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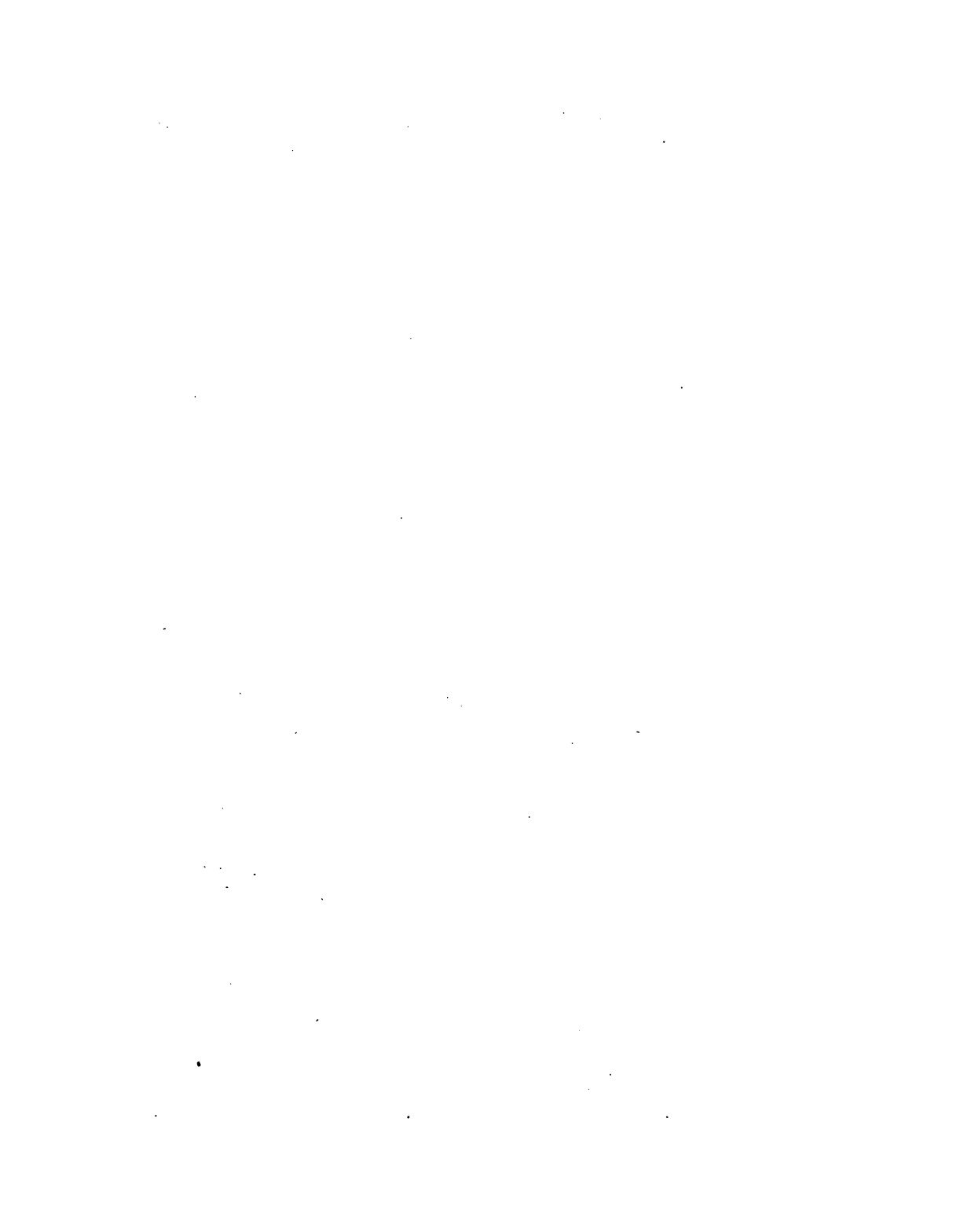
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CLYDESDALE POEMS.

BY

PETER CARMICHAEL,

STATIONMASTER, DOUGLAS.

SECOND EDITION.

Samifon:

W. NAISMITH, CAMPBELL STREET.

GLASGOW AND EDINBURGH: J. MENZIES & CO.

1885.

ANS2917

PRINTED BY W. NAISMITH,
"Advertiser" Office, Hamilton.

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P R E F A C E .

THE Author has for many years contributed to local periodicals, especially the *Hamilton Advertiser*, the following pieces, the writing of which were a solace and comfort to his mind. But for the Muse, existence would have been less enjoyable, some of the pieces being written amidst the distracting cares of a railway life, and many by the midnight lamp.

The author never contemplated the publication of his writings in book form till now, in his declining years, he has yielded to the solicitations of his friends to publish a few selections; and, should the small volume be appreciated and patronised by his railway compeers and the lovers of the Muse, he may shortly be induced to give another select volume to the literary world.

The author begs to say that it is not from ostentation or any desire to hold a place in the list of Scottish poets, for such has already been acknowledged without solicitation, but merely to advance so far as his ideal mind could grasp the great cause of unity and love,—being aware that narrow-minded critics may deride his views as not in keeping with the orthodoxy of the

present age, yet trusting that what may seem discordant may harmonise with the rapid development of mind in the coming reign of truth and love.

While conscious that many imperfections may be discovered, the author begs the sympathy of his patrons. He need not say that he was not educated at Oxford or Cambridge, but at a small village school, and at ten years of age had to labour for his daily bread, when, to complete what was considered the common standard of education, he attended evening classes for several years.

And now to his numerous subscribers he would tender his warmest thanks for their patronage, which will ever be remembered with gratitude.

PETER CARMICHAEL.

DOUGLAS, *April*, 1885.

CLYDESDALE POEMS.

Ode to Spring.

Farewell, cold winter's shivering blast !
Thy hail, and snow, and storms are past ;
In grateful tears the Hoar-frost King
Resigns his throne to balmy Spring ;
With tinselled robes and smiles so sweet,
The dew-drops twinkling at her feet,
She comes to gild the rainbow ring,
To kiss the flowers and bid them spring.

Hail, lovely Spring, in spangled sheen !
Thy breath has clothed the earth in green,
While from thy lap wild flowers are dressed
In bridal robes of nature's best.
The bleating lambs, glad when they saw
Thy sunbeams melt the drifted snaw,
Nae langer round their mothers cling,
But frisk and hail thee, welcome Spring.

The snowdrop blooms in virgin ray,
On verdant braes the lambkins play,
While o'er the linn the rainbow towers,
Then falls to earth in crystal showers.

The modest primrose wet wi' dew,
 Wi' gowans vie in varied hue,
 While cowslips sweet and lilies fair
 Wi' balmy fragrance scent the air.

The burnie wimple through the glade,
 O'erhung wi' birk and hazel shade,
 While o'er the bower, at twilight grey,
 The mavis sings his ev'ning lay.
 The time of singing birds has come,
 To cheer again our earthly home,
 And lark and linnet gaily sing
 To welcome thee, refulgent Spring.

And onward flits the humming bee
 From flower to flower and shrub and tree—
 Voluptuous wanderer, coated o'er
 With nectar for its luscious store.
 We see throughout God's wondrous plan
 The one great end—the good of man—
 Rich stores from earth, sea, air, and sky,
 His every sense to gratify.

To please the eye, flowers wreath his dwelling,
 Their sweet perfume exhales his smelling ;
 With corn and wine his heart to cheer,
 And songsters charm his ravished ear.
 Then man, thou lord of nature's bowers,
 O, nurse with care the new-born flowers,
 And join with nature's choir to sing
 Thy welcome to the radiant Spring.

•Who can deny that "Great First Cause"
 Of nature's universal laws,
 Who guides the world in whirling range,
 Whence day, and night, and seasons change.
 In Spring let buds be trained and bent,
 That Summer may with flowers be spent ;
 Then Autumn's fruit, well stored, will tend
 Our hoary years in peace to end.

Ode to Summer.

Simmer comes wi' cheering ray,
 Nursed on Spring's dissolving spray ;
 Fair Flora gently throwing
 Her robes o'er hill and dale.
 The hawthorn sae sweet an' gay,
 Scents the gladsome Simmer day ;
 And mildly the zephyrs fan
 The odours o'er the vale.

The rose, bathed in glist'ning dew,
 Greets the morn in blushing hue,
 Reminds me o' life's young ties,
 That noo are fled away.
 Wimplin' through the woodland bowers,
 Wreathed in lovely blooming flowers,
 The stream laves the balmy dell,
 An' cheers the Simmer day.

