

Blue-Bells.

Far frae the land o' hills and purple heather,
O' mony a loch and tarn and brattlin burn,
Lured by blue lift and blithesome simmer weather,
To nature's smiling haunts I eager turn.

Bright shines the sun on picture maist entrancing
O' blossoming sprays and gowany fields and dells,
And ever prized, my heart's delight enhancing,
Near by the breckans swing the sweet blue-bells.

'Neath birks and boortrees green, where gaily
wimples

The lilting burnie doon the gladsome glade,
Reflected on its face, 'mid smiles and dimples,
The blue-bells laithfu' bow in sylvan shade.

Ah sweet blue-bells! methinks I hear you ringing,
As low you bend before the souging breeze:
Or are wee exiled fairies saftly singing
Dear, auld, hame sangs they learnt ayont the seas?

He's nae true Scot can see, without emotion,
These winsome blossoms 'neath a distant sky;
And keep his thochts frae fleein', owre the ocean,
To scenes still lo'ed as in the years gane by.

There's scarce a bloom, not e'en amang the roses,
That weaves roun' Scottish hearts sic magic spells;
Or gentler beauty tremblingly discloses,
Than these dear flowers, the bonnie, sweet blue-
bells.

St. Andrew's Day, 1896,
St. John, N. B., Canada.

I. ALLEN JACK.