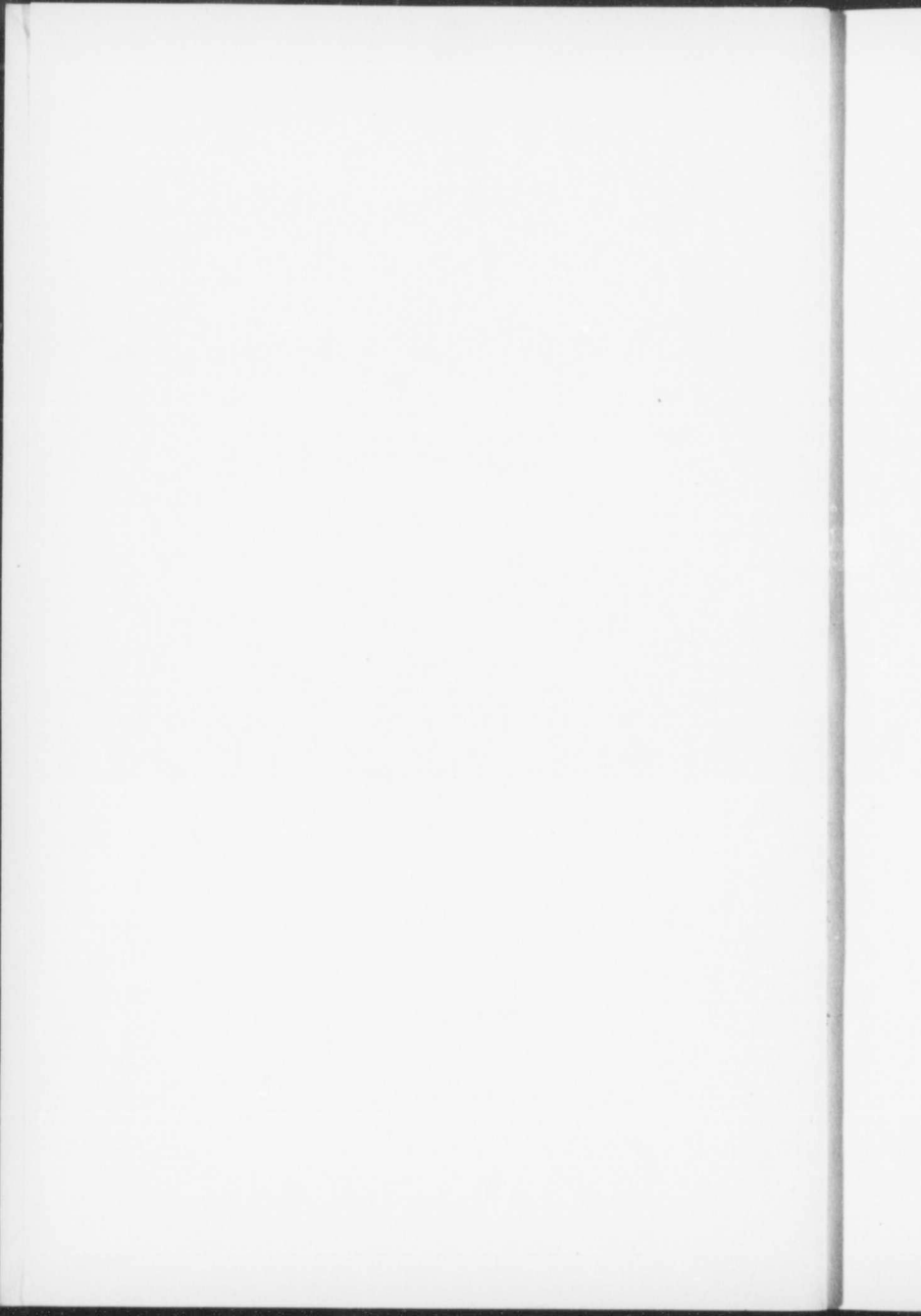


RHYME
AND
REASON





RHYME *and* REASON

BY

ROBERT BARR, SR.

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TO
JEANIE

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THE RESURRECTION.

Have you felt the impulse of spring
With its brain-cheering smells; when the glad birds fling
Their songs of joy into young spring's lap,
While the pregnant buds swell with life-giving sap?

Have you thanked the giver, the Great I Am
For the pleasure we feel from his wondrous plan
Of resurrection of bud and leaf and flower;
And the life-giving drops of the April shower?

Have you watched the blush on the rose's cheek
As she hurries her toilet, ashamed to meet
The prying eye, that makes her feel
She is caught by young spring in dishabille?

But the lily he gently clasps to his breast,
As she holds up her face to be fondly caressed;
And brings in the joy of a mutual love,
With the marriage hymned from the throne above.

But the crocus pouts with her ruby lips,
And over her head her blue dress slips;
And hurriedly pulls on her stockings of green,
That she in full dress may meet young spring.

And the primrose ties on her yellow cap;
While the violet sits with her silks in her lap;
And the gowan laughs in her white-frilled mutch,
At the hurry spring makes with his magic touch.

Now the snowdrop droops her saint-like head,
For the cool little span of her life has fled,
She has vigils kept through snow and sleet,
While her more gaudy sisters were fast asleep.

And the stream rushes on crying, "Dress, friends, dress,
For the robin has built in the maple his nest,"
And all nature rejoices for God hath shown
That April day is Resurrection morn.

THE SOMNOLENT AUTUMN.

Scarcely hath the echo of our glad spring song
Died upon the listening ear,
Till our feet are rustling the fallen leaves
Of the fast-dying year.

The variegated leaves, from golden green to russet brown,
Proclaim God's law fulfilled;
Their duty done, and seared with age,
They fall serenely down.

Have they talked of God's providence
In their aerial home?
Have they sung his praise at even
In their leafy dome?

Have they prayed when the lightning
Shattered their parent stem,
Or when thunder rolled, did they know
God cared for them?

We know but little of their lives,
Their joys and fears.
Their hope of a stormless life of endless years
May be as bright as ours,
For heaven would be poor indeed if shorn of leaves and
flowers.

Where is the robin that wooed us with his song?
The gowan's voiceless laughter gone;
The rose hath shed her blushing leaves,
She into the air no incense breathes;
The scarlet hip and russet haw
Are typical of God's eternal law—
That the winter of death must ever come
Before we reach spring's happy home.

IN MEMORIAM.

And can it be that thou art gone,
That thou no more wilt grace the throne,
With queenly virtues all thine own?
The God thou loved hath called thee home,
Victoria.

In early morn of girlhood's life,
Thy father left his faithful wife
To train their daughter for life's strife;
Their rose-bud shows the pruning knife,
Victoria.

The rose soon blossomed 'neath the care,
Its bloom and fragrance rich and rare
Laden the dewy morning air.
Thou wert sweet and kind, thy face was fair,
Victoria.

Thy mother watched thy girlhood years,
She smiled and kissed thee through her tears;
She saw thee crowned in state with fears.
But thy star in splendor soon appears,
Victoria.

A man found worthy of thy love,
Thy marriage registered above;
Midst cares of state thy life joys moved,
A happy, faithful life it proved,
Victoria.

Blest offspring filled thy table round;
To train their minds deep joy thou found;
Sculpture, poetry and music's sound
Made home on earth true hallowed ground,
Victoria.

But fleeting are earth's dearest joys,
Palsied age comes to laughing boys.
Death with his sickle soon destroys
Those loves we thought had no alloys,
Victoria.

