

**CIHM
Microfiche
Series
(Monographs)**

**ICMH
Collection de
microfiches
(monographies)**



Canadian Institute for Historical Microreproductions / Institut canadien de microreproductions historiques

© 1996

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming are checked below.

- Coloured covers / Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged / Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated / Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing / Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps / Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) / Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations / Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material / Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available / Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure.
- Blank leaves added during restorations may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming / Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.
- Additional comments / Commentaires supplémentaires:

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated / Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed / Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies / Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Includes supplementary material / Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- Pages wholly or partially obscured by errata slips, tissues, etc., have been refilmed to ensure the best possible image / Les pages totalement ou partiellement obscurcies par un feuillet d'errata, une pelure, etc., ont été filmées à nouveau de façon à obtenir la meilleure image possible.
- Opposing pages with varying colouration or discolourations are filmed twice to ensure the best possible image / Les pages s'opposant ayant des colorations variables ou des décolorations sont filmées deux fois afin d'obtenir la meilleure image possible.

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below /
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10x		14x		18x		22x		26x		30x	
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
12x		16x		20x		24x		28x		32x	

The copy filmed here has been reproduced thanks to the generosity of:

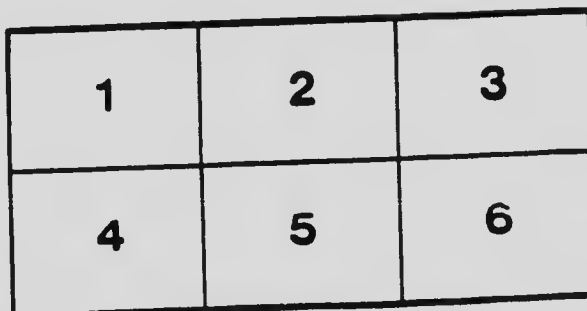
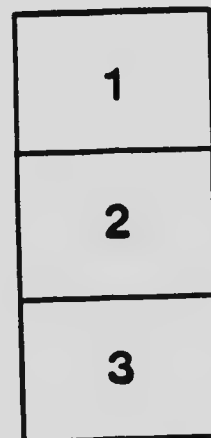
National Library of Canada

The images appearing here are the best quality possible considering the condition and legibility of the original copy and in keeping with the filming contract specifications.

Original copies in printed paper covers are filmed beginning with the front cover and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression, or the back cover when appropriate. All other original copies are filmed beginning on the first page with a printed or illustrated impression, and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression.

The last recorded frame on each microfiche shall contain the symbol \rightarrow (meaning "CONTINUED"), or the symbol ∇ (meaning "END"), whichever applies.

Maps, plates, charts, etc., may be filmed at different reduction ratios. Those too large to be entirely included in one exposure are filmed beginning in the upper left hand corner, left to right and top to bottom, as many frames as required. The following diagrams illustrate the method:



L'exemplaire filmé fut reproduit grâce à la générosité de:

Bibliothèque nationale du Canada

Les images suivantes ont été reproduites avec le plus grand soin, compte tenu de la condition et de la netteté de l'exemplaire filmé, et en conformité avec les conditions du contrat de filmage.

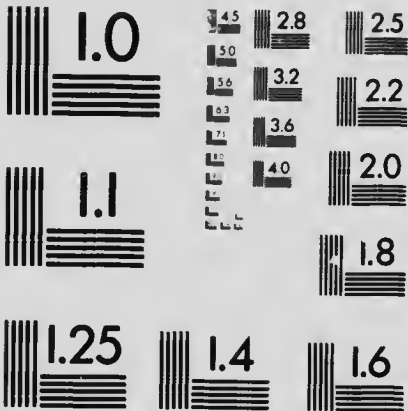
Les exemplaires originaux dont la couverture en papier est imprimée sont filmés en commençant par le premier plat et en terminant soit par la dernière page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration, soit par le second plat, selon le cas. Tous les autres exemplaires originaux sont filmés en commençant par la première page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration et en terminant par la dernière page qui comporte une telle empreinte.

Un des symboles suivants apparaître sur la dernière image de chaque microfiche, selon le cas: le symbole \rightarrow signifie "A SUIVRE", le symbole ∇ signifie "FIN".

Les cartes, planches, tableaux, etc., peuvent être filmés à des taux de réduction différents. Lorsque le document est trop grand pour être reproduit en un seul cliché, il est filmé à partir de l'angle supérieur gauche, de gauche à droite, et de haut en bas, en prenant le nombre d'images nécessaire. Les diagrammes suivants illustrent la méthode.

MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



APPLIED IMAGE Inc

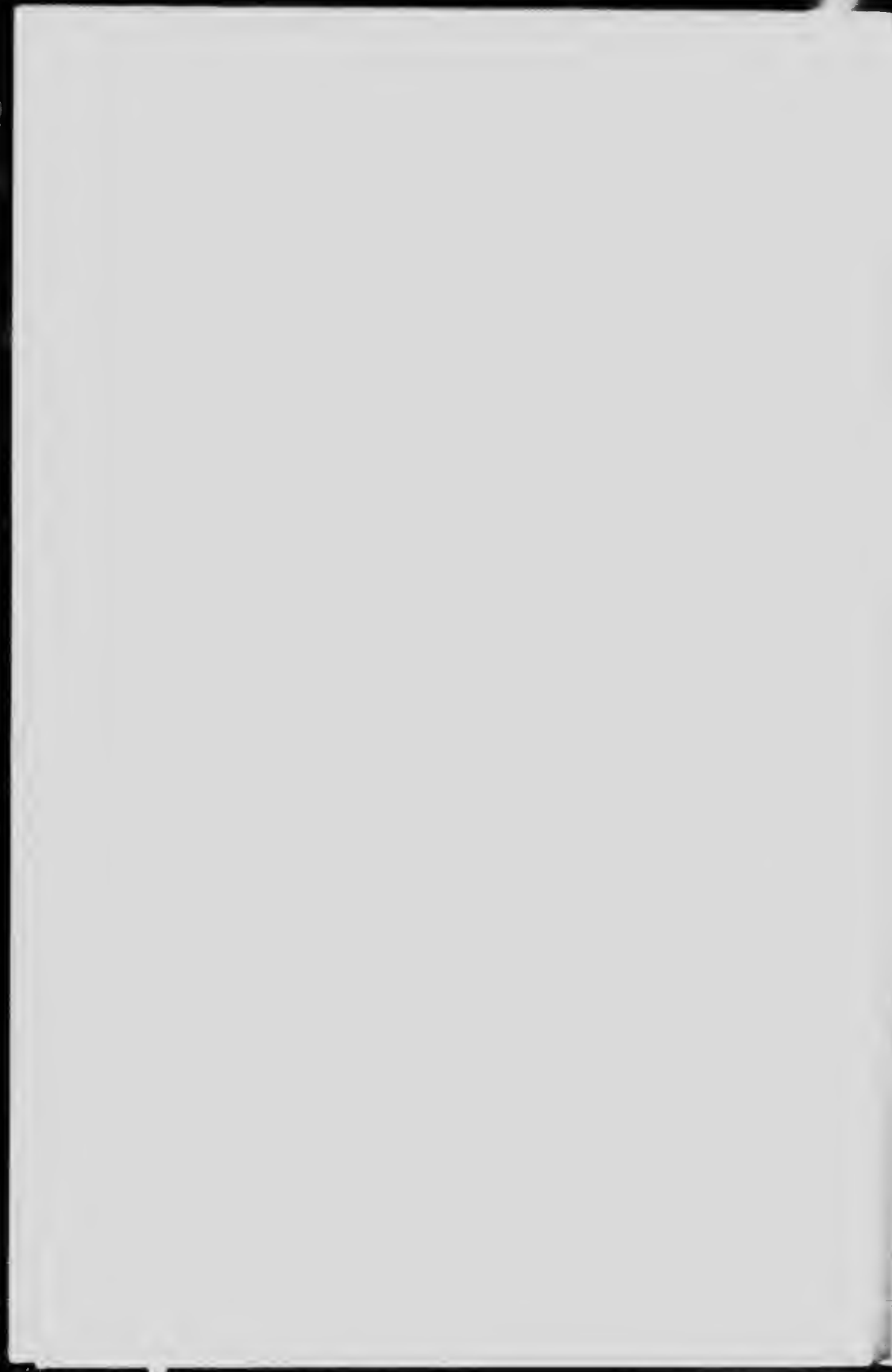
1653 East Main Street
Rochester, New York 14609 USA
(716) 482 - 0300 - Phone
(716) 288 - 5989 - Fax

Library
WILLIAM M. CAMPBELL

PS 8505
A625
Z67
1915
p***







ZORRA

BY
WILLIAM M. CAMPBELL



BOSTON
SHERMAN, FRENCH & COMPANY
1915

PS8505

A625

267

1915

Print

Entered at Stationers' Hall

All rights reserved

COPYRIGHT, 1915

SHERMAN, FRENCH & COMPANY

890200

TO
A' SCOTS AND THEIR BAIRNS;
—AND ONY ITERS
(GIN THERE BE ONY)

A WEE bit crack, gude freend o' ither days,
About oor brither Scots and a' their ways,
As we reca' oor Scotch Canadian hame
Wi' loving herts, through a' the years the same.
Sin' noo for lang ye canna bide wi' me,
Juist ane or twa amang them a' must dae;
Some ither day when ye can ca' aroon',
By ingside we twa wull there sit doon
And hae some mair frae a' we hae in min'
O' Scottish ways in days o' auld lang syne.
Nae hairm if noo the Lallan tongue we use,
Or mair at length the Anglo-Saxon choose,
Or e'en the Gaelic,— spoke afore them a',
And worthy thocht by Celts to live *gu bra'*; ¹
Frae ane tae ither go as needs may be
And each tae this or that may best agree.

Then pass we noo tae what we hae in han'
And crack awa 'boot mainners o' oor lan';
Gin freend or neebur cam tae mak' a ca',
Ye weel remember, when they went awa,
Not then alane they pass the threshold o'er,—
Their freendly host gaed wi' them 'yond the door,
Tae gate at least, and oft upon the way

¹ Forever.

He sauntered on tae gie the guest "convey."
 Wi' sense o' worth and wi a "*beannachd
 liebh*"²

The guest is sped,— each better as they leave;
 By warinth of heart and kindly nature moved
 A noble breeding such a custom proved.
 Upon the ear might fall no polished phrase,
 Nor eye behold convention's courtly ways,
 Yet present there,— if unadorned by art,—
 A worthy manner, fruit of kindly heart.

On winter e'ens, when a' the chores were dune,
 Wi' supper o'er and stars cam oot aboon,
 Then neeburs aft wi' neeburs here and there
 Did veesit roun' tae lighten daily care.
 The auld time "*ceilidh*,"³— noo perhaps for-
 got;

A common word on tongue o' early Scot;
 Gin they mair free may feel in ony hame,
 Frae a' the airts tae this they nightly came:
 O' mony things they cracked and joked awa',
 And aften too the fiddle there you saw;
 For ony reason, if in numbers found,
 Wi' hairmless plays the passing hours abound;
 But this ye ken not verra weel could be
 Unless wi' lads the lassies there ye see.
 If fiddle there,— I may as weel confess

² Blessing be with you.