The lambs dot the verdant lea,
Sweetly hums the laden bee,
The gay linnet warbles o'er
The bonnie heather bells ;
The lark, poised in heaven's rays,
Cheers his mate in matin lays ;
An' sweetly the mavis sings
Among the leafy dells.

Hark ! from the shady grove
Sweet, melodious tales o' love,
Life, joy, an' beauty flit ;
In ev'ry twinklin' ray—
Beaming bright, the tinselled hills,
Gleam athwart the glassy rills,
Streaking, wi' laughing smile,
The morn o' Simmer day.

How sublime the setting sun,
When his daily course is run,
Gilding the western sky
Like waves of molten gold ;
While the woods in sombre sheen,
Throw their shadows o'er the scene,
As if earth felt sympathies
Which man can ne'er unfold.

The seasons are whirling round,
Linked in unity profound,
Now is the sunny time,
To make our Summer's hay ;

Then Autumn, wi' yellow grain,
Sheds its stores for Winter's reign ;
For diligence or sloth makes life,
A scene of weal or wae.

When nature's sae glad an' gay,
Why are mortals sad an' wae ?
The flowers spring, the birds sing,
To cheer us on oor way.
This world's framed for man's delight,
'Tis ourselves create the blight
Which saps ev'ry blink o' bliss,
And clouds oor Simmer day.

Ode to Autumn.

'Tis Autumn, and yet the soft breezes are playing
Around the wan flow'rets which fade o'er the lea ;
The heath's withering stem tells its bloom is decaying,
Yet lingers the sear leaf to drop frae the tree.
The gay gladioli still blooms round our dwelling,
Rich dahlias and asters and sweet marigolds :
But nae balmy odours perfume the breeze, swelling,
Though bright be the parting scene Flora unfolds.
The vales boast their mellow fruit, ripe and regaling,
The hazel-nuts wave o'er the deep scraggy glen,
The brambles' dark clusters by hedge-rows are
trailing,
And red haws and rowans gleam bright o'er the fen.

Yet the moor-fowls flit wildly across the bleak
mountain—

The prize of the sportsman who wounds in the
flight ;
The wild ducks soar high over lone lake and fountain,
And the scream of weird owlets makes eerie the
night.

But the grain-crops are stored—so kind heav'n be
thanket—

And fresh from the hamlets the blythe reapers
come
To feasting and mirth, at the landlord's rich banquet ;
For rich and poor join in the glad "Harvest
Home."

But, ah ! robin redbreast again haunts my cottage,
Foretelling the sough of the cauld Winter's blast ;
Yet the hoary year smiles in the dawn of its dotage
With store-houses garnished for Winter's repast.

Let man in this emblem survey his own nature :
Low, earth-born, we spring, shed our bloom, then
we die !

Though some bask in sunshine, luxurious in stature,
Gay flowers blush unseen 'neath a dark frowning
sky.

Why are we yet spared 'midst the wreck of earth's
beauties,
And what the design, one great day will disclose :
For life's Spring and Summer and Autumn have duties,
Then man sinks enshrouded in Winter's repose.

But like the wan flow'ret, pure souls shall rise, bloom-
ing,

To radiate in bliss in the gardens above ;
Rich laurels and crowns in that bright land are
looming

To those whose good deeds have embodied their love.
Ah ! 'tis not our rank, wealth, or outward devotion,

Which merit rewards as good stewards of Heav'n :
'Tis to give to the poor from an inward emotion
Those autumnal stores God has bounteously given.

Ode to Winter.

Dark, gloomy clouds lower o'er yon grey-crested
mountain,

The snow-flakes are whirling o'er muirland and dale ;
Now ice-clad the streamlets which gushed from the
fountain,

And snow-robed the hawthorn which scented the vale.

The muir-fowls sit cowering amongst the bleak heather.
The wild ducks are skimming where streams meet
together ;

The wee birds flit dowie on ilka lane tree,
And the sheep's lanely bleat brings the tear to my e'e.

Long, icy spears droop o'er the low cottage door,
And the curlers' hoarse shouts echo far o'er the moor ;
Nae hum of the bee, and nae wee flow'rets sweet :
All nature seems dead 'neath thy cold winding sheet.

Yes, Winter, sad emblem, thy stormy winds raving,
 And snow-mantled earth seems a type of the dead,
 Where the green cypress tree o'er the lone grave is
 waving,
 And man's Spring, and Summer, and Harvest are
 fled!

Yet Winter, thy storms may howl fierce round our
 dwelling,
 And bonnie wee flowers be deep wreathed 'mongst
 the snaw;
 But Spring-time will come, wi' its gentle breath
 swelling,
 And cowslips and primroses deck the green shaw.

And man crowned wi' silv'ry locks, waving so hoary,
 Shall soon be laid low 'neath the green cypress tree;
 But blest Spring will come, when, all radiant wi' glory,
 He'll rise from his wintry urn blooming and free.

Ode to the Comet of 1861.

Great luminary, radiant flame—
 Thou great unknown, without a name—
 You're not afraid your course to claim
 With orbits bright;
 Nor, thrown on high by finite aim,
 A wandering æronaut to gleam,
 Through endless night.

Say, are you come an evil omen
 To warn men of this world's gloamin' ?
 Or, mystic Bab'lon's exit dooming
 In woes appalling ?
 Or, are bright scenes to old earth looming ?
 Or, Christ's glad reign of freedom coming ?
 Are despots falling ?

Boundless, yet marked, the course you trace
 Through the immensity of space,
 By gravitation's laws to pace,
 Each whirling hour.
 Tell, as you glide, refulgent blaze,
 To worlds on high, your Maker's praise,
 Wisdom and power.

O ! could I mount and soar with you
 Through ærial regions ever new !—
 My earth-born powers fail to pursue
 The thought so grand,
 'Mongst worlds on worlds in dazzling hue ;
 But, ah ! these are reserved for view
 In spirit land.

Thou great unknown—whate'er ye are—
 Thou silent preacher roam afar ;
 Your chart's lined out, ride on your car
 With great precision :
 You'll not, with suns and systems jar,
 To haste the crash of worlds in war
 And dire collision.

Ode to the Year 1881.

Though poets sing in their strains sublime
 Of the onward march of years,
 Each beat of the pulse is finite time
 In the roll of the radiant spheres ;
 And the future, 'tis an ideal dream,
 A secret we long to learn,
 Yet trust that the spheres which onward gleam
 May roll through the vast etern'.

As months and seasons and years have sped,
 When their meted race is run,
 So when the expiring year has fled,
 We will merge into Eighty-One ;
 For years roll on to the vast unknown
 Without a sigh or a tear,
 And though we mourn o'er memories gone,
 We welcome the "guid New-Year."

Hail, Eighty-One ! may the star of peace
 Usher your youthful reign.
 That mad ambition and wars may cease
 Over reason's wide domain ;
 Sweep tyranny from its tottering throne,
 And the people's right secure,
 For a nation's health is only known
 By the state of her lab'ring poor

Ode to the Clyde.

At the gloaming of life, ere fond memory's dotage,
 How sweet to reflect on a mother's fireside ;
 And often I dream of yon lowly thatched cottage,
 My infantile home on the banks o' the Clyde.
 Ah ! dear Kirkfieldbank, by thy clear, purling river,
 Thou famed Cartland Craggs, where the Mouse
 gently flows :
 Loved scenes of my childhood, forget thee ! ah, never !
 While mem'ry's blessed tablet my young dreams
 disclose.
 But the parents who tended and nursed me so dearly
 Now sleep 'neath the willow tree, laid side by side—
 All my youthful affections I once loved sincerely
 Are fled or transformed but the sweet flowing Clyde.

I have traced thee, dear Clyde, from thy high, rocky
 scar,
 Like a wee, dribbling spring, your long course to
 begin,
 Till the Elvan and Douglas rush down from afar,
 And swell thy wild grandeur o'er dark Cora Linn.
 Enrapt on proud Tinto I've viewed thee meandering
 Thy serpentine course 'mong the vales ever green,
 While around on thy banks the wee lambkins were
 wandering,
 Till Bonnington's sombre woods closed o'er the
 scene.
 I have mused at Stonebyres by thy deep, yawning
 flood,

While o'er the steep Linn thy huge, foaming waves
 hurled ;
 Sublime, yet stupendous, thy loud billows rode
 To the cavern below whence the spray upward
 curled.