In widow's weeds for forty years,
Thou mourned the loss of Albert dear,
Your life was pure, your conscience clear;
You heard God's summons without fear,
Victoria.

We mourn thy death, thou virtuous Queen,
For thou hast with us ever been
A pattern, and thy light was seen
In hall and cot. Thy name is green,
Victoria.

HOUSTON BURN.

Houston Burn is a romantic trout stream of pure spring water rising near the West Glenn House and falling into the River Gryfe at the Fulwood Farm, connecting with its crystal waters the united parishes of Houston and Kilallan, Renfrewshire, Scotland; and in its course passing the two churches which bear the name of the parishes. The gardens of Houston adorn both its banks as it ripples through the town.

O Houston Burn, you're dear to me
As you wimple frae the Glen,
You jouk beneath the hawthorne tree
To kiss the drooping fern.
Your waters lightly leap the rock
And tumble in the linn,
Where speckled trout with frisky sport
Around the pool doth swim.

Chorus—

Then sing your sang, my Bonnie Burn,
I love to hear your lay,
You'll welcome me when I return
To my boyhood's home some day.

You hurry past Kilallan Kirk,
Wi' its ruined, ive-clad walls,
And wi' rippling laughter seem to flirt
Wi' the primrose in birken shaws,
You skip and dance through Houston town
And make glad their gardens fair,
They welcome you wi' flowery bloom
And wi' scent-ladened air.

Chorus—

You saftly pass the auld Kirkyaird,
Where my great forefathers lie;
They sleep beneath the plane tree's shade,
'Mongst whose leaves the night wind sigh,
I may never hear thy cheery sang,
Nor see thy dance, sweet Burn,
For my sojourn here cannot be lang,
But my soul yearns to return.

Chorus—

PETER'S BURN.

Little murmuring babbling stream,
I oft-times hear you in my dream,
And the music of thy rill seems sweet,
As I listen to thy sound in sleep.

Strange it is that the young heart strings
Vibrate still, and the old song sings;
Though dimmed by many summers,
Memory loves to resurrect thy numbers.

At Mashington, my fore-bears hame,
Laughing and dancing from earth you came,
Thy crystal stream, with bordering cress,
With gowans, pink and primrose dressed.

Thou passed the Cleves, with its brakened knows,
Where slay, black-bide and the hazel grows;
Thou waterest Greenhill's bonnie farm,
Where with fresh bare feet in youth I ran.

Then past St. Peter's haunted well,
Where the holy saint oft drank himsel;
He blessed its waters with mass and gown,
An proclaimed the sweet spot hallowed ground.

An auld hearth-stane did span the stream,
Where witches danced upon the green.
There Tarbolton missed his foot and fell,
And the burn in spate roared doon the dell.

Rushed 'neath the stane wi' fearfu' dinn,
And they found him drooned in the dimpled linn.
He was coming home fra' Houston toon
With a drop too much from Fraser's room.

For years he had crossed that fatal stane,
In coming fra' the toon his lane.
John Duncan clapped the grave-yard earth
On the spot he had played with boyish mirth.

We had fished in that stream in boyhood's morn,
Gathered flowers thy bonnie bank adown;
And now when eighty years have fled,
In memory still thy banks we tread.

BIRTH AND DEATH OF ROBERT BURNS.

Again the mighty wheel of time hath made a revolution,
And the hundred and forty-fifth year hath worked its evolution.

Strange to say it is engrained in our very constitution
To honor Robert Burns
When his natal day returns.

The cauld January wind came howling doon
On that stray-thatched bigging in Kyle's wee toon,
And the kind auld wives had gathered roon
The baby boy,
To wish him joy.

They looked in his bonny, fat, plump loof,
And said they were sure he'd be na kiff,
For certainly his poetic gift
In measure grand
Would fill the land.

The wind did rage with a fearful blast,
Shrieked doon the lum as it hurried past,
A fearful shadow the moon did cast
On that humble home
Where the poet was born.

It tore the roof from the cottage home,
And the craw-foot gables doon were thrown,
Mother and boy in fright were borne
To a neighbor's bed
Where shelter was spread.

Such was the greeting our Robin got;
Entering the world in that humble spot,
Typical of life's struggle he fought
To the bitter end
Died with scarce a friend.

We have laughed at "Tam o' Shanter's ride,"
Meg lost her tail as she crossed the brig.
On an honest man Burns looked with pride.
He loved the hare,
And the gowan rare.

Thirty-seven years he warsled up life's hill,
Years that were checkered with bath and ill. *quid*
Sometimes of a night he cankering care did kill
With a sympathetic few,
An inspiration drew.

Then he died in poverty, want and disgust
With the world. It's charity from him he thrust,
He would not stoop to sully his honored dust
With a pauper's dole,
'Twould stain his soul.

Tonight the wide world owns his true poetic skill;
From India to Canada each eager soul doth thrill,
With the harmony of his verse, which doth instil
The love of home
Where'ere we roam.

TO GRACE.

When the evening sun hath flooded thy room
With golden light, take this chair and sit doon,
Open God's book at the fourth of Mark
At the thirty-ninth verse you'll read the part

Where God rebuked the storm with his will
And said to the waters "Peace be still."
If thy seas be troubled, my darling Grace
Say to the worldly waves "give place
To the holy calm of that troubled sea,
When Christ rebuked the waves of Galilee."
When thy toilsome day sinks into rest
Lay thy wearied head on thy Savior's breast,

And sweetly sing with thy lovely voice
Some heavenly hymn, 'twill thy heart rejoice.
I may catch some strain of the music fair,
As it floats on the wings of the evening air.

COL. PRINCE'S GRAVE.

(Died 1870.)

They laid him away in a rockbound cave,
Lapped by St. Mary's tide,
Whose waters round the rock did rave,
Guarding its every side.

The Yankie ghouls had sworn an oath
To desecrate his grave,
And to search the river they set forth,
But they never found that cave.

Dark was the night, wild waters roar,
Over that rocky bed,
The corpse was laid upon the shore,
And the winding-sheet was lead.

The owl's hoo-hoo, and the wolf's mad bark,
Was the requiem for the dead,
And they launched their boat on the waters dark
To reach the churchyard head.

A few friends met to bury their chief
In that lonely island grot:
With silence weird and sunk in grief
They reached that quiet spot.

A rock which rose from the restless wave
Had been hollowed out with care;
With grief they laid him in that grave
And breathed a silent prayer.

The black bear sniffed the midnight air
As he reached the shore to drink,
The midnight tread of man was rare
On that lonely river's brink.

'Tis thirty-five years since that grave-yard scene,
Still the mad waves dance and howl,
And the wolf sniffs where the corpse had been,
But they cheated the Yankie ghoul.

'Twas Algoma's governor's fervent wish
To sleep by St. Marie's river,
Whose waters still that island kiss,
Where his body rests forever.

TO THE ROBIN IN THE SPRING.

Welcome, robin, wi' your song so cheerie,
For the winter has been long and dreary,
And of drifting snow we're tired and weary,
We welcome spring,
With the hope that thy loved notes may ring.

Sweetly the robin's song doth cheer the brain,
When to his old haunts he comes again;
And chanteth with joy the old refrain,
With its minor strain,
We hear it with gladness again and again.

Seventy long years have now passed and gane
Since first as a boy I heard thy loved strain,
It made me feel glad when I heard thy refrain
For spring had come
With the life-giving rays of the April sun.

