

TAM I' THE KIRK.

O JEAN, my Jean, when the bell ca's the congregation
 Owre valley an' hill wi' the ding frae its iron mou',
 When a'boddy's thochts is set on his ain salvation,
 Mine's set on you.

There's a reid rose lies on the Buik o' the Word
 afore ye
 That was growin' braw on its bush at the keek o'
 day,
 But the lad that pu'd yon flower i' the mornin's
 glory,
 He canna pray.

He canna pray; but there's nane i' the kirk will heed
 him
 Whaur he sits sae still his lane at the side o' the
 wa',
 For nane but the reid rose kens what my lassie gie'd
 him—
 It an' us twa!

He canna sing for the sang that his ain he'rt raises,
 He canna see for the mist that's afore his een,
 And a voice drouns the hale o' the psalms an' the
 paraphrases,
 Cryin' "Jean! Jean! Jean!"

THE BEADLE O' DRUMLEE.

THEM that's as highly placed as me
(Wha am the beadle o' Drumlee)
Should na be prood, nor yet owre free.

Me an' the meenister, ye ken,
Are no the same as a' thae men
We hae for neebours i' the glen.

The Lord gie'd him some lairnin' sma',
And me guid sense abune them a',
And them nae wuts to ken wha's wha.

Ye'd think, to hear the lees they tell,
The Sawbath day could mind itsel'
Withoot a hand to rug the bell.

Ye'd think the Reverend Pairrick Broun
Could ca' the Bible up an' doon
An' loup his lane in till his goon.

Whiles, gin he didna get frae me
The wiselike word I weel can gie,
Whaur wad the puir bit callant be?

The elders, Ross an' Weellum Aird,
An' fowk like Alexander Caird,
That think they're cocks o' ilka yaird.

Fegs, aye! they'd na be sweir to rule
A lad sae newly frae the schule
Gin *my* auld bonnet crooned a fule!

But, oh! Jehovah's unco' kind!
Whaur wad this doited pairish find
A man wi' sic a powerfu' mind?

Sae, let the pairish sleep at nicht
Blind wi' the elders' shinin' licht,
Nor ken wha's hand keeps a'things richt.

It's what they canna understan',
That brains hae ruled since time began,
An' that the beadle is the man!

VIOLET JACOB.

rug, pull.