

The throssil whussilf in the wood,  
The burn sang to the trees,  
And we, with Nature's heart in tune,  
Concerted harmonies—  
And on the knowe abune the burn,  
For hours; thegither sat  
In the silentness o' joy, till baith  
Wi' very gladness grat!

Aye, aye, dear Jeanie Morrison,  
Tears trinkled doun your cheek,  
Like dew-beads on a rose, yet nae  
Had ony power to speak!  
That was a time, a blessed time,  
When hearts were fresh and young,  
When freely gush'd all feelings forth,  
Unsyllabled—unsung!

I marvel, Jeanie Morrison,  
Gin I hae been to thee  
As closely twined wi' earliest thochts  
As ye hae been to me?  
Oh! tell me gin their music fills  
Thine ear as it does mine;  
Oh! say gin e'er your heart grows grit  
Wi' dreamings o' langsyne?

I've wander'd east, I've wander'd west,  
I've borne a weary lot;  
But in my wanderings, far or near,  
Ye've never were forgot.  
The fount that first burst frae this heart  
Still travels on its way;  
And channels deeper as it rins  
The luve o' life's young day.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,  
Since we were sinder'd young,  
I've never seen your face, nor heard  
The music o' your tongue;  
But I could hug all wretchedness,  
And happy could I die,  
Did I but ken your heart still dream'd  
O' bygone days and me!"

This exquisite poem is no mere fancy sketch. "Jeanie Morrison" was a young lady from the town of Alloa, who attended the school of Mr. William Lennie, in Edinburgh, at the same time as young Motherwell. Both left that school after a year's intimacy, when the future poet was commencing his twelfth year; and from that moment, as intimated in the last stanza of the lines above quoted, they never met again. This poem, the first draught of which is said to have been written in Motherwell's fourteenth year, sufficiently evidences the deep impression made upon him by the "sweet and gentle expression," the "mild temper," and "unassuming manners," which we have the authority of their teacher, Mr. Lennie, for attributing to the object of his "mornin' luve." Many will doubtless regard the feelings of our poet's heart, portrayed in these stanzas, as a mere freak of boyish fancy; not so we. These sentiments of affectionate interest seem to have survived the date of the early parting of the youthful pair, and, we doubt not,

had a material influence on the course of Motherwell's tastes and feelings in after life. Nor do we look upon his case as at all singular. That many have been determined and encouraged in their career through life, sustained in principles of rectitude and led on to deeds of high emprise, through pen or sword, by "the luve o' life's young day," published biographies afford us sufficient proof; but how many more are the instances in which such influences have had their effect unrecognised by the world, scarcely even palpable to the consciousness of the party so affected.

Little, if at all, inferior to the touching simplicity and tenderness of "Jeanie Morrison," are the stanzas which succeed, in the volume now before us. They are supposed to be the wailings of the broken spirit of one in whose sad case had

"Hinnied words o' promise lured  
Her guileless heart astray."

The undying affection of woman's heart,—the love that, amidst all her sorrow and self-condemnation, admits not a word of reproach against him whom she has loved "not wisely but too well," are finely portrayed in the melting pathos of these lines:

"My heid is like to rend, Willie,  
My heart is like to break—  
I'm wearin' aff my feet, Willie,  
I'm dyin' for your sake!  
Oh lay your cheek to mine, Willie,  
Your hand on my brierst-bane—  
Oh say ye'll think on me, Willie,  
When I am deid and gane!

It's vain to comfort me, Willie,  
Sair grief maun hae its will—  
But let me rest upon your brierst,  
To sab and greet my fill.  
Let me sit on your knee, Willie,  
Let me shed by your hair,  
And look into the face, Willie,  
I never sall see mair!

I'm sittin' on your knee, Willie,  
For the last time in my life—  
A puir heart-broken thing, Willie,  
A mither, yet nae wife.  
Ay, press your hand upon my heart,  
And press it mair and mair—  
Or it will burst the silken twine  
Sae strang is its despair!

Oh wae's me for the hour, Willie,  
When we thegither met—  
Oh wae's me for the time, Willie,  
That our first tryst was set!  
Oh wae's me for the loanin' green  
Where we were wont to gae—  
And wae's me for the destinie,  
That gart me luve thee sae!

Oh! dinna mind my words, Willie,  
I downa seek to blame—  
But oh! it's hard to live, Willie,  
And dree a world's shame!