We watch you depart when the maple leaves fall,
Southward you fly with your children and all;
Your weird, minor notes when on them you do call
leaves us in sadness
But we welcome you back with the springtime in gladness.

How plump you do look in your bright scarlet vest:
You are welcome to trip o'er our lawn as our guest;
Bring the bluebird along; then with song we'll be blest,
We'll join in the chorus,
For we're glad to get quit of that old tyrant, Boreas.

CARNEGIE'S LIBRARY.

Ladies and gentlemen, and Scotch folk a'
I bit you welcome to Carnegie's new ha'
'Tis proper the opening should on Scotchmen fa'
 In memory of Carnegie.
Whose gift has made our city braw.
 We thank him and his lady.

This library is a beautiful spot.
A worthy gift from a wealthy Scot.
Some may cavil and say it's not,
 But here it stands
Filled with treasures ne'er forgot,
 Gather from every land.

'Tis sweet to have some quiet spot
Where we may lay our heavy lot,
And refresh the mind which dieth not,
 With thoughts sublime.
Let the world roll on and be forgot;
 Inrich the mind.

We're a' John Tamson's bairns the night,
And 21 years have taken their flight
Since first we sang wi' all our might
 "Ye Banks and Braes,"
And the reeking haggis was a sight
 Tha' by-gane days.

Then here's to auld St. Andrew's day,
Its first meeting in this library,
And "Auld Lang Syne" and "Scots Wha' Ha'"
 We'll sing wi' power,
May this be treasured in our memories
 Till life's last hour.

THE HEATHER.

Then hurrah for the heather, the glorious Scotch heather,
The heather base foot of invader ne'er trod.
May her bright scarlet bell bind us closer together
And wave o'er our graves when our spirits with God.
Thy very name, Scotland, sends a thrill through my heart,
Thy mountains and glens and sea-girded shores,
How sorry that fate has designed us to part
And the land that we love we may see it no more.
I watched thee recede through the mist out of sight,
As I leaned o'er the tremulous vessel's dark side;
At that gloaming hour round our hearthstane bright,
Glad faces had gathered with joy and delight.
Scattered are these dear ones, separate ways they took,
None are left now to gladden that hallowed spot,
The hearthstone bridgeth the babbling brook,
And the green braken waves in the roofless cot.

"VISCOUNTESS OF FOLKSTONE" ROSE.

Yes, I've buried my nose 'mongst thy pink-white leaves,
And drank in those joys thy pure spirit breathes,
Those delicate tints 'twixt the lily and rose,
And the sweet fragrance from thy beauty that flows,
Making life's journey sweeter, it fills up my cup
With God's natural beauties, and life's nectar we sup.
Dost thou know thou hast tints that give joy to the eye
That the wayfarer, though weary, cannot pass thee by,
And cheered by thy smile and thy silent good morn,
Goes refreshed on life's journey through sunshine and storm?
'Tis kind of our Father to strew flowers in our path
To gladden and cheer us, for life's problem hath
Its distributing perplexities, but our souls feel glad
With the fresh young impulse of spring, although sad
That the winter of beauty and fragrance must come
And the delicate tints of the "Viscountess" be gone.
Thou hast filled my room with thy fragrant breath,
And hath smiled in their sweetness e'en after death.

WELCOME TO SCOTCH CURLERS.

Did you see the lads march through our toon,
Wi' the Kilmarnock bonnets on the tap o' their croon,
And the curler's badge, the immortal broom,
They carry o'er their shoulders in the morning.

Chorus—

Then it's hark to the skirl o' the curler's stane,
As it sweeps to the tee in the roarin' game;
"Soop 'er up! Soop 'er up!" is the cry that came
Fra the rink in the frosty morning.

They have come wi' their stanes fra auld Scotland,
To test their skill in a foreign strand.
Let us a' see the game for the sight will be gran'
At the rink on a frosty morning.

It's no' the brim o' the Cowden Knows,
That nods o'er the lea wi' its gowden flowers,
That sooped up the stane when the snowy showers,
Had drifted o'er the Lochey in the morning.

The brim that their stout fore-fathers knew,
Wi' its tassels and its pods on the hillside grew,
That sooped up the stane as it screaming flew
To the tee in the frosty morning.

You're welcome to our toon wi' your curling stanes,
For Scotland's bard has heralded your fame.
The brawny Windsor lads will meet you at the game
And our lassies will a' cheer you in the morning.

Then it's hark to the skirl o' the curler's stane,
As it speeds to the tee in the roarin' game;
"Soop 'er up! soop 'er up!" is the cry that came
Frae the rink in the frosty morning.

THE DAY WE CELEBRATE.

We a' meet here to taste the good cheer,
But some may wish to gang back,
To the loved ones at hame from which they came
To sit in the fire neuck and crack.

But some hae been tane to their kirkyard hame,
And left some to sorrow behind,
And the salt tear shed for their loved ones dead,
May have altered the face of their kin.

But the houghs are all there, and the heathery knows,
And the burn dances o'er its auld bed.
And the mavis sings and the laverlock flings
Its love note far over our head.

If you come back alane to your Canadian hame
You may hae a big lump in your throat,
That may draw the sad tears when naebudy's near,
As you think o' the bonny little cot.

TO DONALD CAMERON, ESQ.

Scotland, I love thy brakened knows,
Thy sunny newks where the hare bell grows,
And the fox glove keeking o'er the dyke,
Wi' her pink-white bells a' dangling bright,
And the golden tassels o' the brim
Nods o'er the burnies dimpled linn;
And the hawthorne wi' her starlike een
Breathes fragrance midst the wood so green.
They're Nature's children every one,
Dancing to the music of the burn.
And the laverock's song fra the eternal blue
Comes to my soul a benediction new.
St. Andrew's day brings back those scenes

That are only a memory now in dreams.
"Yes, Donald, it's twenty-one years and mare,
Since as president you filled the chair
Of our first St. Andrew Scottish meeting.
Since then each day we've had our greeting;
And your heather fra' the Ochill hills,
Wi' its scarlet bell our button hole fills,
And your memory is still revered,
Thou age has marked us bold and seared.
Many sleep beneath the gowaned sod
'Till the last trumpet of a loving God
Calls them forth from their silent tomb
To reward them with a golden croon.
We miss you at the sacrament time,
You used to pass the bread and wine,
And your kindly ways did well accord
As you bore the vessels of the Lord.
You see my heart is in Scotland still,
I would like to sleep on a sun-kissed hill,
Near the quiet spot that gave me birth.
To me there is no place on mother earth
So near to heaven, as the martyr's hill
Where they prayed and watched, and my bosom thrills
With pride when I think of their heroic stand
Which has immortalized old Scotland.
Chief Justice "Sandy" gives justice still,
And Gow an honored place doth fill,
When Collin sings we all feel glad,
And we get doggerel still fra' rhyming Rab.

TO MY GRAND-DAUGHTER LAURA.

You have come in the spring,
When the blue birds do sing,
And the lammies are dancing their jig on the lea.
When the robin is chirping
With his mate he is flirting
On the moss-covered bow of the old apple tree.

They say that your eyes
Have the blue of the skies,
When the bright April sun the high zenith hath kissed.
And your hair will be fair
With a golden tint rare,
Like Autumn's rich sunset on the lake's heaving breast.

They have called your name Laura,
You're a hand-maid to Flora,
The goddess of flowers who delights us in spring.
May your maid's life be blameless
Your character stainless,
And your voice be atune the Lord's songs for to sing.

