

**CIHM
Microfiche
Series
(Monographs)**

**ICMH
Collection de
microfiches
(monographies)**



Canadian Institute for Historical Microreproductions / Institut canadien de microreproductions historiques

© 1995

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes technique 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.

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 modifications dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Coloured covers / Couverture de couleur <input type="checkbox"/> Covers damaged / Couverture endommagée <input type="checkbox"/> Covers restored and/or laminated / Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée <input type="checkbox"/> Cover title missing / Le titre de couverture manque <input type="checkbox"/> Coloured maps / Cartes géographiques en couleur <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) / Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire) <input type="checkbox"/> Coloured plates and/or illustrations / Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur <input type="checkbox"/> Bound with other material / Relié avec d'autres documents <input type="checkbox"/> Only edition available / Seule édition disponible <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin / Le reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure. <input type="checkbox"/> 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. <input type="checkbox"/> Additional comments / Commentaires supplémentaires: | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <input type="checkbox"/> Coloured pages / Pages de couleur <input type="checkbox"/> Pages damaged / Pages endommagées <input type="checkbox"/> Pages restored and/or laminated / Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Pages discoloured, stained or foxed / Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées <input type="checkbox"/> Pages detached / Pages détachées <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Showthrough / Transparence <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Quality of print varies / Qualité inégale de l'impression <input type="checkbox"/> Includes supplementary material / Comprend du matériel supplémentaire <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> 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 le meilleure image possible. <input type="checkbox"/> Opposing pages with varying colouration or discolourations are filmed twice to ensure the best possible image / Les pages s'opposent ayant des colorations variables ou des décolorations sont filmées deux fois afin d'obtenir la meilleur 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
	12X		16X		20X		24X		28X		32X

/

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

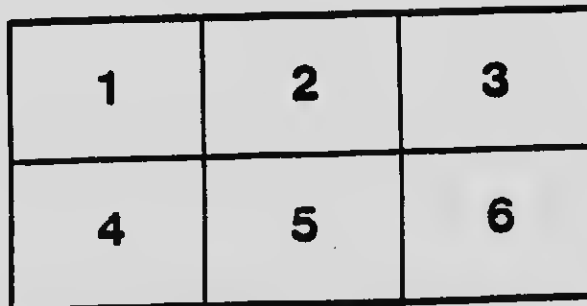
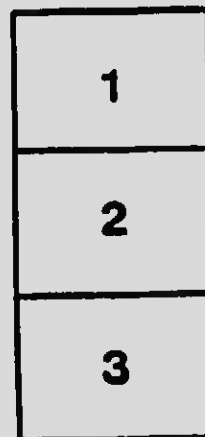
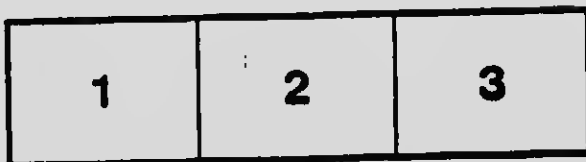
National Library of Canada

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.

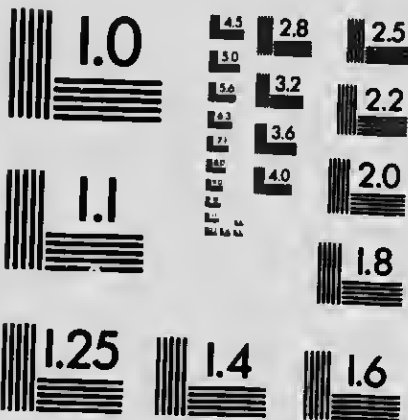
Les exemplaires originaux dont la couverture en papier est imprimée sont filmés en commençant par le premier plat et en terminent soit par la dernière page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration, soit par le second plat, selon le cas. Tous les autres exemplaires originaux sont filmés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

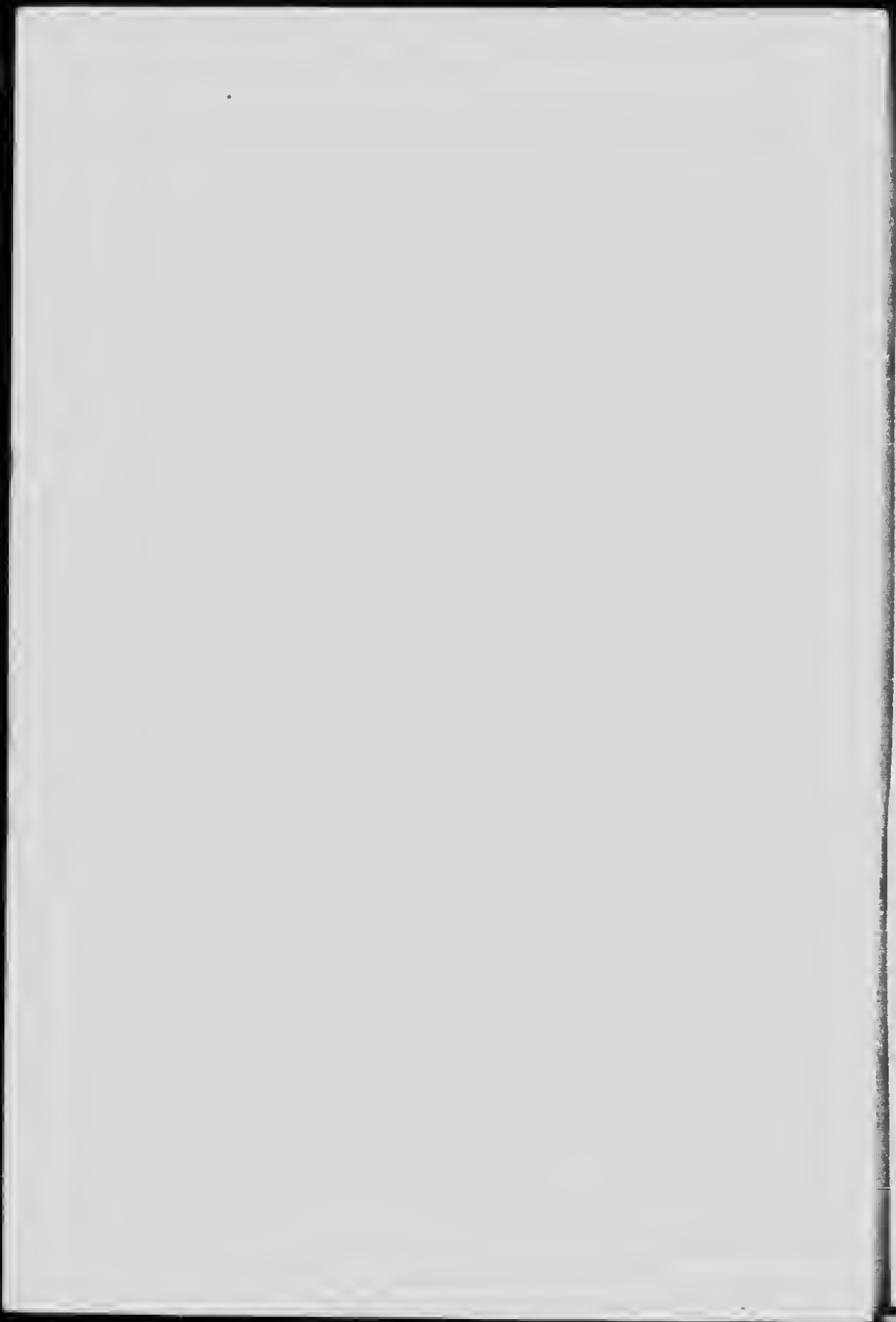


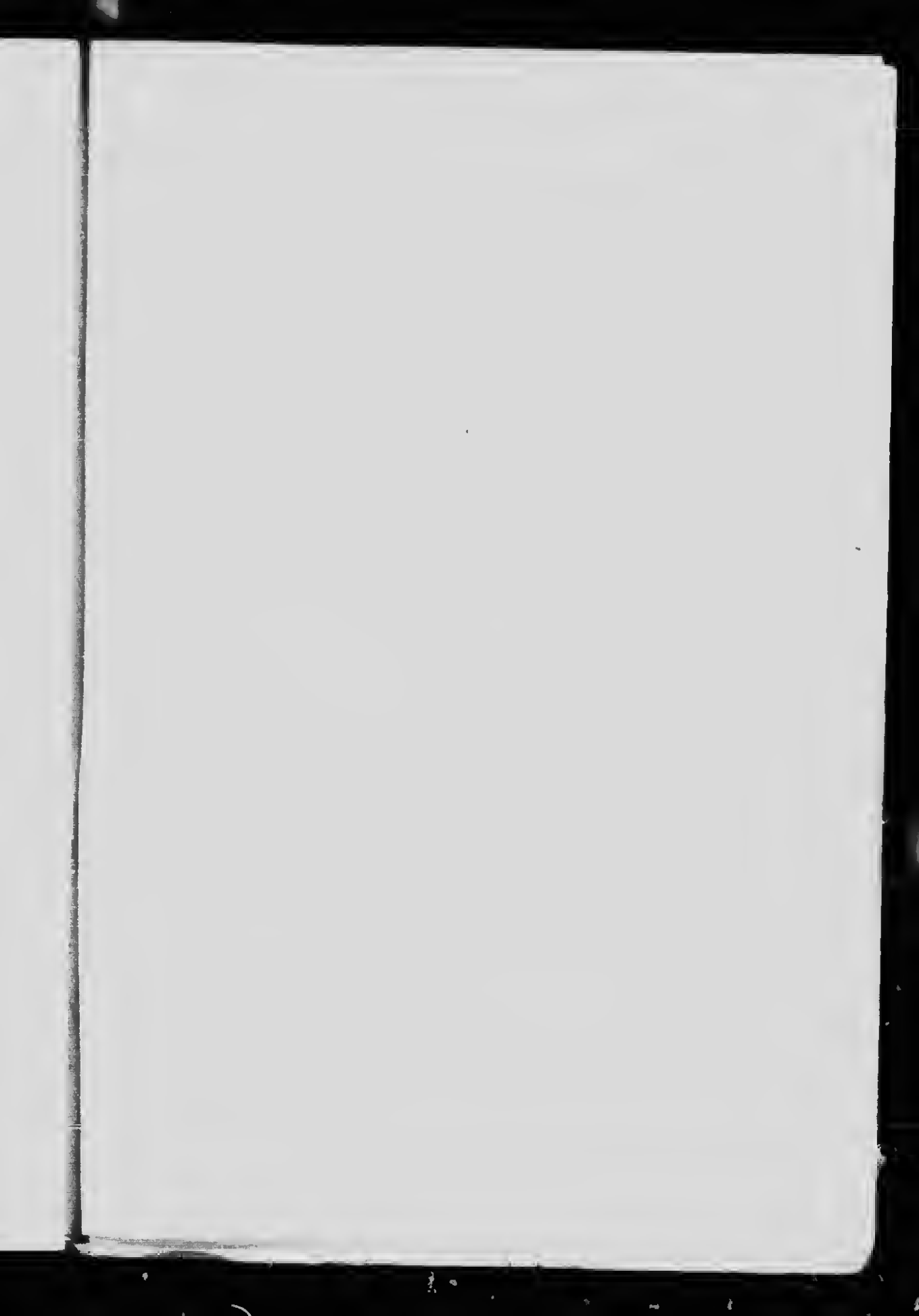
APPLIED IMAGE Inc

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

To
Rev. W. E. Knowles,
Hart, Ont.
with kind regards.

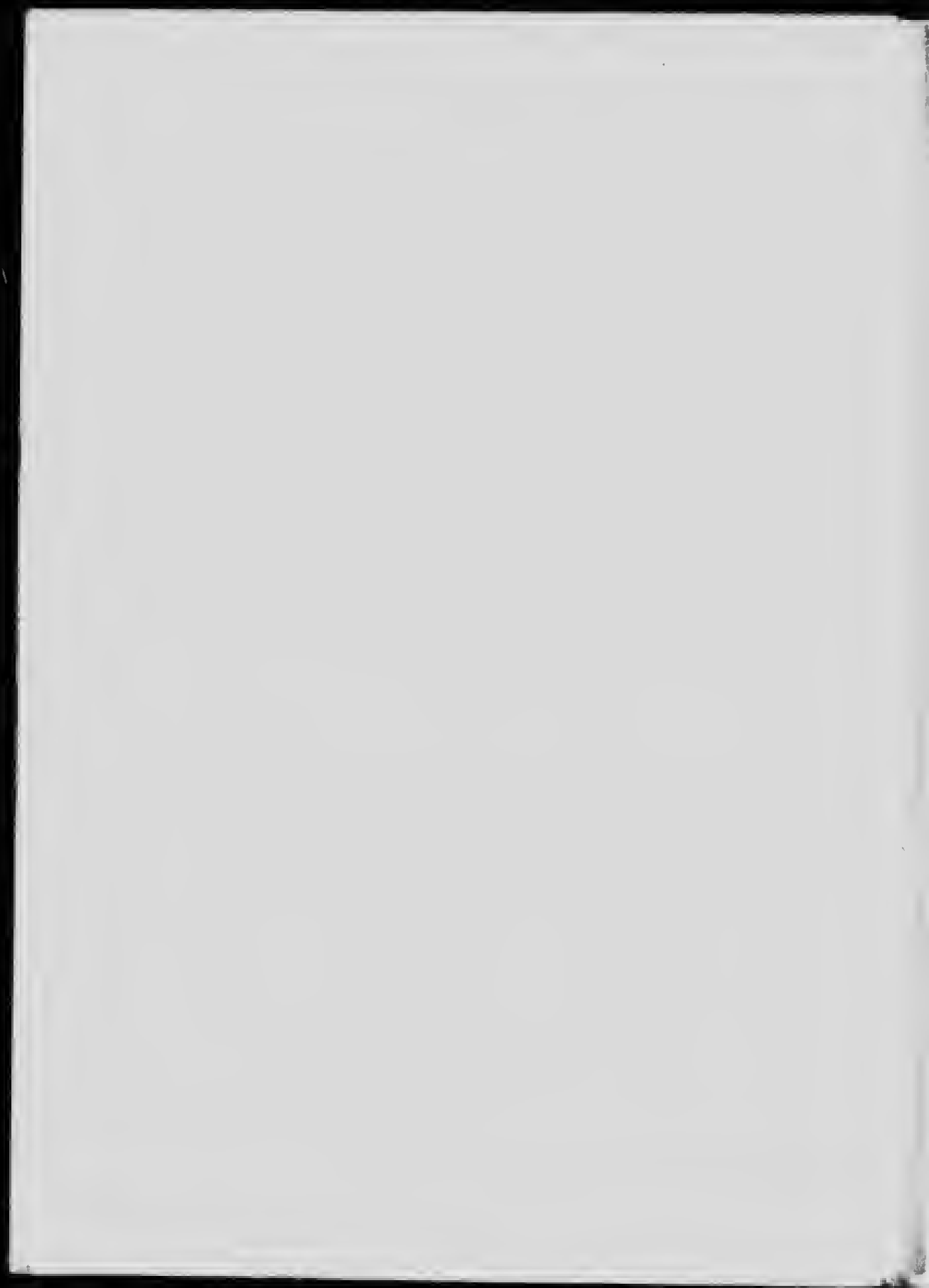
William W. Smith,
Aug. 2, 1913.



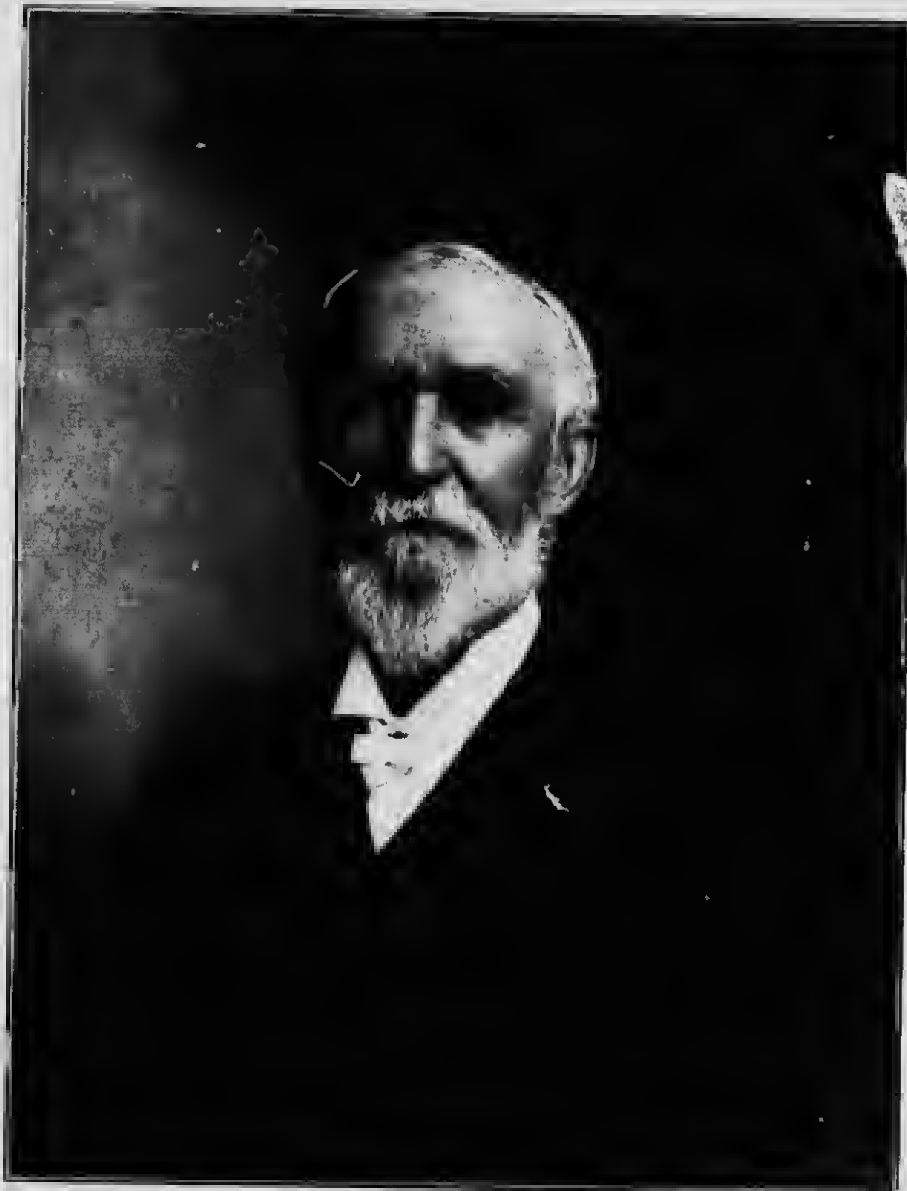












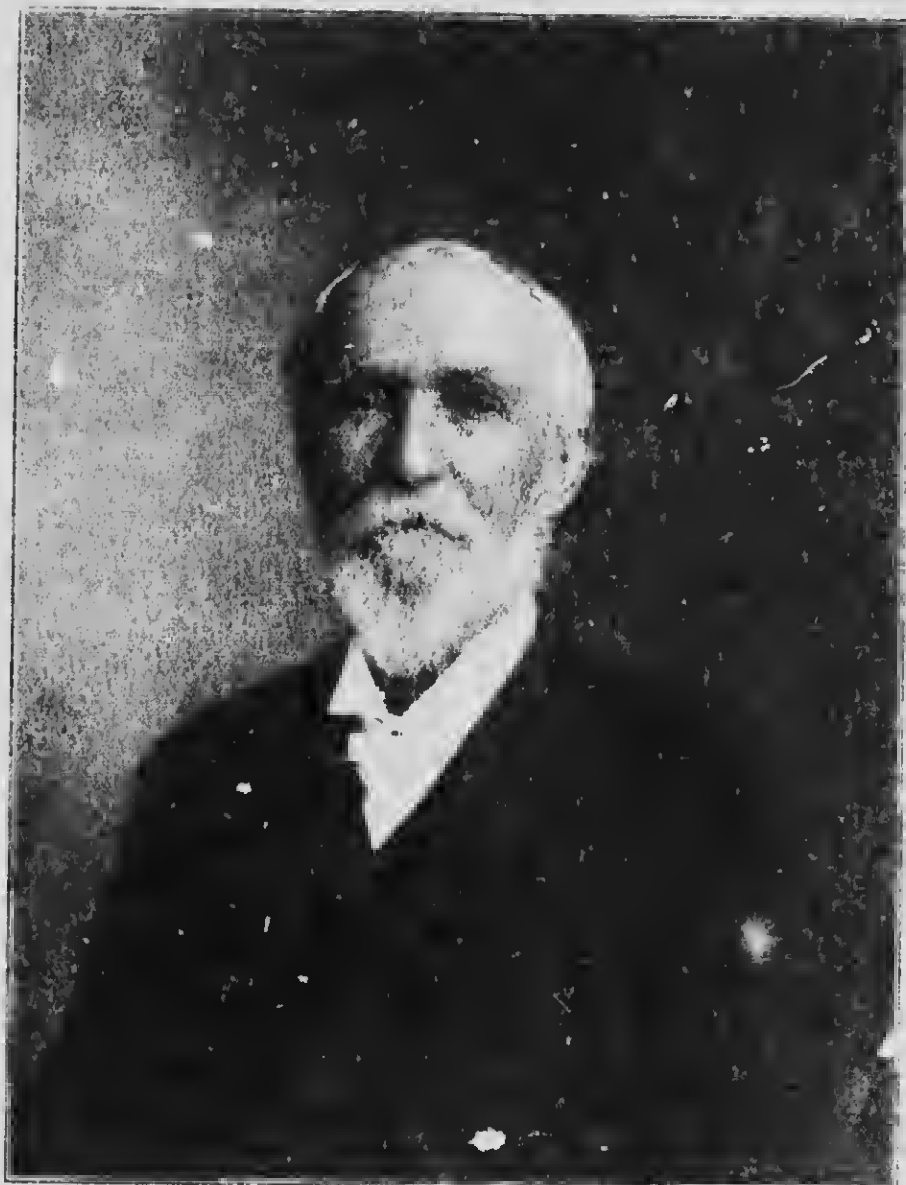
From photo taken 1908

REV. WILLIAM WYE SMITH

THE
SELECTED POEMS
OF
WILLIAM WYE SMITH

Scottish Agent in Standard Dictionary, Author
of "Scottish Gaelic" Translations of New
Testament in Gaelic Verse

Toronto:
J. M. BRIGGS
1898



From portrait taken

REV. WILLIAM WYE SMITH

THE
SELECTED POEMS
OF
WILLIAM WYE SMITH

Scottish Expert on Standard Dictionary; Author
of "Poems," 1888; Translator of New
Testament in Braid Scots.



Toronto:
WILLIAM BRIGGS
1908

PS 8487

M6

A17

1908

69957

Copyright, Canada, 1908, by
WILLIAM WYE SMITH

PREFACE

I THOUGHT I would put my poems in order, weeding out many that were more inferior, and presenting only those that please me better. The result is the present selection. To those whose friendly and generous subscriptions secured the issue of this volume, I present my best thanks.

The late Thomas McQueen, of Goderich, Ontario, Editor of the *Huron Signal*, once closed an editorial by asking, "Will nobody write a few songs for Canada?" This note of yearning has been in my heart for the last thirty or forty years, as something that deserved recognition, and has, indeed, directly led to some of the lines here collected. Having left Scotland so long ago that I cannot even recall the look of her shores, and knowing the Land almost exclusively through her Songs, her Literature and her People, the "Seot'eh," in song and expression, has greatly appealed to me in the latter half of my life, and perhaps not wholly in vain. So the Maple Tree and the Heather are here brought out into the sunshine of homely verse by one who loves them both.

WILLIAM WYE SMITH.

St. Catharines, Ontario, 1908.



CONTENTS

MISCELLANEOUS AND CANADIAN.	PAGE
The Three Brethren	11
The Vale of Tweed	27
Crows	31
The Ghost that Danced at Jethart	37
Rah MacQuheen and His Elshin	42
Our Hame is Whaur We Mak our Nest	47
Prometheus	50
The Legend of the Happy Islands	54
The Burial of Brock	58
FitzGibbon's Ride	62
Sailing On	64
Why do You Envy Me?	65
Under the Rose	66
The Blue Sea is before Me	67
The New Year	69
Circe	70
The Merits of Christ for Nothing	72
When Johnnie Went Away	73
'Tween the Mountain and the Lake	75
St. Agnes	77
The Second Concession of Deer	79
The Sheep-washing	81
Youth and Age	83
Ridgeway	86
I Came, hut I Came with Myself	87

MISCELLANEOUS AND CANADIAN— <i>Continued.</i>	PAGE
Father! O Father!	88
Earth's Jubilee	89
There's a Boat has Launched Away	91
Blessed!	92
Here's to the Land!	93
Jennie MacLean	94
The Sunset	95
Strike to the Chalk!	97
Sweet Content	98
The Canadians on the Nile	99
Canadian Winter Song	101
The Rainbow	103
To a Town-Clock	104
Ring in the Day!	105
Angel Faces	106
Ferniedale	108
The Balky Horse	109
The Oriole	110
Going Home To-day	112
The Land of the Maple	114
At Marathon	115
This Canada of Ours	118
The City of God	120
Out of Captivity	121
The Exiles' Lament	122
 SCOTTISH LYRICS.	
Peden's Prayer	125
Robert Fergusson	127
The Prisoner	129
Loch Saint Mary	130
Bonnie Eneuch	132
Wi' the Laverock i' the Lift	133

CONTENTS

vii

SCOTTISH LYRICS—Continued.

