

In the same way also human nature becomes to him expressive of the Divine, and woman, as a messenger of peace, brings to him a holy consolation and the hope of a youth immortal. Of Martha he says:—

'What a world of love there lies
Mirrored in her deep blue eyes !
What a ray of quiet beauty
They throw around each daily duty !
How it is I cannot tell,
Yet I feel the magic spell
Of the quiet Sabbath grace
Always breathing from her face ;
And her voice so calm and clear
Lifts me to a higher sphere,
And unlocks my spirit's powers,—
Gentle thoughts spring up like flowers,
Gems deep hidden in my heart
Into life and being start :
*When that saintly face I see,
Heaven and immortality
They grow clearer unto me.'*

And of 'Old Adam'—a poem which, because of its excellence, we should like to quote entire, it combines so much quaint humour with such tenderness of feeling and minuteness of description, and withal with so much sound philosophy—of Old Adam it is said—

'His heart was just a living spring,
Wi' sympathy o'erflowing ;
And round its brim the sweetest flowers,
Of Love and Hope, were flowing.
To see him—and to hear him speak—
To look but in his face,
*It made you fa' in love somehow,
Wi' a' the human race.'*

What could be more beautiful and suggestive than the last two lines ? True love to *one* implicitly embracing all humanity, sustaining brotherhood the world over, and proving the race a unit—that is about the meaning of them. And what a fine old man that Adam must have been to be sure ! and what could beat in pith and humour this description of his goodness ?

'The maist o' folk wha would be guid,
And keep frae doing evil,
Maun aft hae battles wi' themselves
As weel as wi' the deevil.
And some are guid by grace o' God,
And some hae to be skelpit ;
*But he was guid—and just because
He wasna fit tae help it.'*

That is a touch worthy of Burns in his most joyous, good-natured mood. No higher meed of praise could be given to Old Adam in even a whole oration than

that he 'was guid, and—' just because he wasna fit tae help it.'

But not only are Nature, as seen, and the 'human face divine' thus radiant to him with Diety ; the very viewless air is full of eyes and ears, and crowded with immortal life, and we may walk as in heaven, continually among the dear departed. In a later and a beautiful poem, 'Gaun Hame,' which appeared in the *Scottish American Journal*, the dying one says to Mary,

'I've them wi' me ye canna see, Mary,
I feel the firm grip o' a laun ;
Though a' here is darkness to thee, Mary,
They're leading me unto the dawn.

The dear anes that left us lang-syne, Mary,—
Ah ! left us our wearifu' lane !—
But never were out o' our min', Mary,
Are a' comin' round me again.
Ah ! there's our ain Willie and Jean, Mary,
And wi' them a bricht shining train,
Wha say through their pitying een, Mary,
Ye winna be left a' your lane.'

And into that 'bricht shining train' he hopes, in spite of creeds and catechisms and the orthodoxy of the Church, that all will at last be admitted. He has no very firm belief, it would seem, but a yearning, rather, and a wish, that such will be the case. Once, indeed, he affirms his belief in universalism :

'We believe, "Almighty Father,"
Thou wilt all thy children gather
Where the light eternal flows,
And no wanderer asks, "Who knows?"'

But again, like the poet Laureate, he seems to falter where he firmly trod, and can only 'faintly trust the larger hope.' He knows what *he* would do if only he could have things his own way, and he has a dim hope that his way will be found at last to be the way of the All-Good. The following lines, we think, will find an echo in nearly every heart :

'There's ne'er been country yet nor kin
But has some weary flaw,
And he's the likest God aboon
Wha loves them ane and a' ;
*And after a' that's come and gane,
What human heart but yearns
To meet at last in licht and love,
Wi' a' John Tamson's bairns.'*

His large-heartedness, it will be seen, thus leads him somewhat beyond the bounds of orthodoxy and the sympathy of a large mass of the religious public. He will consequently be looked upon by many