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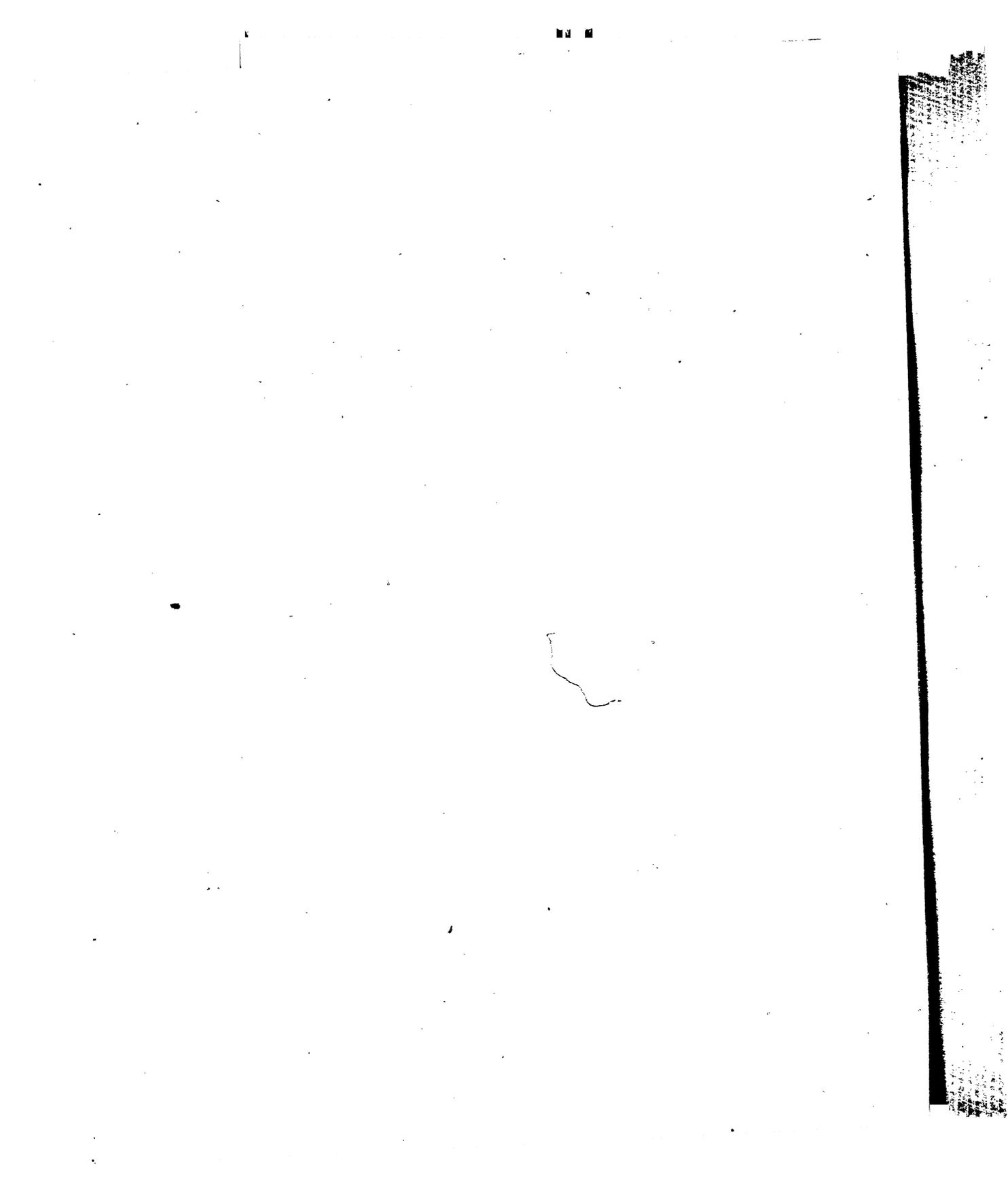
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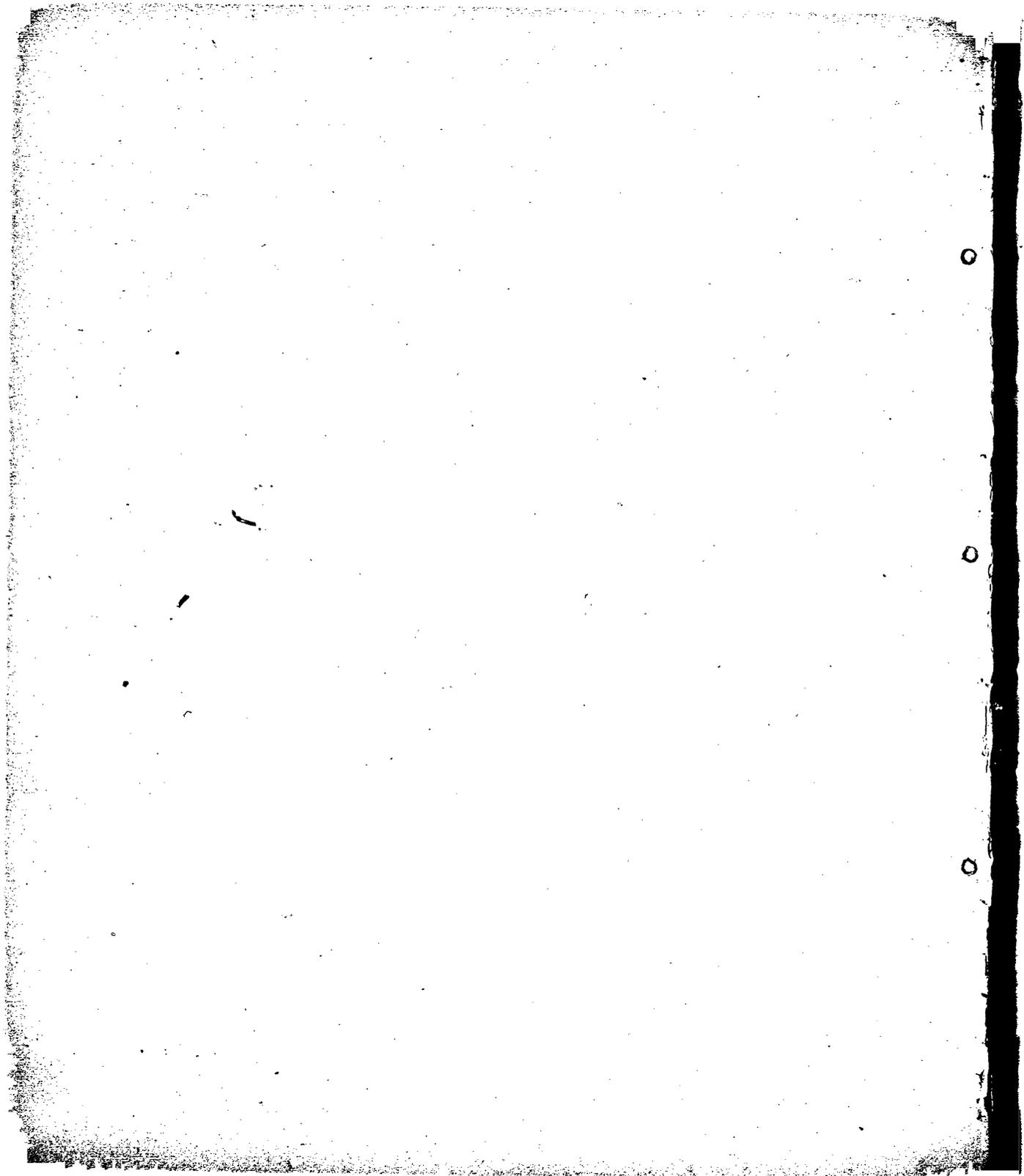
• POEMS •

.. BY ..

GRANDMA GOWAN



1892





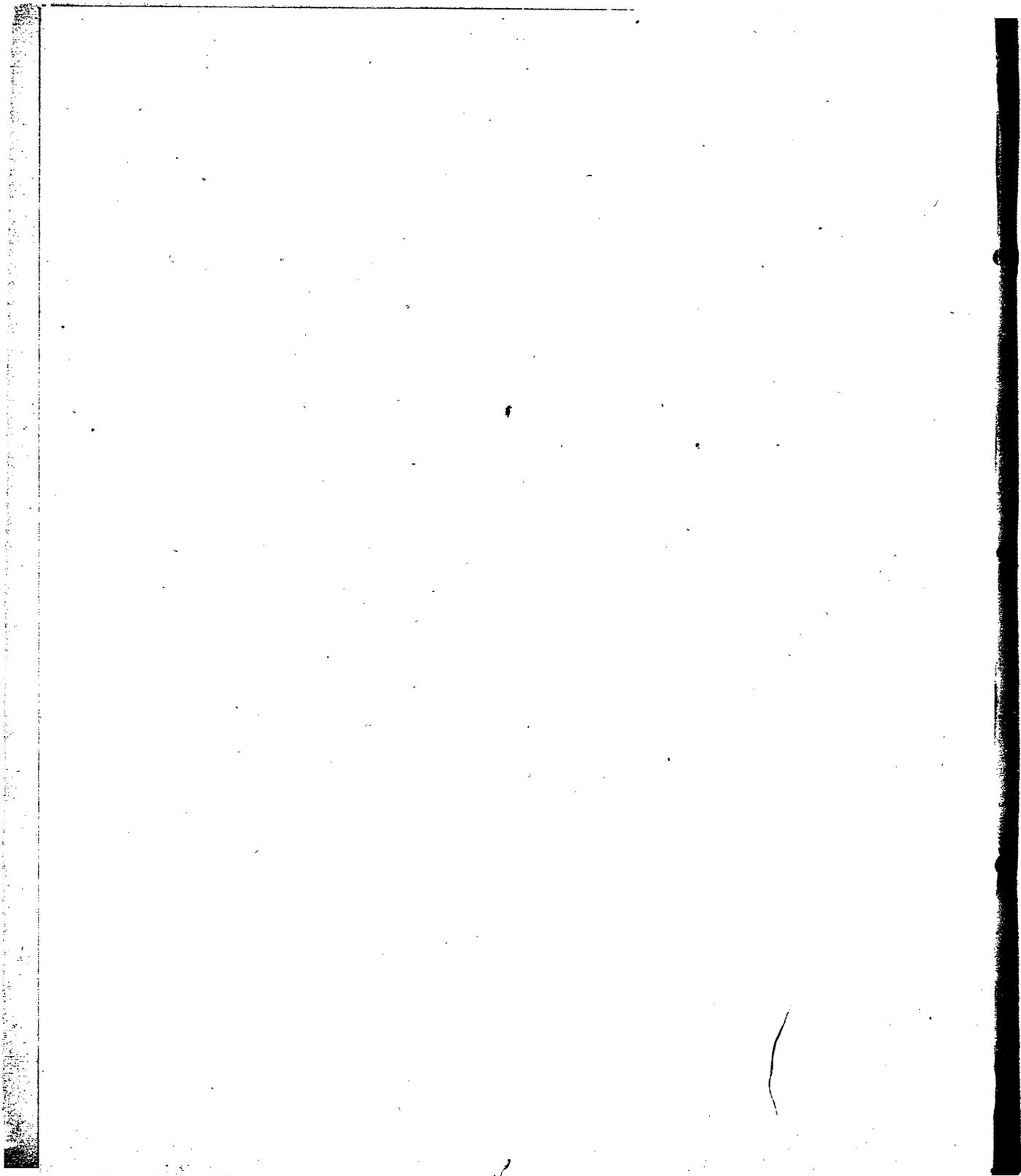
I dedicate
this little book to the memory of my grandson

GOWAN JOHNSTON,

who was very dear to his

GRANDMA GOWAN.







7

IN MEMORY OF
MY GRANDSON, GOWAN, WHO DIED,
MAY 13TH, 1890.

My angel boy, my darling Gowan,
I feel thy presence very near,
I know thou see'st poor Grandma bowing,
Imploring strength, her grief to bear.

And while I'm at the throne of grace,
My spirit clasps thy snowy robe,
Thy wings wave o'er my tear stained face,
I feel it, as I talk with God!

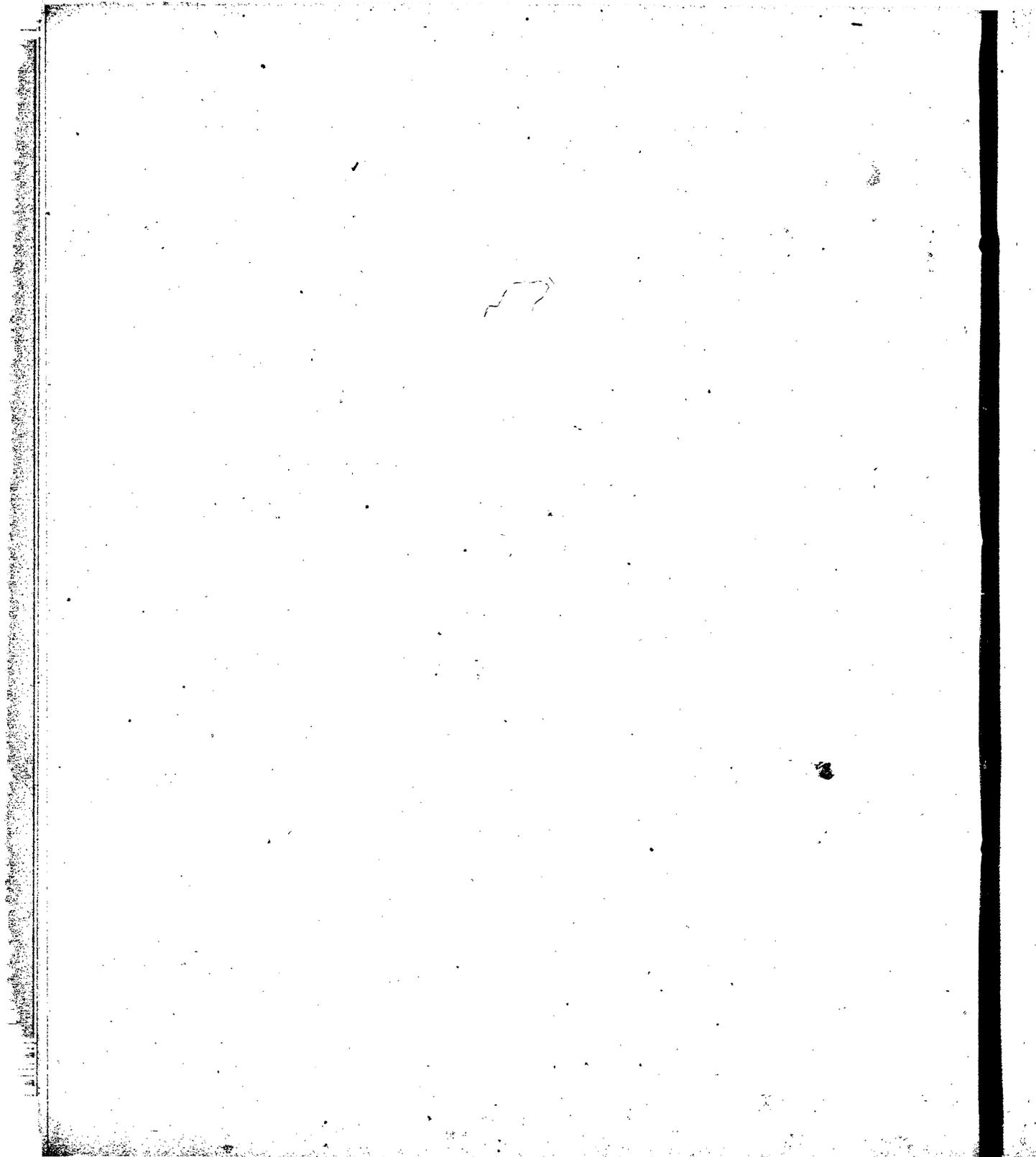
No more you'll count your Morning Glories,
Here in your little garden bower;
Or ask Mamma for Bible stories
In the quiet evening hour.

My lovely boy, I close my eyes
And look right through the pearly gates
At your new garden in the skies
Where well I know my darling waits.

Oh! Gowan dear, God's gift divine,
My heart cries out aloud for thee!
I hear no other voice but thine,
No other face I care to see.

Forgive me Lord! if I repine
O'er the flower you took to bloom in heaven:
I know, the lovely flower was thine;
And only for a season given.

Altho' no more, your lips can tell
The love you had for me,
You'r in Christ's fold, and all is well;
Grandma shall go to thee!



HOME.

The soft wind scatters odors sweet,
The Fireflies glitter in the air,
As on my moon-lit garden seat,
I breathe my evening prayer.

Oh how I love this solitude !
When mind by care oppressed,
And in sweet nature's quietude,
My spirit findeth rest.

Memory brings back long summer days ;
I live the past all o'er again ;
Again I climb the heathery braes,
Again I'm back in my Scottish hame.

I hear the echo of the Falls,
I see old Tintac's cloudy peak ;
I hear the Cuckoo's plaintive calls,
And the Woodpecker's eager beat.