Then high o'er the scene the proud rainbow extended
 A canopy gorgeous from Sol's golden beams,
 From grim, frowning crags, pines and hoary oaks
 blended,
 To throw their dark shadows o'er Clyde's troubled
 streams.

By sweet Hazelbank, with wild woodbine o'erhung,
 The salmon and silv'ry trout wantonly play ;
 Ah ! oft ha'e I roved thy green woodlands among,
 While the mavis and lark sang the lang summer day.
 By bonnie Crossford, with its mansions and towers,
 The breath of thy waters o'er upland and fen
 Diffuses luxuriance to sweet sylvan bowers,
 While fruits and gay flow'rets are strewed o'er the
 glen.

Now dark, rolling Nethan, from Muirland and moun-
 tain,
 Thy pure current swells as it rolls on its way ;
 By Milton and Mauldslicie thy calm, stealing fountain,
 Reflects, as a mirror, their turrets so gay.
 Thou sweet, flowing streamlet from fair Avondale,
 How sublime where the Clyde and thy clear waters
 meet ;
 To paint the fair scene my rude pencil would fail,
 For if Eden's on earth, here her charms are replete.

Flow on, lovely river, thy lucid streams laving
 Old Scotia's famed garden, fair Flora's own dale ;
 Nae deep, drifting snaw, or wild, wintry winds raving,
 E'er withers the verdure of Clyde's lovely vale.

Flow softly where Bothwell Bridge spans thy clear
 waves ;

'Twas there Scotia's martyred sons fell by thy side.
 Ah ! I feel my heart quake as it sighs o'er the graves
 Of patriots whose blood stained thy clear limpid
 tide.

For legends pourtray that the shades of our heroes
 Still linger around the sad spot where they fell ;
 And to list to thy murmurings, we fancy them near us,
 And sigh by thy sighing what souls cannot tell.

Adieu ! then, sweet Clyde ; by Saint Mungo's foul
 shore

The vile Molindinar thy pure waters mar :
 Now thy putrid tide heaves to old Neptune's loud roar,
 The wealth of all lands and our vessels of war.
 Thou hast passed through each stage on thy path to
 promotion,

Now steam-ships and barges shall plough thy deep
 tide ;

Yet thy fame shall resound o'er the wide, briny ocean
 While the bards on thy flow'ry vale sing of thee,
 Clyde.

Ode to Isabel.

Isabel ! Isabel !
 Maiden of the flowery dell !
 Nursed on Kirkfield lovely braes,
 Where I spent my youthful days—
 Clyde's clear limpid streamlets flowing,
 Beauty, life and joy bestowing,
 Breathing an entrancing spell,
 Dear to me, and Isabel.

Isabel ! Isabel !
 Who can life's young scenes repel.
 Mem'ry still to me recalls
 Clyde's green vales and foaming falls,
 Sombre pines and hoary oaks
 Waving o'er the moss-grown rocks,
 While deep down the billows swell,
 In grandeur robed, fair Isabel !

Isabel ! Isabel !
 Still in dreams from mem'ry's cell,
 Fancy soars o'er Cartland steep,
 Tow'ring o'er the caverns deep,
 Where in yonder hallowed cave
 I have sung of Wallace brave,
 Patriot chief, who fought and fell
 For Scotia's rights, fair Isabel !

Isabel ! Isabel !
 Speed your mission, do it well,
 Whether in your native home,
 Or in foreign climes you roam.

For mankind in ev'ry age
 Play their part on life's great stage.
 Why? A myst'ry none can tell.
 We'll know at last, fair Isabel!

Isabel! Isabel!
 O! where'er on earth you dwell,
 If to wed should be your fate,
 Choose a virtuous loving mate,
 Then your days of waning youth,
 Guided by the star of truth,
 Will to joyous rapture swell,
 And end in peace, fair Isabel!

Isabel! Isabel!
 Soon we'll bid this world farewell;
 Let us then our day improve,
 Cultivating peace and love.
 By the rays of heaven led,
 Which on humble souls are shed,
 Then at death's last solemn knell,
 Life is ours, fair Isabel!

The Link 'twixt Earth and Heaven.

Religion is vain when no actions humane
 Its heaven-born origin prove,
 For humanity blends earth and heaven, and lends
 A halo to infinite love.

Though factions combine Heaven's will to define,
 Through dogmas by crafty men written.
 They justly deserve the doom they conserve,—
 A pang of the hell which they threaten.

For God does not plan, or think as a man,
 His gracious designs to fulfil ;
 He knew, what we'll learn in the wondrous etern',
 That discords would bend to His will.

Would vain mortals think that an infinite link
 Unites earth and heaven in one ;
 Then, if sin snaps the tie, the sinner must die,
 But the love-link can ne'er be undone.

Were all things unfurl'd to men in the world,
 Our progress would end in sensation ;
 Then, let men contend, we will see in the end
 Earth and heaven in glad co-relation.

The Reaper.

'Twas Autumn ! the reapers had gleaned the ripe
 sheaves,
 The red gowans gleamed 'mong the sear waning leaves,
 When a flow'ret sprang forth, like a rosebud in pride,
 To shed heaven's smiles round a cottar's fireside ;
 It was not a flower like the flowers which adorn
 The green lap of Nature in Summer's gay morn,
 But a sweet, lovely infant, a gift from the skies,
 For the radiance of intellect beamed from its eyes.

The reapers had stored past their sickles, to come
 To the landlord's rich banquet of glad harvest home,
 And loud shouts of mirth echoed far o'er the land,
 When a weird reaper passed with strange sickle in hand.
 The Autumn winds sighed with an ominous moan,
 O'er mountain and streamlet weird shadows were
 thrown,
 And the cry of the owlet seemed eerie and wild,
 Like a fond mother's shrieks when bereaved of her child.

A mother stood there, who, with visage aghast,
 Cried, "Why this strange reaper when harvest is past,
 The barnyards are stocked and all Nature at rest?"
 When she thus in anguish the reaper addressed—
 "Thou grim, ghastly reaper, say what brings you here?
 Thy presence betokens sad tidings, I fear.
 O! tell me your mission—say, say, are you come
 To pall, with grim horror, our glad harvest home?"

"O, no! gentle lady, I come at the call
 Of heaven's great Lord, the disposer of all—
 I come not in wrath, but in kindness and love,
 To cull flowers from earth to the gardens above;
 Yon flower is too pure for a world like this,
 Her home is the bowers of celestial bliss,—
 For her I have come, then relinquish your prize,
 'Tis only such flow'rets which bloom in the skies."

He winged from his quiver a cold, icy dart,
 It paled not her brow, but it stilled her young heart,
 And now she has fled, though the purest of flowers,
 To bloom in the shades of Emmanuel's bowers.

This life has its autumn : we know not the hour
 When the reaper may call us to meet our young flower,
 Where flow'rets from earth their love ties will reveal,
 And welcome us home to the land of the leal.

The Affinity of Man to Bliss.

In vain, by finite powers to trace
 High heaven as a state or place,
 Or where, or bounded by creation,
 Seems veiled to mind and inspiration.
 Yet mortals in a world like this
 Intuitively long for bliss
 Far higher than this life imparts
 To those of sympathetic hearts.

But servile rights can never gain
 A passport to that blessed domain,
 For mortals ever will be blind
 While mystic dogmas shroud the mind ;
 For, without reason, what is man ?
 A finite spark, his life a span.
 And what is heaven, though prayers could win it,
 If reason is denied within it ?

Yet the desire for bliss implies
 An adaptation to arise
 By slow progression, till the soul
 Joins in the great infinite whole.

For man, though born with passions wild,
 Must grow in wisdom as a child,
 Ere he can know himself, or guess
 His near affinity to bliss.

Love is the link which can impart
 That heavenly essence to the heart,
 Subduing pride till soul and mind
 Become transformed and so refined
 That new desires take root and grow ;
 We think, reflect, then feel and know,
 Till, in felicity replete,
 The finite and infinite meet.

The Vanished Smile.

“ But, oh! for the touch of a vanished hand,
 And the sound of a voice that is still.”

—*Tennyson.*

O! for a glimpse of that vanished smile,
 In memory's depths enshrined,
 Which welled from a face whose sweet profile
 Still lives in my heart and mind :
 For in midnight dreams, when all is still,
 In vision his smile lives yet,
 Which blends my soul in a holy thrill
 Of bliss I can ne'er forget.

