were weak.

My own love ! my dear love !  
 Upon thy picture brow  
 I read the credit of thy faith,  
 The candour of each vow.  
 If distance could a doubt create,  
 That fear would vanish now ;  
 If truth can cheer the ills of life,  
 That lamp of truth art thou.

My own love ! my fair love !  
 As bends before the shrine  
 Of saint, the fervent worshipper  
 Secure in light divine,  
 So doth my spirit—loveliest  
 Before that form of thine,  
 I feel that thou are beautiful,  
 I know that thou art mine.

## TO THE BLACKBIRD.

Sweet lyrist of the wild !  
 O cease not soon thy soothing strain,  
 Thy gentle warbling often has beguiled  
 My wither'd memory from dreams of pain.

Thou lullest care to sleep—  
 The murmur of his dream is heard alone ;  
 Thy song of pure delight has gladness thrown  
 O'er eyes that throb and burn, but may not weep.

Harbinger of the stars ;  
 A fulness of rich music is thy dower,  
 Beneficently lavished at the hour  
 When night the portals of her home unbars.

Dweller where wild blooms wave,  
 How sweet must the blest voices be  
 That arise around the throne of Him who gave  
 So sweet a voice to thee.

Minion of gloaming joy,  
 The world's first twilight listened to thy song,  
 Its thrillings have been felt through ages long,  
 Yet ne'er can cloy.

The lonely woodland ne'er may be my home ;  
 But I will ever seek at fall of day  
 The spots that echo only to thy lay  
 And there delighted roam.

For then devotion's glow  
 Upon my care-chilled bosom mildly steals,  
 And hopes, that mock the world, reveals  
 And smoothes, with angel hand, my restless spirit's flow.

## CAM' YE DOON?

Cam' ye doon by yon burnside,  
 Whaur roses wild are thickly bloomin'—  
 Whaur the cowslips blink frae their mossy beds,  
 A' the summer air perfuin' ?  
 Look'd ye in at a lanely door,  
 Round whilk the woodbine slim is twinin' ?  
 Saw ye a lassie wi' diamon' een,  
 An' gowden hair, like morn-rays shinin' ?  
 Sweetly warbles, by yonder burn,  
 The speckled mavis at night's returnin' ;  
 But there I ha'e heard a sweeter sang,  
 And it dwells on my memory even' and mornin'.  
 Saftly fa', ye gloamin' shades,  
 On yonder shaw, where the young leaves glisten,  
 For a bonny bird awaits me there,  
 An' stays her sang till I come to listen.

O ye may linger in yonder shaw,  
 And breathe the sweet gale as ye wander ;  
 An' list the burnie murmurin' on  
 In mony a loup and wild meander ;  
 An' ye may pu' the pink o' the bank,  
 An' the thorn flower, wi' its hues sae fleetin' ;  
 But touchna the rose o' yon cottage lone,  
 Or you an' I'll ha'e a canker'd meetin'.

## B A L L A D.

The ruby tints frae the western clouds  
 Have faded all away,  
 An' the moon looks down, wi' a cauld wan smile,  
 Like the smile o' love's decay ;  
 An' the woolly mists o' the saft twilight  
 Are curlin' aboon the stream,  
 That seems to ha'e tint the sweet voice it had  
 In the day o' my youth's blest dream.

O where art thou, my well beloved,  
 Whose arm was wont to be  
 Ay link'd in mine, when the summer dew  
 Begem'd the star-lit lea ?

When the balm o' the blessed gloamin'-fa'  
 Was on ilka leaf an' flower,  
 An' the vesper hymn o' the mavis cam'  
 Frae the depths o' her greenwood bower?

O ha'e ye forgot the sigh o' love?  
 An' the kiss sae warm an' dear?  
 An' the looks that spak a language sweet  
 To the soul's deep listenin' ear?  
 An' the meetin' moment's wild embrace?  
 An' the clasp o' the love lock'd han' ?  
 An' the lingerin' step, an' the sinkin' heart,  
 While the partin' minutes ran?

It canna be that the feelin's wreathed  
 Roun' hearts unstained an' young,  
 By the strong cauld han's o' care an' wae,  
 Should frae these hearts be wrung.  
 But oh ! my love ! the lang grass grows  
 Where our footprints were wont to be,  
 An' the hornet vile has hung her nest  
 'Mid the boughs o' our trystin' tree.



GEORGE JAMES LAWRIE, D.D.,

**A**UTHOR of at least two songs that will live—  
 “Ha'e ye mind o' lang, lang syne,” and “The  
 Auld Manse,”— was a son of the manse and a man of  
 true lyrical genius. The first-mentioned is universally  
 popular. Indeed, by a strange coincidence, while we  
 write we hear it warbled outside of our sanctum  
 window by “a puir hameless waif;” but until some par-  
 ticulars were recently given by Mr Ford in his “Poet's  
 Album,” the name of the author had not previously  
 been even so much as mentioned in any collection of  
 our national poetry. In this connection it would be  
 curious to discover how many of the hundred  
 thousands familiar with such triumphant single pieces



as the "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard," the "Burial of Sir John Moore," "There is a Happy Land," "The Cameron Men," "The Standard on the Braes o' Mar," and many others that might be mentioned, know anything whatever of Gray, the Rev. C. Wolfe, Andrew Young, Miss Campbell, or Alexander Laing. A writer said recently in *The Scottish Church*—"It is something for a poem to live by its own merits, however tantalising it may be in some cases to trace the author. It is a far commoner thing for a piece to survive because of its writer's established fame. Probably the highest tribute that can be paid to a poet is to embody his work in the literature to which it belongs, quite irrespectively of who or what he was himself." On our part we feel it to have been a great privilege to have been able, now and again, to reveal the identity of these one-song poets.

The Rev. George James Lawrie, D.D., minister of the Parish of Monkton, Ayrshire, who died in 1878, was born on the 10th October, 1797. His father and grandfather, both of whom were successively ministers of Loudoun parish, enjoyed the intimate friendship of the national bard. Indeed, during the later years of his life, Burns was a frequent visitor at Loudoun Manse, over the door of which, we have been told, there is inscribed a quotation from his writings which has reference to the Lawrie family. Mr Hamilton Nimmo, music-seller, Ayr, who composed and published the music for Dr Lawrie's "Ha'e ye mind o' lang, lang syne"—which, by the by, has been sung into national popularity by Mrs Nimmo, the well-known Scottish vocalist—tells us that he knew the "dear old doctor" very well. "He was a fine, big man, with a healthy red face, long curly white hair hanging down his back, a clear nervous blue eye, and a genial sympathy for auld Scotch. The first time I met him was some twenty-four years ago at a Sabbath school soiree, when

I sang Ballantyne's 'Ilka Blade o' Grass.' He shook me by the hand on the platform, and asked me to write out a copy of the song for him."

We are informed by Mr Beaton, teacher, Prestwick, that Dr Lawrie was extremely fond of children, and knew personally every boy and girl in the parish. They in turn were pleased at the Doctor's visit both to their houses and school. Many grown-up people have a very pleasing memory of his friendly pat on the head and kindly greeting as they sat either in the day school or Sunday school, and nothing delighted him so much as to hear of the prosperity of those to whom he had given a helping hand in pushing themselves forward in the world. He was not in the modern sense a popular preacher, but his discourses were characterised by a spirit of intense earnestness, which arrested the attention of his audience. As a token of respect and esteem, and in recognition of his faithful ministrations at Monkton during the long period of thirty-four years, Dr Lawrie was, on retiring from his charge in 1877, presented with a handsome testimonial by his friends and parishioners. He took up his residence at Hythe, but did not long survive his removal to England, as the following from the *Ayr Advertiser* shows:—"A few months ago Dr Lawrie applied to the Presbytery for the appointment of an assistant and successor, and retired to Kent to spend the evening of his days along with his relatives there. That evening has not been long—an announcement of his death yesterday having reached us. Deceased was for a number of years Presbyterian chaplain at Madras. He was inducted to Monkton parish immediately after the Disruption, and continued from that time until within a comparatively recent period to perform the ministerial functions connected with this charge. Of late years he has had several assistants, but so long as he was able he continued his

household ministrations, chiefly among the poor of the parish. His warm, kind, genial manner, and unaffected interest in their welfare, rendered him a great favourite among them, and he will long be remembered in the district. Dr Lawrie was a man of good literary parts, and a very successful song-writer. He was the author of a number of Scottish pieces, chief among these being "Do ye mind lang syne?" a simple but touching song, in which the author's mind showed evidence of the warm recollections which he retained of his earlier years. He died at the advanced age of eighty-two."

His venerable widow is still living, her home being at Hythe, Kent. In the course of the year succeeding his death there was a small *brochure* of our poet's "Songs and Miscellaneous Pieces" published in Ayr, under the care of his friend, Mr Beaton, from which we are privileged to make the subjoined extracts. These display the possession by their author of a fine lyrical faculty, a large and simple heart, and an admirably generous nature. It might be mentioned that the song, "Lang, Lang Syne," at one time formed the subject of some discussion in the columns of the *Detroit Free Press*, in the course of which "R. B. L.," a nephew of the author, who resides in Edinburgh, wrote:—"I had on one occasion the pleasure of hearing Dr Lawrie sing the verses at his own fireside in Monkton Manse, the recollection of which is still fresh in my memory. The old gentleman, whose locks were by this time snow-white (for it was within a year or two of his death), was seated in his high-backed arm-chair. Shortly before this, one of the members of his family had been removed by death, and as he sang the stanza beginning 'Where are those bright hearts noo?' the recollection of his loss seemed to press upon him with renewed force. His voice began to tremble with emotion, and a silent tear stole down his cheek." On

the same occasion the writer referred in these terms to "The Auld Manse"—"It was sung by Dr Lawrie at one of the meetings of the Glasgow Society of the Sons of the Clergy, for which occasion it was specially written. When it is remembered that the author of it was a son of the manse, that his grandsires for generations had been in the ministry, and that he himself spent the greater part of his life in an Ayrshire manse, it is impossible to consider it aught else than the genuine outpouring of a kindly, loving heart, and the expression of his inmost thoughts and feelings."

## LANG, LANG SYNE.

Ha'e ye mind o' lang, lang syne,  
 When the summer days were fine,  
 An' the sun shone brighter far  
 Than he's ever dune since syne ;  
 Do ye mind the Hag Brig turn,  
 Whaur we guddled in the burn,  
 And were late for the schule in the mornin'?