I hear the Laverock in the lift ;
Oh thou Heaven-taught bird divine,
Why am I thus, of thee bereft ?
Why came I to this distant clime ?

Why did I cross the icy bar,
Where winter holds his sway so long ?
My Scottish home is fairer far ;
Land of beauty, land of song.

A rapture that I cannot name
Comes o'er me as my years grow brief ;
Oh why does MEMORY still remain
Twining around my heart a wreath
Of hawthorn bloom and heather bell ?
Lethe, with all its mystic powers,
Can never from my brain despel
The fragrance of my mountain flowers.

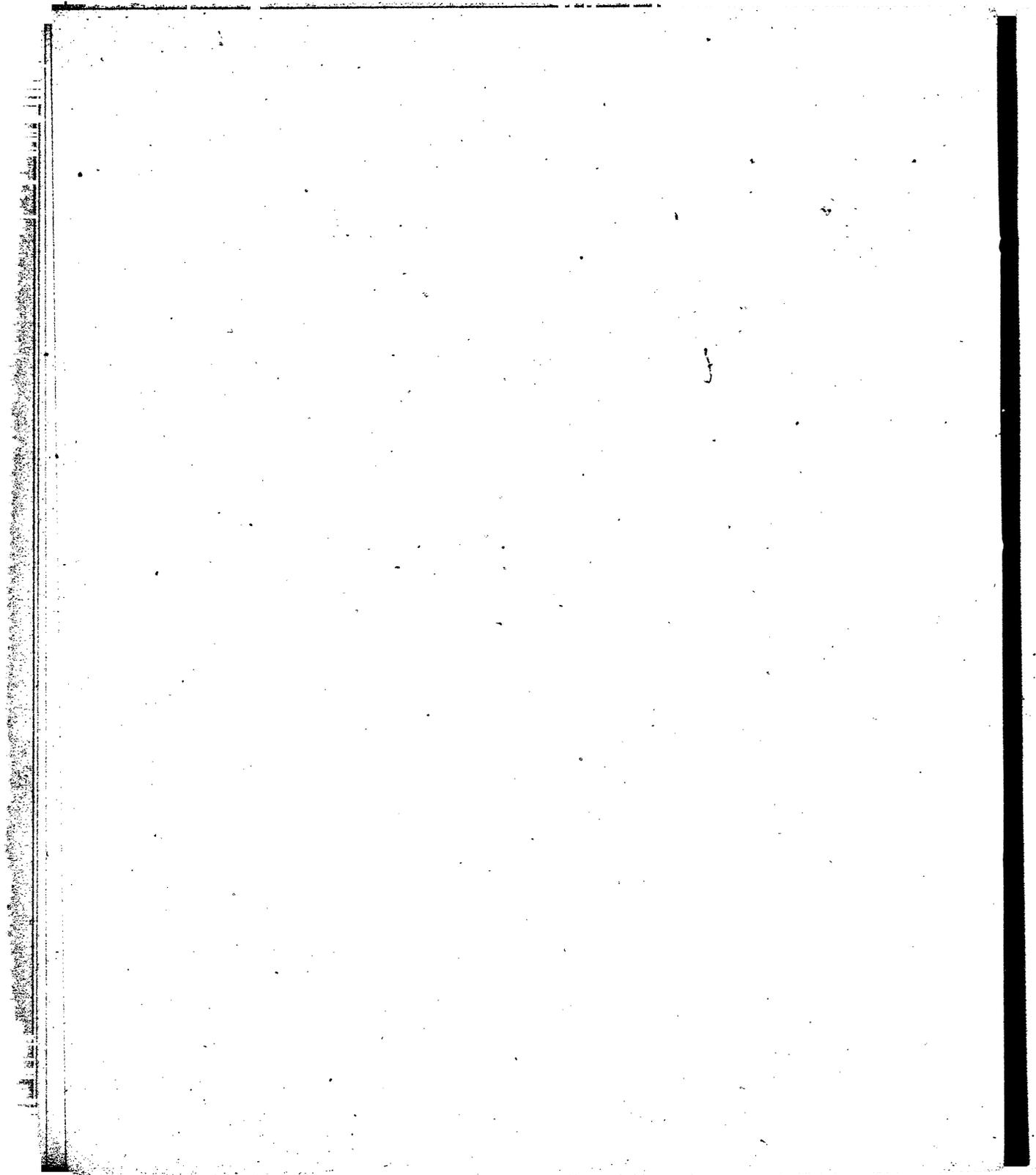
CLOUDS.

Oh, beautiful clouds with fleecy wing,
What pleasure ye to my memory bring
As I watch you in the azure skies
With uplifted spell-bound eyes.

Till, in fancy inspired, I upward soar
To a phantom ship, by a golden shore,
And sail o'er a beautiful ether sea,
Where the "White Island of the blest," may be.

On mountain side, I've sat for hours
Gazing on palaces and towers,
Sapphire thrones of beauty rare,
And grim old "castles in the air."

Till the spirit of a storm sublime
Drove ethereal warblers from my clime ;
Threw a pall o'er my outward being,
And all my air-borne inward seeing.



1888.

Sweet Bells, I hear thy solemn tone,
Which tells us the Old Year is gone!
Gone with its many hopes and fears!
Gone with the myriad fleeting years,
To the vast unknown.

Like an ice-bound brook, our unseen tears
Flow sadly over our wasted years.
And joys we've known, no more to know,
All fled like pictures made on snow.
In days by-gone

And now we welcome the new born king,
The transient monarch of restless wing;
Earth's guest is here, young Eighty-eight.
God bless the aerial potentate!

LOVING THOUGHTS ON MR. CROIL
OF AULTSVILLE.

Ah, can it be, my friend is gone,
No more he'll hail the " robin's song ;
And the glory of the rising sun
He'll hail no more ; his journey's done ?
Sing on " wee birdies," sing his requiem,
He's gone beyond our earthly ken ;
Great was his soul (his soul's still great)—
Worthy was he on earth ; he's worthy yet.
Who knew him longest, loved him best ;
Love follows to his blissful rest ;
His life sublime, without a stain,
And resolute his racy brain.
No stranger to nature ; or nature's end,
For nature's Ruler was his friend ;
Sweetly may the lilies bloom
Around his sacred dreamless tomb.

2

SNOW.

Beautiful, frolicsome, whimsical snow,
I love you! but how can you bother me so; -
Covering my windows, blocking my doors
And fain would you gambol all over my floors.

In youth's merry days I hail'd you with glee,
Now, I'm sorry to say, you're a terror to me,
For when outward I go with muffler and staff
*You blind my old eyes, caper round me and laugh.

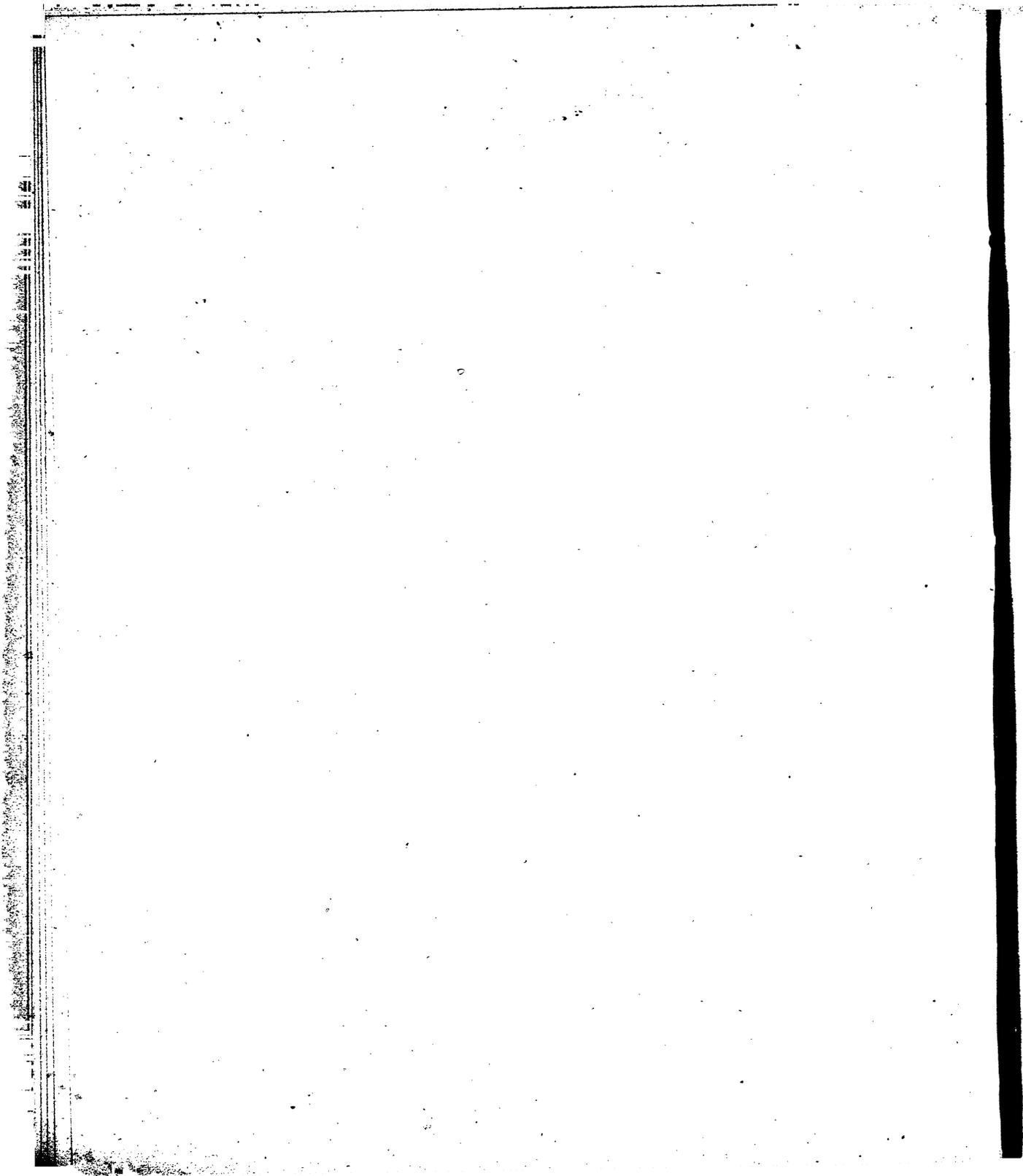
Dress my head in white feathers unbecoming my age.
When I shake them off, you fly round in a rage,
Oh! hoary old Winter it pains me to see
The longer I live you look colder on me.

I'll be safe from you Winter, when my soul goes to rest,
You'll not reach me there in the Home of the Blest;
I oft think of Hades and its prisoners below,
Who'd give thrones, if they could, for a covering of snow.

I'm forgetting my purpose in braving your blast,
For a look at my Maple, it may be my last,
My sheltering tree in the loved quiet nook,
Where God speaks to me in His Holy Book.

Ah, there stands my Maple in dazzling array,
Like the Arabian Princess "Prond light of day,"
I must come out to see her in the silver moon-light,
For the shades of my flowers will waltz round her to-night.

"Narcissus," with "Dahlia," "Sweet lady in white,"
"Snow Cloud," "Lady Biache," "Orient" and "Delight,"
All robed in the purest of gossamer gauze,
And those sombre old pines will murmur applause.



THE SPARROW.

When the cauld wind blaws snell wi' snaw an' wi' sleet
An' the immigrant sparrows hae naething to eat,
Open your winnocks, an' throw out your crumbs,
An' they'll chirp their blythe thanks round your cozie
auld lums.

Come here, bonnie birdie, I'll do ye nae harm.
Your chirpin' to me has sic a hame charm,
Whar cam ye frae, an' whar hae ye been?
Ken ye "Auld Reekie" or ken ye "The Dean?"

Aiblins ye've chirp't on my dear mother's grave,
So for you puir wee birdie my moolins I'll save,
Gin ye come every day, your gebbie I'll fill,
An' I'll shelter ye weel frae the frost an' the chill.

But tho' I show pity, I maun tell ye the truth.
I ne'er lo'ed ye birdie, in the days o' my youth,
Na, na, your bold deeds brought the tears frae my 'ee,
For ye killed puir Cock Robin "as he sat on a tree."

Yet I'll no' let ye starve, tho' a bird o' illname.
Tho' maybe t'war better ye had bidden at hame,
It's weel ken't ye hae cam o' a murderous race,
An' I never could see ony guid in your face.

But gif ye'll tak tent, an' earn a guid name,
We'll let byganes be byganes, we're baith far frae hame,
Ah! ye carna for counsel, I see at a whup,
As ye chirp i' my face, dight ye'r neb, an' flee up."

Gae wa' ye prood birdie, sin' advice ye'll hae nane,
Ill bairnies like you are safest at hame,
Ye thrawart auld carlin! what maks ye sae prood?

BABY EDNA.

Where gat ye your 'een sae blue;
Hae ye been gazing on the skies.
So they reflected back on you
The beauty o' their azure dyes?

Where gat ye your golden hair,
Like silken tassel o' the corn;
How came ye by that sprightly air,
Like sparkling dew on sweet hawthorn?

And where gat ye those lovely cheeks?
Like peaches o' a Western clime;
And voice as when a brooklet meets
A laughing brooklet o' its kind?

And see those pouting, rosy lips,
Can anything be half as sweet?
From top to toe, and finger tips.
She is a Cupid so complete.

Her dimpled arms, see how she flings
Around her mammy's neck;
God-forfend she'd spread her wings.
Her mammy's heart would break.

6

3
"FORGET ME NOT."

Bonny wee flower wi' gouden ee,
Blinkin' sae blithe and daintylie,
You surely ken, ye're dear to me.

Dearer to me than a' the rest ;
Sae I'll kiss ye, and place ye on my breast
And tell ye why, I lo'e ye best.

Altho' you are but a tiny flower
O'er my auld heart your mystic power
Cheers me in my twilight hour.

My wayward memory travels back
Three score years on life's rough track
To youth and happiness and *Jack*.

A glow of girlhood, I ween,
Steals o'er me, as in love's young dream
When he crown'd me with a diadem.

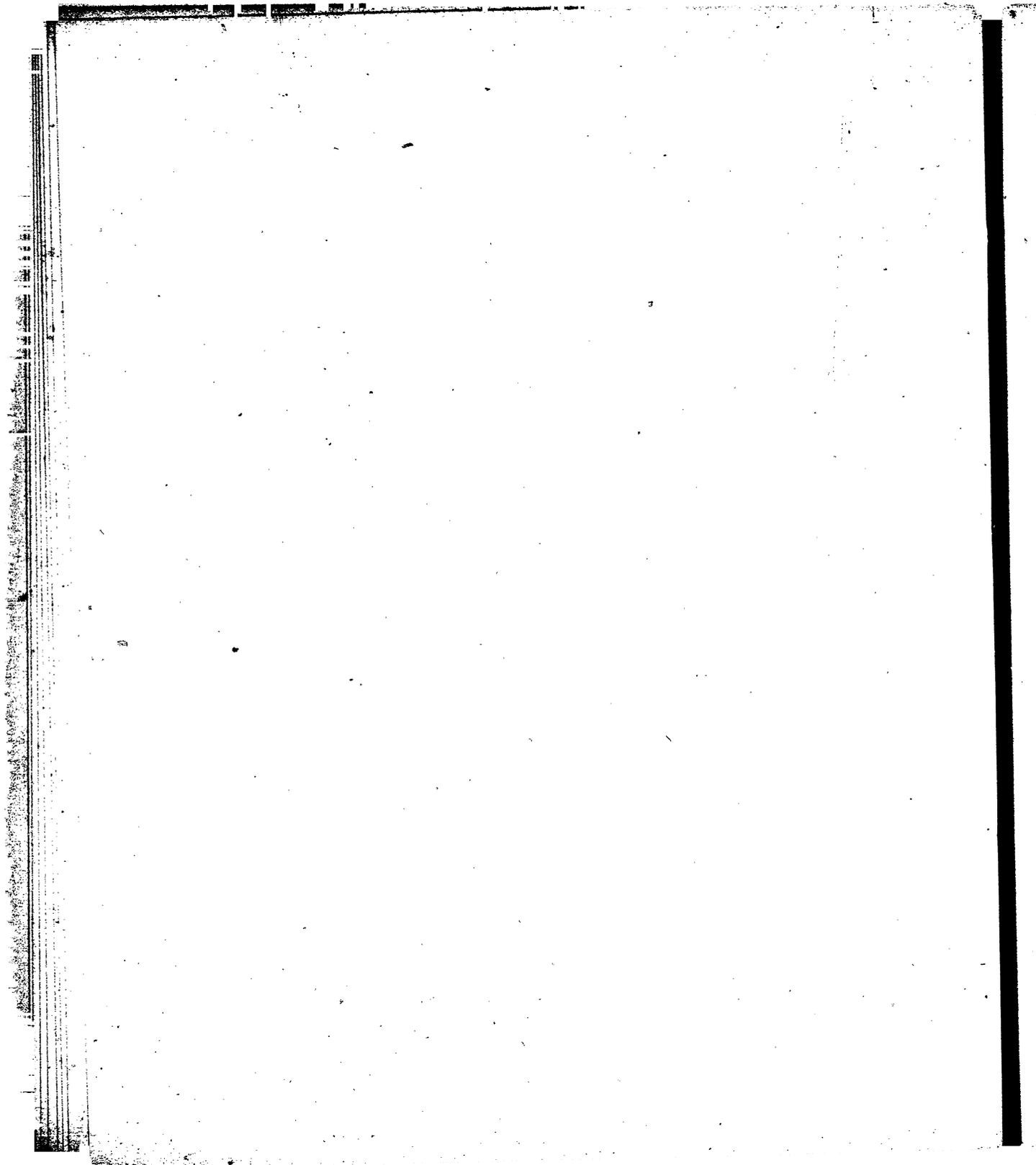
Of these sweet flowers of sunny hue,
Forget-me-nots of azure blue ;
Emblems of his love so true.

