

I said my head and heart was old,  
My love strains cold and dry,  
To please the youth and sell a book,  
Yes, hit or miss, I'll try.

When I was young and pressed to buy a book,  
Over its pages I would quickly look ;  
If it was scurrilous, or its subjects dry,  
I shook my head and said : I could not buy.  
Though such light thoughts from me has passed  
away,

I find young men are much the same to-day ;  
Romance or fiction, cupid's fancied dove,  
Wild, daring tales and peppered well with love.  
This youth I met had scarcely reached eighteen,  
No beard, no whisker, nor moustache was seen ;  
We stood conversing, while he viewed my book,  
I noticed something serious in his look.  
His ruddy face showed health was all complete,  
His tongue was clean, his pulse at sixty beat ;  
His speech divulged in language well defined,  
Love's sharpest stings were working in his mind.  
He had beheld a female form most fair,  
Rose-tinted cheeks and waving golden hair ;  
Blue eyes enchanting, twinkling as they roll,  
Sent love's keen daggers through his youthful soul.  
He felt the power of her sweet amorous glance,  
He stood transfixed, speechless, as in a trance ;  
He oft had read of females' charming power,  
But never felt it till that fatal hour.

Upon his couch he closed his restless eyes,  
In troubled dreams, her face and form would rise ;  
In quiet seclusion or at daily toils,  
Her lovely features bound him in its coils.  
He sought to quench love in the merry throng,  
Each face and voice but bound his love more  
strong ;

He tried the wine cup, that, too, was in vain,  
It added fuel to his love-burning brain.  
I did not ask him, neither did he state,  
If her he loved, his love reciprocate ;  
Read this to her, I said, it would impart,  
A charm o'er her and captivate her heart.

Young reader, laugh not, rather ease his sorrow,  
His case to-day may be your own to-morrow ;  
Don't think because you feel so awful smart,  
No lovely girl can wound or win your heart.  
'Tis human nature, but divinely planned,  
Fair sex to love and gain their heart and hand ;  
Man, void of love, cold, narrow-hearted, small,  
Deserveth not the name of man at all.  
Hear that dry bachelor boasting of his art,

No woman's charms could ever touch his heart ;  
Cold, calloused soul, 'tis time he was removed,  
On earth a blank, unloving and unloved.  
Proud feels the man, invincible, secure,  
Against fair faces and bewitching lure ;  
If he succeeds, young girls may say that he  
Keeps his affections under lock and key.  
Show me a man all void of woman's love,  
No face, no smile, nor silvery voice can move ;  
His proper place, some dismal jungle lair,  
To associate with panther, wolf and bear.

Young friend, I hope these lines will prove a balm,  
Your love-sick heart and troubled mind to calm ;  
Take my advice, the fairest face do spurn,  
Unless that loved one loves you in return.

#### LINES OF THANKS

Addressed to Mr. Robert H. Thomson, Chicago, Ill., on the occasion of him sending me a card complimenting me on the excellence of a few simple verses composed by me, and published in the *Scottish American Journal* of March the 22nd, 1883.

Why it could be, I cannot comprehend,  
How my poor verses reached to your heart's core :  
High flowery language, none I do command,  
Nor lofty theme, expressed in classic lore,  
When to that Journal, I such praise expressed,  
'Twas not vain flattery—neither sought I fame,  
But the true feelings of my heart expressed,  
To that true source, that tells O my *auld hame*.

My homely lines all void of learning's art,  
I only view them as an empty scroll ;  
Have they found access to your Scottish heart,  
Prompting that action from your noble soul ?  
From Milton's source could I my knowledge get,  
Or strike the muse in " Moore's " pathetic strain,  
Just give me half of Robie's ready wit,  
I would repay your kindness back again.

Losh man, had ye seen hoo I stared  
That day when I received your card ;  
I star'd an' gloured wi' baith ma een,  
Wonderin' on earth what it co'd mean :  
Ma heart against my breast played thud,  
Forsooth, I nearla' ran clean wu'd,  
Oh lehad you seen me in that plight,  
You wad hae thought I had gaen gyte.  
I read it ower man every word,  
At first I thought the thing absurd,  
At last I thought it maun be true,  
Comin' fra a rare Scot like you.