Do you mind the sunny braes,  
 Whar we gathered hips and slaes,  
 And fell amang the bramble busses,  
 Tearin' a' oor claes ;  
 And for fear they wad be seen  
 We gaed slippin' hame at e'en,  
 But were lickit for oor pains in the mornin'?

Do ye mind the miller's dam,  
 When the frosty winter cam',  
 How we slade upon the curler's rink,  
 And made their game a sham ;  
 When they chased us through the snaw,  
 We took leg-bail ane an' a',  
 But we did it o'er again in the mornin'?

What famous fun was there,  
 Wi' our game at houn' and hare,  
 When we played the truant frae the schule,  
 Because it was the fair ;  
 And we ran frae Patie's Mill,  
 Through the woods on Winny Hill,  
 And were feart for the tawse in the mornin'.

Where are those bright hearts noo,  
 That were then so leal and true?—  
 Oh! some hae left life's troubled scene,  
 Some still are struggling thro',  
 And some hae risen high  
 In life's changeful destiny,  
 For they rose wi' the lark in the mornin'.

Now life's sweet Spring is past,  
 And our Autumn's come at last;  
 Our Summer day has passed away,  
 Life's Winter's comin' fast;  
 But though lang it's night may seem,  
 We shall sleep without a dream,  
 Till we wauken on yon bright Sabbath mornin'.

#### THE AULD MANSE.

The auld manse! the auld manse!  
 A dear hame aince to me;  
 Fond mem'ry clings to auld lang syne,  
 When youth was fu' o' glee.  
 A father's words are written there,  
 A mother's counsels true,  
 And the music of a sister's voice  
 Rests on sad mem'ry noo.

The auld kirk! the auld kirk!  
 Nae Sabbath bell rings there;  
 The ivy hangs where hallowed thoughts  
 Aince raise in praise and prayer.  
 And round its roofless wa's noo rest  
 The tenant and the laird,  
 And we read auld names on auld gravestanes  
 Grown grey in the auld kirkyaird.

The auld ha' hoose amang the wud,  
 Whaur the laird and the leddy leeve,  
 Wi' open haun' and kin'ly word,  
 Aye ready to relieve;  
 And there's kind young hearts in the auld ha' hoose,  
 Though they're come o' gentle blude,  
 The puir man's love and the widow's prayer  
 Cheer their hearts when doing good.

The auld gaberlunzie man,  
 Wha gaed frae toon to toon,  
 Sat doon, and grat his fill to see  
 The dear auld manse dang doon;

For mony an awmous he gat there,  
 Frae me amang the lave,  
 But he's sleepin' noo, whaur rank's forgot,  
 Aside the auld laird's grave.

A blessing rests upon the manse,  
 Tho' clouds on some may fa',  
 But manse bairns never maun forget  
 Thae clouds to clear awa',  
 And teach the lonely widow's heart,  
 Wi' sorrow sair cast doon,  
 'Midst cloudy troubles here to trust  
 The promise frae aboon.

## THERE WAS A LITTLE MAID.

There was a little maid,  
 Who dreamt she could fly,  
 But her mother was afraid  
 She would mount too high ;  
 So she said, " Let me go  
 Just as far as the moon ;  
 And you needn't fret so,  
 For I'll come back soon."  
 Come back soon, etc.

So away she flew  
 Through the dark blue sky,  
 Quite out of our view,  
 She was mounting so high ;  
 But she look'd down here  
 In a weary plight,  
 For she didn't know where  
 She would sleep that night.  
 Sleep that night, etc.

Still up, up she flew  
 Through the liquid air,  
 And she got a grand view  
 Of the bright things there ;  
 Till at length she came  
 To the moon's great gate,  
 Where she knocked very loud,  
 It was getting so late.  
 Getting so late, etc.

An old man sat  
 On the horns of the moon,  
 Who said he would come  
 And let her in soon ;

But before he came  
 She was frozen with cold,  
 He walked so slow,  
 For he was very old.  
 He was very old, etc.

At last he came  
 Through the weary track,  
 With a bundle of sticks  
 Tied on to his back.  
 He was sent to the moon,  
 Long ago, they say,  
 For gathering sticks  
 On the Sabbath day.  
 Sabbath day, etc.

He looked so queer  
 With his frozen nose,  
 His long thin arms,  
 And his tattered clothes,  
 The little maid gave  
 A dreadful scream,  
 And woke in a fright,  
 For 'twas all a dream.  
 All a dream, etc.

#### A SANG TO THE BAIRN.

Hey ! hisky doggie !  
 Hey ! cheety puss !  
 Come awa' to Harry's room,  
 And catch a wee mouse.  
 Look below the bed first,  
 And syne upon the shelf—  
 See there's the wee beasty,  
 Glow'rin like an elf.

Hey ! ducky daidles !  
 Hey ! chucky hen !  
 Fye, dicht yer dirty feet,  
 And come awa' ben.  
 Hae, pick the laddie's parritch,  
 For he winna sup a drap ;  
 He's rivin' at the nurse's mutch,  
 And rowin' aff her lap.

Look at Trim, the tary dog  
 Sittin' on the knowe,  
 He'll rise and wag his towsey tail  
 Afore he says—"Bow-wow."  
 He's waitin' for the collie there,  
 And when the sun gangs doun,

He'll row for fun amang'the snaw,  
And syne yaff at the moon.

Come gather up the moolins  
And soup awa' the snaw,  
Then lay them on the window-sill,  
The doo's 'll pick them a',  
Puir co'erin' things wi' hingin' wings,  
They're drookit to the skin ;  
Come, cuddle in my bosy noo,  
For fear John Frost comes in.

#### THE HOME OF MEMORY.

I have found a home in many a land,  
O'er many a distant sea,  
But Love had touched with his magic wand  
The home of infancy.  
There first I heard the voice of prayer,  
Bent at my mother's knee,  
And the hallowing power of my father's care  
Were life and strength to me.

O there the morn of youth first dawned  
O'er childhood's setting star,  
And the gushing joys of youthful hearts  
No earthly cares could mar.  
That hallowed spot was ne'er forgot,  
Nor the love that blessed me there,  
Nor the trembling notes of my father's voice  
As he sang at evening prayer.

I am left alone of that happy band,  
Hushed is the mirth and glee  
Of the loving hearts who, hand in hand,  
Sang home's sweet minstrelsy.  
Some sleep beside their father's grave,  
Some lie beneath the sea,  
And one fair boy rests with the brave  
On the field of victory.

Come back ! ye spirits of the blest,  
And whisper hope to me ;  
Oh ! take me where the weary rest,  
From life's dark sorrows free.  
Come teach my lonely heart to bear  
The weary weird I dree,  
Till I join the gathered wanderers there  
From the home of memory.



## REV. WILLIAM BREMNER MELVILLE,

**M**INISTER of Busby United Presbyterian Church, is a native of Castleton, a beautiful village situated six miles from Thurso, in Caithness-shire. Although a Scotsman by birth, he is of a Scandinavian stock, and when a mere child was taken to Stronsay, one of the Islands of Orkney, where he was educated and remained till he went to college. Mr Melville studied at the Edinburgh University, and was licensed by the United Presbyterian Presbytery of that city. Falsifying the proverb that a prophet is without honour in his own country, he was called to two churches in Orkney, and settled eight years in one of them. Not only in his own congregation, but throughout the entire county he won for himself an influence and a name. Three years ago he accepted a hearty call to Busby, where he is having a successful ministry.

Mr Melville has published several sermons on special subjects, and these have been well received by the public and the press. A friend who is sympathetic, and also shows fine critical skill in all that is best in prose and poetry, informs us that his sermons manifest an embarrassing wealth of thought, and a condensed and significant form of speech peculiarly his own. This holds also as regards his contributions to newspapers and periodicals. Though he has published little in his own name, he has written anonymously what would fill several volumes. He is a discerning and incisive critic of books, and few men have a larger acquaintance with all branches of literature. His English style has much strength and beauty; everything he says at his highest level is charged with poetry, and some of his discourses are prose poems.

He is, however, a potential rather than an actual poet, and has never given himself to the writing of poetry, and would scarcely class himself as a poet, though several of his productions clearly establish his right to a place in this work. If to know what poetry is, and to be full of it, and in intense sympathy with it be a poet, then he is one of no mean order.

## EVER—NEVER—A LONE.

“Ever alone” comes up to me  
From sounding shore and moaning sea,  
Soul-filling with strange melody—  
As sweetness pressed from moorland flowers,  
As incense wafted from Orient bowers,  
So is the Past in pensive hours.

“Ever alone.”—Though an aching sigh,  
Intoning the soul with its plaintive cry,  
Yet stills the heart as a lullaby.  
Of chastened grief is born a gladness—  
No fitful gleam: o'er moody madness—  
A constant star on the brow of night,  
Shooting our sorrow with bars of light.

“Ever alone.”—On mountains steep,  
From shelving rocks life's cataracts sweep,  
O'er beetling cliffs with deafening roar,  
Into black chasms evermore.  
Chaotic clouds, and mist, and spray—  
Upcoiling thence in gloomy play—  
The sun doth pierce with golden lance:  
A rainbow bridges the black expanse.

“Ever alone”—amid the world's din,  
The sceptic's sneer, the cynic's grin,  
Or steeped in poverty to the chin  
Open thy soul and so let in  
The Lonely Son of Man to bring  
Sweet fellowship with him—Then sing  
“Ever alone, never alone,  
Freed from life's burden, yet on the throne  
Of the heart sits the Holy One,  
The Ever—yet Never—alone.”

## PERDITA—THE LOST ONE.

Alone to-night in sorrow's gloom  
Within the shadow of the room

Hopeless I sit 'mong withered leaves,  
With secret grief my bosom heaves.

'Tis years ago : the stroke of fate,  
Fell darkling on my sunny path  
Shattering the fabric of my state,  
For God had struck me in His wrath.  
In that dark hour when friends forsook,  
And storms were raging in mine ears,  
I mercy found and wisdom took  
From out its gloom for future years.  
New-girt with strength and sternly sad  
I braced my soul with many a prayer  
To climb again to where I had  
Attained with so great toil and care.  
The road was rough, the way was long,  
Regret sat heavy on my soul,  
Footsore and weary, parched my tongue,  
I agonised to reach the goal.