Ah! then my heart beat double measure,
When roaming with my God-given treasure,
Hand and soul were linked together.

When unrelenting fate laid low
My love, I kissed his lips of snow,
Sair, sair, I wanted too go to.

But I have lived life's summer through.
And winter soon will claim his due,
My sacred flowers, a short adieu ;

We'll meet again: for in my dream
I saw you in God's "Pastures Green."
Blooming beside the Living Stream.



THE WAIL OF A MORMON WIFE.

To the Women of America :

Let every happy wife and mother who reads these lines give her sympathy, prayers and efforts to free her sisters from this degrading bondage. Let all the womanhood of the country stand united for them. There is a power in combined enlightened sentiment and sympathy, before which every form of injustice and cruelty must finally go down.

—*Harriet Beecher Stowe.*

There's a waefu' blank at our fireside,
Since Jamie gae'd awa';
Lang in this world I canna' bide,
My heart will break in twa.

Jamie, the faither o' my bairns
The lover o' my youth!
Has ta'en another to his arms,
And left his ain puir Ruth!

Forgotten a' his love and troth
Made solemnly to me;
That death alone would part us both,
And set ilk other free.

Sleep, oh sleep, my baby dear,
An' dinna wake to weep,
'Twas only Mother's burning tear
That fell upon thy cheek.

Oh dinna let thy mother's grief,
Disturb my baby's rest,
My aching heart aye finds relief,
When thou art on my breast.

Oh, what can quell this inward strife
That rages like the sea;
When Jamie calls that woman *wife*,
There's *nane* his wife but me!

Elders, an' priests may counsel gie,
And bid me "bear my cross,"
I think it nought but blasphemy!
To bid me bear my loss.

I canna. an' I wanna yield
To this satanic creed,
I'll tak my baby on my back,
And beg around for bread.

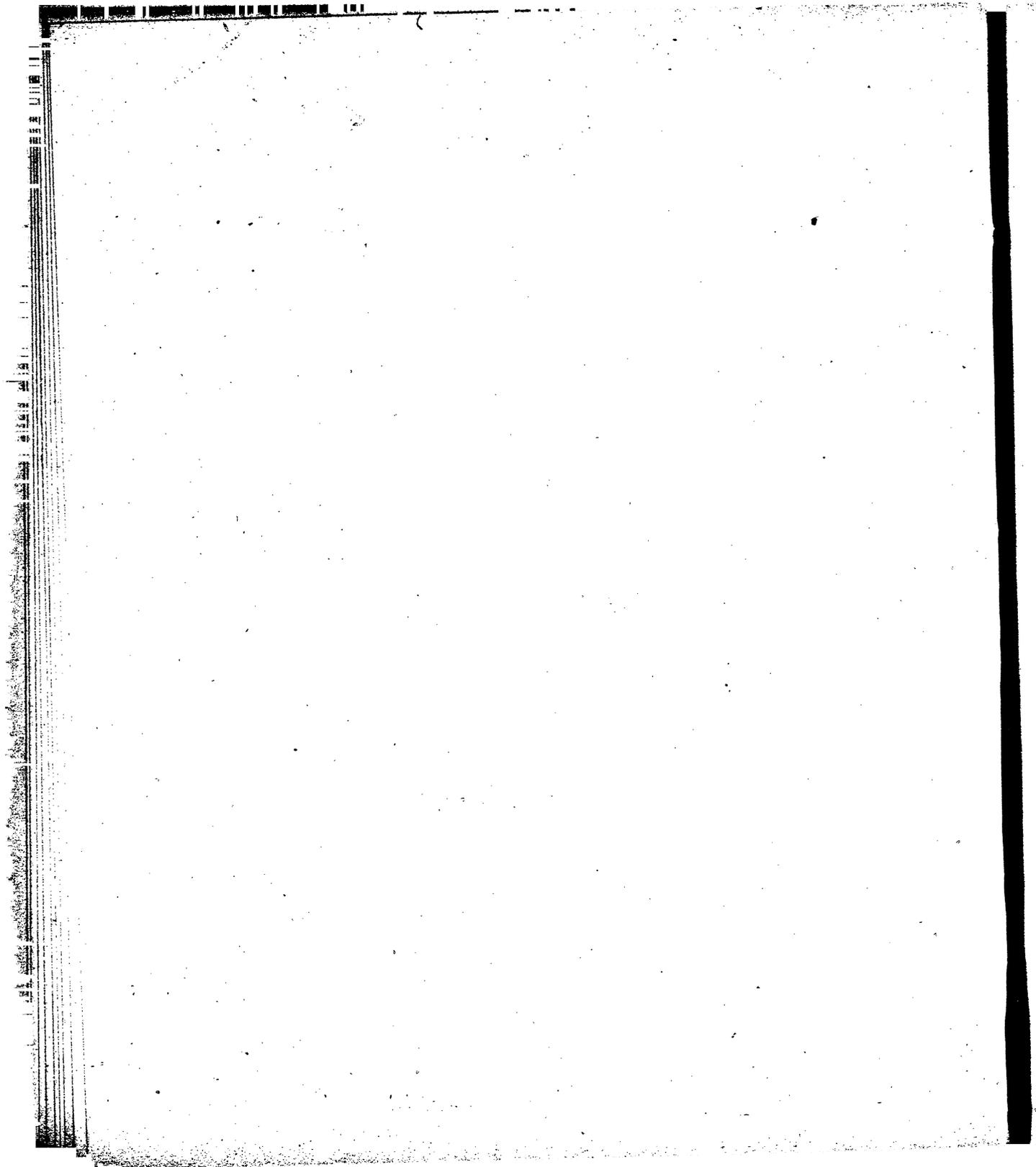
Had I ha'en wit to keep the gear
My faither left to me;
Oh weel I ken I'd no' been here,
Sae far ayont the sea.

But the wily Saints came to my door,
Without e'er scrip or purse,
Got a' they asked frae me, an' more,
And noo I get their curse.

Which canna do me muckle ill.
Tho' I hae seen the day.
The murderous crew my blood would spill,
And put me "out o' the way".

Surely the time is close at hand,
God grant it were this hour,
When o'er this dark benighted land,
The law would show its power.

To exterminate Polygamy,
Degrading to our lives;
And we, the broken-hearted,
Would be loving happy wives.



THE CROFTER'S FAREWELL.

A torrent of imagining,
Rise in sorrowful array,
As we hear those weeping Crofters sing
Their wail of Highland melody!

See them gather on the strand
Sighing their farewell o'er and o'er.
Shall ever that heart-riven band
Return? sad waves reply "No more!"

Lochaber! thy sunny braes shall never
Fade from our vision, in weal or woe,
Death only shall our fond hearts wither,
But Freedom beckons, we must go!

Away to the land that is owned by the free?
Away to the glorious West,
Away from all toil-worn penury
Where lordly power oppressed!

Good shepherd lead, with gentle hand,
Soothe each wild and wasted soul,
Guide them in a distant land,
Be thou the Pilgrim's Sentinel!

Ah, see their now deserted cots!
Dark and green, their white-washed walls.
Casements let in the drowsy bats,
From chimney clefts the ivy falls!

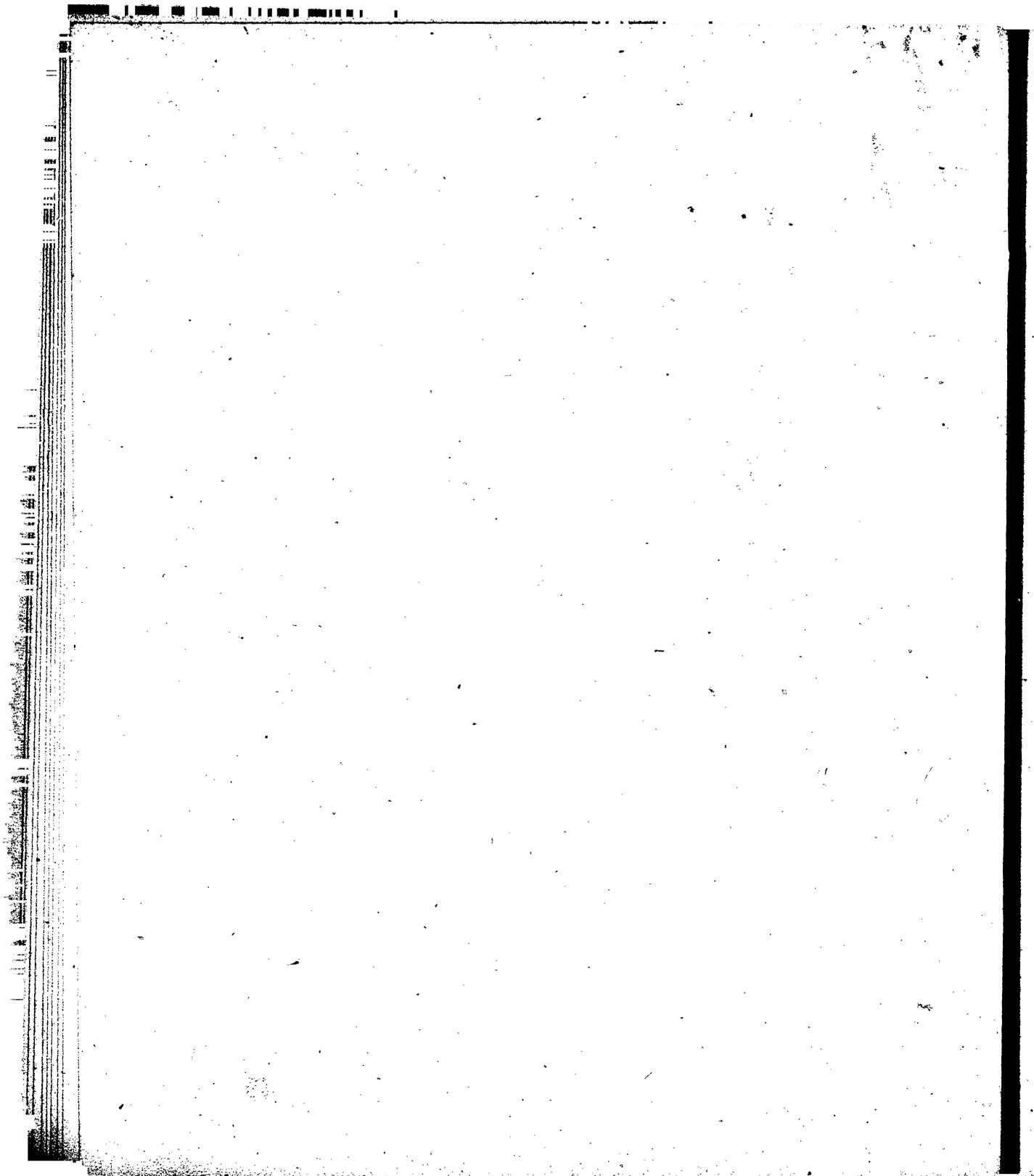
See their little "Garden Patch,"
Thorns and thistles usurp their sway,
Ripp'd from the roof the cosy thatch,
All's desolation and decay!

There's where the spacious ingle stood,
That yawning ruin, dark and gray,
Where the old cotter's happy brood
Were gathered every Sabbath day!

Grandsire's chair stood in that nook,
And by the light of the crackling log,
He read aloud from the holy Book,
Then raised a loving song to God!

Where now is the good old man of God,
Who fill'd love's seat in days gone by,
He sleeps beneath the moorland sod,
And the skylarks sing his requiem high.

The grave shall keep its hallowed store,
In mountain, plain or dell,
Their quickened clay shall rise and soar
At th' evicting trump of Gabriel!



GORDON.

Beautiful boy, with golden hair,
Tell me what thou see'st there;
Gazing on the western skies
With those far-off earnest eyes.

Just such an earnest, wistful smile
Had sainted Gordon of the Nile!—
Fond wishes crave a nobler field
Of fame than what a sword can yield.

God make you worthy of your sire,
To wield the pen with patriot fire—
I see in that broad, massive brow
The genius that fills it flow.

I see in your angelic face
Early tokens of God's grace,
And trust 'tis God's eternal plan
To make of you a noble man!

Long may his mother live to see
How divinely sweet is he;
A golden radiance covers her
As she clasps her Gordon Lorimer!

TO THE KING'S DAUGHTERS.

To the highways and by-ways
Send out the drum,
The Lord's feast is ready,
Bid them all come.

The Saviour is waiting,
Do not delay;
The invitation He offers
Is for to-day.

Do not wait for to-morrow,
It never may come,
But list to the calling
Of the Salvation drum.

Tho' your garments are tattered,
Tho' burden'd with sin;
Come guilty, come wretched,
We welcome you in.

The supper is ready,
Jesus waits for each guest;
In a white "Wedding garment"
He shall you invest.

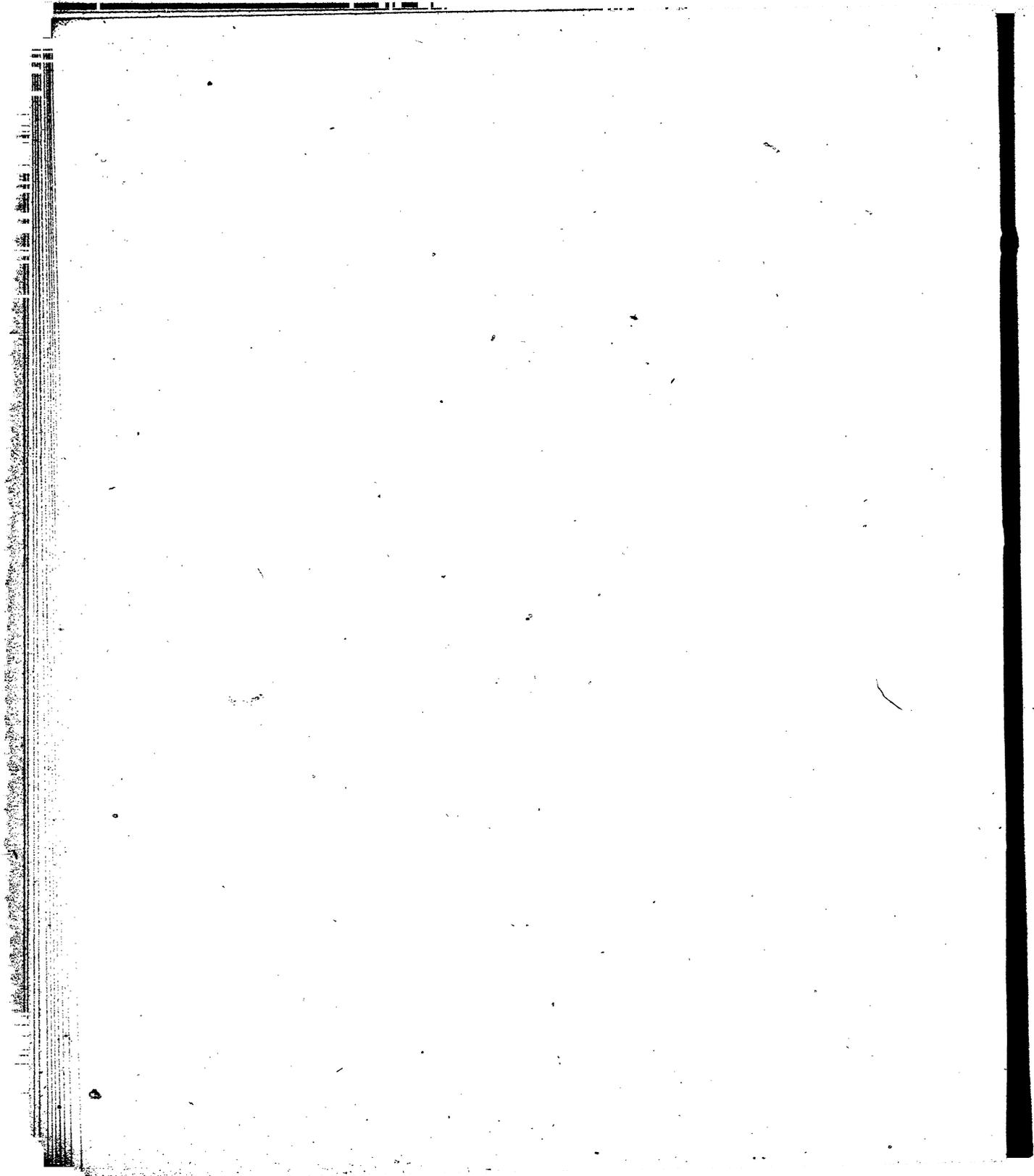
Sound the sweet timbrels,
Maids of the King;
From highways and by-ways
Lost sheep bringing in.

