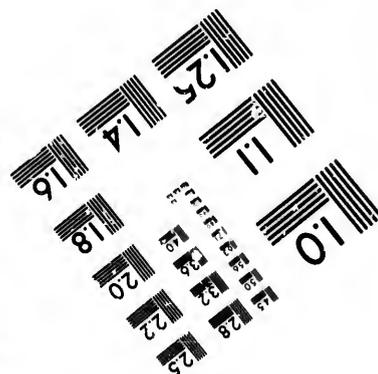
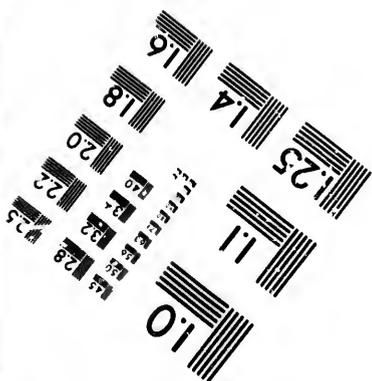
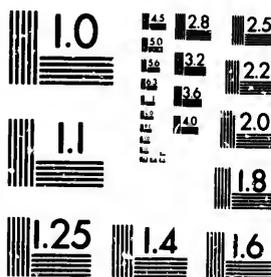
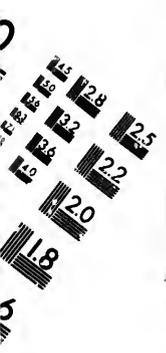


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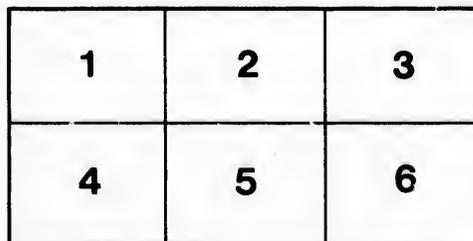
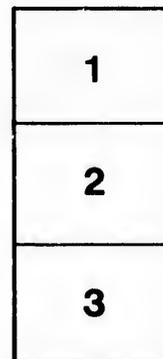
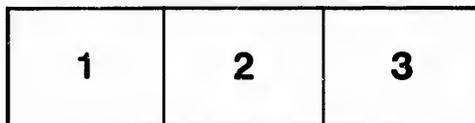
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THE
POETICAL WORKS

OF

THOMAS LAWSON.

Published for J. B. Lade,

HALIFAX, N. S.

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PRINTED BY HOLLOWAY BROS., 69 GRANVILLE STREET,
1888.

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PREFACE.

KIND READER.—

One word with you before you read the Contents. I had no intention of placing the Poems before you in book form, as several of the pieces were printed and sold separately, for charitable purposes. There is nothing in them to merit your approbation, as they were composed hurriedly in my spare moments. Mr. J. B. Lade, who is totally blind, being in this place lecturing on temperance, and, spending an evening with me, I read him a few of the verses, and he earnestly requested me to let him have them for publication. Thinking it might be the means of assisting him in a small way, I cheerfully consented. I sincerely hope you will overlook the many faults the critical eye is sure to find,

Yours sincerely,

THOMAS LAWSON.

Waterville, Kings Co., N. S.

15646

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POEMS.

THE STAR OF FREEDOM.

COMPOSED FOR THE STAR OF FREEDOM LODGE, I. O. G. T.,
PARTICK, GLASGOW, SCOTLAND, 1870.

Be up! and let the world know the principles you hold,
Be up! the fiery darts of foes should make a soldier bold,
A warrior when no foe is near, a coward in the field,
Bestir thyself, resistance show, a powerful sword you wield.

For why your sacred honor pledge and seal it with your name?
Or wear Hope's star upon your breast and cover it with shame?
Or why transgress God's holy law to vow and not perform,
To gaze on tarnished implements and view the coming storm?

For now behold the treacherous foe is up, equipped for war,
How eagerly their glance is cast at those who wear the star;
Ah! see their fell commander how he urges them to fight,
How can you stand and calmly feast your eyes on such a sight?

To drive this demon from our land each Templar must prove true,
His armour test, his weapon wield, once in, he must fight through.
Great power within their Camp remains, but might reigns with
us too,
Their name is Legion, but faint not, what though we number few.

True hearts are ever ready to join us in the fray,
And with God as our commander success will crown the day.
Their chief at first in serpent form beguiled poor mother Eve,
She heard his cruel story and he pressed her to believe.

Then in an evil spirit formed, Cain's heart was his abode,
Who was his brother's murderer and tried to lie to God.
Behold him take good Noah aside from virtue's path,
To curse his own beloved son when wine inflamed his wrath.

The meek but valiant Moses was by him led astray,
Which kept him from the promised land to die upon the way.
He also dragged King David into a well laid snare,
But speedy aid came from above, he was a man of prayer.

Solomon, before his God, of wisdom made the choice,
 But through his wives and concubines he heard the tempter's voice.
 Job, the favored Child of God, was also by him tried,
 'Twas patience overcame the test, he Satan's art defied.

And see the righteous Daniel cast in the lion's den,
 The wicked arm is seen although the work was done by men;
 To worship him this noble youth before the world denied,
 And now his God the lion's mouth and angry howl defied.

And what of treacherous Judas, there the fiend his power displayed,
 A disciple turns a lurking foe, a loving Lord betrayed.
 Behold him in the wilderness striving to tempt our Lord,
 But our glorious Commander wounds him with the Spirit's sword.

"Why hunger," says the tempter, "command bread from a
 stone;"

Our Saviour calmly answers, "Man can't live by bread alone."
 And far beyond the sacred page we hear of ever deceiver reign,
 And while we are sojourners here he near us will remain.

Behold yon mother how she rears the object of her care,
 She bends o'er him and oft in tears sends up a silent prayer
 For God to guide her darling son from sins that beset youth,
 To keep his feet in virtue's path the royal path of truth.

How little that fond mother knows the part that child will play;
 God hears her prayers but man he leaves to choose his favorite
 way;

Alas! could she but tear aside from time the future veil,
 Heart-rending scene, for to portray my feeble pen would fail.

Unless the mighty arm sustains this foe will crush you down,
 His grasp is on the victim's neck to keep him to the ground;
 Behold the open-hearted youth! he mingles with the gay,
 Where he obtains a burning thirst for pleasures by the way.

The song, the dance, the social glass, alas! the gambling table too,
 Are placed by this deceiving fiend to lure his heart from all
 that's true.

The song, if pure, can not defile, the angels sing to God,
 The dance, apart from evil ways, may lighten care's dull load.

The social glass, ah! here the fiend in friendly form appears,
 To sink you in the depths of woe, to drown the anxious fears,
 To quench the spark of heavenly love which in thy breast remains,
 To dye the noblest work of God with hell's destroying stains.

To sing and sup, to dance and taste, is now the youth's delight,
Till that fond mother shudders at her once beloved sight;
But turn thy gaze from sorrow, a brighter scene's in view,
The social glass we'll banish and our brotherhood renew.

With glittering arms and hasty step to meet them on the field,
To raise the fallen, crush the foe, or death before we yield.
Our cry of no surrender will be heard both near and far,
Till the wreath of right and might surround our Temperance
freedom Star.

THE LABOUR OF LOVE.

*Composed for Star of Freedom Lodge, I.O.G.T., Partick, Glasgow,
Scotland.*

Why stand you idle? hark! the sound by every breeze is borne,
And woe betide the heart who strives to treat these words with
scorn!

They were not said in thoughtless mood with meaningless design
Nor yet to show a tyrant's power, nor gasp the hand of time,
The words of our all loving friend, the Lord and King of all,
And can we idly stand aside to such a gracious call?
Satanic sloth will ever strive to keep her victims under,
Unless the earnest efforts made to tear thyself asunder.

Why stand you idle? hark! this call from heaven unto you;
The vineyard gates are open wide and there is work to do:
No tyrant e'er will enter there, a master ever kind,
Surrender unto Him your heart, your soul, your strength, your
mind,

And when under His banner you'll hear His loving voice,
"Well done, my faithful servant, enter and with us rejoice;"
But faint not, though it be your lot a heavy cross to bear,
For only thus can you obtain a welcome servant's share.