	PAGE
Will Ye Tak Me?	134
The Birdie that's an' in' a Wing	135
Bonnie Meg	137
A Simmer Morn	138
Poet from over the Paths of the Sea	139
White Heather	141
Toddlin' Hame	142
She Likit Him Raal Weel	144
Sing Me Ane o' the Auld Sangs	146
The Spirit in the Man	147
Hieland Hills and Hieland Heather	149
Haud up Yer Heid!	150
To the Ettrick Shepherd	152
That Beats A'	153
The Twenty-third Psalm	155
My Wee Laddie	156
A Scotch Paraphrase	157
That's Scotch!	158
The Anchored Ship	160
The Heather-Bell	161
The Martyr of Solway Sands	162
Bessie Bell and Mary Gray	164
The Bairnie	166
Gin Ye Canna Gie the Pund	168
Our Bonnie Bairn's Asleep	170
They Arena aye the Truest Freends	172
Do Ye Mind the Auld Langsyne?	174
The Border Poet	176
The Tryst	179
Robert the Bruce	181
The Nurse o' Men	183
James Guthrie	185
To See Oorsels	187

SCOTTISH LYRICS—*Continued.*

	PAGE
Fare Thee Weel!	188
Wallace	190
The Heart Replyin'	193
A' ae Oo'	195
The True Man	197
Selkirk and Flodden	199
Burns at Sixty	201
When We a' Win Hame	203
To Beek Forment the Sun	205

CHILDREN'S PIECES.

Bonnie Tweedside	209
The Question	210
The Visitor	211
Wee Jeanie	212
Ship Ahoy!	213
Sandy McWhin	215
Cuddle Doon!	217
Mr. Wise-Man	218
The Lintie	219
Gather the Flowers	221
The Boy and the Dove	222
When Our Ship Comes In	224
The Echo	226

GLOSSARY	228
--------------------	-----

Miscellaneous and Canadian



THE THREE BRETHREN.

'Twas the "Three Cairn Hill," with Selkirk out-by;—
And they each built a cairn, as they stationed them
there.

Like banner unfolding beneath the braid sky,
The Borders before them—in beauty so rare!

And there made a vow—with the cairn to attest—
As each on the cairn he had reared laid a stane:
"When the right day comes, from the East and the
West,
We'll a' here forgather, and ne'er part again!"

And the auld tale tells how the one gaed away
To fight wi' the Infidel, ower the braid seas;
And one he took ship on Saint John's good day,
To follow his fortune as the wind might please!

And the third kept the rooftree o'er father and
mother;—
But they met nevermore on the high hill crest!
For one fell in battle, the sea had the other,
And the third slept in peace in the kirkyard's rest.

Time, that wears the rocks away—
 Time, who makes the veteran gray—
 Time, who claims all things his own,
 Had brought our Good Queen to the throne.
 The time was peace; the land was filled
 With many who planned, and many who willed
 To make themselves a name and a fame,
 That the land that bore them should have no shame!

And Scottish men from Scottish land
 (Unwilling to bow, yet strong to stand)
 Held these three only precious on earth:
God, who gave Creation birth;
Their Country—Land of love and fame;
Themselves—remembering whence they came!
 “My hand for my friends!” quoth the Scot, “in love;
 My back for the burden of life I prove;
 But my bended knee for my God above!”

Look as thou wilt at the “Days o’ Langsyne,”
 Through the blinding mist of that glamor of thine—
 The glamor of time and the mist of years,
 Till the rash-buss large as the forest appears—
 But the time that now is, is the best day yet
 On which the sun ever rose or set!

And the lads with fire within their breast,
 Who must “see the world” ere they think to rest—
 The lads who have dreamed of castles fair
 On the far-off hills of the ambient air—

Are with us to-day, as in days of old,
With their visions of amethyst, pearl and gold!

Three brethren climbed to that high hill-top,
Where far to the south the glance could drop
On those storied scenes of the Border, rife;
Scenes of soft pleasance and scenes of strife;—
And the heather and harebell, small and sweet,
In innocence smiled, caressing their feet.
Three "Flowers o' the Forest," with lustrous eyes,
With manly beauty and high emprise.
And as they recalled the legend old,
So well believed and so often told,
They, too, would claim a cairn for each,
And far afield their hopes should reach
To the fortunate end of thirty years,
When the world should smile—and her bitter tears
Be reserved for him who failed to feel
Within his breast a heart of steel!—
The laggart, the man afraid to climb
The heights of Ambition's hills sublime!

And they would give the world a task;
(They had much to impart and little to ask!)
And name, and fame, and wealth should be theirs—
For the bold hand takes what the weak hand spares!
And they looked afar o'er the Borders there,
And pledged their hands in a compact rare,
Gilbert, and Malcom, and Lawrence the young,
On that mountain crest that the scene o'erhung,—

“ That in thirty years they'd meet together
On that high hill-top among the heather !”

And Gilbert sailed to the far, far East,
On the hills of Otago his eyes to feast;
To find beneath a Southern sun
(Though backward his race he seemed to run!)
A rest for his weary, wandering feet,
A home for his heart and a place for his love—
And his rooftree reared in a dimple sweet,
Like Fairy legends tell you of!
There were many Scots had hied them there—
Men of rough bone and ruddy hair;
(Full of wise saws, and wisdom gained
Where Poverty pinched and Intellect reigned;
And each with his Bible, staid and calm,
(A sprig of heather at the Shepherd-Psalm!)
Came with his collie (frisking gay;
That could count, full well, to the Sabbath day!)
To hear the Word on the Day of Rest—
Both there and here the same Lord confessed!

The old men never forgot “ langsyne ”;—
(A transplanted flower will often pine!)
They smiled as they saw their fields increase;
The rigs with corn, and the flocks with fleece;
They blessed the “ oes ” that climbed their knee,
And had a good word for this “ New Countrie!”
Yet 'twas the air of Scotland's vales
That filled the swell of Fancy's sails,

In every wish and every dream
That gave the aged eye a gleam,
As memory backward led the way
To the Land so loved, and so far away!

But the young men grew as their Country grew;
(The streams were clear and the skies were blue!)
(Their laws were such as they made themselves—
(Who knows the soil is the man who delves!)
They feared not "making precedents";
For the world needs such in the rough ascents
From chaos, and the dawn of Right,
To where sweet Justice reigns in light!
All men and women, bound by law,
Unite that very code to draw;
And give good heed to walk sedate
Within the bounds themselves create.
No "privilege," no birthright claim—
The Country's weal the public aim!
Beneath such skies, to breathe such air,
Might well make freemen, standing square
On Equal Rights and Equal Trade,
A warm New Zealand heart beneath the Scottish plaid!

And the wanderer from the Border fells,
Of whom this rustic record tells,
Became such man among his peers
As the good man loves and the bad man fears.
A kindred soul for his own he found
Within that circling valley's round,

Where Clutha wimples to the sea,
 'Mid sweet perennial greenery!
 And children graced the humble cell,
 That swelled and grew, as needs befell,
 Till wing and gable, and hall and court,
 Became a home of stately mien,
 Where friends and comrades made resort,
 And the public weal debated keen.
 "And now, as thus their views cement,
 Would he urge these in Parliament?"
 Thus pressed, he lifts a steering oar,
 Home-disciplined, a Senator!

His Country felt his guiding hand;
 His name was honored through the land;
 His dual self a puzzle grown—
 His heart, he said, was Scotland's own;
 Yet for the soil on which he stood
 He'd give each pulsing drop of blood!
 The scale he never could adjust—
 "He loved them both, and ever must!"
 But ere the Trysting Day came round,
 To call his feet to Scottish ground,
 His manly spirit soared away
 To enter on eternal day,
 Where kindred souls may tryst together
 On sweeter hills than Scotland's heather!

Letters to Malcom, full of love:
 "That the earth beneath and the skies above

Might yield their sweetest influence
To those who went in fealty thence,
To wait the tryst their love had made,
As that morning sun their course surveyed!
But for the rest—their sire was now
 But a memory in his native land;
And for themselves—their shallop's prow
 Was resting on New Zealand's strand!"

And Malcom, with his mother's eyes,
 Dark eyes, as tempered with the sun,
A warm, rich brown, where feeling lies,
 A chord for Truth to play upon;—
Malcom would live his Country's life,
Endure her wrongs and share her strife;
Let her sweet love have full recourse
To every feeling's inmost source;
And what he felt, and what he said,
Should still be hers, unlimited!
Yet might it not be Jeanie's smile
That turned the scales for his Native Isle?
For rich in love was Malcom brave,
Beside the Ettrick's classic wave;
Nor ever sought to break the bond
That held him in a tie so fond,
As when man and maiden plight together
Their hands and hearts among the heather!

In her commerce vast he found his place,
Speeding with others in the race;

Yet never sold his soul by measure,
Nor quoted Honor as a treasure
To estimate by *cent per cent*,
Or counterfeit the sweet Content!
Missives came by the penny post,
(We can girdle the earth at will, almost!)
Of commerce rare, and posts of prize
Over the seas, 'neath stranger skies;
And office, and place, and influence—
“For talent,” they said, “claims recompense!”
But *douce* and *dour*, true Malcom stood—
“I am here at home; I find it good!
Scotland needs me, (as I need her!)
Her leal and constant worshipper!
And as so many seek their lot
Far distant from their natal spot,
It more behooves us who remain,
And follow in our Country's train,
To hold her honor bright and clear,
To shield her fame and yield her cheer!”

With tears they tell, when Malcom died
(A fever swept the countryside),
How weird, pathetic and sublime—
His mind unbalanced for the time—
When Heaven and Earth come near together,
And Death unbars the entrance thither—
To hear him voice the thoughts that rise
Within his fever'd brain, that tries

E'en now to mould his love and zeal
For Scotland's peace and Scotland's weal,
In fitting garb of eloquence
To touch the heart and fire the sense.
And he, who never sang before,
Was now heard crooning o'er and o'er:
" I'm wearin' awa'—
 And it a' marrows weel!—
I'm wearin' awa'
 To the Land o' the Leal!"

And Nature, having made delay
'Mid Scotland's vales and mountains gray,
He turned him from the earth away,
 To Him who lives, though once He died!
And with the last gleam of Reason's ray,
 Surrendered to The Crucified!

Lawrence was left, and only he,
To represent the Brethren Thræ,
Who once among the blooming heather
Had made their tryst to meet together!
And he for eireling years had been
Beneath Canadia's Maple green;
Where none were dallying on the bridge
'Tween Equity and Privilege!
But men were prized for worth they bore,
Not for some shadowy aneestor!
He drank long draughts of liberty,
And gloried in the history

That day by day was building up
 A monument to Love and Hope
 For the proud Nation yet to be,
 With the Pole-Star for her heraldry!

Yet oft he hummed "Ye banks and braes,"
 And breathed the air of Scotland's lays;
 And deemed himself an exile, far
 From his own Land and natal star;
 And started, when his children claimed
 To be alone "Canadians" named.
 Though he himself oft vaunted free
 "Our Country!" and "Our Liberty!"
 Yet marvelled when some neighbor yearned
 For "Home," and sailed back o'er the sea,
 Yet never stayed there, but returned
 Once more "Canadian" to be!
 For "he was Scottish, mind and heart!
 A stiff, transplanted heather-stem,
 That only blooms in native air—
 In its own haunts a diadem!"

'Neath friendly skies, with neighbors kind,
 He grew in vigor, spirit, mind;
 A man who looked with kindly eyes
 On faults that love would minimize;
 And only prayed that men with him
 Would measure with the generous ken.
 He rounded to the smiling brim
 The virtues of his fellow-men!

For thirty years he reckoned keen
The year, the day, the hour, when he
Should seek that ever-cherished scene,
So pictured in his memory!
"Some day in June he'd wend his way,
Exulting, to the rising sun;
Like pilgrim-devotee to pay
His oft-repeated orison!"
Sweet June! a flower that reached the ground
From out the Paradise above;
That blossoms as the year comes round—
The anniversary of love!

See Lawrence now; the "longest day,"—
The Border moor—the upland fell—
The whaup's wild cry, far, far away—
The glamor of that magic spell!
And up, and up, the last long rise
Above the burn; with summer skies
That put their scenic splendor on,
To smile in sympathy upon
The glowing exile, hasting home
From far beyond the salt-sea foam;
To lay a flower at Scotland's feet,
And once again her fame repeat!
The heather flushing into flower,
The harebell bending to the breeze,
And pansies nodding to the hour
Their pilgrim came to praise and please.

And this was the Hill of the Three—
The nameless "Three Brethren" of old!
He saluted the cairn, and he fell on his knee,
As the scenes to his vision unfold.

Then standing still fast by the stone,
With his eyes and his mouth closed in prayer—
'Twixt the earth and the heavens, as he seemed there
alone—
And he drank to his fill of the fair!

For who hath not found, of a joy or a sweet,
When our path has grown rayless and rough,
The wish, "Oh, for once could I have it complete!
And cry to myself, '*Tis enough!*'"

And the Black Hill of Duns was there,
And the Eildon Hills, those matchless three,
That overlooked "Strathclyde" so fair,
And all her classic scenery!

And there, beneath the brightest spot
Of sky—a corner dark and green
(As planted by Sir Walter Scott)—
The woods of Abbotsford were seen!

And there was Smailholm, like a guard,
Stood facing England night and day;
Where Scott, in infancy, prepared
To sound his matchless minstrelsy!

Then Penielheugh; (and Jedburgh sleeps
Behind the Dunion's swelling mass!)
And the moistening eye of the pilgrim sweeps
Where the Minto Hills in beauty pass!

Dark Ruberslaw, that Leyden said
Did still "conceive the mountain-storm,"
While Teviotdale, a flowery bed,
Extended sunward, green and warm.

And Skelfhill, and the Penhyrist Pen,
And all the hills of Liddesdale;
And up the Ettrick glanced he then,
To Yarrow's braes of mystic wail;

And into Moffatdale; and saw
The huddle o' hills about Measpaul;
And the smoke of Selkirk—let him draw
His breath—for he has seen it all!

And then he went—without a word—
He, "a Returning Pilgrim" there—
Nor from his straight direction stirred,
Till he had reached the Tweed at Yair!

For he had seen it all; his soul
Was filled with the ecstatic whole!
For once he had no more to crave—
His very heart, so strong and brave,

Was gluttoned to its inmost core
With Native Land and Native Lore!
His willing knee had touched the sod
(Direct beneath the eye of God!)
Like child who seeks the mother's eye,
To read her love and sympathy—
"I've reached," he cried, "this sacred shrine,
To pay my vows and call her mine!"

And there, beside the Tweed's full flow,
(The long-drawn gloaming gathering slow,)
He lay, and looked into the West,
As for his heart, that night, in quest!
For the West-wind came, in a well-known calm,
As from maple and sumach, and birch and balm!
And he dreamed—the man a boy again—
An uncut diamond, rough and plain—
To cast his time, his thought, his life,
At Scotland's feet, in Scotland's strife;
And hear no other voice than hers—
The best of earth's interpreters!

But the boy, before his dreaming eye,
Put on a man-like dignity;
The world before him—he must choose
What he must share, what he might use;
And occupy the corner well
Where the Divine Inscrutable
Had placed beneath his plastic hand
The work for which his life was planned!

And the Thistle gave its ruddiest glow,
And hung defiance to the foe;
The hawk flew o'er the upland fell—
The bee sought out the heather-bell—
The mavis chirped beside the burn,
And bairnies hailed the day's return.
Yet, as he dreamed, the day put on
The well-remembered horizon
Which each Canadian landscape gives
Of woods and trees, and boughs and leaves.

And the glowing maple, rainbow-hued—
Beneath, his children playing round,
Who worship (with such love imbued)
Her very shadow on the ground!

Her royal robes around her form,
The languorous Indian Summer spread;
Where the green was mellow, almost yellow,
And the yellow was ruby, almost red.

And the brook looks up with a worship sweet,
And only seeks to bathe her feet;
And the children come, in the glow o'erhead,
To gather the chestnuts ripe and red;
And the man who for thirty years has been
Beneath Canadia's Maple green,
Goes back, without one alien start.
With all his will, with all his heart.

To be a "Scot be-north the Lakes!"
A man who gives—a man who takes—
And finds that one can serve his God,
And love his country, though abroad;—
And inward croon, to his dying day,
Some Scottish Border roundelay,
Attuned to harp *some Maple tree*
Gave up her heart the *stock* to be!

THE VALE OF TWEED.

Was it some Bard, whose home was earth's green sod,
All lands his country, and his father God,—
Who climbed the Border hills of mist and dew,
And told the world where Worth and Freedom grew?
Or, lured by love such maid could well inspire,
Albyn her home, a Scottish Chief her sire—
Adventurous youth, from Roman campus freed,
First dipped his sandals in the fords of Tweed?
Crying, "But spare me on my wondering way,—
And wreck me, Fortune, as I backward stray!"*
Howe'er it were, or when, the world soon found
Beyond those hills, within that river's bound,
A vale with pastoral beauty richly drest,—
A land of gleaming lake and mountain crest;
A people who, amid the throes of war,
And darkly kneeling under baleful star,
Yet loved their land—each flower upon her breast—
And kept their troth, and made the stranger blest.

O vale of beauty! by each zephyr borne,

* Make me your wreck as I come back,
But spare me as I go!

—Old Ballad.

Still breathes the fragrance of that vernal morn;
And every burn that babbles on its way,
Prolongs the music of that earlier day!
Still beats the lark the thin resounding air,
Still in the den the hawthorn blossoms fair,
And o'er the moor, or on the breezy fell,
The maiden stoops to pluck the heather-bell.
O Scottish maiden with the sparkling eye!
Couldst thou be less than love and poesy?
Or could the Bard that sues thee for a smile,
Cease from his ever-witching strains the while,—
Till, from the passion of one love-lorn swain,
The world, enriched, receives the deathless strain!
Nor Grecian maid, with fillet round her hair,
With buskin'd feet, and brow and bosom bare—
A fervid flower that blossoms in the sun—
Could e'er entrance the heart as thou hast done!
Still tread the moorland with thy flying feet,
And in thy tresses bind the bluebells sweet;
Still hold thy heart a prize for worth and grace,
Nor trust the semblance of a faithless face!
And long as wheels in space yon clouded sun,
While Spring returns, and haunted streamlets run,
Shall glowing Minstrel sing the Scottish maid,
And hearts beat time beneath the Scottish plaid!

Ye nameless Bards, who snatched the Scottish lyre.
And passing, swept the chords with patriot fire,
Till clarion blast returned the lyre unkeyed,
To drooping elm beside the rippling Tweed—

We stand beside each sacred mound, and say,
 "Some Bard, perchance, here waits a brighter day!"
 And wonder, as we tunc the sweet refrain,
 We all should know except the hand that waked the
 strain!

O Land of Heroes! down this dewy vale
 I hear the war-notes mingling with the gale;
 And stubborn hosts, with sturdy Border spear,
 And faithful claymore, from the shades appear.
 Once more the battle closes, fierce and far,
 And Twced's soft murmur dies in shouts of war.
 Round Roxburgh's walls lie leaguering hosts again--
 And Ancrum's moor is swept with sanguine rain.
 From Ettrick's forest, archers, lithe of limb,
 Twang the high notes of that keen battle-hymn;
 The peasant feels the hero in him stir,
 As peals the cry of "Douglas!" "Home!" or "Ker!"
 And ranks go down before the serriced spear
 Of dalesmen, charging home, with "JETHART'S HERE!"

The vision melts, the battle rolls away!
 Through happy tears I see the lambkins play;
 And lisping children throng the cottage door,
 Where once the trampled heather blushed with gore.
 The Martyr now may ply the patient spade,
 A Hero's heart beat 'neath the Shepherd's plaid,
 A Warrior's arm wid' swing the peaceful scythe,
 And martial Minstrel carol love-lays blithe.
 All, all is calm; the Man is for the Hour;

The hour is peace; the sword is drawn no more!
Roll on, thou Tweed, in ripples to the sea,
And tell the waves thy dwellers all are free!
And this sweet pease, the dexter-chief of Life,
Is but the guerdon of our fathers' strife.
Scotland was plowed with anguish and with pain,
Watered with tears, and sown with precious grain;
And we are come—in Summer's ripeness come—
To reap, and keep, and sing the Harvest Home!

The men of peace outlive the men of war;—
Those for a day—but these forever are!
The pilgrim sees those cairn-topped mountains rise,
But views them, Ettrick, through thy Shepherd's eyes!
Nature, with palpitating beauty rare,
We see, when Thomson kneels at shrine so fair;
Or when fair Science would our reason charm,
We tread her paths with Brewster, arm in arm;
Look back, with Leyden, to lost childhood's meed;
Or sing the lays sweet Bonar hymned by Tweed!
And dream, sometimes, as far the fancy flies
Through rifted clouds and undiscovered skies,
That HEAVEN is but another Vale of Tweed,
Without the memory of one shuddering deed—
Without its clouds, without its Autumn leaf,
Its fleeting gladness, or its following grief;—
With purer sun, through blue and balmy air,
To tinge the mountains with a radiance fair;
And perfect men, to whom in love was given
To change the Vale of Tweed for Vale of Heaven!

CRAWS.

It isna every man that kens a crow!
This I lay down as universal law;—
For weel I wat a crow's like ither folk,
And keeps his mind weel hidden in a pock.
Wha kens a crow, was *bred* amang the crows!
Kent them afore the hornbuik or the tawse,—
Thocht their rough speech a dialect o' his ain—
Kent when they prophesied o' cauld or rain—
And never lookit to the lift on high,
But saw a *crow* between him and the sky!

In days langsyne, auld Scotia's pennon flew
At some spear-head, a simple streak o' blue,—
Till chiels wad hae the *Lion* standard rear't,
And spak o' *dexter, azure, gules* and *vert*!
“Na, na!” cried Sandy o' the Knowe, at Scoon,
When auld King Kenneth first pat on his croun;
“Nane o' your *lions*, roarin', rampin' through,
Tearin' and slayin' till his wame is fu';
But gin ye want an emblem fit and braw,
Tak my advice, and let it be a *crow*!
He's a' our ain, like thrissel-taps and heather,
And far mair like a Scotsman a'thegither;

Sae cannie, slee and pawkie to the sight,
 And circling lang roun' whaur he means to light;
 Wha keeps frae girns and snares like you and me,—
 And, saw wha will, *his* corn is growin' aye!"

Eh, Sandy, man! But weel ye kent the mind
 O' craws, and lions, and the human kind;—
 I doubtna, in auld books judicious walin',
 But ye'd be fun' the Patron Saint o' Crailing!
 Sweet Crailing! wi' thy streams and haughs and wuds,
 As fair as e'er were found ancath the cluds;
 How swcet to watch the Spring come like a blush
 Ower maiden's cheek, on ilka tree and bush,
 When laddies ran to lurc the ascending trouts,
 And, mad wi' joy, brak out in hoys and shouts!
 The vera Teviot, rowin' through the haughs,
 Now brattlin' on, now gliding 'neath the saughs,
 Partakes the influence o' sweet Nature's laws,
 And sings in unison wi' Crailing's craws!

'Mang a' the howffs o' craws, frae Banff to Cheviot,
 There's nane like Crailing i' the haughs o' Teviot;
 Sic grand assemblies i' the upper air,
 Circling in solemn state in hunders there;
 Some statesman-project surely there was born,
 Nor ane wad condescend to think o' *corn*;
 Yet ne'er a field was sown, the parish through,
 But 'twas discussed frae every point of view;
 The plot was cleckit i' the sunset-blaze—
 The field was harried 'or the plowman raise!