Angels wait in your temple
To bless your endeavors,
As you plead with the lost,
And shout "Whosoever."

Blow the trump of Salvation,
Beat the drum of alarm;
Draw the lost in
With a conquering arm.

Oh, blessed King's daughters!
Ne'er be cast down;
The souls by you saved
Shall be "stars in your crown."

GRANDMA GOWAN.



AUTUMN LEAVES.

And hast thou thus been cast away,
Poor sear and yellow leaves;
Short has been thy happy day,
Ah! how my lone heart grieves.

I've watched thee dancing in the sun,
"Trees have tongues"; I've heard thee say,
"In oblivion's gulf we'll soon be flung,
Let us be merry while we may."

Poor cashiered leaves, you've done your duty,
And played your little part so well;
Living your span, in faultless beauty
Within this flowery dell.

Of when oppressed by anxious care,
Thy sweet Elysian shade
Of fluttering leaves, and balmy air,
A sanctuary made.

Sweet autumn leaves, I too, like thee,
Have had my joyful day;
But it is nature's firm decree
That we should fade, fall, and decay.

But, blessed is the hope to me,
All who the "Truth" receives,
The glorious "Tree of Life" shall see,
And kiss the "healing leaves."

MY SHADES (A REVERIE.)

In the gloaming I sit dreaming,
'Neath my grand Catalpa tree,
Vaguely dreaming of my lost ones
Till I'm lost in fantasy.

In the hours of starry silence,
Spent beneath this leafy dome,
Shades of loved ones round me hover;
I know that I am not alone.

There sits beside me "Doneel Dido,"
Lovely, as in by-gone years;
I feel his chubby arms around me;
I feel him kissing off my tears.

And there my merry laughing Nell:
I see her in that pearly rose,
Breathing around her magic spell,
Banishing my fancied woes.

She was to me a Summer day;
My playful sportive fawn:
Her life a sacred melody,
Sweet, as the dewy dawn.

There stands "Madonna Susie Mary,"
With eyes as soft as the gazelle's,
But, ah! some jealous little fairy
Changed her to that Immortelle.

Soft strains, as from an unseen shore,
Like the swelling sigh of my Mary's zither,
I hear so oft when the day is o'er.
Is it my love or the woodland zephyr?

Here close beside me dark-eyed Dora,
Sombre, as that dusky pine.
A mystic fragrance lingers o'er her;
I see her in that Eglantine.

At my feet is blue-eyed baby Willie,
The sweetest of the angel lot
Down from God's garden; darling Billy,
You are here, in that Forget-me-not.

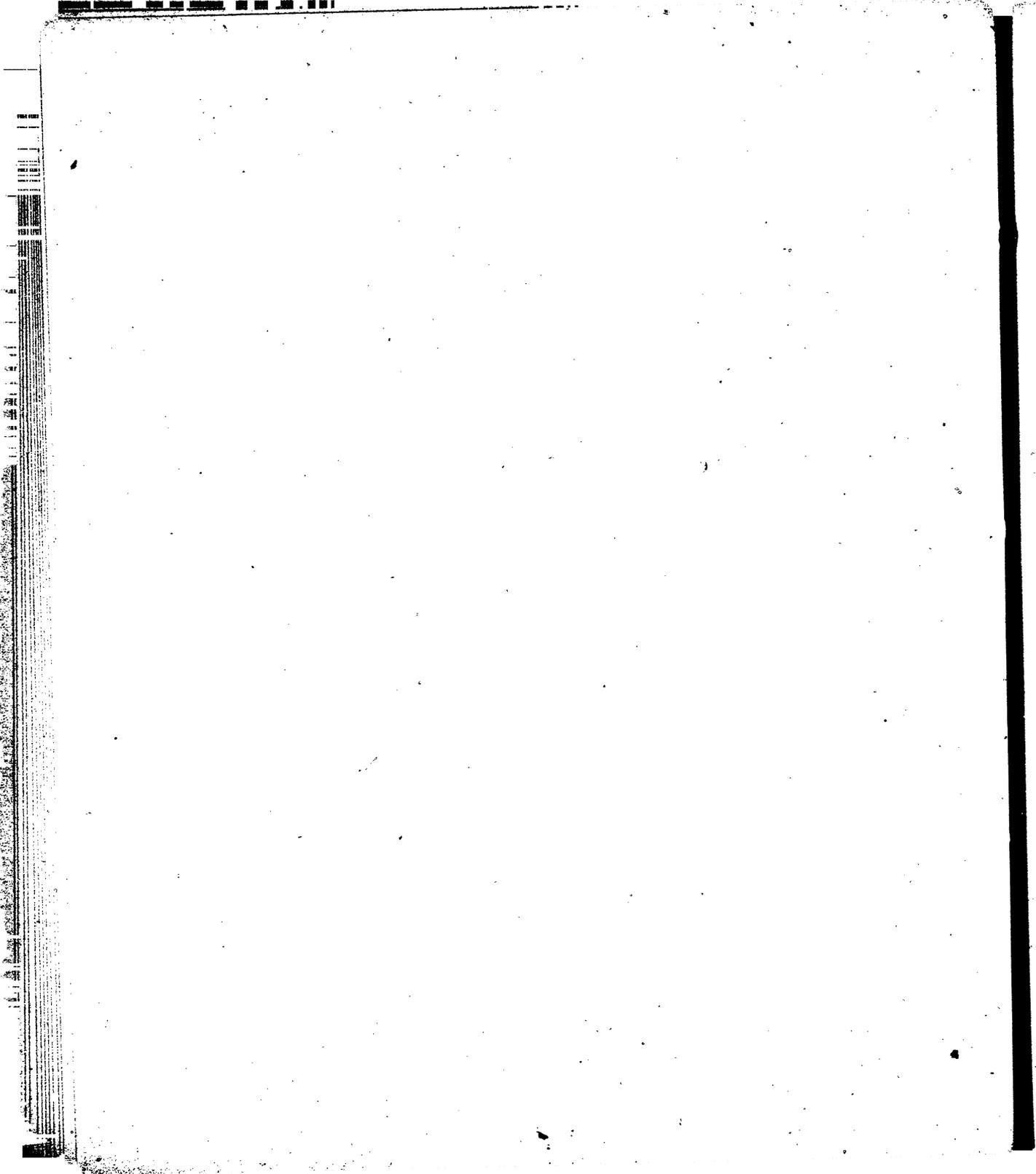
And through the leaves that o'er me quiver,
I see the dear eyes looking down,
Of him who long has "cross'd the river,"
"Inheritor of unfulfilled renown;"

Partner of my joys and strife,
My love for thee knows no control,
Deem not my love will end with life;
'Tis changeless as my changeless soul.

On the threshold of two worlds I stand,
Nought but that starry veil between
My blest and I: my angel band,
We'll meet in the "Palace of the King."

* * * * *

The spectre moon is brightly beaming;
My shades are gone, all robed in air;
Their dewy kisses, in my dreaming,
Is shower'd on mother's silver hair.



AUTUMN.

Autumn has come with her fairy wand,
And touch'd the trees, the fields and flowers;
Peace reigns supreme all o'er the land,
And glorious foliage fills our bowers.

Trees standing still to greet the sun,
With weight of fruit are bended low,
Whisp'ring their summer's work is done;
And dew-kiss'd grapes luxuriant grow.

Plenty has come, in golden showers,
Down from a loving hand divine
To these ungrateful hearts of ours,
So prone to murmur and repine.

Here in this sylvan solitude,
All radiant with autumnal dyes,
I praise the "Giver of All Good,"
With tremulous voice and tear-dimm'd eyes.

For fend! when angel reapers come
To garner in the golden sheaves,
That I, now in my setting sun,
Have naught to give but withered leaves.

MY COUNTRY'S TREE.

See how my Maple waves her arms,
So graceful, high in air!
With diamond bracelet! glittering charms!
And coronal so fair.

She is a beauty, and a queen,
In her angelic robe,—
A radiant garb. like hers, I ween,
Came from the hand of God!

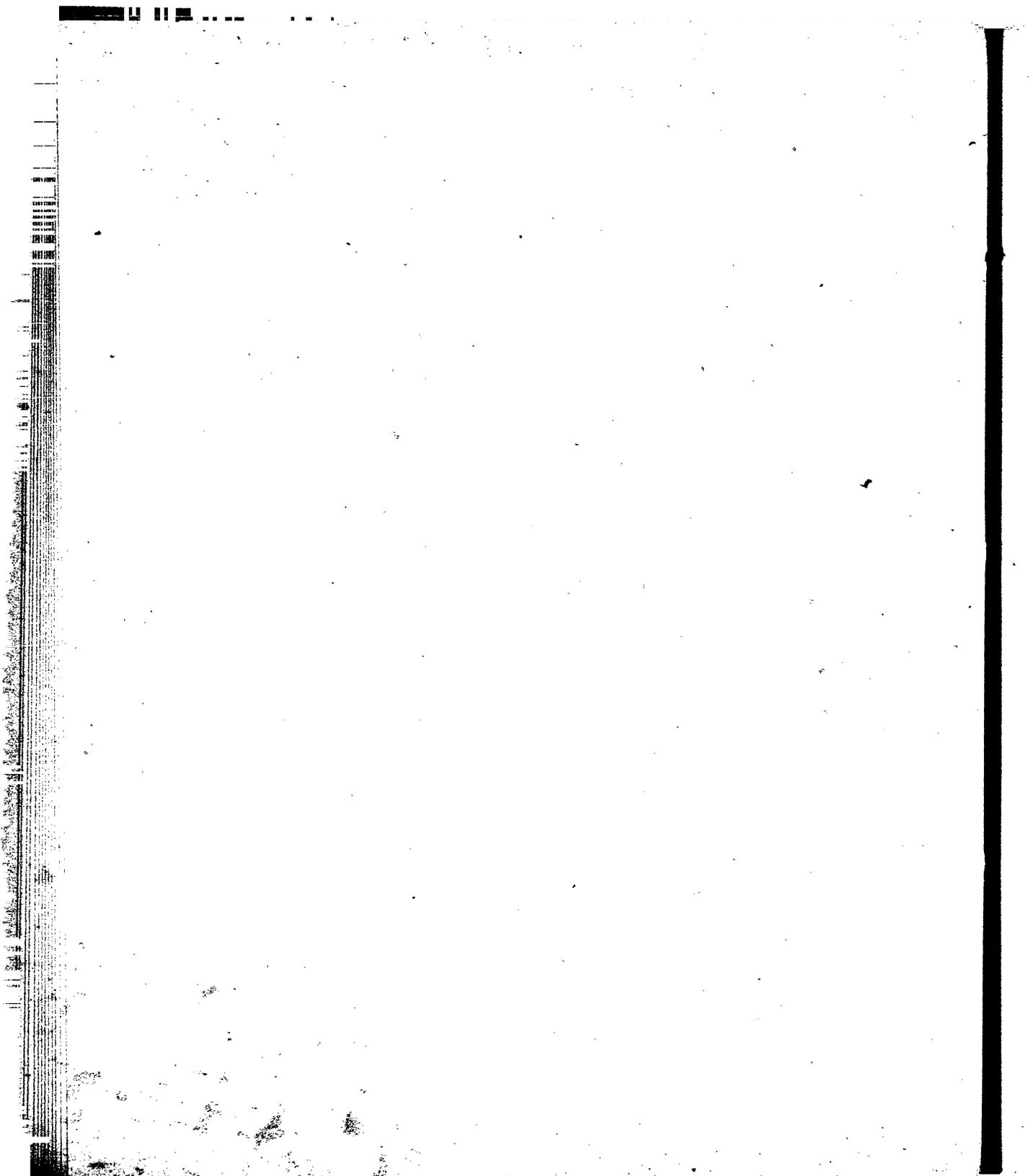
She's lovely in her white attire,
And in her emerald green,
In the garden of our primal sire
Our Maple was the queen.

England claims her royal oaks,
With stately spreading boughs,
And roots as firm as castle rocks,
Staunch as feudal vows!

I'd rather claim our Maple Belle
With her locks of ruddy glow,
"Trees have tongues," they own her spell
In sylvan language low.

The cypress, and the dusky pine,
Reminds me I am clay;
And makes me look on "Father Time"
and fret my hour away.

But the golden gleam of my country's tree
Wafts my soul on high,
To the Eden prepared for "even me"
In the eternal by and by.



A PLEA FOR THE POOR.

Winter has come, wi' its cauld rain an' sleet,
An' ill-clad bairnies shiver an' greet,
Shiver an' greet, wi' hunger an' cauld,—
Lord, "temper the wind" to the lambs o' the fauld.

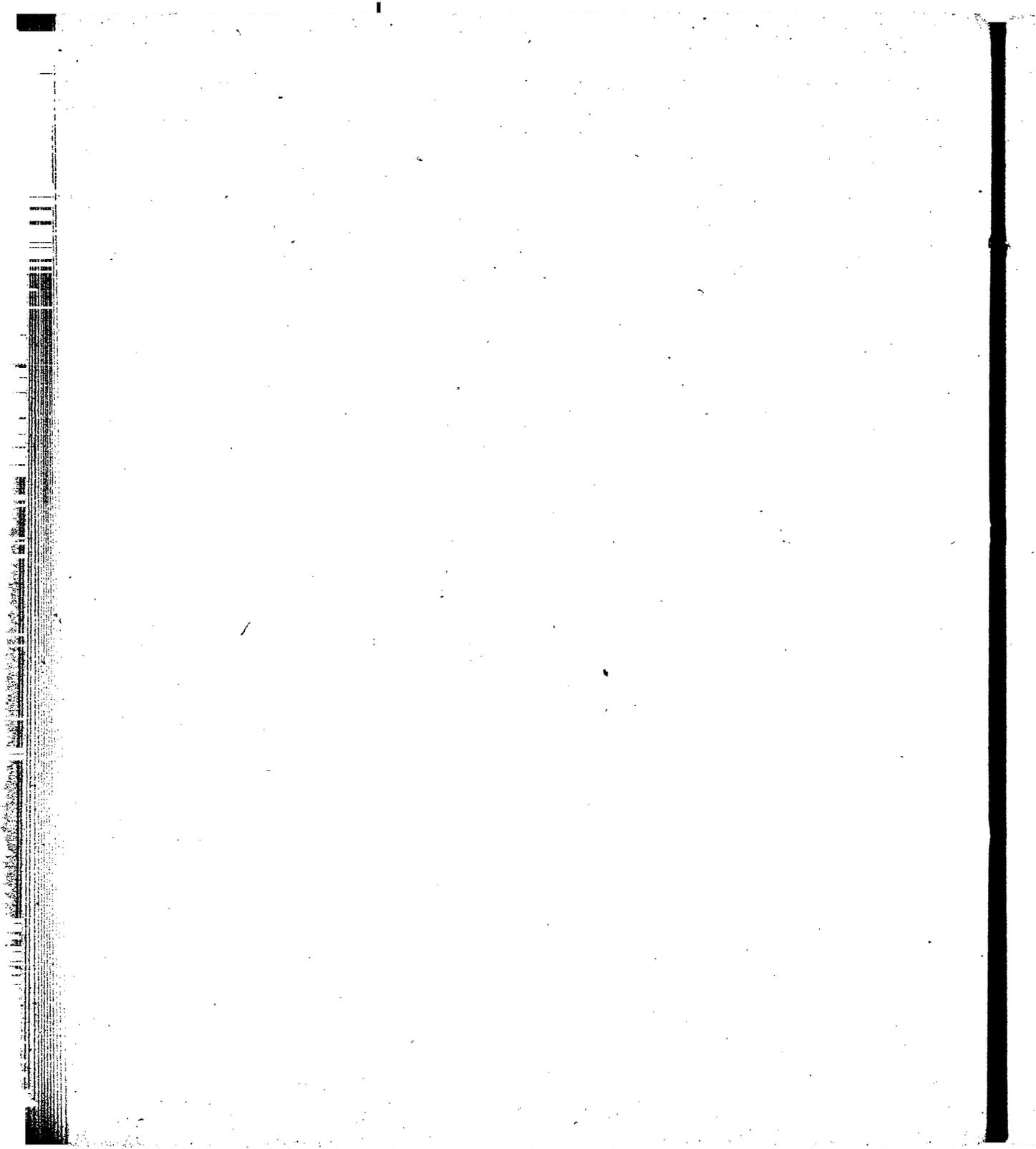
My heart is sae wae when I meet I' the streets,
Bonnie wee callants, wi' thin, raggit breeks,
Blae-frozen legs, shoon oot at the taes,—
Oh! had I the siller, I'd buy them a' claes!

There's folk wha hae walth wadna part wi' a preen
(Unless, it may be, gif-gaf wi' a' freen),
But keep a' they gather wi' miserly paws,
"Saving a' their fish-guts for their ain sea maws."

