

Don't say they kept up fashions then, or old folks
were too slow ;
You now can look on well-cleared fields you plough
and sow with ease,
Look back to your old father's time when they
were clad with trees.
Give him due honor for his toil, thanks fullest,
truest germ,
'Twas he that chopped and cleared for you that
precious pleasant farm.

You farm, much with machinery now, with art and
skill combined,
With all those helps at your command, still take a
glance behind,
The days when your old father farmed, he no such
helps did know ;
By hand he sowed and threshed his grain, by hand
did reap and mow ;
Don't laugh at his old-fashioned work, though
crooked he did plough,
The stumps and stones are all removed, you may
plough straighter now ;
Don't call him childish when he boasts of his once
powerful arm,
Think on the suffering he endured before he cleared
the farm.

Don't snap and snarl at the old man, if with you
he remains,
Remember, what you now possess, caused all his
aches and pains ;
Give him the best place in your house, no comforts
him deny,
He surely had his share of trials in the old days
gone by ;
As you behold his tottering steps, each day your
love renew,
You cannot do too much for him that braved so
much for you ;
And while around his quivering knees you o'rn
young offspring swarm,
Just tell to them how their grand-pa had cleared
for you the farm.

Look back ! O think what he endured since he
chopped the first tree ;
He bore it all to gain a home,—that home he gives
to thee ;
Feed, cheer and comfort your old sire, and strive
him to repay,
Bestow on him a rich reward, before he pass
away ;
And as his life's blood ebbs away, hold up his
drooping head,

With gentle hand and loving heart, O soothe his
dying bed ;
And when the grave hides him from view, still
keep his memory warm,
And with it keep the old homestead, your father's
dear bought farm.

LINES

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO ROBERT H. THOMSON,
CHICAGO, ILL.,

For his very kind letters addressed to me, some of them very
heart-stirring and touching, upon our "auld hame" and
the days of our youth.

Brither Scot, man, your letters were mair than a
joke,
For they gaed to my heart like en electric shoke
When you spake o' the braes, o' the craigs an' the
cairns,
When we slided an' speiled when we baith were
but bairns.

I ken that the notion was fixed in your mind,
That ma auld Scottish heed was poeti' inclined ;
Tho' I hae little brains, an' sair scrimpet o' time,
I thought I wad gie ye a bit answer in rhyme ;
But ta tell ye the truth, I felt greatla perplext—
Baith poet an' preacher maun hae a bit text—
When it flashed through ma noodle, like the crack
o' a whup,

How the puir Scottish bairns at hame were brought
up ;

Why, their first year o' livin' is easy explained,
They were nursed just like ithers until they were
spained,

Then a wee horn spune to supply them their feed,
They were fed upon boila o' guid milk an' bread.
But that feed didna last muckle mair than a year,
For the flour-bread an' sugar was rather ower dear,
An' their mithers declared that sweet stuff was na
guid

To mak' young bairns grow an' increase flesh an'
bluid,

Sae the boila was stap't, tho' the bairns did squeel ;
Then their livin' was parritch o' guid oaten meal.
As years passed away, an' as higher they rose,
At times for a change, they were fed upon brose.
It was parritch for breakfast ; for supper likewise ;
An' if ane tuk the pet an' his parritch despise,
Then the father's loud voice, wi' authority borne,
Sayin', " Wife, set them past ; they will sup them
the morn."

Their dinner was varied, but a guid wholesome meal

Ae day tat
Ye wad ne
An' they a
Some may
Haud a we
When hun
Or a piece
They need
Sweet bites
Just ae litt
So serve a
When the
faces,
For they k
place ;
Oatmeal du
glee
Ower a pie
At the Sco
But sic fat
Sweet cake
bread,
Keeps the n
their h
Some Scots
their fa
Sayin', " S
grace ;
But I think
Let the hal
But it was
That mak'
'Twas the
truth,
Strict obed
There was
fireside
So deep pla
Tho' they
astray
All their ea
The carrit
An' the vo
The kind w
But throug
the Sc
The auld S
An' it aft
Strict Scot
Unto mony
O, I wish
son,