Then there was sent me as I fought  
One to be with me on the way !  
A ministering Angel brought  
Herself to me at close of day.  
She knew the Past. It touched her heart,  
Her interest ripened into love ;  
With skilful hand she pulled the dart  
Out of the wound—her skill to prove.

Then on my path a sunbeam fell—  
The light of love no darkness knows—  
Her winning ways the shades dispel !  
The Evil Spirit from me goes.  
My soul and sorrow I did pour  
Into her heart, fine strung and true,  
Until her Being more and more  
With mystic tie unto me grew.

She never failed—in snow or storm,  
In blinding rain, or dim star-light  
Along the road her Hebe form  
Came tripping every winter night—  
Night after night—week after week  
Had lengthened into months and years ;  
I'd pressed her hand, I'd kissed her cheek,  
And she had charmed away my fears.

Ah ! On our sky a cloud arose  
Handlike in size, portending woes,

Sudden *our* sky with blackness lowers  
 Dark thunder clouds—impending showers  
 Hung o'er us both a tedious year  
 Till autumn leaves were brown and sere,  
 Then budding hopes so fresh before  
 Were nipped to blossom never more.

O ye stern Heavens ! Come tell me why—  
 Do tell me this before I die—  
 Why ye have cleft my heart in twain  
 And all my fond affection slain ?  
 I cannot walk the former ways,  
 I cannot sing the former lays,  
 Upon my tongue no word of praise,  
 Nor resignation to the ways  
 Ye have me led. I vaguely gaze  
 Into the past and wildly mourn  
 Since from my breast this hope is torn.

With folded hands in sorrow's gloom,  
 Alone to-night in this darkened room,  
 Helpless I sit 'mong withered leaves,  
 With bursting grief my bosom heaves.

#### TAKE NO THOUGHT.

O To-morrow ! How shall I bear thy load ?  
 The gloomy thoughts of Thee my spirit goad  
 With the sharp points of Care. I have no home,  
 With weary footsteps, faint, condemned to roam  
 The earth ; an outcast from the haunts of men ;  
 The sweets of Hope I may not know again.  
 Nor star appears above in all the sky,  
 Nor voice from out the heavens doth hear my cry

O Mortal man ! Thou art the Child of God  
 His only one on earth, the Immortal Crown  
 Of all his works below. The faithless frown,  
 From off thy brow uplift : the anxious load  
 Of care is self-imposed. The God of Heaven  
 Father of thy spirit, the fowls doth feed ;  
 Much more shall then to thee be given  
 From th' Divine Store supplies for all thy need.

*Their* little life is for a day. *Thine own*  
 Is everlasting. Lilies in the sun  
 A divine wealth of transient glory show  
 Surpassing far the skill of man. Fruits grow

In earth and Heaven appropriate. Confess  
 Thou sought'st, neglecting heavenly food and dress,  
 Too much the things of Time. Thy soul is wrung  
 With anguish when by disappointment stung.

God's Kingdom and His Righteousness seek first,  
 To stay unholy hunger and quench thirst  
 Of appetite disordered and diseased.  
 In God alone the soul can be released  
 From dogs and vultures of Desire which gnaw  
 The Life with cruel tooth and tearing claw.  
 Nor in treasures of Earth, nor Sky, nor Sea  
 Thy soul's kinship find, nor affinity.

God's Kingdom and His Righteousness first seek,  
 If thou would'st be in peace, resigned, mild, meek.  
 If thou would'st rule within, and there control  
 The fiery fevered clamours of the soul,  
 Dwell thou in God. In Him thou shalt be robed,  
 And all thy nature stilled and stayed and globed  
 Into the rounded sphere of the Divine—  
 A star in its orbit to move and shine.

Then what's in the bosom of To-morrow—  
 Silvern clouds of brightness, or of sorrow,  
 Dark and thunderous—shall to thee unfold  
 Mysteries of life thy soul to touch and mould  
 To finest issues. Strongly gird up the soul  
 To present work and duty. On God roll  
 The Future's burden; trust Him as a child,  
 'Mid the shifting sands of the desert wild.



## JOHN NIVEN,

**A** POET whose career has been one of varied experience, was born at Desswood, Kincardine o' Neil, Aberdeenshire, in 1859—his father being “a jolly miller who lived on the banks o' Dee.” His *delut* in the scholastic world was at the seminary of a maiden lady—a teacher of the old style, now almost out of existence. The schoolhouse was an old

theekit building, with open rafters begrimed with peat reek and festooned with cobwebs. On leaving "the lassies' school" he was sent to the parish school, but soon after the family removed to the Mill of Craigmyle, on the opposite side of the Parish. Here he attended the Tarphin's Public School, where he was a very apt learner, so much so that the master wished him to become a pupil teacher. He preferred, however, to "see the world," and was apprenticed to a bookseller in Aberdeen, where he remained for a year after "serving his time," and was a valued servant; but his roving disposition sent him south to Dundee, and thence to Newcastle-on-Tyne, where he threw up his original calling, enlisted as "a soldier bold," and was sworn to "serve Her Majesty Queen Victoria and all her heirs and successors." He was forwarded "per rail, carriage paid," to Richmond Barracks as a recruit belonging to the 19th Regiment, now designated the 1st Battalion Princess of Wales' Own Yorkshire Regiment. We some time after find him serving Her Majesty at Halifax, Nova Scotia, and subsequently, in 1884, at Malta. In the interval he had risen to the rank of Lance-Sergeant, with employment as clerk in the Quartermaster's office. Here he was laid up in hospital with fever, which stuck to him for about six months, and left him so weak that he was sent home an invalid, and ultimately discharged. At this time his parents resided at Crynoch Mills, Maryculter, where he gradually regained his strength. It was during his enforced retirement that he first felt the poetic fire in his soul, and his thoughts took flights of fancy amongst people and things of another clime, and around his "dear auld hame." His first production was a song to "Nelly," the subject as a matter of course being one of his boyhood's loves. A perfect rhyming fever must then have seized him, for a small volume entitled "Buds and

Blossoms culled by the Crynoch Burn," a selection of poems that were begun and finished, and in the printer's hands in a fortnight. This was perhaps a rash step, for as a natural result some of the "buds" and "blossoms" were not so rich and fragrant as they, with more careful culture, would have been. Traces of inequality of metre and occasional confusion of metaphor occur, which bear striking contrast to the earnest elevated feeling, and the neat and at times graceful poetic expression characteristic of his more recent productions. In addition to contributing poetry from time to time, he has also written numerous papers and sketches for the Aberdeen papers on social and political subjects. He has also done a little in the way of story writing, having several tales in MS., which have not as yet been offered for publication. The subject of our sketch is presently employed as a labourer at the Invercannie Saw Mills, but with increased strength and a firm resolution, he has hopes yet of "rising o'er stepping stones of my dead self to higher things."

#### THE AULD FIDDLE.

I bocht a fiddle nae lang syne,  
 But where I coft noo never min',  
 For they are scarce o' this ane's kin',  
     She is a Strad—  
 Ane o' the finest o' the fine  
     Noo to be had.

She is nae beauty—it's just as well,  
 For looks are aften made to sell,  
 An' winna cast the witching spell  
     O' music sweet ;  
 Apart frae that, her boards are hale  
     An' made fu' neat.

Auld Stradavarins was the chiel'  
 Wha made her, an' he did it weel ;  
 A maisterpiece o' airt and skeel—

Her lines I lo'e ;  
 Her melody my senses steal—  
 My heart fills fu'.

On Alpine hills her timmers grew ;  
 High waving to the lift o' blue,  
 The branches bricht in emerald hue  
 Majestic hung ;  
 The gentle breezes 'mang them blew,  
 An' sweetly sung,

To auld Strad's home in boards she came,  
 He fashioned her a thing o' fame ;  
 To her a' ithers are but tame ;  
 She is a fiddle  
 Can keep alive the circling game  
 Wi' blythesome diddle.

As o'er her strings the bow it jinks,  
 As true as bell each note it clinks,  
 An' vibrates 'mang the very chinks  
 O' household gear ;  
 Wi' awfu' greed the ear it drinks  
 Her strains sae clear.

Scott Skinner played on her ae nicht,  
 An' bowed her up wi' a' his nicht,  
 An' frae her strings he brocht to licht  
 Artistic soun's ;  
 I listened till the sun sae bricht  
 Shone clear aroun's.

#### H A R V E S T .

The hairst, my lads, is in full swing,  
 An' plenty croons oor lan' ;  
 Wi' joy the farmer's heart doth sing,  
 An' eident is his han'.

The corn riggs wi' gowden grain  
 Are noddin' in the breeze,  
 And sonsy queans and sturdy men  
 Gang singin' o'er the leas.

Witha the yaird may ilka stack  
 Be got while sunshine lasts,  
 An' safely stowed aneath the thack  
 'Gainst winter's stormy blasts.



An' soon the mill, wi' joyous soun',  
 Will clink frae morn till nicht,  
 An' merrily aye the wheel gang roun',  
 Wi' music in its flicht,

The meal to grin' to mak' the brose  
 The bairnies a' to feed ;  
 An' parritch caps in countless rows  
 Will tap the clean deal heid.

## W I N T E R .

The roarin' linn that seethed and leapt  
 Within his buckie noe has crept,  
 For Nature's breath across it swept, -  
 Nor sought permission,  
 An' in a trice its waters whipt  
 Into submission.

The snaw comes scuddin' doon the glen,  
 The snell win' yowls wi' micht and main,  
 Wi' dule and sorrow in their train,  
 To vex us sairly ;  
 Oor aumrie stores gars us a' hain,  
 An' scrimp them fairly.

Auld hoary Winter's ance mair here,  
 His white shroud spread o'er Autumn's bier,  
 And, oh, he brings but little cheer,  
 Wi' his cauld breath,  
 As on he sweeps in mad career  
 Wi' fu'est skaith.

The wimplin' burn that lately sang,  
 And dreetled flowery fields amang,  
 Is silent noo the hale day lang  
 In frost's embrace,  
 And skaters scour along ding-dang  
 Richt o'er its face.

The forest trees, a' draped in white,  
 Like spectres in the pale moonlight,  
 Their whispered stories tell to-night  
 O' vanished days,  
 When they were rich in emerald bright,  
 In Summer's claes.