Ye gear-gatherin' mortals wha ne'er had a' fa',
Oh, help your puir neebor wha's back's at the wa';
Dinna hoard up your gold to rear mansions an' towers,
For Earth says to Earth, "All shall be ours!"

So ere ye are called on to cross the dark river,
Gae, share your bawbees wi' your puir starvin' brither;
'Twas to share wi' the needfu' you blessings were gi'en,—
Wi' ilk blessing gaes out there'll goupens come in.

Noo, when auld Boreas blows his cauld breath,
Freezin' the lammiekin a' maist tae death,
Oh, hear the Good Shepherd—He speaks unto thee:
"As ye do unto them, ye do unto Me."



THE SNOW-SHOERS.

Hark! the noise!
Oh, 'tis the Snow-Shoers,
—Darling boys!
Glowing in health,
Flowing in song,
Let us cheer the dear lads as they r' tramping along
Merry and gay
In the beautiful moonlight, bright as the day.
Breasting the breeze
Darling boys!
Nothing can freeze
Your innocent joys.
Happily singing, as onward you go
Oh may your life's path be as pure as the snow.
One down in a drift!
Give him your hand.
Pull him out lovingly.
Help him to stand,
So also take share in the struggle and strife
Of a poor fallen brother in his battle of life.
Round by the mountain,
Up to the Pines!
Drink at the Fountain,
Taste not the Wines!
Beware of the "Stirrup Cup,"
Brave boys and true
Keep clean the Escutcheon of the gallant Tuques Blue.

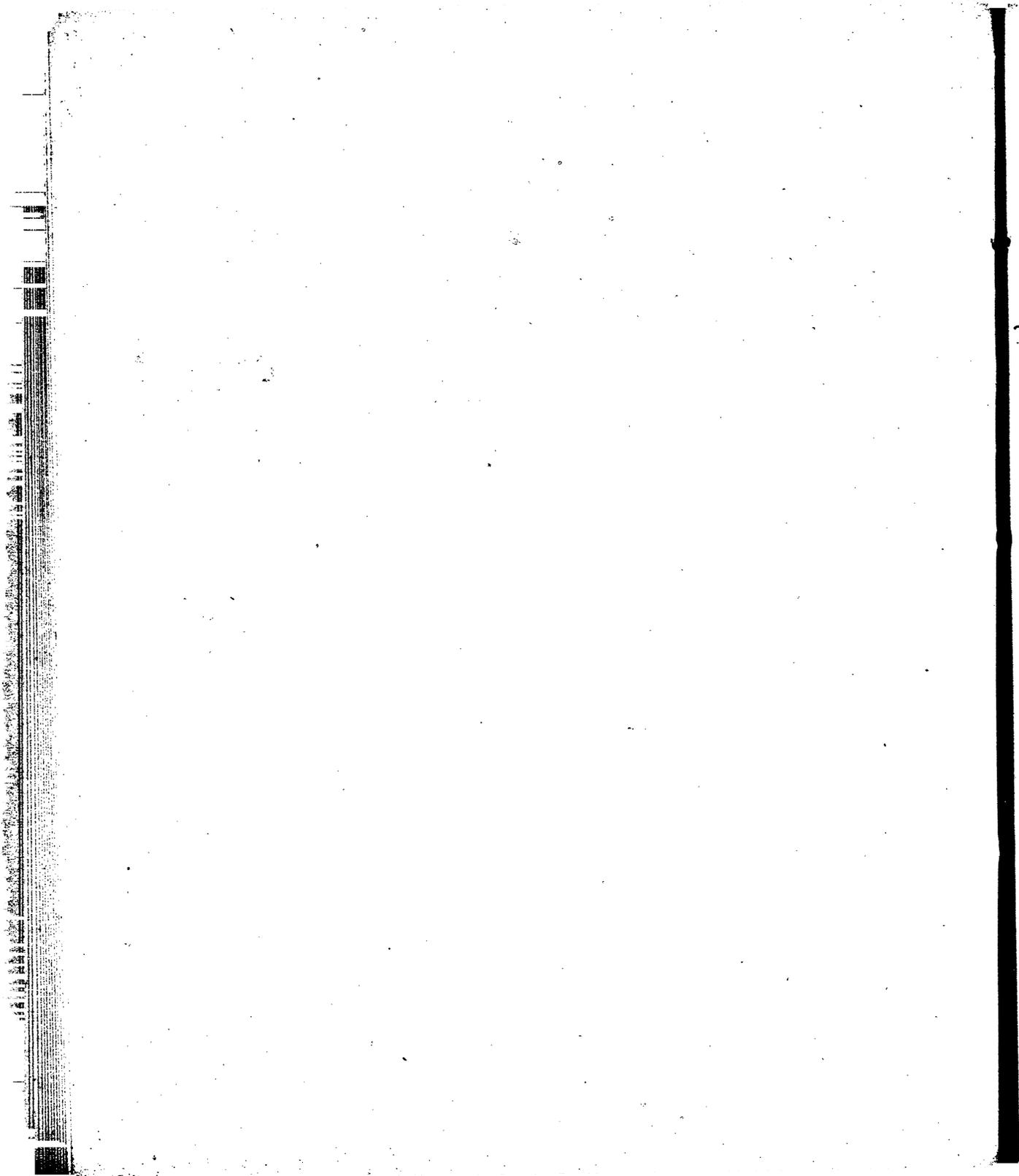
1889.

Another year! ah me!
Has cycled into Eternity.
Anon, as we its requiem sing,
We hear the shout, "God bless the King,"
The new born infant, Eighty-nine—
The old hath fled in the mist of time.

Now let us happy be, in the dear old way,
Revelling in affection's voice to-day;
Oblivious of our heritage of sorrow,
Leave life's dark combat till to-morrow,
Give withering care into the hands divine
(A happy; trusting heart, has fadeless prime.)

Tho' snowflakes gather high and cold,
We'll joyous be as in days of old.
While seated round our well piled fire,
Let faith see our Eternal Sire,
As gushing up from Memory's spring,
We trace His bounteous hand, and softly sing

The oft-repeated, oft-forgotten chant,
"The Lord's my Shepherd, I shall not want."
Let sunshine fill our souls anew,
And bid each thankless sigh adieu,
Pray God for peace of mind and spirit clear,
And with that boon, He'll grant a smiling year.



"THE EMIGRANT'S NEW YEAR."

Fare-weel to the year that's fast wearin' awa',
Fare-weel to its poortith and sorrow.
The fortune is brought, wae's me was but sma',
The new ane may glint on us to-morrow!

Last year I was hame on my ain heather hill,
In our wee theekit house by the burn,
'Mang neebors I lo,ed, an' lo'e them a' still,
An' I'm deein' o' grief to return!

I ken they a' wish me a Happy New Year,
And speak o' the friends far awa';
But little they ken o' what I thole here,
Or the heart that is burstin' in twa'.

Oh, why did I leave our snug "But an' Ben,"
Our bonnie kell-yard and the Smiddy?
Or what gar'd me sell, to help us out here,
My twa grancie kye an' the cuddy?

Had I the wit then I think I ha'e noo
I wadna be sabbin' an' murnin',
But dark days may brighten e're the next year is through,
It's "a lang lane that hasna' a turnin'."

The Lord has been kind to spare my guid-man
Through sickness that fell on us sair.
He weighs a' our burdens' an' wanna' lay on
Bnt just what He kens we can bear.

There was plenty o' room in our ain native soil
For John an' the callants an' me,
And John and the callants were willing to toil
If the laird had just let us a-be.

But the laird o' the manor maun hae braw hunting-grounds,
And cared mair for his "game" and his "deer";
He wanted the land for "Preserves" an' his hounds,
And expatriated us here!

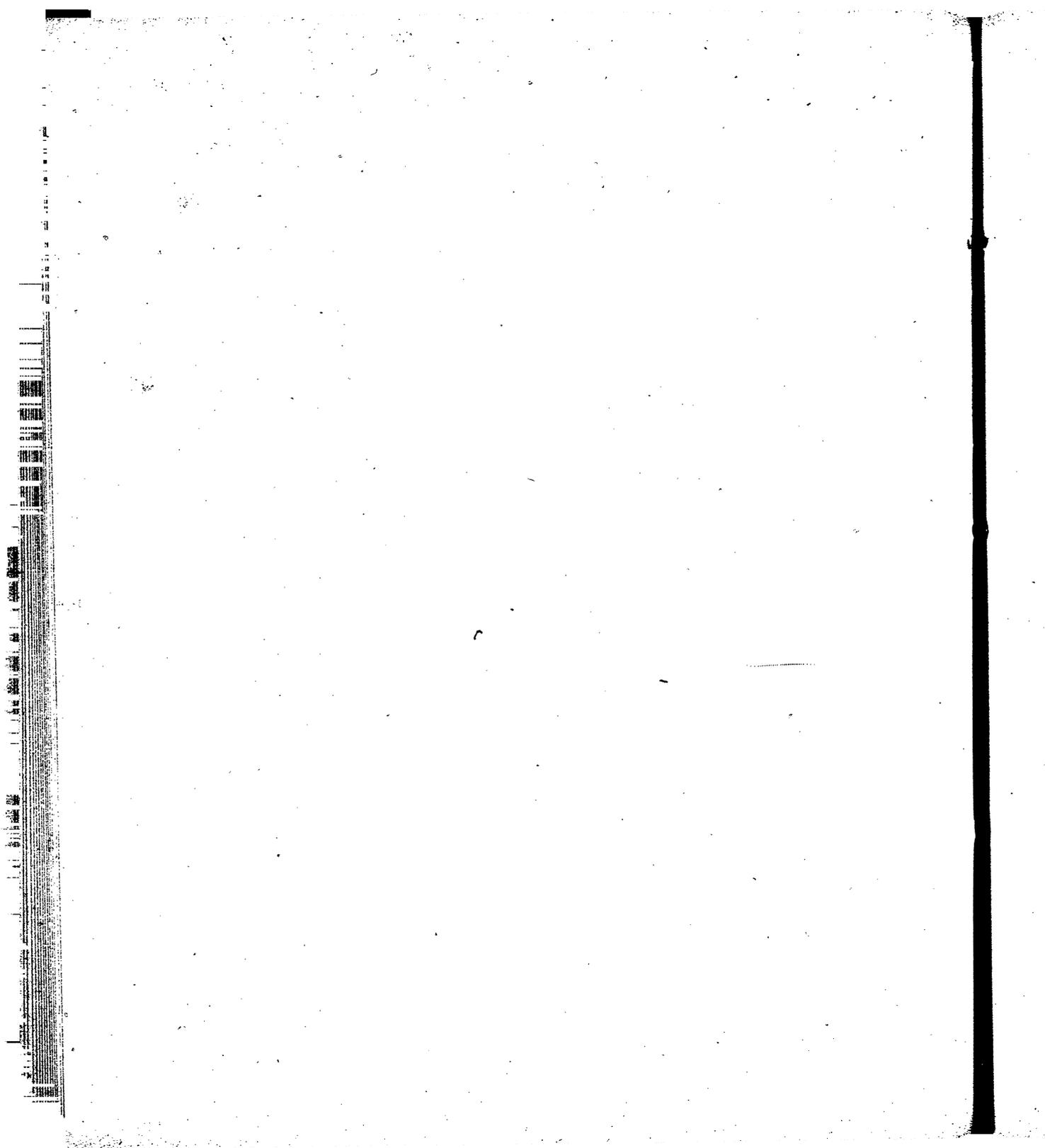
They say the "guid folk," will make hames for the poor,
God send it were this very day.
For wi' strugglin' sae hard, wi' "the wolf at the door,"
Like the year we're fast wearin' away.

Oh, if they'd begin what they said they would do,
An' no daidle, but "do with their might,"
Many blythe hames where dark forests grow
Would shine in God's blessed sun-light!

And my three bonnie laddies wha' weary and yammer.
An' greet for their parritch an' kail,
Would dance at the sound o' Dad's auld smiddy hammer—
It's for them I am makin' this wail.

Yes; Geordie an' Jamie an' Sandy will grow
Brave men, an' stalwart in body an' mind,
And pride whispers fondly auld Scotia may know
What she's lost by losing sic men o'their kind.

Hope bids me cheer the incoming year
May chase a' our sorrows awa',
And the joy it may bring will gar the "bush" ring
Wi' praise frae the hearts o' us a'.



To MR. W. CURRIE.

All business cares I cast away,
For this is William's Marriage-day;
He gives to me a Sister dear,
Whose worth is known both far and near.

O may she be a loving wife,
And reign the Angel of his life,
And their united hearts, the Shrine
Of Matrimonial love divine.

And may God's everlasting care,
Be ever round the happy pair,
And the Silver Link that chains their Soul
Be unbroken in the Heavenly goal.

If Memory's treasured thoughts arise
Of child-hood's home, 'neath Scottish Skies,
Let your manly arm and cheery smile
Be round Sweet Jessie of "Holy Isle."

To MISS STEPHEN.

Fellow Pilgrims long we've been
Upon this upward weary road,
And tho' we may faint-hearted seem,
Prone to rest and sleep and dream,
Not "*Pressing*" to our blest abode,
Yet, He who is the "Life, the Way,"
Will not let His Pilgrims stray!
Tho' distant seems the Golden Gate,
"They also serve the Lord who wait."

MY FLOWERS.

My garden treasures have gone to rest.
With a snowy mantle o'er their breast;
The first that drooped her drowsy head
Was my English rose, of ruby red;
Then followed her sister, pearl white.
My darling little "Jacobite."

And "London Pride" fell to the dust,
As "Weeping Willow" said she must;
Her dying words were "None so pretty;"
This vanity excited pity
From "Daisy" and "Violet," modest dears,
They bowed their heads to hide their tears.

Winking Marigolds close their eyes,
And gazed no longer on the skies;
"Sweet William" sighed and looked around,
His "Columbine" lay on the ground;
And such a change came o'er Miss Moss,
She grew so fallow, sear, and cross.

My Scottish Thistle, proudly waving
Every storm and tempest braving;
He cares not tho' Old Boreas rages,
As Scotia's sons will do for ages;
My loyal heart so longs to press it,
But "Nemo me impune lacessit."

My blooming "Primrose," you shall rest
With me, within my sanctum nest;
Precious gift, from dear wee "Flo."
Precious flower, I love you so,
Almost above all things terrestrial,
My lovely, sweet, "mild-eyed celestial."

Ah, me! I well nigh had forgot
My golden-eyed Forget-me-not!
Say, little elf, shall we e'er meet
Again, beside the garden seat,
Sweet treasured flowers, since we did part,
Deep winter lies within my heart.

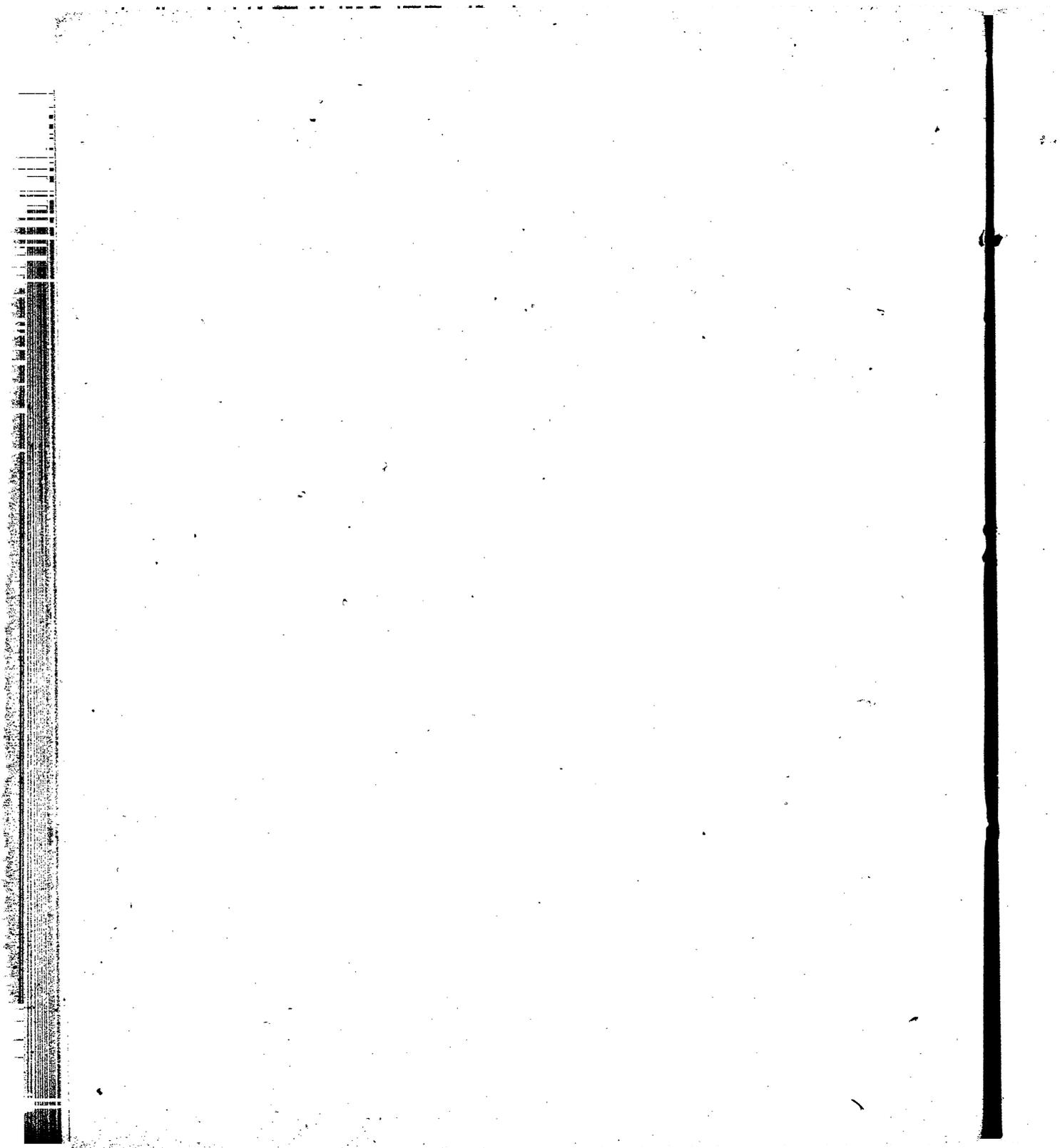
THE OKA INDIANS.