³ A neighborly evening visit.

They whyles may dance,— that is, ye ken, unless
An elder grave or ither godly man
Were in the hoose; they wudna hae him scan
Sic dootfu' pranks, yet a' the while revere
Their Faither's hoose — tae Scottish herts sae
dear.

Yet kirk and school and fairming int'rests, too,
As weel as gossip, conversation knew;
If 'mang them a', mair gifted than the rest
Tae stories tell some chiel they found was blest,
Tae vivid tales which in the telling grew
We eager list, nor cared if a' were true;
Nae rivals these tae "Noctes" o' Kit North,
Yet, lacking fame and much o' classic worth,
Tradition's stream not yet has reached that sea
Where old time Kits shall a' forgotten be.

All hallowe'en in mony a lan' is found
A time o' year when elfish pranks abound.
Fu' kindly treated there in days o' yore
The eery fouk they flocked tae Scottish shore:
Wi' Scotia's sons they cam across the sea,
And change o' hame wi' them did quite agree;
Yet here or there ye'll maistly find it true
Weel pleased they were as hert tae hert they
drew;
Withoot the lads, nae lassies by their lane;
Withoot the lassies, lads would a' be gaen;
'Twas aye the auld sweet story o' the heart

Which moves the warld tae heights or depths
apart.

Prophetic powers they make believe reside
In this or that to draw the veil aside,
To show to each their matrimonial fates
And give the measure of their coming mates ;
Or kail, or nits, whate'er the test may be,
They breathless wait their visioned destiny.
When this they see, if fair or foul they deem,
Then gay or douce the tested ones may seem ;
In feignèd mood the others may condole,
Or merry laughter warmly flood the whole.
While this or that some try for sake of fun,
In other minds a serious faith may run ;
Their heart's desire, should it with sign agree,
Well pleased are they to help the prophecy.
When a' together they a test may try,
Nae special need tae bravely spooks defy ;
But if alane, in outer darkness tried,
Wi' eery fears which canna be denied,
Imagination then wild pranks may play
With those who dare their futures thus assay.
They lift the veil and things then seen or heard
Most wondrous seemèd when told by those who
dared ;
Fu' oft they ran frae barn, or burn, or stack,
As if the deil himsel' were at their back.
Sma' wonner, this, when fairy fouk were there,
Or walkin' roun', or flyin' through the air.

Wi' a' the skirlin and the telling o'er,
Of fun and frolic there is now galore
When found the cause o' a' this fearsome fricht,
Some hairmless beastie wanderin' i' the nicht;
Our spirits,— roused by some uncanny tales
Of sights and sounds on hillside or in dales
Of Scottish land, where elves delight to roam,—
Saw bodied forth in our Canadian home
Such spectral sights as made us often run,
Nor could, mid doubt and laughter, see the fun;
At gloamin' time we tramp wi' courage fine
On errands bent, or drivin' hame the kine,
Yet aft we feel the need o' whusslin some
Tae keep oor herts frae yieldin' tae the gloam;
But dae oor best, we may t' ough dark'ning air
Change stumps tae bogles;— then we falt'rin
stare;

Wi' stealthy tread and watchfu' eye we scan
Till safely past; then tip-toe fleetly ran.
While ghostly pranks thus played with us oor
een

Yet other kind abound at hallowe'en;
The younkers then a license often take
Tae practise jocs which toil and trouble make;
A plough or harrow long you sought wi' care
And found at length high dangling in the air,
On treetop perching where the impish brood
Wi' toil and danger off tae neighboring wood
Were willing thus to awkward burdens bear

That added zest the evening's fun might share.
 A wagon wheel might also missing be,—
 A sair vexation, this, we a' agree ;
 In mow when threshing,—how the fun went
 round,—

Deep hidden there the missing wheel was found!
 This much be said,—tae gie the deil his due,—
 That neebur's threshing soon would come, they
 knew.

Fu' mony snaws oor heids hae silvered o'er
 Sin' set thae days for us tae rise nae more,
 Yet noo lang past for you and me, ma freen,
 When yon we look they seem as of yestreen.
 The old time customs, each may pass away,
 And yet the later be the better day ;
 The truth of which forbid we should deny
 And gie tae life and holy Writ the lie ;
 But kindly deal wi' those who may incline,
 Through haze o' years, tae love their auld lang
 sync.

Ye weel remember hoo we took oor snuff,
 And fouk the noo wad think it strange enough,
 Yet fu' o' humor, as we noo look back,
 Tae see oor forebears takin' their tobac.
 For social service and religious, too,
 None more than they its many uses knew.
 How large a part,—now let me sneezing say,—

The "snushin'"⁴ played in Zorra's early day.
A curved and polished silver-mounted horn
Gave forth its pinches lang ere we were born;
Through a' the years its fragrant odor clings
And aye tae me o' ither days it sings;
In laddie years from thee I pinches took
And then,—unseasoned,—how I sneezing
shook!

Explosions oft in quick succession sound,
While laughter may at my expense abound.
I smell thee now, and thoughts of others rise
Who tapped thee oft,—lang hame aboon the
skies;

Thy checkered story, could we fully share,
Of social crack, of Scottish praise and prayer,
Would wondrous be; if o'er it all we ran,
Our hearts more vibrant to chief end of man.
Its vision now doth bring the past to view,
The reason why 'tis mentioned thus to you.
On Jacob's mummy should we ever gaze,
More vivid, then, the patriarchal days;
And storied pasts, now hidden 'neath débris,
May yet arise to speak to you and me.
Some concrete object held before the eye
And linked with customs far away or nigh,
By mental law it helps the soul to share
A clearer view than else might body there;

⁴ A pinch of snuff.

The horns and boxes made to hold their snuff
 Were part and parcel then of household stuff,
 Their style and cost to suit the taste and purse,
 Frae wanderin' Wull tae strutting lord Fitzurze;
 And each more fit to meet life's daily round
 With greater cheer if snuff in box were found.
 Some more, some less, they own the habit's sway,
 And,— strange to tell,— their noses they obey;
 On rural roads, when friends and neighbors
 meet,

With leisured air they each the other greet,
 And while they wait tae hae a freendly crack
 They pass the box and duly take tobac.
 Its silent language each doth understand,
 Which speaks good will like firmly clasped hand.
 In church,— how strange,— 'twas freely passed
 along

While things eternal held the reverent throng;
 From pew to pew a box might make its way,
 Dispensing cheer, nor from its owner stray;
 Not even aisles could bar the fair exchange,
 For, bridged by arms, o'er these they also range.
 A social whim,— not always sent to serve,
 But higher good they often thus conserve.
 Now here, now there, a nodding head you see,
 And cft by snores our ears may startled be;
 Their spirits willing, oft the flesh was weak,—
 This nae forget, gin ye a cause may seek,
 Nor harshly judge if wearied bodies there

Do oft succumb amid the drowsy air.
Wi' earnest effort ane may strive tae keep
Himsel' awake and fight unwelcome sleep;
Frae nod tae nod his bondage duly grows,
A final plunge! and head erect he throws!
Noo wide awake, he slyly glances roun'
And hopes nane saw, sae lang as absent soun';
But then, ah me! Again when silence reigned
Fu' deep, and truth an eager hearing gain'd,
O'er a' the kirk a stert'rous sound explodes
As if of trump which day of doom forebodes.
Some faintly smile and slightly turn the head,
The sooner o'er 'he least that's done or said.
Perhaps nae weel tae spier hoo those micht feel
Wha sat in pew lang side this snoring chiel;
Frae sic a din they fain wad sink awa;—
The service o'er, he hears a ward or twa!
When lang the ride and frosty was the air,
Wi' heated kirk and lang the service there,
When sma' the heed, if heed at a' they paid,
Tae ventilate and help the drowsy head,
Sma' wonner then if vict'ry aften crowned
The Morphean god,— we heard it a' around!
Mayhap that Scot this weakness often shows,
Though greater now this effort of his nose;
A moment thus, then each with solemn mien
Gives ear devout tae speech o' things unseen;
Mair aften still sic nods and snorin' soun'
If in the pews nae snushin helps were foun'.

The elder bairns, though light the pinch they
take,
Explosive nods their frames may quickly shake;
In that event, wi' me ye may agree,
Of evils twa, a snore the least may be.

The pew and poopit, noo, when ye compare,
The poopit aye doth take the lion's share;
In private crack or when he public stands,
The box fu' aft he pats wi' kindly hands;
And loyal veesits tae saint Snushin's shrine
Seem speech tae charge wi' mair o' fire divine!
When ony time frae speech he there may rest
In solemn pause, ere ither truth is pressed,
Wi' leisured air his box is held tae view,
Frae which, when tapped, a gen'rous pinch he
drew.

A pairt o' this ane nostril duly bore
While a' the rest he draps on poopit floor;
A pinch he then the ither nostril gave,
And what was left he scattered wi' the lave.
Nor yet complete the process must ye deem,—
A clean proboscis 'tis that gets esteem;
For this he first a red bandanna plies,
And then a blue,— the color of the skies,—
The third a white; if this immaculate,
The service moves sac earnest yet sedate.
One such there was, at least hae I been tauld,
Wha fruits o' flesh and speerit did unfauld;

When he the ane had treated lang enough,
 A fitting time was this tae tak his snuff.
 In queried form he forth an inkling threw
 As from the box a pinch of snuff he drew,
 "The works of flesh, my friends,— what are
 they now?"

His answer came, "They just are these I trow";
 And word to action suiting there and then,
 His nose with snushin served both *but* and *ben!*
 This time, at least, to ope the Scottish head,
 No surgeon called nor operation made!

In all the ages since the world began
 Have hearts rejoiced when found helpmeet for
 man;

With mutual joy the primal pair was blessed,
 And each through other found the heart at rest;
 On each descended from the God of love
 A blended union, pure as heav'n above.
 Their language, Gaelic,— strange you never
 knew!

Their first glad greeting, "*Ciamer ha sibh an
 diugh?*"⁵

From primal pair descends by right divine
 This joy direct upon the Gaelic line;
 And Robbie's sel wi' this doth quite agree,
 Sae Highland Mary sings for you and me.
 Aneath the sway of love's reviving wand

⁵ How are you to-day?

The heart is young though nearly run the sand;
 This greatest grace abides through all the years,
 And youth renews with life in other spheres.
 The mair tae show their kindly herts' gude
 will,—

When marriage bells rang oot their tidings still,
 That ance again twa herts did beat as ane,
 And cudna walk apairt juist by their lane,—
 The mair o' joy that they themsel's might share
 While makin' merry owre the wedded pair,
 The wedding feast for days they did prolong,
 And life was gay wi' drappie, dance, and song.
 Ane such, while yet a wee bit laddie then,
 Mair freshly bides than in my childish ken;
 The dance, the laugh, and a' their sprightly air,
 As o'er the floor they tripped and joked the fair;
 Amang them there, I noo remember weel,
 The bairn they watched, nor trampled under
 heel.