## WILLIAM LAMBERTON,

**A** NOBLE-MINDED shoemaker, and a genuine "Ayrshire callan," is descended from the Lambertons of Lamberton, a small estate in the Parish of Stewarton, of whom was William Lamberton, Bishop of St Andrews in the days of Wallace and Bruce. His father was originally a weaver by trade, but afterwards became a provision merchant in Kilmaurs. Our poet was born in 1828 at Larch Bank, near that ancient town. He received a fair education at the Parish School, and when a young lad his thirst for knowledge was so great that he attended evening schools for several winters. He ultimately was engaged in teaching evening classes after a long day's labour as a shoemaker, to which trade he was apprenticed in 1842, and at which he has continued ever since, excepting a short period he was employed in a warehouse in Kilmarnock. He had a good memory, read much, and was an intelligent collector of antiquities. In 1850 he was for a session under the care of the Rev. Alexander Duncanson, Congregational minister, Falkirk, and for two years studied classics as a divinity student. The result was that he became a lay preacher, and as such he was long and favourably known, occasionally taking the minister's place in the pulpit on Sunday.

Mr Lamberton first began to write verse about 1843, and some years afterwards he became a constant contributor to the *Penny Post*, the *Kilmarnock Standard*, and other newspapers. He has long been one of the correspondents of the *Ardrossan and Saltcoats Herald*, and has written several tales on local subjects. He has intelligently studied most of the old castles and places of interest in the west of Scotland, and he informs us that he loves to explore "howlet-haunted biggins and riggin'-deserted kirks." Indeed, he pur-

poses publishing a history of his native place, for which he has long been collecting materials, so that he might be called the historian as well as the poet of Kilmaurs. In 1863 he joined the Kilmarnock Artillery Volunteers, in which he is a corporal of long-standing, and acted for many years as its poet laureate. In 1878, Messrs M'Kie & Drennan, Kilmarnock, published a volume of his poetry, entitled "Poems and Songs by an Ayrshire Volunteer," which was well received, and contains a number of spirited patriotic pieces, tender and musical songs, showing a truly poetic mind, and a heart full of tenderness and melody. The book also embraces several thoughtful historical poems, and his keen fancy and imagination is evinced in his pieces describing Scottish scenery, and rural life and manners. Mr Lamberton is still hale and hearty, and almost as vigorous in mind and body as he was forty years ago.

#### A LITTLE GARDEN.

A little garden Mary had,  
 Where lovely flowers did grow,  
 And some were red, and some were blue,  
 And some were white as snow ;  
 Her cheeks were like the roses red,  
 Her eyes like drops of dew,  
 Her skin was like the lilies fair,  
 Her hair of auburn hue.

To plant, and weed, and see them grow,  
 It was her great delight,  
 To see them open to the sun,  
 And watch them close at night ;  
 Their fragrance, colour, and their form  
 Were wondrous in her eyes,  
 And there were pretty singing-birds,  
 And gaudy butterflies.

In winter to the hungry birds,  
 She freely scattered crumbs,  
 And watched the first approach of spring,  
 When forth the snowdrop comes ;

Still there the fragrant hawthorn blooms,  
 Primroses deck the ground,  
 And late the rowan's red berries hang,  
 And tempting fruits abound.

Eight times she saw them bud and bloom,  
 Eight times she saw them fade,  
 They were the same, but she each year  
 New beauties still displayed ;  
 But, ah ! she faded like the flowers,  
 When winter storms were o'er,  
 The little flowers spring up again,  
 But she is seen no more.

Her presence still pervades the spot,  
 Hers are the flowers and trees,  
 Her smile is in the sunshine seen,  
 She whispers in the breeze ;  
 So fancy speaks in sober truth,—  
 Her body's 'neath the sod,  
 But walking in the climes of bliss,  
 Her spirit's with her God.

## ASPIRATIONS OF A YOUNG POET.

Oh, could I like a minstrel sing,  
 Or could I wake the trembling string,  
 Then would I show the martyr's zeal,  
 And tell what patriot hearts can feel :

Express what anxious lovers sigh,  
 Relate the maiden's chaste reply,  
 Describe the poor man's humble joys,  
 Scorn giddy fashion's senseless toys ;

Praise valour, skill, and honest worth,  
 And native genius bursting forth ;  
 God's glory, which the heavens declare,  
 Earth, and His providential care.

Rejoicing in my neighbour's joy,  
 My sweetest songs I will employ,  
 And ever, with a grateful heart,  
 To thank High Heaven will be my part.

## THE BEST O' MY FORTUNE'S THE SPENDING O'T.

Wi' labour and care a fortune I've made,  
 And gather'd it safe to a wee canny spot,

Where now I enjoy the wonderful bliss,  
 And heavenly pleasure o' spending o't.  
 There's a time to gather and a time to spend,  
 A time borrow and a time to lend,  
 And thus unto all be a true helping friend,  
 While security's guid there's nae ending o't.

I help on the Kirk and I keep up the State,  
 And I never will grudge the defending o't,  
 If they would help on a' that's good and that's great,  
 I would pay them weel for attending o't.  
 I've lent to the Lord, I've given to the poor,  
 Enriching their homes that were bare as a moor,  
 Which caused such pleasure and joy I was sure,  
 That the best o' my fortune's the spending o't.

Extingnished for ever be grumblin' fools,  
 Whose hearts, like their riches, do canker and rot,  
 To temperance societies, missions, and schools,  
 I still have the pleasure o' sending o't.  
 Away each close-fisted and hard-hearted loon,  
 A disgrace to their country, their race, and their town;  
 Come out wi' your siller and circle it roun',  
 And enjoy the pleasure o' spending o't.

#### THE HOME OF MY CHILDHOOD.

Oh carry me back to the home of my childhood,  
 To the dear little cot by the side of a stream,  
 Near to a green hill all covered with wildwood  
 Where long I enjoyed young life's morning dream.

The city, the ramparts, the field, and the valley,  
 The hill, the ravine, and the wide rolling sea,  
 Where fondly I dwelt with wife, friends, and ally  
 Were not half so dear as that cottage to me.

For there was my father and kind-hearted mother,  
 My brothers and sisters in beauty and love,  
 Their aim was to help and encourage each other,  
 They were active as eagles, and meek as the dove.

The mavis and blackbird sang sweet on the tree,  
 When the sun to the far western world did depart,  
 A well stocked orchard delightful to view,  
 Was always the pride and the joy of our heart.

No fruit tasted sweeter nor could flowers fairer bloom,  
 No water excelled its clear crystal well,  
 Peaceful there was our labour at garden and loom,  
 We in cheerful contentment and comfort did dwell.

## THE LOVER'S RETURN.

The winter is over,  
 The spring time is come,  
 And my gallant lover  
 Is soon coming home.

As sunshine to flowers,  
 As flowers to the bee,  
 Refreshing as showers  
 Is his presence to me.

Oh happy to-morrow,  
 When he will be here,  
 Farewell to my sorrow,  
 My trouble and fear.

My heart it does flutter,  
 My voice it sinks dumb,  
 I only can whisper  
 My lover is come.



FRANCIS ALEX. MACKAY, F.S.A., Scot., &c.,

**A**UTHOR of several volumes of genuine poetry bearing the *nom-de-plume* "Francis Fitzhugh," was born in Edinburgh in 1822, and for the most part was educated in the public and private schools of that city. He entered upon the business of banking at an early age, but found time, during his leisure hours, to cultivate a taste for English literature. Mr Mackay was fortunate in having for his associates many friends of similar tastes, and who had a sincere love for the poets and the masters of English prose. The spur of emulation was not wanting, nor was the spirit of rivalry quite quiescent in that little community of literary amateurs. At no time did he aspire to a literary career, being content to make the ennobling

and elevating pursuit of letters, during the hours which he could call his own, a means of improvement and a source of pleasure. He had also the privilege and advantage in his youth of associating with much of the talent and genius of his time in Edinburgh—poets, painters, and musicians—in whose society he rejoiced, and from whose conversation he learned much.

It was not until 1853 that Mr Mackay ventured to publish, under the *nom-de-plume* "Francis Fitzhugh," "The Crook and the Sword, the Heir of Lorn, and other Poems" (Edinburgh: Johnstone & Hunter). The fable or legend on which the action of "The Heir of Lorn" was founded was given to him as a good subject for a poem, if treated in the heroic verse of Dryden, by Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, the friend and contemporary of Sir Walter Scott, and who afterwards, on seeing the poem in manuscript, gave it his praise and approbation, tempered by sound and useful criticism. His *nom-de-plume* was derived from the "History of the House and Clan of Mackay," wherein is traced his lineal descent from the second son of Hugh Mackay of Farr in Sutherlandshire, the chief of the clan in the seventeenth century, whose eldest son became the first Lord Reay. Hence Fitzhugh.

The reception given to Mr Mackay's first venture by the critics in the periodical literature of the time was gratifying. "The Heir of Lorn" was spoken of as possessing "more pathos than Hogg's 'Queen Hynde,' without its tediousness and complication;" while the *Athenæum* said:—"What a relief, after the perusal of such inflated and overstrained efforts (as are made by some contemporary authors), to meet with passages of natural description such as the following from the domestic tale—"The Crook and the Sword." Encouraged by his success, he published another small volume in 1857, containing "The Curse of Schamyl,"

a poem on the war then being carried on by Russia in the Caucasus, and other poems on subjects nearer home (London: Simpkin & Marshall). These home subjects reflected the impressions he had formed during his boyish holidays, spent at Whitemuirhall in Roxburghshire, and on the banks of the Tweed and Teviot among his own kith and kin, where he imbibed a love for the beauties and freedom of rural life and the charms of Border song. "The Curse of Schamyl" was characterised by the *Athenæum* as a poem of "glowing and vigorous language, given in melodious lines without rhyme—a bold experiment, well executed."

After many years of continuous application to business, Mr Mackay found a little relaxation necessary, and having obtained time for a lengthened holiday, devoted it in 1860 to a tour in Italy. It was during the French occupation of Rome, and he was fortunate enough to be there during Holy Week, while Pio Nono was in all his glory, and when the ceremonies of the Church, the illumination of St Peter's, and the girandole on the Monte Pincio, were in full swing—all of which have since disappeared or dwindled to a mere shadow. He had also during his tour the good fortune to witness Victor Emmanuel enter Florence and Pisa in state, as the coming king of United Italy. These scenes, along with subjects of historic interest were portrayed in his next volume "Lays and Poems on Italy," published in 1862 (London: Bell & Daldy). Mr Mackay has also contributed an occasional article to the *Gentlemen's Magazine* and other periodicals.