The chestnut tree stood
On our farm in the wood,
In the fifth range of Orford, on lot number ten.
This bureau for thee
Was made from that tree,
For thy grand-father meant it for Laura, you ken.

THE FOUR-LEAFED CLOVER.

'Twas a four-leafed clover, green from nature's painting,
But crushed 'twixt the leaves of my favorite book;
A book I had lent to a friend who was fainting
With pain, more than her courage could brook.

"Where didst thou grow, my crushed friend?" I asked,
I have sought for thee often but never could find,
Did thy banners unfurl as 'neath sunshine thou basked,
Or float in the breath of the midnight wind?

"Did the dappled breast of the laverock ere press thee,
As she hears the love song of her mate from the blue?
Did the bee or the butterfly ever caress thee
And wipe from thy brow sweet morning dew?"

“What magic dwells in the fourth leaf, I wonder,
That thy lucky finder is gifted and blessed,
With fortune and favors which make them the founders
Of honors and wealth which the gods have possessed?”

“Didst thou hear the musical streamlets meander,
And list to the robin’s and wren’s merry song,
Was thy soul ever stirred with devotion and wonder
Of God’s mighty creation to which we belong?”

“I can’t hear thee sing; thou must join the glad chorus,
The good Father gave all creation a voice.
You are small and weak, but your song may be glorious,
Reaching God’s ear, while all earth doth rejoice.

“I am sorry to crush you again twixt the covers,
But a kind gentle hand laid thee down there to rest,
I wish thou wert laughing amidst thy old lovers
Or sleeping beside them on mother earth’s breast.

THE SONG OF CANADA.

Ye hardy sons of Canada
Come join me in my simple lay,
We’ll sing of Independence Day,
Our flag of liberty.

Is there a sneaking, coward son
Of Canada, who would not come
At sound of bugle and of drum
To test his loyalty?

Great Britain has been kind and true,
Has guarded us when we were few,
And told us when in strength we grew,
She’d grant us liberty.
Then throw aside these apron strings,
Stand for your rights, we’ll serve no kings,
A nation be with outspread wings of broad democracy.

Our heritage is boundless land
For both the oceans kiss our strand;
Our lakes are inland seas so grand
The world hath never seen.
Then throw to the breeze our banner free,
The dark green leaf of the maple tree,
With beaver, type of indutry,
The pledge of peace and home.

Then why stand shivering on the brink?
Some, make the plunge, we'll swim, not sink;
It will be glorious then to think
We're a nation strong and free,
Then here's to independence: When
Corruption's stream we soon can stem,
Our fireside then will be a gem of health and purity.

ST. ANDREW'S GREETING.

Windsor sends her greeting
To your St. Andrew's meeting.
Though life be short and fleeting,
Dull care we will ignore.

We wish you joy and gladness,
We'el banish sighs and sadness,
We'el sing and dance like madness
As oft we'e done before.

Why should we be repining,
When ~~we~~^{on} haggis we are dining,
And our loving arms entwining
The girl whom we adore.

We'el loop and dance the Heilan' Fling,
And the "Days of Auld Lang Syne" we'el sing
'Till rife and rafter 'a doth ring
And shakes the very floor.

Harken to the bagpipe's skirling,
When lads and lassies round are whirling,
And John Tamson's bairns their bawbees birling
On this his natal day.

We'el dance the guid auld Scottish reel,
Although our joints a wee stiff feel,
We'el fling rheumatics to the d'iel,
And sing loud "Scots Wha Ha."

THE WHEEL.

Our lassies all have a wheel to ride
And a silver chain adorns its side,
They sit upon't with stately pride
Worthy of a better cause.
They'll no' walk, noo, na they must ride
And defy dame nature's law.

'Tis no' the wheel their mothers span
When winter nights were cold and lang,
With its happy, crooning, cherry sang
O' hamemade clase,
While the goodman's stocking needles rang
In rythmic lays.

That wheel the shepherd's plaide had span
Which rap't him round and kept him warm,
On the bleak hillside by the haunted tarn
He watched his sheep.
He thanked the wheel and that strong right arm
As he faced the sleet.

Our mother's aye were unca thrang
And heard the laverocks early sang
When crummy with distilled gowans came
The coge to fill,
While the clarion notes of the rooster rang
O'er glen and hill.

Oft in the Sabbath morn they trod
With fresh bare feet to the house of God,
With springy steps fra the gowaned sod
They brushed the dew,
Till near the kirk by the shady road
They laced their shoe.

The collie lies on the wash hearth stane,
And blinks at the peat fire's cherry flame,
The cheaty to the weary plowman came
Wi' her purring sang.
While peace and joy and a happy hame
Their lives adorn.

But our lassies ride the modern wheel
Wi' thoughtless care they never feel
Their father's debts upon him steal
While their ribbons flee.
They pass him by, nor a glance they steal
Though bowed by seventy-three.

LINES ON LATE PIPER MACKENZIE.

The sound of his pipes is now hushed at our meeting,
His firm, measured tread, we can hear it no more.
We always felt glad at the sound of his greeting,
It brought us aye back to Loch Fyne's rocky shore.

O, the pibroch, the pibroch,
That stirs the Scotch blood,
The pibroch that echoes o'er mountain and flood
Where was thy wail, as in silence we stood
And mourned round the grave of Mackenzie.

He loved these pipes with a fond adoration,
They proved to be food for his musical soul.
They seemed to inspire a strange animation,
Which o'er his whole being like magic soon stole.

How sweetly he played the pibroch o' Donald Dhu,
Its weird, plaintive strains used to fill up our hall.
His step kept the time, o'er his shoulders the ribbons flew,
With his kilt, and his hose, and his sporran and a'.

Why were you left alone then to fight with death,
With no kindly hand near to smooth thy pained brow,
Without a friend near thee to list to thy parting breath?
We know not the mystery of dying just now.

St. Andrew's mourn for the loss of its piper;
The wild martial strains, we shall hear them no more.
Macgregor's wild gathering, aye used to delight her,
So Roderick Mackenzie's death we deplore.

SINCE LAST WE MET.

Read at the opening of St. Andrew's society.

Spring's sweet young face and summer's tears and smiles
Have wooed the beauteous flowers in woodland fair,
And autumn's lavish gifts of fruit and grain
Have heaped up winter's lap with bounties rare,
Since last we met.

Again we're spared fraternal love to taste,
And pleasures of the head and heart enjoy,
May spirits of the bards with us commune,
And verse and song and tale bear no alloy.

May we each night be drawn to higher plane,
Where kindred souls in holy gladness meet,
And tread again that deeply hallowed ground,
Where heart is joined to heart in converse sweet.

May poetry and song be wedded—beauteous pair—
And thrill our souls with harmony divine;
May song and story stir our Scottish blood,
As they have done in days of auld lang syne.