But when eam Martinmas, and then eam Yule,
And Winter's wine was seen in ilka pool,—
When trees were bare, and stibble fields were white,
And a' the insect tribe were out o' sight,—
How humble were the craws; how honest, pure,
As shiverin' roun' the trees frae hour to hour,
They tauld o' auld misdeeds in field and tree,
And vowed strang vows o' honest poverty.
(There's naethin' liko a hungry wame to gie
A strength to humble, virtuous honesty!)
Ane wad wi' waefu' voice his neibor tell
What to a cottar he had dunc his sel;
Howkin' his wee bit erap out o' the grun',
Till sune the man was roupit out, and dune!
Ithers confessed, in penitent narration,
How they had held a three days' jubilation
'Mang mattent stooks, wi' sair and bursten wame,
And a' the wyte was laid upon the *game*.
Anither humbly owned the desecration—
How, near Lord Cranstoun's vault he took his station,
And when the beadle till his kail had gane,
He in, and whuppit aff a deid man's bane!
Till ane wad think the craws wad steal nae mair,—
Just nip a worm ahint the plowman's share,—
Or i' the woods, amang the leaves and faggots,
Wad honest seart for speiders, bugs and maggots!
But ah! how dim and low repentance burns,
When tempting opportunity returns!
Ower sin unseen we easy victories gain,—
The sin, returning, brands us for its ain!

Cauld Candlemas had passed, when auld wives said
 The first stick o' her nest ilk crow had laid;
 And early Spring cam in wi' flowery feet,
 And scattered cowslips wide, and daisies sweet;
 Wee birds cam back frae lands ayont the seas—
 The bleat o' lambs was borne upon the breeze—
 And farmers, early out to pleugh and saw,
 Gained great applause frae every honest crow.
 I canna tell whether in Crailing crows
 Memories were short, or what might be the cause;
 But weel I ken, when genial Spring cam in,
 Ilk thievin' crow fell intil his auld sin!

The Minister, gude man, wha hummed and ha'ed,
 In parish kirk, a quiet, honest trade,
 Wad pleugh his glebe, and hae it sawn wi' corn;
 And down the haugh wi' active feet was borne
 In search o' some bit callant, wha might herd
 The new-sawn field, and save the tender braird.
 Now, Jockie was a wee and active laddie,
 Could play fit-ba' as weel as onybody—
 Catch minnons, set a girn, or clim' a tree—
 And as for duds--weel, let the laddie be!
 Duly installed, behold him at the Manse;
 Now let the crows and him just tak their chance!

A week had passed, and Jockie to the schule
 Gangs marchin' in, according to the rule;
 Lang, dark, severe, the Dominie sternly raise—
 "Where have you been, sir, for these several days?

Confess your truantry!" The laddie stared,
First at the Dominie, and then at tawse upreared.
"I was herdin'"—then he lookit at the tawse—
"I was herdin', herdin', sir, *the Minister's craws!*"
The parson, when he heard the kind o' flock
He thus was said to keep by little Jock,
Drew out his snuff-box, made a cautious wale,
And hotched and leugh at the wee laddie's tale;
"Deed, laddie, mony a ane, like me, avows
His flock is unco mair like *craws* than *dows!*"

There's some wad live wi' rhetoric and wi' grammar,
Ithers by knappin rocks wi' a wee hammer;
And some wi' *Lingua Franca* sputtering jargon—
Whether they're man or ape is just a bargain—
But tak a Scotsman frae his Border hills,
Where loud and far the whustlin' plover wheels;
Let him but tread the moss o' Ancerum Moor,
And learn tradition's patriotic lore;—
Gie him his spells, his Carritch, A, B, C,
And mathematics to the "Rule o' Three,"
He'll get his grammar frae the friendly craws,
He'll learn philosophy frae Nature's laws—
Philanthropy is but his heart's ain power,
And love but Jeanie's glance at gloamin's hour!
Thus gaed they out frae burn, and haugh, and plain,
Whase power and eloquence were a' their ain;
Wha littic owed to schules, or buiks, or lear,
Owed something aiblins to the craws in air,
To science less, and to rough sense the mair,

Yet nicked their names on tally-stick o' Time,
And made auld Scotland and their sels sublime!

Sae to our sage conclusion straught we come—
Wha learns to speak frae *craws* will ne'er be dumb;
Wha learns his *grammar* frae their voice in air
Will aye be ca'd "a nat'ral *orator*";
Wha learns the wisdom o' their council-trees—
His heid to carry wi' sic courtly ease—
To keep as free as they frae traps and girns—
And wind as few o' dark misfortune's pirns,—
Wha has as mony friends o' his ain kind,
And leaves as few untasted joys behind!—
Wha keeps as weel his color to the last—
("Wash a *craw* white!" nae Parliament e'er passed!)
And keeps as ready for the next gude chance
As the glib *craw*, wi' his slee, pawkie glance,—
Will make a gude, fair, average, cannie Scot,
Determined to be happy wi' his lot;—
Scotland aye *first*, her honor and her cause,
Her bards, her mountains—nay, her vera *craws*!
Himself, in modest place aneath her ee,
For weel he kens she is, *whate'er her sons shall be!*

NOTE.—Crailing is an ancient hamlet, at the junction of the Oxnam Water with the River Teviot; on the opposite side of the Teviot from the battlefield of Ancrum Moor. It is two miles from Jedburgh. The Dominie was Mr. Robert Aitken, father of the late celebrated revivalist, Rev. Robert Aitken; and grandfather of the noted English evangelist, Rev. Hay Aitken. It was *my father*, "herding the minister's *craws*!" Crailing was the ancient seat of the Cranstouns.

THE GHOST THAT DANCED AT JETHART.

WHEN gude King Aylsander was marry't—
 'Twas langsyne, kimmer, i' the town o' Jethart;
 Stane-biggit, Abbey-crowned, auld Border clachan,
 Whiles I hao thought o' greetin', and whiles lauchin',
 Just as foud memory wi' the past forgather't,
 And down Time's stream was carry't!

The king strode through the Abbey Hall
 Wi' the stride o' a battlefield;
 He was neither a callant to mind your call,
 Nor yet was a man o' eikl!
 But a man—we never saw but ane,
 Nor ever saw him more!
 The king we wis't for aye could reign—
 And the gentle queen on his arm remain
 A treasured jewel in joy and pain—
 And gladness come to ilk hame again—
 The braid land o'er!

And at his knee the courtiers bowed,
 And gentle ladies fair;—

Nor kent that the Abbot grumbled loud
 That the *Toun* had come, a loyal crowd,
 To bend the knee, and then a measure take—
 A generous dance, wi' lord and lady in't—
 And landward lassie, fresh frae pu'in lint;
 A' merry for his sake!

But the king said, "Every ane enjoy his sel'!
 For a king's no marry't every day;
 And the only thing a man can tell
 Is, *Tak the sunshine while ye may!*"

When gude King Aylsander was marry't,
 The provost and the bailies o' the toun,
 The waukers, wabsters and the smiths and souters,
 The merchants, millers, and the caudron-clouters,
 And every cadger frae the kintra roun',
 Wad celebrate The Weddin'!

And a' the town was ta'en wi' dancin'—
 Frae the Town-fit to the Abbey;
 A' dancin' to the weel-being o' the king;—
 And Ringan Hastie cam,
 The first town-piper o' the ancient borough—
 And a lang lad wi' a bassoon yet langer,
 And whillie-wha's, and instruments o' clangor,
 And kettle-drums, and fifes to pierce lugs thorough,
 And harps and men to sing!

And the king sate at his marriage-feast,
Wi' the queen at his left han';
And lords and ladies gather't there,
Round the table heaped wi' dainty fare,
And that stretched awa to the outer air;
(And wha couldna fin' a seat to spare
Gat ilk anc's leave to stan'!)

Then flowed the yill, as large as Jed in simmer,
And whangs o' chcese and bannocks
High towered in air along the groanin' board,
Wi' pears and epples frae the carefu' hoard
O' burgess loyal;
And haggis, tripe, and every dainty stored
For feast sae royal!

Then, like a hailstorm through the forest grand,
A rushing dinnle—
Began the dance, sworn to keep on till morn;—
E'en crazy eild intil the swirl was borne,—
And "JETHART'S HERE!" roared out bow-legged Tam
Tinnle—
When sudden cam a stand!

But still the patter o' a pair o' feet
Was heard fu' right!
The lad had fainted wi' the lang bassoon,
And kettle-drums and fifes were in a swoon,—
And harpers glowered atween their silent thairms
On sic a sight!

It joustl't wi' its elbucks e'en the king—
 And maskers fled;—
 For ne'er in masquerade had sic a thing
 Been seen or read!
 It wasna leevin', yet 'twas dancin', loupin',
 And ower the Provost it was nearly coupin',
 Sic whirls it led!

It had a plume as it had been a baron,
 Wi' feathers hie,—
 A kilt wi' gold brocade and siller lacin',
 And dainty doublet wi' a braw, braw facin',
 But *hon-och-rie!*
 It was an *atomy*, a thing o' banes,
 That wadna dee!

It lightly trod the airy *min-e-wae*,
 And crack't its fleshless thoombs,
 And linked wi' unseen partners down the floor,
 As country dance was never danced before!
 And girmed and bood to ladies on the dais;
 Then flittit frae the place!

“Ho! Tam the Tip!” cried out the Provost bauld—
 “Bring back yon loon!
 We'll pit him whaur he winna be sae yauld,
 And gie him time to blaw his parritch cauld;
 He might hae hid his banes wi' decent garb—
 Affrontin' the town!”

But ne'er was seen yon merry ghost again
In Jethart dear;
Her battle-axes fell on Southron shields,
Her sturdy spearmen won victorious fields,—
And "JETHART'S HERE!"
Rang down the ages, as the battle-plain
Its heroes gather't;
But one, and only one, shall that remain,
THE GHOST O' JETHART!

NOTE.—I have not invented th's ghost. I find it narrated, as something that would be the better of explanation—but has never been explained—that at a masquerade ball given in Jedburgh, 1285, in honor of the marriage of King Alexander III., a ghost danced! Sir Michael Scott (the "Wizard"), who was then living, was the best man to have explained it; but though he wrote about everything—ram's flesh, and bishops—pot-berbs, and wicked women—kings and emperors, and the roasting of eggs—the dignity of friendship, and whether fishes chew their food—he has not told us a word in explanation of "The Ghost that Danced at Jethart!" It was perhaps a pious fraud of the Abbot and the monks, not well pleased at so much hilarity in the Abbey. Hector Boece distinctly says, "A skeleton danced!" Alexander III. was killed by a fall from his horse a few months afterwards; and the long troubles of a disputed succession began, which were only ended by Bannockburn, 1314.

RAB MACQUHEEN AND HIS ELSHIN.

"Hey for the Thistle! Hey for the day
 When the claymore swung i' the corn sae green;
 When the Southron ranks were heaped like strae,
 And we wan at the Bannock our kirn I ween!
 Hey for the Thistle!"—Lost was the strain;
 Ower the Ochills, and down by the Earn,
 As jingling doun by the shaw he's gane—
 Bold King Robert, the gentle and stern.
 Auld Fife at his back, wi' the Lowlands and Forth,
 And the red, reeking field o' that midsummer day,—
 Before him the towering hills of the North,
 And bonnie Saint Johnstoun, sweet upon Tay.
 He looks to the right—the burn brattles a'lang,—
 He looks to the left—the whins they grew strang;
 And gray and auld-farrant, but peaceful and still,
 Lies Rab MacQueen's cot i' the beild o' the hill.

King Robert the dauntless was still but a man,
 And a' men hae drouth sin' the warld first began!
 The soldier bends down till he kisses the spring,—
 For the Knight and the Squire the red wine they will
 bring;—

Let the boor have his beer and the herd have his whey—
 The bairn its sowp milk at the close o' the day,—
 But come frae your wine, and your gowd, and your silk—
 The king o' men ca's for a cog o' kirn-milk!

There's some love kirn-milk wha can never be great—
 Poor wretches, weel shaken by Stepmither Fate;
 But kirn-milk and greatness, like bees and red heather,
 They're no easy sindered, the ane frae the ither!

Now Elspie MaeQuheen, in her high-heeled shoon,
 Tript doun to the yett, a new mutch on her croun;—
 "Wad his Highness light doun? Wad his Highness
 come ben?"

And the lad tak his steed to the farm up the glen?"
 Na, he wadna light doun, and he wadna come ben,
 And his steed sudna gang to the toun up the glen;
 "He'd reach Perth or Dunkeld—and the night wad tell
 whilk—

But e-now he'd hae nocht but a cog o' kirn-milk!"

The milk it was cauld as the snaw on Macdhui,
 As reamy and caller it cam till his mou';
 And he wiped his brown beard and turned the bowl
 round,

And jingled his spurs, and looked on the ground,—
 While Elspie was narrowly watchin' his heel,
 'Neath the spurs o' red gowd, and greavlets o' steel.
 "My Liege!" cried the dame, "let Robin come out,
 And pit a bit steek i' the heel o' your boot;

For I'm sure to hae't thus I never could thole,
 Hingin' lowse like the lip o' a mitherless foal!
 Thae south-country Souters they never were better—
 They're useless for shoon, but they're birkie for clatter!"
 The time to dismount the king wadna spare,
 And Rab and his elshin maun pit a steek *there*.
 Rab cam, wi' his beld heid aye booin' and joukin',
 And strack't 'gain the yett, for he wasna just lookin'.
 The lingel was strang and the elshin was lang—
 The king was in haste and hard the ben' leather,—
 And Rab swat and reekit, and bored aye and steekit,
 Wi' the king and the dame lightly daffin' thegither.

Mischances come round just like the new moon—
 Nae suner we're up than we're sure to come down!
 And Rab was just thinking he'd managed gey weel,
 When awa gaed the elshin into the king's heel;
 He loupit as though he wad never come down—
 And, thinkin' a' wrang, the steed spun roun' and roun';
 While Rab, a' dumfounder't to hae matters thus,
 Had joukit and hid awa 'neath a whin-buss.

"Rab, come here!" roared the king, "and tak out that
 elshin;
 It's no on sic as thou a king's wrath sud be belchin';
 But ken, my gude man, nane ever drew blude
 Frae Bruce i' the field, or Bruce i' the wood,—
 In glen or on mountain, on seashore or sward,
 But he faund, 'or he ended, Bruce had the last word!
 Sae here for the Souter that gars his king blude,

I'll read thee thy riddle, be't evil or gude,—
 Thy sons shall be Souters for twenty reigns lang,
 And this fell steek o' thine be their hail fame and sang.
 And yet the kirn-milk, sae caller and free,
 Demands, ane wad think, a wee token frae me;
 And the king that rides North wi' a brod in his heel,
 (To prove, like Achilles, he's no made o' steel!)
 Wi' the flavor o' Oehill kirn-milk in his mouth,
 Like a breath frae the mountain 'mang groves o' the
 South!

Says: Elspie shall hae, as a token frae me,
 The wee whinny knowe, wi' the auld birken tree;
 And the cot and kail-yaird for her and the bairn—
 The eosiest beild on the banks o' the Earn!
 And mind. Ilka time a monareh rides South,
 Kirn-milk in a goblet ye'll hae for his drouth;
 And an elshin and lingel present on a server,—
 And ser' ye the king wi' the same zeal and fervor
 Ye ser' your gude neibors wi' single-soled shoon;—
 And lang be the hour 'or your sun shall gang down!"

The king rade—while Elspie was aff to prepare
 A white linen bandage, sax ells lang and mair;—
 And Rab, stan'in' fair i' the sklent o' the sun,
 Thought never his rays fell sae sweet on the grun',
 As on that bit knowe wi' the whins blossomed ower,
 And the green kail-yaird at his ain sheeling door.
 He was fu' o' land now! though anee hungry he'd
 been—

There's far mair nor Rab has that hunger, I ween!

Lang had the race o' the Souter been seen ;—
 Souters, a' Souters, frae Bruce to the Queen ;
 And doun frae Queen Mary to Jamie and Chairlic,
 Orange and Hanover—hooly and fairly—
 Souters, a' Souters, frae father to son—
 Sock, buskin, jack-boot and single-soled shoon !

How mony a day has ended in gloom,—
 How mony a casket, when opened, is toom !
 How mony a race wi' sturdy forbears,
 Hae dwindled and sunk in the whirlpool of years !
 The Souter that drank wi' daft Tam o' Shanter,
 Johnnie MacQueen, was the last o' his race ;
 And aft as our RAB, at the sound o' the chanter
 Hotched in his scat, as joy flashed ower his face—
 Aye wad he promise some e'en when the Muse
 Cam for an hour, as the sheep sought the fauld,
 RAB AND HIS ELSHIN they surely wad choose
 To sing for a sang o' the brave days o' auld !
 But the Souter is gane, and RAB's but a name
 That shines in the forefront o' Scotland's best story ;
 And the sang is now sung wi' a falterin' tongue,
 That might hae come till us wi' sparkles o' glory !

NOTE.—The assertion of Burns' first biographer, Dr. Currie, that the poet had the intention of celebrating the achievements of Bruce in some great poem, passed current for a generation. But it has now long been understood and proved that it was the episode of *Rab MacQueen and his Elshin* that he had in his mind as—so to speak—a companion-poem to "Tam o'Shanter."

OUR HAME IS WHAUR WE MAK OUR NEST.

Our hame is whaur we mak our nest,
By wood, or wave, or winding river;
Our bed is whaur we gang to rest,
To dream o' happy days forever!
And as the bride some dear burnside
Forsakes, to follow love's sweet tether,
And maks her hame o' joy and pride
Whaure'er her treasures draw thegither—
Sae we, ayont the saut-sea faem,
In dear Canadia find our hame!

We hae na changed our scorn o' pride,
Our love o' right, and worth, and honor,—
Nor left by Tweed, or Tay, or Clyde,
What Scotia's noblest sons have won her!
But aye the same, in Western hame,
As 'neath her skies, or 'mang her heather;
Kent aiblins by anither name
As round her ingleside we gather;
Canadian ilka branch and shoot—
The stock some sturdy Seottish root!

O weel I wat, we'll gie her praise—
Our ain Dominion, calmly lying,
Whaur Freedom's wing has fanned her braes,
And love in ilka breath is sighing!

How hae we smiled to tame the wild,—
 Through virgin soil to steer the furrow,—
 Or how the house-logs high we piled,
 To bield us frae some wintry morrow!
 Yet underneath that humble shade,
 How sweet the home that love has made!

Frae billowed lakes that glint afar,—
 To northern mountains grandly swelling,
 That lean against the Polar Star,
 And keep the postern o' our dwelling—
 Sie braid domain! sie fields to gain!
 Unfought by sword, by share unfurrowed—
 Sie tales to tell o' hill and plain,
 Or sing in native strains unborrowed!
 Nae minstrel harp can e'er be tame
 That fitly sings our Norland hame!

As when the frugal meal is ower—
 Ilk want supplied, and care discarded,
 We own the sweet, enchanting power
 O' strains, till then, a' disregarded;
 Sae hae we here—for mony a year—
 Been sae intent wi' field and fallow,
 The Muse's voice we scarce could hear
 By fount, or flood, or hazel-hollow!
 Our bread is won, the fight is ower—
 Canadia's Muse, we own thy power!

We'll sing with thee the lochs and springs,
 The woods and wilds, by hill and river,—

The cloudless skies—the thousand things—
That mak our hame a joy forever!
Frae Breton's tide to Huron's side,
How mony happy hearts replying,
Wi' a' a Nation's new-born pride,
Thy lofty mien and glance descrying—
Ca' thee to sing, sae loud and clear,
That a' the listening warld may hear!

Sweet hame o' joys that yet may be;
In by-gane days our pride and glory;
Wi' bosoms leal we turn to thee,
And read our record in thy story!
In war or peace a hardy race,
Aye free in spirit, thought, opinion—
Shall, rising, fill their fathers' place,
And love, as we, our ain Dominion!
Wi' love that flows like Lawrence' flood,
And deep and boundless as thy wood!

Oh! ither lands their gowd may sen',
And spiey forests there may flourish—
Canadia! thou that rearest men,
A nobler crop than theirs can nourish!
Thy maids as fair as forms of air
That flit amang our dreams beguiling—
Wi' peace in ilka prospect rare,
And Plenty o'er the landscape smiling;
Fu' fain we linger ower thy name,
And bless our dear Canadian hame!

PROMETHEUS.

A POET sate, with eyes uplifted
To a distant, snowy cloud;
Sate he there, nor moved nor shifted—
Murmured he, but not aloud:—

Murmured: "Oh, to me were given
Power to wield all feeling, thought!
And like Prometheus, bring from Heaven
Fire, with living virtue fraught!"

Gazing on that Poet's features,
Playing round that Poet's knee,
Was there one of those fair creatures
Seldom but in dreams we see:—

Brow where Thought sublime was breaking—
Hid by tangled tresses yet,—
Eye where Eloquence was speaking
Mutely in its depths of jet!

Looked he up with childish wonder,
Caught the Poet's absent eye—
Prattling love, with pity under,
Swelled the heart unused to sigh.

"Tell me of Prometheus!" cried he;
"Tell me of the fire from Heaven!
Lives he still on earth, or died he
Ere the boon to man was given?"

In the mist of ancient fable
Darkly looms his fame at first;
Gathering rays as Song was able
Into light and strength to burst.

Leagued with Jove's heroic Pallas,
Brought he fire from Heaven to light
Human hearts, earth-born and callous;—
Brought the day to lands of night.

Jupiter, enraged and jealous,
Seized the Titan in his might—
(Where, 'mid green and sunny valleys,
Man grew happy in his sight!)

Bore him where the dread Caucasus
Glitters in eternal snow;
Where the eagle, as he passes,
Shivering, bends his flight below!

Where the sun the snow had daunted—
Nought but empty air around—
On that rock he vainly panted,
With Olympian fetters bound!

And an eagle, dark, upheaving,
Spreads below his ruffled wing;
Up, and up, the thin air cleaving,
Scents from far the groaning king!

Bears away, at day's declining,
The Titan's heart, half-beating still!
While the lonely stars are shining
On his brow of lofty will.

But when morn's returning sally
Bursts upon that pinnacle,
From the yet-enshrouded valley,
Upward comes a rustling swell:—

Bursting from the gloomy covering,
Sails the eagle into light—
Doubtful, round Prometheus hovering—
Starting at the wondrous sight!

Strong the vital current glided;
Proudly beats the Titan's heart!
Unsubdued, and undivided—
Ever thus till Time depart!

Thus have mighty Poets risen
To that pinnacle sublime!
Burst from Thought's ignoble prison—
Scattered beauty through all time!

Bearing from that peak Caucasian
All of Song the Earth shall own;
Leaving naught of Beauty, Passion,
But some Bard hath harped upon!

And the Poet, upward gazing,
Looked again into the cloud;
While the child was slowly raising
Eyes where shone a lustre proud:—

“Saidst thou not the bird Olympian
Vainly bore the heart away,
From the great imprisoned champion—
Growing, beating, day by day?”

“And in spite of each endeavor
Thus to crush new feeling’s birth,
Grows not Song and Beauty ever,
Daily o’er the freshened Earth?”

Bless thee, child! Some gifted Angel
With a face resembling thine,
Bringeth thus a sweet evangel—
SONG’S IMMORTAL AND DIVINE!

Latest born, and half-forsaken,
’Mong the children of the Nine—
Even I may yet awaken
Song, and never more repine!

Thus, and thus, shall Song still linger
’Neath these mountains, in these dells;
And bright Inspiration’s finger
Point to where its echo dwells!

THE LEGEND OF THE HAPPY ISLANDS.

BACK to the days Ojibway legends tell,
When heroes dwelt where human weaklings dwell;
And Nanaboosh, Prometheus of the van,
Serenely smiled, father and friend of man!
The Thinker sat within his Hero's tent—
The Hunter to the hills and forests went.
Great Nanaboosh the human race preserves—
Chebayaboss, as younger brother, serves.
Warned by the Hero to return at dusk,
He duly comes with game, and furs, and musk;
Nor trusted once the treacherous frozen Lake,
But swept broad circles for his Brother's sake.
Thus the Great Brethren, at Creation's birth—
Ere Death or Crime had reaped the shuddering Earth!

Down 'mong the Demons an uneasy moan
Proclaimed how hateful had this concord grown;—
And, homeward speeding, with o'erladen sledge,
Chebayaboss was found within the edge
Of Lake forbidden—and was swallowed there!
White Lion's victim, and the World's despair!

Then shook, with mighty sobs, the watery heaven,
 And floods descended, from the welkin riven—
 Rivers their beds in trembling fear forsook,
 And rocks and mountains to their centre shook—
 As for his dead the mighty Hero wept;
 And heaven and earth a pitying vigil kept.

