

OUR OLD APPLE TREE.

What ails this weary heart o' mine
What brings the tear draps to my 'ee?
'Tis the memory o' Auld lang syne
And my bairnies bonny apple tree.

I had but one in our kail yard
The queen o' all her kind was she,
Planted by Glen-Gowan's Laird
Lang e'er the birth o' John or me.

It had nae braw newfangled name
As "Bietzheimer" or sic like,
But was a tree o' guidly fame
And proudly nodded o'er the dyke.

Oft do the tears come welling o'er
My furrowed cheeks, while in my sleep
I see my bairnies, as of yore
Happy darlings on that seat.

Under the dear auld apple tree,
Where my guid man, on Sabbath days
Forgether'd wi the weans an' me,
To tell o' wisdoms pleasant ways.

"Now they are women grown, an' men."
Some gae'd east, some wander'd west,
An' some below the mools were lain
Wi my guid man in peaceful rest.

The years o' Pilgrimage ga'en me
Is dawning on three score an' ten,
Still 'neath that bonnie apple tree
I see my bairnies young again!

A WINTER JINGLE.

Grandma is softly crooning;
Knitting at her stocking,
Her foot upon the cradle,
The waukrif baby rocking.

Mother at the spinning wheel,
Spinning fleecy yarn.
Jenny baking cakes o' meal,
Father's in the barn.

Nan is sentinel o' the fire.
Her mission is the griddle,
Kate is milking in the byre,
And Tam is at his fiddle.

Grandpa sits at the window
Reading at his papers,
Daft Jock, with arms a-kimbo,
Is cutting up his capers.

Lizzie sits upon her creepie
Singing to her dolly,
Bud "is resting very sleepy,
Head pillowed on his Collie.

Oh, weel, I love our cosy cot,
And our restful winter days;
A gift from Heaven is my lot,
To the Giver be the praise.

Tho' all around is cold and gray,
Swallows and summer bees
Soon again will find their way
To the blossoms and your eaves.

Storm-blasts will soon be over,
Soft air will come again,
And we'll gambol in the clover
Through all the Summer's reign.

The lilies and the roses
Will soon look blithe and gay
And we shall gather posies
In the coming month of May.