The skirlin pipes the needed music gave
 For lassies fair and laddies leal and brave;
 A grand *finale* filled the room with glee
 And Sandy thoct 'twas time for barley-bree;
 On freendly terms wi' John nicht Sandy walk
 A gill or twa,— at more than that they balk.
 They tussle whiles, then John knocks Sandy
 doon,

And there he lies, a helpless, silly loon.
 I see him noo, as on the straw he lay

Amang the kine, a sorry sicht that day.
Tae help the fun, or tae express the joy,
Nae biding need that John they should employ;
He whiles tae tongues a greater freedom gave,
Nor always sure what customs he might brave;
Then speech and action more grotesque might
grow
And coarser laughter, fun and frolic flow;
Yet fine ye ken sae aft when a' is o'er,
The hairst that's reapit maks ane glum and sore.
When larger grown, wi' mony freends aroun'
Frae country side as weel as frae the town,
We a' foregather tae a wedding where
For John is found nae room nor welcome there;
Yet ilka ane fu' happy was, ye ken,
Nor need o' John tae help them tae unben'.
Like canny Scots they wait in sober crack
Till a' is o'er and bridegroom hae his smack.
Wi' cheerfu' mien the elders round the board
Enjoy the feast which loving hands hae stored,
While owre them a', wi' patriarchal air,
Sedately beams the "under shepherd" there.
Nae room was there for a' tae sit aroun',
And bairns they wait till proper time be foun';
They quietly crack and giggle while they wait
And a' the mair hae hunger fine tae sate.
All wait, content in quiter mood tae bide,
Nor much they chaff the happy groom and bride
While yet the pastor, whom they all revere,

Pervades the presence with his calmer cheer.
When comes the time his sonsie wife and he
Take kindly leave, while all wait rev'rently.
No hurried service then for wedded pair,
But slow and measured came the word and
prayer ;
With serious minds the sacred vows they take,
Nor then, as now, the bonds so oft they brake.
The honor due the shepherd of the fold
How freely shown by Scottish hearts of old ;
For those who thus the path of rev'rence trod
'Twas but a step to bow before their God.
This vein enough so long as he was there ;
But now, absolved, indulge a lighter air ;
The healthy humor which so much abounds
More freely shows in pawkie sights and sounds ;
A youthful heart may beat 'neath snows of age,
Nor less the worth when joy unbends the sage.
I see them now,— the scene remembered well,—
When fun arose and harmless mirth did swell,
As some reserve was quickly broken through
And marriage bells 'gan ringing there anew ;
A sprightly granny, silvered o'er with years,
With laughter shook them e'en to starting tears
When o'er the floor an aged Scot she led,
And lightly tripped as though their youth un-
fled.
No brief we hold for "light, fantastic toe,"
Too oft the source of social death and woe,

The record this of lighter vein and mood,
Of simple folk unspoiled by vicious brood
Of later years,— the honest hearted ways
Of those who lived in more primeval days.
Each wedding o'er, the news thereof spread
 round
O'er ranges wide within the parish bound,
And lads and lassies, when they wend their
 way
Tae village kir' upon the Sabbath day,—
Chief end, of course, tae render worship due,
But then nae hairm if bride and groom they
 iew,—
With furtive glance they eye the happy pair,
Who sit, self-conscious, with unconscious air.
The leisured service, when at length 'tis o'er,
Outside the kirk they linger round the door;
Amid their cracks they crane their necks tae
 see
The bride and groom and what their mainners
 be.
Mair things they see than this poor pen can tell,
Wi' praise or blame frae those wha wish thei
 well;
And wondrous strange sic movements o' the soul
Frae this and that tae quickly judge the whole,
And nature oft may more unerring see
The truth of things than when they reasoned be.
Of this, mang a', they crack along the way,

As a' hae dune frae Adam tae this day,
 The bride, a target for each darting eye,
 Contented moves; her own dear lord is nigh.
 O happy union when with love 'tis blest,
 And each in other finds the heart at rest;
 Thou sacred bond, the fruit of love divine,
 Though marred by sin, yet heav'nly mys'tries
 shine

In thee, fair symbol here of mystic tie
 Which binds our hearts to Lord of love on high.
 From heav'nly love the primal union rose,
 And some thereof each heartfelt union knows;
 Its Author's will that wedded life should bide
 Till life below should cease its flowing tide;
 Their mutual needs in fullness each supply
 And truant hearts but prove the devil nigh.
 One bride and Groom in mystic life above
 Forbids on earth a plural life in love;
 When wayward hearts transgress the will divine,
 Nor care to see the heav'nly pattern shine,
 The gates they ope to let the foe within
 And heav'n departs as hell is ushered in.
 The primal law, ordained for all mankind
 Ere evil came to sway the heart and mind,—
 That law alone the race from ruin saves
 And freemen genders 'stead of sensual slaves;
 Edenic law, as honored by the race,
 From full celipse hath saved our Father's face.

This law o'er life our Scottish forebears threw,
And by its strength they scarce divorces knew.

Though men are born, they may not married be;
Yet ance they're born, 'tis sure they all must
 dee;

Their joy at birth and marriage may abound,
And death with sorrow weigh them to the
 ground,

But each emotion, as to force and form,
May gentle be, or like the rushing storm,
For temper, custom, faith, and racial mood,
In gauging each must still be understood.
Controlled by these, expression oft may change,
And make its play o'er all the gamut range;
If quieter this in any case appear,
Mayhap not less the strength, nor less sincere;
A deep emotion may possess the soul
And yet the surface all unbroken roll.

The Scottish folk, in outward frame serene,
A wealth of feeling reigned their breasts within.
The final summons, when they heard its ea'
For freends tae flit tae their "lang hame" awa,
Resigned they bow, obedient tae his will,
And calmly own that he is righteous still.
In gracious mood they wend their pilgrim way,
His sovereign pleasure always good, they say;
And o'er the earth, 'mid all its dust and din,

Full nigh they feel the greater life unseen;
 Familiar thus to them its presence grown,
 With quieter heart the call to go they own.
 When left behind the mortal house of clay,
 In hope to bide the resurrection day,
 Till comes the time when friends consign the
 dust
 To wait in earth the rising of the just,
 Religious vigils then in homes they kept,
 And comfort gave, while others wearied slept.
 Though silent oft, yet 'tis a source of cheer
 For hearts bereaved to know that friends are
 near;
 Yet not alone for this they there are found,
 But that the place of mourning might redound
 Through higher good to show Jehovah's praise
 And teach our hearts the number of our days.
 'Mid silent thought the world unseen drew nigh,
 And hearts were moved to sense the One most
 High,
 There felt the truth of what the sage of yore
 Found out as part of life's well tested lore,—
 Than house of mirth the house of mourning
 best
 Did lead the heart to heav'nly peace and
 rest.
 The elders grave, or other spiritual men,
 In turn they led and brought within our ken
 Such needed truth from out the page divine

As warmed the heart and caused the face to
shine ;

It now might be, while leisured moments fled,
The thoughts of all in monologue were led ;
And then again, as o'er wide fields they browse,
A dialogue might drowsy spirits rouse.
Then, too, a story told in homely guise
Gave added light and oped some sleepy eyes ;
If some depart, still others there appear ;
A session ends, and " creature comforts " cheer ;
Religious truth, with solemn prayer and praise
And social converse,—" wake " of early days !
More nigh through thee was felt th' eternal
world

Hard by the veil as one life's banner furled.

When came the time the mortal part to lay
In earthly home to wait the final day,
No worldly pressure made them hurry through
As if begrudging what they had to do,
Nor yet deferred to day of sacred rest
That more *éclat* may bring an added zest
When greater numbers then may tribute pay
Who never else from work would turn away.
The worship o'er, they then refreshments serve
Tae a' the fouk tae help their strength con-
serve,—

Some cheese and crackers, yes, some usque-
baugh,—

This social law they freely then obey.
 When a' is ready, then in double file
 Tae kirkyard march, fu' aft for many a mile.
 The foremost four, they raise the coffined dead
 And on their shoulders bear with measured
 tread;

A chosen one now marshalls the array,
 He leads the van and guides along the way.
 The time for rest, when come in his belief,
 They each may learn when heard his cry, "re-
 lief";

The following four now forward bear the bier,
 While those relieved fall in when comes the rear;
 Our fathers thus with rev'rent minds they bore,
 And laid to rest their dead in days of yore.

Strange tales were told of how at times they
 knew

By sight, or sound, events which soon were due;
 Or true, or false, 'tis not for me to say,—
 I here but write the faith of early day:
 Sincere were they that thus they heard and saw,
 Yet we may spurn and talk of reign of law.
 We arch our brows and look most owlish wise,
 Or smile thereat in sceptical surprise,
 But part and parcel, such, of hoary brood
 Begot in minds who never understood
 The laws of nature, then with childish thought
 A world unseen from heated fancy wrought;

With wave of hand if thus sweep all away,
Not mine a pro or con, a yea or nay;
In simple phrase I merely here record
Some things affirmed by folk who feared the
 Lord.

To other world their racial mood inclined,
And truth revealed, more fully this defined;
With spiritual realms their souls would fain
 commune

And, walking here, their hearts were still aboon;
With souls attuned to unseen worlds, they trod
Full near the veil, and there the voice of God
Believed they heard, as well as purpose knew
By signs which then their solemn heed they drew.
Not all thus heard or saw,— the reason why,
Not mine to say or in such things to pry.
A child at night hies off to hillside spring
That she from thence may needed water bring;
When back she comes, her parents hear with awe
That many folk along its slope she saw:
A little while,— to yonder hillside came
The folk she saw,— for one was summoned hame.
A sawing sound, and that of driving nails,
Of boards removed from overhanging rails,
In some night watch while all are quiet in bed,
Next day a coffin order for the dead.
To wiser heads such spooky things I leave,
That they o'er all a web of mys'try weave,
Or else in lighter vein pooh-pooh the same,

And superstition charge with all the blame ;
 A simple scribe, I merely here record
 Such things were told by those who feared the
 Lord.

The sceptic mind, though ne'er so learned and
 sane,

Might yet do well to hark the gentle Dane ;
 In earth and heav'n more things there yet may
 be

Than men e'er dreamed in their philosophy.

