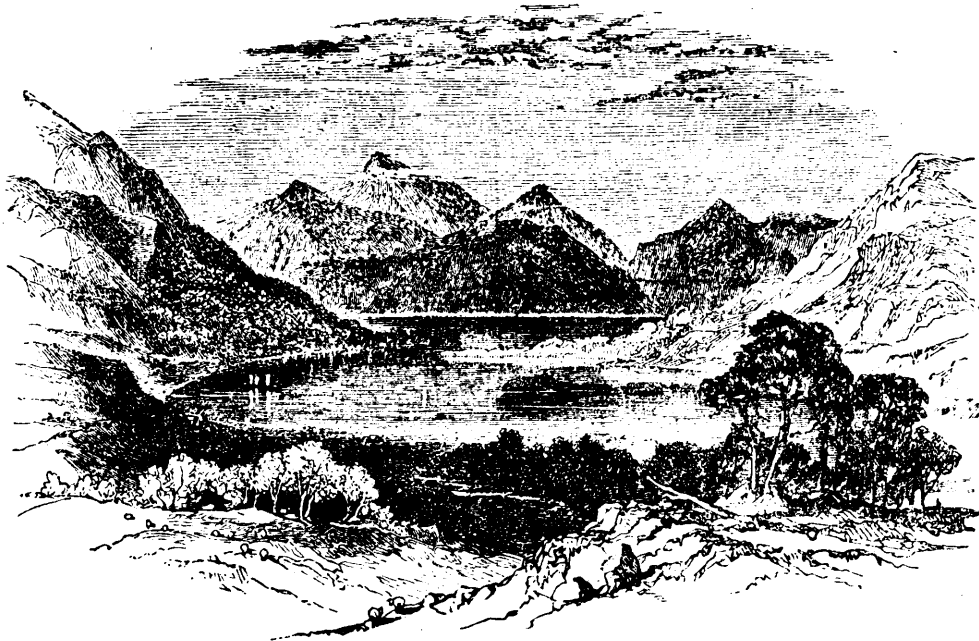


"This holy man had a ram,  
That he had fed up of a lam,  
And oysit him him til follow ay,  
Quhervir he passit in his way.  
A theyf this scheppe in Achren stal,  
And et him up in pacis smalle.  
Quhen Sanct Serf his ram had myst,  
Quha that it stal was few that wist.  
On presumption nevirthles  
He that it stal arestyht was;  
And til Sanct Serf syne was he brought  
That schieppe he said that he stal noucht,  
And therefore for to swer an athe.  
He said that he wald nocht be laythe.  
But sone he worthit rede for schayme;  
The schieppe thar bletyt in his wayme  
Swa was he taynectyt schamfully,  
And at Sanct Serf askyt mercy."

St. Serf, to whom is here attributed the

poem, and made his living by reciting it, or parts of it, before company, is all that is known of this author." The popular version of his poem is a paraphrase of it in modern Scots by William Hamilton of Gilbertfield. To the study of this book is attributed the kindling of the genius of Robert Burns. It is far ahead of Wynthoun's works, both in elevated sentiment and poetical effect. The occasion of the following is supposed to be when Wallace was living in hiding with his uncle, Sir Ranald Wallace of Riccarton, near Kilmarnock. To amuse himself, he goes to fish in the river Irvine, and the following adventure takes place:—



LOCH LEVEN.

power of making the stolen lamb bleat in the thief's "wayme," lived in the sixth century, and was the founder of the monastery of which Wynthoun was Prior. Another poem by the same author was written in celebration of the return of David II. from captivity. This poem is still extant.

There were several other lesser lights of the Muse in Wynthoun's day, but little else than the titles of some of their works have been handed down to us.

Next in prominence comes "Blind Harry," the author of the popular "Life of Sir William Wallace." "That he was blind from infancy; that he wrote this

"So on a time he desired to play  
In Apeiril the three-and-twenty day,  
Till Irvine water fish to tak he went,  
Sir fantasy fell in his intent.  
To lead his net a child furth with him yed!  
But he, or noon, was a fellow dread.  
His sword he left, so did he never again;  
It did him gude, suppose he suffered pain.  
Of that labour as than he was not slie,  
Happy he was, took fish abundantly.

Or of the day ten hours o'er couth pass,  
Ridand there came near by where Wallace was,  
The Lord Percy was captain then of Ayr:  
Frae then' he turned, and couth to Glasgow fare.  
Part of the court had Wallace' labour seen,  
Till him rade five clad in garland green,  
And said soon; 'Scot, Martin's fish we wald have!  
Wallace meekly again answer him gave