And may these classic precincts ring again
 To stirring strains of our loved Scottish song,
 Thus wafting us once more to howes and knowes
 And heathery braes that we have played among.
 Since last we sang heart-stirring "Auld Lang Syne,"
 And joined in friendly clasp a hand with hand,
 The mother thrush has reared her tender young
 And heid her to a warmer, southern land.
 The busy bee has filled her honied cups
 With nectar culled from sun-kissed flowers;
 The lammie on the gowan'd lea has frisked
 Throughout the tender, dewy morning hours;
 And Mother Earth has yielded choicest gifts
 Of bud, leaf, blossom, grain and golden stook;
 The liltin' burnie o'er its pebbly bed
 Has danced, or gaily smile in sylvan nook.
 Some of our well-loved friends have passed the flood,
 All in fullness of a ripe old age;
 Each, typical of Scotland's hardy sons
 His role did play well on this life's rough stage.
 And here I would beseech you, one and all
 My brother friends of noble Scottish birth,
 To faithfully perform the lot assigned
 By the great Diety on this green earth.
 Some year, some month, some day, some fateful night,
 For each now present with me in this hall,
 A vacant echair will surely have to stand,
 The young among us may—the old **must**—fall.

ST. ANDREW'S DAY IN THE EVENING.

It was upon St. Anderw's day
 That the bonny Scotch lads a' dressed in array
 With their Tam o' Shanter bonnets, and their heather sprig
 so gay,
 Met to hold St. Andrew's in the evening.

A
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Chorus:

And Mackenzie's pipes they geid a scirl
Till roof and rafter a' did dirl,
And the bonnie Scotch laddies made their bawbees birl
On St. Andrew's day in the evening.

There was Kirkland, the tory, fra Paisley, Chapeside, *R B Kirkland*
And tall Robin the grit, fra' the bonnie river Clyde, *R B Hume*
And Jamie fra the custom house, a' sitting side by side, *Jas Ford*
On St. Andrew's day in the evening.

There was Colin Macdonald of musical fame,
And Andrew Braid, deserving poet to his name,
And Robin Sutherland the honest lawyer came
To hold St. Andrew's in the evening.

There was Chief Justice Sandy fra' bonnie Aberdeen, *Alas Barlet*
A. M. Stewart in his kilts could be seen,
And bold Major Barlet, would ha' dazzled your een,
On St. Andrew's day in the evening.

There were Thomas D. Niven, and Editor McNee,
Cluny Macpherson, though they ne'er could agree,
And J. H. Kenning whom we're always glad to see
On St. Andrew's day in the evening.

We had champet potatoes, and a roasted turkey cock,
There were bannocks baked wi' butter, and the hind leg o'
a stot,
There was shortbread and treacle, and Haggis steaming hot,
On St. Andrew's day in the evening.

TO MY DAUGHTER GRACE.

Although three-score years and fourteen I be,
My heart beats warm with love to thee,
For the kindly light of your nut-brown ee
Was aye sa' sweet
It lingers yet in my memory and makes me greet.

I was glad to get your kindly greeting,
For the years of my life are fastly fleeting;
But I hope to have a loving meeting,
 My ain dear Grace;
And that gift from God I'm always seeking—
 To see thy face.

You made us glad with your love and song;
Our home on the farm you did adorn.
Those musical years are fled and gone,
 And the voices hushed.
Still their echoes to my soul are borne,
 With loving trust.

I love to look on your well-known face,
That adorns our room, my ain dear Grace.
You never grow old or common-placed
 In your father's mind
For your manners were aye so full o' grace,
 And your welcome kind.

OUR WEDDED LIFE.

Our youthful life is gane, Jeanie,
 Our youthful life is gane.
Those pleasant hours mongst youth's spring flowers
 Hath left us nearing hame.
But hand in hand we've traveled lang
Since we left the auld hearth-stone.

The auld kirk-yard is fou, Jeanie,
 The auld kirk-yard is fou.
There's hardly room to lay us doon beneath the spreading yew.
Our fore-bears there are laid with care
 There's na room for me and you.

Our wedded life's been lang, Jeanie,
Our wedded life's been lang
Near sixty years midst joys and fears
You left the West Glen farm.
To come with me my bride to be
Through sunshine, storm and calm.

I've never seen your frown, Jeanie,
I've never seen your frown,
Though sorely tried, what ere betide
Your smile aye lived it down.
Our toils were sweet, we the sun did greet
In the fresh and dewy morn.

Ye have been faithful unto death, Jeanie,
Ye have been faithful unto death.
What ere betide when by your side
I've felt a healing breath.
A religious calm, like a healing balm
Seemed to sanctify us bath.

Your family loves you weel, Jeanie,
Your family loves you weel.
Your six fine sons with joy aye comes
And to their mother steals.
Her kindly kiss they never miss
And her prayerful bliss to feel.

But what shall I say of your girls, Jeanie,
What shall I say of your girls.
That never a cloud came your joy to shroud,
And never a breath of quarrels.
Both Jeanie and Grace adore your kind face,
And the standard of love unfurls.

THE ROBIN'S NEST.

How soft and warm to the touch of hand,
Is the robin's cup-like nest;
On the maple tree so cosily
And safe it seems to rest.

Strange magic thrills through my brain distills
At the touch of these spotted eggs;
That so closely lay 'mongst the scented hay,
That the nest so warmly beds.

When a barefoot boy with what exquisite joy
I sought out their sylvan retreat.
Their nest on the tree was as sacred to me
As the washing of Jesus' feet.

With miser's care I would oftimes repair
To visit these treasured nests,
And my footsteps rare would erase with care,
Where they the leaves had pressed.

With loving care the young birds rare
I would watch as they cosily lay
In their strange built nest, till their feathered crest
Proclaimed their power to fly.

It gave me sad pain when a Bad Boy came
And destroyed my sweetest pleasure
And the minor wail of the parents fail
To restore their pilfered treasure.

TO MY YOUNGEST DAUGHTER, JEANIE

You were the youngest of eleven and the fairest.
Your form was moulded in the classic shape divine.
Your hair was massive, with that tint the rarest—
Of the golden sunset at the eve's decline.

Your face reflected a sweet serenity of soul.
Seeming always ready to break into smile or song.
Often a kindly sympathy over the features stole,
When news of want or sorrow the tale prolong.

God seemed to have sent you to guard an aged pair.
The child of our age and the apple of our eye.
Your voice was musical as your face was fair.
You sang those old Scotch songs that never die.

Dull the evening of our life would have been—
For three-score years bring pains and fewer joys—
May God protect you through life's varied scenes,
Leading you to that sweeter home without alloys.

THE ROBIN.

'Tis sweet to watch in the early dawn
The robin tripping o'er our lawn,
In his pretty fluffy scarlet vest,
Gathering twigs to build his nest.

The sheltering arms of the dark pine trees
Surround our lawn so cosily.
And the roses nod in the morning light;
Their fragrance gives the soul delight.

'Tis sweet to hear in the early May
The robin tune his welcome lay.
Cheering his loving mate at rest
Hatching eggs in their downy nest.

We're glad to see the young birds fly
Full-feathered, and the boys defy.
Adding their song to the parent lay,
Who have watched and fed them night and day.

God sends us pleasures as well as pains
'Mid tears and smiles our life sustains
With hope of future joy and bliss,
That points us to the heavenly rest.

FAREWELL.

Be kind to Brother Lambie,
And to Chief Justice Sandy;
May Coventry hae brandy,

To kill the microbes, Ah?
I'll think of Gow and Rorie,
And Gibson in his glory,
Spouting the tale of Dora,
When I am far away.

*Ja. Lambie
Alex. Bartlett, P. M.
St. Coventry*

*John R. Rouse
John Gibson
Jenny's Dora*

For Lambie has poetic skill,
And Sandy deals out justice still,
Both elder's seats in the church do fill
With honest pride.

John Coventry doles out doctor's pills
And the microbe he is bound to kill,
Our drinks he would them a' distil
What ere betide.

