

## Selected Articles.

## LOVE.

O let Thy love our hearts constrain,  
 Jesus the Crucified;  
 What hast Thou done our hearts to gain?  
 Languished, and groaned, and died!

Each one by Thy example draw,  
 And mutual love impart;  
 Let kindness sweetly write her law  
 Deep in each grateful heart.

O let us find the ancient way  
 Our wandering feet to move;  
 And force a furling world to say—  
 "See how these Christians love!"

## SCOTCH SONGS.

BY MRS. A. E. BARR.

If proverbs are the motherwit of a country, the ballads are its sentiment; they embalm its national pride and its peculiar humanity just as its honey preserves the flavor and bouquet of its flowers. And of no country is this so true as of Scotland, for its songs are the revelations to us of a people and a country highly picturesque, and full of the broadest lights and shadows.

Where is there a land that presents such starting contrasts of mountain and moor, of wood and water; and where a people whose character reveals such antitheses, they lived as rudely as peasants, they fought as if possessed by the very spirit of chivalry and valor; when they abolished the magnificence and aristocracy of the Papacy, it was to inaugurate the barest and the most democratic of churches. They were the first to betray Charles Stuart, and the last to lay down arms for the rights of his descendants; they are worldly-wise to a proverb, yet strangely susceptible to romance. Their whole history is full of the most abrupt contrasts.

The songs of such a people have necessarily an infinite variety; the color and the perfume of life are in them. A noble, national music symbolizes the early virtues of any nation, just as the flowers which were fabled to spring from the blood of gods and heroes indicated the beauty of their lives.

When the Scotch songs were written, and who wrote the greater part of them is a question as difficult to answer as the famous Scotch proverb—"Given the Picts—Who were they? And who now represents them?" The oldest manuscript we possess is the Skene M.S. which was doubtless written out between the years 1615 and 1620; and left by the last descendants of that house to the Faculty of Advocates in Edinburgh about the year 1869. They published a copy of it in 1839, and in it, marked as old, are most of our favorite melodies. All of them bear the stamp of high antiquity, the aroma of something that has passed out of our life, and herein is their charm, for if it could be proved that they were modern, the heart of Scotland would be bereaved indeed. The very suggestion that Lady Wardlaw (in Queen Anne's time) wrote what Boleridge rightly calls

"The grand old ballad of Sir Patrick Spence" robbed it of much of its interest until Mr. Aytoun restored it to its place in the affections, by proving, not only its undoubted antiquity, but also discovering that Sir Patrick was really an historical personage. The ballad describes the expedition that took Alexander's daughter to Norway, to marry Eric, king of that country, in 1281; and Sir Patrick was probably a leader in it—at any rate Aytoun says, his tumulus or grave is still to be seen on the little island of Stronsay, one of the Orcadian group over against the coast of Norway.

I believe that the oldest printed Scotch air is generally conceded to be "Up in the morning early." This was a great favorite of Queen Mary (the consort of William the Third,) and on one occasion she gave great offence to Purcell by preferring its quaint melody and sly humor to his finished classical compositions. Another very ancient melody, and one far too little known, is called "Braw, Braw Lads." Burns has set it to words full of a wild, tender, happiness; and the celebrated Dr. Haydn has left a manuscript arrangement of the air, on which he has inscribed (doubtless in the best English he was master of,) "This one, Dr. Haydn favorite song."

The private history of "Auld Robin Gray" is amusing, and shows how near together are the fountains of mirth and pathos. It was composed by Lady Ann Lindsay just a century ago to be sung to a very ancient air called "The Bridgroom

Greet," of which she was passionately fond. The music was exquisite, but the old words were very objectionable; so she determined to give some little history of virtuous distress to its plaintive tones. One day while attempting this in her closet, she called out her young sister—"I am writing a ballad my dear; I am oppressing my heroine with misfortune; I have sent her Jamie to sea, and broken her father's arm, and made her mother fall sick, and given her auld Robin Gray for a lover; but I wish to load her with a fifth sorrow within the four lines, poor thing! "Help me to one!" "Steal the cow sister Annie," said the little Elizabeth; and the cow was immediately lifted and the ballad completed. Lady Ann's charming little romance is still sung, but it was set by a clergyman called Lewes in 1825 to the eminently beautiful melody which is now popularly and universally known as "Auld Robin Gray."

The remodeling of very ancient ballads and giving them a dress more acceptable to the present day was one of Burns' greatest accomplishments. Even a cursory glance will convince any one that those songs of his are far the best which take the "over-word" or burden of some old lilt for their basis. For instance, "The Birks o' Abergeldy," both music and words, has a certain antiquity as far back as 1657; yet the place is still pointed out where Burns sat and wrote this beautifully descriptive song. The melody is one of those which closes on the sixth of the key, a very favorite termination in all mountainous countries; and one which occurs frequently in a volume of very ancient Welsh melodies which I possess. To feebly notice this peculiarity of the lays of Scotland's "Last Minstrel" would prove however, far too tempting for our limited space.