From things funereal turn we now to see
 The Highland games and else that there may be.
 The Grecian heroes thus in days of old,—
 As Scio's bard in verse immortal told,—
 On plains of 'Troy their varied games pursue,
 And striving thus, a larger vigor knew.
 From twiligl. years of far Homeric time
 To latest age, we find in prose and rhyme
 Admiring tribute laid at feet of those
 Who laurels won o'er those who them oppose ;
 E'en holy Writ their service well it knew,
 And showed through them how nobler struggles
 grew

On fields of faith, where all who strive may win
 Immortal trophies o'er embattled sin.
 Well tempered bodies moved by strength of soul
 Do better fit to reach each chosen goal ;
 This Athens saved and us from stagnant fate

When she in strength hurled off the Persian
state;

Nor would her soul, if weak its house of clay,
Be crowned with wreaths of everlasting bay.
Remove Olympics,— then her matchless power
Might birthless be with its immortal dower;
And Greek with Greek, when tugging for the
prize

Of high renown in all the nation's eyes,
That nation helped to rise to heights sublime
And send its lustre down to latest time.
Auld Scotia's sons, they clasped the hands of
Greece

In martial fame and gentle arts of peace;
Their mode of life a hardy temper gave,
And foemen felt they grappled with the brave.
Their hills and dales and loud resounding sea
Did plant in each the spirit of the free;
The one, the shock of Persian hosts they bore
And turned the tide which ebbed to flow no
more;

The other oft a tyrant's will defied
And freedom rang o'er glen and mountain side;
In higher realms they helped its flag to wave
Than Grecian patriot saw or died to save.
The world to both abiding homage owes
As o'er the earth a worthy freedom grows.
Heroic souls, 'tis true, you oft may find
Still housed in bodies, feeblest of their kind,

Though strong the words they hurl in freedom's
cause,

And sing the boon to men of righteous laws ;
In direful stress, unfit to seize the prize,
Or visioned good,— to bring it from the skies ;
The soul in might to act for men and God
Still housed in strength to break th' oppressor's
rod.

Homeric deeds Homeric men must do
Through force of soul, through force of body
too ;

With much of each from God's great out-of-
doors

Have those been blest who drew upon its stores ;
The mighty men of old in church and state,
On shoulders strong who oft have borne the fate
Of peoples,— these their destined tasks fulfilled
By power inwrought from forest, flood, and
field.

The prophet's message, clear, decisive, bold,
In thunder tones from tempered bodies rolled ;
Apostles too, with frames to toil inured,
The choice of Him who all for us endured ;
Nor yet could He such special burdens bear
In sturdy strength, if meagre were his share,
Or on the sea, or on the mountain side,
Or on the highways tramped He far and wide ;
By night and day, through heat and winter's
cold,

Himself He gave,— a sacrifice untold.
By what He was and men He chose to lead,
On bodies sound He smiled in very deed ;
And bodies frail He oft on earth renewed,
Companions fit for souls with health imbued ;
Nor yet will rest until in other spheres
Immortal bodies share the endless years.
Frae land o' heather Scotia's sons may roam,
Yet love her still where'er they find a home ;
And sports pursued by fathers yond the sea,
In lands afar by sons they practised be.
Nor mair devotion found in ony clime
Than 'mang the Scots o' Zorra's early time.
A' clans were there wha'ever had a fray,
Frae John-o'-groats tae Mull o' Galloway.
This Scotia Minor each October came
Tae Embro town, where candidates for fame,
Wi' feats o' strength, or those o' agile skill,
Gie lads and lassies mony a healthy thrill.
The distant skirl o' bagpipes now ye hear,
Which stir the bluid, though faint they strike
the ear ;
Like parting skies where glory shines afar,
Those sounds reveal old worlds of love and war.
Along the road should buggy pass us by,
And nodding plumes o'er lowered top we spy,
A token this, we each do quite agree,
Of wondrous deeds and men of chivalry.
With eager hearts we tread the Embro way ;

And tongues, they wag 'bout many things that
day.

A' roads they lead tae Zorra's mither town
And bring the clans frae a' the airts aroun'.
For escort now, the village as we near,
A piobaire comes, sae braw in Highland gear.
Ourselves we yield to those inspiring strains,
And martial stride each laddie quickly gains.
Nae ither toon in a' the warld was there
In ony way wi' Embro could compare.
O' Ayr, Dumfries, Kilmarnock, or Mauchline,
Wi' mony ithers here and there atween,
O' these might Robbie sing in numbers fine
As bonnie lassies might his heart incline;
Tae Zorra bairns 'twas Embro filled the e'e
And 'mang them a' fu' easy bore the gree;
All fringed about wi' mony a smiling field,
Where meikle hairsts the fertile grun' did yield,
A bonnie frame was a' the rural scene
Tae gird the clachan nestling there within.

Not far ye went in ony airt aroun'
Till a' behind was left the wee bit town;
Wi' gathering clans, when teemed its street or
twa,
Tae bairns nae ither toon sae great ava.
Like ancient Jebus, on the eastern side
Its Kidron flowed, nor ceased its purlin' tide;
Adown the slope of steep descending hill

You swept o'er brig full near the gristing mill;
Aboon the next a tavern's swinging sign
Tae drouthy Scots brought usquebaugh tae
min';

The public hoose,— it gars me greet tae say,—
For mony Scots too narrow made the way:
Yet ever mindfu' o' their latter end
They ne'er forgot tae kirk their steps tae wend.
Frae kirk and tavern, noo, and a' the rest,
We turn awa tae campus on the west;
Frae a' the airts the clans they gather roun'
Tae see the games and hear the pibroch's soun'.
Nae pride oor Faither taks in human legs,
Not e'en o' those who wear their philibegs,
For David's sel' thus spak in auld lang syne
When he and ithers wore their kilts sae fine;
Yet hairmless pride,— if ony such there be,—
Ma brither Scots wi' me will quite agree,
Micht weel be taen in legs o' Hieland ehies,
Sae brawny shown twixt philibeg and heels.
Fu' braw the sicht tae see those sturdy men
In Highland garb, the pride o' mount and glen;
Historie, ancient, full of kingly grace,
The outward symbol, this, of martial race.
O'er all the field our eyes forever ran
Tae watch wi' pride the kilted Hielandman;
Now one the Stuart in brighter colors wore,
Another there dark hued McCallum More;
Each colored change and pattern twixt the two

The clansmen know and praise its storied hue.
 The bonnet blue, adorned wi' heather sprig,
 Or waving plume sae bonny, black and big,
 Wi' sash sae gracefu' o'er the shoulders worn,
 Ye'd think each ane wi' kingly bluid was born;
 Wi' belted coat frae which the sporrان hung,
 Wi' horn and sword for grasp sae handy slung,
 Wi' philibeg of clan's own colors true,
 Here goes Fitz James and there goes Roderick
 Dhu;

Wi' hose, where skian in sheath doth ready lie,
 And then low shoon which buckles ever tie,—
 In a' the warld ye'll no see onywhere
 A martial dress which can wi' it compare;
 O'er a' the earth their foes the courage knew
 Of kilted soldiers like the "*Frechedhan Dhu.*"⁶
 Now mingling there in all this brave array,
 They zest and glow gave Zorra's gala day.
 We eager watch the brawny lads who seize
 And toss the caber there wi' gracefu' ease;
 The heavy hammer next their muscles try,
 While weaker anes make lighter hammers fly.
 Some swing around a greater force to gain,
 The tangent right, or danger in its train;
 Like stanes frae catapult they pierce the air
 Sae strong and swift,— oor een wi' wonner stare.

⁶ Black Watch, i.e., a Highland regiment, viz.: the 42nd foot, or Royal Highlanders, having dark colored tartans.

Now heavy stanes they "put" wi' mighty force,
And when they fa', earth trembles in its course;
In wrestling matches noo they grapple there
As if a case o' life and death it were;
Their hardened limbs they 'gainst each other
brace,
Or, quickly shifting, noo they interlace;
Wi' strength and skill, sae wary there and bold,
They silent strive as sides or backs they hold.
We breathless watch for issue of the fray,
Like Greeks of old their matchers for the bay;
And Scot wi' Scot, when comes the tug o' war,
Than Greek wi' Greek a harder tug by far;
In strength and skill they aften match sae weel
Their equal honors richly earned we feel;
More aft, than ane the ither proves his right
Tae bear the gree,— fair winner i' the fight.
But not alone those feats of strength engage;
In lighter vein they other contests wage;
Wi' springy gait they jump o'er the ground,
Or, lightly vaulting, now tiptoe o'erward bound;
Then, fleet of foot, they many races run,
While other sports arouse hilarious fun.
For latter, now a greasy pig they chase,
Or, tied in sacks, keep tumbling as they race;
And then again an oily pole they climb,
At least they try in efforts maist sublime!
The tempting goal still lures as many fail
While shouts and laughter each in turn assail.

The prize, alas! fu' aft they almost hold,
 When down they come like Tantalus of old
 And if, mair lucky noo than a' the rest,
 Ane frantic grasps the object o' his quest,
 He there may sit and o'er the Babel grin
 While others feel the touch o' some chagrin.
 How good to know by toilers neath the skies,
 Where many run and few may win the prize,
 A race there is where all may hope to gain
 Their fadeless crowns and aye as victor's reign.
 From game tae game, as staged before our eyes,
 We shift around: our interest never dies;
 While those who there upon that field of fame
 Do eager strive to win a prize and name
 Are conscious each that 'mong the watchers
 round

Some hearts that hope for their success are
 found.

Location, name,— whate'er the cause may be,—
 Some other wins,— a worthy man is he!
 Such minor wheels within the major move
 And social helpers by their movements prove;
 These smaller ripples o'er the surface play
 And help to swell the pleasures of the day.
 Amid it all the Celtic heart is stirred
 Wi' bagpipe strains,— beloved wherever
 heard,—

For here and there a piobaire marches round,
 And welcome airs of love and war resound,

Those airs which aft hae gently touched the
heart,
Or nobly roused to act heroic part.
The piobrachd, echoing 'mong the hills and
dales
O' Scotia's realm, doth tell romantic tales
Of love and war adown the ages old,
'Mid clashing clans so chivalrous and bold;
And o'er the world, when heard on land or main,
The ancient fire thrills every heart again.
On many fields while bullets thickly fly,
Where foes engage, and death is ever nigh,
The piobaire plays as coolly in the van
As if at hame 'mang brithers o' his clan.
Beyond the bounds of Scottish hill and glen
In other forms they stirred the hearts of men,
Wide o'er the world, 'neath many a changing
clime,
From old Judaea down to modern time,
Yet nowhere found among the tribes of man
Sae full a life as 'mang the Scottish clan.
A pilgrim chiel, lang wand'rin till it came
Tae find in Scotia's sel its destined hame,
Wi' full content there settled down tae bide
'Mang loyal freends while ebbs and flows the
tide:
They dressed it oot wi' ribbons a' sae fine,
Their weel beloved since days o' auld lang syne;
When far the Scot frae land he loves sae weel,

His soul it grips as if wi hooks o' steel;
 These loyal fires in fullest measure run
 In youthful years frae Scottish sire to son,
 And hearts surcharged do ope the fount of tears
 When heard afar the piob of early years.
 In Embro town, in days o' auld lang syne,
 A piobaire played,— how weel it keeps in min'!
 Though silent lang and maist wha heard him
 then,

Alane he stands for a' surviving men.
 Or on the street, or in the public hall,
 Where'er those airs on ears enchanted fall,
 We press around, we follow at his heels,
 His willing slaves; our hearts his music steals.
 Full bearded, quiet, and with a kindly eye,
 For play and player men would march to die;
 Of middle age and sturdy build was he,
 And service saw on fields across the sea;
 Crimean heights, they echoed to his charge,
 As there he played on battle's foremost marge,
 And gallant foes, when Scotia's sons appeared,
 "The devils red in petticoats" they feared.
 Britannia's queen, for a' his service brave,
 A set of pipes full silver mounted gave;
 For piob and piobaire, soldier o' renown,
 We eager trod the streets o' Embro town.
 The reign of silence on the piper falls;
 He lives and plays in mem'ry's biding halls:

From present scenes while soon we pass away,
In other lives may ours as music play.