Gow, with that Walter Scot-like head—
The inland revenue doth him feed—
Both prose and poetry he doth read
With judgment clear.
Rorie he doth the mails divide,
On the Grand Trunk railway he doth ride
Long service is his boast and pride
These twenty years.

Gibson's gift is the "Light Brigade"—
That gallant charge will never fade—
On the Russian guns they drew their blade
With vigor grand.
They're a' getting old like to mysel'
Wh' all kick the bucket nane can tell.
On the promise, "He doth all things well,"
We'll take our stand.

CANADA'S ANTHEM.

God bless our Canada,
Our lovely Canada,
Make her thine own.

May we all bow the knee
With reverence unto thee,
With thanks for liberty,
And peace and home.

Cursed be that coward knave,
Who would this land enslave
To despots' sway.

May he with Judas go,
Nor woman's love e'er know.
May peace like rivers flow;
Be faith our sway.

Our lakes are inland seas;
Our mountains kiss the breeze,
Towering the skies.

Our land from shore to shore,
Hears both oceans' mighty roar,
Our sons thy name adore,
Great God on high.

LAMENT OF THE HAGGIS.

Where is our Haggis gone?

Echo answers where.

Has it ever from our table flown?

I know not, I declare.

It used to grace our festive board,

And smile upon us like a lord.

Its absence we can ill afford.

'Twas glorious Scottish fare.

Where's the gladsome glow on Sandy's face?

Echo answers where.

When Chaplain Tolmie said the grace,

'Tis gone I do declare.

He failed to see the Haggis hot,

From Mrs. Stuart's kitchen pot,

And with anxious eye surveyed the spot

But the Haggis is not there.

Where's Gibson with his classic brow?

Echo answers where.

With Colin's song, and speech from Gow,

They're silent I declare.

They mourn this sad St. Andrew's day,

That sees such Scotch degeneracy;

And croon a minor, plaintive lay

And breathe a silent prayer.

Where's Mackenzie's pipes and Donald Grieves?

Echo answers where.

Their absences a vacuum leave;

We miss them I declare.

We used to march the table round;

Our stalwart tread it shook the ground,

The Haggis then our table crowned

And our songs did fill the air.

THE SONG OF THE QUARTETTE.

Come all ye jolly voters of Windsor's bonnie toon.

Our numerous would-be mayors are getting up a boom,

For the civic elections are coming off soon,

And they're hustling for the office in the morning.

There is J. H. McConnell, as full of wind's a bladder,

You can see him walk the street with a self-conceited swagger,

He's a knight of the thimble and buttonholes each beggar

To vote for the tailor in the morning.

There is Alex. Laforge, a handsome "Parler Vue,"
He's a stalwart Independent, and hates Great Britain, too,
He has all "on the run," and he'll chase the town hall crew
From their warm and cosy nests in the morning.

Like the clown in the circus as he leaps into the ring,
Crying "Here we are again," Drake his gauntlet down will
fling,
And dare each man to lift it, his battle cry will ring
Through Windsor, to elect him on the morning.

Then there's Smyth, who belongs to the silken-hose brigade,
He thinks he is the stuff of which mayors should be made.
He's a wealthy merchant prince, and casts the tailor in the
shade
With his needle-pricked fingers, in the morning.

Now, McConnell he was born away in County Down,
And Laforge is a Frenchman of very high renown,
Drake, you know, is famous from a fine old English town,
But Smyth came from a warm bed in the morning.

Now the "cutting" McConnell thinks to set the pace,
And Laforge has the whip hand of any in the race,
But the famous navigator the civic honor may grace,
While Smyth may get the chair on election morning.

GREETINGS FOR THE ST. ANDREW'S SOCIETY.

Though November winds blow loud and cauld,
When St. Andrew's day comes round;
And the lifeless woods are sear and bald,
And the burn has a mournful sound;
We like to meet with a brother Scot,
And shake his warm right hand,
And wish that joy may be his lot
In this our adopted land.

There's nae haggis noo, Jock, there's nae haggis noo,
We used to scart the porritch pat,
And lick the spirtle too.

Those days are gane, we'er nearing hame,
And will fade like the morning dew.
But St. Andrew's day finds us blithe and gay,
Though we'er growing auld and unco grey.

Scotland, I love thy braken knows,
The sunny nooks where the harebell grows;
And the foxglove keeking over the dyke,
Wi' his scarlet bells all dangling bright;
When the laverocks song fra the eternal blue
Comes a benediction to my soul anew.
St. Andrew's day revives those scenes,
Which are only a memory now in dreams.

Three cheers for bonnie Scotland,
Our auld, braw, sonsie mother.
Though sundered wide by Atlantic's tide
Our sons like to foregather
On auld St. Andrew's day,
Wi' a bunch o' Donald Cameron's heather,
Frae off the Ochil brae.

I wish St. Andrew had been born
Upon an April's sunny morn,
When all the winter's snow had gone,
And dew drops tipped the growing corn,
When springtime flowers the woods adorn.
I hate November so forlorn.

We're round again to St. Andrew's day.
And may the Lord be thankit.
We've warstled sare up life's stey drae,
With courage yet undaunted.
Sae rax your hand oot o'er the burn—
We're fidgin' fain to shake it.
And for each natal day's return,
We fondly antedate it.

We've crossed the threshold of the 20th century
And stand on its warm hearth stane;
And the twa thousand years of our saint's anniversary
Windsor sends greeting to Toronto again.
We are twenty years auld on St. Andrew's day,
So you see we are warstling weel up the brae.
Ye have sixty-five nicks in your horn, ye say,—
Our bonnets we doff in respect
Your braw charter members are a' wede awa',
And we trust they're among the elect.

St. Andrew's day brings gloomy weather;
But that's the night we all foregather.
Wi' a sprig o' Scotland's purple heather
In our button hole,
And a wee drop whiskey that makes us blether
And act sa' droll.

We send greetings to our London Scotch brothers,
Who dwell on the banks of the Thames.
Our absence from home does not sever—
The wish to return still remains.
St. Andrew's day brings back those scenes
Fresh pictured on the brain,
Of the glens and the knows and the streams
We may never revisit again.

When guid St. Andrew's day comes roon
We'll raise oor voice, a sang we'll croon,
May auld Nick take the Scottish loon
Wha winna jofu' sing.
Sae this night a' your sorrows droon
And care ahint ye fling.

I wonder if St. Andrew kens
We blether doggerel tae oor friens
On his natal day—which often ends
Wi' a social dram—
When honest, cheerful friendship blends
In auld Scotch sang.

The Windsor saints wi' joy send doon,
 To greet the saints in Brandford toon,
 We'll pray auld Nick may not come roon
 And claim you his.
 We hope he'll in the river droon—
 We'll hear the "bizz."

Boarder lads are here in style,
 And loons frae Aberdeen,
 Wi' sons o' Embro' and Argyle
 And many a toon atween.
 Ilk thinks o' his ain native biel
 When for a toast we ca'
 But Lowland cot or Highland shiel
 'Tis "Scotland" wi' us a'.

May God preserve us fra the de'il,
 And make us loe ilk brother weel,
 And be to oor Scotch mither leal
 In her auld days.
 She used to hap us warm and weel
 And croon Scotch lays.

The Windsor cullants a' combine
 To wish ye health and a rale good time.
 And may ye aye keep well in mind
 St. Andrew's day and auld lang syne.

MSTERY.