"Annie Laurie" shares with "Auld Robin Gray" an universal popularity. This charming ditty was written under an "unlucky star" by Mr. Douglas of England, in praise of Annie's daughter of Sir Robert Laurie. I say "unlucky" because she rejected the lover, who has given her beauty a world-wide fame, in favor of Ferguson of Craigharroch. The verses of Douglas have suffered much at the hand of modernizers, and I would like to do my part towards restoring in their original beauty such exquisite lines as these:

"Like dew on the gowan lying  
 Is the fa' her fairy feet,  
 And like winds in summer sighing  
 Her voice is low and sweet."

These have been very unadvisedly altered to,

"Like gentle dew drope falling  
 Alight her fairy feet,  
 And like winds in summer calling  
 Her voice is low and sweet."

One of the great peculiarities of Scottish song is the capability it possesses of expressing by the same notes the most reckless mirth and the most profound sorrow. Take, for instance, the song "There cam a young man." Play it in the specified time and it is the very essence of mocking, railing drollery; play it very slowly and tenderly and it closes like a wail of hopeless sorrow. A more familiar instance may be found in "John Anderson My Jo." It has now assimilated itself to the measured beauty of Burns' immortal words; but so late as 1754 it appeared as a country dance, with a note attached which strongly illustrates the manners of the time: "The tune is to be played even through once over every time, so that the first couple has time to take their drink." But better than all of this class is the "Laird o' Cockpen." It is comic, pathetic, full of sly, humor or mock heroism according to the words or time with which it is played. It was composed by that Laird of Cockpen who so faithfully accompanied the second Charles in his wanderings, and who by his wit and music beguiled so many hours of the exiled King. Particularly was he famous for his rendering of the "mirth possessed" old air called "Brose and Butter." Charles was so captivated with it that "Brose and Butter" lulled him to sleep at night and awoke him in the morning. After the restoration, however, Cockpen with many others was forgotten, and poor and friendless he found it impossible to gain the ear of the king. His musical talents nevertheless procured him the friendship of the royal organist, and he was permitted to play the voluntary one day as Churles was leaving the Chapel; "Brose and Butter" stayed as if by magic the King's retreating steps; in another minute he was in the organ gallery

The organist alarmed fell on his knees exclaiming, "It was not me, your Majesty, it was not me."

"You! You!" exclaimed the monarch contemptuously, "you never could play anything like that in your life." Then, turning to his old companion with kindly face, "Odds fish! Cockpen; I thought you would have made me dance in the church." Many an estate has been sold for a song but the lands of Cockpen were redeemed with one.

Many of the Border ballads have a charm that is wholly indescribable. Works and music lilt along as if to the gallop of horses and the jingling of spurs and spears. Who ever (that had heart and ears to hear listened to "O Kenmuir's on an awa' Willie" without longing to mount and gallop by his side? The same active influence accompanies the Jacobite Songs. "It's up wi' the bonnets o' Bonnie Dundee" must have filled many a legion for Prince Charlie. To bear it is to have it chime in the memory for days afterward.

The stately rhythm and march of many of the oldest airs make them peculiarly suitable for patriotic songs; and Burns took advantage of this when he adopted "Scots wha hae" to the air "Hey, tuttle tattle." For tradition says that to the spirit-stirring strains of this noble melody Bruce and his heroes marched to the field of Bannockburn.

There have been many theories to account for the peculiarities of Scotch music. "Keep to the black keys" is a very common one. Others affirm that "the Scotch scale is the modern diatonic one divested of the fourth and seventh." The Broom of the Cowdenknowes has both; "Ca' the ewes to the knowes" has a most effective seventh, and the "Souters of Selkirk" would be lost without its fourth, while the seventh at its close is a definite peculiarity. Mr. Finlay Dun, one of the very best authorities on Scotch music, points out the remarkable similarity between the cadences of the most genuine melodies and the ancient music of Roman Catholic Church. The fine old air called "Tarry woo," altered by Dr. Geddes, a Catholic priest, in 1737, to "Lewie Gordon," was once sung in the Catholic church as a Sanctus, and it now appears in Whittaker's "Seraph" as a hymn harmonized for four voices. But all these theories affect not its originality. Grant all the seven notes of the scale, make them fourteen, and they would not account for the keen emotions, the mysterious stirrings, the strange yearnings, these melodies so wild, so simple, so rich, so various evoke. No! it is because the musician's lyre has been the sorrow and suffering and all the travail of life has come the child of song.