Though now he sleeps in the silent tomb,
 And the fire of that eye has fled,
 The smile still lives in the roses' bloom
 As an emblem of the dead.

I see it yet : for whate'er is born
Of true love can never die ;
For each golden tint of the rosy morn
Brings the tear-drop to my eye.

Each heav'n-born smile which has beamed on earth
Leaves a sweet impress of kiss,
Ennobling mind to its pristine worth,
With the charm of an angel's kiss ;
And we long to meet that smile so pure,
Away from the frowns of earth,
Where dark-brow'd envy will ne'er obscure
The smiles of a higher birth.

Vain ideal thoughts may allure the mind
In dreams of the vast unknown ;
But truth, which has long in fetters pined,
Now claims the usurper's throne ;
While those who groped for undying bliss
Through sensual dogmas vile
Aspire to a purer home than this—
The home of the vanished smile.



The Dissimilarity of Human Life.

Some mortals are born to dominion and wealth,
Some weak and deformed, some with vigour and
health,

While many are destined to labour and strife,
Yet the nobles of earth and our national life.
The rich boast of honours, whate'er their demerits,
The warrior trusts in the strength he inherits,
While poor servile races must struggle or die;
Yet tyranny scoffs at their clamorous cry;
For while they are striving o'er life's rugged road—
Bowed down by a cumbrous inherited load—
They are taught to be humble and bow to the great,
While the soul of humanity sighs o'er their fate.

Though great minds are weakened by hardship and
want,

Weak minds may be swayed by fanatical cant;
While the votaries of lust—to philosophy blind—
Bring ruin and blight both to body and mind.
So there is a why and a wherefore, could we
Trace cause and effect in each known pedigree,
For nature is faithful as wax to the seal,
To bind in our offspring the passions we feel.
Then what can restore? Must the world wag on
In grades so extreme while redemption is known,
Though men spurn the cure? 'Tis humanity's
school,

Where all will be trained by the golden rule.

Yet the reign of equality never will be,
 Though factions may cease and their votaries be free;
 But a glad time will come, when ambition and strife
 Will cease to embitter and blight human life,
 For science is urging the great march of mind,
 While knowledge is crushing all factions combined;
 And though reason triumphs—whate'er bigots say—
 The great minds will rule, and the weak minds obey;
 Now the strong gain the battle, the swift horse the race,
 The brave earn the laurel, the coward disgrace;
 But reason and truth all extremes will repress,
 And renovate earth as an empire of bliss.

The Reign of Love.

O! where on earth is true love found?
 This world with selfish deeds abound;
 But morning dawns, and all around
 Dark shadows move.
 Ah! soon shall falsehood's wiles be riven,
 And truth, like golden rays from heaven,
 Shall draw from earth, for blessings given,
 Her grateful love.

Great chief! where now thy mystic throne—
 Thy kingdom, power, and glory gone?
 One son alone now soothes thy moan
 And shields thy fane;

Thy offspring, num'rous, and abhorred,
 Debased by factions and discord,
 Now quaff the cup their lusts have stored
 In woeful pain.

Italia! vain thy marshalled host;
 Caprera! vain thy hero's boast;
 And thou, O Gaul! with dark schemes glossed,
 Your thunders stay.
 Shall human power, or fire, or sword,
 Avert the coming of the Lord!
 Till then the sacrilegious horde
 Shall hold their sway.

Dark prophecies are now unfurled,
 The curtain moves o'er sin's doomed world;
 Mitres and crowns shall soon be hurled
 To depths unknown.
 The despot's cup now overflows,
 And kingdoms writhe in dying throes:
 Come, righteous King! now interpose
 And claim Thy throne.

Come, Source of Love! with Thy blest twain,
 Renew this blood-stained earth again—
 The theatre of that glad reign
 In future day.
 Kings, doff your crowns, bend ev'ry knee,
 That time draws near saints long to see,
 When Love's glad reign this earth shall free
 From Satan's sway.

The Platelayers' Well.

In the days o' langsyne, when oor fashions were rude,
 A bonnie well stream'd in the Hippandon Wood,
 Till the railway was opened through famed Douglas-
 dale,
 Which drained the clear spring tae the side o' the rail.
 Noo it glints tae the morn like a mirror sae bright,
 An' glistens at e'en in the lady moon light ;
 Sae couthie its hame in the pine-covered dell,
 We claimed it and named it the platelayers' well.

The cottars repined, for their well was awa' ;
 But it soon fan' a hame, an' was welcomed by a',
 Where in Spring's dewy morn the wee birds flutter
 near
 Tae view their gay forms in its fountain sae clear ;
 An' in drouthy simmers, when springs are a' dry,
 Folks come far an near for a daily supply ;
 An' aft in the gloamin' I've wandered mysel'
 For a fine coolin' draught frae the platelayers' well.

In simmer or winter its aye brimmin' fou,
 An' a wee dribblin' stream purls o'er its clear broo
 As cauld as an iceberg, an' aye through the year
 The houff o' the pheasant, the maukin, an' deer.
 Ye fools wha drink whisky, ale, brandy, an' wine,
 May fin' safer drink by the side o' oor line—
 Unmixed, pure, and wholesome, frae Nature's ain still,
 Ye're welcome tae drink frae the platelayers' well.

Hoo sweet tae recline in the calm, gloamin' hour,
 'Neath th' rowan tree shade in the moss-cushioned
 bower,
 When the hawthorn, arrayed in its gay, honey bloom,
 Throws over the vale a sweet, honeyed perfume ;
 While the turtle is cooin' the woodlan's amang,
 The blackbird is woin' and liltin' its sang,
 An' the lark's lofty strains frae Heaven's gates swell,
 Tae croon oor delight at the platelayers' well.

The Birds.

A WINTER SCENE IN JANUARY, 1884.

The tempest moans, and the blinding sleet
 Drives wildly o'er hill and plain,
 While earth is wrapped in her winding sheet,
 As if never to bloom again.
 The trees are falling, the flowers are dead,
 And the birds of air are dumb ;
 And the humming-bee to its cell has fled,
 Till the sweet spring flowers are come.

Frae wildwood dell and the snow-clad wold,
 Where the streams are frozen o'er,
 The wee birds chirp, wi' hunger and cold,
 Round my humble cottage door ;
 The gentle wren frae its dreary glen,
 The lintie an' sparrow tame ;
 The goldfinch, too, in its gorgeous hue,
 Draw near a few crumbs to claim.

Robin comes,
to store
of crumbs,
...
...
...
... crew,
... spare."

... of fight,
... sew it ;
... at night,
... they know it.
... the many snool,
...
... golden rule
... stayed mankind.

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...entials bold,
... and crown,
... ate the crumbs,
... enown ;
... mounts her car,
... hordes
... care ;
... revealed,
... throne,
... wield
... our own.

The Engine of Death.

'Twas midnight, the stars twinkled high o'er the heath,
 The lord and the swain in the spirit-land slumbered,
 When lo! in the west loomed the angel of death—
 His vict'ry was sure, and his victims were numbered.
 It was not in deluge, or tempest, or storm,
 When heav'n's dark canopy bellows its thunder,
 And forked lightnings gleam o'er the earth's trem-
 bling form,
 As the towers of proud mortals are shivered
 asunder.

Ah, no! for all nature was tranquil and still,
 When the demon of death, on his dark, gory
 pinions,
 The fiat had given, when lo, at his will,
 A victim was snatched to his ghastly dominions.
 At ancient St. Mungo, the young Robert Hay,
 On duty, a fleet, powerful engine was guiding,
 When, pierced by death's arrow, he fell, and away
 The engine, ungoverned, moved forth from the
 siding.

But, oh! mark its track, on its doomed course pur-
 suing
 Its mission of death, with its dead victim trailing;
 His body and bowels along the paths strewing,
 And no eye but heaven his sad fate bewailing.
 Cold, cold is the heart which affords not a sigh,
 Although the strange cause we may never discover;
 Yet this is a prelude to dark horrors nigh,
 For death and destruction before it still hover.

Yet onward, and onward, the huge monster flew,
 The angel of death on its mission attending ;
 No hand to constrain, or its speed to subdue,
 Or avert the sad meeting each moment impending.
 But, lo ! the brave Anderson bounds in full chase,
 To alter its course and arrest its fleet motion ;
 On an engine he rides, like a phantom in space—
 But fate mocks his efforts, and spurns his devotion.