Why stand you idle? can you hear those loving words in vain?
The golden hours are fleeting past, why linger in disdain?
The harvest is in plenteous store, the laborers are few,
See Wisdom with her outstretched arms makes bold to welcome
you

Be not afraid, though feeble are the efforts of your skill,
She asks no more than you can give, the Heart, the Mind, the
Will;

When these are freely given your reward awaits on high,
In the welcome of your blessed Lord to mansions in the sky.

Why stand you idle? hear the voice in pleading tones to you,
Thy vain profession will not suit, deceiving will not do,
Thy foliage gay so fruitful seems and yet no fruit you bear,
The leaves of art appear so green, so beautiful, so fair,
But inwardly contain no sap, no root, to grasp the soil,
Still they fulfil a pleasant end and of the eye beguile;
But man in false profession's garb may pass for genuine here
But when he stands before the Judge he'll bear the branded sear.

Why stand you idle? oh! be up and lend a helping hand,
To stem the torrent, stay the curse and free thy father land;
'Tis here the patriotic soul can shew his heart's desire,
'Tis here he proves himself to be the right friend to admire
'Tis here the self denying zeal attracts the stranger's eye,
And by the friendly grasp he feels indeed a friend is nigh,
Behold him at love's labor, a task he has begun,
To combat with the fiend of souls a brother back to win.

Why stand you idle? hear the voice a brother in despair,
Go lift him from the depths of woe and show a brother's care.
Behold the demon of our land has planted in his breast,
A ceaseless appetite for that which drags his soul from rest.
Can you who bear an honoured name walk on the other side
Without inquiring if thy aid would stem sad sorrow's tide?
Stretch forth thy hand, a noble part of Christian love display,
And see thy fallen brother go rejoicing on his way.

Why stand you idle? come! oh, come and join with all your
might,
The army of the valiant ones who stand up for the right;
Our Country bleeds, oh! hear its cries, its freedom bears a stain,
See, see, her fallen sons a prey sunk in remorse and shame,
Nor cast the haughty glance at this nor yet self righteous frown,
But drop the sympathetic tear and lift them if you can,
Fear not to put thy efforts forth the fallen to regain,
The mighty arm of heaven will this noble cause sustain.

Why stand you idle? ponder well before you this despise,
There's work for you, and Christians claim the power which in
you lies,

To aid them in the noble work of Temperance reform,
To fight against our country's curse to face a fearful storm,

To open hearts for wisdom's call, go stand before the world,
 And with the help of heaven strive this banner to unfurl;
 Cast down the idol of our land, dethrone this God of woe,
 Be valiant while on duty's path, be fearless where you go.

Why stand you idle? once for all the Master's call obey,
 'Tis folly to procrastinate there's madness in delay;
 On you such golden privileges kind heaven doth bestow,
 To leave you free to mitigate another's cup of woe;
 An aiming centre for to test the love we bear on high,
 To raise the fallen dry the tear and ease the mourner's sigh,
 To hasten on the happy time when all the world shall know
 The King of Zion, and shall give true homage here below.

The following lines were composed on the Ante-room of a Good Templar Lodge, held at Bermuda. The Building not having accommodation necessary for those about to become members were obliged to wait outside the hall and there answer the requisite questions before taking the obligation. A friend passed the remark to me that it was rather a strange Ante-room, which caused me to write the following lines recited shortly after at a Tea-meeting held by the Members of the Lodge.

LINES ON THE ANTE-ROOM.

My theme it is a strange one, but strange things we do hear,
 But when the truth is on our side we nothing have to fear;
 And since it so concerns you all assembled in this place,
 I trust you will not think me wrong to speak before your face.

Some boast of halls magnificent in structure and design,
 While some to inside comfort lacking all the gaudy shine,
 Others of the number there spacious hail contains,
 While wordly wisemen boasts of his according to its gains.

To almost every rule we find exceptions less or more,
 And on this rugged rock-bound coast far from our mother shore,
 To find art at perfection's height, we would with wonder gaze,
 Some foot-prints left by skilled design would well elicit praise.

This little hall supplies our wants, we would not dare complain,
 Built on a rock it seems secure, defying wind and rain;
 Though uncomplete to meet our wants, still our wants are supplied,
 The Universal Architect has not our needs denied.

Behold our spacious Ante-room, its floor the rich green sod,
 The roof high heaven's spangled dome, its sides are world broad,
 While underneath the moon's pale ray, surrounded by the sea,
 Faith meets with Hope and Charity to set the prisoner free.

To break the tie that binds them down by heaven's holy aid,
 For through that gracious name alone, the true resolve is made ;
 Then let us fight against despair, come brother join the fray,
 Cease not till victory is proclaimed, for right shall win the day.

Fight on, look up, see heaven smile, come lay this tyrant low,
 The power that wields the Templar's sword will make them feel
 the Low ;
 Plant firm unfurl let fly our standard and our laws,
 And then we will not ask in vain " God bless the Temperance
 Cause."

A CUP OF TEA.

The following lines were written for a recitation at a social gathering called the Auld wife's Soiree. It was held once a year at Partick, Glasgow, Scotland.

Among the rich mercies sent us frae above,
 There is ane we a cherish, it's sent us through love ;
 For look at the auld buddies after their nap,
 They rise unco din like and make a wee drap ;
 They drink it with greed then how soon do we see,
 The sun shine within after drinking the tea.

There are some love the drinking of whiskey and gin,
 Alas! the great source of both sorrow and sin,
 A curs'd foe to pleasure, a drag to despair,
 How it loads the poor victim with trouble and care,
 But those who drink this, they cannot but see,
 A true spark of love in a guid cup o tea.

The English may boast of their pudding and pie,
 And the Irish may brag of their stew and their fry,
 And Scottie may keep up his side wae a brose,
 But of these there are none that can equal this dose ;
 For get an auld wife and put her to the test,
 And ask her opinion of which is the best,
 And she will sin tell you theres nane o the three,
 That she would prefer tae a guid cup o tea.

A Fireside Crack.

The following lines were composed about the year 1865, the same year the cattle plague visited Scotland, and the workmen on the river Clyde were on strike for shorter hours which they gained after a severe struggle. Acting as Treasurer and Secretary for the Soiree, and being a poor speaker in public, I composed the following lines to pass my turn.

Aye nicht about sax months syne back,
 A man and wife fell on the crack,
 Sae like a fuil bent on a caper,
 I wrote it down upon a paper.

The guid wife first commenced the crack,
 And lack a day she wis na slack,
 For John had got but newly in,
 He scaree had time tae lift the spin,
 Till she begond in sic a splutter,
 And haith but she spread on the butter.

Weel John you hae arrived safe hame,
 I'm shair you will feel tyred,
 You've sic a road tae gang and come,
 Your feet will a be fiert.

Deed I guide wife my feet are sair,
 The travlin is hard wark,
 This morning I was up syne five,
 And wrought on till the dark.

For noo if I'm ten meenuits late,
 They nip off haf an oo,
 A pair man is regarded noo,
 Less than the fleeing stoor.

Ay, John, you'r richt ye wudno thole,
 Fae loss much time I fear,
 The times hae taen a fearfu plight,
 Lod every thing is dear.

But shuirly things ull take a turn,
 If they mean folk to leeve,
 Or means sae barely reach the length
 That we ourselves but greeve.

Ah, but Jean, when you an me taen house at first
 My weekly wage was sma,
 But we then lived like King and Queen,
 We near complained at a.

Although now I hae twice the pay,
 Yet we leeve unco scant,
 And scarcely can get ends tae meet,
 Indeed weere near in want.

Aye, John they were the happy days,
 We then had little care,
 Beside a well stock't hoose o gear,
 And hopes o plenty mair.

Oor meal barrel was never tim,
 We had eigh tatties plenty,
 O what was rare we had our share,
 The press was never empty.