Nothing for the last five and twenty years has, as far as we know, fallen from the graceful pen of our poet, the sterner duties of official life having doubtless constrained him to relinquish his favourite pursuits among the flowery paths of poesy. In his published works he has shown wide culture. He has proved that he has intimately studied the traditions and



habits of people in various parts of the world, and given utterance to his thoughts with a charming melody, and with a varied flow of measures that have all the fascination of Biblical and Oriental poetry. His miscellaneous poems abound in tender, minute touches and graphic word-pictures, and evince in a high degree his human brotherhood; while his songs have not only a true lyrical flow, but they embody genuine Scotch sentiment and true pictures of Scotch character.

#### MY BONNIE HERD LADDIE.

When the kind mated naivis cowers down in its nest,  
And the merle's sang melts wi' the sun in the west,  
Oh ! I wander alane where the sad waters fa',  
And I sigh, for my bonnie herd-laddie's awa'.

Oh ! nae mair when the shepherds sae blythe on the hill,  
Wake the echoes o' morn wi' their liltin' sae shrill,  
Shall his pipe, or his dear voice, the sweetest of a',  
Bring the tears to our een, for my laddie's awa'.

When the gloamin' brings daffin' and mirth on the lea ;  
When the new hay smells sweet by the loved trysting-tree,—  
Oh ! nae mair shall I lie in my dear laddie's arms,  
And hear him sing saftly the power o' my charms.

The lads o' the forest are strapping and leal,  
But there's nae to compare wi' the lad I lo'e weel ;  
Like the glint o' a star was the smile o' his e'e,—  
He was kindly to a', but the kindest to me.

When leaving the ewe-bughts on the Gladknowe sae green,  
We plighted our love in the dark wood unseen ;  
But he's gaen to the wars—he has left Whitmuirha'—  
Oh wae's me ! for my ain shepherd-laddie's awa'.

#### WHEN THE BLASTS OF THE NORTH.

When the blasts of the North, like the keen shafts of heaven,  
Are hurling their sleet-showers o'er mountain and plain,  
When the flocks of the valley to shelter are driven ;  
And the blanched earth is dreary and weeping with pain ;

When the forest is leafless, and moaning, and sad ;  
 When the mute birds are cowering the dead leaves among ;  
 When rivers and torrents are red, roaring, mad,  
 Through the glens where their summer-songs sweetly were sung

When the rays of the sun have been washed from the sky ;  
 When the beams of the moon have been drunk by the clouds ;  
 When the morning awakes with a cold leaden eye,  
 And the fair form of evening the dark tempest shrouds :

Must man be o'ercome in this hour of despair ;  
 Must he join the wild dirge o'er the corse of the year ;  
 Must the cypress be twined with the bays in his hair,  
 And his songs melt in tears o'er the earth's sullen bier ?

Oh no ! On the wild wings of Fancy he flies  
 To the fair fields of Memory—gardens of Hope :—  
 In his mind lives a summer, whose sun never dies,  
 Whose songs never weary, whose flowers never droop.

#### THERE IS JOY.

(From "*The Heir of Lorn.*")

There is joy when the morn shows her face through the gloom ;  
 When the deer brush the dew from the heathbell in bloom ;  
 When the sun's rays smile brightly o'er hill, dale, and den,  
 And glance o'er the waters of fair Coniglen.  
 There is joy when the young Spring's first footsteps are seen ;  
 When she robes the high mountain in purple and green ;  
 When the voice of her infant song's heard in the glade,  
 And the tears of her joy trembling hang from each blade.

There is joy when the summer breeze sighs o'er the sea,  
 And fills the white sail of our clansmen so free ;  
 Brings them back to the shore, where their hearts ever fill  
 With the pride of the thistle that waves on the hill.  
 There is joy when the bee, on its sweet-laden wing,  
 Seeks the mead where the wildflowers luxuriantly spring ;  
 Where the music ascends from the clear running stream,  
 And the skylarks sing out from the sun's dazzling beam.

There is joy, there is rapture, when Nora's bright eye  
 Sheds its lustre around, like the clear morning sky ;  
 When her smiles melt the mists from our mountains of care,  
 Bidding new hopes, like spring flowers, to bloom gaily there.  
 Oh, there's joy, boundless joy, when her footsteps so light  
 Dash the dew-drops of sorrow from flowers of delight ;  
 For the charms which gay Nature displays to our ken,  
 All centre in Nora of fair Coniglen.

## LET CANKERED CARLES.

Let cankered carles and lazy loons  
 Seek wealth an' pleasure i' the touns,  
 Where nought but care repays their strife,  
 And gentle peace forsakes a life  
 Frae morn to e'ening eerie.

I'm free and fearless as the wind,  
 Nae stern oppressor cramps my mind ;  
 I greet the morn, I bless the day,  
 I sing thro' e'ening's shady way,  
 O' life I'm never weary.

The Summer's heat, the Winter's cauld,  
 To meet them I am strang and bauld ;  
 The barren muir I cross by night,  
 Beneath the sterne's unsteady light,  
 To meet and woo my dearie.

Nae toun-born lass wi' airs and pride  
 Is she that wanders by my side,  
 She's modest, simple, kind, and true,  
 Her love smiles in twa heavens o' blue,  
 Sae constant is my dearie.

## THE GRASS IS GREEN.

The grass is green on Minto hills,  
 The heather blooms on Ruberslaw,  
 The Teviot, swollen by mountain rills,  
 Rins red o'er thorny brae and shaw ;  
 And Winter northward plies his wing,  
 Before the smile o' infant Spring.

The lambs are bleating on the knowes,  
 The whin puts on its yellow bloom,  
 'Neath ilka bield the primrose grows,  
 The lintie warbles 'mang the broom ;  
 And wandering forth wi' joy is seen,  
 The bonnie lass o' Hassendean.

The gorcock trims his plumage fair,  
 The mavis sings his song o' love,  
 The lav'rock trilling, fills the air,  
 And wooing winds the foliage move ;  
 The howling blasts are heard no more,  
 Love stirs a' Nature to the core.

Oh Mary! wheresoe'er I range,  
 Thine image ever fills my heart;  
 No time, no fate, can ever change,  
 The love thy spring-like smiles impart;  
 O' Nature's beauties thou'rt the queen,  
 My bonnie lass o' Hassendean.

AMID THE HILLS.

(From "Highland Gleams.")

There is a living grandeur 'mid the hills,  
 Changing for ever with the day and hour,  
 Glowing in sunrise, fainting in the mists,  
 Bright in the garbless lustre of the day,  
 Warm, gay, and golden in the westering noon,  
 Soft, blue, and hazy in the peaceful eve.  
 It walks supreme amid the raging storm,  
 And seems to culminate when round the head  
 Of the bold mountains living lightnings flash;  
 Nor dies it with the day, but then assumes  
 The dark, mysterious wonders of the night.  
 O deathless beauty! poetry of light!  
 Wooing for ever man's admiring soul,  
 Moving o'er Nature's uncompassion'd face,  
 And with thy various shades and endless tints  
 Lending each feature some peculiar charm—  
 Oh, may I never cease to feel the glow  
 Which thy pure beauties raise within my breast!  
 In health, but more in sickness, I have felt  
 Thy origin to be divine, and loved  
 Thy spiritual presence more and more, until  
 I've mourn'd to see thy golden glory pass  
 Along the western hills—thy noiseless feet  
 Prankt in the jewell'd sandals of the Eve.

CASTLELAW.

When evening glints ower Penielheugh,  
 Sheds gowden smiles ower brae and shaw,  
 When fa's her robe on Cheviot's tap,  
 I seek the woods o' Castlclaw:  
 For there the mavis tunes his pipe,  
 To join the merle churmin' sweet;  
 Frae ilka bush the linties pour  
 Their love-songs down the banks o' Leet,  
 Frae morning's daw to evening's fa,  
 I'll sing the woods o' Castlclaw.

There Spring first shows her virgin bloom,  
 And decks wi' stars the gowan'd shaw ;  
 There Summer holds her leafy reign,  
 And weeps on leaving Castlelaw.  
 The oak waves green in Autumn's blast  
 Beside the beech o' gowden gleam,  
 The pine uprears its feathery tap,  
 The willow murmurs ower the stream.  
 Frae morning's daw to e'ening's fa'  
 I'll sing the woods o' Castlelaw.

The nymphs wha roam'd the woods o' eld  
 Let classic poets finely draw,  
 I'll tune my Doric reed to her  
 Wha haunts the woods o' Castlelaw ;—  
 Her bonnie face and gracefu' form,  
 Her gowden hair and hazel e'e,  
 The glowin' heart which lights them a'  
 Hae mair than attic charms for me.  
 Frae morning's daw to e'ening's fa'  
 I'll sing the maid o' Castlelaw.



## WILLIAM SHARP.

**W**ILLIAM SHARP is a poet much and widely admired for his remarkable originality of thought, and for the intensely modern spirit of his poetry. He is also well-known as a critic of much power, while his numerous prose productions are distinguished by literary finish and individuality of style.

Born near Paisley, on 12th September, 1855, William Sharp is only thirty-two years of age. His father, David Galbraith Sharp, was a manufacturer, and the youngest son of William Sharp, one of the chief manufacturers in Paisley, as were also his "forbears" for several generations. The father of our

poet married Katharine Brooks, the daughter of a well-known Glasgow merchant. He was a delicate child, but suffered from no complaint. Music and rhythmic sounds of all kinds had always a great fascination for him, and he was wont to be found crawling down the stairs to listen to music, or under some bush or tree listening to the wind or a bird, or the whispering of the leaves.

When between eight and nine years of age, he was sent to Blair Lodge Boarding School, near Polmont, Linlithgowshire. At twelve he went to Glasgow Academy, and in due time to Glasgow University—his father having gone to live in that city when William was seven or eight years old. At College his favourite classes were those of literature. From his earliest boyhood, onward, he had lived much in Nature, and especially in the long college vacations he travelled over or sailed about almost every place in the West of Scotland. His father lived for nearly half the year somewhere or other in the Highlands, but our studious poet went off much by himself—went out with the fishermen, and was an irrepressible wanderer, poacher, and gipsy!

While at college his health became much impaired by study, for he read insatiably, and in French and German as well as in English. It was his custom to work till four A.M., and rise about eight o'clock. In the daytime, especially in summer, he would, however, apparently idle hours away doing nothing, though really gathering in large stores of mental food. At this time he wrote a good deal—chiefly dramas and long poems, but also on science and natural history, most of which writings he afterwards destroyed. He began to compose verse before he was nine, and at one time was in the habit of writing in German—indeed he became steeped in German philosophy.