Fountains may dry—the Summer comes and goes;
 But grief like this no charmed reversion knows;—
 And now, as swept the chariot-wheels of Time,
 Nor saw cessation of his grief sublime—
 The cowering beasts in wild array convene,
 From plain, and mount, and lake, and forest green.
 The shaggy bison from the breezy plain;
 The moose, with many an antler in his train;
 The beaver wise, the bear sedate and slow;
 The crouching wolf, the much-consulting crow;
 And waterfowl, on swift and clamorous wing,
 With thousand warblers of the welcome Spring;—
 And all the gods that heave the floor of earth,
 (There doomed to darkness for their deeds' unworth,)
 With them assembled, claim the listening ear
 Of Manitou, whom brave and good revere;
 And plead these wild commotions all might cease—
 And Manitou and Nanaboosh make peace!
 Who hath not welcomed, from the couch of pain,
 A friend, a brother, to his arms again?
 As if Heaven's gate unfolded to our cry,
 And gave the friend for whom ourselves would die!

So sat the Hero, as the shadows fell,
And saw Chebayaboss come slowly up the dell!

O Hope! fallacious most of Fancy's flowers!
As if expended joys could still be ours!
For backward howsoe'er the glance be cast,
Wide yawns the gulf between us and the past!
So Nanaboosh, the first wild welcome o'er—
Wept as he thought of what could be no more!
"O Brother!" thus he cried, "hadst thou but kept
My equal law, my tears had been unwept!
But now these falling floods have learned to flow,
Deep shall they channel through a world of woe!
Since thou in youth hast sought the grisly shade,
Young and most fair shall all our kindred fade.
In troops they follow in thy forward track,
Nor one fair face, except in dreams, comes back!
But go, my Brother, to the widening West,
Away, away, beyond the mountain's crest;
Beyond the billowed lakes that throb in vain—
Beyond the peaks that frown upon the main—
'Mid calmer waters, never tempest-tossed—
Where summer flowers are never kissed by frost—
Where greenest isles lie lapped in perfect peace—
Where war, and woe, and death itself, shall cease;—
There go, and for thy brethren find a place!
Thou first in woe, thou fairest of thy race!"

Within his brother's eyes he looked a space,—
A long, long gaze upon his woe-worn face;

Then turned without a word, and slowly blent
With deepening shadows, as he downward went.
And now, where'er a youthful warrior lies,
And gasps and gazes in his agonies,
They whispering tell, "Chebayaboss has come,
And looked within his eyes to call him home!"
Or when a maiden leaves her mother's side,
With soft eyes sealed—in Death's embrace a bride—
They say her spirit, far beyond the waves,
Has gone to dress the food the Hero craves!

"O Silent Shore!" 'tis thus the maidens sigh,
"To gain thy bliss how happy could we die!
When, peaceful pillowed, rests the weary head;
And fadeless flowers bloom for the early dead!
Where strife and sorrow nevermore are known,
And the Great Spirit's smile is bliss alone!
Say, brothers, shall we seek that softer strand?
The Happy Islands of the Spirit Land?
And shall we not its blessing bear in part,
'Mid all our tears, if we but cleanse the heart?
For the Great Spirit, doubtless, loves to see
His children now, what then they wish to be!"

NOTE.—I got the outlines of this story—of the two Great Brethren, and how sin and death came into the world—in conversation with the Ojibway Indians. And when I asked them whether they had not varied the name of the younger brother, and that Longfellow called him Chehlahos (with the accent on the third syllable), they gravely answered, "Mr. Longfellow is wrong; it is Chehayahoes!"

THE BURIAL OF BROCK.

As a finger that points the sky—a sentry high on the
rock—
Stands the graceful pillar that tells of the life and
the death of Brock.
Ha! that was a glorious morning, when the pride of
our country came
To build once more the Monument to a Hero's death-
less name!
'Twas long ago (in the "Forties"), when our now
gray heads were fair,
Or raven, or ruddy—and when our comrades all were
there.
And out of the panting steamers that plow Ontario's
wave,
A fleet brought soldier—citizen—to honor the fallen
brave.
We saw, from the storied heights, the river—'twas
furlongs wide—
With ten brave steamers sweeping up, all proudly side
by side.

Do you talk of streamers and bunting? 'Twas like
when our peaches blow!
For the river, the heights, the landscape, were all in a
roseate glow!
We heard the drum of the "Kilties," as they came
eight hundred strong—
(The glorious Ninety-Third!) heroes in story and song!
And soon the scream of the pipes, that we seemed in
our bones to feel,
As the pipers swayed, with yearning eyes, and played
"The Land o' the Leal!"
That day the matter was settled—that the pillar should
rise in air;
And in "Fifty-three" it was finished—stately and
noble and fair!
It calls our youth to remember that the Land is vastly
more
Than lakes, and forests, and mountains—a hinterland
and a shore!
And the thronging guests, of all nations, who drift to
our wondrous Fall,
Acknowledge this Land of ours can never be feeble or
small!

Outspoke the grandsire, listening: How well I recall
the day,
The third one after the battle, when his dust was laid
away.

Rain had fallen, and passed; the woods were sweet to
 behold
In the misty glow of the sun—crimson and green and
 gold!
And the "Forty-ninth" were mustered—and some not
 fit to be there,
Hiding their wounds with a smile that the eyelids would
 not bear!
Rough and ready fellows, yet generous and just;—
And the gray old Chaplain faltered, as he murmured,
 "Dust to dust!"
And then three ringing volleys over his lonely grave—
The last salute to the Chieftain his faithful followers
 gave!
For every man, to the last one, adored his fallen Chief;
And loyally, and bitterly, each mutely bore his grief.
And we thought of "The Man from Guernsey," so
 large in heart and head;*
And how Moore, the Bard of Erin, his gentleness had
 spread;
And how every man who met him became henceforth
 a friend,
And of his worth and winsomeness bore witness to the
 end!
And would you believe it, boys! no sooner the prayers
 were read,
Than the fort across the river the "Amen" loudly
 said!

* The average man's head is 22 inches; Sir Isaac Brock's
was 25.

And their "minute-guns" reply over the river swell!
'Twas nobly done of the Enemy, his sympathy to tell!
For a man who is king among men is one that is bliss
to see;
And the royal soul that wins our love compels our
loyalty!
And the Indians, crowding together, gaudy with war-
paint on,
Silently spoke their tribute to the great Chieftain gone.
And we all marched back at sunset, sadder and better
men;
Wishing that Pesce would come—and a better birth-
right, when
Each man (with each a Brother!) might act a Brother's
part,
And all could outward be what we felt we were in
heart!

And we pressed the Grandsire's hand—exhausted now
in age—
And cried, "'Twas you and they, to guard our her-
itage!"
And told him to rejoice that he had lived to see
This Land put on her robes of glorious destiny!
For, come what will, our Country, in all that makes
her great,
Is what her sons and daughters are—virtuous, calm,
elate!

FITZGIBBON'S RIDE.

"O WHY should you leave us now, FitzGibbon?
O why should you leave us now?
There's a battle at hand, and each man must stand
With a firm, unflinching brow, FitzGibbon—
With a firm, unflinching brow!

"It is not I'd shun the field, my Chieftain!
It is not I'd shun the field;—
I've a captain been made, for valor displayed,
And never I'll stain that shield, my Chieftain—
And never I'll stain that shield!

"There dwells upon Quinte's side a maiden—
There dwells upon Quinte's side—
Who has loved me alone, and I'd make her my own;
A soldier's faithful bride—fair maiden!
A soldier's faithful bride!

"If I should fall in the fight, my Chieftain—
If I should fall in the fight—
A captain's wife would have bread for life;
And I would I could give her that right, my Chief-
tain—
I would I could give her that right!"

Ah! that was a ride to Bath, FitzGibbon!
A terrible ride to Bath!
The moon in her place had but quartered her face,
Till thou hadst returned on thy path, FitzGibbon,
Till thou hadst returned on thy path!

There were hoofs across the Beach, FitzGibbon—
The storm-scarred Burlington Beach;
There was thunder of feet on the midnight street,
And many a forest reach, FitzGibbon,
And many a forest reach!

And Mary was spinning at eve, FitzGibbon—
Was spinning by Quinte's side;—
One kiss, and away to the church that day,
Where the sacred knot was tied, FitzGibbon,
Where the sacred knot was tied!

Then back from that terrible ride, FitzGibbon—
Then back from that terrible ride;
And Peace soon had come, that gave Mary a home,
And bliss and content to thy bride, FitzGibbon,
And bliss and content to thy bride!

SAILING ON.

THERE ne'er was a sailor on Life's stormy sea
So lonely but some were yet watching and waking;
There never came mist where the sunlight should be,
But keep a bold prow, and the mist it is breaking!
Believe me, there never was bark on that River
That widens, and widens, till shore there is none,
But had a fair star for its guidance forever—
Sailing on! sailing on!

No bark ever fled from the shore on that wave,
But far in the distance the watch could discover
A star for the pilot—a port for the brave—
An aim for the voyage, and moorings forever!
Not always calm weather and sunshine together
Will tarry so well when your sail should be gone;
But far be from shore when the hurricanes gather—
Sailing on! sailing on!

1850.

WHY DO YOU ENVY ME?

I HAVE an estate in the Land of Dreams,
And thither I often flee;
It brings me joy in as many streams
As any wealth I see;
And you may lay claim to a wide domain,
That lies by a sunny sea;
Then go to the Land where I have been—
For why do you envy me?

I have a sweet bark on the sea of love,
That carries me whither I will;
With its gleaming wings like an arrowy dove,
And the sun on its pathway still.
There are gems at hand on the farther strand,
And pearls beneath our lee—
There are other barks on the golden sand,
Then why do you envy me?

I have a light heart in this breast of mine,
Like a singing bird in June,—
Or a sparkling stream where the roses twine,
That murmurs its endless tune.
I look for my share of toil and care,
Nor yet shall unhappy be!
A conscience at rest will make you blest,
Then why do you envy me?

1852.

UNDER THE ROSE.

WHEN Love went a-begging, I took the boy in;
For his quiver was gone, and he pleaded his woes;—
And dreading no danger, where none there had been,
I made him a welcome guest under the rose.

I told him, as friend to a friend might impart,
Of a yellow-haired maiden that broke my repose;
Of the love in her smile, and the scorn in her heart—
And he smiled as he counselled me under the rose.

But treachery lurked in his smile of deceit,
And the friend that I trusted is leagued with my
foes;—
The heart is not his where he boasted his seat,
And the heart that is breaking is under the rose!

THE BLUE SEA IS BEFORE ME.

THE blue sea is before me;
And behind, Canadia's strand;—
Farewell, farewell the valleys
Of my own dear Western Land!
Though friendly eyes and voices
May greet me where I roam,
There are no friends like the tried friends
I leave behind at home!

Ye idle winds that wander
This watery waste above,
O carry with you homeward
A kiss to her I love!
Nor whisper whence the token came—
Nor ask me who is she?
Go, find the fairest fair one—
She is dreaming of the sea!

In thought I'm 'mid the lilies;
And the violets, tender blue;—
Beneath the oak and chestnut,
With the broad lake peeping through;

Where the tardy-robing sumach,
And the birch's shady noon,
Bespeak the opening glories
Of our bright Canadian June!

Had I the pearls of ocean,
Or the gems beneath our lee,
To speak my heart's devotion
In a diadem for thee—
'Twere worthier, but not more sincere,
Than now I waft a-lee,
A prayer for dear Canadia,
And a blessing, love, for thee!

THE NEW YEAR.

TIME is like a restless river,
Bearing on its tide away
Wrecks of radiant hopes, that ever
Bloom and fade with closing day!
Bearing on the youth to manhood—
Bearing manhood past its prime—
Changing all things, resting never;—
Touch, O touch us gently, Time!

We who speak, and ye who ponder—
We who write, and ye who read,
Gliding swiftly down, may wonder
If we're growing old, indeed?
If the past is gone forever?
If the present may not stay?
Or to-morrow be the giver
Of the joys we missed to-day?

One year more, of all the number
Given us for our earthly stay,
Gone into the past, where slumber
Every wasted "yesterday"!
Up to action! Let the present
Day, and year, and hour of time
Prove, while love and hope are pleasant,
Duty only is sublime!

CIRCE.

In a beautiful island dwelt Circe the fair—
Child of the light!
Sea-blue in her eyes, and the sun on her hair,
Golden and bright!
But the terror of those who adventured them there—
Enchantress and spite!

For she had been told, that from far-distant land,
O'er the sea-foam,
A hero should cast his light prow on the strand
Of her sweet island-home;
And at sight of her beauty, and touch of her hand,
Should nevermore roam!

And though they might come who were noble to see,
All smiling secure—
High over all suitors her hero should be,—
Thus the oracle sure—
For naught of the brute in his nature had he,
Loving and pure!

And so, with this augury always at hand,
 Early and late,
She put them to test 'neath her magical wand
 And her goblet of fate;
And, swine if they were, they were swine at command,
 And grunted and ate!

And why should we blame, in her isle 'mid the brine,
 The enchantress alone?
If they had been MEN, they had never been swine,
 Circe or none!
O braggart, beware! lest the doom should be thine
 Ere rising of sun!

For a man to the core is a man that will stand
 To be tested and tried!
And the bootless enchantments and magical wand
 Are all laid aside;—
The True-hearted comes, and she gives him her hand—
 Hero and Bride!

THE MERITS OF CHRIST FOR NOTHING.

"The merits of Christ for nothing; large, and white, and fair!"—*Samuel Rutherford.*

THE merits of Christ for nothing;
 Large, and white, and fair!
 I am bidden to come to the Supper,
 And that is the robe I'll wear!
 Woven in light—pure and white—
 A princely robe to bear;—
 The merits of Christ for nothing;
 Large, and white, and fair!

He'll honor the robe He gave me
 With His own royal hand;
 And smile when He sees me enter
 As one of His ransomed band!
 Children of light, arrayed in white!
 As in your ranks I stand,
 He'll honor the robe He gave me
 With His own royal hand!

The sweetest hope I have cherished
 Is now to be saved by grace;—
 That vainest of hopes has perished—
 Through works to see God's face!
 The robe of Christ—His worth unpriced—
 Here all my trust I place!—
 The sweetest hope I have cherished
 Is now to be saved by grace!

WHEN JOHNNIE WENT AWAY.

THE waters warbled down the dell,
Their wintry bands untwining;
And mottled shadows softly fell
From ancient elms reclining.
The wind-flower waked to see the sky,
While tender blue the violets lie,
'Neath budding beeches waving high—
When Johnnie went away!

The early birds returned to sing
The songs they had been singing;
And o'er the hills the hand of Spring
A royal robe was flinging.
A glory fell from upper air,
O'er river-marge and meadows fair;
And song and fragrance everywhere—
When Johnnie went away!

The Spring was gone; and with it went
Those blossoms ne'er returning;
And, all the fires of Summer spent,
Our hearts grew sad and yearning.

SELECTED POEMS

The withered wealth of forests lay
On Quinte's hills in death's decay;
And gloomy closed the shortening day,
When Johnnie came again!

The rain came down; it seemed like tears
Of joy at his returning!
And backward through the mist of years
We saw that Spring sun burning!
The flowers sprang up in Memory's train,
We heard once more the sylvan strain—
The Spring has all come back again,
With Johnnie safe at home!

'TWEEN THE MOUNTAIN AND THE LAKE.

I SPENT a few calm days
In the Autumn's golden haze,
To gather in some items of the dreamy long ago;
Where down St. David's glen
Came the tramp of armed men,—
And the only quest and answer was, "The movements
of the Foe?"

And I saw the purling brook,
Over which brave LAURA took
Her dreary, weary journey to alarm FitzGibbon's men;
And I saw Ontario lie
To the verge of utmost sky;
Whose whisper seemed to reach me, as she whispered
to them then!

And the echo in my heart
Was of Nature, not of Art—
For there's nothing better in the Earth than love, and
peace, and home!
And in the sweep I take
From the Mountain to the Lake,
There's not a fairer region 'neath the overarching dome!

And the homes that nestle there
'Mid the orchards, trim and fair,
Have sent out men and women for the world to praise
and love;
And afar on Western plain
Rises oft the fond refrain:
"Where is it, in Ontario, that you're a native of?"

For when the memory twines
(With the peach-trees and the vines!)
Around a merry childhood by the "Twenty" and the
"Twelve"—
What is Fortune? what is Fame?
To the old familiar name
That recalls a purer treasure than the gold for which
men delve?

And the pride her children take—
'Tween the Mountain and the Lake—
Is not so much of apple-trees; but MEN are nourished
there!
And to each guest they say,
Who, admiring, comes their way—
"Our Country's Garden! where the men are brave, and
maids are fair!"

ST. AGNES.

In February, 1889, a train on the Grand Trunk Railway, Canada, went through the viaduct at St. George, Ont., killing and wounding many. Miss Agnes Nicholson, of Hamilton, Ont., herself hurt, moved among the injured as an angel of mercy, binding up their wounds with bandages torn from her own clothing. I had often, as a boy, fished in the little stream under the viaduct.

OFT (fifty years ago) I sought a good fishing hole
In the creek that ran under the bridge, where the
train went through at St. George;
And only the idle fancy that dangled an ironwood pole
Could ever dream of a viaduct to span across the
gorge.

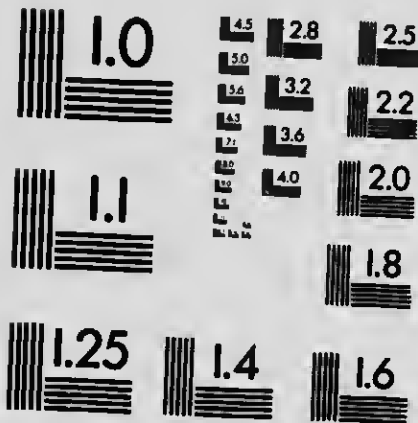
Time flies; and so do the trains; and one that night
dashed through;—
A pleasant evening at top—Eternity found below!—
And men and women in crowds, with a gasp and a cry,
out-threw
Their souls to the mercy of God, and their blood to
the spotless snow!

Through the crash, and the thunder, and darkness, she
opened her trembling eyes;
But it was not heaven yet—it was only a ruined
train!



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

And she pounded the shattered window, crawled
through, and tried to rise,
Beating down all her faintness, and scoffing at her
own pain.

Before the shrine of St. Martin they tell of his Chris-
tian deed—

Dividing his cloak with a beggar, and the world with
his fame resounds;

But this St. Agnes Nicholson has purchased a higher
meed,—

Who tore her garments for bandages to staunch the
gaping wounds!

They limped away with a blessing; they lay on their
backs all spent;

As the heroic girl toiled on, till the "lint" and the
"bands" gave out!

And the Doctors told them their wounds would "heal
with the first intent!"

For never such blessed bandages could leave the
matter in doubt.

O men of St. George, remember that Saints are few in
our day;

And she who gave her garments is the very latest one!
Just call your town "St. Agnes," and to all inquirers
say:

"The wounded thought she came from Heaven; but
she lives in Hamilton!"

THE SECOND CONCESSION OF DEER.

JOHN TOMPKINS lived in a house of logs,
On the second concession of Deer;
The front was logs, all straight and sound—
The gable was logs, all tight and round;
The roof was logs, so firmly bound,
And the floor was logs, all down to the ground;—
The warmest house in Deer.

And John, to my mind, was a log himself,
On the second concession of Deer;
None of your birch, with bark of buff,
Nor basswood, weak and watery stuff;
But he was hickory, true and tough,
And only his outside bark was rough—
The finest old man in Deer!

But John had lived too long, it seemed,
On the second concession of Deer;
For his daughters took up the governing rein,
With a fine brick house on the old domain;
All papered, and painted with satinwood stain.
Carpeted stairs, and best ingrain—
The grandest house in Deer!

Poor John, it was sad to see him now,
On the second concession of Deer!
When he came in from his weary work,
To strip off his shoes like a heathen Turk,—
Or out of the "company's" way to lurk,
And ply in the shanty his knife and fork—
The times were turned in Deer!

But John was hickory to the last,
On the second concession of Deer;
And out on the River-end of his lot
He laid up the logs in a cosy spot,
And self and wife took up with a cot,
And the great brick house might swim or not—
He was done with the pride of Deer!

But the great house would not go at all,
On the second concession of Deer;
'Twas "mother" no more, to wash or bake,
Nor "father" the gallants' steeds to take—
From the kitchen no more came pie nor cake,
And even their butter they'd first to make!—
There were lessons to learn in Deer!

And the lesson they learned a year or more,
On the second concession of Deer;
Then the girls got back the brave old pair,
And gave the mother her easy chair;—
She told them how, and they did their share—
And John the honors once more did wear
Of his own domain in Deer!

THE SHEEP-WASHING.

My heart is glad to-night—
Too glad for a wink of sleep;
For Jenny has promised to be my bride,
As soon as we wash the sheep!
And I don't care how soon I see them
Plunging in and out of the creek;
For a sweeter young wife for a farmer
Than Jenny I could not seek!

But some way, I don't half like it!
It may come either late or soon;
And a raw, cold Spring may put off the thing
Away to the middle of June!
I wish she had set a day
That we could delight to keep—
Some old Saint's day, or the First of May,
That had nothing to do with sheep!

But she set down her foot so firmly:
"There was so much work to do;
And my father, she knew, couldn't spare the team
Till all t' Spring work was through!"

That I couldn't say much to her,
To shorten my heart's suspense,
Especially as I lost my hold
Of the stake-and-rider fence!

And then, as I gained my feet—
(And she didn't seem a bit scared!)
She said, "She knew I'd fall soft;
And the damage was easy repaired!"
And she got the idea of wool-picking,
(Perhaps from the clay in my hair!)
And said, "When ours was ready to sort,
To tell the girls she'd be there!"

I can't change Jenny, I warrant;
Nor would I risk aught, like a fool;—
But I'm wishing for first-rate weather,
And a rise in the price of wool!
But you who have weddings in prospect,
Don't o'er the arrangements sleep!
Nor ever let such a particular time
Depend on the washing of sheep!

I'll make my father believe
He's losing half of his wool!
That the bushes have all begun to thieve,
And the thorns are hanging full!
I'll hurry the matter up,
And give the Cotswolds a steep!
The hardy fellows! they'll stand it well!
We shan't be la' with our sheep!

YOUTH AND AGE.

He sat upon a mossy stone
Beside the river's brim,—
And wondered why the rapturous scene
No rapture had for him.
The creeping willow lined the banks,
The flowers stood tall and fair—
And o'er his head the poplar leaves
Were beckoning to the air.

He summoned up his vanished youth
To breathe once more the bliss;
For never had his eyes beheld
A brighter scene than this!
Where was the spirit that of yore
Kindled at such a theme?
And wove poetic fancies
In the texture of his dream?

The river babbled in its glee—
A babe that ne'er grew old!—
And near, the spiry goldenrod
Played with its plumes of gold!

'Twas not in these—'twas in himself
That fire and fancy slept!
And there beside Yamaska's wave
The old man sat and wept!

"Come back! come back, my youth!" he cried;
"And live one glowing hour!
And let my heart once more dilate
At nature's sweetest power!
Come, clothe these banks with greener trees,
Each flower with fairer hue—
And tint the overarching skies
With deeper dyes of blue!

"Give to the song of every bird
The 'added line' of bliss;
And let the world of fancy teem
Its stores to add to this;—
Let Autumn never sweep these fields—
These skies ne'er tempest-crossed;
Nor let this Summer greenery
Be ever kissed by frost!"

Ah, pilgrim to the sunny banks
Of bright Yamaska's stream,
For all the decadence of age
Thou still canst sweetly dream!
'Tis Heaven, not Earth, thou'st pictured so;
For thus it comes to be,
That glory from the coming day
Breaks on the day we see!

We leave behind the best of Earth
A down the darkened past,
And upward with the brightening day
We press to peace at last!
And often find "that glory" mix
With scenes we earthly deem—
As with the Bard who musing sate
Beside Yamaska's stream!

But come it shall—that sweeter day!—
Thy flowers shall fade no more!
And thou shalt list a Summer's song
Upon a brighter shore!
Thy vanished youth be thine for aye
On hills thou ne'er hast trod;
A Land of light and liberty—
The presence of thy God!

Brigham, Quebec, August 24th, 1875.

RIDGEWAY.

I PLANTED a rose by my garden bower,
A rose that blossomed rarely;
And I said, as I watched it hour by hour,
"I'll give him a rosebud early!"

The Spring had warmed to Summer's heat,
And flowers were bursting fairly,
When I heard the drums at midnight beat;
And the ranks were forming early.

Of days that passed I counted four,
While a solemn sun shone clearly;—
Till a horseman brought to my father's door
A withered rosebud early.

I asked not why the foe came,
Or who the day won fairly;
But I knew nine fell 'mid the clover blooms,
And one with a rosebud early!

His sisters mourn, in weeds of woe,
A brother loved so dearly;
I may not tell what none must know—
But I cherish that rosebud early!

O weary now the hours I tell
Of my day that broke so clearly!
For its light went out when at Ridgeway fell
The youth with the rosebud early!

I CAME, BUT I CAME WITH MYSELF.