He now overtakes ! he will break the dark spell ;
 His fireman dismounts to avert an obstruction.
 He grasped at the handle—O, horror, he fell,
 And the huge, gory engine dashed on to destruction.
 It was but a moment—the south mail advancing—
 The two engines met like two valiant foes,
 When crash followed crash, as the red flames were
 glancing,
 And screams from the dying and wounded arose.

See ! the engine explodes, and the vapoury clouds
 Enshroud the sad pilgrims but lately so merry ;
 Now, the glad smiles are fled, and the wounded and dead
 Lie bloody and pale by the lonely Gartsherrie.
 Such scenes in life's drama should wake ev'ry heart
 To play well our part ere we cross the dark ferry ;
 For none knew the hour, and no hand could avert
 The engine of death and the scene at Gartsherrie.

The Two Aged Flowers.

(METAPHORICAL BALLAD.)

I love to sing of the flowers of spring,
 As they glint in the morning beams,
 And the violets fair, as they scent the air
 And gleam o'er the wimpling streams ;
 But now I sing of two aged flowers,
 Which flourished in youthful pride,
 And shed young germs to adorn the bowers
 On the lovely banks of Clyde.

They bloomed apart on the sunny braes,
 For each was in wedlock bound
 To loving mates in their youthful days,
 And strewed their young sprouts around ;
 But, as age crept on, their wonted sheen
 Was veiled in the weeds of woe,
 For their mates were lapt in the ivy green,
 And crushed by the servile foe.

Their lives seemed drear, for their leaves were sear,
 And verdure and youth had flown ;
 Yet they clung to life, though storms were rife,
 And dowily bloomed alone,
 Till the angry floods and wintry storms
 Of eighteen seventy-four
 Uprooted and strewed their fragile forms,
 Like wrecks on a lonely shore.

But their fibres lived and took root again,
 Where, in close communion, they
 Now blend in one o'er the verdant plain,
 With their foliage fresh and gay ;
 And still they flourish in age serene,
 Nor of former woes repine,
 While their aged stems in sombre mien
 Luxuriantly entwine.

And, though no fruit from their stems appear,
 No blight or decay is seen ;
 While the younger flowers their rank revere,
 As they blend in the gorgeous scene.
 Then wreath a bower for the aged pair
 By the Clyde's clear purling stream,
 And strew sweet flowerets and garlands there,
 To immortalise my theme.

Though tempests roar o'er the trembling shore,
 No wintry storms can assail
 The cosy glow where the flow'rets grow,
 In the calm of Kirkfield Vale.
 Then let the male, from his fragrant bower,
 With laurels his bride array,
 And may her dower, as a virtuous flower,
 Be the light and smile of "DAY."*

* The male flower's name was Day.

The Pleasures of Home.

Rapt poets have sung of the radiant clime,
 Where the vine and the olive trees wave,
 Where Nature, sublime, shrouds misery and crime,
 In the home of the despot and slave ;
 But though wealth or fame may allure men afar,
 They ne'er could induce me to roam,
 Nor the glare of a palace e'er dimmed the lone star
 Which shone o'er my dear native home.

Now in life's gloamin' rays I will sing of the braes,
 Which in youth were an Eden to me ;
 And the burn sweetly wimpling in murmuring lays,
 Where I paidled in infantile glee.
 And, dear fatherland ! where in life's youthful tide
 I drank lore from Nature's vast tome,
 And sang my young strains to the clear, rushing Clyde,
 As it swept by my dear native home.

Now I sing of the patriots who sealed with their blood
 The birthrights which we now enjoy,
 And the heroes who trampled o'er mountain and flood,
 Humanity's foes to destroy.
 Ah ! then let such valour our fond bosoms thrill,
 As we march on to freedom's high dome,
 Unfurling the banners of peace and goodwill,
 To sweeten the pleasures of home.

Hines to Mrs Hamilton, Langloan.

Hail ! friend of the Muse, aged star of Langloan ;
 Long, long have thy rays on the dark midnight shone.
 Though years circle round, yet thy soul's latent fire
 Awakes to new raptures thy heaven-strung lyre.
 As bright twinkling stars cheer the darkness of night,
 And sweet blooming flowers lend enchantment to sight,
 So the minstrel's sweet lays are God's lights to illumine,
 And shed mortal light o'er the world's dark gloom.

Sublime visions flit to the rapt poet's eye,
 Which minds less ennobled can never descry ;
 Then strike your lone heart, mellifluous lays bring
 To God, who upholds and inspires you to sing.
 In silent recluse, or by sweet, lonely glen,
 The Muse wings her flight far beyond mortal ken ;
 Till ominous troubles embitter our rhymes,
 And the trembling harp sighs o'er the signs of the times.

Lo, nearing the end of the dark Gentile reign,
 Behold despots writhing in anguish and pain ;
 And thrones once emblazoned on history's page
 Now crumble and fall, as if hoary with age.
 The nations are groaning, but One guides the helm
 Whose fiat and will every foe will o'erwhelm :
 No earth-titled mortals, though regal their power,
 Can stay or revoke the oppressor's last hour.

But a glad era dawns, though dark clouds intervene,
 And the bright rays of promise illumine the scene :
 One greater than Moses shall stretch forth his rod,
 And the nations behold the salvation of God.



Though dark, murky clouds grimly herald the morn,
 Yet soon on winged breezes the dark films are borne;
 So war amongst factions shew day-break is nigh,
 And earth soon shall bask 'neath a holier sky.

Truth, reason, and science by deep search have found
 The mystical fetters by which we were bound;
 But yet there are shackles which men will not see—
 Which each slave must shatter before he is free.
 The world grows wiser, and "knowledge is power,"
 Yet rulers and ruled would each other devour;
 For self must be conquered, or slaves we must be:
 Then, Love will triumph, and nations be free.

**A Dirge on the Late Mrs Hamilton of
 Langloan.**

Methinks weird sounds in the air,
 Like sighs o'er a mournful bier
 Intoned as in deep despair,
 Fall on my listening ear;
 As if the universe felt
 A woe more intense than mine,
 As the muse of old Scotia knelt
 To weep at her daughter's shrine.
 And the autumn zephyrs sighed,
 And the woodlands seemed to moan,
 When our aged sister died—
 "The minstrel of Langloan."

It was nature's sad adieu
 When the noble spirit fled
 The infinite realms to view,
 As her inspirations led.
 In life she was nature's child,
 Ere the sacred link was riven,
 When she welcomed death, and smiled,
 As she passed from earth to heaven.
 She has sped on an angel's kiss
 Where the bards of earth have gone
 To meet in celestial bliss
 With "the minstrel of Langloan."

Her God was the God of all,
 In Him all her songs combine,
 Though she groped 'neath a sable pall
 While she traced her grand design,
 United by every tie
 To flowers of the brightest hue,
 Or where through the earth and sky
 Co'mingled the pure and true ;
 And the birds, and flowers, and streams,
 With a language of their own,
 Conversed on mysterious themes
 With "the minstrel of Langloan."

Bards of old Scotia, mourn,
 For your sweetest bard has flown
 To a home where she'll ne'er return,
 Where the discords of earth are unknown ;
 Or sing of the olden time
 By grandmother's spinning wheel,

Or chant in her Doric rhyme
 Of our martyrs true and leal ;
 For her soul was lapped in love,
 And the graces all her own,
 While holy affections strove
 In "the minstrel of Langloan."

Ah, why should our minstrel die,
 With souls of celestial birth ?
 'Tis to sing in a brighter sky
 Songs sweeter than those of earth,
 On the willow her harp is hung,
 We hear not its tuneful sound ;
 But her higher harp is strung
 To harmony more profound.
 Could her mantle fall on me,
 I would claim her vacant throne,
 Till I join in the minstrelsy
 With "the minstrel of Langloan."

A voice comes over the sea,
 Borne on the crested waves,
 From the land of the brave and free,
 Like sighs from the ocean caves ;
 And along the deep sea wires
 The electric message flows
 That a kindred race desires,
 And with bleeding hearts propose
 To erect in the old churchyard,
 A chaste memorial stone,
 To commemorate our bard—
 "The minstrel of Langloan."

Dirge on the Late Mr Walter Linn,

MINERAL MANAGER, CALEDONIAN RAILWAY.