After his father's death, which took place suddenly,

it was found necessary for him to set about gaining a living. He had previously been for a short time in a lawyer's office, but his health was so delicate that the confinement was too much for him. A voyage to Australia was recommended by the doctor, who then thought that he could not live two years at most. He soon, however, "pulled together," visited the gold-fields and few remaining alluvial diggings; saw a great deal of Gippsland and Southern parts of New South Wales; went to the Pacific; came round the Horn, and was nearly wrecked off the coast of Brazil. On his return home he lived for some time in Aberdeenshire, and "wintered" near Moffat. His health was now so much restored that he wanted to go to the Turkish War, but was dissuaded by his friends, who soon after found for him a situation in an Australian Bank in London.

Shortly after settling down permanently in London he came to know the late Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and, in course of time, a great many of the leading artists and men of letters. With the exception of a long absence through rheumatic fever, caught in North Wales—in the same locality where, in a previous year, he had been nearly drowned in a tidal river—he was about two and a-half years in the Bank, and was afterwards for some six months engaged in superintending old engravings at the Fine Art Society's. It was during this spring (1882) that he published his first volume of poems, "The Human Inheritance," which met with a very gratifying success, and was characterised by the *Scotsman* as a brilliant *debut* in literature—a book which, half a century back, would have created "a profound sensation in literary circles, because there was proof on every page the author was a true poet."

In the autumn Mr Sharp went to the West Highlands (he spends part of almost every year somewhere in Scotland, and also in France) and there and else-

where in Scotland and England wrote for Macmillan & Co. his "Record and Study of Rossetti," which, although an expensive work, met with immediate popularity. As a life and study of the great poet, it was spoken of as a valuable work—a production abounding in passages of rare beauty and power—accurate and copious as a record, and bearing witness to a feeling of strong personal affection both on the part of the man writing and the man written about.

In 1883 Mr Sharp went to Switzerland and Italy for some months—staying in Genoa, Pisa, Florence, and Rome, and among the hill-towns of Umbria and Tuscany, and in Venice. In 1884 Elliot Stock published his second volume of verse, entitled "Earth's Voices: Transcripts from Nature, Sospittra, and other Poems." This work has been considered a distinct advance on his previous effort—more sure in tone and more varied in contents. It is of an objective and joyous nature, and this joyousness, says the *Morning Post*, finds, perhaps, its most perfect utterance in the "Transcripts from Nature," "a form of composition which Mr Sharp has made quite his own. He has not only loved Nature with deep, genuine love, but he has done what few poets do, studied her, and that gives to this division of his book a satisfying sincerity which cannot be supplied by any amount of poetic rhapsodising. This loving study, joined to the power of accurate reproduction, would alone make Mr Sharp's work of enduring value."

His "Sonnets of This Century" (London: Walter Scott) a work showing fine critical skill, was finished among the Stirling and Callander hills in 1886. On his return South he paid a short visit to Mr Raskin at Coniston, and caught a chill while returning home, which developed into scarlet fever, and was succeeded by inflammation of the veins and ultimately rheumatic fever, which prostrated him for over six months. He



has written a great deal on art—chiefly journalistically—and has contributed to *The Fortnightly*, *The Art Journal*, *The Portfolio*, *The National Review*, *Scottish Review*, *Good Words*, *Chambers's Journal*, &c., and also writes critically in *The Athenæum*, *The Academy*, &c. For several years he has been the London art critic for the *Glasgow Herald*. At present he is literary editor of a journal having an immense circulation, and is also general editor of the well-known and very popular series, "The Canterbury Poets," about thirty volumes of which have been published by Walter Scott of London and Newcastle, and to which he has contributed "The Songs and Sonnets of Shakespeare," "Sir Walter Scott's Poems," and other volumes, in each case with introductory biographical sketch and essay. Late in 1884 he married his cousin, a lady known as the editor of *Women's Voices*.

In addition to two serial tales now running, Mr Sharp has on hand a number of volumes that will soon see the light, including "Hours with Foreign Authors," "Life of Shelley," "The Life, Correspondence, and Friendships of Joseph Severn," "Border Ballads," and other works that will doubtless show his many-sided powers, and add further to his reputation. As a prose-writer, as well as a poet, Mr Sharp affords evidence of being endowed with real "sincerity and depth of vision," and also with the keen and profound insight of the philosopher. In his essays and sketches his sentences generally display much beauty and rhythm of style, and his thought, too, is as evenly balanced as his style. How often do we find it otherwise, even with men of mark, who, though possessing wide experience of literary work, do not seem to have formed even a faint conception of the essential nature of poetry? His more lengthy and ambitious poems display fine power of narration and quick dramatic insight—full of idealism and powerful

in truthfulness. His descriptive poems have been described as "veritable cameos of natural phenomena—clearly, yet softly defined representations of ever-recurring realities." In almost all parts of the world of land and sea he has collected experiences of beauty, painting scenes, with a vivid delight of reminiscence, in the sunny plains of Italy, in the Australian bush, and on the moors of Scotland. His songs show that he is endowed with "the Genius of Song." They are always pure, bright, fresh, and sparkling—genuine pictures of every-day events. His thoughts are always redolent of the enjoyment of one who can find in nature at all seasons abundant food for observation and reflection, and who is quick to respond to the exhilarating influence of the free wind, the open sky, and the ever-changing world of conscious and unconscious life. He has done much good service by helping to awaken the intelligence and educate the eye of the general reader with respect to the common objects which lie about us, and which offer pleasure and delight of the simplest and purest kind, alike to the rich and to the poor.

#### THE FIELD MOUSE.

When the moon shines o'er the corn,  
 And the beetle drones his horn,  
 And the flittermice swift fly,  
 And the nightjars swooping cry,  
 And the young hares run and leap,  
 We waken from our sleep.

And we climb with tiny feet  
 And we munch the green corn sweet,  
 With startled eyes for fear  
 The white owl should fly near,  
 Or long slim weasel spring  
 Upon us where we swing.

We do not hurt at all :  
 Is there not room for all  
 Within the happy world ?  
 All day we lie close curled

In drowsy sleep, nor rise  
Till through the dusky skies  
The moon shines o'er the corn,  
And the beetle-drones his horn.

### SUMMER, RAIN.

When we're slowly falling, falling,  
Through the hush of summer eves,  
And the nightingales are calling  
Their sweet notes mid the green leaves,

And the lilac boughs are sending  
Their keen fragrance thro' the air,  
And the slim laburnums bending  
With their weight of golden hair,

Then we feel the thirsty flowers  
Uplift their blooms again ;  
For the kiss of the sweet cool showers,  
And the ebb of sun-heat pain,

And we breathe a breath of healing  
Over all things that we pass ;  
Till, with tired wings, we go stealing  
To our sleep in the green grass.

### MADONNA NATURA.

I love and worship thee in that thy ways  
Are fair, and that the glory of past days  
Haloes thy brightness with a sacred hue ;  
Within thine eyes are dreams of mystic things,  
Within thy voice a subtler music rings,  
Than ever mortal from the keen reeds drew ;  
Thou wear'st a web, which men have called Death  
But Life is in the magic of thy breath.

The secret things of Earth thou knowest well ;  
Thou seest the wild-bee build his narrow cell,  
The lonely eagle wing through lonely skies ;  
The lion on the desert roam afar,  
The glow-worm glitter like a fallen star,  
The hour-lived insect as it hums and flies ;  
Thou seest men like shadows come and go,  
And all their endless dreams drift to and fro.

In thee is strength, endurance, wisdom, truth :  
Thou art above all mortal joy and uth.

Thou hast the calm and silence of the night :  
 Mayhap thou seest what we cannot see,  
 Surely far off thou hear'st harmoniously  
 Echoes of flawless music infinite,  
 Mayhap thou feelest thrilling through each sod  
 Beneath thy feet the very breath of God.

Monna Natura, fair and grand and great,  
 I worship thee, who art inviolate ;  
 Through thee I reach to things beyond the span  
 Of mine own puny life, through thee I learn  
 Courage and hope, and dimly can discern  
 The ever nobler grades awaiting man :  
 Madonna, unto thee I bend and pray—  
 Saviour, Redeemer thou, whom none can slay !

No human fanes are dedicate to thee,  
 But thine the temples of each tameless sea,  
 Each mountain-height and forest-glade and plain :  
 No priests with daily hymns thy praises sing,  
 But far and wide the wild winds chanting swing,  
 And dirge the sea-waves on the changless main,  
 While songs of birds fill all the fields and woods,  
 And cries of beasts the savage solitudes.

Hearken, Madonna, hearken to my cry :  
 Teach me through metaphors of liberty,  
 Till strong and fearing nought in life or death  
 I feel thy sacred freedom through me thrill,  
 Wise, and defiant, with unquenched will  
 Unyielding, though succumb the mortal breath—  
 Then if I conquer take me by the hand  
 And guide me onward to thy Promised Land !

#### A MIDSUMMER HOUR.

There comes not through the o'erarching cloud of green  
 A harsh, an envious sound to jar the ear ;  
 But vaguely swells a hum, now far, now near,  
 Where the wild honey-bee beyond the screen  
 Of beech-leaves haunts the field of flowering bean.  
 Far, far away the low voice of the weir  
 Dies into silence. Hush'd now is the clear  
 Sweet song down-circling from the lark unseen.

Beyond me, where I lie, the shrewmice run  
 A-patter, where of late the streamlet's tones  
 Made music : on a branch a drowsy bird  
 Sways by the webs that 'midst dry pools are spun—

Yet lives the streamlet still, for o'er flat stones  
The slow lapse of the gradual wave is heard,

#### THE SONG OF FLOWERS.

What is a bird but a living flower ?  
A flower but the soul of some dead bird ?  
And what is a weed but the dying breath  
Of a perjured word ?

A flower is the soul of a singing-bird,  
Its scent is the breath of an old-time song ;  
But a weed and a thorn spring forth each day  
For a new-done wrong.

Dead souls of song-birds, thro' the green grass  
Or deep in the midst of the golden grain,  
In woodland valley, where hill-streams pass,  
We flourish again.

We flowers are the joy of the whole wide earth,  
Sweet Nature's laughter and secret tears—  
Whoso hearkens a bird in its spring-time mirth  
The song of a flow'r-soul hears.