And Jean oor bairns then were well put on,
 The claes were hale and neat,
 But now there awfa tattered like,
 And nae shin on their feet.

It grieves me sair tae look at them,
 Especially on a Sunday,
 There Sabbath dress is just the same
 As what they wear on Monday.

Ah, but John, the laird was in this ofternuin,
 And said the rent was due,
 I tell't him tae ca in the nicht,
 And he could speak tae you.

He intends for to raise the rent,
 But John you mun submit,
 For he appears regardless
 Whether we stay or fit.

Hech Source, but everything looks black
 And I see little hope,
 I wonder will these wretched times
 No sin be at a stop.

The puir rates u'll be coming next,
 Then an account for water,
 The Police Tax is nearly due,
 Od wife, what is the matter!

Ah, John you munna fret sae much,
 You'll hurt yoursel wae thinking,

If we hae health we'll facht it out,
We canna eigh be sinkin.

Ye ken yersel the road is lang,
That hasna got a turn,
Cheer up your heart man; leave in hope,
O dinna always mourn.

What guid dist dae eigh mournin
You only mak things worse,
While we hae health John ne'er complain,
On us you'll bring a curse.

Attend your ain hoose mair and then
Oor care would sin grow licht,
And frequent less these deevels' dens
Where ye eigh gang at nicht.

And if at times you are resolved,
To spend a groat or twa,
Spend it at hame with wife and wane,
That will true pleasure sau.

The laird is puttin oot his horns
Because the trades are thrang,
Believe me if they take a change,
He'll no keep that way long.

And butcher meat u'll sin be cheap,
That plague has left the town,
Man you'll be wonderful supried,
How quickly we'll get roon.

And your work oors will sin be changed,
Which will make an improvement,
This town is in a sinco steer,
About that short hour movement.

Aye, but Jean, its gae vexin tae think,
I work from morning until nicht,
Strivin tae keep things decent,
And yet kept down so ticht.

The makin up o a this rent,
U'll put us sair about,
I'm frightened for to face that man,
Guid sakes he'll put us oot.

And then the taxmen will be here
 Just like a lot of bears
 If they don't get their money sin
 They'll lift awa oor chairs.

For that they have authority,
 By a decree of law,
 And if the chairs don't clear them oot
 They'll take our clock ana ana.

Moots, John mun, dinna greeve us a,
 And vex yersel sae sair,
 If they see us dae all we can,
 They winna ask nae mare.

There's plenty, plenty in this toon,
 Far mair behin than us,
 But there's no yin among them,
 In half so great a fuss.

Eigh chatterin aboot things gain back,
 Od man you'll turn your brain,
 Ye kept yersel in misery,
 And aither folk in pain.

If ye wuid look the aither road,
 And these things lichtly mind,
 And lippen more on him abin,
 For Providence is kind.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF JAMES COCHRAN,

Aged three and a half years. • Partick, Scotland

He's gone, the bright young spirit's fled
 To higher realms above,
 To join the little army,
 Led by Christ, the King of Love.

He's gone, but, oh ! mourn not his loss,
 To him 'tis priceless gain,
 Weep not, but humbly bear the cross,
 It is not sent in vain.

He's gone, look up, wee Jimmie's there,
 His infant joy complete,

He's free from sorrow, sin and care,
When at his Saviour's feet.

He's gone, mother behold your boy,
He smiles upon you now,
The princely palm he holds with joy,
The bright crown's on his brow.

He's gone up to His Father's Home,
To wait your welcome there,
To mingle with the happy ones,
The heavenly joys to share.

He's gone, but still he whispers now,
Dear father cease to mourn,
With humble resignation bow,
We'll meet beyond the bourne.

He's gone, the casket's in the clay,
The jewel's in the crown,
In triumph Christ first led the way,
Up to His Father's throne.

He's gone, will we together meet,
And join the blissful band?
Will Christ for us our joys complete,
Within that happy land.

EVENING THOUGHTS

The following lines were written when in Bermuda Dockyard.

When the mind is unfettered from life's anxious care,
We behold all in beautiful nature so fair,
But how short are the seasons for man's mind to rest,
With such ideal moments few mortals are blest,
With the flag of truce hoisted the weapons laid down,
To gaze upon nature while under her crown.

Oh! in such happy moments the Heaven's survey,
See the sun in full splendor proclaim it is day,
The majestic retire in the evening hour,
When the Great, lesser light, will then shine through its power;
Her retinue of gems twinkle into our sight,
To encircle and guard the great Queen of the night.

Turn thy gaze from the heavens and look on the sea,
 For the waves on their breast bear a message to thee,
 Though they beat on the rocks or roll far up the beach,
 Or make bounds like a wild foaming steed out thy reach ;
 With their musical murmur to you on the land,
 They do tell of their King who keeps them in command.

If thine eyes will feast on then cast them all around,
 The great scene of nature with beauties abound,
 See the earth's rich green mantle the birds on the wing,
 With their wild notes do warble their welcome of spring ;
 The dry land and sea with the heavens proclaim
 To you man, to you their Creator's great name.

Take but one moment more and examine thy frame,
 Know that thou art a casket and a gem doth contain,
 But the casket will perish the frame will decay,
 And the gem it will hasten, oh ! whither away ;
 Will it rise to the Father of love, life and light,
 Or descenda to the endless regions of night.

THE CHILD AND THE LIGHTHOUSE.

The following lines were suggested by hearing my little boy making inquiries to his mother about the Light-house, published in the Bermuda Royal Gazette, Feb. 19th, 1876.

Come mother and see what a beautiful, light
 In a minute or so it will shine very bright ;
 Oh ! come to the window, be ready look on,
 It shines, but how soon all its brightness is gone,
 I see the light still but its so very dim,
 The oil must be bad or the lamp out of trim.

My son that's the light from the light-house you see,
 The lamp is well trimmed and the oil's burning free,
 True it goes but from that you have nothing to fear,
 If you carefully watch it will soon re-appear ;
 You will know bye and bye how that beautiful light,
 To many a heart sends a thrill of delight.

But mother that light cannot cheer, it won't stay,
 You no sooner look than it darkens away,
 'Twould be so much better if it would remain
 And cast all its brightness through our window pane,

The nights are so dark, its so dull in this room,
When the sun goes away it would do for the moon.

That light my dear boy is a mariner's guide,
When on through the waters his brave ship does glide,
It cheers but it warns him from danger that's near,
And they eagerly watch for the land to appear ;
And it is a warning to you and to me,
The beautiful light that shines far o'er the sea.

For we are tempest tossed in this vale of tears,
Life's struggles and cares overwhelm us with fears,
Our Saviour and King is the only true light,
To guide and to cheer and to keep us aright,
In the happy procession of Faith, Hope, and Love,
Our anchors we'll cast in the haven above.

THE JOURNEY OF LIFE.

The following lines were written for the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association, Partick. They were hurriedly composed on account of short notice.

As we go on our journey through life,
A journey we all must perform,
How becoming to make our way clear,
To prepare although calm for a storm.

How imprudent it is to neglect
The duties we each ought to do,
For if the mind's well stored in youth,
It's a helpmate the whole journey through.

The great source of true wisdom's above,
And we must strive that wisdom to gain,
But unless we are earnest in search,
My friends we will labor in vain.

Alas ! how few make this their choice,
How oft' we good counsel despise,
In her arms she would fondly caress us,
But we turn aside from her cries.

Behold yon poor lover of pleasure,
His whole heart delights in its care

The smiles of allurement entice him,
Till he sinks in the pond of despair.

See the brand on the features of age,
Who once made this false friend their boast,
They have nothing to learn upon now,
But regret for the time that is lost.

Hear their cry as they sit and bemoan,
Ah, false guide you have left me forlorn,
You have no help to render me now,
But a curse on the day I was born.

But turn from that sorrowful scene,
See wisdom's attainments in age,
She leaves not her lovers to mourn,
But supports them in every stage.

In her hands are discretion and care,
Her smile is no flickering light,
By her touch she adorneth the mind,
And to those who are feeble grant might.