Sad stroke ! our worthy venerable oak lies low ;
 He was a man of no mean rank,
 A stately monarch of the wood,
 And high in eminence he stood ;
 O Death, beneath thy stroke he sank,
 As if no meaner chief was worth thy vengeful blow.

He was a skilful councl'or when advice was wanted ;
 All looked to him and found protection,
 As here, with father's smile and blessing,
 Changed foes to friends in love caressing ;
 Thus love begat a filial, leal connection,
 And all schemes for their weal, this kind preceptor
 granted.

But now, alas, he's gone the way of all the earth !
 His sear leaves shadowed the event,
 And bent form whispered Death was near ;
 O Death ! thou King of Terrors, hear,
 Thy sting to him was venom spent—
 He lives, he lives round yonder throne in joy and
 mirth.

This solemn lay is wreathed in emblematic sheen,
 Because the loved one of our theme



Was meek, and loathed all fawning praise ;
 O Worth, thy sad memoriam raise
 For monarch, father, faintly gleam
 The glowing love and worth of our late Walter Linn.

Then let us nurse his mem'ry, best of men,
 And scatter flowers o'er his memorial stone,
 For soon a few short months, or years, and then
 We'll meet where tears and parting are unknown.

The Pharisee and Publican.

Two worshippers met on Zion hill—
 The holy temple, serene and still—
 Where the gracious Father stooped to hear
 The heartfelt prayers of his children dear.
 The one a Pharisee, rich and vain
 Of his moral worth without a stain,
 Prayed to himself in a whining tone,
 As if thanking God for His mercies shewn
 To him, whose life to the world's ken
 Was pure, and better than other men.

He taunted the Publican with disdain,
 "As a man, degenerate and profane,
 Unjust, unchaste, and with passions wild ;
 While he was holy and undefiled :
 For he paid tithes and gave to the poor ;
 While men ungodly, with looks demure,

God's sacred precepts and truths disown,
 And live as paupers on grace alone."
 Then left with a groan and a pious air,
 As he passed the Publican standing there.

The Publican then with awe drew near,
 Humanity shone in his soul sincere,
 And in trem'ulous tones, as a wayward child
 Who sighs and begs to be reconciled
 To the sire he scorned and disobeyed,
 With deep contrition devoutly prayed.
 His words were few, he smote on his breast,
 And thus the Hearer of Prayer addressed :
 "I come a sinner, O Lord, to Thee.
 Father, be merciful unto me."

The one returned with a solemn air—
 He knew not whether God heard his prayer,
 But was satisfied that he had given,
 By a formal prayer to the God of Heaven,
 That due respect which all mortals owe
 To God in His house of prayer below.
 The other left with his bosom moved
 With a wave of joy from the God he loved,
 For he felt a peace in his inward soul
 With God and man and the boundless whole.

On Viewing the Portrait of Thomas Raeburn,

THE AYRSHIRE HERMIT.

This life, like rustic portrait, shows
 A man of self-inflicted woes ;
 A stubborn and ambitious sage,
 Led on to lawless, envious rage,
 And whose ambitious thirst for pelf,
 Entailed sad misery on himself.

In Ayrshire, near Kilmarnock town—
 An ancient place of high renown—
 He held a farm, himself the laird,
 A snug house, orchard, and kail yaird ;
 While round his head rich blessings blent,
 Had he but learned to be content.

His cot stood in an inland strath,
 Which fired his soul to envious wrath,
 That no highway, or turnpike road,
 Led to his rural, loved abode ;
 While thus secluded from the world,
 His grasping mind one scheme unfurled—
 By use and wont to claim a way
 Which through a neighbour's landmark lay.
 So when his friend this boon denied him,
 Tam, fond of combat, then defied him,
 And to the law appealed with spite,
 To gain what seemed his legal right ;
 " But human schemes " gang aft alee,
 And Thomas Raeburn lost the plea.

Stung by defeat, rage fired his brow,
When by an impious solemn vow,
Tam on the big Ha' Bible swore
That he would plea him o'er and o'er,
That he should neither plow nor sow
Until he triumphed o'er his foe ;
That he would never delve his yaird,
Cut his nails, or shave his beard,
Change his breeches, hat, or coat,
Until the envied road was got.

As years rolled on, despair and rage
Lowered o'er the gloomy hermitage ;
Garden and field a desert grew,
Nor hope or comfort Tammie knew.
He wore patched clothes, with colours rare,
A matted beard, and unkempt hair ;
Till kind Death heard his mournful sighs,
And with a shudder closed his eyes.

And now no tyrant laird denies
A road to where poor Thomas lies ;
And though in life he lost the plea,
Death gained his rights—six feet by three.

**On a Visit to Cathcart Castle and the
Battlefield of Langside.**

Illustrious Cathcart ! from thy moss-covered mound
 I muse with deep awe as I gaze o'er the scene
 Where the blood of old Scotia meandered around
 Thy pine-covered summits and vales ever green.
 Ah ! why is thy fortress dismantled and hoary,
 Lonely and grim on its high rocky scaur,
 Telling a story of deeds dark and gory,
 When old Scotland's throne was bereft of its star.

The Cart murmurs dolefully on to the Clyde,
 By villas embowered in a valley serene ;
 But in fancy it sighs by the graves of Langside,
 And sings a lone dirge for our ill-fated Queen.
 See, ancient Court knowe, when on that fatal morn
 The doomed monarch lingered with quivering
 breath,
 Till friendless, forlorn, and of liberty shorn,
 Crownless she hied to the scaffold and death.

'Twas cold-hearted factions who sealed her sad fate,
 And brought on their names and descendants a
 stain ;
 Led on by false Moray, who envied the State,
 Yet crouched to the daughter of proud Anne
 Boleyn.

Revenge sealed her doom, though veiled in deep gloom,
 And hunted her down from the Forth to the Clyde ;
 Now the graces recline o'er Queen Mary's lone shrine,
 While Scotia laments her defeat at Langside.

But the blood of the Bruce still in royalty flows,
 Ennobling the Rose with the Thistle entwined,
 While deep-rooted sects—poor humanity's foes—
 Are sinking like lead in the ocean of mind ;
 And when freedom's cause calls Britain to arms,
 The brave sons of Scotia still lead in the van :
 For the fire of their fathers each true bosom warms,
 To conquer or die for the birth-rights of man !

To a Snowdrop in January.

Beautiful snowdrop, gentle flower !
 Though cold thy bed in my rustic bower,
 Ye come as an angel pure to vie
 With the flow'rets dead which around thee lie ;
 And though we mourn your untimely birth,
 Ye bring glad tidings to this cold earth—
 Telling the mavis and lark to sing,
 Buds to blossom, and flowers to spring.

Cowslips and daisies adorn the braes,
 When they are kissed by the sun's bright rays ;
 But no bright sunbeams to welcome thee,
 No woodland chorus, no hum of bee.
 When th' wild winds sigh, and th' tempest lowers,
 Ye come to waken the sleeping flowers ;
 Herald of Spring in thy snow-white bloom,
 Shedding sweet smiles o'er Nature's tomb.

Flower of purity, nursed in strife,
 'Midst Nature's forces of death and life ;
 Like a peerless gem to bloom alone,
 While all other flowers are dead and gone.
 Ah ! lonely flower, ye will soon decay,
 And yield your palm to the primrose gay,
 With glittering sheen ; but it ne'er will be
 So pure, so lovely, and sweet as thee !

While florists cherish by arts sublime,
 And import flowers from the orient clime,
 Kind Nature ushers the verdant Spring
 Robed in the hue of the hoary king.
 Trophy of hope, to cold earth sent
 To wreath her brow till thy bloom is spent ;
 Yet the fairest flower that courts the eye
 Has its time to bloom and its time to die.

Flower of sympathy, canst thou impart
 Hope and joy to my wounded heart ?
 For I had flowers which I thought were "mine,"
 Whose earthly mission resembled thine :
 Born but to bloom in a transient scene,
 For the Spring flowers came e'er their graves were
 green ;
 And now, where the leafless myrtle waves,
 The snowdrops bloom o'er their youthful graves.

To Mr Walker,

THE AGED BARD OF STONEHOUSE.

Dear frien', you'll think that I've forgot
 Tae own, wi' thanks, your welcome note,
 Where, in auld Doric verse, you wrote
 A lang narration,
 About me an' my rural cot,
 At Douglas Station.