Noo echange the tune and gie us as ye sing
A line or twa in praise o' Hieland fling;
Tae leave the fling mid a' the rest unsung,
Sic traitor wratch by's taes he should be hung;
Withoot the fling on sie a day as that —
As weel expee' that mouse in kirk be fat!
The ane wha flings needs a' the floor himsel'
Lest fling meet fling,— a painfu' thing tae tell;
Nae lassie could a pairtner tae him be,
As ony ehie! wi' me wull quite agree.
Frae fit tae fit he shifts upon the groun',
The ither flings in mony airts aroun';
Fu' sudden noo on's taes like top he whirls,
Which weel explains the absenee o' the girls.
I wonner, noo, when anee wi' a' his nicht
King David danced — a fool in Michal's sicht,
It wesna juist a Hieland fling he gave? —
'Twad fine express his gladsome hert sae brave.
Not lane wi' feet they show their bubblin' joy;
But flipping fingers o'er their heads employ;
Sae fu' o' grace and soul and healthy glee,
For auld lang syne a hail we send tae thee.

Anither dance the laddies' metal try,
As owre twa swords their nimble feet may fly;

The swords they cross right angled on the floor
 And then wi' skill keep stepping 'mid the four,—
 A wonner aft, as there they lightly spring,
 That ony ane can triumphs ever sing.
 They dance fu' wary owre the glist'ning steel
 As if some foe were lurking at the heel;
 If false a step, or sword be touched or moved,
 Some ither day, if failure be improved,
 The prize they covet theirs perhaps to win,
 For a' depends upon the soul within.
 The fling, it tells that joys are unconfined,
 For gladsome freedom surely weel designed,
 But this, with all its tense and watchful care,
 For foes and danger bids the soul prepare;
 Companions these,— our human life they show,
 With peace and strife, alternate friend and
 foe;
 Wi' a' oor joys we maun hae self control,
 Severe and watchfu', lest we lose the whole;
 For worthy joys may each ane hae his fling,
 And God be thankit frae whose love they spring;
 But a' the while against oor foes advance
 We maun hae skill tae spring the ither dance;
 Each ane the ither helps tae larger good,
 Tae mak' us victors o'er each evil brood.
 Oor faithers buided better than they knew
 When side by side these dances then they threw;
 In goodly measure each in life they tried;
 They cheerfu' lived and in His fear they died.

Ther hail, ye Scots o' Zorra's early race;
May you and yours behold the Faither's face!

For strength o' min' the fame o' Scotia's sons
O'er a' the earth its worthy circuit runs;
The love o' learning weel is understood
For many years tae quite infect the bluid;
Frae sire tae son, though poor in worldly gear,
Can love o' lore as weel as godly fear:
The twa in union gies the Scottish race
Wherever found, the highest trust and place.
Wi' common sense their love goes han' in han',
And moulds for good the life o' mony a lan';
The steepest braes they're nae afraid tae climb
Tae conquer views weel stocked wi' things sub-
lime;
The deeps, which teem wi' questions maist pro-
found,
Still aye allures the Scottish mind tae sound.
Refreshing streams, wi' a' the purlin' brooks
O' Scotia's life, we owe the Book of books;
Chief end o' man, as taught in holy Writ,
Tae worthy paths has turned the nation's feet;
The highest law, if you the ages scan,
Was that expressed by the ideal Man;
His "seek ye first" upturns the human face
And wakes the mind of every dormant race;
Our highest nature, touched by heav'n above,
Revives the lower in the scheme of love.

This heav'nly order Scottish worthies saw
 And all the nation felt the higher law ;
 A virile strength it gave to all their powers
 And blessed the world as if with vernal showers.
 Entrenched in schools, the youth its precepts
 knew,

And sturdy manhood from those precepts grew ;
 Proverbial wisdom from the Book they learned
 And world repute as cannie Scotia earned.
 Therein revealed to simplest of our kind
 Th' ar'v'lous glories of th' eternal mind.
 As o'er our heads the starry heavens rise,
 And awesome depths forever meet our eyes,
 The Book of books still greater wonders show
 Than aught from heav'ns we ever come to know ;
 New worlds of being there mysterious move
 'Neath rolling clouds, or bathed in light and
 love ;

Unfolding vistas on the vision rise
 Till all is lost beyond the earth and skies ;
 From far off depths material creatures spring,
 While o'er them all angelic voices ring ;
 Beyond the bounds of earth's chaotic years
 And all the host of heav'ns revolving spheres,
 Beyond the birth of spirits,— back of all,
 Before the Fount of life you prostrate fall ;
 You forward look till time doth fade away,
 And darkness shrouds the awful heav'nly day.
 Contending forces there from age to age

Within, without, the spirit world engage ;
Above, below, the direful conflict bides
And myst'ry still its final issue hides,
Yet o'er the whole, on every page revealed,
A purpose runs controlling all the field ;
His will supreme on whom the whole depends,
Who trusts in Him that sovereign will defends.
Creation's cosmos from its chaos rose
And shouts of joy from sons of God arose ;
O'er moral realms chaotic visions rise
On earth beneath and in the arching skies,
While ancient prophets and apostles saw
The brooding Spirit and the reign of law.
Eternal Wisdom sways the chastening rod,
And love illumines all the ways of God ;
The whole creation o'er these pages move
In heights and depths which God eternal prove,
While all the realms which sweep within our ken
Are big with fate for destiny of men.
The judgment dashings of His awful sword,
And wondrous mercies of the sovereign Lord.
In mighty sweep beyond our range of thought
Revealings flash the marvels He hath wrought,
The whole still held aneath His guiding hand,
With new creations born at His command,
The ceaseless motion under His control
To issues yond the knowledge of the soul ;
Enough! Enough! to challenge faith and love
And lowly bow before the God above.

All this and more these sacred pages fill,
From Alpine heights horizons widen still,
In dim perspective endless glories rise
And beckon souls to realms of paradise.
This Book of books,—the gift of heav'nly
grace,—

A noble culture gives the human race;
Mayhap unversed in learning of the schools,—
Which men may have and yet be learnèd fools,—
The works and ways of persons there revealed
For all to read, from none to be concealed,
From Him supreme, through all the hosts be-
low,

Who walk in love, or sinful bondage know,
In endless measure humble souls may find
Such truths as dwarf the products of our mind;
In length and breadth, in height and depth, afar
As heav'n o'er earth above our thoughts they
are;

And souls sincere, familiar with them, stand
On higher ground than many a learnèd band.
When He who spake and creatures then arose
Above, below, which everywhere disclose
The sovereign might and endless glories still
Of Him whose wisdom, love, and holy will
Are over all,— whose written, living Words
Reveal the grace no other word affords,—
When He himself the Guide and Teacher there,
New visions rise and marvels everywhere.

This led and taught forevermore they grow,
And love adores the more of God they know;
Full oft a scholar owes his teacher more
Than this or that of much scholastic lore;
In that of God, the souls who there enroll,
The text of Truth their minds and hearts control;
But in and through and ever o'er them all
Far greater still, as there at instant call,
The ever present Teacher, Guide, and Friend,
Whose love and light and leading never end.
Within the compass of those pages lie
The heart and soul of all that men may try;
And richly dowered our lives may surely be,—
And men of sense in this with me agree,—
When here we sit at feet of mighty men,
With insight dowered beyond mere earthly ken.
To Moses now we list while he unfolds
The law which weal of all the ages holds;
'Mid changing wonders there of earth and sky
He leads us on, the Presence ever nigh;
The fate of nations then by others taught,
As, weighed in scales of God, they come to naught;
Through David's harp celestial music hear
And sense the life that rules the heav'nly sphere;
Or at the feet of him whose glory shone
O'er all the world, eclipsing every throne,

Whose wisdom,— fed from out supernal
 Fount,—
 Drew Sheba's queen to Zion's holy mount ;
 Or " rapt Isaiah," with " seraphic fire,"
 Immanuel's herald, touch the heav'nly lyre ;
 Or " man beloved," who faced the lions' lair
 In conq'ring faith, so strong to do and dare ;
 Heroic Paul,— o'erleaping racial lines,
 For all the world the gospel he defines,
 Revealing mys'tries hid from ages old,
 Which sweep the world and evermore unfold ;
 Surpassing heights and depths of love divine
 On page of John, beloved disciple, shine.
 And then above, beneath, around them all,
 The Lord of life before whose feet they fall ;
 Revealing Sun, whose light on every page
 Doth brighter grow with every passing age ;
 The central Glory, bodying forth to men
 Eternal depths beyond the angels' ken.
 There first behold the heav'ns' and earth arise,
 And time unfolding hoary grows and dies,
 When, lo ! anew the heav'ns and earth appear,—
 A stainless earth, a newborn, timeless sphere ;
 Who here sits learning finds beyond compare
 The greatest souls of all the ages there,
 While all our powers of mind and heart and
 will
 To greater strength by them are quickened still ;
 And he who there doth more familiar grow

With all the Author purposed men should
know,

Without the schools may grow in every power,
With life enriched by what they cannot dower.

In Scottish life, the Book of God enthroned,

A stronger fibre thus the nation owned;

With rev'rent minds some part they daily scan

And knowledge grows in ways of God to man.

With quickened power the soul may nobly soar

While yet a stranger to scholastic lore;

Essential virtues all may richly thrive;

If Athens dead, yet Jebus all alive.

The honest heart and thoughtful mind in yoke,

Of those who live and toil as common folk,

In worthy sense may educated be,

With sails unfurled on life's immortal sea;

While some who charm with time's abundant
stores

May strangers be to all beyond her doors.

Scholastic souls in old Judaea's land

Might deem unlearned the apostolic band,

Yet these, like eagles, soared the earth above

And o'er its storms beheld unchanging Love;

Beheld the Truth, whose banner they unfurled,

And led the van for freedom of the world;

While those whose brows were arched in shallow
scorn,—

Unless for these,—unknown they e'er were
born.

