

Leaflets poor as you—no matter—
I've gathered, and can surely scatter.
"Go, poor fly," said Uncle Toby.
"There's room for all"—I'll mount my hobby.
Reader, a leaflet flung to thee
No harm can bring. 'Twill pleasure me.

BURRACHAN BURN.

(By A. B. Barr.)

O we'el I lae the burken shaw,
And we'el I lae the hazel glen,
And we'el I lae the simple stream,
The bonnie Burn o' Burrachan.

It rins beside that primrose ha'
Where stood my Jamie's humble hame,
It's rifless noo, he's far awa'
And I am left to mourn alane.

And maybe Jamie's in his grave,
We cannot tell his waeiful doom,
He sought a hame far 'yont the wave,
And wha kens but he found a tomb.

They fan him by the cool min light,
Alane with still and worm began,
To brew brops for his bridal night
Beside the burn o' Burrachan.

He left them and their cruel law,
He left his Jeanie, hame and a'.
A lanely lassie hae I been
Since Jamie, he has gane awa'.