Sae noo I'll try tae mak' amends,
 By stringing up some odds and ends,
 Since oor last crack ; when we, as friends,
 Sae gaily met ;
 For whatsoe'er wi' reason blends,
 We ne'er forget.

I think I see your manly form,
 Which toil and care could ne'er deform,
 Still able tae surmount the storm
 O' fourscore years,
 An' in true lyric verse tae charm
 Your auld compeers.

Life seems tae some a simmer day—
 Tae revel in the sun's bright ray ;
 That only thought—if thought they hae—
 Is mere sensation,
 Till age and wasted lives display
 Sad degradation.

Some search for truth wi' judgment stern,
 While reason soars to the eterne ;
 Through such the world soon will learn
 That the ideal
 Is but the shadow we discern
 O' what is real.

Some think the world's near an end,
 Yet clutch at gold, their dearest friend ;
 While mystic minded men pretend
 That war an' pain
 Are leadin' blinded men tae bend
 Tae truth's bright reign.

Let us in retrospective glance,
 Survey the past wi' eyes askance ;
 What do we see but sword an' lance,
 An' pride an' error ;
 While factions still seek to enhance
 Their power by terror.

From statesmen down tae lowest ranks,
 Self is disguised by wily pranks ;
 While priests weave creeds frae ravelled hanks,
 In pious stricture,
 Then rotten Banks on fibre shanks,
 Complete the picture.

Sae frien', I canna keep frae thinkin',
 That retribution's only winkin',
 An' may ere lang, wi' armour clinkin',
 Seek compensation,
 While trade an' railway shares are sinkin',
 Through high taxation.

My grateful thanks for your sweet rhyme,
 Recalling scenes o' vanished time,
 Wherein ye sing in strains sublime,
 O' grandpa's pet,
 Like to a new-blown rose in prime,
 Blooming o'er a bank o' thyme,
 In dew drops wet.

Your fervent muse, wi' ardour fain,
 Pourtrays your pet "an angel wean,"
 Wi' mind an' soul linked tae your ain,
 Sae leal an' true,
 While her pure breath inspires your brain,
 Tae wreath wi' smiles your heartfelt strain,
 In rainbow hue.

But ah! my strange impulsive mind,
 To this rapt metaphor seems blind;
 For angels, though on missions kind,
 Round heaven's portals,
 May not rank higher than mankind,
 When linked to Him who heaven resigned
 Tae rank wi' mortals.

Your loved child, though in mortal guise,
 Possesses sympathetic ties,
 To hold relation with the skies,
 Although on earth,
 And when the finite body dies,
 The infinite a link supplies
 To higher truth.

Though angels sing with rapt devotion,
 Where is their promise of promotion
 To foster hope or fire emotion
 To higher glow ?
 For me, I still imbibe the notion,
 That promised bliss may be a Goshen,
 On earth below.

May heaven long spare your sweet wee miss,
 To fire your song wi' smile an' kiss,
 Till in a brighter realm than this
 Ye meet, tae share
 Smiles mair sublime an' higher bliss,
 Than angels in their loveliness
 Can e'er compare.

A Farewell;

WRITTEN TO LADY MACDONALD LOCKHART, WHEN LEAVING
 LARGIE CASTLE.

How pleasant to gaze upon fair Largie braes,
 The home of the gallant and brave ;
 So enchanting the scene, bathed in morn's glist'ning
 sheen,
 Gleaming bright o'er the dark briny wave :
 Fair Jura afar, on her high rocky scaur,
 Sits lashed by the ocean's white foam ;
 From cloudland she smiles, to greet the green isles,
 As they bask round our dear Highland home.

The sweet orient blinks o'er the high rocky chinks
 Gild the castle's peaked towers in array ;
 While the burnie's sweet song, as it murmurs along,
 Hails with joy the glad opening day :
 And the woodlands so green, by the bright fairy
 scene,
 Throw their shades o'er the famed castle dome ;
 A kind welcome there, for their own lady fair,
 To her own honoured, dear Highland home.

The mellow thrush sings by the dark shady springs,
 The lark warbles high o'er the moor ;
 And the wee birdie's song, " May their lady live
 long,"
 Is re-echoed afar by the poor ;
 And the bonnie wild flowers, 'neath the lovely yew
 bowers,
 Fling their scent on the zephyrs to roam ;
 Perfuming the air for their own lady fair,
 Who has come to her dear Highland home.

For no queen on the throne higher honours can own,
 Than the prayers of the aged and wan,
 That God may long spare their kind lady fair
 As a blessing from Heaven to man :
 That at life's gloamin' day, may her last ling'ring ray
 Be cheered with the blessed welcome—Come,
 To shine as a star in yon bright realms afar,
 An eternal, sweet Heavenly home.

Welcome to the Hon. Col. W. D. S. Home,

ON HIS RETURN TO DOUGLAS FROM THE WAR IN EGYPT.

All hail, gallant hero, we welcome thee home
 From Tel-el-Kebir, once the birthplace of slaves,
 To famed Douglas Castle, where o'er its proud dome
 The standard of freedom triumphantly waves.
 We hail your return to the land of your birth,
 Environed with honours more precious than spoil,
 While many brave heroes, unrivalled in worth,
 Now slumber in death by the dark swelling Nile.

Great Britain has nolly achieved what she dared,
 For the pride of her army were men of renown,
 The scions of patriots, who gallantly shared
 In the struggles for freedom and old Scotia's crown.
 But a bright era dawns, when the loud battle-roar
 Shall no more excite us to horror and awe ;
 Yet while envy reigns, though its doom we deplore,
 The sword must enforce veneration to law.

Though foul rebel factions are swayed by the sword,
 We cherish the hope that all warfare will cease,
 When nations will join in harmonious accord,—
 The glad reign of righteousness, mercy, and peace.
 Then let pure humanity hail your return
 With a rich olive garland and honour unstained ;
 But while vanquished rebels their fallen chiefs mourn,
 They hail that redemption your prowess has gained.

Address,

PRESENTED AT DOUGLAS STATION, TO LADY ADA HOME AND
THE HON. HENRY ROBERT SCOTT ON THEIR NUPTIAL VISIT TO
DOUGLAS CASTLE ON 10TH APRIL, 1880.

We bid thee welcome, Lady Ada Home!

We hail thee, th' Honourable Henry Robert Scott!
Descendants of brave sires, whose names illumine
Old Scotia's fame through links of living thought,
Which still enshrine those rights their valour
wrought.

And now may Hymen's sacred garland bind
Your noble names without a stain or blot,
Enwreathed in love, and, while you bless mankind,
May peace and plenty ever crown your board,
And, like your worthy sires, be honoured and
adored.

Empires may fall like meteors from above,
And systems change in this great age we live in;
But those whose lives are based on truth and love
Can brave life's storms, though dearest ties are
riven,
And shed o'er earth the blissful balm of heaven.
Then may your lives in harmony be found,
While love to all your ardent passions move,
Reflecting joy and happiness around.
Fair Scotia, which we proudly call our own—
But for your valiant sires would have been over-
thrown.

Justice ! shall thy name allow
 Wreathes which decked old Scotia's brow
 To become extinct by death ?
 No ! an heiress springs to view,
 Daughter of Lord Montague,
 Lady L. Elizabeth,
 Linked by matrimonial tie,
 To a name which ne'er shall die.

Let us hail with grateful mien,
 Our illustrious, gen'rous Queen,
 For the unsought restoration
 To the lady and the lord—
 " Earl of Home "—(a name adored
 By a grateful nation),
 Of whose titles sounding high,
 Won by worth which cannot die.

Long may Baron Douglas reign,
 Over Douglas wide domain ;
 And when sinks his setting rays,
 May those honours, dearly won,
 Be revered from sire to son
 To remotest days ;
 And may sons unborn outvie
 Sires, whose fame shall never die.

Led her battles fierce and gory,
 'Gainst the invader's brand ;
 Still they gleam from freedom's sky,
 For the noble never die.

●
 Douglas ! 'twas thy gallant race,
 Saved old Scotland from disgrace,
 And debased captivity ;
 And when treach'rous cowards fled,
 Douglas heroes bravely led
 Armies on to victory ;
 Till old Scotia rose on high,
 For the noble never die.

Scotland, in thy lore appears,
 Through eleven hundred years,
 Annals of the Douglas name,
 By whose valour Scotland shone,
 In an orbit of their own,
 Blending in their fame ;
 Let us swell their mem'ries high,
 For the noble never die.