Out of the mysterious silence,
 We step on the stage of life.
 And mid smiles and tears
 And joys and fears,
 We battle in the strife.
 'Till the curtain falls
 Then back the mysterious silence calls.
 Mystery, mystery, all is mystery.

THANKFULNESS.

I thank you for your gift, Jamie.
Of that cheese I can scarcely lift, Jamie.
It was a glorious sight,
It's half-min our board adorns.

James Gow

I wonder where those gowans grew,
That were drooked in the morning dew,
And were laughing when the day was new,
 In the glory of the morn.

But crummie was a careful coo,
And she cropped those gowans wet with dew,
Then she layed her down her cud to chew,
 Beneath the hawthorn's shade.

For she had that night the coag to fill,
Wi' distilled gowans fra the hill,
Of the grasses sweet she ate her fill,
 Then dandered up the glade.

Little those laughing gowans knew,
On that sunny morn, before the coo
Had gathred them into her ample moo
 That their flowery race was run.

They were needed to complete that cheese,
They gave their life our taste to please;
We thank them not, but loll at ease,
 Careless of their setting sun.

All their duties have been done,
They have gathered from the morning sun,
Those subtle essences that come
 From his life-giving rays.

So your generous gift of cheese,
Contains the sunshine and the breeze,
And the robin's song in the trees,
 All met to prolong our days.

WELCOME TO THE BRITISH BOWLERS.

You are welcome to Canada, sons of Great Britain,
Be your mottos the Shamrock, the Thistle or Rose.
There's room 'neath the Union Jack for a hearty greeting
For the blood of British sires through our arteries flow.

Yes, Canadians hail you as patriots and brothers,
Fresh from the mountains we still call our home.
Of those hillsides and glens we are still ardent lovers,
They linger in memory though afar we may roam.

This Dominion now stretches from ocean to ocean,
Bound, three thousand miles, with a ribbon of steel;
We are glad to hail our king with devotion,
And give Walker and Sons the thanks that we feel.

OUR MUTUAL FRIEND.

Yes, Donald, I've fulfilled your request,
To read to James Gow that weird story,
Of Father Allan with Munro as his guest
When the priest saw God's power and his glory.

Our mutual friend James was thankful to find
That a Cameron's heart is aye true;
And although his affliction has left him most blind,
His soul has a longing for you.

When the sun in the east has dried up the dew,
And nature's face looks fresh and fair,
With staff in hand, and his dog that is true,
He drinks in the fresh morning air.

Although the flowers from his natural eyes are now hidden,
And God's glorious firmament he may never see,
His soul retrospective, at a kind Father's bidding
Is ablaze with the memory of lake, stream and tree.

And the immortal songs of the poets that's sleeping
Are treasured in the massive dome of his brain,
We are glad to hail brother Gow with a greeting
And hope for reunion free from sorrow and pain.

TO MY GRAND DAUGHTER GRACE.

The scribbling is done and the packing begun,
And our bright handsome scholar we may no more see,
Her tall, slender form in the fresh dewy morn,
As she smiles with kind light in her bonnie blue ee.

She is fresh and complete from her crown to her feet,
She is good as she's fair, and pure as she's bonnie.
We'll miss her, no doubt, for she comes in and out,
And is hearty and happy and pleasant to onny.

We don't grudge you your girl, though our hearts give a durl,
For we've learned to be fond of the lass;
But we're both getting old, being white-haired and bald.
And our journey through life is near past.

May God bless you both, to part we are loath,
But we can go with you no further.
Be kind to each other, and remember grandmother
And pray for your loving grandfather.

AN AUTUMN IDYL.

Have you heard Drake's Jackass bray?
Wee-haw! wee-haw! wee-haw!
When the tortured neighbors pray
That this ass might pass away—
"Kick the bucket," they would say.
Yes, and do it right away.
But hear him sing,
And see him fling.
Wee-haw! wee-haw! wee-haw!

When the growing dawn of morn,
And the sunbeams rich adorn,
The merry, gladsome day that's born

For husbanding the precious corn,
Him we hear with angry scorn,
 But hear him sing,
 And see him fling.
Wee-haw! wee-haw! wee-haw!

At our noon hour's quiet rest,
With our head on Morpheus' breast,
When we feel we'er more than blest,
And we trust he will desist,
When sweet sleep our eyelids kissed—
 Then hear him sing,
 And see him fling,
Wee-haw! wee-haw! wee-haw!

At the peaceful hour of eve,
When there's rest for every leave,
And the neighbors cease to grieve,
For they hopefully believe
That this ass has taken leave.
 Then hear him sing,
 And see him fling.
Wee-haw! wee-haw! wee-haw!

I always knew that Brother Drake,
Was a gentleman up to date,
And sorrowful we are that fate
In a miserable ass' shape,
Should keep our suffering town awake.
 But hear him sing,
 And see him fling,
Wee-haw! wee-haw! wee-haw!

TO BROTHER LAMBIE.

My good friend Jamie, but ye'er catching it noo
A vile brother Scot, he is after you,
With doggerel verse, that's no' very true
In the Record's columns, in the morning.

CHORUS.

And faith, but I find I am fidgin' fain,
To thrash weel his back wi' my walking cane;
Or kick wi' my feet his dorsal extreme,
When I meet wi' him in the morning.

Your poetry had aye a religious strain;
Your life's consistant, your morals the same;
Your hand has been open when the hungry came
To your door on a frosty morning.

You're kent to be honest in Windsor toon,
Your worth is respected the country roon
When your work is done you will wear the croon
Of a righteous man in the morning.

And what of those "crocodile" tears that fell
From that hypocrite Scot—I'm ashamed to tell.
He deserves no' the name that we a' love so well,
O' a brother an' a frien', in the morning.

Go on, brother Lambie, wi' your kindly muse,
We love no' the man who can only abuse
The sympathetic words, ye sa kindly use,
'Bout your dear, dead friend, in the morning.

REGRET FOR MR. LAMBIE.

You waited long in the vestibule before the golden gate was
open flung,
When the chorus of the redeemed through the heavenly
arches rung.
And that burst of holy harmony the glorified spirits sung;
Filled your ransomed soul with gladness, your welcome was
so grand.

You had fought for breath and life, through the long day
and night.

Your body weak with pain, and your spirit tired with fight.
Was your faith and hope of heaven always burning bright,
Through all that pain and anguish ere your spirit took its
flight?

I would like to know if the angels visited your bed of pain;
If they fanned your fevered brow and spoke comfort to your
brain;

Did the spirit of your loved Jesus make the path you trod
more plain,
And the faith in that old, old story always to your comfort
come?

Was your spirit with us on Sabbath, when your body lay
so still;

It was borne on a car to the altar, that sacred place to fill;
I sat in my pew in sadness, for your loving heart was still;
My friend had left me lonely as we neared the foot of life's
hill.

On religious thought and topics we agreed to disagree;
You had more unreasoning faith than always suited me.
You would laugh at my God in nature—now the naked truth
you see;

You have solved that mystic problem. To be, or not to be.

THE SUNFLOWER.

Let friend Lusted boast of his roses,
Scarlet poppies and sweet little posies;
His pansies, climatus, petunias and all;
If beauty you want to see
Wedded with majesty,
Step up Campbell avenue and give Barr a call.

It's Oscar Wilde's stately flower,
That grows in my leafy bower;
But bless you how tall and how grand.
With its large laughing eye
It looks down from on high,
And cries: "Ha! Ha! I am king of the land."