With a bountiful store of rich beauties,
She implants and enobles the mind,
By her precepts we are enabled,
A lesson from all things to find.

And when from earth's friends we sever,
As we must when this journey is o'er,
It will through the dark valley guide us,
Till we land on the beautiful shore.

TO THE MOON.

(Lines written in Bermuda.)

Thou orb of light, great Queen of night,
With thy transforming power,
Still condescend thy aid to lend,
To cheer the evening hour.

Clouds in their flight obscure thy light,
But soon, soon thou art seen,
O'er hill and dale, o'er moor and vale,
Thou beauteous evening queen.

Far on the deep a watch thou dost keep,
 The billows own thy sway,
 While we all o'er this rock-bound shore,
 Share thy majestic ray.

And as we gaze our minds we raise,
 To our great Friend Divine,
 Whose tender care our hearts may share,
 And feel his influence shine.

Great lesser light Queen of the night,
 The eye of faith can see
 A Father's love shine from above,
 By looking up to thee.

THE OYSTER BALLAD.

Lines written while in Bermuda Dock-yard. Several of the workmen were nearly poisoned by eating oysters taken off the bottom of a war-ship named the Scorpion.

To oysters we all bid a solemn adieu,
 Such pain they have caused us to feel through and through,
 How little we knew when of them we did eat,
 Our feast was a portion of ship's composite.

The Scorpion in dock was placed high and dry,
 Which caused a temptation to both mouth and eye,
 For she by deception her victims ensnare,
 And we through her guile were all caught unaware.

It dazzled our eyes to behold such a sight,
 When under her bottom we gazed with delight.
 Transtixed for a time, still we all could agree,
 She seemed like an oyster bed hove from the sea.

We then set to work with a hearty good will,
 Some pulling them off, others eating their fill,
 While those who looked on seemed as if to fortell,
 The cry of the morning would be, "All's not well."

The morning appeared and the warning was true,
 For during the night we knew not what to do,
 Some made out their wills, others shouted with pain,
 And vowed that they ne'er would eat oysters again.

A rush for advice to the doctor was made,
 When lo a great test of his skill was displayed,
 No doubt he had overcome many a feat,
 But our insides were coated with ship's composite.

Such shouting and bawling till the physic was o'er,
 They say was n'er heard in the dock-yard before,
 And many so hope it will not be again,
 Who eat of the oysters and shared in the pain.

We each to the Doctor a true statement made,
 And paid all attention to what he then said,
 And now we are better though not nearly right,
 The poor oyster victims are all known by sight.

As a warning to others those few lines I pen,
 Oh shun the temptation though placed in your ken
 For if sickness assail you we very much fear,
 The Doctor will ask have those oysters been here.

A FEW LINES WRITTEN FOR A TEA MEETING.

of the members of the Mutual Improvement Society, connected with the United Presbyterian Church, Partick, (Rev. J. McColl's). One of our members, Mr. James Ferry, a companion of my own, being about to proceed to sea as engineer aboard a ship. He died in Malta so we never met after parting at the tea meeting.

As you my friends are all aware the true cause of our meeting
 here,
 Each member was to take a share in keeping up the evening's
 cheer,
 To entertain our friend and guest before he leaves his native
 shore,
 To show respect in every breast, yca, friendly prove unto the
 core.

To part with our dear friend we grieve but thoughts do cheer for
 each one knows,
 Success may round his efforts weave, and we will hear where e'er
 he goes ;
 May speed attend the ship while she glides onward through the
 foaming main,
 A noble champion of the sea to win her crew a gallant name.

While on the deep in thoughtful mood, his mind will wander
back again,

And as we o'er our subjects brood we'll mind his criticising strain,
And if he land on foreign soil and time permit to wander o'er,
He will regard it pleasant toil to swell our information store.

Long may we feelings entertain toward the welfare of each other,
Then with improvement we will gain love's kind reward from
every brother,

And if it be the will of Him who by his might rules earth and sea,
To grant our friend's return again, oh! happy will our meeting be.

What blessings are in friendship found, where love and harmony
unite,

Peace reigns supreme with honour crowned and sheds her lustre
ever bright,

Long may our friendly class exist, though trials come we must
submit,

For time's cold hand will often twist the closest earthly friend-
ship knit.

As members of a mutual tie how energetic we should be,
The privilege we enjoy is high, impart it unto other's free,
We were not made for self alone, our neighbor we must strive to
raise,

To act the bee to shun the drone unless to drag him from his
ways.

The rules which guide proceedings here some need a little
alteration,

Then our attendance would prove fair to credit the Association,
Till then we will be incomplete for we lack an essential part,
So like a bachelor band we meet which make the gathering cold
at heart,

If we the fair ones would admit male members pay the entrance
fee,

Our room is small, but each would sit with comfort on a young
man's knee.

MEETING.

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A PLEASURE TRIP FROM HALIFAX TO BEDFORD.

A few lines written on a pleasure trip from Halifax to Bedford, N. S., to commemorate a trip to our native shore, Maybole, Ayrshire, Scotland.

This world is a wilderness wae wee bit spots o' cheer,
Tae lichten care and freenship shair while on oor journey here,
Time fetches strange events around, we know not what's in store,
Its oor fate we should commemorate a trip tae Maybole's shore.

The thought itself seems tae tak wings and flit across the sea,
Tae Penny Glen and auld Colaine whaur we would wish tae be,
There's sceans o beauty roon us here which many would adore,
But tae oor mind their far behind the beauties o the shore.

If this wae oor ain native soil it then might bear the charm,
And dae it pairt tae cheer the heart and true affection warm,
But weere sae like the birds o' flight we wander o'er and o'er,
We've lost the track that guides us back to licht upon the shore.

A spell hangs roon oor native Isle that twines true hearts together,
It brings tae mind days o' lange syne we've spent wae yin anither,
But time has wrought a change since then those happy days are
o'er,

Wae nair we'll meet wae oor bare feet tae trodge off tae the shore.
Such happy moments soon tak wing and trials o'er us roll,
The burden care sae hard to bear we oft forget Maybole,
In aither parts all o'er the globe affections lie at some heart core,
Tae memories dear the drap the tear while thinking o' the
Maybole shore.

THE DOCK-YARD BOBBIE.

The following lines were written when I first commenced my duties as a Dock-yard Warder or Policeman in Bermuda Island.

I am a Dock-yard Bobby but that you all do know'
And while I am on duty I am walking to and fro,
Casting my eyes all around my beat, ready if a row my boys to
make a grand retreat,
Run Bobby run.

CHORUS

With my movable stripe upon my arm,
 I cause the people great alarm,
 Although I never do much harm,
 Still great power has the Bobby,
 Move on, move on.

When a reeling object meets my view,
 My eyes do pierce him through and through,
 And if he cares to dance it out, I make him wheel to the right
 about.

And shuffle with the Bobby,
 Move on, move on.

CHO.—With my moveable, &c.

And when on duty in the yard,
 To officers I pay regard,
 But when I see their mouth on fire, they quickly know what's
 my desire.

If they at once do not obey, for disregard they have to pay,
 They must respect the Bobby,
 Move on, move on.

CHO.—With my moveable, &c.

And when I quietly take my walk,
 And place my arms behind my back,
 Parties come to me and salute with care,
 I return the same which is quite fair,
 For they don't know I'm the Bobby,
 Move on, move on.

CHO.—With my movable, &c.

And when I stand before my chief,
 Or wait the time for my relief,
 If on my beat there's no defect,
 I then inform them all's correct.
 Then free from duty, free from harm,
 I take the stripe from off my arm,
 Then homeward bounds the Bobby,
 Move on, move on.

CHO.—With my moveable, &c.

TO MY CHILD.

A few lines written one evening on seeing my little boy resting upon his mother's knee, when about six months old. Partick, Scotland.

As thou rest on thy fond Mother's knee,
And she gazes with love on thy face,
Methinks the dim future I see,
And in it thy wee lot do I trace;
Thou art sent like a dove for to cheer,
But we know thou art only a lend,
May we teach thee kind heaven to fear,
And thy talents aright for to spend.

