

standard dictionary
Scots," etc.

s, there were four
in which no voters
ce in marking their

er Scott's "charac-
m real life. They
ve been so life-like
on this assumption,
t, of Tweedsmuir,
t a few years ago in
on a work on the
ters in the Waver-

was—we have seen
btless there is still,
of a church steeple
feet on the "foot-
s that, many years
rather "fou," de-
wn a good turn one
obstruction back!
h had one of those
" once so common.
of the outstanding
Heize!" "Boys,"
hoarse whisper, his
her fellow's foot,
her again! Ye've
coat-tail!"

ast
dinsome day,
ugh whilk we hae
nd wae.
wae,
imb-free
to be airt away
crystal sea!
Robert Reid.

o' siller, but nane
ew horn.
est mark.

ough heids may
averock frae the
ne becomes waur
uts, and forget
fore it gangs.

worth twa fleein'

cott, when a lad
vice. He said:
eye in a human
owed!" An old
s told the writer
a century ago,
had!" Jeffrey,
er, when a boy,
on the street.
shop-door, "ye
man! That's
ey never saw

med the sweet-
is not found in
r north. Occa-
Scots bards, as
ightingale," but
t a fancy some-
would be very

und have often
thing "pay."
migrate to Can-
of their own.
e about one of
skill and care,
On his way
Edinburgh to

see the lawyers, he saw and heard a
laverock high above his head, and sing-
ing and soaring as only a lark can.
"Aye," said the poor "broken" man,
"weel may ye sing! Ye hae nae debt
aboon yer heid!"

Many years ago I was walking from
Yetholm to Morbottle, some four miles.
An old lady, a relative, was with me.
At a gravelly ridge which had been cut
through to make the road level an old
"cist" ("stone coffin," as the natives
called it) had been unearthed; and the
parish minister, the late Rev. Mr. Baird,
a great antiquarian, had carried away
the skull. "And some o' the folk," said
my old friend, "spak again' the minister
and said he should na hae dune sic a
thing. They said"—and she did not
seem to agree with them at all—"what
wull the puir man do at the day o'
joodgment wantin' his heid?" And
when I could not help laughing she
looked very severely at me. It was no
laughing matter!

"Man," said Mr. Bell, of Glasgow, one
day to a friend who had asked him what
he thought o' a certain preacher, "Man,
I was perfectly vexed for him. He
jumpit and jousit up and doon i' the
poopit, and yerkit frae this side to that,
and squeal't till he was crawin' like a
roupy cock. I really wish some ane
had squeezed an orange in his throat.
And then he warol't as muckle wi' his
subject as he did wi' himself; and at last
it fairly suist him a'thegither. Waes
me! It was awfu'!"

"Laird o' Logan."

In Afric's fabled fountains I have panned
the golden sand,
Caught crocodile with bavian for
bait;
I've fished with blasting gelatine for
hook and gaff and wand,
And lured the bearded barbel to his
fate.

But take your southern rivers that me-
ander to the sea,
And set me where the Leochel joins
the Don,
With eighteen feet of greenheart an' the
tackle running free,
I want to have a clean fish on!

The eland an' the tsessebe I've tracked
from early dawn,
I've heard the roar of lions shake the
night,
I've fed the lone bush-velt camp on dik-
cop an' korhaan,
An' watched the soaring vulture in his
flight.

For horn and head I've hunted, yet the
spoil of gun and spear,
My trophies, I would freely give them
all,
To creep through mist and heather on
the great red deer—
I want to hear the blackcock call!

I've faced the brunt, its strain an' toil,
in market an' in mine,
Seen Fortune ebb and flow between
the "chains,"
Sat late o'er starlit banquets where the
danger spiced the wine,
But bitter are the lees the alien
drains.

For all the time the heather blooms on
distant Benachie,
An' wrapt in peace the sheltered
valley lies,
I want to wade through bracken in a
glen across the sea—
I want to see the peat reek rise.
"The Alien," in Charles Murray's
new volume, "Hamewith."

"Against Despair."

By Rev. Geo. Matheson, D.D.

"Strengthen the things which remain."
—Rev. iii. 2.

There are two courses which have
been proposed as a safeguard against de-
spair. The first and most common is
the disparagement of the thing lost. It
is the method of the fable in Aesop's

fable; the grapes become sour when they
are lifted out of reach. Many a school-
boy, when he loses the prize, says it is
not worth having; many a man, when
he fails to get an appointment, says, "It
is a poor thing; I wouldn't have taken
it." To speak thus is to give loss a
great victory; it is to assert that we
have not only lost the object, but have
been deprived of our love for it. Never
encourage such a sentiment. I agree
with Tennyson that it is better to keep
your grief than to lose your love. But
there is another way of avoiding despair
when loss comes. It is the way pre-
scribed by the man of Patmos—the man
who was separated from his dearest by
a cruel sea. Does he say that those
things separated from him are not worth
having? On the contrary, he longs for
the time when there shall be "no more"
sea. But meantime there is another
refuge, a better refuge, than the sourness
of the grapes that are left to him. To
all souls and to all churches which have
suffered loss he stretches out his hands
and cries, "Strengthen the things which
remain!"

Oh, thou who in the time of loss seest

no refuge but either despair or disparage-
ment, I show thee a more excellent way!
I would not have thee disparage thy
dead. I would not have thee drop them
from thy memory as if they had never
been. But I would have thee to turn
memory into present love—to make thy
remembrance of the dead a means of de-
votion to the living. I have heard the
child in Mrs. Hemans' poem say, "O,
while my brother with me played, would
I had loved him more!" It is a very
pretty sentiment, and a very common ex-
perience. But I do not think the full
moral is given when the child in this
poem is told, "Thy brother is in heaven."
If we stop with that statement we nip
in the bud the aspiration after better
conduct. I would say to the child:
"You have other playmates who are still
on earth. They, too, may be soon called
from you. Whenever you think of how
much more you might have done for the
brother you have lost, remember those
playmates who remain! Remember that
when they go you will have the same
remorse for them; try as much as you
can to love them now!" So would I say
to the child; and so, my brother, I say

to thee. Sink not in despair at the
memory of thy shortcomings to those
whom thou canst help no longer! Turn
that memory into present love! Re-
member those whom thou canst help!
Remember the children who are still
playing in the market-place! Remem-
ber the needs that can still be met, the
wrongs that can still be righted! Re-
member the hands that still are un-
warmed, the feet that still are weary, the
hearts that still are sad! Remember to
say the word of kindness to-day. Love
the more deeply because death has a
deep shadow! Lavish upon the morning
what the night may prevent thee from
giving. Strengthen, strengthen the
things which remain.

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