"I have sprung from no plebian seed planted for mankind's
need,
To be picked up by miserable hens in the fall.
I was dropped from the sun, you know,
Just two short months ago,
And look how I've grown so graceful and tall."

"When Mondays come round,
I know the parched ground,
Will be soaked well with suds, for it is washing day;
I know that my feet
Will be washed good and sweet.
And I laugh when the water around me does play."

"See, out by the roots I'm tore
To stand by the Record door,
To wither and die in the blaze of the sun;
'Twas a H-deserving crime
To desecrate this crown of mine,
And bring shame and disgrace on my children to come.

LOCHAR FALLS.

To the poet, Alexander McLachlan.

"Ye wanna gang hame, my poet frien',
For the hand of the spoiler's been there,
They cut the yew with their boughs so green,
And left its grand brow bare.

The hazel, the birk and the rowan tree
Are dangling yet o'er the burn:
The robin, the wren and the bumble bee,
Sing blithly, and wait your return.

The flowers you sang of so lovingly,
Glower out with their modest e'e,
And wonder, as closes the long summer day,
Where their old friend, the poet, can be.

They often look for the curious chiel,
Wha' speak to them aye wi' such glee;
They kent your step and your face sae weel,
And the glint o' your kndly e'e.

The burn hurries on in its mad, wild dance,
And louns o'er the rocks to the linn;
The sparkling trout, like the lightning's glance,
Darts neath the banks and the burnie's brim.

And all is glad in the springtime there,
'Round the lovely Lochar Burn;
The mavis sings in the gloaming fair,
The laverock hails the rising sun.

They heard that you sang o' some auld log house,
Surrounded by acres of swamp,
Wi' its biggins as poor as a parish church mouse,
And its weans fighting with ague and damp.

For shame on ye, Sandy, for shame
To spend your gifts on such miserable themes,
Come hame, man Sandy, come hame,
And dee 'mong yer Lochar Fa' friends.

Ah, you'll never come home, my poet frien',
For you've passed through the portals of death,
But your spirit may come and revisit the scenes
That you loved to your latest breath.

IVY LEAVES.

(By Alexander B. Barr.)

Ivy leaves, from thee we borrow,
Tokens both of joy and sorrow;
Clambering over wreck and ruin,
On the Christmas board bestrewing.
Dangling o'er a grave-yard porch,
Or garlanding the wassail torch.

Ivy leaves, how sad soever,
Are the thoughts your pensive quiver
Brings to hearts in sadd'ning places;
There are times when happy faces
'Neath your clustering foliage grow
Lovelier, as the mystic flow
Of love's young words, co-mingling, breathe,
In bowers your clambering tendrils weave.

Ivy leaves, my lattice tapping—
Come like gentle spirits rapping;
Calling forth the lost and loved
Shades, no ruder touch had moved;
And I see within my chamber,
Fairy forms which troop and clamber
Up the greenery of ladders—
Which thy roots like twisted adders
Spreadest up from ground to sill—
Ivy leaves, I love you still;
And I love to hear your tapping
On the pane, like spirits rapping.

Ivy leaves, there is a feeling,
Sorrow-laden, o'er me stealing,
As I see you creep and crawl.
Festooning rock, tree, bank and wall;
Rock o'erhanging pool or river,
Bubbling, wheeling, eddying ever.

Where on youthful poet mission
Bent, we hailed the ecstatic vision,
Which boyish wanderer by the stream
Of classic Helicon will dream;
Trees and banks in some far glade,
Where love an altar-place has made,
To burn sweet insense at her shrine,
Buried dead loves grow divine.
Grey walls, litched, old and battered,
Beneath whose shade green graves are scattered,
Graves which shroud familiar faces,
In teir clammy, cold embraces.

Ivy leaves, rock, tree and wall
Ye consecrate—I love you all.
Ivy leaves, the storied page—
Writ by romancer, poet, sage—
Is thickly strewn with evergreens,
Plucked from thy shoots, bedecking scenes
Of casteled grandeur in decay,
Of battered keep or covered way;
Even old Culpepper dotes on thee,
And notes they planets and degree.
But what thou canst not cure, I wean,
Thou well can shrowd in living green.
Books of romancer, poet, sage,
With ivy leaves I'll mark your page,
And find in after years the gem
Noting some terse apothegm.

Ivy leaves, some tittle-tattle,
Some small literary prattle,
Scraps which on memory's surface float.
Some stray fancying, too, I'll note.
Ambitious leaves, with morals strewn,
I cannot spread like Fanny Fern;
Fern leaves run to seed, and bear
Shoots immortality may wear;

Leaflets poor as you—no matter—
I've gathered, and can surely scatter.
"Go, poor fly," said Uncle Toby.
"There's room for all"—I'll mount my hobby.
Reader, a leaflet flung to thee
No harm can bring. 'Twill pleasure me.

BURRACHAN BURN.

(By A. B. Barr.)

O we'el I lae the burken shaw,
And we'el I lae the hazel glen,
And we'el I lae the simple stream,
The bonnie Burn o' Burrachan.

It rins beside that primrose ha'
Where stood my Jamie's humble hame,
It's rifless noo, he's far awa'
And I am left to mourn alane.

And maybe Jamie's in his grave,
We cannot tell his waeiful doom,
He sought a hame far 'yont the wave,
And wha kens but he found a tomb.

They fan him by the cool min light,
Alane with still and worm began,
To brew brops for his bridal night
Beside the burn o' Burrachan.

He left them and their cruel law,
He left his Jeanie, hame and a'.
A lanely lassie hae I been
Since Jamie, he has gane awa'.

ST. PETER'S WELL.

(By Alexander B. Barr.)

St. Peter's well was a holy well,
Sainted in days of old,
He has finished, long since, his vigil spell,
And sleeps in the churchyard mould.

CHORUS:

Then drink of the well with its sainted spell,
Though its magic power be fled.
The cruse is broken, the saint forgotten,
And the legend past and dead.

He had blessed the waters with virtues rare,
By bell, by mass and by rood,
And the legend tells, he who drinketh there
Has a spirit of matchless good.

And how weary soe'er his wanderings may be,
Through lands that are distant and wild,
The blessing shall bear him o'er mountain and sea,
To the place where he trod when a child.

Though grey be his beard and wrinkled his brow,
And weak be the steps of his age,
The spell of the saint, it matters not how,
Can his bitterest griefs assuage.

And bringing him back, whether rich or poor,
Whether vagabond, wise or gay,
Insures him a draught of water that's pure,
And a grave in the village clay.

TO THE SNOWDROP.

Oh, thou herald of brighter days to come,
Sweet emblem of the sunny beams,
Thy life's but short, and will soon be run,
Like by-past, happy, midnight dreams.

REPRODUCED BY THE ALBERTA

Nature has doomed thee to stand the winter's blast,
And in a wreath of snow oft times thy head appears;
The buzzing bee has never o'er thee passed
Nor yet the summer sun with smiles and tears.

Sometimes thou showeth thy drooping head
Around some ruined cottage bower,
While those that planted thee are dead.
But thou remaineth the same sweet flower.

Bloom on, bloom on thou bright wee gem
Beneath yon rugged hawthorn tree
Until the tide of time doth stem
The race appointed unto thee.

Then for a season thou doth lie,
In mother earth's warm, ample breast,
'Till the fresh young year, with sunny sky,
Calls thee forth from thy bed of rest.