And Scottish men, untrained in worldly lore,
Do oft the deeps of spirit life explore ;
The works, the ways, the character of God,
The paths to glory ancient worthies trod,
His sovereign will and all the laws He gave
To safely lead to bourne beyond the grave,—
On such high themes they thought and spoke in
love,
With all their powers united from above ;
Yet, judged alone by standard found in schools,
The verdict then,—“ Uneducated fools ! ”
The Book of books their deepest needs revealed,
Nor aught of worth to meet those needs concealed ;
Enthroned o'er life supremely by their race,—
His “ seek ye first ” their warrant for the place.
Yet other books, when read aright, were stored
With endless footprints of creation's Lord ;
That these be read and other visions flow
Of much which men might also need to know
Of truths to help the life that now we live,
As each to each we all receive and give,
Such facts and drill as would each one relate
To better service for the home and state,—
For this the school was honored everywhere,
And Scotia's sons its helpful blessings share.
In forest clearings where our fathers toiled
The school and church arose amid the wild ;
They each of logs by native skill were made,

Nor "blue print" had, nor architect to aid.
At first unfaced, nor proof against the breeze,
With corners bristling like *chevaux-de-frise*,
But soon advanced beyond primeval stage,
They felt the beck'ning of another age.
To please the taste, more time and money
 spared,
The logs are faced and corners neatly squared,
While overhead the old time shifts are fled
And shingles now the rains of heaven shed.
Yet logs, though faced, they also had their day,
For frame and brick they vanished quite away;
And one there was,—how clear the vision
 still,—
Not built of brick like those from modern kiln,
But sun-baked blocks, each re-inforced with
 straw
Like those which men in Egypt's bondage saw,
While rough-cast plaster formed its coat of mail
To save its life whenever storms assail.
Along each side of this scholastic hall,
From end to end, one desk was there for all;
And two long rows of scholars worked away
When not engaged in mischief or in play;
With faces wallward, oft, when unaware
Behind them stood the master watching there;
Yet spite the risks and dangers lurking round,
For many pranks a favored time was found.
In middle space were benches ranged along

For other workers of the swarming throng;
 The great box stove in centre of the field
 With florid face its radiant blessings yield;
 The master's desk o'erlooks the whole domain;
 In front, a space where all the classes train;
 Upon his left you see the blackboard stand,
 Where many a wight doth *hors de combat* land.
 In later days upon the wall behind
 Were rolling maps,— the wonder of our kind;
 A tiny one, apart from all the rest,
 Revealed the land with milk and honey blest;
 Through frequent drills the land familiar grew,
 And ever since the Book we better knew.
 From a' the airts the summoned scholars move,
 Their work to show and each their metal prove;
 The gath'ring host,— in innocence, of course,—
 Of din and chaos oft the fruitful source.
 A shorter route one takes to reach the field,
 A bench upset,— the "tars" its blessings yield;
 In semi-circle round the space they stand
 Where numbers such that they the whole de-
 mand,
 From "head" to "tail" the int'rest ebbs and
 flows,
 And tails to heads,— queer changes fortune
 knows;
 This hope aroused, it quickened sluggish pow-
 ers,

And oft from waste it saved some golden
hours;
When thus we strive, our wits, they keen may
grow,
But something better we than wits should show:
The deil himsel',— we a' know this sae weel,—
Outwitted man and yet remains the deil;
Wi' a' oor wits, like him we still may be
Unless wi' right our moral powers agree;
And a' that's moral,— worthy thus to name,—
In God must find its everlasting hame.
Not much the heed they then to grading pay,
Nor wide the range o'er which we may assay;
In sturdy bouts they grappled with the few,
And struggling thus, their mental stature grew.
If any there with greater power was blest
A race to run than some among the rest,
The freedom theirs to speed along their way
With wingèd heels, while others droned away.
Apart from reading lessons, one to five,
The graded system scarce was kept alive;
Sporadic classes here and there were found
In common warfare for scholastic ground,
While o'er the field you saw on every hand
The march of this or that guerilla band,
And lances free were riding everywhere,
Assailing foes in tilt and tourney there.
From A.B.C. *ad infinitum* grew,—

By nature's law, for other scarce they knew,—
The place of those who, social or alone,
Their battles fought until the day was done.
The figure changed,—while some may run
abreast,

You others find apart from all the rest.
The reason why, their age or powers explain,
As fast or slow they move the goal to gain:
A larger freedom some by this enjoy,
Peculiar gifts unhindered to employ.
If more of need from this the master knows
To watch o'er each and aid when needs arose,
To better issues closer knowledge leads,
Which dower his pains with soul enriching
needs.

Within their lives he comes from hour to hour
To help them grow to larger mental power,
Yet better far than all that thus is gained
When each young life in moral ways is trained.
By what he is, the master helps to mold
Those plastic hearts to good or ill untold;
His word and deed, if worthy man he be,
To moral ends will shape their destiny;
Of greater moment this than if he led
To heights of lore while moral worth had fled.
He hears their plaints, their problems helps to
solve,

And moral worth these issues oft involve;
Scholastic work,—if this alone his goal,—

'Twere better missed than risk a healthy soul.
If smarter rogues from out our schools be
turned,

'Twere better far such breeders all were burned;
A nation's strength in moral worth abides;
And this unfostered, woe its life betides.
For reasons many,— none will disagree,—
Some schools and scholars sorer trials be;
Perhaps more restive 'neath a tyrant's word,
Where passion rules and reason is ignored.
We see,— when viewed the great historic
page,—

That social customs change from age to age;
Some times and peoples here and there we find
With harsher mood than shown by other kind.
As thus with them, so may it also be
That masters likewise differ in degree;
Through fear alone doth one uncertain reign,
While willing hearts another's love may gain.
The one, in mood survives the harsher past;
From better mold the other now is cast;
Yet every age and master still may need
That children know the rod may be decreed.
Essential nature still for all our race,
Alike to that of Sol'mon's day and place;
His wisdom stands as part of holy Writ
That now as then the rod a child may fit.
Yet true it is,— the cause I leave to you,—
That old time schools the rod more largely knew;

The "tars" we *felt* there found an honored
place,
Though "birch" was used if rarely bad the
case.

By nature some were less endowed to rule
And prized the more the use of the ferule;
Yet e'en at best a puzzling problem 'twas
The ways and means to plant respect for laws.
Such problems end when o'er the life within
The love of right prevails o'er love of sin;
Yet greater then the master's own offence,
When passion broke the law of common sense.
Whate'er the guilt in older years may be,
When penal fruits for broken laws you see,
In lads and lassies oft the bubbling o'er
Of fountains filled with life's o'erflowing store;
If now and then the letter they offend,
Not theirs the guilt of such as may intend;
And higher laws you see in fragments there
If penal issues both alike may share.
But true it was, if weak the master found,
Those young barbarians were volcanic ground;
Yet when they learned his firm and righteous
sway,
Who kindly walked, they freely him obey.
Rebellious fires, unfed, soon pale and die,
And worthy conduct issues by and by.
One worthy master, skilled in ways and means,

Brought shame to bear upon unruly weans ;
Across his knees the boys and girls he placed
And then,— you know what then and there they
faced ;

Yea, even now, across the far off years,
The scene beheld provokes to mirthful tears.
If now their coats too much a buffer made,
Then some were peeled that so, when less ar-
rayed,

The proper ratio might maintainèd be
'Twixt boy and girl in righteous penalty.
And then again,— for fertile was his mind,
The harsh to shun, to kinder means inclined,—
Unruly boys in pairs on benches kneel,
While shame and humor mingled there they feel ;
On all their fours, with head to head they wait,
Like charging bulls their rising wrath to sate.
The grinning school looks on in laughing glee,
With mouths agape for what was yet to be ;
On each alternate now the master lands
Some well placed spans,— he uses both his
hands.

With each impression made upon the seat,
Like butting rams their heads together meet ;
From end to end those strange gymnastics go,
While tears and smiles alternate ebb and flow.
With humor mingled, soon the pain is o'er ;
And each avows one such enough and more.

The hearty lads and lassies, freed from school,
Rebound in glee when gone scholastic rule;
With fun and frolic make the welkin ring;
And sometimes fought as well as danced the
fling.

When winter blasts in stormy vigor blew
The indoor sports they then more largely knew;
Yet chaos oft a sweeping entrance gains,
And order flees when he assumes the reins.
O'er desks and benches flowed the turmoiled din,
The storm without o'ertopped by that within;
A wonder 'twas how tiny tots were spared
While older ones so roughly surged and blared.
Not always thus the noontide hour was spent
As winter days in long succession went;
Some other fun may tempt awhile indoor
And eight hand reel did often hold the floor.
In many ways they thus instinctive own
Their mutual pleasure when together thrown,
Yet through the year, as seasons wax and wane,
From common sports they largely there refrain,
The lassies, then, this laddie will forgie
If lassies' plays now unremembered be;
The rough and tumble anes which laddies share
His mem'ry fills wi' a' their noisy blare.
'Mong outdoor games then played with eager
zest,
For many months 'twas ba ball led the rest.
Two lads for sides a bat between them throw,—

Three times at most it passes to and fro,—
And he who twice, when hand o'er fist they rise,
Has final hold, he leads the great emprise.
As then 'twas played, not hard the balls we used,
Yet fine the sport o'er which we all enthused;
We bat and catch and scamper o'er the field,
Nor such a din of old could Babel yield.
In myriad movements all our muscles played,
As "outs" and "ins" for vic'try there essayed;
And woe betide the wight who disobeys
The rules of right to win some transient bays,—
The howling mob which such a prank provokes
Would shame old Bashian, she of bulls and oaks.
It falls and rises like a roaring sea,
But soon recedes and naught is left but glee.
'Twas good for bodies,— yes, gymnastic rare,—
While mind and morals also got their share.

If less the skill, yet greater danger lay
For those who might the game of shinny play.
In action,— earnest, watchful, and intense,
No place or time for dawdling or pretence;
From start to finish forces battled there
As if a case of life and death it were.
That ball to goal at either end must go
And quick the tides of battle ebb and flow;
Our clubs we swing, but ere they reach the
ground,
Some other club that pesky sphere has found;

In clustered action see them now contend,
 While others watch to clip to either end.
 From such mêlée, when 't is all upon the line,
 Not all unscathed,— but then the fun was fine!
 Full eager now a telling stroke to make
 And send it spinning on to either stake,
 Impulsive, ardent, thoughtless, or unwise,
 Or, over tempted, fully conscious of the prize,
 But this, or that, across the line he goes
 To strike a blow with vantage o'er his foes:
 Then "shinny on your own side!" breaks the
 spell
 And right prevails when heard that lusty yell;
 Now back he jumps with all his might and main
 But carries with him shins which smart with
 pain;
 Some knocks received in rough and tumble play
 May often prove a more effective way
 To fix respect for what is right and true
 Than aught some careless sinners ever knew.
 Amid the endless ways which scholars know
 To body forth their joy in life below,
 Some mair o' them, for sake o' auld lang syne,
 My trusty fiere, may I noo bring tae min'.
 A stone of goodly size upon its back
 A smaller bears,— you soon will hear it quack.
 Our stones, they fly at that devoted duck
 Until dislodged by either skill or luck.
 'Tis spiced by danger while the contest grows;

The fun extracted,— only goodness knows!
Then marbles,— bought, or sometimes made of
 clay,
Or pebbles oft,—the lads and lassies play.
Strange games they knew, and all their facile
 skill
By practise won, a source of wonder still.
Now off they chase the neighboring woods to
 scour,
Perchance for nuts, although they may be sour;
If butternuts, their hands may bear a stain
Which frantic efforts fail to clean again;
Those tell tale spots may penal issues bear
And nutting joys not then may seem so fair.
They slyly try those wretched palms to hide,
Since spite o' seraping yet the stains abide;
Macbeth's poor lady not alone to find
The deed performed, the guilt remains behind.