I CAME, but I came with myself,—
With my deeds that were doing or done;
With the half-finished strife of a purified life—
But never God's crucified Son!
But never God's crucified Son!

I came, but I came with my tears,—
Lamenting the sins I abhorred;
With penitent sighs, and with sorrowful eyes—
But never the Cross of my Lord!
But never the Cross of my Lord!

I came, but I came with my vows;—
I never would wander again!—
And the hope that I had was the promise I made—
But never the Lamb that was slain!
But never the Lamb that was slain!

I came with my Saviour and Lord;—
Not a claim, not a hope, not a plea,
But, Jesus hath died, and the law satisfied—
And the dying and debt were for me!
And the dying and debt were for me!

I cling to my crucified Lord;—
And the path of the pilgrim is blest;
And His name is the plea that will open to me
The way to the Kingdom of Rest!
The way to the Kingdom of Rest!

FATHER, O FATHER.

FATHER, O Father, whose home is in Heaven!
Hallowed and blest be the name thou hast given!
Here may thy Kingdom, we pray, have its birth;
And, as in Heaven, thy will be on earth.

Give us the bread by which daily we live;
Grant us forgiveness, for we, too, forgive;
Lead not to trials, but save us from sin;—
Thine is the Kingdom, forever, Amen!

EARTH'S JUBILEE.

O MOUNTAIN of the mercy seat,
How great thy glories are!
In latter days when thou shalt rise
Exalted from afar!

Chorus—

O dawning day, we wait for thee!
Thou day of peace; Earth's Jubilee!

The tribes of Earth, from every land,
Like gathering seas shall flow
To seek the Lord, and learn His ways,
And of His glory know.

[Chorus.]

And from her tears shall Zion rise,
And all her sorrows cease;
And glorious in the nations' eyes,
Exalt the Prince of Peace!

[Chorus.]

They'll beat their swords to plowshares then—
To pruning-hooks their spears;—
And Peace come down to dwell with men
Through the long, tranquil years!

[Chorus.]

And meekly 'neath his sheltering vine
The pious poor shall rest;
For God hath sworn no foe shall rise,
Nor sound of war molest!

[Chorus.]

O Salem's King! thy reign begin!
Bring all thy banished home!
And Earth shall bloom beneath thy smile,—
O come, thou Saviour! Come!

[Chorus.]

THERE'S A BOAT HAS LAUNCHED AWAY.

THERE'S a boat has launched away,
But the blessed Master's in it!
There's a soul set out to-day,
Seeking Heaven; and fain would win it.
But the boat shall not be lost—
Nor the soul's endeavor crossed—
For Jesus came to save poor sinners!

There's a storm upon the sea,
And the boat is wildly tossing;—
There's a soul that would be free,
Through some dark temptation crossing;—
But the boat is shattered not—
Nor the tempted soul forgot—
For Jesus came to save poor sinners!

There's a voice that calms the sea;
And the waves have ceased their raging;—
There's a voice that speaks to me,
All my pain of soul assuaging.
"Have thou faith!" the Saviour cries;
"I believe!" my soul replies—
For Jesus came to save poor sinners!

BLESSED.

BLESSED, blessed! poor in spirit;
Mourning, weeping, all the day!
Yours a kingdom to inherit—
God shall wipe your tears away!
Blessed, blessed! meek and lowly—
You from rage and strife afar,—
Earth is yours—and Heaven so holy—
You shall shine where angels are!

Blessed, blessed! hungering, thirsting,
For the righteousness you love;
Lo, for you the fount is bursting,
And the feast awaits above!
Blessed, blessed! kind, forgiving,—
In the smile of God you rest;
Mercy from on high receiving—
Blessed now, and ever blest!

Blessed, blessed! O pure-hearted,
Ye who make and live for peace!
You from God shall ne'er be parted,
Nor from you His favor cease.
Blessed thou for truth who diest!
Persecuted, trembling, tried—
Thine the Kingdom of the Highest,—
Thine the smile of Him who died!

HERE'S TO THE LAND!

HERE's to the Land of the rock and the pine!
Here's to the Land of the raft and the river!
Here's to the Land where the sunbeams shine,
And the night that is bright with the North-Lights'
quiver!

Here's to the Land of the axe and the hoe!
Here's to the hearties that give them their glory!
With stroke upon stroke, and with blow upon blow,
The might of the forest has passed into story!

Here's to the Land with its blanket of snow—
To the hero and hunter the welcomest pillow!
Here's to the Land where the stormy winds blow
Three days ere the mountains can talk to the billow!

Here's to the buckwheats that smoke on her board!
Here's to the maple that sweetens their story!
Here's to the scythe that we swing like a sword,
And here's to the fields where we gather our glory!

Here's to the hills of the moose and the deer!
Here's to her forests, her fields, and her flowers!
Here's to her homes of unchangeable cheer,
And the maid 'neath the shade of her own native
bowers!

JENNIE MACLEAN.

MAY 2, 1881.

SOFTLY we laid thee away to thy rest,
 Jennie MacLean!
Sweet was thy smile as the flowers on thy breast—
 Jennie MacLean!
Early thy sun went down; yet it was best—
 Jennie MacLean!

“ Yes, it was better!” we say, now 'tis past,
 Jennie MacLean!
Heaven was thy home, and Heaven wearied at last
 To have thee again!
The haven is reached, and the anchor is cast—
 Jennie MacLean!

Hands folded now, that were never at rest,—
 Jennie MacLean!
Till the wants of the widow and orphan were blest;—
 And their tears fell like rain
When they knew that she slept whom they ever loved
 best—
 Jennie MacLean!

Thus "His beloved He giveth His sleep!"
 Jennie MacLean!
Peaceful as morning, when storms loud and deep
 Sink on the main;—
Earth is the richer thy memory to keep—
 Jennie MacLean!

THE SUNSET.

BANNERS hung out in the western sky—
Crimson, and golden, and purple dye;—
Sweet islands to anchor your fancies by,
 As they drift to the lee of the day!
Mountains emerging from worlds of bliss,
Yet covered and cradled in snow like this—
Yet it cannot be snow, for the sun's warm kiss
 Makes it blush, but it hies not away!

Glory come down with her girdle loose,
To fill it with flowers for Fancy's use—
And Happiness smiles at the ample truce
 O'er land, and sky, and sea,—
Where all things lovely, and all things bright
Link hand in hand, in their calm delight;
And there's not a heart on the Earth to-night
 But beats peace to thee and me!

If we *could* but call it some other name,
That spoke not of Earth, or its sin and shame—
A waft of the everlasting fame
Eternity only can bring—

Then, lover and friend! it were Earth no more,
But an outlying Cape of Eternity's shore!—
For sin, only, hinders the channel bridged o'er,
That lies between us and our King!

So, let out sweet Fancy on furthest wing;
To return by and by, and an olive-leaf bring
That belongs to a Land where the birds ever sing;
And thy joy and thy youth are for aye!
For lands we have fancied, and lands we have bought,
With a glance of the mind, or a turn of the thought—
In our lives interweaved, in our spirits inwrought—
Shall be ours at the breaking of day!

STRIKE TO THE CHALK.

It *may* be a log you cut,
Or a false friend it may be—
Or an evil habit you score away—
Or it may be a tree!
Strike to the chalk, my boys!
Strike, strike away!
Let still the flying chips
Hit whom they may!

Each man, like a noble pine,
May be straight as duty's mark;
Yet they both have need of the hewer's line,
To score the useless bark!
Strike to the chalk, etc.

You may do aright, my friend,
Or the right may be with me;—
But be sure you follow the scorer's line
Thy conscience marks for thee!
Strike to the chalk, etc.

A chalk-line for every man,
And a chalk-line for the tree!
And I won't feel hurt if the scorer's axe
Should follow the chalk with me!
Strike to the chalk, etc.

SWEET CONTENT.

I LIVE in a town where the sun shines round,
And the hills behind are green;
Where a sweet stream falls with a musical sound,
And where many a flower is seen;—
And the gardens fair are open to all,
And the fruits hang golden there;
And there's never a joy to the richest fall
But the poorest may freely share!

Chorus—

Do you know the town? Have you heard its renown?
Its name is "Sweet Content!"
And the way to it lies just before your eyes—
The way the happy went!

The landscape so fair, in the clouds above,
May be found in the fields below;
And the winds that blow seem to whisper of love,
In the Summer-evening glow.
And the music swells from palace and cot,
As the twilight turns to gloom—
And if there's a wish that the heart finds not—
There's a pleasure to take its room!

[*Chorus.*

THE CANADIANS ON THE NILE.

O, THE East is but the West, with the sun a little hotter ;
And the pine becomes a palm by this dark Egyptian
water ;—

And the Nile's like many a stream we know, that fills
its brimming cup—

We'll think it is the Ottawa, as we track the bateaux
up!

Chorus—

Pull, pull, pull! as we track the bateaux up!
It's easy shooting homeward, when we're at the top.

O, the cedar and the spruce line each dark Canadian
river ;—

But the thirsty date is here, where the sultry sunbeams
quiver ;

And the mocking mirage spreads its view afar on either
hand—

But strong we bend the sturdy oar toward the Southern
land!

[*Chorus.*

O, we've tracked the rapids up, and o'er many a portage
crossing;
And it's often such we've seen, though so loud the waves
are tossing!
Then it's homeward, when the run is o'er, o'er stream
and ocean deep—
To bring the memory of the Nile where the maple
shadows sleep!

[*Chorus.*

And it yet may come to pass, that the hearts and hands
so ready
May be sought again to help, when some poise is off
the steady!
And the maple and the pine be matched with British
oak the while—
As once beneath Egyptian suns, the Canadians on the
Nile!

[*Chorus.*

CANADIAN WINTER SONG.

I SING you a song of Canadian Winter;
It is set to the tune of the jingling bells—
And its chorus hangs neither on speaker nor printer,
But free in the bosom its melody swells.
Its step is the stride of the hardy snowshoer,
Its rhythm the sigh of the breeze through the pine;
And never Canadian suitor or wooer
Cared more for his cause than I covet for mine!

When Summer and sunshine, and gladness and glory,
Are flooding the earth, and the air, and the sea—
Our sources of happiness come like a story
To which we but listen and laugh in our glee;
But Winter demands we should make our enjoyment
In converse and friendship with all, as we can;—
We are what we make ourselves; Winter employment
Is making acquaintance with mind and with man!

And, lovers and friends, I would rather your faces
Were blooming in smiles for affection to see,
Than all the fine flowers, with their colors and graces,
That grow in the garden or hang from the tree!
Then let the short Summer be lengthened out longer,
And long again, till it takes in the year;—
The sunshine of love in the heart growing stronger,
The blossoms of kindness that never grow sere!

Then out with the snowshoes, and rein up the horses!
And let the snow batter from hoof and from heel;—
Command the toboggan, and vie with the forces
Of Nature in swiftness—no fear shall we feel!
With snowshoes, and sledges, and skates, and good-
nature—
A smile in the morning, a welcome at night—
We value our Winter, in every loved feature;
The high noon of friendship—the prime of delight!

THE RAINBOW.

THEY say there is gold where the rainbow rests;
And often I ran for to find it!
But the meadows were gay; and the flowers on my way
Whispered all to me never to mind it!
The rainbow ran down 'twixt the brook and the tree—
I could see it as plainly as plainly could be!
But when I got there it was some other tree—
A. : not where I thought I should find it!

Chorus—

But the rainbow was there, in the heart bright and fair,
As soon as I looked for it rightly!
But the rainbow was there, in the heart bright and fair,
As soon as I looked for it rightly!

No longer a boy—'tis the rainbow no more
That mocks all my fondest endeavor;—
But friendships grow cold, and my joys worn and old,—
And happiness misses me ever!
I'll tell you a scheme—but it's 'twixt you and me—
I shall let selfish joy and my "happiness" be—
And live for redressing the woes that I see;
And think of self never, oh, never!

[*Chorus.*

TO A TOWN-CLOCK.

O CALM, unruffled, smiling horologe!
Whose round face, looking down the noisy street,
Brings back my pulses to an even beat—
A face I cannot dodge!

For once I thought the moon was only thou,
Taking a sail above the wintry wold;—
Thy hands wrapped up to keep them from the cold—
That brow thine own calm brow!

And wheresoe'er the imp of truancy
Pursued his tortuous way by street or shore,
That still, sad face rebuked him yet the more,
And watched him constantly!

“O boy!” it said, as now thou say'st, “O man!
Time hastens on, and soon will all be gone!
Not what thou dost, but what thou ponderest on,
Is what God seeks to scan!

“Thy silent moments may a thousand be;
Thy striking hours, like mine, be only few!
But when thou strikest, let thy stroke be true,
Deliberate, calm, and free!”

RING IN THE DAY.

RING in the day the Dominion awoke!
Ring in the day! Ring in the day!
Hills of the maple, and hills of the oak,
Hear what the joy-bells say!
Rising a queen in her beauty and power,—
Child of the Sea; full-grown in an hour—
Light on her path, and Freedom her dower!
Ring in the day! Ring in the day!

Down to the sea, through the valleys afar,
Down to the sea! Down to the sea!
Sparkle the rays of the bright Polar Star,
Over our forests free!
Star that the slave in his fetters consoled;
Freedom and hope to the bondman it told,—
Far in the North, where the bright waters rolled,
Down to the sea! Down to the sea!

Up with the flag where the Maple Leaf flies!
Up with the flag! Up with the flag!
Sons of the Maple as one shall arise,
Shouting from field and erag;—
Home of our happiness; Land of our love;
Sweet 'neath the smile of the heavens above—
Never from thee shall devotion remove!—
Up with the flag! Up with the flag!

ANGEL FACES.

I FIRST saw an Angel's face—
'Twas Spring, in the city of Guelph;
And the railway platform was filling apace
With many beside myself;—
When a mother came, in a plain print gown,
To meet some friends that were coming to town.

Her baby-boy on her arm—
So full of his first glad Spring!—
When the railway train came rushing in,
With its irresistible swing,—
Close to the boy, yet touched him not;—
And there stopped the engine, hissing, hot!

The wonder on that boy's face!—
The indescribable awe;
The ineffable charm that lent a grace
To all that the vision saw,—
Was something to see but once in Time—
A glimpse of the World Unseen, sublime!

"I have seen an Angel's face!"
I said to myself, "this day;
And now, when Angels come apace
To cheer my onward way,
I'll look for them day by day, around;
For many, no doubt, walk earthly ground!"

And would you believe it, friend?
I see them evermore!
Those Angel faces, without end,
Smiling at many a door!
The Angel-vision I saw at Guelph—
That glimpse of Heaven—repeats itself!

And under the brow of care
The peace that Eternity knows
May dwell; and the lips of friendship bear
The secret of Heaven's repose.
I am looking for Angel faces now;—
And I find them 'neath many a kindly brow.

For lo! I am nearing the Gate;
And in that light I can see!
And there needs no fancy to create
The things that already be!—
And Angels-in-training meet me now;
And I know them by smile, and lip, and brow.

And like the Painter of old,
(As the kindly legends say,)
Who faces of Angels did unfold,
For he found them every day—
So oft do they walk beside us here,
If we only knew, and our sight grew clear!

FERNIEDALE.

No wood elsewhere could cast so sweet a shadow
As on thy stream—

No Summer-flowers could ever deck a meadow
So like a dream,—

As 'neath thy skies, that never brooked our sorrow,
But bore it onward to some bright to-morrow!

O dearest Land! where first the North Star glistens
With its pure ray,—

O Land where Love speaks out, and Rapture listens,
Through each bright day!—

Restore to me thy sunshine and thy shadows,
Thy streams and woods, thy hillsides and thy meadows!

They wrong thy name who only find thee snowing
In Winter wild;—

Thy children love thee in thy Summer-showing,
O Mother mild!

And claim, enraptured, for these scenes of ours,
The sweeter title of "The Land of Flowers!"

O Ferniedale! thy warbling birds and flowers
Still fill the air!

As when in youth thy scenes first waked my powers
To do or dare!

So let thy memory never brook our sorrow,
But bear it onward to some bright to-morrow!

THE BALKY HORSE.

HE viewed askance the winding hill
 Across the grassy hollow,
 And inly vowed with all his skill
 His old deceit to follow.
 If but his mate would only pull
 Her share and most of his'n,—
 He'd be content! If not, hurrah!
 Come torture, death, or prison!

Upon the off-side capered *Dot*,
 In harness new bespangled;
 Ready to "hoe her row," but not
 To stand his tricks new-fangled!
 But near the hill low keen he gets
 With snortin' and with blowin',—
 And like a screw-propeller sets
 His whiskin' tail a-goin'!

In vain the whip! How firm he sets
 His pins upon the gravel!
 To pull an honest load up-hill
 Is not "his road to travel!"
 The barrel-stave bounds off his ribs,—
 His nose the twist-rope pinches,—
 But, Sir, those fourteen barrels of flour
 Have not progressed six inches!

“Take out the schemer, boys! and bring
From home bare-footed Nancy!
He carries sorer bones, I ween,
Than suits his roving fancy!
I’ll sell him cheap to the tavern-man,
So brassy and so talky—
A man that drives a down-hill road
May drive a horse that’s balky!”

THE ORIOLE.

THE Oriole swings on the cherry-tree bough,
Singing, “Cheer him up! cheerfully cheer him!”
And I never could tell what he meant till now—
With his “Cheer him up! cheerfully cheer him!”
He means—When the cheeks with tears are wet—
When the lip is hanging, all ready to fret—
To pick up your courage; there’s room for you yet!
With a “Cheer him up! cheerfully cheer him!”

And the Oriole isn’t a fret on a stage,
With his “Cheer him up! cheerfully cheer him!”
Or a poor captive bird that you keep in a cage,
Sighing, “Cheer him up! cheerfully cheer him!”
But out in the open, and through the glad trees,
In the shine of the sun and the breath of the breeze—
And, free as himself, every Freeman he sees—
With his “Cheer him up! cheerfully cheer him!”

And the mother, with boy far out on the veldt,
Prayed, "Cheer him up! cheerfully cheer him!"
And the boys in the woods, where loneliness dwelt,
Whistled, "Cheer him up! cheerfully cheer him!"
And the man who does right, for he knows the way
how—
And the man who speaks truth, with his hand on the
plow—
And the Fair, with the signet of truth on her brow—
All "Cheer him up! cheerfully cheer him!"

And the Oriole lesson, to you and to me,
With his "Cheer him up! cheerfully cheer him!"
Is, Each one to sing on his own cherry-tree,
With a "Cheer him up! cheerfully cheer him!"
And to love the best Land we ever shall know,
Till the daisies above us shall tenderly blow,—
Canadians ever—we'll shout as we go,
With a "Chcer him up! cheerfully cheer him!"

GOING HOME TO-DAY.

WE'RE going home to-day, my love,
To see what we may see
In the sweet old haunts of the Long-ago,
So dear to you and me!
So dear to you and me, my love,
As memory marks the way
With here a smile and there a tear;—
We're going home to-day!

The sky is o'er us, blue as when
Our race was but begun;
And the lake is rolling billows from
Away beyond the sun!
Away beyond the sun, my love,
As if in haste to say,
"We greet the dear old Maple Land!"
We're going home to-day!

And "Welcome home!" to eye and ear
Is everywhere and oft!
The very maples, fluttering, wave
Their thousand flags aloft!

Their thousand flags aloft, my love,
As thus they sing and say—
“The Maple Land forever!” for
We’re going home to-day!

And here, O, here, the heart breaks out,—
Old memories thronging round:
“Put off the shoes, and bow the knee,
For this is holy ground!”
For this is holy ground, my love,
And home is home for aye!
Our hearts we lost; and, in the search,
We’re going home to-day!

Away, away, the toils and tears!
Let finer feelings rule!
And we no longer citizens,
But children at the school!
But children at the school, my love,
And life one giddy play!—
To dream our dream of happiness
We’re going home to-day!

THE LAND OF THE MAPLE.

COMES there a whisper across the broad sea,
"Land of the Maple, awake!
Put on the robes of the Nation to be,
Child of the Forest and Lake!
Sweeping in train of the Northern Star,
Round where the tents of the Sunset are
Camped in the shade of the mountains afar—
Stand! for your Country's sake!"

Comes there a shout from the gathering West,
"We of the Sunset are here!
Ever to honor the Land we love best,
And echo your patriot cheer!
Westward the star of Empire goes—
As the sun leads on and the river flows;
Where Freedom woos in each wind that blows;—
We of the West give cheer!"

Eastward and westward the watchword runs,
"Land of the Maple, awake!"
She lives in the life of her stalwart sons,
By mountain, and forest, and lake.
Let our gift to our Country be duty well done—
Looking back to the past o'er the way we have run,
And forth to the goal that is yet to be won—
Ever for her sweet sake!

AT MARATHON.

In the spring of 1906, William Sherring, of Hamilton, Ontario, won the great road race in the revived Grecian games, from Marathon to Athens, 26 miles, among more than thirty competitors, from all nations.

THE Persians are at Marathon, to march to Athens' gate;

The Greek, with a handful behind him, speaks bitterly of his fate:—

“The sea and their ships behind them, to cover their retreat—

Our wives and children behind us, to share in our defeat!”

To the boy who said, “My sword is short!” the mother curt replied:

“You can cure the shortness of your sword by adding to it a stride!”

And the Greeks they charged a mile—though the Persians thought them mad;

Till victory crowned their standard; while Attica was glad!

But one would carry the tidings home, to old Athena's
towers;—
He recked not of the battle-strain, nor of the waning
hours;
Tightened his girdle for the task, 'tween the mountains
and the sea—
And swooned in death within the gates, as he faltered,
"Victory!"

The centuries have come and gone; Greece once more in
a stir!
Hermetus and Pentelicus stand where they ever were—
And Marathon is a memory to stir to noble deeds;
And still the road to Athens is the road that Glory
leads.

And one brave youth from far away beyond Atlantis'
Isle
Tightened his belt and took the road in old Athenian
style;—
He did not bring the news of a victory others won—
But he brought the victory with him in that glorious
classic run!

They tell us that Canadian suns shine but on lakes and
trees!
But our youths have shown the world we have some-
thing more than these;

We taught the world on Southern veldt our boys could
shoot and ride—
And now Canadian triumph swells in fields before
untried!

For who excels in one grand line may well excel in
more!
And who is conqueror at home may shine on foreign
shore!
And though the ancient heroes into shadows all have
gone,
We hail once more the Runner with news from Mara-
thon!

THIS CANADA OF OURS.

"This Canada of ours" is an affectionate phrase, now much in use. It was first used—and in a contemptuous manner—by Col. John Prince, of Chatham, Ont., in a letter in one of the Toronto papers, about 1838. I remember reading the letter.

HER youth was with the forest free,
Where sped the fallow deer;
And with invading industry
That would that forest clear,
Now smiling farms link lake to lake,
And cities light their towers;
And bloom and beauty join to make
This Canada of ours!

Chorus—

We'll meet her, and greet her,
And strew her path with flowers;
Her Maple Tree for you and me—
This Canada of ours!

The boys that grew like maple trees,
As wildly and as well,
May pass their joyous jubilees
In honored age to dwell;
But Learning now has waved her hand,
And from her classic bowers
Beholds an educated Land—
This Canada of ours!

[*Chorus.*

No prodigals—as once of old—
Come here to hide their shame;
But now a Nation, free and old,
We glory in her name!
Her place is where her sons shall choose—
Her privilege and powers—
Her liberty we claim and use—
This Canada of ours!

[*Chorus.*

THE CITY OF GOD.

(PSALM 122.)

O, how glad my soul and spirit,
When with joy they said to me,
“Let us who His love inherit,
Go His dwelling-place to see!”
In thy courts our feet with gladness
Yet shall stand, Jerusalem!
Wearied feet, and hearts of sadness,
Thy strong gates shall shelter them!

Built, and planned, and walled together,
One the city, one the aim;—
All the tribes, resorting thither,
Praise and bless Jehovah's name.
There are set the thrones, redressing
Wrong and ill, even David's throne—
Pray ye for Jerusalem's blessing;
In her peace shall be your own!

Peace within thy walls be ever!
Joy in every palace shine!
For the sake of loved companions,
Still my prayer is, “Peace be thine!”
For the House of God within thee—
In mine eyes Earth's brightest gem—
Every blessing I would win thee,
My sweet home, Jerusalem!

OUT OF CAPTIVITY.

(PSALM 126.)

It was like a dream of gladness,
Breaking on a night of sadness,
When the Lord, to Zion turning,
 Bade her weary wanderers come;—
Then our mouth was filled with singing,
And with joy the valleys ringing,
Made the very heathen wonder
 At the bliss that brought us home!