Arise and help the Oka braves,
Who dwell beside their fathers' graves;
A sorrowing silence wraps them round,
They cling unto the hallowed ground.

Let holy strength within you rise;
Frustrate the Okas' enemies;
Look on your Indian brother's face
That sadness is not commonplace.

The Christian Indians and their chief,
Can stand erect, e'en in their grief:
And while they claim their God-given land
Ahey'll take no gift from Primate hand.

They'll fight, as Christians fight alway,
The fight of faith; they'll watch and pray,
And God will hear their burdened cry,
We hold the fort, the Lord is nigh.



GARDEN TOWN.

(For the Canadian Horticulturist.)

Miss Lucy Lettuce retired to bed
One evening when the sky was red.
Bye-and-by Miss Lucy arose,
And dress'd herself in her finest clothes
Of delicate green and gauzy brown,
The sweetest maiden in Garden Town.

She called to her neighbour, Miss Polly Pea.
"Polly, I am invited out to tea."
I heard cook say to John in the stable,
"Bring Lucy Lettuce in to table."
And what do you think, that sour old sinner,
Miss Rachel Rhubarb, was out to dinner.

She piques herself on her pedigree,
And her foggie old relative "Gregory."
She's but a vulgar village fixture;
All make grimaces at her mixture.
Bah! the meanest grubs in Garden Town
Shy from *her* with scornful frown.

But Polly, I wish that you and I
Could be as easily passed by.
I noticed this morning, when you arose,
How pale and pinched was the curl on your nose
Those loafing dudes, the worms, I fear,
Are undermining your health, my dear.

There's our cousins Cabbage, on the next block.
You know they have come of a hardy stock.
Well, those very same scamps, I hear folks say,
Revel and feast with them night and day;
So this riotous life and "do-as-you-please,"
Was ended in hopeless *heart disease!*

See Celia Celery tall and fair,
Aristocratic in her air,
She is the elite of Garden Town,
With green top-knots and ecru gown,
Why should she feel so very crusty,
I've seen her look both old and rusty.

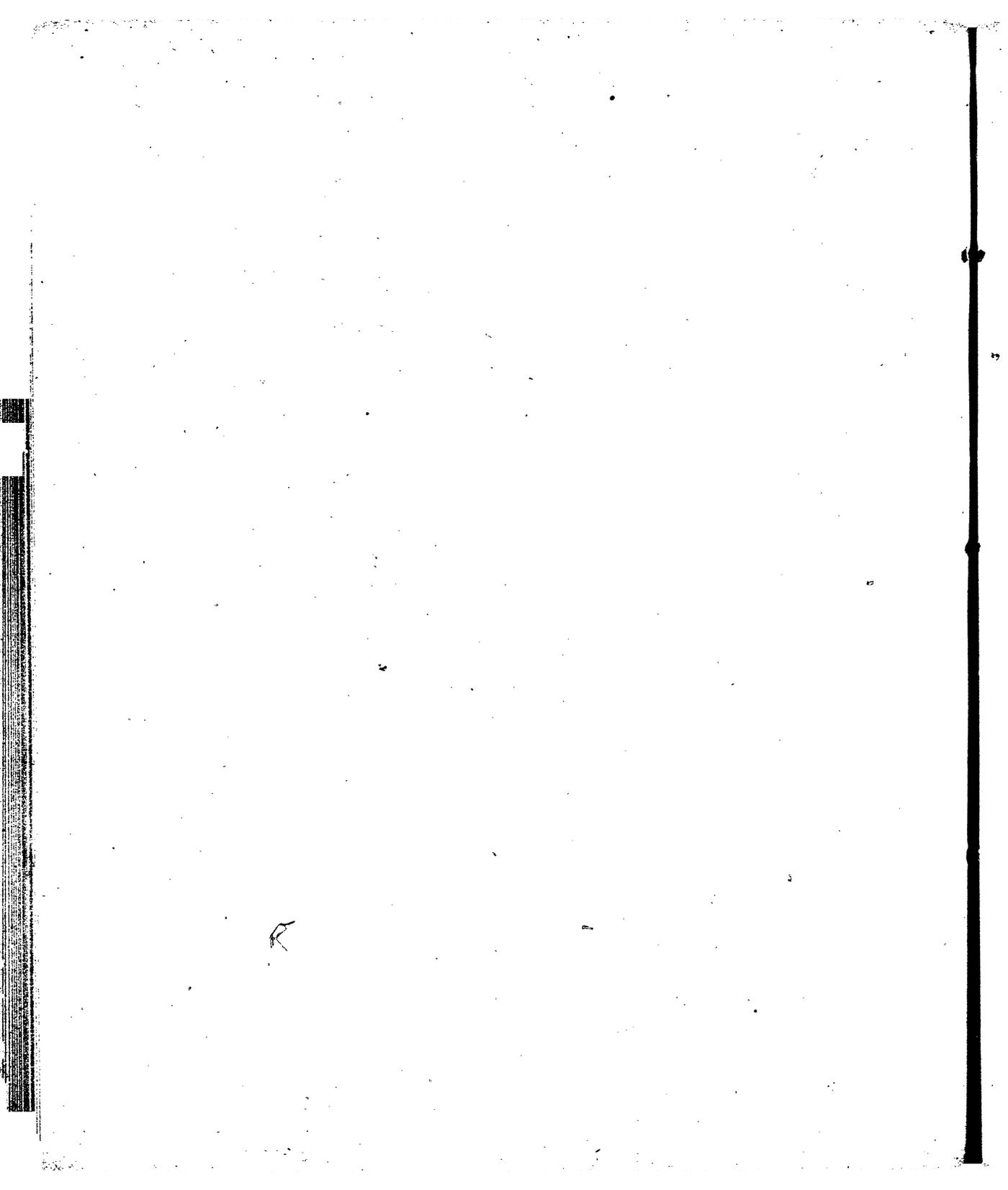
And *she* looks down with haughty mein
Oh dear, wee, modest Betty Bean.
Friend of the great Bonanza King,
The muscle of stalwart western men
Was got from thee, thou peerless gem.
Could I compare you with such trash,
As wishy-washy Suky Squash?

Oh, I should feel myself a felon
To equal thee to Watermelon.
Look! Pat Potatoe ope's his eyes.
While I laud Betty to the skies,
And Sissy Sage, a very Plato,
With flaring red-head Tom Tomato

Miss Onion, you are too impressive;
I'll pass you, lest I weep excessive.
Tho' mummies bowed to you the knee,
I cannot choose but turn from thee
And leave thee with thy Leeks and Garlick.
Come near me and you'll find me warlike.

Patrick Parsley, if you knew
How ancient builders copied you.
Your Gothic leaf I've traced on tombs—
Seen carved on grandly pillared domes—
And "Parsley Peel," the weaver chief,
His daughter traced thy lovely leaf;
On costly fabrics now we see
Designs of foliage all from thee.

Ah, who is he there by the wall,
Poising and bowing to Old Sol?
The Sunflower, looking proudly mild
Since patronized by Oscar Wilde.
He's warning me 'tis growing late,
And Father Thyme rejects to wait—
Nurse Dolly Dew is hastening down
To bathe the maids of Garden Town.



THE FAIRIES' BAZAAR.

Two fairy sprites, Carrie and Clare,
Resolved to hold a garden Fair,
And serve to Butterflies and Bees
Just what they love, and what would please.

So, 'neath the maples, wide and tall,
Each placed a pretty tiny stall,
With such a fragrant bright array
Of condiments, and flowers so gay.

Then came the fussy wandering Bees,
For Honey-suckle or Sweet Pease ;
Buzzing around, 'from stall to stall,
Intent were they on gobbling all.

Fluttering came gay Butterflies,
In golden robes, and starry eyes,
Made a hasty lunch on "Stock"
And hovered off; a happy flock.

Old neighbour Toad came limping past,
Ah, ha! cried he, I see at last
Where I'll get something for the throat.
My cousin Frog, has such a croak.

And while upon my stool I rest,
Put up some Balsam, of the best,
Spruce-gum too, roll up with it,
'Twill cure me of my hated spit.

Poor little Toad! I'll bind your limb
With Ribbon Grass, its just the thing.
(Oh, why do wicked boys throw stones
To give you pain and broken bones?)

There's grand Old Man, and Father Thyme,
Sweet William too, and Columbine,
Ladies' Slippers, with velvet bows,
(No thimble heels, no needle toes!)

Coxcombs too! we have a score
Very cheap! they're such a bore,
Bachelor Buttons, by the gross.
And oh, such green inviting Moss!

Pine needles too, for sewing leaves
Just the same as mother Eve's,
They're also good for sewing Tares
Such as the Ragged Sailor wears.

Here's Juniper, from overhead
Where old Elijah wished him dead,
The Wandering Jew brought from afar,
On Thistle down's light aerial car!

And Sea-weed, from God's public highway,
Foxglove from dame nature's by-way;
See the lovely Golden-rod
Pointing up to nature's God.

And here's green Shamrock, from Armagh,
Crush'd by the Saxon Lion's paw!
* * * * *
The clouds are cradling round the sun,
The Fairie's-long day's work is done.

Each takes her little spruce pine pillow,
And goes to rest beneath the willow;
The lovely orphan! Queen of night!
Will shine o'er them, till morning light.



TO MISS L. O——

Lottie dear your lovely flowers,
Foretaste to me of holy bowers,
Where Hyacinths and Lillies Spring
To greet the smiling of the King.

Tho' I am wearing nigh the brink
Of all that's mortal, your sweet link
Of fragrant flowers lifts up my Soul
Unites me to the blessed Whole.

Of all that is prepared for me
The Golden Streets, the Jasper Sea!
The Tree of Life, the Pearly Gate
Where loved ones gone before now wait.

Thanks dear friend for these sweet flowers,
Recalling many youthful hours
With Nature and with Nature's God
I've spent along lifes' weary road.

LONGED FOR SUMMER.

Summer days have come at last—
I've wearied for their coming ;
The swallow bands are sweeping past,
And wandering bees are humming.

The robins carol on the boughs
Of my stately pussy willow ;
The very lowing of the cows
Makes the air feel mellow.

The school boy's shout at bat and ball
Shows dreary winter's over,
That would-be mother with her doll,
And happy, scampering Rover.

Oh ! could I but walk again
Throughout that clover field,
Along the road and down the lane,
What pleasure it would yield !

But here I lie, a stricken soldier,
Who in life's battle struggled long ;
Salvation's armor on my shoulder,
Until my Captain calls me home.

Gladly shall I leave the field,
For my Great Physician's sleeping balm
For by His stripes I shall be healed,
Then, oh, the crown ! the robe ! the balm !

GRANDMA GOWAN.

"THE HEATHEN CHINEE."

When Sandy ga'ed hame wi' the washing yestreen,
The callant cam back again rubbin his e'en
Wi' his raggit coat sleeve, an' his heart like to brak,—
"The leddy" had tauld h'm he "needna come back;"
For tho' that the washin' had ne'er failed to please,
She would send a' her claes to the Heathen Chinese.

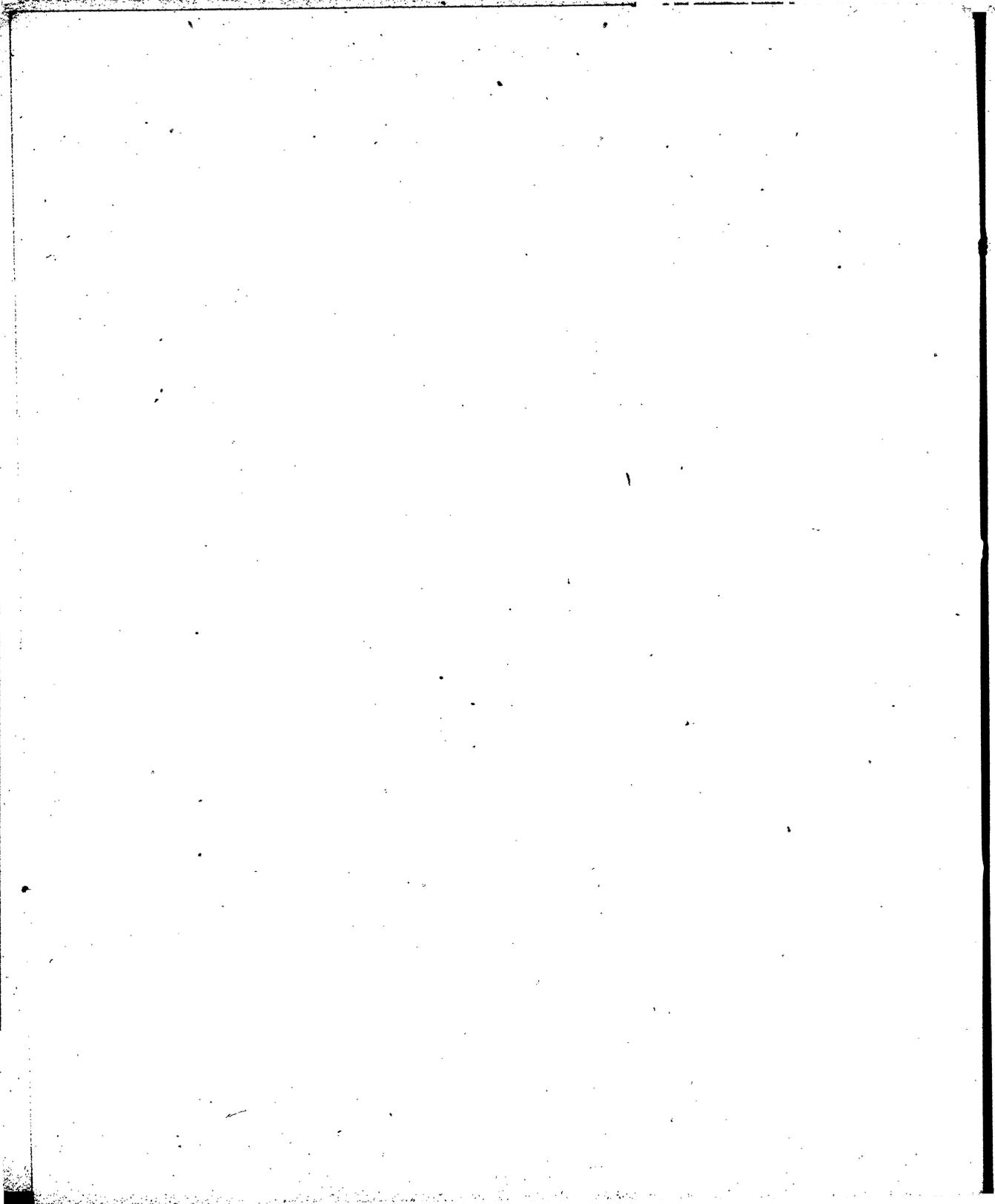
Weel ken'd that leddy his father was deed,
That his puir widowed mither was toilin' for bread;
But little she kent, an' less did she care
For the hunger she caused, an' the hearts she made sair.
Her reason was only, "Chinese can wash cheaper,"
An' looked what she thought. "Am I my brither's keeper?"

"Oh, Sandy, my laddie, what can I dae mair,
Unless, aiblins, I shave off a' my gray hair,
An' stick an auld switch tae the croon o' my head,—
Onything, onything, laddie, for bread—
An' change the guid name o' auld Tibby Gun
To the new-fangled ane o' Fee-fa-Fum,

"An' crook in my feet tae Sandy's auld shron
(But their oot at the taes an' winna haud in),
An' your daddy's long sack, tied round wi' his sash,
Would bring in the washin', mair than I could wash;
Ha! I kent, when I joked about changin my name,
You would laugh like the sunshine after the rain.