A field of grain along the timber lay
Hard by our school across the public way,
And clustered stacks in season duly stood,
The joy of "squirs" from out the leafy wood.
This cereal world, the squirrels that first per-
 ceive
Unselfish were, 'twould other squirrels relieve;
The word they passed to others of their kind
And each sat up to list the wondrous find.
Or this, or else, Columbus-like of old,

From far and near across the pathless wold
By instinct led, or knowledge yond our ken,
They gather there to thrive on toil of men.
Where peace and plenty here on earth are
found

The tribes increase, their progeny abound;
Like Midian's host their numbers multiply
And, venging Gideons, there the youngsters hie;
That such high purpose theirs not mine to say,
When noontide comes, they gird them for the
fray.

No thought, perhaps, to any owlish saws
They ever give, nor care 'bout nature's laws;
Enough for them the chance for sport was good,
And hunting instincts stirred the youthful
blood;

Nor care if, Nimrod like, "before the Lord,"
Or "mighty hunters,"— if it fun afford.

A tree or two apart from all the rest
Increased the sport and gave it added zest;
Some flee to them in hour of direst need
And find too late their doom is sealed indeed.
Now on they charge,— that young barbarian
brood,—

And squirrels haste for refuge to the wood.
The forest gained, from tree to tree they fly,
Where now in turn they chatter, mock, defy;
The trees apart some others haste to climb,
Whose leafy coverts screen them for a time;

A little while in safety they repose
Above the reach of their pursuing foes.
Like those escaped, they likewise now may show
A mocking scorn for all their foes below.
Their triumph brief; soon breaks the fatal
storm,

And in its wake lies many a lifeless form.
A martial council 'neath them now they see,
And when 'tis o'er, a boy ascends the tree;
The others ranged around do grimly wait
To see that death is every squirrel's fate;
From many throats the gleeful war whoops rise
As boy and squirrels mount upward tow'rd the
skies.

At length they leap and sail to earth away
For life or death to meet the dread array;
'Tis hit or miss; if hit, then all is o'er,—
His race is run, he falls to rise no more;
Whom fortune favors with such flying hit,
The boys acclaim and envy just a bit.
Yet here and there a squirrel dashes through,
With timber near and liberty in view;
Athwart his course a fence doth lie between,
And yond the fence some waiting foes are seen;
Then back and forth he speeds along the rails
For freedom's sake,— alas! it often fails;
Head on collisions, dealing death, and then
Post mortem shouts, they rend the air again.
Yet spite of all, some break the hostile lines

And soon are safe within the wood's confines.
 'Mid frantic cries and antics all insane
 The tides of battle there do wax and wane.
 Through all their madness much of method runs,
 Those savage, shouting, sanguinary Huns.
 'Twas wrong, of course, for squirrels thus to
 sack,
 And right for boys to thus defend the stack;
 But what a godsend that the stack was there,
 And squirrels came to get their daily fare!
 At other times the woods they echo round
 While deadly notes are absent from the sound;
 From solar strength we seek its shady bowers
 To while away some care free, happy hours.
 'Neath spreading beech or other tree we sat,
 Or 'mong their branches monkey-like we chat.
 If there we lunch, full soon the same is o'er,
 That time for sport be ours in richer store,
 For who could linger while the beck'ning wild
 Is luring each to play as nature's child?
 The courses few,—no course at all for some;
 Ere reaching school, of lunch not left a crumb!
 The lads and lassies now divided go,
 Absorbed in sports which each peculiar know;
 And then again in mutual pastimes meet,
 While time too soon doth speed with wingèd
 feet.
 The lads, for steeds, may springy saplings bend,

And vaulting these, o'er all the world they
wend;

While others limbs of two adjacent trees
For swings may bind,— no finer 'tween the seas.
The lads instinctive show their trend of soul,
F'or right of way the lassies there control;
With merry shouts they now a sailing go
And brief the voyage some perforce may know.
But soon these forest echoes die away
As off they haste to work as well as play.

To slake our thirst, a common cup and pail
We crowd around and pantingly assail;
A neighbor's well the liquid need supplies,
And o'er the road that pail it often hies.
When left the well, it then may overflow;
Yet ere it comes, full half the road may know.
'Tis sometimes passed, if special need be found,
With content gone ere yet it makes the round.
No thought of germs disturbs their placid
souls;
The absent thought, perhaps, the germ con-
trols.
If more one dips than needs may justify,
Why — back it goes! So much is saved
thereby!

Throughout the day uplifted hands you see
For leave to drink, from those who thirsty be;

Yet now and then the master well may know
No real need with such request may go;
Some prankish whim the scholar has in view
And this a means the same to carry through.
Though such denied, again he grants the prayer,
In easy mood if any doubt be there.
And strange the knowledge children oft may
gain

Of this and that within another's brain;
On this they play with intuition keen
And blandly wait for issues clearly seen.

'Mid all the groundless notions men believe,
The one 'bout Adam and his consort, Eve,—
That 'twas an apple had the tempting power
To lure from right in that untoward hour,—
Though naught there is for this in holy Writ,
To give it up, some souls would have a fit.
But, this aside, the fact remains behind
That apples lure with ease the youthful mind;
At least they did the laddies whom I knew,
And,—'tween us both,—the same may still be
true;

As hard a fate as have no fun with snow
For boys to live where apples never grow.
Along the road some orchard trees they spot,—
If left alone the fruit may fall and rot,—
Yes, sad to say, of some forbidden trees,—

Though wattled round by brush *chevaux-de-frise*,—

We fruit secure with stealth and risk of pain,
And then with glee go munching on again.
Our bulging bosoms now we watch with care
Lest trouble rise should master find them there;
Not rightly made the world, we all agree,
When pleasure's paths so rudely crossed must
be,

Nor ours as yet to know how sinful fools
For small reward do trample moral rules,
Who work and fear and penal issues dare
When honest toil would bring a better share.
In generous mood, to "bites" we others treat,
While apples pass in stealth along the seat.
Our "best laid schemes,"—oh well, you know
the rest;

If ill they be,— not worth the cost at best.

Each season comes with joys no others share,
To make the life of all more rich and rare;
How much they miss,— those children of the
world

Who never see our seasons' flags unfurled.
When winter comes they lightly skip along,
A rosy, noisy, playful, happy throng;
Each icy pool they meet along the way,
Though minus skates, to slide awhile they stay.

When homeward bound, with school repression
o'er,
And time to spend more largely now in store,
They longer wait on every glassy pool
In merry sport,— a rare gymnastic school.
When comes a thaw, or when some moisture falls
And Jack returns to tread again his halls,
On crusted snow we skip where'er we please
O'er frozen waves of white be-crystalled seas.
Full high those waves between the fences rise
And known to hide their "riders" from our
eyes.

Hilarious sport for bathers on the shore
When breakers whelm with loud, resounding
roar ;
Those snowy breakers each in silence wait,
Impassive stoics, careless what their fate.
O'er glist'ning crests, as each may freely will,
We tumbling go while they are docile still ;
And then beneath we dive and bore our way
Like mouldiworts, though whiter our array.
With nature thus in free, impulsive mood
To sport and play may bring a larger good
Than those conventions which in older years
We costly serve, mayhap with vexing tears.
As some uncertain captive from the wild,
Not fully tamed, yet sportive, bland, and mild,
To our surprise, in some unguarded hour,
The will to hurt he shows a dormant power.

For many a frolic thus we trust the snow
And guerdon find in cheeks with ruddy glow;
He freely joins our unsuspecting play,
When, lo! he bites! that portion faints away.
When fully armed and we as masters reign,
He faithful serves within his bluff domain.
One way in chief by which he helps to swell
The flow of fun in youthful hearts that well,
Himself in balls he freely lets them roll,
Or large, or small, as purpose may control;
And if his mood a frosty one you find,
To scoop with hands delights his eropy mind;
Well pleased is he to have them hurl him round,
While lads and lassies flee with skirling sound;
Or when, mayhap, a melting mood he shows,
To balls or men of giant size he grows.
When thus with ease the snow may molded be,
In battles then the scholars oft you see:
Now balls in duel, then in skirmish, fly;
And then a pitched engagement all may try,—
The slogan shouts of battling hosts afield
Enough to make the fainter hearted yield.
The bullets fly as fast as hands can mold,
And oft with water harder made, I'm told.
If battles won, or drawn, when hour is o'er,
Or both should quit when tired and wet galore,
With mingling voices each their tales relate
Of skill and prowess freed from any hate;
To wounded heroes all now brothers be,

With praise for each, for all their sympathy.
Such outdoor play refreshed the weary soil
And made more fruitful hours of indoor toil.

The fields which then they learned to cultivate
In number few compared to later date;
Yet, even so, when worked with patient care,
Fine harvests gave, if fruits less varied were;
Intensive work in equal measure may
Reward our toil and leave more time for play.
The object sought,— to discipline the mind,
To lead it out, its latent power to find;
More fully this by few achieved may be,
Though modern haste may not with this agree.

The plastic mind among the few may stand
In sceptred freedom, looking o'er the land;
While 'mong the many swooping from afar,
A slave may lie unfit for mental war.
Why range the world to whelm the youthful soul
With doubtful stores and weaker leave the
whole?

Our primal parents this in Eden tried,
Their knowledge grew; in vital power they died;
And knowledge gained by youth a hundred fold
Is dearly bought if lost the power to mold.
Torrential rains may o'er the surface flow
And leave behind but ruin where they go,
While gentle showers, refreshing as they fall,

Responsive blessings bring for good of all ;
The latter, more the work of early days ;
The former, much of later work, portrays.