For great things the Lord did for us;
And we joined the joyful chorus—
“Thou wilt turn us and refresh us
 Like the desert streams in rain!”
Tearful sowing has glad reaping;—
Precious seed, borne forth in weeping,
Shall, by God the Spirit's blessing,
 Bring the golden sheaves again!

THE EXILES' LAMENT.

(PSALM 137.)

By the rivers of Babylon sadly we wept,
As we thought of returning to Zion no more;
And the harps of our gladness all silently slept
On the boughs of the willows that wept on the shore!

For heartless they came who had borne us afar,
And their mandate was, "Mirth and melodious lays!"
And they who had spoiled us with ravage and war,
Cried, "Sing us a song in Jerusalem's praise!"

But how shall we sing in the alien's land
The songs that Jehovah once hearkened to hear?
O Zion! let perish my ready right hand,
If fades from my bosom thine image so dear!

Thou home of my heart, if I cherish not thee,
Let my tongue sink in silence, my gladness be o'er,
If high o'er all treasures, possessed or to be,
I place not Jerusalem, blest evermore!

On Edom and Babylon terrors shall fall,
Who mocked when Jerusalem's woes followed fast;
For ever the same that they measured withal
Shall be the return the Lord gives them at last!

Scottish Lyrics

PEDEN'S PRAYER.

THE Covenant is down, and a dastard wears the crown,
And Scotland, with a frown, bears her fetters as she
may ;—
And the sun looks down between auld Nithsdale's hills
of green,
Where CAMERON's grave is seen by the pilgrim on his
way.

His was the rapid course of the torrent from its
source,—
The more we see its force, it the sooner meets the sea ;
For young his crown was won, and soon his race was
run,
And many a weary one with the Martyr fain would
be!

And years had come and gane since the day the martyrs
slain
(No more at Sanquhar's stane, but before the King
on high!)
Had the COVENANT renewed they had solemn sealed in
blood,
And in victors' robes had stood in the assembly of
the sky.

And there among the heather—his thin hands clasped
together,
And his weary glance up thither where the paths
of victory lie—
And pleading for release, is Peden on his knees,
And “Oh, to be wi’ Ritchie!” is the burden of his
cry.

The mountain-mist and snows had been sent to blind his
foes,
And when his cry uprose he was heard yet once again;
And the prayer his faith had spoken received an answer-
ing token,
When the golden bowl was broken, and the Saint
forgot his pain!

ROBERT FERGUSSON.

An incident strikingly illustrative of the unhappy destiny of the young post, and at the same time of the honorable esteem in which he was held by those who knew him, must not remain untold. Shortly after his death a letter came from India, directed to him, enclosing a draft for £100, and inviting him thither, where a lucrative situation was promised him. The letter and draft were from an old and attached school-fellow, a Mr. Burnet, whose name deserves to be forever linked with Fergusson's, for this act of munificent though fruitless generosity.—*Whitelaw's Book of Scottish Song: Introduction.*

“O COME to the Indies, Rab!
For the skies of the East are aglow;
There's hope for thy bosom and light for thine eyes,
There's wealth at thy bidding to flow!”
’Twas thus to the Minstrel he sent,
With a pledge from his brotherly hand;
As he lay at noon in his sultry tent,
And dreamed of his native land!

Swift sails the message bore
Through spiey isles of the sea;
But the bard, or ever it reached the shore,
Had laid down his head to dee!

They could kindle and glow at his strains,
 Or weep 'neath his minstrel wand,—
 But they left him to die amid clanking chains
 In the heart of his native land!

Alas, for a friend at hand,
 Wi' a bosom as tender and true—
 And a cheering word for the hapless bard,
 Like the lad ower the ocean blue!
 Soon, soon was thy harp untuned,
 That might lang hae been strung wi' glee—
 And mony wakened to find thee fled,
 They wad hae gien gowd to see!

O sweetest and kindest Ræb!
 Heart-broken, yet brither to a',
 How young and how fair thy brow to bear
 The sorrows that were thy fa'!
 Like the MINSTREL wha set thee a stane,
 The PLOWMAN LADDIE o' Ayr,
 We'll drap a saut tear ower thy lowly bier,
 And a' that lies buried there.*

*The late true-hearted Scottish poet, Jamee Ballantine, took Fergueeon's grave under his especial care, and had a margin of shells round it, brought from Ayr. After reading the above, he wrote to me, "Should we have met when you were here, I should have joined you in your pilgrimage to Fergueeon's grave, and ehed teare together over the poor dear fellow and true Scoteman."

THE PRISONER.

O, SHE who has my heart in thrall
Is free on braes of Yarrow!
While I gaze on the vacant wall
That bounds my dungeon narrow.
The tyrant gives my sword to slaves,
My name to shame and sorrow;
But this brave heart he cannot buy
Is ever free on Yarrow!

I know that Spring is in the land,—
The eorn is greenly growing;
I feel the breath of zephyrs bland
Upon my temples blowing.
I know her flowers are budding fair,
Afar from all this sorrow;
They bloom in Freedom's blessed air
Upon the banks of Yarrow!

O, softly breathe, ye fragrant winds,
Around that mansion olden;
And shine, thou sun, with sweetest beams;
Make all her pathway golden!
And come, thou Hope, from 'mong the stars.
Speak of some blessed morrow,
When I shall burst these prison bars,
And rove with her on Yarrow!

LOCH SAINT MARY.

SHE was her mother's only child,
On Yarrow braes a stranger lady;
And he was of the mountain wild,
A shepherd in his hamely plaidie.
His soul looked out through poet's eyes—
And hers was heart beyond disguise—
And oft the sun looked in surprise
Upon them by Saint Mary!

The moving strains of love and weir,
That hovered round the braes of Yarrow—
The morn of hope, the night of fear,
The ecstacy of love and sorrow;
The witchery of his minstrel art,
That made the shepherd one apart—
She gained all these, but lost her heart
Beside the Loch Saint Mary!

O, sweet the lark on Yarrow braes,
His widening flight of glory winging!
But sweeter far that shepherd's lays,
Read in the rapture of her singing!

Her clear, blue eyes upon him bent
Were ruin of his heart's content;
Nor wist she till the charm was spent—
Two hearts lost by Saint Mary!

O, years that flowed so even on!
Your sacred secret calmly keeping!
Two hearts in love—with only one
Sweet hope in waking or in sleeping!
“On heights of Learning and of Fame
He'd leave the impress of his name;
And venture *then* the love to claim
He found by sweet Saint Mary!”

Another grave on Yarrow braes—
A soaring life too early blighted!
We eroon the poet's melting lays,
Who sang a love that ne'er was slighted!
Two sad eyes dwelling on the past—
A heart that kept his memory fast—
Their soft and sacred halo east
Around thy scenes, Saint Mary!

✓ BONNIE ENEUCH.

YE'RE bonnie, lassie; bonnie eneuch,
To them that far in their favor set ye;—
And ower bonnie, far ower bonnie,
To them that lo'e ye and canna get ye!

O lassie, wae to Tam and me,
That e'er we cam to the town o' Drassie!
But deeper wae I maun dree my lane,
That ever I met wi' a scornfu' lassie!

I'm no sae young, and I'm no sae fine,—
But I'm young eneuch to be broken-hearted;
I hae wared my love on a heartless quean,
And youthfu' pride and joy's departed.

Ye're bonnie, lassie; bonnie eneuch,
To them that far in their favor set ye;
But ower bonnie, far ower bonnie,
To them that lo'e ye and wad forget ye!

WI' THE LAVEROCK I' THE LIFT.

Wi' the laverock i' the lift, piping music i' the skies,
When the shepherd lea's his cot, and the dew on gowan
lies—

Up, up, let me awa frae the dreams the night has seen,
And ask what is the matter wi' my heart sin' yestereen.

The laverock i' the lift, i' the wildest o' his flight,
Sees whaur his love abides, wi' throbbings o' delight,—
But I behold her cot, and awauken to my pain—
It canna sure be love, or I'd sune be weel again!

Adown that sunny glade there's a bower that cottage
nigh,
Whaur the flowers aye are sweetest and the burn gangs
singin' by—

'Twas there we partit late, wi' a kiss or twa between—
But what can be the matter wi' my heart sin' yestere'en?

I'll to yon garden hie ere the gloaming close its ee,
I'll tell her o' my pain, and ask what it can be.
It may be she can cure wha gar't me first compleen,
For eh! there's something wrang wi' my heart sin'
yestere'en!

WILL YE TAK ME?

“WILL ye tak me?” she cried, as the night cam on;
“Will ye tak me?” she cried, wi’ a weary tone;—
And the braw young laird o’ Harriston Ha’
Looked down as he passed at the garden wa’.

And he saw nocht there by the garden wa’,
But a lint-white heid and a breist o’ snaw;
And a wee bit dud sark o’ Paisley yarn,
And the wee bare feet o’ the mitherless bairn.

And he turned awa’ as he proudly sat—
“Let ithers tak in the beggar’s brat!”
And he passed awa’ wi’ a loud guffaw,
To join in the revels o’ Harriston Ha’.

Yet faund she friends, and hame, and breid;
And a Kind Hand lifted her drooping heid;—
And the mitherless bairn grew wondrous fair,
As the lint-white heid turned gowden hair.

And the love-light shone in her een sae fair,
And her sweet soul stood at the windows there;—
And the laird now wad gane for mony a mile
But to catch ae glance or to win ae smile!

But she gied her heart to ane that was true,—
Hand, gowd, beauty, and een sae blue;—
The laird wadna tak her when greetin' her lane,
And she wadna tak *him* when he was fain!

✓ THE BIRDIE THAT'S WANTIN' A WING.

THEY say there's a birdie that's wantin' a wing,
Ower the sea, ower the sea;—
He neither can flie, nor yet can he sing,
Ower the sea, ower the sea;—
But he finds him a mate—so he's no sae bereft—
He has a right wing and she has a left—
And they link on thegither, and aff they gae daft,
Ower the sea, ower the sea!

They say there's a birdie that's wantin' a note,
Ower the sea, ower the sea;—
And a' the high sounds seem to stick in his throat—
Ower the sea, ower the sea.
But he finds him a mate wi' the high notes sae clear—
He has the *bass* and she has the *air*—
And, "Turn about, Tibbie!" the sang's rich and rare!
Ower the sea, ower the sea.

I tell't it to Kate, and I thought I was slee,
By the dyke-stane, by the dyke-stane;—
And in the bit birdie I hoped she'd see me,
Dowie and fain, dowie and fain.
“It was a daft ditty,” she said, “she must say;
And when a chiel tell't his love-tale in that way,
She thought it was time that he let his tongue play,
And spak his mind plain, and spak his mind
plain!”

O, the sun it cam out and the birds they sang clear!
Ower the lea, ower the lea!
And the lass that I lo'ed seemed never sae dear
Ever to me, ower to me!
The wing that was wantin' I faund it complete—
The sang that was mantin' was perfect and sweet—
And twa Scottish lovers, twa hearts wi' ae beat,
Sat there by the sea, sat there by the sea!

BONNIE MEG.

Raggit folk and bonnie folk are aye taen haud o';—
I was raggit, she was bonnie, doun in the meadow;—
She had woers mooly a ane, chiels wi' faces smirkin';
I was unco blithe to wir new breeks to gang to kirk in!

Blateness hides a younker's worth, but canna hide his
pining;—
In my een devotion burned, and Meggie saw it shining!
Cam a voice as frae the air, "Daur to speak your
passion!
Love for love is aye the rule that never changes
fashion!"

Raggit folk and bonnie folk are aye taen haud o';
E'en my rags grew better claes, and poortith I gat
rid o';
Never mair shall Fortune fecht to keep sic ardor
under—
And bonnie Meg to be my ain gars a' the parish
wonder!

A SIMMER MORN.

'Tis the liltin' o' the laverock,
As he flits the clouds amang;
And the wind is blawin' mouthfu's
To the pulses o' his sang.
I never kent what gar't the wind
Blaw mouthfu's at a time,
Till I heard the mornin' laverock,
And the owercome o' his rhyme!

And it's up, and ever upward,
Till he canna farther win,
Unless through heaven's unsteekit yett
He fairly enters in!
And the bonnie gowan waukens,
And her blush becomes a lowe,
Whaur 'mang the dew she hiddl't
In the shelter o' the howe!

And the sun is shining on the fell,
And rising as he shines;
While the mellow-throatit mavis chirms
A when unstudied lines;—
And the shepherd whussles in his joy,
His collie at his fit—
Till, fain to feel sic happiness,
My vera heart grows grit!

And there, amang Creation's joy—
My bannet in my han'—
I pour my thanks for sic a morn,
My thanks for sic a lan';
And ever pray my future day
Sic Simmer suns may see;—
And aye some laverock, singin' clear
Atween the heavens and me!

✓ POET FROM OVER THE PATHS OF THE SEA.

POET from over the paths of the sea,
Sing us a song of the Land ye love!
Let it be full of the fragrance free
Of the flowers that smile to the distant sea—
And the laverock songs above!

Give us therecore of the song of the bird
That builds its nest by the murmuring stream!
Is its wee heart as often stirred
As yours—or mine—with the slightest word
That twines with a life-long dream?

Give us the air of the throssle gay,
Where the wee boy whistles his way to school;—
Tell us what bird and boy would say,
If thoughts could speak and hearts could play
By some old Orpheus rule!

Put into numbers the sough o' the sea!
Give us the words of the lintie's song!
Tell us what catches the bairnie's ee,
As it reaches and prattles the stars to see,
In the gloaming, lengthened long!

And when ye have done, and ye sing it low,
Like the soft wind through the slumbering pine,
There are none to mock if fond Memory throw
Her glamor round, and a tear should flow
For a vanished Auld Lang Syne!

WHITE HEATHER. ✓

It's ill to be puir and leal,
And it's ill to keep lint frae the lowe!
And it's ill to hae bauchles sae doon at the heel
That the weary fit wanders throwe!

But whether this poortith will flee,
While the leal and the true shall remain;—
And whether my Jeanie may smile upon me,—
Is a "Read me my Riddle" again!

She tell't me she riches despised—
But she didna ken I was sae puir!
And a sprig o' white heather—a gift that I prized—
She plucked as we gaed ower the muir.

I wad that I wasna sae puir!
And I wad that I aye might be leal;
But I wad, aboon a', to be certain and sure
O' what bonnie Jeanie may feel!

We gang to the sun for its shine;
And we gang to the wuds for their shade;—
And I'll e'en to my Luve, in my dool and my pine,
And speir what that White Heather said!

TODDLIN' HAME.

TODDLIN' hame, when the gloamin' is fa'in',
 Weary and worn, wi' his face to the West;—
 Lang has he toiled sin' he left i' the dawin',
 Now he is toddlin' hame till his rest!
 Hame till his rest, whaur his wife is smilin'—
 Hame till his rest, whaur his bairns are beguilin'—
 There has he biggit his hopes and his fame—
 Toddlin' Hame!

Toddlin' hame, frae schule and frae lesson,
 Doon the wee laddie gangs whusslin' in pride;
 Blithe is his welcome, and sweet the caressin',
 In the wee cottage by yon burnside!
 Yon burnside, 'mang the hills o' the heather—
 Yon burnside, whaur his daydreams gather—
 Whaur the wee laddie shall mak him a name—
 Toddlin' Hame!

"Toddlin' hame," in our thochts and our dreamin',
Back to the land that our orisons name;
E'en as the sun, wi' his mornin' licht beamin',
Blithely brings till us a message frae hame!
Message frae hame, on the wings o' the mornin',
Message frae hame, dishonor aye scornin';—
Dearest Auld Mither! we honor thy name!—
"Toddlin' Hame!"

"Toddlin' hame!" when this life has grown weary—
Daylight is dune, and the gloamin' is nigh!
Peace to the pilgrim! nae journey is dreary,
Airtit by angels, and led to the sky!
Led to the sky, by a way that ye kenna—
Led to the sky, gin it binna ye winna—
Leal to the Lovin' Ane—blest be His name!
Toddlin' Hame!

SHE LIKIT HIM RAAL WEEL.

SHE likit the tilt o' his "Tammie" sae blue—
She likit the plaid ower his shouthers he threw—
Wi' his bonnie blue ee, and his heart true as steel—
And the lad, a'thegither, she likit raal weel!
 She likit him raal weel!
 She likit him raal weel!
 But never wad tell, but just till hersel',
 That she likit him raal weel!

He pled for a word, for a smile, for a blink—
But she never loot on, whate'er she might think;—
"He might come or might gang—like the yarn aff the
 reel;
What was that to her?" Yet she likit him weel!
 She likit him raal weel!
 She likit him raal weel!
 But never wad tell, but just till hersel',
 That she likit him raal weel!

Noo, Jock was a lad o' spirit and grace,—
 Quo' he, "I'll nao mair seek love at her face!"
 And Jenny grew wae as he turned on his heel,
 For she said till hersel' that "she likit him weel!"
 She likit him raal weel!
 She likit him raal weel!
 And noo she wad tell—him, as weel as hersel',
 That she likit him raal weel!

A wee catch o' a sigh, and a dooncast ee,—
 And the neibors a' kent what the trouble might be—
 And ane o' them tell't him, "Noo, Jock, if you're leal,
 Gang ower the burn till her: she likes ye raal weel!"
 She likit him raal weel!
 She likit him raal weel!
 And sae it befell that she tell't him hersel',
 That she likit him raal weel!

O lassies, that gang wi' a pridefu' air,
 And winna let on that ye listen or care—
 Tak heed frae Jenny, wha tried to conceal
 Frae a worthy young lad that she likit him weel!
 She likit him raal weel!
 She likit him raal weel!
 She was wyss to tell, baith the lad and hersel',
 That she likit him raal weel!

SING ME ANE O' THE AULD SANGS!

O, SING me ane o' the auld sangs!
Wi' a wee bit sough o' the sea;
Or a taste o' the morning air in't
Frae ower the gowany lea.
For he never opened his een, lass,
Wha left us the lilt sae sweet,
But he saw a laverock ower him,
Or a daisy at his feet!

O, sing me ane o' the auld sangs!
For I kenna the gate o' the new;
Where lovers' een were like thine, lass,
And hearts were a' leal and true!
Where the shine o' the Simmer morning
Promised a' that was sweet and fair!
And the gloaming whispered ower us
That the pleasures a' were there!

O, sing me ane o' the auld sangs!
Where freend to freend were true;
Where love was love to the end o't,
And no the wee while it was new!
And though the sang has a tear in't,
It'll no be a tear o' care;—
'Tis a wee bit blink o' the Auld Land,
And the bein folk bidin' there!

THE SPIRIT IN THE MAN.

A SPIRIT is within a man, that ranks him ill or gude;
And, wantin' that, the man wad be nae better nor a
stot!

It tingles in his finger-ends, it wallops in his blude,
And aye it gars him seek to mak a something o' his
lot.

Throwe his ain een it keeks, and brawlie, brawlie sees
The beauty and the glory Nature wears,—
Though whiles the spirit gaes to Admiration's braes,
On steppin'-stanes across the burn o' Tears!

A man may think he hears, but the spirit's ready aid
Wales out the gowd and siller, while the idle clashes
lie;—

Whiles we think it's but our heart, that beatin' 'neath
our plaid,—
The spirit kens its fitsteads weel, toward the By-and-
by!

We say that we are speakin' but there's something in
the birr—

The breath is ours, the thocht is his, the spirit there
unseen—

It airts our life, it 'fends our feet, it maks us what we
are;—

And whiles, ower late, we come to ken o' what we
might hae been!

O sons o' men! wha bear about that spirit in your breist!
Acquant yersels wi' this leal freend, and wi' him
cannie dwell!

Mak him the maister o' the hoose—the ruler at the
feast—

God made your spirit, at the first, a something like
His sel!

The cot may daily dwine away, the theek grow thin
and bare—

The winnock dull, the door ajee, the ingle wede
away,—

But a braw, braw howff, at lang and last, awaits the
tenant there,—

A dwallin' on the Hills o' God, a lang and bonnie
day!

HIELAND HILLS AND HIELAND HEATHER. ✓

HIELAND hills and Hieland heather!
How the sang-words clink thegither!
Like the laverock, wildly winging,
Scottish sangs to Scotsmen singing,
Ower the lofty, listening Ben;—
Heard by minstrel in the glen!

Round the dowie dens o' Yarrow
Hangs the ancient note of sorrow;—
Truest love in accents tender—
Love to death, and love's defender:—
Ower thy sweetly purling stream,
Let me linger out my dream!

Tweed, that flows sae meeth and merry,
Row thy boatie ower the ferry!
Let thy links wi' beauty fill us—
Glints o' Eden granted till us—
Flow thee seaward to the sun;
Every wave a welcome won!

Scotland! sacred, sainted mither!
 Rowe us in thine arms thegither!
 We thy bairns, where'er we wander;
 Distant farther, aye the fonder.
 In our hearts we saftly croon,
 "Scotland here! and Heaven aboon!"

HAUD UP YER HEID.

HAUD up yer heid, O laddie frae Yarrow,
 Ettrick, or Teviot, or banks o' the Tweed!
 "The Will maks the Man;" no his joy nor his sorrow;
 Then daur to be noble, and haud up yer heid!
 Haud up yer heid; haud up yer heid!
 Ye're as gude as the best o' them! Haud up yer heid!

Haud up yer heid, though a lov'd ane be scornin';—
 (Whiles it may tak her a wee to see clear;)
 Trust her she'll no be misleard i' the mornin',
 Wi' honor and truth for yer gowd and yer gear.
 Haud up yer heid; haud up yer heid!
 Ye're as gude as the best o' them! Haud up yer heid!

Haud up yer heid; let the coward gang snoovin',
Fear't o' the glance o' an honest man's ee;—
Hae-na I tell't ye the warld is improvin'?
Honor and justice are bearin' the gree!
Haud up yer heid; haud up yer heid!
Ye're as gude as the best o' them! Haud up yer heid!

Haud up yer heid; for yer ain price is ever
The price that the warld will set on yer heid;
And Scotland, auld Mither, is satisfy't never
That aye o' her callants should fail to succeed!
Haud up yer heid; haud up yer heid!
Ye're as gude as the best o' them! Haud up yer heid!

TO THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

BARD of the Beautiful, winsome and dutiful—
Whaur gat ye music that sings in the soul?
Scotland, auld mither, on hills o' the heather,
She made thee her minstrel, wi' glory thy goal!

Opened thine eyes to see beauty and poesy,
Glinting in cloudland, and smiling in flower;—
Fairy and elfin gray mount them and hie away,
Under the glamor and spell of thy power!

Streams that were speeding them—mankind unheeding
them—
Flushed into fame 'neath thy magical wand;
Came to the ear again, ballad and sweet refrain;
Silent, forgotten, till waked by thy hand!

Feelings that came to us—never the same to us—
Varied, sublime, and yet wanting a name—
Thou to the hearts o' men came with an answer, when
Late in the gloaming Kilmeny cam hame!

Skylark is soaring yet—Ettrick is pouring yet—
Yarrow is dowie, lamenting thy name!
SHEPHERD! we greet thee! in spirit we meet thee,
And lay a wee flower on the wreath o' thy fame!

THAT BEATS A'.

THEY tell't me aboot Canada, whaur land, they said,
was cheap;—

Quo' I, "I'll rent a wee bit grun', and keep a pickle
sheep;"

They tell't me I'd be laird mysel', and pay nae rent
ava,—

And Grannie up her hands and cried, "That beats a'!"

I follow't ower as mony mair—'twas like a fairy
dream—

The lot o' my inheritance chanced by a muckle stream;
'Twas trees aboot, and trees owerheid, and trees for
hoose and ha',

And Grannie steers the fire, and cries, "That beats a'!"

But welcome aye the gloaming licht that led me to this
land!

To neibor wi' the Northern Star, and free 'mang free-
men stand!

Whaur ilka man that plays the man is equal by the
law;—

And Grannie cries, "We're gentry noo! That beats a'!"

I like the land whaur Learning shines, as in the land I
left;
For Rank is whaur we rank oursel's—nor Worth need
stand bereft;—
Nae auldest sons to oaxter up what to the rest should
fa';—
“Grannie, the youngest son is laird!”* “Eh, that
beats a'!”

And here, as comes the blithe New Year, my Grannie
gies advice—
“Noo, Jock, my man, div ye no think a wifie wad be
nice?”
I've gear, and land, and a Reeveship noo, and a lassie
at my ca';—
And Grannie, smiling intae tears, cries, “That beats a'!”

* This is proverbially the case in rural districts. The
older sons are assisted to farms of their own in the father's
lifetime; and the youngest boy, staying at home and taking
care of the parents, gets the old homestead.

THE TWENTY-THIRD PSALM. ✓

THE Lord is my Shepherd, my wants are a' kent,
The pastur I lie in is growthie and green;—
I follow by watirs o' peace and content,
And when weary and wac He restores me again.