May Faith, Hope and Love 'round thee hover,
And Charity shine from within,
And Grace like a shield o'er the cover,
Her broad wings to keep thee from sin;
Like a soldier on march to the battle,
With weapons to crush down the foe,
May the armour of Love round thee rattle,
And peace intertwine as thou go.

And if years from time's store house be given,
And Wisdom is made thy rich choice,
May the Angels with Jesus in Heaven,
Over lost ones have cause to rejoice;
Ever loving the Saviour who bought us,
The ransom, His own precious blood,
Poor, wandering sheep but he sought us,
By faith we have washed in His flood.

WELCOME TO THE MARQUIS OF AILSE.

BERMUDA DOCK-YARD.

The arrival of the Marquis of Ailse in his steam yacht the Marchesa. Also bringing with her as part of her crew, some of my own townsmen from Maybole, Ayrshire, Scotland. Asked by them to write a welcome I wrote the following.

In the year eighteen hundred and seventy-eight,
On the 5th of April I will long mind the date,
How cheering it seemed the sight unto me,
The most noble Marquis in his yacht the Marchesa.

I saw at a distance the swift thing afloat,
 But dreamt not it was from my own native spot,
 But rumour soon spread the name caught my ear,
 The Marquis of Ailse, a name ever dear.

When a toddling thing by my dear Father's side,
 And a promise was made how it filled me with pride,
 Get your lessons well up, and if it don't rain,
 We'll go on the Sunday to the Castle of Colzean.

'Twas a heaven on earth that dear spct to me,
 To gaze on the palace, the fields and the sea,
 Gae doon for a plunge, on the beach tak a stroll,
 Till the dark clouds would whisper gang hame to Maybole.

But adrift from my welcome to you noble Chief,
 But that name brings scenes of the past to relief,
 Though formal the welcome, you here do receive,
 One joys at your stay and will mourn at your leave.

Long, long, may the Marchesa glide o'er the foam,
 And soon may the Marchioness welcome you home
 Thy dear young ones welcome again and again;
 To share in their joys at your home in Colzean.

SPRING.

This is one of my first attempts at rhyme. Partick, Glasgow, Scotland.

And art thou come again bright spring,
 With joy we welcome thee,
 For now the birds do sweetly sing,
 And hop from tree to tree.

The fields again show nature's hand
 Their Garb is lovely green,
 We do rejoice all o'er the land,
 Where thy rich beauties seem.

For now the farmer takes the seed
 To scatter o'er the ground,
 Knowing that in this time of need,
 Treasures from thee art found.

We long have wished for winter past,
 Now it has taken wing,
 To welcome to our land at last,
 Thrice welcome, bonnie Spring.

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CONTENTMENT.

The following lines I wrote as part of an essay, subject, "The social and other duties relating to man considered as an individual." This was the finish of one of the parts.

Contentment, the name sweetly rings in our ear,
It sweetens life's cup although bitter with fear,
Transferring the joy from the mansion above,
To place in our bosom a true plant of love.

Contentment reigns only where true peace is found,
So be not deceived with the false rays around,
To the ungrateful breast this can nothing impart,
It builds on the found comfort, lays on the heart.

Contentment is truly a fortaste of bliss,
Her happy possessors the joys cannot miss,
A joy if we earnestly strive to obtain,
Will repay all with more than a redoubled gain.

Contentment tends greatly to make loving friends,
Though guest with the great, to the hovel it bends,
To lighten with love the dark corners within,
By subduing the evil desire for sin.

Contentment, is this a possession of thine?
For from it the virtues do sparkle and shine,
Oh, come from thy lofty sphere, lodge in my breast,
Without thee we lack an essential of rest.

IMPROVEMENT.

Lines written to finish an essay entitled "The social and other duties relating to man."

Improvement is old Wisdom's cry,
Say where can it be found,
Can we go out and carelessly,
It gather from the ground.

Improvement, this enlightened age,
Calls louder every day,
The very shadow of its name,
Can nigh chase gloom away.

Haste tell me where it can be found,
 That I all speed may use,
 My friends the words already said,
 Let your own mind infuse.

And haste leap off the thoughtless track,
 Before it be too late,
 And once more I repeat these words,
 Friend go and meditate.

MODESTY.

Lines written on the same.

And now a picture I'll unfold,
 Or spread out for your gaze,
 A creature He is like ourselves,
 But vain in all His ways.

In rich attire he appears,
 Pass him His eyes you'll meet,
 He's in love with observation,
 Even on the public street.

The poor may cry to him for bread,
 Alas their cry is vain,
 He cannot hear their wail of woe,
 For pride has all his claim.

He calls himself a modest man,
 But friends if this it be,
 From modesty oh keep me back,
 I pray you all keep free.

But turn your gaze from that poor fool,
 This other picture see,
 Combine Love with Sincerity,
 And you have Modesty.

No pompousness adorns his looks,
 Before you stands a friend,
 That virtue sheds its lustre round,
 On whom you can depend.

ONE OF THE CREW OF THE MARCHESA.

WRITTEN IN BERMUDA.

A few lines to finish a letter to Mr. John Davidson. Maybole, Ayrshire, Scotland.

You asked me to send of rhyme a verse or two,
So to finish up my letter I'll jot you down a few,
Me not to comply with your wish would be rude,
For well do I owe you my deep gratitude ;
But a theme for to write on is hard, hard to find,
Will the stragglings thoughts do that pass through my mind.

Oh, how well do I mind when we met on this Isle,
The sound of your voice all my cares did beguile,
Stern duty forbade me I could not then talk,
Only one hasty word as I onward did walk,
My feelings o'ercame me I scarce could control,
When I saw you before me my friend from Maybole.

We have friends by the score but real hearts are so rare,
How few try to lift off the burden of care,
Nae trust to their honor they'll pledge wae a will,
And promise till doomsday but never fulfil,
It may be their ain cares enough for to thole,
But it differs frae that wae my friend frae Maybole.

Thy word was my bond and I was not deceived,
Thy welcome note reached me was duly received,
Its contents I read baith wae pleasure and pain,
Of the swift little Marchesa, crossing o'er the main,
And I hope you'll attain to your ambitions goal,
And meet all your dear ones at home in Maybole.

Our Great Friend above has wisely thought fit,
To remove thy dear friend so to His will submit,
We mourn when they leave us to struggle alone,
But soon we will follow the road they have gone,
Happy change from earth's scenes to the mansions above,
To gaze on her Saviour and feed on His love.

Should success crown your efforts to reach at your aim,
To find me a something that suits me at home,
For ye well ken my wants I have nae wish for wealth,
If our Great Friend abin grants the rich boon of health,

The thoughts of the future wae joy makes me droll,
Tae think me and mine may yet leeve at Maybole.

I will then like my father in the bright day o' yore,
Walk wae the wee things tae the bonnie maiden's shore,
But he has been lang asleep in the auld Kirk-yard there,
And my dear brither Davie his earth bed doth shair,
When it pleaseth kind heaven tae remove my soul,
May I sleep with them there in the grave at Maybole.

LINES COMPOSED FOR A TEA MEETING

AND PRESENTATION TO MR. GEO. DAVIDSON. PARTICK.

Mr. Chairman and Friends I sincerely confess,
That I'm unqualified to give you an address,
But if you are anxious for me to kill time,
I will try my best to amuse you with rhyme.

For indeed it looks awkward and puts one about,
When he knows that he neither can dance, sing nor spout,
So when in this position I make it a rule,
To slip my turn past you by acting the fool.

Like an Irishman once who when asked to amuse,
Got up from his seat to make his excuse,
He searching his pockets as if something to find,
But poor paddy had left all his speeches behind.

So he said if the company would not think him wrong,
He would only ask out for an air to his song,
Then at his request some one opened the door,
And paddy slipt out but he came back no more.

If the company that's here would only agree,
A plan of the same would exactly suit me,
For its out of my power to give you a speech,
And as for a song that is far out of reach.

But if you are all of one mind for a dance,
And find me a partner then I will advance,
But before I commence I conditions will make,
You must not fear though the whole house should shake.