There is a common impression that the playing and singing of Scotch music is very simple. On the contrary, very few, not "to the manor born," are able to interpret it. Geminiani is said to have blotted quires of paper in attempting to write a second part to "The Broom of the Cowdenknowes;" and I am very much of the Ettrick Shepherd's opinion, who defended its want of range by saying that "human nature never wearies of its ain prime elementary feelings." Christopher North's charge of monotony he says "is nae mair correct than to ca' a kintra level in bonnie gentle ups and downs; twa-three notes may mak' a maist beautiful' tune; twa-three bonny knowes a bonny landscape." He then very pleasantly contrasts it with our modern music which he says is the "everlastingly same see-saw—the same step at the foot o' the hill, an' the same scamper up—the same helter-skelter across the flat, and the same cautious riding down the stony declivities."

But Scotch songs are beyond criticism from a literary stand-point, for they are mostly the production of a pre-literary period; for the rest we never think of criticising them; we just receive them and love them.—*From the Christian Union.*

## A PLEA FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS.

Don't expect too much of them; it has taken forty years, it may be, to make you what you are, with all the lessons of experience; and I will dare say you are a faulty being at best. Above all don't expect judgment in a child, or patience under trials sympathize in their mistakes and troubles—don't ridicule them.

Remember not to measure a child's trials by your standard. "As one whom his mother comforteth," said

the inspired writer, and beautifully does he convey to us the deep, faithful love that ought to be found in every woman's heart, the unflinching sympathy with all her children going to their father for comfort, I am sure there is something wrong with their mother.

Let the memories of their childhood be as bright as you can make them. Grant them every innocent pleasure in your power. We have often felt our temper rise to see how carelessly their plans were thwarted by older persons, when a little trouble on their part would have given the child pleasure, the memory of which would last a lifetime.

Lastly, don't think a child hopeless because it betrays some very bad habits. We have known children that seemed to have been born thieves and liars, so early did they display these undeniable traits; yet we have lived to see those same children become noble men and women, and ornaments to society. We must confess they had wise, affectionate parents. And whatever else you may be compelled to deny your child by your circumstances in life, give it what it most values—plenty of love.

## WALKING.

How few men and women of our country seem to find pleasure in walking. Look at our cars and omnibuses daily filled with those who prefer riding instead. Among those able to choose their mode of conveyance pedestrians are the exception rather than the rule. Gentlemen who have the good sense to walk often express regret that ladies, on every occasion, resort to the carriage, instead of employing their muscles in this healthful, graceful exercise. It is refreshing to meet, now and then, with those who have, by experience, proved its benefits and its pleasures. Said a Doctor of Divinity the other day—once often seen upon our streets in manly vigor—"I have ever been a walker. During my student life more than once I walked from Newton to Providence." A slender, refined lady, after serving the cause of our country and humanity as nurse of our soldiers, was sent to Europe to find health, and there learned—to walk. In Scotland and Germany twenty and even thirty miles of that animating, life-giving exercise was no uncommon exploit. Said she:—"Now I think nothing of ten miles." May the example of this noble little woman—moving about on her mission of healing, she will yet make herself known among us—be considered worthy of imitation.—*Chicago Standard.*

## ONE THING AND ANOTHER.

From England and Ireland comes the same story of a wide-spreading blight of the potato crop, at present capriciously and irregularly distributed, but common enough to excite the liveliest apprehensions. Under the pressure of such prospects potatoes have doubled in price, selling according to the latest advices at £7 to £8 per ton wholesale, and retailing at a penny a pound. The only kind of potatoes which has so far escaped being touched by disease is a newly imported variety called "the American Red Rose," which is, however, planted in very small quantities.

In Scotland, up to the first week of August, the potato crop looked promising, but a few days later the ravages of a small white maggot began to excite apprehensions, and on Sunday, August 18, a thick easterly "hoar" enveloped the whole of Scotland, after which the appearance of blight became pretty general. Since then the disease has been spreading rapidly, and from some districts comes the report that more than three-fourths of the crop has already been rendered unfit for consumption.

## HOME-THRUST.

The following is one of Flavel's home-thrusts: "Two things a master commits to his servant's care," said one, "the child and the child's clothes." It will be a poor excuse for the servant to say at his master's return "Sir, here are all the child's clothes, neat, clean, but the child is lost." Much so with the account that many will give to God of their souls and bodies at the great day: "Lord, here is my body; and I am very grateful for it. I neglected nothing that belonged to its content and welfare; but for my soul, that is lost and cast away forever. I took little care and thought about it."