He airts me, for sake o' His name and His law,
In paths o' His holiness, fearless and free;
And e'en 'mid the howe whaur the deid-shadows fa',
His rod and His eruik my reliancee sal be!

My buird is weel-graced i' the sicht o' my faes;
My heid is anointit wi' heevenlie oyle;
My eup ye hae filled a' the length o' my days
Is a' rinnin' ower at the end o' my toil!

Sae gudeness and graec, ilka day that I leeve,
Sal follow and bless on my hame-gaun way;—
And at the lang-last, and wi' a' that believe,
I'se bide in God's palae, for evir and aye!

MY WEE LADDIE.

I HING about a little grave where a' my treasures lie;
But the yellow hair that's beddit there shall wave
 aboon the sky;
And the flower I tint sae early, wi' the dew upon the
 lea,
Shall blossom fair in sweeter air, in my ain Countrie!

His een had aye a something that spak o' Heaven the
 while;
Some angel fair had kissed his lips and left the angel
 smile!
I wadna hae him back again; his bark is anchored
 free,
Where I would fain the harbor gain, in my ain
 Countrie!

Not Heaven to Earth, but Earth to Heaven, and then
 the lang embrace!
And there in deed, as now in dreams, I see him face to
 face!
And the een that fauldit like a flower shall ope to wel-
 come me,
And his wee hands clap when I win hame to my ain
 Countrie!

A SCOTCH PARAPHRASE.

(2 TIM. 4: 6-8.)

My heart it is weary and waitin',
 I'm ready, fu' ready to gae;
 Like the birdie that hears i' the dawin'
 The voice of the South, "Come away!"
 I hae fouchen the fecht o' the Righteous,
 I hae run i' the race o' the Just;
 And aye to the end o' the battle
 I hae keepit my tryst and my trust!

Henceforth a' the mirk is ahint me—
 Before me it's glory I see;
 And the crown o' the humble and holy
 The Lord has been keepin' for me.
 O dochter and son! are ye faithfu'?
 Are ye rinnin' the race that I ran?
 Are ye keepin' your ee on the Saviour,
 The friend and the fellow o' man?

For high in His holiness waitin',
 The Lord has a crown for to gie
 To ilka puir sair-fitted rinner
 That comes a' forfoughten like me.

And wha has an ee for His comin',
 Lookin' up frae the strife and the stoure,
 Shall himsel' see the King in His beauty,
 When the din o' the battle is ower!

THAT'S SCOTCH!

A MAN that gangs his ain gate and winna be direckit—
 Ower proud to stoop, ower dour to turn, and lampin'
 on his way;—
 A bird amang old Tappie's brood, the weest that was
 cleckit,
 But craws on his ain midden-heid a defiant round-
 elay!—
 He's Scotch!

A lassie dink and sweetest, 'mang a' her winsome
 kimmers;
 A rose that blooms aboon them a', though a' the rest
 be fair;
 A gowan by the burnie's side, throwe a' remembered
 Simmers;
 A birdie singin' in the heart for ever, ever mair!—
 They're Scotch!

A han' to help a neibor, and a heart to feel his grievin';
A love for ilk man's native land, but Scotland best
o' a';

A faith that isna fear't to say that "Seein' is Believin'!"
But hauds the truth, when truth is found, although
the lift should fa'!

That's Scotch!

And when a wheen leal-heartit anes are cosily for-
gather't

To freshen up auld memories, and callants be ance
mair,

When frae Glesca to the Hielands, and frae Aberdeen
to Jethart,

The land is *raided* by their tongues as gin their sel's
were there—

That's Scotch!

THE ANCHORED SHIP.

THE anchored ship may idly swee,
Wi' the mariners a' at some marriage-feast!
And my cot o' clay displenished be
Ere I by death released!
For, far escaped on viewless wings,
In sweep of some mysterious train,
I catch a glimpse of Heavenly things,
Then sink to Earth again!

For Heaven is no sae far awa',
If but the heart be pure and true;
The lights that frae its windows fa',
Reach aftentimes my view!
And whiles I hear—or think I hear—
At that sweet hour o' gloamin' gray
As they were heart-beats, sma' and clear,
Its blessed bells at play!

The cherub on the mother's breast
Imbibes, as weel, the mother's smile;
And wha descries that Land o' Rest,
May breathe its air the while!
For Heaven is there for man to fill;
Its banks and bowers for him made fair—
And wha may climb the Flowery Hill,
Has rest and welcome there!

THE HEATHER-BELL.

'Tis a wee heather-bell,
Out o' some Border fell,
Bielded by muckle stane, wat wi' the dew;—
Kissed by the ruddy rays,
Cheered by the laverock's lays—
Heather and singer, my heart is wi' you!

“Eh, sic a tale to tell!—
Ower a bit heather-bell
Hingin' a' breathless and ready to greet!”
Man, 'tis my Native Land,
Wid'ning on ilka hand,
Comes to my een, and my hands, and my feet!

Now I am on the hills,
Whaur the auld music fills
Moorland and mountain, and garden and glen!
A' the sweet Simmer-time
Comes like a poet-rhyme,
Jinglin', and singin', and gushin' again!

O, for the heather-bells!
O, for the Border fells!
O, for the sky that was blinkin' on me!
'Tis but a heather-bell
Maks a' the dreamin' spell;
Brocht by some fond heart across the saut sea!

THE MARTYR OF SOLWAY SANDS.

THE tide was flowing on Solway Sands,
And, bound to a rugged stake,
A fair-haired Scottish lassie stands
For Christ and Covenant sake.

She could die in the bloom of her early youth—
(But a passing pang to die!)
But not one word of the saintly truth
Could her guileless tongue deny!

The water had reached her praying lips,
And dashed in her upturned eyes,—
And the swoon that led through Death's eclipse
Was unfolding Paradise—

When rough and torturing hands unbound
The lass from the martyr-stake;
And she found herself upon Scottish ground,
Still mocked for Jesus' sake.

“Now, swear to the King! or worse shall be!
And abjure your *Covenant* vile!”
“Never!” she cried; “my King is He
Who died for me erstwhile!

"I am His! I am His! I am bought with blood!
Let me go where the Saints have gone!
I will pray for your king as I plead with God,
But my troth's with Christ alone!"

And they bound her again to a rugged stake
In the hoarse, advancing tide;
And they saw the gurgling bubbles wake,
And the fair hair floating wide—

But they saw not the gleam of the white-winged host;
Nor heard, as she heard, the strain
Of the ransomed ones on the Heavenly coast,
Who answered the glad refrain,—

"Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power,
For ever and ever shall be
To Him who has saved us in Hell's dark hour,
And made us His people and free!"

But the newest voice in that Heavenly lay—
The clearest of all beside—
Was hers who went to her death that day
In the Solway's flowing tide!

O Scottish Land! at fair Freedom's birth,
With what throes and pangs thou cried!—
It was not a loss, but a gain to Earth,
That MARGARET WILSON died!

BESSIE BELL AND MARY GRAY.

(AN OLD BALLAD, NEW SET.)

FRAE bonnie Saint Johnstoun he hied on his way,
 To seek Bessie Bell and to seek Mary Gray;
 For down by the burn they had biggit their bower,
 And wi' lang Simmer-rashes they theeikit it ower!
And wi' lang Simmer-rashes they theeikit it ower!

There were na twa lassies sae fair and sae free,
 'Tween the blue Hieland hills and the sough o' the sea;
 And blithe were the threesome that lang Simmer day,—
 For they baith loved the lad, and he loved Mary Gray.
For they baith loved the lad, and he loved Mary Gray.

But the plague it was sair, and the land it was wae,
 There was sighing and sabbing by night and by day;—
 And e'en to the bower where the lassies had gane
 The spoiler cam down, as he numbered his ain!
The spoiler cam down, as he numbered his ain!

The sun, ere he set, keekit under the theek—
Nae smiles now o' welcome, nae voices to speak;
And mony a heart at the tidings was wae,
For sweet Bessie Bell and for sweet Mary Gray.
For sweet Bessie Bell and for sweet Mary Gray.

For Bessie was fair as a flow'ret in dew,—
Her smile was sae sweet and her een were sae blue;
And Mary was blithe as a morning in May,—
They baith loved the lad, and he loved Mary Gray!
They baith loved the lad, and he loved Mary Gray!

Their kin lay in Methven, wi' statue and urn;—
But they wad lie under the mools by the burn;
They wad sleep na in Methven amang their proud kin,
But laigh 'mang the breckans, to beek i' the sun!
But laigh 'mang the breckans, to beek i' the sun!

THE BAIRNIE.

WHEN I left Scotland's shore I took a bonnie bairn;
A toddlin', lauchin' thing, ower young her love to
learn;—
I row't it in my plaidie, and pressed it to my heart,—
And aft the whisper 'tween us gaed, "We twa shall
never part!"

The Simmer rose and fell, the years gaed stalkin' by;
And strength and vigor can, and hope allured my eye;
But the bairnie in my bosom is a bairnie ever syne,—
And what's the bairn's I scarce can tell, and what is
only mine!

And aft the bairnie greets at some auld ballad's wail;
And syne the bairnie smiles at the pawkie Scottish tale;
Till I can only say, "'Tis the bairn, it is not I;
For I hae dignity eneuch, were no the bairnie by!"

I've tried to hae it think and speak in foreign tongue,—
I've dune my vera utmost, and began the lesson young;
But the bairn is just as Scottish as the day it crossed
the sea!—
Ye tell me I should rule the bairn! the bairn is ruling
me!

I tell't it to my freend, and wad his wisdom learn,—
He said he was himsel' just a muckle Scottish bairn!
And aye as I hae speir't, I find the glamor cast,
And the BAIRN WITHIN THE MAN aye is Scottish to
the last!

O bairns that arena bairns! whate'er the warld may say,
Aye cherish in your hearts the bloom that lasts for aye!
For he gangs blithest through the warld, and leaves
maist gude behind,
Where Country, Love and Childhood are in his heart
enshrined!

GIN YE CANNA GIE THE PUND.

GIN ye canna gie the pund,
 Still the penny gie him;—
 Gin ye canna save a friend,
 Ye may suffer wi' him!
 Gin ye canna as ye wad,
 Still do as ye may;
 Sit na doun to wyte nor wuss,
 Tak the thing ye hae!

Ance langsyne cam English loons
 Ower the Border reivin';
 Louped the Laird o' Langton there,
 Intil his saddle screivin';—
 "I hae nae mail," quo' he, "the day;
 I'll turn my coat instead o't;—
 They'll think I hae my jack-proof on,
 And rin for vera dread o't!"

Wait nae mair on Fortune's smile—
 She's a heartless limmer!
 Sit na doun wi' broken banks—
 Whyte the nearest timmer!

Bide nae holes in a' your pouch,
Though toom till heart be sair;
Hae a gude word for yersel'—
Ithers learn the lear!

Mony a time King Robert rued
Hauberk, helm, and whinger;
Sad and sair that Freedom's fecht
Should dool and sorrow bring her.
But aye he fought and aye he sought,
Till Bannockburn rewardit;
The King as crouse to win his croun
As Minstrel to record it!

OUR BONNIE BAIRN'S ASLEEP.

Our bonnie bairn's asleep,
And angels constant keep
The jewel that's committit to their care;
And saft the smile we see
On lip, and brow, and ee—
A' silent now, and sightless evermair!

But when her een did close
In that lang, rapt repose,
O think ye na they opened wide in light!
Light whaur the Saviour dwells,
Light whaur the music swells,
Through that lang day where never fa's the night!

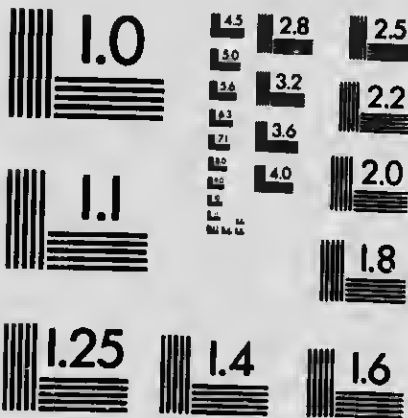
Far up we trace her feet
Alang the gowden street,
And wave her forrit, though our hearts are sair!
As near the awfu' Throne
She fearless wanders on,
Convoyed by hands that ne'er lent human care.

O bonnie bairn, and blest!
Wi' heart and feet at rest!
Out ower thy path we'll hasten to our hame!
And He wha reigneth there
Will no despise our prayer
For peace and pardon in thy Saviour's name!



MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



APPLIED IMAGE Inc

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

THEY ARENA AYE THE TRUEST FREENDS.

THEY arena aye the truest freends
That smile and speak me fair;
It isna aye the happiest day
That comes wi' caller air;—
A storm may brew ayont the calm,
And saft winds poison be;
And the Deil's a busy Bishop
In his ain diocee!

Aye hae your rock and spindle ready,—
God will send the tow!
The warm heart and the heart it warms
Will soon become a lowe!
A lowe o' lo'esome freendship
That Heaven bestows on thee,
Wha ettle aye to be yoursel'
What ye'd hae ithers be!

There's ever water rinnin' by
The miller disna ken;
And howffs and howes for kindly deeds
At ilka loaning-en';
"The bore is unco sma'," quo' I,
The daylight keeks na through!"
And the weest lammie o' the flock's
Dear to the Maister's view!

Than choose a freend, and change a freend,
Slower, and ever slow!
For gin ye winna hae the walkers,
Riders by will go!
Pride and Content can never 'gree,
And Sorrow's sib to a';
But the grace o' God is gear eneuch,
Whatever be your fa'!

DO YE MIND THE AULD LANGSYNE?

Do ye mind the Auld Langsyne,
When our Simmer sun did shine?
(Eh! the Earth has never since been half sae green!)
Wi' the laverock soarin' sweet,
And the daisies at our feet,
While the warld, in a' its glory, lay atween!

Do ye mind the freends we had,
Ilk honest lass and lad?
And we trystit we should ne'er be pairtit mair!—
But scatter't far and wide,
And some ayont Death's tide—
They wha wi' us began the journey there!

Do ye mind the Lallan tongue
In the mooth o' auld and young,
How it dirl't on the heartstrings o' us a'?
And we dream we're nae mair *men*,
But callants in the glen,
A' guddlin' troots or playin' at the ba'!

And now, whene'er we meet,
And ilk ither kindly greet,
We trow that ane and a' are toddlin' *hame!*
And we'll love whate'er is leal,
And we'll speak the thing we feel,—
And ever honor dearest Scotland's name!

THE BORDER POET.

Read at the Leyden Centenary, Denholm, 4th Sept., 1875.

HE was a man 'mong other men,
Yet not the same as they—
But fashioned with a wiser ken
From out the common elay.
The laird is born to wealth and land,
But his a nobler goal,—
For he was born by Teviot's strand
With music in his soul!

Where mountains green romantic swell,
Where heath-flowers blush and bloom—
The lonely glen, the breezy fell—
The burn among the broom;—
There, to the Poet seen and heard,
The Muses swept along;
And Nature in his bosom stirred
The sacred fire of Scng!

By ruined tower, serene and calm—
O'er fields where Valor trode—
By martyr-graves, where, like a psalm,
The spirit soars to God—
There learned he of the deathless past
To win a deathless name;
As Scotland o'er her poet cast
The mantle of her fame.

The shepherd's cot his Muse's cell,
The birds his vernal choir,—
His Helicon was Wearie's Well,
And *peat* his altar's fire!
No classic glories thus were cast
His childhood's scenes among;
He made them classic as he passed,
And wove them in his song!

Of lives and loves of manly men,
And charms of blushing fair—
Of Worth that hid in lonely glen,
Of Honor everywhere—
These were his themes in rustic grot,
The gloaming to beguile—
What though the world might hear him not?
He lived in Jeanie's smile!

O gentle Bards from Border fells,
And Border hills of green;
For you what Scottish heart but swells,
Whatever seas between?
We climb with you the lofty Law,
O'er flowery moorland speed;
Or hear, beyond the birken shaw,
The murmuring of the Tweed!

Sweet rest ye in your nameless graves,
On near or distant shore!
One burning tear your memory craves,—
Alas! we can no more
But this—to keep sublime and pure
The love that tuned your lays
To Scotland's plaids, and Scotland's maids,
And Scotland's lofty praise!

THE TRYST.

NAEBODY kens the trysts I keep;
Naebody but my Saviour!
Whan a' the warld is wrapped asleep,
'Tis then I meet my Saviour!
O, weel I ken whan He draws near—
The whispers o' His love I hear—
Nor Earth nor Hell can mak me fear,
When I am with my Saviour!

Naebody kens His love to me—
Naebody but my Saviour!
There's nane to hear and nane to see,
When I am with my Saviour!
He comes from Glory's highest seat—
With laden hands and willing feet,
My poor, dejected soul to meet,
And make me bless my Saviour!

Naebody kens my heart but Ane,—
Naebody but my Saviour!
He comes to me alane, alane,
My ever-blessed Saviour!
I tell Him a' my griefs that rise—
And while I list His low replies,
The grief itsel' taks wings, and flies
At presence o' my Saviour!

Naebody kens, and naebody saw,
Naebody but my Saviour!
The last, the sweetest tryst of a',
That I had wi' my Saviour!
I asked that I might soar awa',
Whaur storms and sorrows never fa'—
Nor did He seem to say me *na'*!
My ain, my blessed Saviour!

Naebody kens how sune or lang,
Naebody but my Saviour!
Whan I shall hear the angels' sang,
And see my blessed Saviour!
But leal and true I made the tryst,
Though Satan strove and sin enticed,
To meet aboon and be wi' Christ,—
My ain, my precious Saviour!

ROBERT THE BRUCE.

CAME Summer in her smile of pride,—
On every hill the light breeze sighing;
But low at Cardross on the Clyde
Lay Scotland's kingly warrior dying.

“My days have seen but stoure and strife,—
I could not turn from Scotland's sorrow!
And the one dream I dreamed in life
Has waited aye some flattering morrow.

“My sword, I vowed, and vowed again,
From Paynim spears should slacken never,
Until Jerusalem's sacred fane
Should stand emancipate forever!

“My soul, my vision's with my vow!—
O Douglas, dost thou see them stricken?
Go, seek the fight! my sword be thou;
And bear my heart where dangers thicken!

“ Drive the invader from the home
Of holy seer and prophet weeping:—
Then lay my heart within the tomb
Where once my Lord in death lay sleeping!”

That sacred trust he onward bears,
Through distant lands still journeying ever;—
But fell amid the Moslem spears
Beside the rushing Guadalquiver!

And when the fight was done, he lay
With Bruce's heart—all foes defying!—
In Melrose' ruined a sles to-day
The sacred heart of Bruce is lying!

THE NURSE O' MEN.

O, MONY a ane can whistle
That could never guide the plow;
And souters may turn sailors,
That can neither steer nor row;—
And a man may bear a Scottish name,
And dwell in Scottish glen,
Yet never hae the hero-heart
That maks him king o' men!

I might hae been rich, my Jeanie;
Gin I had lived for gold;
There was mony a ane to purchase,
Gin I my heart had sold!
But I kent it lay wi' Scotland's sons
To tak Auld Scotland's part;
And her dear name and thy sweet love
Were life-beats in my heart!

Though whiles frae the pirl o' Sorrow
Comes Love, the weft o' life,
Yet the sun will shine, my Jeanie,
Through the mirky elouds sae rife!

And wha bides true to a' that's true,
Wins mair than gowden gear—
The balmy peace o' a heart at ease,—
And hope and heaven sae near!

Fair gae they, and fair come they,
That love Auld Scotland weel!
Their waes gang in a forpit,
Their gude come in a creel!
And aye the love that they may seek
Be leal as that they gie,—
And in thy blessing, Nurse o' Men,
Ilk son be bless'd wi' thee!

JAMES GUTHRIE.

1ST JUNE, 1661.

YE men and brethren, hearken;
Ye who have come to gaze,
And ye who oft have heard me
Discourse of Zion's ways;—
I come this summer morning
To lay this body down,—
I dare not seek its safety—
I go to reach my crown!

I die not in my folly,
For my faith is strong in Christ
I go through weary wanderings
To keep an endless tryst!
I have preached His name to sinners
I have held His banner high,—
I have lived for Him and loved Him,
And now for Him I die!

Had my life been evil-doing,
I had not refused to die;
But I die because my Master
Will not let me turn and fly.

To *these* I leave my blessing—
No more have I to give;
To *those* my free forgiveness—
And pray their souls may live!

But oh, for thee, my country,
My soul is sore distressed!
The land is full of swearers,
Where once God's name was bless'd.
The Lord gave us deliverance,
Yet we wear the yoke of sin;
And set on high our idols
His holy courts within.

Ye that with lamentations
Do sigh and cry for sin,
Despair not of your Zion,
For the Lord has joy therein!
A holy seed shall serve Him,
Though long the vision wait;—
Hold fast your sacred Covenant
And watch before His gate!

And grieve not I should leave you;
My death shall bring no stain;
I join the blest Apostles,
And go with Saints to reign!
The Covenant live forever!
Christ's Kingdom never cease!
Now, O my Blessed Father,
Let me depart in peace!

TO SEE OORSELS.

To "see oorsels as ithers see,"
Is no my highest seekin';—
'Twad never dae to be as they,
The critically-keekin'!
But gin *mysel'* could see *mysel'*,
Wi' equal-balanced vision,
I'd gar my sairs and wrangs stand by,
And walk in fields Elysian!

FARE THEE WEEL!

FARE thee weel, bright Land of Story!
Scottish glens and Scottish glory!
Battle strath and haunted river—
Bright in memory's page forever!

Fare thee weel, ilk mountain sheeling!
Beauty rare and worth concealing;—
Human love in blossoms tender,
Mixed with Nature in her splendor!

Fare thee weel, thou Lowland maiden!
Ken'dst thou how my heart is laden,
E'en thy scorn, to-day, might borrow
Ae sweet glance of love to-morrow!

Fare ye weel, ye scenes of pleasure!
Love and hope in wasted measure;—
Far I flee o'er Western billow,
Sunset lands to make my pillow!

Fare ye weel, ye flowers that blossom
Spring's tiar and Summer's bosom!
In the shaw and 'mang the heather,
Grace and sweetness linked thegither!

Fare thee weel, ilk warbler's story,
Laverocks at the gates of glory!
Purling streams that sing forever—
Highland loch and pebbled river!

Fare thee weel, bright Land of Story!
Still thy name shall be my glory!
'Tis thy love to me imparted
Gars me gae sae broken-hearted!

WALLACE.

AUGUST 23, 1305—AUGUST 23, 1905.

How bright the names old Scotland writes
On her glorious scroll of Fame!
But high o'er heroes, bards or knights,
She traced that day his name—
She traced that day his name,
Her Martyr-Hero he—
As in her strife he gave his life;—
Wallace o' Ellerslie!
Wallace o' Ellerslie!

“Wha kens the gate to mak Scotland great,
Is he wha maks her free!”
So Wallace said and Wallace did—
Fair knight of Ellerslie!
Fair knight of Ellerslie—
With his waving locks of brown;
And piercing eye like the midnight sky
When lightnings hurtle down!
When lightnings hurtle down!

And "Scottish glen for Scottish men;
No tyrant to dictate!
And the claymore's might must win the fight
For Freedom's reign elate!"
For Freedom's reign elate—
So spoke that hero grand,
At Stirling Brig, and at dark Falkirk,
With woe on every hand!
With woe on every hand!

Six hundred years, with silent tread,
Have brought the peace of to-day;
And our thoughts go back o'er the tangled track
Of Freedom's devious way.
Of Freedom's devious way,
Whose first bold strides were given
By him who, dying, left the plea
To this our day, and Heaven!
To this our day, and Heaven!

Nor blame the men of England we—
Whose hands we clasp to-day;—
Their freedom came through such as he,—
Tracing its widening way.
Tracing its widening way,
Till they achieved the prize;—
Freedom and order, light and law—
Their Country's liberties!
Their Country's liberties!

Three names the Scottish Muse to-day
On Glory's shield discerns;
Nor envy dares to cast a stone
At Wallace, Knox, or Burns!
At Wallace, Knox, or Burns,
The matchless, varied three,
Who, in their day, heard Scotland say,
"My noblest son is he!"
My noblest son is he!"

And ever may old Scotland find
A WALLACE to defend her!
Not broadsword now, but soul and mind,
In loyalty to iend her!
In loyalty to lend her,
And ne'er a false Menteith elude us!
But traitor's fate for traitor wait,
Who imitates a Judas!
Who imitates a Judas!

1905.

THE HEART REPLYIN'.

AND it's oh, to be out on the muirs ance mair!
Heigh ho! where the whaups are cryin';
And the neiborly hills to welcome me there—
Braid hills, where the beams are lyin'
And I'd whussle my way to the brink o' the linn,
Where the birdies are thrang wi' their musical din,
And pu' a sweet posie, and think it nae sin—
"Aye! Aye!" is my heart replyin'!