Or if I fall through you must not then roar,
 As these times I forget that the house has a door,
 For pumps or light slippers I don't care a fig,
 Get me tackety boots if you want a good jig.

And then if my partner's as merry as me,
 Before we have finished some fun you will see,
 But then you must first a musician find,
 Although there be some who can dance to the wind.

But in that lies a mystery I somehow can't see,
 For good fiddle music alone answers me,
 But I think by this time you'll have seen through my riddle,
 For once that you find me both boots and a fiddle.

And also a partner as merry as Ned,
 Twill be high time I think to be dancing to bed,
 So you'll agree with me here when I say I'm too long,
 With this mixture of mine twixt a speech, dance and song,
 But to slip my turn past you I have done my best,
 And I now take my seat to hear all the rest.

LINES TO THE SAME.

TO MR. GEO DAVIDSON.

Mr. Chairman and Friends, since you've asked me again,
 And its out of the fashion for one to complain,
 Especially when in a company like this,
 To refuse when you're asked is oft taken amiss.

But I think you are wrong in asking up me,
 When so much talent's here a fool should get free,
 But since you're determined to have your own way,
 You must not take amiss what I intent to say.

For now on the company I'll pass a remark,
 But then if I tramp on your corns you will bark,
 So I must be cautious and act with great care,
 As the first one I touch is the man in the chair.

And I say to you all, I say to his face,
 The right man for once is in the right place,
 He has joined in our sport, he has kept us in cheer,
 And I think he has pleased all the parties that's here.

Still he's not without fault's, you will all say he's wrong,
 Not insisting the ladies far more for a song,
 There are some you can't conquer unless you use boxing,
 But the ladies I'm told you can conquer by coaxing.

And some young men are here who have drawn my attention,
 But how they may fret if their names I might mention,
 For here Mr. Young we know has done his best,
 To honor his teacher along with the rest.

And it seems unto me if I am not mistaken,
 Slow but sure is the plan he has taken ;
 Mr. Lorimer is of a different caste,
 Coarse a little but still unco fast.

And he for his share did no wise neglect,
 To show his teacher profoundest respect ;
 And our friend Mr. Cooper you all will agree,
 In his turn was generous, kind and free.

But how he might blush if I were to mention,
 How the ladies take up his attention ;
 And Mr. Weir also one of your band,
 Kindly lent you his helping hand.

I can neither call him coarse nor fine,
 And his musical bump is something like mine ;
 And friends, the ladies we cannot pass by,
 The true spark of friendship beams bright in their eye.

They cheered the young man while performing this duty,
 Which shows their possession of true mental beauty,
 And hear's your young teacher who seems unco proud,
 But to please you this night he has done all he could,

In his bustle to please he has acted far wrong,
 A minister singing a comic song,
 Some here may think that but a mote,
 But if a priest he would loose his coat.

But on this occasion he was trying all ends,
 How to amuse you the best of his friends,
 So we hope this a type of the great presentation,
 A Kirk for himself wae a large congregation.
 Wae a long string of titles attached to his name,
 To show that the preacher's a man of great fame.

But friends I must stop and beg your excuse,
 For this method of mine for to try and amuse ;
 So those I have mentioned must attend to my rule,
 By excusing the patchwork and also the fool.

A PICTURE OF WOE—SATURDAY NIGHT IN THE CITY.

Written for a recitation, 1875, for the Star of Freedom. I. O. G. T.

The scene was on the last day of the week,
 And the last hour but one was on the chime,
 Haunts of débauchery were discharging their human freight,
 But not in human form ;
 The invigorating air seemed tainted,
 Perdition's mouth seemed ready to devour her easy prey,
 But heaven intervened,
 Although the friend of souls o'erlooked the scene.

The scottish father was there,
 But alas ! the charge bestowed upon him was forgotten,
 The wife with sobbing babe awaited him,
 Not to receive the sweet loving embrace,
 Not to gaze upon a faithful husband ;
 To protect herself against a demon,
 To shelter and defend her little ones,
 Was the weeping wife and mother's one care.

The mother was there glad in misery,
 Her countenance lightened by a fiendish glare,
 Her speech betokened darkness within,
 Deprived by herself of a mother's feeling,
 An object of scorn to all around her,
 Denied by friends, a gazing stock for fools,
 Still hope lingered there and Mercy was by
 With outstretched arms to place in virtue's path.

The son was there once the fond pride of hope,
 The rudy glow of health had all but flown,
 The fond mother's dreams had long since vanished,
 The kind father had wrenched him from his heart,
 His delight was in the low haunts of vice,
 His ear was shut to the voice of wisdom,
 His eyes like fire brands told a sad tale,
 An almost finished spectacle of woe.

And she was there who a short time ago,
 Was seen in the full bloom of rosy health,
 Aside she stepped from virtue's path full bent,
 To run a short career of false pleasure,
 What was once the true deckings of nature,
 Had disappeared, and with an artful hand,
 She tried to deceive the eye, and allure,
 The unsuspecting youth into her snare.

LOVE OF COUNTRY.

A few lines to finish an Essay.

While we read of the truly great and think what they have done,
 Methinks their deeds cry out to us fight on, fight on.
 Each of their noble lives where spent with some grand aim in view,
 Some reached the goal, while others fell leaving their work for you.

The battle-field, ah, what a tale remaineth there untold,
 While in the deep how many sleep the great day will unfold,
 While some true hearts for heaven's cause set out for foreign clime,
 Their honored name our country's fame will hold till end of time,
 So great men lived and labored here leaving footprints behind,
 In self-denying deeds of worth to raise our darkened mind.

LINES ON A SERMON.

PREACHED SUNDAY, FEB. 12, 1888.

Text, ROMANS vi. 2.—“Likewise reckon ye also yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord.”

He died, the sinner's ransom died,
 To set His followers free,
 And grace flows on a mighty stream,
 It flows for you and me ;
 And spread out with a bounteous hand,
 The portion each may share,
 Rich tokens of a Father's love,
 Intrusted to our care.

Can we be the recipients, and fearless serve the foe,
 Or will the outlet of His love continually o'erflow ;

Alas! the stream of grace will end,
 The channels will run dry,
 A loving Friend and Father here,
 The Great Judge bye and bye.

Then His command, "Die unto sin," implicitly obey,
 Enter the shadow fearlessly, your Father leads the way;
 Enjoy on earth life's only bliss, a loving Father's smile,
 Die unto sin and all its snares that do your soul beguile;
 Then with the eye of faith behold the Father's gift to you,
 Go share the burden of the Cross, and hold it up to view.

Guard well his interest here below, the prize is yours to win;
 Resist the tempter through his might he cannot enter in;
 And hear His voice in accents sweet to you His son and heir,
 O enter and abide with me and all my glory share.

LINES ON A SERMON.

PREACHED ON FEB. 19, 1888.

Text, EXODUS xxxiii. 15.—"If Thy presence go not with me carry us not up hence."

If thy presence go not with us then we cannot go alone,
 Carry us no farther if our only hope is gone,
 We could not face life's struggles nor dangers by the way,
 If thou cease to protect us, if thou art not our stay.

If thy presence go not with us to cheer, shield and protect,
 We could not reach the promised land, who would our path direct?
 With us it would be endless night,
 No lamp to guide our feet aright.

If thy presence go not with us on our pilgrim journey here,
 When passing through the stranger's land then how would it
 appear,
 A scattered few, a furious foe, no, Lord, we cannot further go.

If thy presence go not with us then how will thy children fare,
 Forsaken in the wilderness without a Father's care,
 Battling with the billows, struggling to be free,
 A ship without a rudder upon life's stormy sea.

But thy presence will go with us we will reach the promised land,
 And nearer to our Father cling and grasp His friendly hand,

And to that land of promise where milk and honey flow,
A loving Father's call obey and with him likewise go.

Yes, Thy presence will go with us; Thou wilt never leave thine
own,
Heirs of the promises and sharers of Thy throne,
We'll fight our way and win the day,
Till at our Father's side; and with him there his glory share,
forever to abide.