"Weel, I dinna wish wrang to the queer blinkin cratur,
Sae lang's they'll no tak tae sellin' the papers;
For Sandy, ye ken, they bring in the bawbees,
An' it waurna for them, we often wad freeze;
And the flannels an' boots, frae the friends o' the WITNESS,
Were sic a great boon, and held awa sickness.

"So Sandy, my laddie, be honest an' true.
The Lord has been guid, and He'll bring us through;
We mauna be downcast, or sit doun an' wae,
But aye put a stout heart untae a stey brae;
When God feeds the ravens He disna forget
The widow an' orphan—they aye get a bit!"



TO MY GANE BILLY'S PORTRAIT.

Oh! my twin-brother
Ne'er shall another
 Caress me or bless me
 So fondly as thou ;
Ne'er was that loving e'e
E'er kent to frown on me,
Meekness and truth mark'd thy clear manly brow.

When thou wer't in darkness laid
Wrapp'd in thy Jenny's plaid
An' a her dark tresses laid on thy breast
 Lonely an' comfortless
 Reft o' a' happiness
Oh, how she longed to share in thy rest!

Years noo have come and gone
Still I am sad and lone,
And I "fade like a cloud that has outwept its rain."
 'Tis life that divides us
 Death will unite us,
Then oh, how I'll cling to my Billy again!

1890.

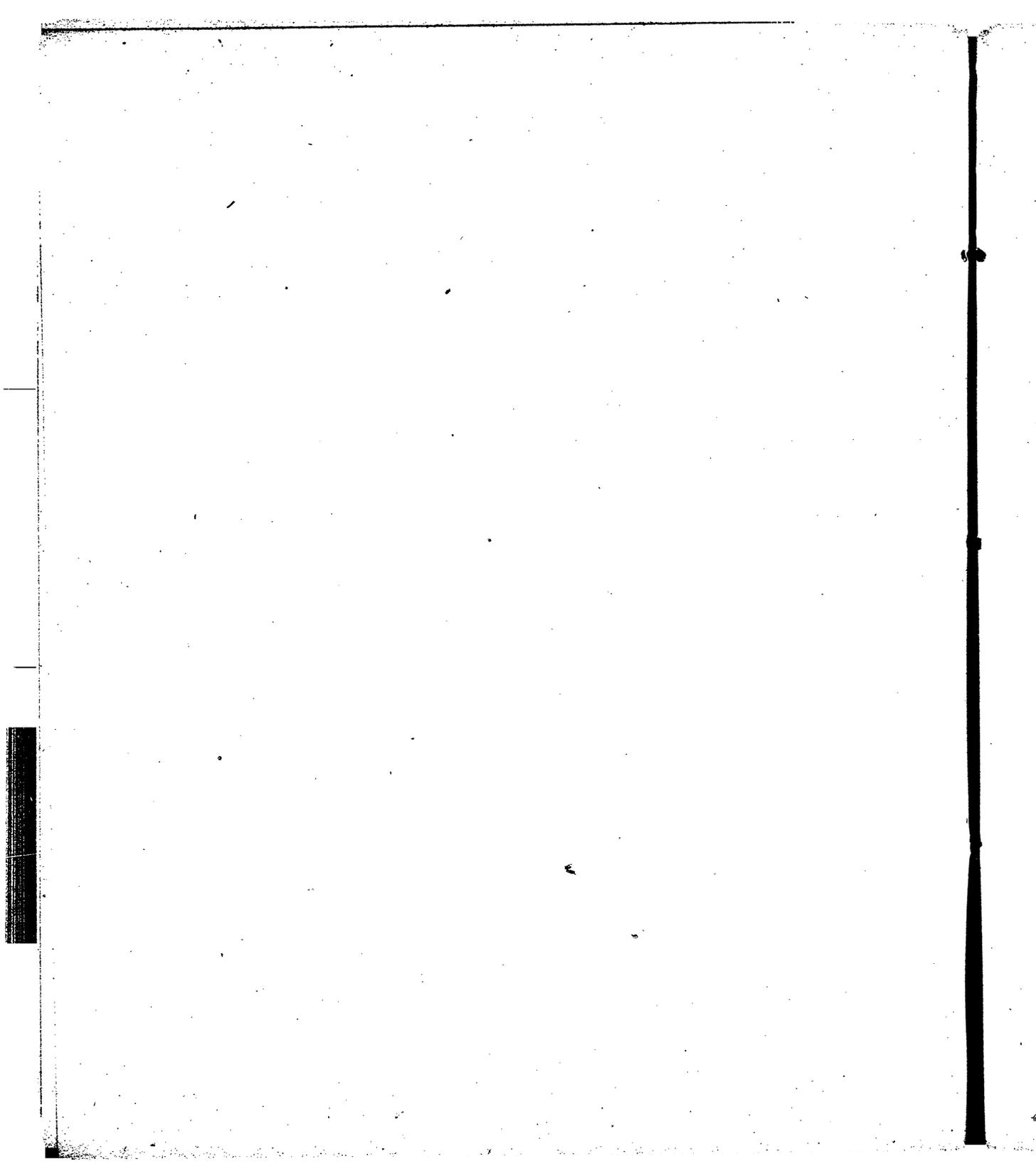
Father time, of hoary age,
Appears again upon life's stage,
Withdraws old eighty-nine from view
As ninety makes his grand *debut* ;
And shouts his prologue to the world
Mid din of bells, and flags unfurled.

Hear our youthful king's oration,
His promises to every nation ;
He speaks of ending Ireland's ills,
Repeal eviction and coercion bills,
Give back to Ireland national life.
And equal laws to end its strife.

Why should our brethren weep and cower
'Neath the sad abuse of power?
(God grant ere vengeful thoughts grow strong
And Ireland avenge its hated wrong :)
Ah! from the gulf of gloom Hope's silvery rays
Give a redeeming trace of better days.

Points to the land of the Sitting Sun,
And the mighty brotherhood in one ;
He frowns on "trusts" and combination,
Favors equal rights and emigration—
The blending of all human kind
In one grand universal mind!

Talks of a "Fraternal Union"
O'er the Almighty's vast dominion ;
In the millennium era, this may be,
When the angel stands on earth and sea,
With uplifted hand the world o'er,
And swears that *time* shall be no more.



MORNING.

Hail bright harbinger of day ;
Resplendent orb of light !
Whose golden beams doth chase away
The sable shrouded night.

The crystal dew hangs on the flowers,
How sweet the glowing thorn,
Ah ! who could waste, in sleep, such hours.
'The cheerful dawn of morn.'

The feather'd songsters of the air,
Their matin hymn doth raise,
The warbling little brooks declare
The great Creator's praise.

The flowers in ecstasy upfling
Their fragrant incense high,
Alas ! that man should fail to sing
A holy psalm of joy !

Arise, and greet the new born rays,
And climb the upland lea,
Join in nature's song of praise,
In nature's Jubilee !

HOPE.

I hear the north wind sigh, and say,
Soon I'll bring frost and snow.
I bid farewell to my flowers to-day.
Sweet treasures ! must you go.

I may not see you here again,
And ere my roses bloom,
Kind hearts, whose love shall never wane,
May plant thee near my tomb.

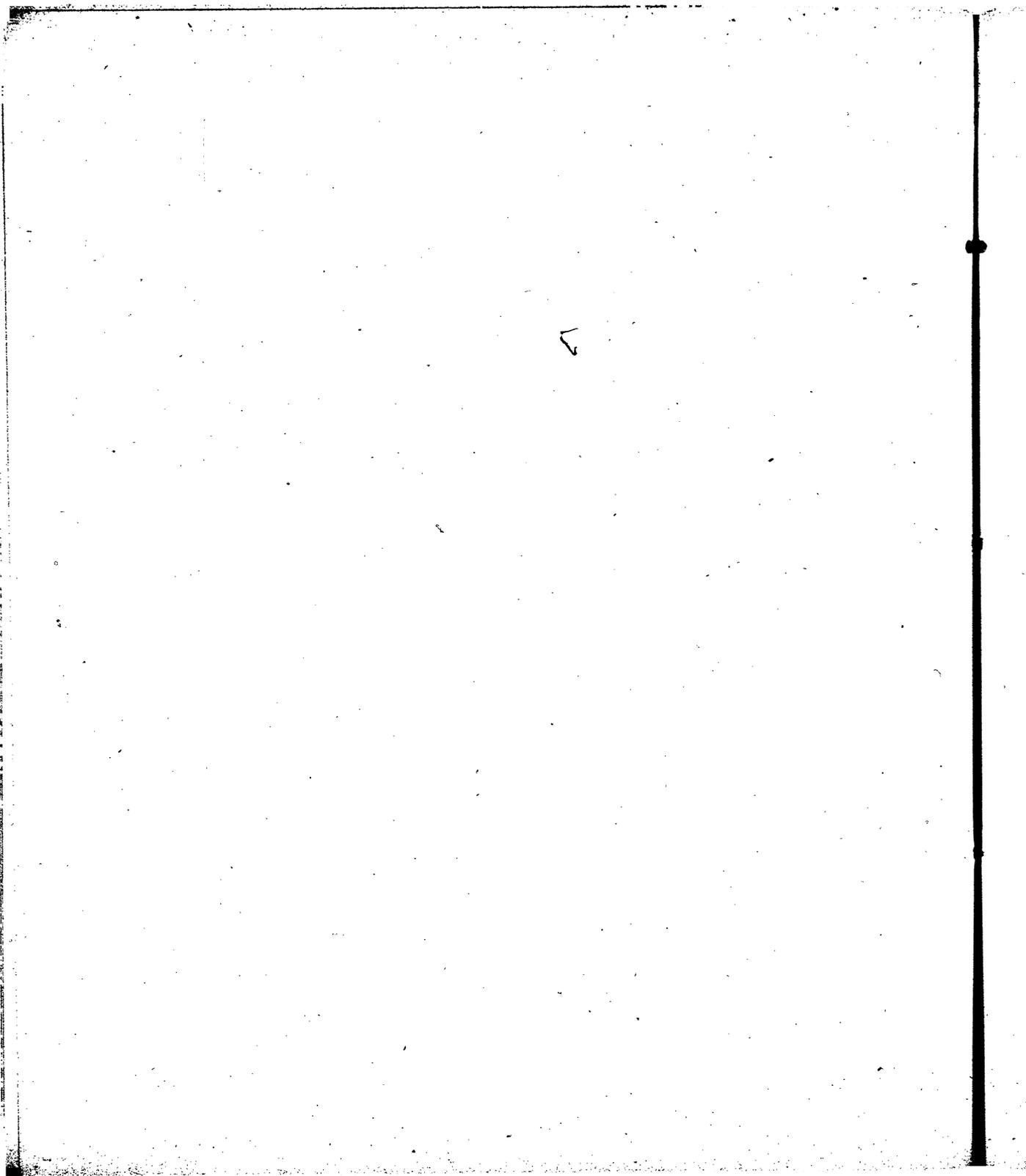
Flowers lovelier than mortal thing !
I'd sleep, if thou wert near ;
And all around thy fragrance fling,
And drop a crystal tear.—

What's loved in life ; may it be given
(If humble the request)
To roam 'mongst flowers in the fields of heaven,
With garlands for the blest !

Garlands, to hang on the harps of gold
Of my loved ones lost, and found,
Now safe within the Shepherd's fold,
Where joy and peace abound.

Sweet sadness leads me to the throne,
My aching heart to still,
To make my mute petitions known,
And hear His kind " I will."

Oh happy hope through endless years,
I'll sing again their lullaby,
For God will change my sighs and tears
Into a deathless melody !



AUTUMN.

Maternal Flora sinks to rest,
Nature puts on its sombre vest,
And Time, with his relentless power,
Is changing every tree and flower.

Each flower, each creature hath its day
In-which to flourish and decay;
So 'tis decreed, that all below
Is only made to come and go.

We sadly mourn sweet human flowers,
Transplanted in Eternal bowers;
But, tho' by grief our hearts are riven,
Lost friends are stepping stones to Heaven.

Although no joy their voices give,
We know they in their vigor live
And watch us with unslumbering eyes,
And wait to bear us to the skies.

Where changing seasons never come
To wither the eternal bloom.
Nor Autumn's ruddy footsteps stray
To the land of Immortality.

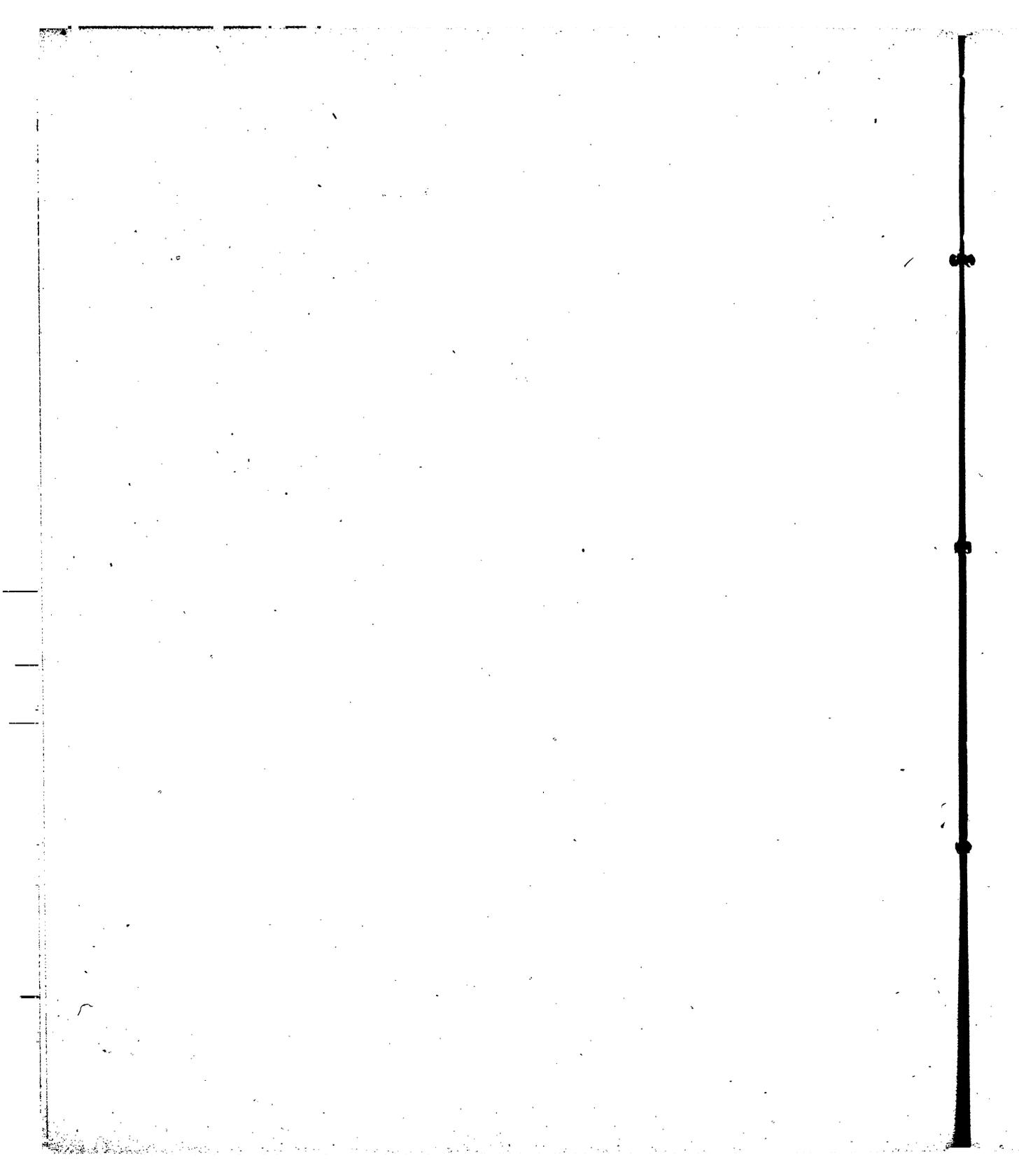
NARCISSUS.

Arise from thy slumber, lovely Narcissus,
The south winds now carol over thy bed;
Old Sol is waiting to greet thee with kisses,
You have nothing to fear now; Winter has fled.

The fearless wee Crocuses—Paradise immigrants!
Have arrived on our borders with God's message of Peace,
And you, too, sweet Narcissy, must try to be diligent,
Improving Time's lessons, which never shall cease.

Your Sleepy old Sisters, Rose and Rose Mary
Have promised to visit me early in June,
I never have found the dear beauties contrary;
But timely arrayed in their queenly costume.

So bonnie Narcissus, hasten your toilet,
I weary to see you, don't tarry so long;
Bring with you your incense, sweet odorous Pilot!
And waft my old soul back to childhood and home.