And to lie on the bank, wi' my een to the sky;
Hi! Hi! 'tis the laverock flyin'!
His sang, like the rain, it comes driftin' by,
Cark, care, and sorrow defyin',
And ever mair beauty at ilka hand turn,
Adown by the way o' the wimplin' burn—
Till filled wi' the joy o' the Exile's return!
"Aye! Aye!" is my heart replyin'!

And then to come back to my cot by the Lake!

Hame! Hame! to Ontario hiein';

Confessing the glories that Scotland can wake—

Hers aye, be it livin' or dyin'!

But children wha set up their ain roof-tree,

Find it hame where their love and their bairns may be;

While they learn frae Auld Scotland how to be free!

"Aye! Aye!" is my heart replyin'!

A' AE OO'.

WE'RE a' ae oo', i' the glorious Stapler's sight,
How'er the yairn may spin, or the nap o' the claith
may be! ,
"They're a' ae oo'," cries Nature in delight,
As the threid o' Life on birlin' wheel she twines for
you and me!—
We're a' ae oo'!

We're a' ae oo', be it tarry oo' or clean;
Though this be ill to spin, and that gangs jinglin'
through!
And it's aye what it's to be—and no what it has been—
That maks it hodden gray, or claith o' pearl blue!
It's a' ae oo'!

We're a' ae oo', in threid, or hank, or pirn,—
 Though the plaid out-ower your shouthers may
 anither tartan be;—

We're marchin' on thegither to ae Tribunal stern,
 And it isna worth our while, my friend, for us to dis-
 agree!

We'ro a' ae oo'!

We're a' ae oo', and let us weel believe it;
 And you for me, and I for you, kep blessings as they
 fa';—

And ilk to wear his ain gude plaid, however Fate may
 weave it—

And keep in mind the Royal Rede that "Men are
 "Brithers a'!"

We're a' ae oo'!

THE TRUE MAN.

It wasna sae muckle what he was as what he wad like
to be,
That airtit him ever onward and held him fu' o' glee;—
He didna dance to ilka tune the changin' day might
strike,
But his e'enin' sang and his mornin' sang were aye
baith alike!

He wad fain be winnin' forrit, though whiles he stude
forlorn;
For he kent wha pu'd the rose might be scartit wi' the
thorn!
And he faund that friends, like fiddle strings, bude na
be screwed ower ticht,
And that aye throwe mist and aye throwe mirk we
struggle to the licht!

O lad o' the lion-heart! do weel and dreid nae shame;
But on the hill and in the ha' be leal and true the same!
The grace o' God is gear eneuch in an honest man's
 regard;
For Truth and Worth shall rule the Earth—Hope's
 promise and reward!

And when that glorious day shall come, and Right shall
 bear the gree,
The lads wha cheered the dawin' on shall no forgotten
 be!
The daily darg, the weary fur', the sawin' in the rain—
Shall be forgotten in the shout that hails the hairst
 again!

SELKIRK AND FLODDEN.

O, ETRICK Forest hauds within
Its borders mony a sorrow—
The haunting memories o' auld time,
Ere evil fell on Yarrow!
For mind ye weel, auld Selkirk then
Had heroes mony a score—
At hame, at peace, till summons cam
To buckle for the war!

There gaed out seventy, bauld and true—
To uphaud Auld Scotland's fame;
And when the bluidy day was dune
There were five cam hirplin' hame!
There were three braw lads that hid their wounds,
And in secret tholed their pain—
And twa auld men in Bowden glen
That never smiled again!

They saved the flag—a fluttering rag,
Round which the Souters gather't;
But left them low in death, with men
Of Hawick and of Jethart!
Their "Teri bus!" and "Jethart's here!"
Brocht Southrons dule and sorrow—
Yet falchion blade and Border spear
Failed Ettrick and failed Yarrow!

O Flodden field! O day of woe!
Why should the valiant fail?
And heap the field with Forest slain,
And men of Liddisdale!
A sorrow that no time can heal—
A wail of dule and sorrow!
The day that saw the bravest fa',
That ever trod on Yarrow!

BURNS AT SIXTY.

I SEE him, with a glad surprise,
As often thus before—
The Poet with the lustrous eyes,
Arriving at threescore.

A dream, in all its wiles and turns,
Will ofttimes wisdom give;—
And this, "What might have been of Burns?"
Takes shape and form to live!

I see him, with his brow sae bent,
Now crowned with locks of gray;
His form, methinks, as slightly bent;
His smile—as smiled he aye!*

His sodger son beside him stands,
(The mother's darling boy,)
Who tells his sire how distant lands
His winsome lays enjoy.

*An old man who, as a boy, had seen Burns on a festive occasion, said to me in Scotland in 1862: "Man! the smile never was aff his face!"

And Scotia's Songs and Ballads true
Sound forth—retouched, inspired—
While Bruce and Wallace live anew,
In epic strains admired.

And Scott hies to the welcome door,
With minstrel "treasure-trove";
And Wordsworth oft, as beaming o'er
With bright, admiring love.

And Hogg wins many a critic-word,
As younger Minstrel may;
And has his best ambition stirred,—
With BURNS to light the way!

Ah me, my friend! What might have been,
Had he those shoals steered by?
To mark and fill with light serene
His prophet-gifted eye!

And when we think of all he did,—
(Or his natal day returns,)
We grieve, that in the future hid,
We lost the best of BURNS!

We only see his "'prentice hand"—
His best work never done—
And with his weeping Native Land,
Mourn for her gifted son!

WHEN WE A' WIN HAME.

I HEARNA a' the words, but I whiles can catch the tune,
As it fa's like waft o' music frae a Land ayont the
moon;
And the owercome seems to whisper—and my heart
repeats the same—
As it says, "We're a' sae happy, now we're a' won
hame!"

Now we're a' won hame,
Now we're a' won hame,
As it says, "We're a' sae happy,
Now we're a' won hame!"

There's a licht ayont the shadow, and there's calm ayont
the storm;
And He isna ane to promise what He disna weel per-
form;
And He has a House o' Welcome for His bairns o'
every name—
And we're dune wi' dool and sorrow when we a' win
hame!

When we a' win hame,
When we a' win hame,
And we're dune wi' dool and sorrow
When we a' win hame!

The bairn has faund its mither, and its puir wee heart
is blest;
And the weary ane is creepin' in to everlasting rest;
And the bud o' Immortality, implanted in our frame,
Shall blossom into glory when we a' win hame!
 When we a' win hame,
 When we a' win hame,
Shall blossom into glory
 When we a' win hame!

TO BEEK FORNENT THE SUN.

I LIVED there once—'twas long ago—
Newmarket in Ontario;
And there we calmly laid to rest
One of Earth's beautiful and best—
Beloved Julia, sainted maid!
Beside a bed of flowers laid—
Facing the sunrise and the stream,
To have her long and lovely dream!
And there beside her, 'neath the sod,
I'll wait the summons of my God!
When all my earthly work is done,
To lie, and "Beek fornent the Sun!"
A sprig of heather on my breast—
A few fond friends to wish me "Rest!"
A place in memory of a few—
"A humble Poet, fond and true!"
The soul meanwhile, the better part,
Still precious to the Saviour's heart—
Before the Saviour, bending there,
And putting on its raiment fair,
And told to "Sing, as once he sung!"
But gifted with a nobler tongue!—

For who can sing on Earth is given
A faculty to use in heaven!
And so the Poet, humbly listening, learns,
"Wisdom is justified of all her bairns!"

1907.

NOTE.—"Learns" and "bairns" are, in Scots, exact rhymes.

exact

Children's Pieces



BONNIE TWEEDSIDE.

My wee, wee lady comes hame to me;
And eh! but her een were blue!
And we'll a' awa' to bonnie Tweedside
To see little Jenny come through!
The Queen she gies her laces braw,
And wha sae bonnie as she?—
Her boatie comes in as the sun gaes doun,
And there's gowd in her purse for me!

My Jenny, my jo, is jimp and sma',
But she's growin' lang and fair!
She has servants mony to come at her ca',
And she's gowd on her shining hair!
Her boatie comes in as the sun gaes doun,
And brings her dreams that come true!—
And we'll a' awa' to bonnie Tweedside,
To see little Jenny come through!

THE QUESTION.

I ASKED what Heaven was like, and the answer o' her
eyes
Was plainer than her prattle or the smile that rose
sae fair;—
Ah, I kent 'twas only they wham the proud and vain
despise—
The pure in hert—wha anchor there!

But she tell't me na her thought—I could only dream
and guess
How lovely was the Land *she* had nae words to tell!
Whaur the Lord o' little children still lifts His hands to
bless
His babes, and thae wha love them well!

THE VISITOR.

BONNIE, bonnie bairnie, whither didst thou come?
"From the Land ayont the Sky, to find another home!"

Bonnie, bonnie bairnie, what wert thou doing there?
"Lying 'mang the lily-bells and growing gude and fair!"

Bonnie, bonnie bairnie, how didst thou think of *this*?
"God saw the bairn-love in thy heart, and told me with
a kiss!"

Bonnie, bonnie bairnie, and wilt thou bide for aye?
"I'll bide until the blithe bidding that gars me hie
away!"

Bonnie, bonnie bairnie, and shall I now find rest?
"Thy rest is where I gat this smile—upon the Father's
breast!"

WEE JEANIE!

JEANIE'S no the noble woman—
Wait the years that yet are comin';
Jeanie's but a' bairn, and human,
 Trippin' ower the lea;
Yet for een the deepest, bluest—
Yet for heart the sweetest, truest—
Graces maist, and fauts the fewest—
 First and fairest she!

If some Angel, downward pressing,
Shook his wings and breathed a blessing,
Thou hast caught his sweet caressing
 On lip, and brow, and ee:—
Gowd on every tress reposes—
Love's ain hue thy cheek discloses—
And like lintie 'mang the roses
 Is thy voice to me!

Happy he who wins thy favor,
Blossom o' the mountain heather!
While the rolling years may gather
Sober thought to me:—
But my youth, could I begin it,—
Love and life had I to win it,—
Life wi' my sweet Jeanie in it—
Happy could I be!

SHIP AHOY!

A CRADLE SONG.

MY little ship has doused her sail;
Ship Ahoy!
She's drifting in for me to hail;—
Ship Ahoy!
Did you sail away from the morning shore?
Have you ever sailed this way before?
Will you anchor new till the night is o'er?
Ship Ahoy! Ship Ahoy!

My little ship is laden well,—
 Ship Ahoy!
With treasures more than I can tell;—
 Ship Ahoy!
All beautiful dreams in bales below,—
With picnics in boxes, ready to go;—
And parties where fun and sweet cakes grow:
 Ship Ahoy! Ship Ahoy!

Why don't you answer to my hail?
 Ship Ahoy!
You're sheltered now from storm and gale;
 Ship Ahoy!
Your Lookout leaves his faithful stand,
And your Captain pulls for the dreaming land,
And your anchor holds in the golden sand,—
 Ship Ahoy! Ship Ahoy!

O, safely swing till morning tide!
 Ship Ahoy!
My bonnie bark, my joy and pride!
 Ship Ahoy!
You're safe in the harbor 'neath the hill,
In the lovely Isles where the dream-buds fill,—
The sun is down and the winds are still;
 Ship Ahoy! Ship Ahoy!

SANDY McWHIN.

SAM Sandy McWhin,
That leaved by the linn,
“I’ll tell ye, my lad, how I’m thinkin’ o’t;
I wadna gae work—
(Leave that for the Turk!)
But I can weel thrive by the jinkin’ o’t!

“The folk aye are kind
To ony that’s blind—
Or canna get breid for the toilin’ for’t;
Sae I’ll een gae about
As my hainch-bane war oot;
And I’ll fend unco better than moilin’ for’t!”

Sae Sandy gaed roun’
To ilk neebor-toun,
And folk war aye kind to the lame pair body;
But he gat a soup drink,
And what do ye think?
Ye never wad kent ’twas the same pair body!

He wad caper and dance,
As he'd been in France,
And his lameness he never was thinkin' o't;—
But the neighbors a' saw,
Wi' a loud guffaw;—
I could tell by the winkin' and blinkin' o't!

And aye after that
The wylie auld cat—
He just had to work like the rest o' us, lad!
For the wark o' the han'
Is manhood in man;
And it's gude for the banes o' the best o' us, lad!

CUDDLE DOON!

Now, dawtie, cuddle doon!
Your mither's comin' soon,
And ilka pouch has sweeties in't,
When she comes frae the toon!
The toon, the toon, the toon!
When she comes frae the toon!
And ilka pouch has sweeties in't,
When she comes frae the toon!

Now, dawtie, cuddle doon,
Ye little waukerife loon!
For ye maun sleep baith sweet and deep,
Until the clock rins roun'!
And roun', and roun', and roun'!
Until the clock rins roun'!
For ye maun sleep baith sweet and deep,
Until the clock rins roun'!

MR. WISE-MAN. ✓

Said the Wise-Man to the Gardener,
"Who sleep in all your beds?"
Quoth the Gardener to the Wise-Man,
"We have many Cabbage Heads!"

Said the Wise-Man to the Sailor,
"Do you put your ship in stays?"
Quoth the Sailor to the Wise-Man,
"'Tis her waist the rope belays!"

Said the Wise-Man to the Joiner,
"Are you always making beads?"
Quoth the Joiner to the Wise-Man,
"These are all the stringer needs!"

Said the Wise-Man to the Jeweler,
"Can your watches wash their face?"
Quoth the Jeweler to the Wise-Man,
"If their hands are all in place!"

Said the Wise-Man to the Woodman,
"Have your trees a savage bark?"
Quoth the Woodman to the Wise-Man,
"Only dogwood, I remark!"

THE LINTIE.

'Twas in a peaceful English vale,
Where the distant sea was gleaming;
Where the cuckoo sings, and the daisy springs,
And the sun through the sky is dreaming.

And a wee Scotch lass, blue-eyed, in tears,
Beheld a skylark winging;
And his glad heart grew to her mystic view
A spirit, gaily singing!

For she thought his home, like hers, was far
'Mid the breckan and the heather;
In the rugged North, by the Links of Forth,
In that sweet April weather.

When, "Hey, my lass!" quoth an English man,
"I've songsters for a treasure;
And as *Scotch* you are, in eyes and hair,
Here's a Scotch bird for your pleasure!"

She saw the Scottish *lintie* there,
His heart in exile pining;
And like twin stars, through the prison bars,
His sad, dark eyes were shining.

She had a sixpence; 'twas her own,
And it was all her treasure;
Though sad and lone her heart had grown,
She'd give the *lintie* pleasure!

She paid the price, she oped the door—
On cottage thatch he lighted;
He caught the sound of joy around,
And poured his song, delighted.

Then stretched his wings for Northern skies,
A liberated *linnet*;—
And the lassie dear dried up each tear
For consolation in it!

And she found her exiled heart grew calm;
And peace fell like a shadow,
When her heart was stirred to bless a *bird*,
In that sweet English meadow!

GATHER THE FLOWERS.

GATHER the flower that hidden lies
Deep in the dew like a truant gem;
Gather the buds that stately rise,
Two of a color and three on a stem!
"Yes," said my child, "I'll gather them well;
For which is the sweetest I cannot tell!"

Gather the flowers that speak of hope,
Scenting the breath of the morning hour;
Gather the buds that only ope
When night comes apace or tempests lower!
"Yes," said my sweet one, "for both are bright,—
One's for the morning, the other for night!"

"And is it not strange," she gently said,
As she laid down beside me the spoils that were ours,
"That since I loved Jesus, so oft I've been led
To thank Him for Summer, and sunshine, and
flowers?
It seems as if now I'm but learning to look
On the woods and the fields as a leaf of God's book!"

THE BOY AND THE DOVE.

A LITTLE lad went forth at morn
With his shout and whistle cheery;
But bruised by stone and pierced by thorn,
With head and feet so weary,
He sat him down at a garden gate,
And peeped in at a marble fountain,—
His little basket at his feet,
With berries from the mountain.

And he forgot his naked feet,
So blistered, torn, and weary—
And he forgot the stony path
Across the mountain dreary,—
For round that brimming fountain's edge
Two snowy doves were hovering;
And the boy looked on, as though he saw
Heaven through some misty covering.

“Good eve, sweet lad! thy heart, I see,
Is for those blossoms yearning!”
“Nay,” said the boy, “’tis to the birds
My thoughts and eyes are turning.

For they can love us, and their wings
Are bright as pictured story;
And they seem to teach us many things
Of Paradise and glory!"

"Then 'tis the lark you would prefer;
The boundless blue ascending—
As if from Heaven his song he drew,
And sent it down unending;—
Or is the red-breast your delight,
That boys, the wide world over,
Have loved since first the wandering babes
He hopped in leafy clover?"

"'Tis not the lark, nor yet the bird
So loved in olden story"—
"Then 'tis the swallow, round whose name
Old legends hang a glory!
They say he plucked the cruel thorns
From the brow of Jesus dying;
And perched upon the Cross, as though
That mocking crowd defying!"

"I had not thought of that," he said;
"For I have little learning;
But I thought the dove was most like those
Who God's love are discerning;
And then the Holy Spirit chose
That shape to take at Jordan;
Descending on the Saviour's head,
As on our hearts His pardon!"

And then he took his basket up,
Filled for his precious mother,—
And I returned, with love and hope
Encouraging each other
Within my heart, to think that we
Who thus were kindly speaking,
Might seek for dove-like holiness,
And find it for the seeking!

WHEN OUR SHIP COMES IN.

I KNOW a little maiden
That lives within the wood;
As cheerful as a little bird,
As happy and as good.
There's many a thing that she might have
She ne'er can hope to win;
She laughs, and says she'll have it
"When her ship comes in!"

Chorus—

When our ship comes in!
When our ship comes in!
What gold we all shall gather
When our ship comes in!

And servants to obey her call
She makes my dog and cat;
And gathers up her pinafore,
And asks, "What silk is that?"
And as she sups her bread and milk,
Says, holding up her tin,
"She'll have a golden platter
When her ship comes in!"

[*Chorus.*

Ah, happy little maiden!
To us with message sent,—
To let vain wishes go, and keep
The measureless content!
Whate'er our Father gives shall meet
With gratitude within;
And for the rest—we'll have it
When our ship comes in!

[*Chorus.*

THE ECHO.

THERE'S something always calling me,
 "Ca-hoo!"
Among the bushes by the rill,
Around the bottom of the hill,
A something always calling still—
 "Ca-hoo!"

But if I change, and sing out well,
 "Hello!"
It changes then the whole affair,
Before you know, or think, or care!
And impudently calls out there,
 "Hello!"

And Auntie says, "An Echo's there,
 To call!"
But whether it's a beast or bird
She did not say; nor have I heard
About the thing another word!—
 That's all!

I don't like when it scolds at me—
 "Get out!"
And (strangest thing I ever heard!)
It always clutches the "last word"!
Until it gets me roiled and stirred
 To flout!

But do you know, when Auntie's there,
 And sings—
That Echo is just *so* polite,
And calls and chirps with all its might,
And tries to sing, and to recite
 Her "things!"

And so, if that's the way it is
 To-day,
I'll always speak the pleasant word;
And then, when Mr. Echo's heard,
He'll call out like a mocking-bird,
 "Hooray!"

GLOSSARY

OF SCOTTISH WORDS FOUND IN THE BOOK.

[Like words in English, these words often have various meanings. I give here the definition appropriate to the situation in which the words are found in the text.]

A' - all.
ae - own.

Aidilins—perhaps.

Airn—iron.

Airt—direct, direction.

Auld-farrant—old-fashioned.

Baillie—alderman.

Bairn—child.

Beek—hask.

Bein—kindly.

Ben—into the inner room.

Bigg—to huld.

Birr—resounding vigor.

Blink—glance.

Blithe—gay, cheerful.

Braid—hroad.

Branks—wooden bridle.

Braw—gaudy.

Bude—must.

Buird—hoard, tahle.

Burn—brook.

Buss—hush.

Cadger—beggar, "tramp."

Cairn—pyramid of stones.

Callant—a boy.

Caller—fresh, cool.

Cannie—gentle.

Chiel—a "fellow."

Chirm—to trill.

Clachan—a hamlet.

Clashes—idle gossip.

Cleckit—hatched.

Cog—a small vessel.

Collie—shepherd's dog.

Corn—any kind of grain.

Coup—upset.

Daffn—jesting.

Daft—foolish.

Dirl—jingle, thrill.

Displenished—denuded.

Dowie—melancholy.

Dows—doves.

Douce—sedate.

Dour—ohstinate.

Elbuck—elhow.

Elshin—awl.

Fend—suhstist, defend.

Forgather—meet together.

Gaed—went.

Gar—compel.

Gear—treasure.

Gey weel—pretty well.

- Girn*—a trap, to "grin."
Glamor—fascination.
Gloaming—evening twilight.
Glower—etare.
Gowden—golden.
Greet—shed teare.
Growthie—luxuriant.
- Haughs*—bottom lands.
Hirplin—limping.
Howffs—haunte.
Howk—to dig.
- Ilka*—each.
Ingle—domestic fire.
Intill't—into it.
- "Jethart's here"—battle cry of Jedburgh.
Jimp—slender.
- Kail*—vegetable soup.
Keek—peep.
Ken—know.
Kep—catch, intercept.
Kimmer—a familiar title for a woman or a girl.
Kirn—"harvest-home."
Kirn-milk—buttermilk.
- Langsyne*—long ago.
Laverock—skylark.
Law—a hill.
Leal—true-hearted.
Lift—sky, atmosphere.
Lilting—singing.
Lingel—shoemaker's "waxed end."
Lintie—linnet.
Lowe—flame.
- Lowp*—jump.
- Manting*—imperfectly articulated.
Marrow—to fit, to agree with.
Mattent—sprouting (said of a sheaf).
Midden—dunghill, heap of garbage.
Mirk—dark.
Misleared—misinformed.
Mools—mould, clode.
Mutch—a woman's cap.
- Ois*—grand children.
Oo'—wool.
Owercome—"chorue."
Oxter—the armpit, to carry under the arm.
- Pawkie*—sly.
Pickle—a small quantity, a few.
Pirn—spool.
Plaid—a woollen wrap.
Pock—a bag.
Port—an opening.
- Rash-buss*—a raspberry-bush, or a clump of rushes.
Rigs—ridges.
- Saughs*—willow.
Saws—proverbs.
Scart—scratch.
Shaw—grove or wood.
Sough—sigh, soft sound.
Souter—shoemaker.
Sowp—sup, mouthful.
Spells—spelling lesson.
Steer—stir.
Steek—stitch, faeten.
Stooks—shocks of grain.

Stot—steer, ox.
Stoure—dust, strife.
Swee—crane.

Tawse—strap with several
 "tails."

Tether—fastening, leading
 string.

Thairms—"catgut."

Theek—thatch.

Thole—to endure.

Toom—empty.

Tryst—an appointment.

Unco—strange, exceeding.

Waling—selecting.

Wame—stomach, abdomen.

Wanting—lacking.

Wared—expended.

Weds—to decay.

Whaup—curlew.

Wheen—a few.

Wi'—with.

Win—arrive.

Winnock—window.

Wyte—blame.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

New Testament in Braid Scots

Translated by

Rev. William Wye Smith

8vo Long Primer; Cloth, Lettered. \$1.50 postpaid

"A dignified and handsome piece of work."

—*Evening Times*, London, England.

"Succeeded to an extent that could hardly have been hoped for."—*People's Friend*, Dundee, Scotland.

"A welcome visitor to many a home on both sides of the Atlantic."—*S. S. Times*, Philadelphia.

"Really worth having, and all students and lovers of the Doric should possess it."—*Scots Pictorial*, London, England.

"A noble and a needed work has been nobly done."

—*Brooklyn Times*, U.S.

"Delighted with the nervousness of the rendering, with the graphic and homely wording, and with the melody of the phrases."—*Hamilton Advertiser*, Scotland.

"One of the most interesting of the many illustrations of the language of Lowland Scotland given to the world in recent years."—*Outlook*, Dunedin, N.Z.

"An interesting publication."

—*English Churchman*, London, England.

"Marked by the utmost reverence and earnestness."

—*Aberdeen Journal*, Scotland.

"Eminently adapted to bring out the beauty and pathos of the original."—*Morning Post*, London, England.

"Very well done."—*Literature*, London, England.

"The sense is often thus more fully brought out."

—*Missionary Record*, Edinburgh.

Published by Alex. Gardner, Paisley, Scotland, publisher to Her late Majesty Queen Victoria. 6s. stg. New and Revised Edition. Copies supplied by the Translator, at Publisher's price, \$1.50. Address—

Rev. W. W. Smith, St. Catharines, Ontario