LINES ON A SERMON.

PREACHED ON SABBATH, FED. 5TH.

TEXT, 2ND CORINTHIANS, 4TH CHAPTER, 5TH VERSE;—"For we preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord, and ourselves your servants for Jesus' sake."

We preach not ourselves, that is far from our aim,
The Word is our guide, and himself we proclaim;
The commission to us your own servants was given,
Your souls to enlist for the great King of Heaven.

We preach not ourselves, but proclaim Him to you,
As a lamp to your feet for life's journey all through,
Your own humble servants for Jesus Christ's sake,
Handling life's bread, asking you to partake.

We preach not ourselves, though the burden we bear,
Your souls to deliver from all that ensnare,
The power of our Master we simply attest,
Pointing you to the Lamb as the great source of rest.

We preach not ourselves, but are bound to obey
Our Great Captain's orders, —we cannot delay,
On the Cross, on the Cross, with the eye of faith gaze,
Then fall at His feet, and He will you upraise.

We preach not ourselves, or we would preach in vain,
No selfish desire is ours to obtain;
But suffer the loss of all things here below;
But our joy will be full if the truth you do know.

We preach not ourselves, no, our Master is here
With His Spirit to guide, and His counsel to cheer,
The small voice of conscience is whispering within,
Admit Him, admit Him, He will enter in.

We preach not ourselves, but we stand in His stead,
 And plead in His name, in His footsteps we tread,
 We open His treasures and spread to your view,
 Oh, eat, my beloved ones, the Feast is for you.

We preach not ourselves, nor do labor in vain,
 The end of our preaching we mean to obtain ;
 As we raise up the Crucified One on the tree,
 We, your servants proclaim that Salvation is free.

IN MEMORIAM.

He's gone! brave Garfield's spirit fled,
 To higher realms above,
 To join the sainted army, led
 By Christ the King of Love.

He's gone, but oh, mourn not his loss,
 To him 'tis priceless gain ;
 Weep not, but humbly bear the cross,
 It is not sent in vain.

He's gone, look up, behold him there,
 His joy is now complete,
 Released from sorrow sin and care,
 While at his Saviour's feet.

He's gone, Mother behold your boy,
 He smiles upon you now,
 He wields the princely palm of joy,
 The bright crown on his brow.

He's gone up to his Father's Home,
 To wait your welcome there,
 To join the bright celestial choir,
 Their heavenly joy to share.

He's gone, but still he whispers now,
 Dear partner cease to mourn,
 With humble resignation bow,
 We'll meet beyond the bourne.

He's gone, my children grieve no more.*
 Earth's veil bedims thine eyes,
 Behold me on the golden shore,
 My mansion in the skies.

He's gone, the Echo to his own,
Resounds, act well your part,
Remember that a happy home
Will cheer my Mother's heart.

He's gone, but still his country claims,
He surely was their own ;
His seat the pinnacle of fame,
An o'er the world is known.

He's gone, the Casket's in the clay,
The Jewel's in the Crown,
In triumph Christ first led the way
Up to his Father's throne.

He's gone, we will together meet
And join that blissful band ?
Will Christ for us our joy complete
In that bright happy land ?

KING ALCOHOL IN COUNCIL.

TO MEDWAY LODGE, I. O. G. T. BY A MEMBER.

It was carnival time in the temple of Sin,
When Drink, dread tyrant, had gathered in,
From his dominions vast and great,
His Princes, Nobles, and Chiefs of State ;
Bright blazed the lights through the spacious hall,
On massive pillar and column tall,
On fretted ceiling and tapestried wall ;
On the gilded throne of Alcohol.
Seated aloft o'er his subjects all,
Who had gathered there in response to his call.
His countenance beamed with supreme delight,
As he feasted his eyes on the dazzling sight,
Entranced at the glittering concourse there,
Decked in apparel rich and rare.
The flash of the diamond there was seen,
The beautiful pearl with its lustrous sheen,
The tint of ruby and emerald hue,
Vied with torquoise and sapphire blue,
To adorn the proud and courtly throng,
Which moved the spacious aisles along ;

While broidered banner and pennon fair
 Fluttered aloft on the perfumed air.
 The monarch supreme in his glory and pride
 Saw circling around him the surging tide
 Of ambition and splendour and martial renown,
 All loyal in heart, attached to the crown ;
 His vesture of richest cloth of gold,
 Was resplendent with jewels of wealth untold ;
 A robe of imperial purple, wrought
 Of costliest stuff from the Orient brought,
 Shone lustrous as shines the mid-day sun,
 Blinding the eyes it rests upon ;
 His brow did an ivy wreath entwine,
 With branches of the clinging vine ;
 While luscious clusters of fruitage hung,
 Tempting the taste their leaves among ;
 But other forms are discernable there,
 Entwining themselves round his temples bare,
 That are different far from the ivy vine,
 Or branches charged with ruby wine ;
 There are bodies of serpent shape that glide
 'Mid these fillets fair, from side to side,
 With basilisk eyes whose lambent flame,
 Burns with passion no tongue can name,
 With mouth ope'd wide and sibilent tongue,
 All gorged with blood from victims wrung ;
 Such are the direful forms that cling
 To the brow of the potent and sovereign king ;
 Such are the forces that work his will,
 They charm at first, but finally kill.
 Now, at the clangorous trumpet's sound,
 A silence falls on the crowds around,
 While plumed leaders gather near,
 The tyrant despot's words to hear :
 " I have called you, ye gallant and faithful train,
 From the farthest limits of my domain,
 From the sunny South, and the frozen North,
 From the East and the West have I called you forth.
 To gather in council at my request,
 That ye may give ear to my behest,
 And here again your allegiance own
 To the august sovereign on his throne,
 Whose mighty and imperial sway,
 Even the kings of earth obey ;
 And more, I have called you that ye may declare,

Your victories won, and claim your share
 Of trophies gathered, for victor's spoils
 Shall go to the hero who hardest toils ;
 The contest we wage is eternal strife
 With the race of man, and human life
 Is the object we wish to gain as a prize,
 And banish the soul from Paradise ;
 So, stand you forth, ye noble few
 Who lead the van, and here renew
 Your pledge of service, and make request
 For the gage of valor each deems the best.
 He ceased ; when from the assembled throng
 Arose a shout so loud and long,
 That the vaulted roof with the echoes rung,
 While crested bonnets were upward flung,
 Till, at a wave of his hand for the noise to cease.
 There came a calm like a quiet of peace ;
 Foremost then from the mighty crowd,
 Stepped forth a leader, bold and proud,
 Loud voiced and mighty of limb was he.
 Lord of Banqueting, Revelry ;
 Low bowed his head with his waving plume,
 The most knightly courtier in that room.
 " As lord supreme of the powers of mirth,
 My rule is acknowledged o'er all the earth,
 All revels are tame compared with mine,
 When the blood is warm with the ruddy wine,
 And the passions are loosed from the bonds of will,
 When the sense is inflamed and the conscience still ;
 In bacchanal routs I extend thy sway,
 For the victim allured soon learns to obey ;
 Except the assurance, sovereign chief,
 Thy service is thine, my kingdom thy fief."