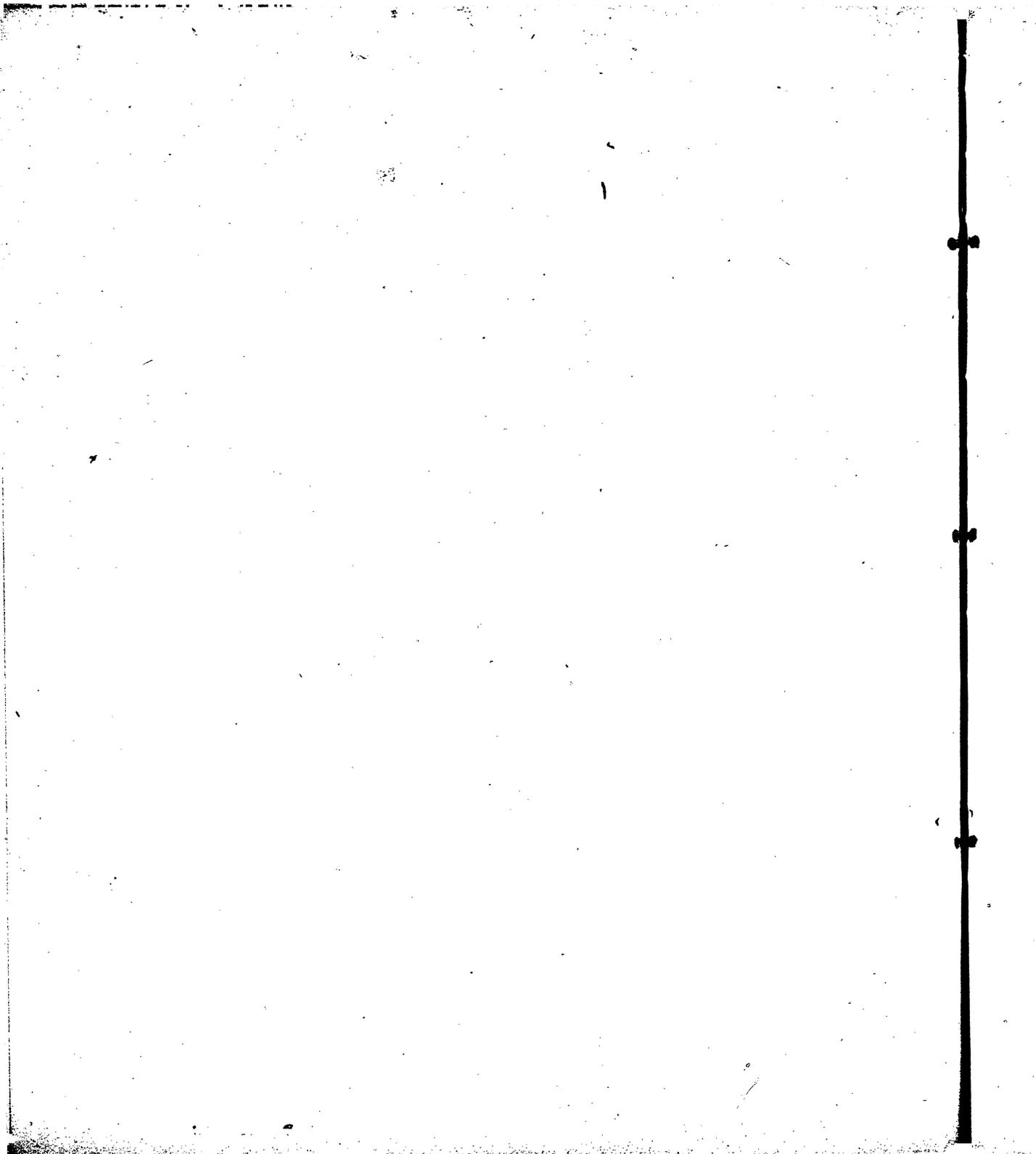


1891.

(FOR THE CANADIAN HORTICULTURIST).

'Tis midnight! hear the solemn chime,
Which tells the ceaseless flight of Time.
Whose restless wings hath swept away
Old Ninety to Eternity!
The hoary centuries now claim
Another link in Time's great chain,
And e're Aurora lights the morn,
The infant Ninety-one is born.
God bless the Royal, rosy boy!
Child, we hope, of peace and joy!
Hear chanticleer proclaim the birth
Of the great monarch of the earth,
And flaps his wings, to chase away
All gloom from our good friendship's day.
Heed not the Cynic's hopeless moan,
That "naught but bitter herbs are grown,"
Altho' by sorrow, low we're laid,
There's hidden blessings in the shade!
And kindly doth "Our Father" stay
His rough wind, in the east wind's day;
So, while we hold to life's sweet dower,
Oh, let us make each thorn a flower!
For Time moves on with rapid force.
Nor joy, nor sorrow stays his course,
Hastening us onward to the "Bourne"
From whence no traveller can return.

Mount Royal Vale, Que. —GRANDMA GOWAN.



OUR OLD APPLE TREE.

What ails this weary heart o' mine
What brings the tear draps to my 'ee?
'Tis the memory o' Auld lang syne
And my bairnies bonny apple tree.

I had but one in our kail yard
The queen o' all her kind was she,
Planted by Glen-Gowan's Laird
Lang e'er the birth o' John or me.

It had nae braw newfangled name
As "Bietigheimer" or sic like,
But was a tree o' guidly fame
And proudly nodded o'er the dyke.

Oft do the tears come welling o'er
My furrowed cheeks, while in my sleep
I see my bairnies, as of yore
Happy darlings on that seat.

Under the dear auld apple tree,
Where my guid man, on Sabbath days
Forgether'd wi the weans an' me,
To tell o' wisdoms pleasant ways.

"Now they are women grown, an' men."
Some gae'd east, some wander'd west,
An' some below the mools were lain
Wi my guid man in peaceful rest.

The years o' Pilgrimage ga'en me
Is dawning on three score an' ten,
Still 'neath that bonnie apple tree
I see my bairnies young again!

A WINTER JINGLE.

Grandma is softly crooning;
Knitting at her stocking,
Her foot upon the cradle,
The waukrif baby rocking.

Mother at the spinning wheel,
Spinning fleecy yarn,
Jenny baking cakes o' meal,
Father's in the barn.

Nan is sentinel o' the fire,
Her mission is the griddle,
Kate is milking in the byre,
And Tam is at his fiddle.

Grandpa sits at the window
Reading at his papers,
Daft Jock, with arms a-kimbo,
Is cutting up his capers.

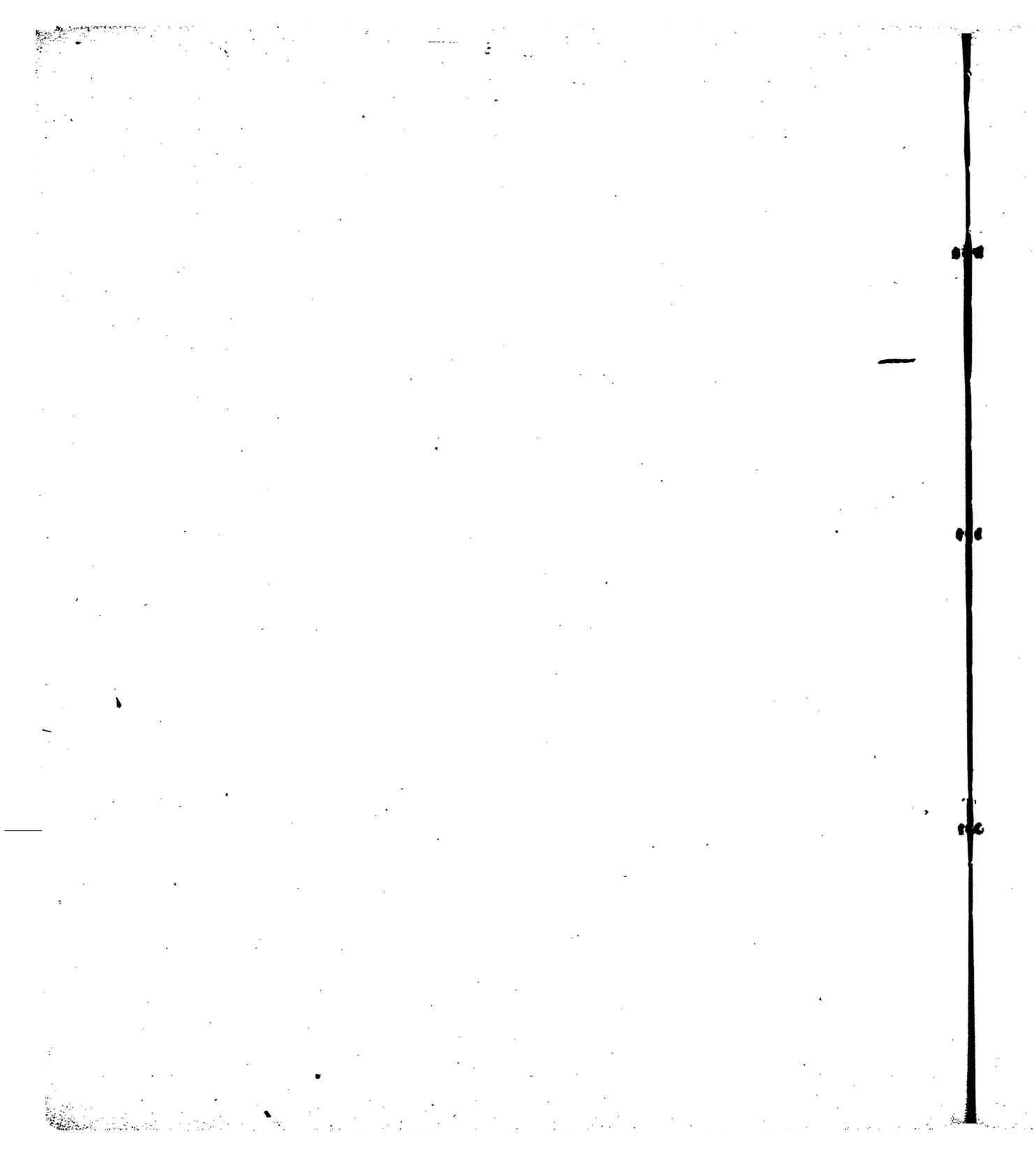
Lizzie sits upon her creepie
Singing to her dolly,
Bud" is resting very sleepy,
Head pillowed on his Collie.

Oh, weel, I love our cosy cot,
And our restful winter days;
A gift from Heaven is my lot,
To the Giver be the praise.

Tho' all around is cold and gray,
Swallows and summer bees
Soon again will find their way
To the blossoms and your eaves.

Storm-blasts will soon be over,
Soft air will come again,
And we'll gambol in the clover
Through all the Summer's reign.

The lilies and the roses
Will soon look blithe and gay
And we shall gather posies
In the coming month of May.



OLD AGE'S GARLAND.

While resting in my easy chair,
With closed eyes. I hear them there,
Gowan, with the golden hair—
Golden hair and starry eyes,
Blue as his lovely western skies,
Whispering softly, " Grandma, rise ! "

Here's Frankie, Jack, and Geo. and Chris.,
And Susie, too, our little sis,
Waiting to give Grandma a kiss;
For this was Grandma's natal day,
And they had twined a garland gay
To make old Grandmamma a Fay !

So to the bower I had to go,
Quite pleased to think they loved me so.
How could I say the darlings, no?
And full of glee they marched along,
A little regiment twenty strong,
A laughing happy, merry throng.

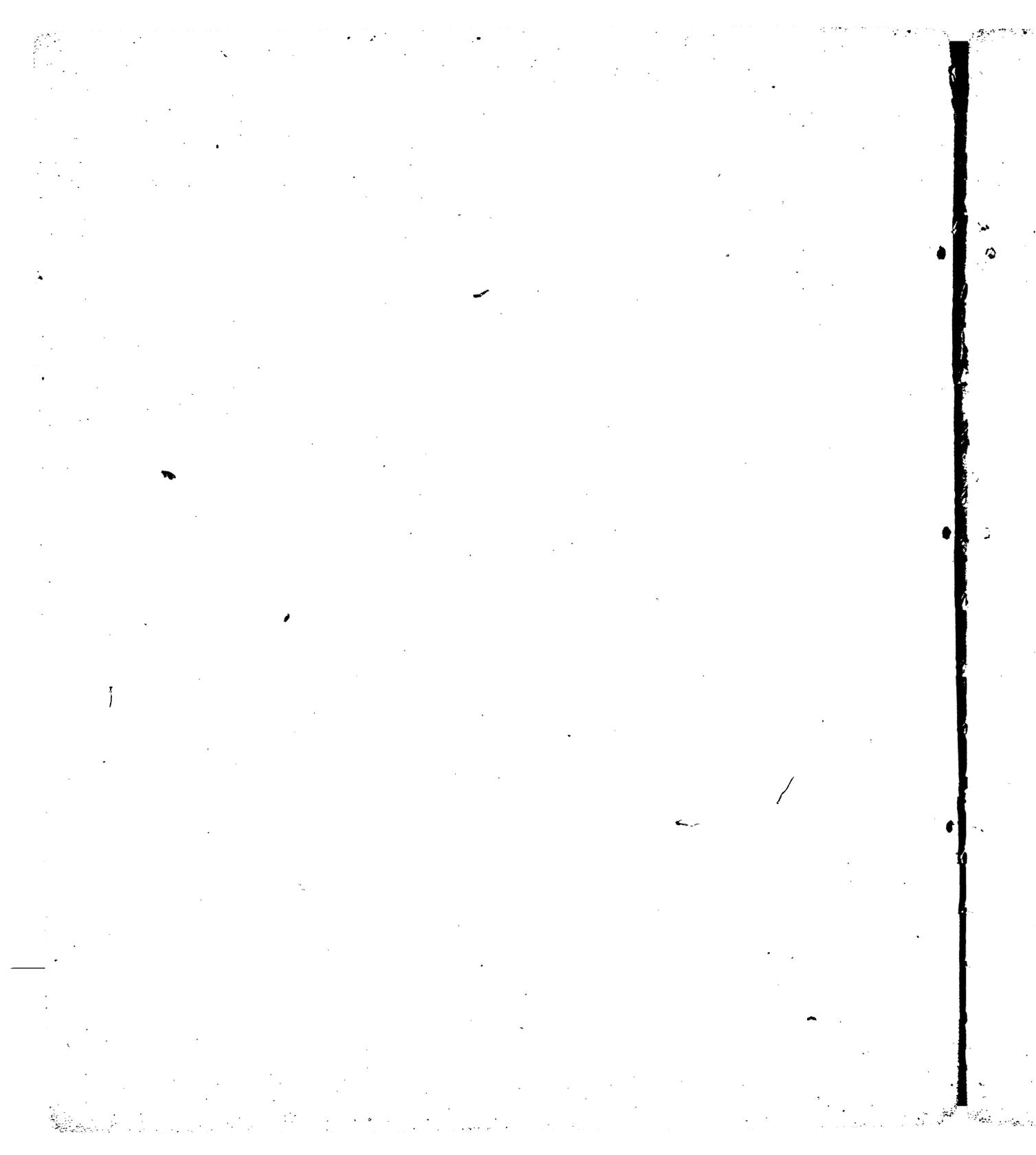
And there a wreath awaited me
As lovely as a wreath could be,
Of Daisies, Jasmine, and Sweet Pea ;
They placed it gently on my hair,
Then hip, hurrah ! rose in the air,
But, oh, my heart it felt sae sair.

I wept and laughed, and laughed and wept,
A sad, sad anguish o'er me crept.
My slender thread of life nigh nipp'd.
A tower of memories on me piled,
I thought I was again a child
Roaming 'mang the heather wild.

Laving in my native linns.
Gathering bloom frae off the whins
And rashes, where the burnie rins.
A moment, and the spell was o'er.
Old Grandma was their Fay once more,
The blithest of the pigmy corps.

With crown of flowers upon her brow
Her staff was turned to sceptre now,
And then was held a grand pow-wow.
I wished to see them all rejoice,
But, oh, the wild discordant noise
That came from those wee drummer boys !

Enough to throw their Fay in Fits,
Rosy, rollicking, darling pets,
Splendid five-year-old cadets !



BEYOND.

Oft' my spirit breaks
From my frail walls of clay.
An upward flight it takes
From darkness into day.

Beyond the rolling Sphere,
Beyond the sea of space,
Upward, void of fear,
To my Angels' Dwelling place.

And in a Patmos dream,
I roam the sunny clime,
Where love is all supreme
And beauty all sublime.

Still onward I press with joy,
Right to the blissful seat,
And there I find my boy,
Nestling at Jesus' feet.

I clasp him to my breast,
And kiss his golden hair,
My Spirit findeth rest,
The peace it sought was there.

There let me ever be
With him at Jesus' feet,
To all Eternity
My joy shall be complete.

WRITTEN WHILE IN SICKNESS.

Welcome, welcome failing health,
Lord! it draws me to Thyself,
Weans me from the things of time
Consecrates me wholly thine!

Abide with me, my Saviour dear,
No weary nights, while Thou art near!
I know thou'lt take my trembling hand
When I am called to Beulah Land!

Oh! what is Earth with all its toys,
To me, in sight of Heaven's joys
"The baseless fabric of a vision,"
I've grasped! and found it a delusion!

Now, I thy blessed Cross in fold,
The Cross, the Cross! is my stronghold,
Lord strengthen me in this embrace,
Until I see Thee face to face!