#### THE SHADOWED SOULS.

*If the soul withdraweth from the body, what profit thereafter hath  
a man of all the days of his life ?*

She died indeed, but to him her breath  
Was more than a light blown out by death :  
He knew that they breathed the self-same air,  
That not midst the dead was her pale face fair  
But that she waited for him somewhere.

To some dead city, or ancient town,  
Where the mould'ring towers were crumbling down,  
Or in some old mansion habited  
By dust and silence and things long dead,  
He knew the Shadows of Souls were led.

For years he wandered a weary way,  
His eyes shone sadder, his hair grew grey :  
But still he knew that she lived for whom  
No grave lay waiting, no white carv'd tomb,  
No earthy silence, no voiceless gloom.

But once in a bitter year he came  
 To an old dying town with a long dead name :  
 That eve, as he walked thro' the dusty ways  
 And the echoes woke in the empty place,  
 He came on a Shadow face to face.

It looked, but uttered no word at all,  
 Then beckoned him into an old dim hall :  
 And lo, as soon as he passed between  
 The pillars with age and damp mould green  
 His eyes were dazed by a strange wild scene.

A thousand lamps fill'd the place with light,  
 And fountains glimmered faerily bright ;  
 But never a single sound was heard,  
 The dreadful silence was never stirred,  
 Not even the breath of a single word

Came from the shadowy multitude,  
 More dense than the leaves in a summer wood,  
 Than the sands where the swift tides ebb and flow ;  
 But ever the shades moved to and fro  
 As windless waves on the sea will go.

Then he who had come to Shadow-land  
 Swift strode past many a group and band ;  
 But never a glimpse he caught of her,  
 In fleeting shadow or loiterer,  
 For whom the earth held no sepulchre.

He knew that she was not dead whom he  
 So loved with bitterest memory,  
 To whom through anguished years he had prayed ;  
 Yet came she never, no sign was made,  
 No touch on his haggard frame was laid.

At last to an empty room he came,  
 And there he saw in letters of flame—  
 " This is that palace no king controls,  
 A place unwritten in human scrolls—  
 This is the Haunt of Shadowed Souls :

If thy Shadow-soul be here no more  
 Seek thine old life's deserted shore :  
 And there, mayhap, thou wilt find again,  
 Recovered now through sorrow and pain,  
 The Soul thou didst thy most to have slain."

## BIRCHINGTON REVISITED.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

He sleeps a quiet sleep at last  
 Who wearied for such blissful hours :  
 The stress of high-strung life is past,  
 The veil of death is o'er him cast,  
 And for him hence no dark sky lowers.

Sweet is the air here, clear and sweet :  
 The larks with jubilant voices sing,  
 And still their songs re-sing, repeat ;  
 The grass, starr'd white with marguerite,  
 Is yet memorious of Spring.

Yonder the blue sea, windless, still,  
 Meets the blue sky-line far away—  
 Soundless, save when the wavelets spill  
 Their little crowns of foam, and fill  
 The rock-pools full with swirling spray.

How sweet to rest here, and to know !  
 The silence and the utter peace !  
 To lie and rest and sleep below  
 While far away tired millions go  
 With eyes all yearning for such ease.

'Tis better thus ; alone, yet safe  
 From night and day, from day and night ;  
 Not here can jarring discords chafe  
 Thy soul too sensitive, or waif  
 Of stinging envy blown from spite.

'Tis quiet here, and more than all  
 Things else is rest a boon to thee—  
 Rest, peace, and sleep ; above, the pall  
 Of heaven ; and past the white cliff-wall  
 The ceaseless mystery of the sea.



## ROBERT FERGUSON

**W**AS born at Stronvar, in the parish of Balquhidder, in 1819. He received his early education at the Parish School—a little building close

to the churchyard where lie the remains of the famous Rob Roy and his wife, Helen MacGregor. Gaelic was the common tongue of the district, and, of course, our poet learned it at his mother's knee. In the year 1834 there was a competition in Gaelic, open to the three schools in the parish. The first prize was gained by Robert Fergusson. Removing from Balquhidder to Stirling, his education was completed in the "City of the Rock," though in 1856-7-8 he passed through the F.C. Training College in Edinburgh. Having chosen teaching as a profession he began the "delightful task" at Dalveich, Lochearnside, in 1836, where he had the honour of having two future poets as his pupils. One was the late Rev. Samuel Fergusson of Fortingall, author of "The Queen's Visit, and other Poems," and the other, Mr D. M'Laren, Ardveich, whose songs and poems are all in the Gaelic language. Mr Fergusson also taught for some time in the school at Strathyre, the native district of Dugald Buchanan, the Cowper of the Highlands, to whom a memorial fountain was lately erected through the exertions of our poet. He was teacher at Stirling between 1842 and 1846, and in the neighbourhood of Dunfermline from 1846 to 1856, where his love for song and poetry was greatly fostered through intercourse with Mr D. K. Coutts, of Dr Bell's School, Leith, who has a place in our Seventh Series. From 1858 to 1868 he taught a school near Fordoun Station, and thereafter at Raploch, Stirling, until the end of June 1886. He has now withdrawn from his profession, and is enjoying well-earned retirement in Stirling. His poetical productions possess a remarkable roundness and completeness of thought, and while graceful in their simplicity, and set in smooth and musical words, they ever manifest buoyancy and spontaneity of flow and occasional quiet pathos.



## HIGH, HIGH, HIGHER YET.

By degrees in life we rise—  
 High, high, higher yet ;  
 Labour first and then the prize—  
 High, high, higher yet ;  
 Drop by drop will wear the stone,  
 Space by space the race is won,  
 Step by step our work is done—  
 High, high, higher yet.

Nobly let our minds be bent—  
 High, high, higher yet ;  
 Wisely let our days be spent—  
 High, high, higher yet ;  
 Higher yet we climb the height,  
 Strive we all with heart and might,  
 Faint nor yield we in the fight—  
 High, high, higher yet.

Higher yet be still our cry—  
 High, high, higher yet ;  
 Often foiled, but yet we try—  
 High, high, higher yet ;  
 Onward, then, and persevere,  
 Upward press through life's career,  
 Never falter, never fear—  
 High, high, higher yet.

Lofty heights we may not see—  
 High, high, higher yet ;  
 Still let this our motto be—  
 High, high, higher yet ;  
 If we may not lead the van,  
 Let us do the best we can,  
 This our watchword, this our plan—  
 High, high, higher yet.

## THE PLAY DAYS.

The play days, lads, hae come at length,  
 Oor hearts noo beat baith licht and hie,  
 Let's drive awa' a' thocht and care—  
 Let fancy's slicht and a' gang free.

Hoo prood, hoo glad will be oor folk  
 Oor face to see, oor tales to hear ;  
 Oor native land will welcome us  
 Wi' mony a kind and hearty cheer.

And when we reach the weel-kent place  
 Where loving voices greet oor ear ;  
 Oor faither gravely speers oor news—  
 Oor mither draps the silent tear.

Oor sisters, prood to hear oor crack,  
 Are flushed wi' hopes o' happy days,  
 When they can dwell wi' fond delight  
 Upon a brither's name and praise.

But there is ane we daurna name,  
 Wha vainly hides her love and glee ;  
 Her looks speak volumes to oor heart—  
 Nae sweeter looks this earth can gie.

Hoo speeds the time when thus we meet  
 Wi' freends and a' we love sae dear ;  
 What pity that oor social joys  
 Are mixed wi' sorrow's bitter tear.

Nae shuner met than we maun pairt,  
 To face the toils o' life anew—  
 Like summer mist is earthly bliss,  
 Or like the morning's pearly dew.

O for the freendship, love, and joy  
 That boastfn' earth can never gie—  
 A happy hame wherein to rest,  
 Where come nae sighs nor tearfu' e'e.

And when we gain that blissfu' shore,  
 And gaze aroond the happy land,  
 May freends there meet, nae loved ane missed—  
 A never-pairting joyfu' band.

#### M Y M A R I A N N E.

My Marianne is sprightly,  
 She's young and fu' o' glee,  
 Her he'rt is light and joyfu',  
 Her mind is gay and free ;  
 The bee upon the blossom,  
 The lambkin on the lea,  
 The morning lark upspringing,  
 Nae blither is than she.

My Marianne is lovely,  
 Love sparkles in her smile,  
 She looks sae kind and winning,  
 She's frank and free o' guile.

I love the blushing roses,  
 I love the budding tree,  
 They mind me o' my lassie,  
 Sae sweet and dear, to me.

Lang, lang may she be happy,  
 Nae cares her heart to sear,  
 Nae griefs her brow beclouding,  
 But ilka bliss to cheer;  
 O may her bark glide gently  
 O'er life's oft troubled sea,  
 And land 'midst lasting pleasures,  
 Which time can never gie.



#### DANIEL IRONSIDE,

**A** FINE specimen of the old type of Scotland's devout sons, was born in 1825. His father was then farmer of Stillawells, Bonnykelly, parish of New Deer. The youngest son of a family of eight sons and four daughters, his early education was very meagre indeed. He began to herd cows when seven or eight years of age, and during winter was sent a few months to school, where he was taught very little arithmetic, and as for geography or grammar, these were beyond the boundary of his curriculum. At the age of sixteen he was apprenticed as a joiner at New Pitsligo, and seven years later he began business on his own account at Bonnykelly, where he is held in much esteem by a wide circle for his upright character and sterling, unassuming piety. He has always taken a deep and practical interest in the religious and educational movements of the neighbourhood, and has successfully carried on a Sunday School for the long period of over forty years. He is locally known as a poet, and, as might be expected, his effusions are simple and tender in expression, and imbued with evangelical truth and fervour.

## COME, HOLY SPIRIT.

Come, Holy Spirit, breathe on me  
 The saving breath of prayer,  
 That I may walk on holy ground,  
 And breathe a heavenly air ;

For in my soul there is no life,  
 Nor can there ever be,  
 Of native growth, a heavenly life,  
 Unless it come from Thee.

But Thou hast promised to descend,  
 And break the fallow ground,  
 And sow the seeds of heavenly life,  
 Until the lost is found.

O come, with Thy reviving showers  
 My parched soul to bless,  
 And beautify my tarnished soul  
 With Jesus' righteousness.

For Jesus to this world did come—  
 A sacrifice for sin—  
 To open the door of heavenly grace  
 That it might flow through Him.

And He did promise while on earth  
 That when He went above  
 He would unto His people send  
 The bright and heavenly Dove.