He stepped there then with lithsome tread,
 A figure attractive and highly bred :
 " I yield to none of highest degree,
 In my faithful and staunch adherence to thee ;
 I am Lord of the Dice, and with luring wiles,
 I lead on my dupe with winsome smiles,
 Till encircled at last by the hidden snare,
 He speeds on to his fate and ends in despair ;
 But thine be the honor, the glory be thine,
 We depend for success on the aid of the wine."
 The next that came with stately grace,
 With a lofty smile on his haughty face,

Was Fashion bedecked in regal attire,
 His burnished shield an orb of fire :
 "Yield me audience, monarch supreme,
 My allegiance is known, my power is seen
 Throughout the world, in royal halls
 I am chiefest king, my rule enthral
 The crowned head ; in imperial court,
 The proudest adopt my mien and port,
 While in many a temple, at many a shrine,
 I am worshipped as deity divine ;
 Alcohol, king, I'm allied with thee,
 Where I'm in power there thou shalt be
 Enthroned on high in majesty."
 A burly form next took his place,
 And asked the monarch's ear a space ;
 He lacked the ease of courtly grace,
 A scowl lowered on his darksome face :
 "Ye know me well, ye chieftains all,
 I am the Lord of the Midnight Brawl ;
 To my monarch's side I closely cling,
 To his arms I many a victory bring ;
 His service affords me rich employ,
 May we all of us long his reign enjoy."
 Then turned away, and with mighty stride,
 Regained his place by his comrade's side.
 But who is this grim warrior dread,
 That takes his place with stealthy tread ?
 Whose face bears hideous marks of strife,
 Received in war on human life ?
 His blood-shot eyes glare dull and fierce,
 As if your inmost soul to pierce ;
 His locks all hoar with frosts of time,
 This is the veteran warrior Crime.
 Furtive his glance, a second's space,
 Resting upon his sovereign's face ;
 Encouraged by the monarch's smile,
 He gained assurance for a while ;
 His accents in harsh whispers broke,
 When to his ruler, thus he spoke ;
 "I am of old thy servant tried,
 On many a field of conflict, dyed
 With richest blood of foemen slain
 In battle with thy vast domain ;
 Thy powerful aid was always lent
 To speed my hosts on slaughter bent ;

With thee, I count the victory won,
 Without thy aid I am undone."
 The loud, wild laugh, the frenzied cry,
 The nervous haste and glittering eye
 Of one who leaps with sudden bound,
 Before all other's crowding round ;
 These tokens all at once declare
 The presence of Delirium there ;
 Stray lock of his dishevelled hair,
 Hang o'er his temples, and the glare
 Of wrathful menace, baleful ire,
 Burns in those orbs with deadly fire ;
 With hands tight clenched he beats the air,
 While imprecation, curse and prayer
 Strangely commingled, shriek on shriek,
 His incoherent ravings speak :
 " I do thy work, a-ha, a-ha,
 I lie concealed within the jar,
 Within the costly, crystal vase,
 I find myself a hiding place,
 And sieze my victim as he sups
 The deadly poison from his cups ;
 Then ply my tortures, pain on pain,
 His efforts to escape all vain,
 Till fiendish cruelty has no more
 Of mortal agony in store."
 A loathsome figure in tattered dress,
 His forward way was seen to press,
 Fealty to his sovereign swore,
 And said : " My followers number millions more
 Than Fashion's devotees, or those
 Who pass their hours in rich repose ;
 I sure am foremost in the van
 Of those who hold the race of man
 In servile bonds, and with thy aid,
 Most August Chief, am not afraid
 Fresh fetters for the foe to cast,
 So long as thy support shall last,
 For Poverty depends on thee,
 To retain her supremacy."
 Then glided forth a figure gaunt,
 With looks more wretched than loathsome want,
 His sunken eye and hollow cheek,
 Abject misery forcibly speak :
 " I am Disease, and in my train,

Are Wretchedness, Sorrow and Deadly Pain ;
 It is my lot to gather up all
 Who on the field are seen to fall,
 And prey upon them, till mortal woe
 Has filled their cup to over flow ;
 Alcohol King must lead the way,
 I follow his step, his summons obey."
 With a look of disdain, and self-satisfied stare,
 At the figure which last had preceded him there,
 Then daintily stepped to the royal throne,
 One who refused his companions to own :
 " I am Moderate Drinking and boldly confess
 My abhorrence of taking good wine in excess ;
 I have nothing to do with the revel and rout,
 And with bacchanal feasting am sadly put out
 Old Alcohol chuckled in inward glee,
 " I see you're ashamed of your company,
 But do not be captious or take swift affront
 At those who in battle have off' borne the brunt,
 They've out-grown your remembrance, but sure everyone,
 Whom you thus treat with scorn is your very own son,
 That in his young manhood went out from your roof,
 And his father's good training has thus put to proof."
 A herald announced with a trumpet blast then,
 An embassy come from the courts of men,
 From the Licensed Dealers Corps had come,
 Soliciting aid in the cause of rum
 Saying: " Great Chief we're engaged in a trade,
 By which thousands of orphans are yearly made,
 And homes once happy with love's bright cheer,
 Are blasted with terror, dread and fear ;
 For the fire that blazed on the peaceful hearth,
 We furnish instead the ashes of wrath ;
 The children cry in their deep distress,
 From gnawing hunger and nakedness ;
 The husband degraded, besotted, enslaved,
 Goes down to his doom unwept, unsaved ;
 The wife in agony, anguish and grief,
 Cries for succour and kind relief,
 Or becomes in her love for the fatal bowl,
 A sepulcher for a human soul ;
 But of their misery we little think,
 Our only concern is to sell them drink,
 To ply our traffic and oftimes wonder,
 At the simple fools whom thus we plunder,

But of late some fanatics are moving apace,
 Who declare rum-selling a curse to the race,
 And endeavour by statute to limit our trade,
 Of whose final success we're sorely afraid,
 For our liege we think it a sin
 To ruin a trade "there's millions in;"
 We ask for help to defy the laws,
 To blast the strength of the Temperance cause,
 To spread ruin and havoc o'er all the earth,
 And banish sobriety, goodness and worth;
 In return for which we hereby agree
 To surrender our souls for eternity."
 Said Alcohol then, "My friends well done,
 You deserve reward for conquest won.
 In behalf of the cause you highly prize,
 And defend at such a sacrifice;
 For this service dooms as you know full well,
 Its votaries to the pangs of hell."
 Satisfaction, presumption, and confidence rest
 On the faces of all whose looks attest,
 High hope in the issue of terrible strife,
 Waged against man in pursuit of his life.
 A herald of darkness on tireless pinion,
 Arrives in haste from Satan's dominion,
 Who bears message of greeting and friendly applause,
 Commending the king on the state of the cause,
 And offers fiends from shades below,
 To aid in man's great overthrow.
 A shadowy presence, spectral, vast,
 From which the boldest shrink aghast,
 Looms ghost-like 'neath the lurid glare,
 Of pennant lamp, and torch's flare;
 A wan smile hovers on his pale face,
 As silently he takes his place.
 Before the royal monarch's throne,
 Then, in a hollow undertone
 Thus slowly speaks: "My name is Death,
 Last enemy of man, whose breath
 Flies fatal, as my icy hand
 Beckons him to the spirit land.
 On every side, o'er earth's wide plain,
 My millions lie in heaps of slain,
 But, heaped the thickest rank on rank,
 Where youth and promise early sank
 In Drunkard's graves, a prey to Rum,

That snatched them ere their hour had come ;
 Yet, strange to say, some wondrous spell
 Makes simple mortals love thee well ;
 They fly in dread alarm from me,
 But welcome, cherish, fondle thee.
 Ha-ha they stand on dangerous brink,
 When toying with the demon Drink ;
 I don't complain, for in this way,
 They fall before us readier prey,
 United in our work, we stand
 To blast and devastate the land.
 A chill, damp vapor settles on
 His *phantom shape*, and he is gone.
 In timorous silence, shuddering, chill,
 With awe that makes each pulse stand still,
 The assembled host all nerveless stand,
 Awaiting now their chief's command.
 The king arose with a look profound,
 On the audience vast that gathered round,
 And spoke in a fierce, exulting strain :
 " Yes ! ye are leaders all in my wide domain ;
 Though some are festive and some are gay,
 While the sight of others strikes deep dismay,
 Ye together engage in a common toil,
 Together the human race despoil.
 Go forth, each bearing lighted brand,
 To kindle fires o'er all the land,
 And mingle in one conflagration,
 The brightest hopes of every nation.
 Go forth to blight all fond desires,
 To desolate all altar fires ;
 Go forth to rapine, pillage, plunder,
 To rend all harmony asunder,
 Till, in despair, all human life
 Rushes to end in murderous strife ;
 Then shall each evil power confess,
 Your work is crowned with rich success,
 And Hell with all its fiends of night,
 Shall loud extol your deeds of might.