## IN THE GLOAMING.

Summer sunsets are always beautiful. They are enjoyed alike by those who can watch them as they tinge the mountains with rambly colors, or paint marvellous pictures upon the sea, and by those who are kept busy at desk or counting house, and who can only see the sunset from the windows of the room where their daily tasks are done. "A thing of beauty is a joy forever." We have all watched gorgeous sunsets with delight, since the time when we were lifted up in mother-arms, that the gay coloring of the skies might please our infant eyes. But we are not tired of them yet. We can scarcely be so busy that we will not spare a few minutes to see the sun sink behind the hills. We are seldom so utterly weary, but the sight of the western skies is enough to detain us from rest for awhile. And even when our hearts are sad, and the world looks dark and dreary, the sunsets have power to soften our hearts with peace. When we are young they fascinate our gaze. In middle age we delight to look upon them, and enjoy them. And when we are old we love to watch the glowing skies, though it be through mists of tears.

But the gloaming is dear to us not alone because of the sunset tints which are beautiful to look upon. If our eyes only were satisfied we should lose much of the peace and joy which the hour of twilight brings. There is much to feel and to think about during the time when the day fades into night. And the evening brings leisure for thought. We may surely then lay aside the work which has engrossed us during the busy day and recreate our souls with the bewitching poetry of the hour. Wonderful waking dreams are apt to come to us as the shadows creep over the earth, and cover up the fields and woodlands. We think of the years that are gone, and the friends who have vanished from our sight. We try to picture the latter in their new home, where there is no sunsets, because the Lamb is the light. We wonder what it must be like to be at rest with no care or sorrow to mar the delight, and almost envy those who have reached the perfect good, of which, as yet, we only dream.

"And now we fight the battle,  
 But then shall wear the crown  
 Of full and everlasting  
 And passionless renown."

The thought of the battle which "now we fight" will obtrude itself even upon our sunset hours; and we pass from the contemplation of the rest in heaven to the consideration of the work which we have to do upon the earth. The twilight is a good time for laying plans and arranging future labors. They work the best who never fail to take a little time to think about their work; and we are more likely to see the best ways of doing it when we look at it from a distance than when it is pressing closely upon us. So we should use the sunsets of our holidays so as to make ourselves the more ready for the business which the working hours of future months should bring.

The sunset is the time for all gentle influences. It is the time when loving hearts naturally draw nearer together. It should also be the time when hearts that are estranged should long to be reconciled. "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath." We can do many things in the twilight that it would be doubly hard to do at noon. If we have offended our brother let us go to him among the shadows and ask his forgiveness, not feeling ashamed to own ourselves in the wrong, and not feeling inclined to be easily pained even by his coldness. If our brother has offended us forgive him without waiting to be asked. Love gives often the most, and is most rewarded in giving when it is voluntary and unsought.

The character of the peacemaker is a very suitable one for the sunset hour; and it would be a pity if our hearts were out of keeping with the peacefulness of the scene.

When the sun sets behind the western hills do we not feel as if we want to realize the presence of our Father in heaven, and to feel assured of his forgiveness and love? It is then that we do not like to think of our sins against him; and it is then that the words are the sweetest—"Thy sins, which are many, are all forgiven thee: go in peace." It is then that we think of the verse which as children we used to sing—

Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,  
 The life that I this day have done,  
 That with the world, myself, and thee,  
 I, ere I sleep, at peace may be."

And if we sing the verse from our hearts the answer will be swift in coming.

"Where is heaven?" a child once asked of another.

"It is over there where the sun is setting," was the confident reply.

And indeed we have perhaps all felt as if when life is slipping from us: our faces will be turned westward. We cannot tell when that shall be. It may be sooner than we think. Are we ready to pass into the land of everlasting summer?—*Marianne Faringham, in the Christian World.*

Prayer of faith, exercised with perseverance, surely brings deliverance, if not immediately, yet at a proper season; and till deliverance comes, the mind is stayed on God and kept in perfect peace. Faith picks the thorns out of the flesh, and takes the rankling pain away before the wound is healed.—*Berridge.*

To comprehend a man's life it is necessary to know not merely what he does, but also what he purposely leaves undone. There is a limit to the work that can be got out of a human body or a human brain, and he is a wise man who wastes no energy on pursuits for which he is not fitted; and he is still wiser who, from among the things that he can do well, chooses and resolutely follows the best.—*Glasstone.*

Consider, for example, and you will find that almost all the transactions of the time of the present day. You then find men marrying and giving in marriage, educating children, sickness, death, wars, joyous holidays, traffic, agriculture, habits, insatiable pride, suspicious, laying of gifts, longings for the death of others, news-mongers, lovers, misers, men canvassing for the consulship and the kingdom; yet all these passed away and are nowhere.—*Mary's Antiquities.*