## THIS IS NOT OUR HOME.

Oh what is life? A breath from heaven,  
 Inspired by God in mortal form ;  
 Lo ! suddenly the call is given  
 To leave the dust to sister worm ;

And then away the spirit flies,  
 No earthly power can it detain<sup>1</sup>  
 Then cold and stiff the body lies,  
 And is consigned to earth's domain.

A little babe was ushered in  
 To this sin-smitten vale of tears,  
 And scarce the fourth day had begun  
 When lo ! from heaven an angel bears  
 Z

A message quick the mother calls—  
 The breath is stopped—time is no more ;  
 Alas, alas, fond hope now falls—  
 The husband's heart is wounded sore.

With sad dismay he views her form,  
 Now still in death—the pulse is gone ;  
 With gloomy thoughts his heart is torn—  
 The burden's now on him alone ;

For now the helpless babe is left,  
 No mother's breast to nestle on ;  
 The father feels now sore bereft—  
 Earth's brightest side from him is gone.

But suddenly Christ says " You'll come,  
 And place your aching heart on Me,  
 For in this world there is no home  
 Of durable felicity ;

But if you bend before My throne,  
 And yield your heart and life to Me ;  
 A better portion you will own—  
 From sin and pain forever free."

A brighter side will soon appear,  
 Christ's loving smile will sorrow chase ;  
 A little while, and all is clear  
 Before the brightness of His face.



## ALEXANDER MAXWELL.

**A**LLEXANDER MAXWELL (father of Messrs Charles C. and George Maxwell, already noticed in this work) was born in Dundee in 1791. His parents being in humble circumstances, his education was of the most primitive and elementary description, a few months at a dame's school being all the formal teaching that he obtained. At a very early age he was sent into the country to herd cows. His thirst

for knowledge, however, was great, but the only literature to which he had access, besides the Scriptures, was Scotch ballads, and detached poems by Burns and Allan Ramsay. In his fifteenth year he was apprenticed to the joiner trade, and he afterwards worked for a few years in Dundee as a journeyman, but depression of trade obliged him to migrate, first to Edinburgh, and afterwards to Glasgow. Returning to Dundee in 1818, he settled there. In 1821 he obtained employment at the building of a spinning mill, on the starting of which the proprietor, who had taken notice of his intelligence and painstaking industry, engaged him permanently. Soon afterwards he became foreman of the mechanics, and latterly manager of the work. This situation he retained until failing health obliged him to resign in 1850. Shortly afterwards he became utterly helpless through creeping paralysis, speech and motion being almost annihilated, but his mental power remained undimmed until his death, in July 1859.

Mr Maxwell's favourite study was history, both ancient and modern—Josephus, Rollin, Gibbon, Goldsmith, Hume, and Buchapan being authors with whom he was very familiar. So retentive was his memory that any anachronism or mis-statement, either written or spoken, was speedily detected by him. As a writer he was very happy, many diverse subjects having been treated by him in a manner alike racy, pathetic, and instructive. Several of his poems and sketches were from time to time published in the local papers, and even when almost helpless through disease he succeeded in dictating rhymes of no mean merit. Some of his poetical productions were greatly admired by the late Rev. George Gilfillan, and other good authorities. In the course of a lengthy article in the columns of a Dundee newspaper at the time of his death it was stated that his "intellect was vigorous,

his information copious and minute, and his general attainments remarkable, considering that he was a self-taught man. His literary ability is not unknown to our readers, several of his writings having appeared in our columns. We may specially instance the admirable series of papers entitled 'Town and Country in the Olden Time,' which were the product of his graphic and instructive pen." The poems submitted for our selection manifest easy melody, the intelligent observer of Nature, and the power of giving ready expression to his thoughts and feelings. They are also tender in spirit, and afford evidence of a correct taste and a pure imagination.

#### THE DYING OTTER'S PETITION TO QUEEN VICTORIA.

*Suggested by an incident connected with her first visit to Scotland—September, 1842.*

Great Queen ! may blessings crown your head,  
 May discord ne'er your peace destroy :  
 Your paths with flowers be daily spread,  
 Your life replete with health and joy.

A helpless, trembling stranger, I,  
 From home, and friends, and freedom borne,  
 Here at your feet am doom'd to die—  
 By ruthless dogs all rent and torn.

O daughter of an hundred kings !  
 Who came your fatherland to see,  
 Whose praise in every valley rings,  
 With eyes of pity look on me !

O have you heard of Yarrow's braes,  
 Of Ettrick's shaws and fair Tweedside,  
 Where beauty blooms in rustic guise,  
 And Nature smiles in sylvan pride ?

There shepherds stray those dells among,  
 Where mailéd warriors erst have trod,  
 And many a bard in border song  
 Has spread their names and fame abroad.

There Scott has waved his magic wand,  
 There Hogg has strung his mountain lyre—

Those names adorn their native land,  
Those many an English heart admire.

From thence I come to yield my breath—  
Ah! do not say to yield *you* sport,  
For sure my pangs, and groans, and death  
Your woman's heart could ne'er support.

Your name, throughout the earth is known,  
Your arms the nations fill with dread,  
And whereso'er your power is shown  
Oppression hides his felon head.

Leave torture to the savage wild,  
In rude Columba's woods who roves;  
Great Britain's Queen her triumphs mild  
Will tarnish, if she it approves.

You drop the sympathising tear,  
And turn away your Royal head—  
The sight you can no longer bear,  
My cause I shall no longer plead.

## SPRING.

Delightful season! could my Muse  
But paint thee in thy native hues;  
O could I, with Thomson's art  
Describe the feelings of my heart,  
When pondering o'er the fairy scene—  
The gurgling rill, the verdant green,  
The blooming gorse, the budding thorn,  
The fields just clad with infant corn,  
The milk-white gowan, emblem meet  
Of modest beauty, blushing sweet,  
The cheerful lark at early dawn  
Uprising from the dewy lawn,  
The lusty ploughman on the lea  
Joining the song with mirth and glee;  
While from the hills the gladsome strains  
Are echoed o'er the smiling plains.

## WELCOME TO KOSSUTH.\*

Welcome, noble Kossuth, welcome,  
With your small but hardy band—

\* Louis Napoleon, then President of the French Republic, refused to allow Kossuth to pass through France in order to shorten his journey to England—November, 1851.



Victims of oppressive thralldom—  
Exiles from your native land.

Gallant strangers, we respect you,  
As you love the British name,  
Howe'er tyrants may reject you,  
Let us here your praise proclaim.

We are Scotsmen free and hearty,  
Unadorn'd with courtly grace ;  
We despise the despot's party,  
Like the brave Hungarian race.

And our hills, and woods, and valleys,  
Still with heroes' praises ring,  
For once we had a gallant Wallace,  
And Bruce—a noble patriot king.

Now we have a Queen Victoria,  
Foremost of the Royal train ;  
And well the page of future story  
Shall note the triumphs of her reign.

See her in her council sitting,  
Passing wise and wholesome laws,  
Whilst her honour'd flag is floating  
O'er the seas in freedom's cause.

View her Queen of Arts and Science,  
Seated 'neath the crystal dome,  
Or in confident reliance  
In her cheerful Highland home.

Scotsmen, from your heath-clad mountains,  
From the loom, the forge, the plough,  
From your glens, and lakes, and fountains,  
Haste to hail the patriot now.

From the Thames the cry is sounding,  
From where Forth is winding clear,  
And from Tay's fair stream rebounding—  
" Noble Kossuth, welcome here."

## ANNIE C. MACLEOD.

**M**ISS ANNIE C. MACLEOD is the second daughter of the late Dr Norman Macleod, Glasgow. She seems to have inherited not a little of the hearty, earnest, and patriotic powers for which her father was so distinguished. Like him, too, she is a tender and loving poet, and writes with that simple and touching eloquence of which our Scottish dialect is so susceptible. Miss Macloed is the author of a well-written little work on "The Life and Times of Girolamo Savonarola," (Edinburgh: James Gemmell, 1882.) In conjunction with Mr Harold Boulton, she is also editor of a large and beautifully got-up volume entitled "Songs of the North, gathered together from the Highlands and Lowlands of Scotland" (London: Field & Tuer, Leadenhall Press.) This fine work is dedicated to her Majesty the Queen, and of the contents it has been said that "the new is very good indeed, and the old is fresh, because so seldom met with." It contains a number of very quaint and rare ballads, and many of the songs are printed for the first time, having been secured by the diligent research of the talented and patriotic editors in all parts of Scotland. Each of the forty-six songs in the volume has a musical setting and pianoforte accompaniment arranged by Mr Malcolm Lawson. By the kind permission of the editors, we are privileged to give two songs that Miss Macleod has written for this valuable and interesting work. As showing the deep and warm interest Her Majesty takes in all that relates to Scotland and Scottish literature, it might be added that on the occasion of her visit to the Edinburgh Exhibition in 1886, she requested Mrs Macleod and two of her daughters to visit her at Holyrood, when

she congratulated the eldest daughter on her work in connection with the Girl's Friendly Society, of which she is secretary, and at the same time expressed to Miss Annie her high admiration of "Songs of the North." The subject of our sketch presently resides in Edinburgh, and takes a warm and substantial interest in all schemes for the welfare of the poor of that city.

## FAIR YOUNG MARY.

(MHAIRI BHAN OG.)

Mhairi bhan Og, my ain only dearie,  
 My winsome, my bonnie wee bride,  
 Let the warld gang, an' a' the lave wi' it  
 Gin ye are but left by my side.  
 'The lark to its nest, the stream to the ocean,  
 The star to its home in the west,  
 And I to my Mary, and I to my darling,  
 And I to the ane I lo'e best.

Time sall na touch thee, nor trouble come near thee,  
 Thou maunna grow auld like the lave,  
 And gin ye gang, Mary, the way o' the weary,  
 I'll follow thee soon to the grave.  
 A glance o' thy e'en wad banish a' sorrow,  
 A smile, and fareweel to a' strife,  
 For peace is beside thee, and joy is around thee,  
 And love is the light o' thy life.

## O'ER THE MOOR.

O'er the moor I wander lonely,  
 Ochon, ochrie, my heart is sore,  
 Where are all the joys I cherished?  
 With my darling they have perished,  
 And they will return no more.

I loved thee first, I loved thee only,  
 Ochon, ochrie, my heart is sore,  
 I loved thee from the day I met thee,  
 What care I though all forget thee,  
 I shall love thee evermore.