

martyrs, as in the following, on "The Black Saturday, August 4th, 1621"—
a day of preternatural darkness.

'Tis a day o' wrath and strife, my bairns,

A day o' storm and mirk ;
For the King's black bands o' Prelacy
Are conspirin' against the Kirk.

And I dreed it wad be a day o' dool
For the trespass o' the land ;
'Tis vengeance that cleaveth the lift wi'
mirk,
And bareth its red richt hand.

"For a godless, graceless, band are met,
Thisday in Edinbrugh Toun ;
And a' to set up the thing we hate,
And pu' the gude cause down."

The yearning sorrow for the early
dead, old as the cry of Egypt for
the first-born, old as the wail of Eve
over Abel, sobs in the following
verses by Daniel N. Gallacher :—

OOR WEE WILLIE'S DEID.

Cheerless is the ha', noo,
Gane the play things a', noo,
Oor Bairnie, far awa', noo,
Kests his weary heid ;
Fragrant though the floo'rs, noo,
Hopeless pass the hoors, noo,
Misfortune comes in shoo'rs noo—
Oor wee Willie's deid !

Sad is Mysie's sang, noo,
Every thing gangs wrang, noo,
Hearts waim sae lang, noo,
Are cauli, cauld as leid ;
Xae mair his lauchin' een, noo
Lichtens up the scene, noo.
'Neath you bed o' green, noo—
Oor wee Willie's deid !

"Lay ye past his ba', noo,
Cradle-neuk and a', noo,
Though sad tears should fa', noo—
The heart in silence bleed
Lanely here we yearn, noo,
For a bonnie bairn, noo,
Cauld neath mossy cairn, noo—
Oor wee Willie's deid !"

A blended feeling of regret and
religious resignation strangely ming-
led in these touching lines by Mrs.
Jessie Simpson Watson :—

DUNE WI' TIME.

Beside the burnie on the brae ye' a' mak'
my lowly grave,
Where birds may sing abune my head
an' willow branches wave ;

Beside the bonny mossy seat, where we
were wont to be,
The burn I lo'd sae dearly anco will
wimple by my side.

Oh ! dark, dark is the dreary bed beside
the mountain stream,
An' dull, dull is the weary sleep that
kens nae lightsome dream.
But glintin' through the mists o' time a
glorious land I see—
A world mair bricht than yonder sun noo
greet's my wandering e'e.

This world noo wadna' win me back,
though it may seem sae fair,
For joy, eternal joy is mine, when I
shall enter there.
Oh ! what for me is yon pale sun? what
earthly care an' strife ?
I'm dune, forever dune wi' time. Life,
life, eternal life !

In the following moralizing, by
George Paulin, we hear the world-
old echo of Solomon's complaint,
"Vanity of vanities ! all is vanity."

IT'S NO WORTH THE WARSLE FOR'T.

It's no worth the warsle [wrestle] for't,
A' ye'll get on earth,
Gin ye hae na walth aboon
Mair than warl's worth.

It's no worth a body's while,
Coortin' fame and glitter,
It only maks the aftercome
Unco black and bitter.

It's no worth the fisher's heuk,
Fishin' here for pleasure,
Gin ye canna' coont aboon,
Freend, an' hame, an' treasure.

We all know George MacDonald
as a charming writer of prose stories,
but it will be news to many that he
is an accomplished poet in the Scot-
tish vernacular. In the following he
gives a new version of an old
parable—a new sermon on an old
text :—

WHA'S MY NIEBOR.

Frae Jerusalem a traveller tuik
The laigh road to Jerico ;
It had an ill name, an' mony a cruik,
It was lang and unco how.

Oot cam the robbers, an' fell on the man,
An' knockit him on the heid ;
Took a' whaurcn they could lay t' eir
an',
An' left him nakit for deid.