The life within,— how vast its numbers run,
Eclipsing all we see beneath the sun ;
For one expression which we conscious note
Are myriad others, strange, unknown, remote ;
This inner self not yet by us explored ;
Its deeps unknown, known only by the Lord ;
A waveless sea, now calm beneath the skies,
No rippling motion on the surface lies ;
You look again,— it rolls in gentle waves,
All mildly breaking o'er the shores it laves ;
Once more,— with heaving fury, tempest tossed,
It works its tragic will and much is lost.
The secret powers beneath each conscious soul,
For good or ill may o'er its surface roll ;
Our hidden life, it comes within the ken
Of other souls by word, or deed, or pen.
Thus chiefly comes, and like the deep should be,
The outer forms which all beholders see ;
Not always thus, for surface movements rise,
With deeps unlike the forms before our eyes.
Mysterious powers may so impress their will
That outer known,— unknown the inner still.
Expression now less worthy may appear
Than might be hoped, were hidden movements
clear ;

While life beheld may charming forms reveal,
Yet that unseen the sinister conceal.
One fails the inner worth to justly show;
Another fair above, but foul below.
When all within a unit shall arise,
Then all is woe, or all is paradise.
Our worthy masters faithfully incline,
By precept now and by example fine,
To so direct each factor of the soul
That they unite its issues to control;
Not that alone by which pure truth we see,—
We this might have and still satanic be;
Our other powers which lead to good or ill
As right or wrong we each may feel or will,—
They also seek for righteous ends to guide,
That truth integral might in each abide.
In goodly measure thus they helped to form
Harmonious souls to face each coming storm.
More beauty far doth reign the life within
Than finds expression now in world of sin;
Its lambent rays on human faces shine
And give an inkling of the Source divine.
You feel its force in silence as you stand
Before the pure in heart of any land;
Its voiceless power, still fed from founts of love,
Doth gently lure to better things above.
By look, or voice, or deed, or page, we know
From soul to soul the inner forces flow.
The issues now in life's fair temples rise,

With strength and beauty graced before our
eyes ;
Or if to ill our souls response agree,
What then we rear may deathful dungeons be.
With beauteous forms the life should ever shine,
And every soul to crystal words incline ;
When pure the heart and clear the working
mind,
The fruits of will with these agree in kind ;
And fair it is, when words the mind engage
Through eye or ear, by speech or pen or page,
To have them still in simple forms appear,
The outward tokens that their source is clear.
The Book of books, with heights and depths
eterne,
Reveals the truth that even babes may learn ;
Along their shores its limpid waters wave,
A source of joy to those who there may lave ;
While needs and creatures, as they higher rise
Through all the heights above the arching skies,
Do ever find the means His ends to gain
The faultless product of perfection's reign ;
And over all, from depths to heights above,
The ageless, changeless legend, " God is love."
To single hearts th' eternal Heart is near,
Its saving pulse the source of strength and
cheer,
While minds unwarped with growing clearness
see

That "God is light,"— the Sun of all is he.
In light and love to all that is create,
Whose upward glance expressed their high estate,
The heart and mind eternal so revealed
The living way that naught its course concealed;
And more like Him we each to other stand
If life's expression limpid forms command;
Upon each face and deed there plays the glow
Of kindly hearts if they but beat below.
The simple language,— known in every clime,
By man and beast through all unfolding time,—
And minds, like hearts, such clarity should use
And godlike be, or else bedimmed their views.
Our Saxon tongue would richly meet our need,
Though oft unused the words of foreign breed;
Their strength and beauty every pilgrim knows
Who o'er the road with Bunyan's Christian goes,
Or reads his Bible, where in simple speech
The Truth eternal comes within our reach.
And he who would our English undefiled,
With wanton hands, make strange, uncouth, and
wild,—
Fit rival is of him in Vandal war
Whose ruthless soul doth beauty scorn and mar,
Of him who would our fields and grassy meads
To jungles turn with all unsightly weeds,
Or change the scenic highways of the world

To tangled brakes where men on fours are
hurled,
With thorny shrubs would fill each landscape
o'er
Through which with risk our pathways we must
bore,
Each lingual parent heartless sent to die,
All plunged in Lethe,— gone without a sigh.
The outward form the inner life should *grace*,
Nor yet deceive, nor yet be out of place;
A sluggard's field the latter but reveals,
Where careless growths a fitter growth conceals.
As well expect such skill in use of brush
As spreads o'er souls a quiet and reverent hush,
On canvas gazing; or the sculptor's power,
Which gives to stone its 'trancing, magic dower
Of beauty, while the work of primal years,—
With plodding filled, baptized, mayhap, with
tears,—
Has been but fiction,— all a baseless dream,
Yet product perfect; well we thus might deem,
As that the verbal beauties of our speech
In all their charm be bodied forth by each
Without the power to see with inner light
And inner visions give to outward sight,
Which eye in each by varied means must be
Still wrought within as these with each agree.
A well born child,— if we its beauty mar,
Its form contort, or place a facial scar,—

For pity calls if no intent we see,
Or righteous wrath when purposed it may be;
Our well born words, when thus they mangled
lie,
Should touch the heart of every passer by.
If queer the form and strange the altered face,
A foolscap change,— no harm to then grimace;
If homely form its heritage from birth,
No quarrel then with nature's simple worth;
Yet if by those who fain with loving care
Would nurture well, a marring stroke it bear,
We sorrow feel that spite their purpose true,
Through lack of skill such ugly sears it knew;
But when with formal effort marred and torn,
You wish in wrath such wretches ne'er were born.
Among the helps the needed skill to give,
That words well born should still in beauty live,
Our spelling matches needed drill they gave
In vital strength our language forms to save.
A pleasing thrill, it ran our ranks along
And stirred the blood of all the eager throng,
Whene'er the call to match our skill was heard,
And each for battle lightly now prepared.
Each valiant captain there in brave array
Opposing forces marshalls for the fray,
With high resolve that foes to them should yield
Or, Spartan like, to die upon the field.
Two serried ranks each other eye and smile
Where all too soon will be but one in file.

The issue here, like issues everywhere,
Or this, or that, as discipline they share ;
While o'er their tongue the struggle gives control,
They also learn to gain command of soul.
Not this the least they all unconscious gain,
For,— matches o'er,— life's conflicts still remain ;
How much in each the issues largely lie
In things alike is clear to every eye,—
The temper, mood, the poise, and all the skill,—
Or nature's gift, or ours by needed drill.
The battle joins, and mixed emotions rise
As friend or foe now *hors de combat* lies ;
From side to side in doubt it ebbs and flows
Till one of each may lonely face as foes.
Now hope and fear in turn possess each breast
As those a duel wage for all the rest ;
With equal prowess each may fight away
Till both at length in honor wear the bay ;
Or both before some deadly word may fall,
And there they lie,— a common fate for all ;
More often still a champion low is laid,
And vic'try rests upon the other's head.
When all is o'er, and they the field review,
A wonder then how this and that were true.
Though many words between them bandied be
O'er worth of sides, in this they all agree,—
That by and large, the battle lost or won,

Throughout the week they had no better fun.
 Each tussle helped when next we took the field
 Our mother tongue with greater ease to wield;
 Through eye and ear, as thus well pleased we
 fought,
 The proper garb for language there we wrought.

With minds alert, the rocky steeps they climb
 And stronger grow in schools of early time;
 Each added height a wider view surveys,
 Expands the thought, to nobler purpose sways.
 They frequent pause to test their growing
 skill,—

For pleasure's sake and better vantage still,—
 By mental thrust and parry in debate
 While canny Scots the doubtful issues wait.
 O'er rugged roads we oft for many a mile
 Through darkness deep may plod in Indian file,
 While this and that beguiles us on the way,
 Nor weary feel while hearts are in the fray.
 In many schools, from madding crowds remote,
 O'er many themes young Scottish athletes
 fought,
 And voices heard in later years afar,
 Much timbre owed to days of early war.

A stagnant pool, exhaling death around,
 Were human nature free from struggle found;
 Whate'er the life as led in heav'nly spheres,

Or on the earth when roll millennial years,
Thus far we find the good and bad in man
In mortal grapple since our race began ;
Till one doth fall and other reigns secure
This worthy conflict must for aye endure,
And progress marks the fortunes of mankind
As slain the ill and good controls the mind ;
Nor this attain unless each youthful soul
Be taught that righteous conduct is the goal
To which the school, as handmaid, aye must lead,
And aye regard such goal its chiefest need,
Nor ever serve,— a melancholy fate,—
With more effect the evil in the state.
To good or ill no soul is e'er inclined
By drill in truth of geometric kind ;
That road pursued forever and a day,
You never meet a moral on the way.
As each to each in states we must abide,
In what we *are* their strength will ever hide ;
This higher plane the school must keep in view,
And give the state a product good and true.
From holy Writ as well as daily round
How trite the fact,— our hearts by nature found
Inclined to ill, and if to good they turn,
The why of this is found beyond the bourne.
To help the child in moral worth to grow,
To choose the right, the wrong to overthrow,
Not absent this from any school should be,
Or else satanic issues all may see.

One help alone,— when this we overlook,
As if a wall to build we undertook
With mortar all untempered, which at length,
When storms assail, may not have needed
strength
To upright stand, but tott'ring by and by,
Unstably held, may all in ruins lie,—
This side of that no biding strength is found,
But all we rear is on uncertain ground.
From higher level moral worth must rise
If surely based aneath these arching skies,
And upward still the creature e'er must soar
To find the Height which changes nevermore;
That Height alone, on which all else depends,
The Source from which all moral worth descends.
'Tis aye on earth a parent's righteous will,
The rule of right for filial conduct still;
And righteous will of One o'er all below,
The standard sole of morals that we know.
A moral temple who would try to rear
Of biding worth apart from godly fear
Is like the one who builds upon the sands,
Or man who tugs at bootstraps with his hands.
Of many men whose wisdom here below
Our Scottish fathers naught thereof did know,
This Babel folly oft you see them try;
Confusion comes ere yet they pierce the sky;
To reach that height the wisdom must descend;
Not ours to lift, but, lifted, we ascend.

One wondrous wise, a wondrous fool may be;
And one a fool, yet wondrous wise is he.
That here on earth they worthy gain or lose,
None more than Scots could worldly wisdom use;
And much of this, as garnered by the race,
In every land doth find proverbial place.
Now held in mind, or stored in records old,
In outward ways they help our lives to mold,
Yet chiefly found to bless our human kind
In works of him who had the wisest mind.
As earthly guides with ease they pass the lore
Of all you find in other's garnered store;
The reason why their light o'er others shine,
They ever rest on that which is divine.
A goodly heed to these, the Scots they gave,
And much of ill thereby the nation save;
Yet nearer still than proverbs terse and wise,—
Though all approved by voices from the skies,—
To things above our fathers brought the schools,
That springs of action more than wisdom's rules
Should lives control and still in strength prevail
When other helps, however good, might fail.
The Bible, there an honored place it found;
The master read and rev'rence reigned around.
It helped the day, as o'er the school it ran,
To mold for good the life of every one;
Our threefold life,—the mind and heart and
will,—
Its vital air with health doth all instill,

And much is lost in sturdy growth of each
When kept aloof from lives of those we teach.
A portion read and heard with rev'rent air,
The master then a blessing sought in prayer ;
The gift or grace to these petitions frame,
As there he stood before the holy Name,—
If this denied, yet none excused could be,
As written forms were there for such as he.
The Scottish schools which now I have in mind
Were each controlled by men of godly kind ;
Well pleased were they, as all the work they scan,
To find the master taught " chief end of man."
From schools like these went forth a faithful
 race
To serve their time for good in many a place ;
At home, abroad, where'er their lot did fall,—
Old fashioned truth they proved was good for
 all.

—
d
an,
n.”
ful
ce;
—
for