Douglas ! in the ancient days,
 Tyrants trembled 'neath thy blaze,
 While they strove for laurels grand ;
 And although thy dear won crest
 Has adorned a rival's breast
 In thy native land ;
 Still thy name and prestige high
 Prove that worth can never die.

Their blessings and smiles were the plumes of her
crest ;
But the blest, who in life shared her kind ministrations,
Would at heav'n's gates meet her with glad acclamations,
And welcome her home to their blest habitations.

The aged will mourn her, the poor orphan boy,
The widow, whose heart she oft gladden'd with joy ;
But angels who smiled o'er her errands of love,
Now join in her rapture in mansions above,
For she lent to the Lord, and those treasures became
Rich gems in that crown no proud monarch can claim.

She sleeps 'mong the cliffs of that dear Highland home,
Where the murmuring Atlantic in dark billows foam ;
But she hears not the sound of the ocean's loud roar,
For her soul is at rest on a calm sunny shore.

To a Bereaved Mother,

ON THE DEATH OF HER DAUGHTER MARIANNE.

O where are those joys which this world imparts,
 Unmingled with trials, bereavements, and woe,
 Those visions of bliss once entwined round our hearts,
 Which this fleeting world has failed to bestow ?
 Alas ! the events of life's transient day,
 Bring sorrowful pangs to the fond mother's breast,
 When the joy of her heart is by death called away—
 From the trials of earth to a haven of rest.

The spring-time of Nature is moistened with tears,
 The gay flowers of Summer must shrink to the
 blast,
 So the spring-time of man has its joys and its fears,
 And the Winter of death must enshroud us at last ;
 How galling to view the young plants which we rear,
 All blighted and strewn by the breath of decay—
 Cut down in luxuriance when first fruits appear,
 Which we hoped to have stored for the cold wintry
 day.

But deeper our sighs when our lov'd offspring die,
 Nipt down in the glow of meridian bloom,
 Death snaps the close link of affection's fond tie,
 And leaves us to weep by the cypress-clad tomb.
 O ! who would not weep who has known that sweet
 flower,
 Who lies on that bier so ghastly and wan,
 Though distant my home, yet I join in the shower
 Of tear-drops which fall for your dear Marianne.

If "Martha" and "Mary" from "Bethany's" cave
 Could speak now, their strains would re-echo with
 mine—

To tell of Immanuel who wept o'er the grave
 And moistened its portals with tear-drops divine ;
 Then mourn your loved daughter, I join in your sighs,
 For woes I have felt no less poignant than thine,
 Yet mourn in full hope that your dead shall arise,
 And meet with the mourners who weep o'er hershrine.

For death, though appalling, serves heaven's decree,
 Absorbing the scum of Creation's alloy,
 When the unfettered soul, from its clay-cell set free,
 Shall bask in the bowers of celestial joy.
 This world's a nurs'ry where God culls his flowers,
 To bloom on those shores which no mortal can scan,
 Her mission is now in the amaranth bowers,
 Where at last may we all meet with dear Marianne.

On the Death of a Favourite Dog.

POOR LITTLE "SNOW."

Poor little "Snow," your earthly mission's o'er,
 No more your welcome bark will greet my ear,
 While toddling by my side, while I explore
 And muse on nature's beauties year by year.
 True, thou wert but a dog ; yet thou could'st feel
 And sympathise in all domestic woe ;
 Faithful to all, and too upright to steal,
 Nor bribe nor threat could move my little "Snow."

Your winning ways allured my just esteem,
 Your sense of duty—from what source it came,
 Instinct or reason—craved my humble theme,
 For faithful dogs put servile men to shame.
 It is not human form which gives mankind
 Rights or pre-eminence on earth below ;
 Power springs from the nobility of mind—
 Yet great and small must die, like little “ Snow.”

Were dogs endowed with speech, we might have
 known
 Much to debase our sense of higher birth,
 And in their lowly missions might have shone
 Amongst the faithful to their trust on earth.
 What varied forms the page of life unrolls,
 With thoughts and feelings man will never know ;
 Yet many dream of never-dying souls,
 With hearts more brutish than my little “ Snow.”

Poor dog ! as a memorial I retain
 Thy woolly garment of the purest white ;
 For thirteen years thou on my hearth hast lain,
 A faithful, wise protector, day and night.
 Though nature formed thee beautiful and brave,
 Now in the dust we lay your body low ;
 A wild rose blooms upon a moss-clad grave,
 To mark the spot where rests my little “ Snow.”

On the Railway Collision at Kettlebridge,

OCTOBER 2D, 1872.

'Twas in mellow October, when the sear leaves were
 flaunting ;
 The morning sun gleamed from his Orient car,
 While o'er the ripe sheaves its pale radiance was
 slanting,
 As a huge train from Euston was heard from afar.
 It had passed famed Carlisle with a large human load,
 On business and pleasure to old Scotia's shore ;
 And some, who had left loving friends far abroad,
 To revisit the scenes and endearments of yore.

How elated they sang when the border was crossed,
 Where the sires of old Scotia for liberty bled ;
 Now kingdoms united triumphantly boast
 Of a loved union based on the blood which was
 shed.
 The fleet train sped on o'er its iron-tracked road,
 Two huge powerful engines were skimming the
 miles ;
 While the nearing of home from each heart stole a
 load,
 Dispelling their langour and soothing their toils.

Oh ! short-sighted mortals, life is but a breath ;
 Our sky most serene, when dark horrors are near,
 When the bright sparkling eye may be shrouded in
 death,
 And the life-blood run gory around the lone bier.

Afar o'er the Solway dark shadows were flung,
 The cry of the plover was plaintive and drear ;
 While o'er Bonshaw's turrets, with ivy o'erhung,
 The sable rooks poised as if carnage was near.

O'er the vale of the Kirtle the zephyrs were sighing,
 The clear purling stream sang a murmuring lay ;
 The bleating of sheep in weird tones were replying,
 As if Nature symphoniously groaned with dismay.
 Still the train whirled on, while the morning sun
 gleamed,
 The "clear" signal shone o'er the curved mountain
 ridge ;
 But, ah ! the next moment the loud whistles screamed,
 Awaking the echoes of lone Kirtlebridge.

A goods train was shunted, the down line was clear,
 A vigilant eye watched with motives benign,
 But, his overstrained mind deeming no danger near,
 In a moment of frenzy obstructed the line.
 Hark ! hark ! the collision, wild shrieks, rend the air,
 As if the huge engines were writhing in pain ;
 Then crash followed crash, when the smoke and the
 glare,
 And the booms of wrecked plant drowned the cries
 of the slain.

The saved looked aghast, for no help could avail,
 Amazement and horror had paled every brow ;
 While the groans of the dying, disfigured and pale,
 No limner could paint and no tongue could avow.

The dark crimson streams from the dying were
 reeking,
 The living bewildered with terror and dread ;
 While husbands and wives for their loved ones were
 seeking,
 To find their pale bodies bestrewn 'mongst the
 dead.

Ah ! many were there in the hey-day of bloom,
 To struggle through life with affliction severe ;
 While many were laid out a prey for the tomb,
 And no friend to moisten their wounds with a tear.
 The search has been made, every splinter o'erturned,
 Eleven pale corpses are stretched on the lines,
 Their missions are o'er, while the loss will be mourned,
 And the salt tears of sympathy shed o'er their
 shrines.

Humanity shudders and asks in surprise—
 Can science and reason no safe-guard foresee ?
 Can boasted philosophy no scheme devise
 For safety to pilgrims by land and by sea ?
 Yes, science unfolds, and grave reason devises,
 Philosophy urges new schemes to the world ;
 But Fate, oft mysterious, our wisdom despises,
 And all gen'rous schemes to oblivion are hurled.

On the Marriage of George Paterson, Esq.,
to Sybilla K. Gemmill.

Spring is unfolding her green leafy tresses,
Snowdrops and primroses smile o'er the plain,
And sweet honeysuckle the hawthorn caresses,
And daisies and cowslips are blooming again ;
But a lovelier flow'ret, from famed Garpel Water,
Springs forth unrivalled in full summer bloom—
Lovely Sybella, fair nature's own daughter,
True worth her foliage and love her perfume.

Nature has robed this fair nymph with her graces,
Destiny fixes her home of delight,
And while her lover adores and embraces,
Hymen is waiting their souls to unite ;
Now, lovely flower, is thy time for transplanting,
Now, when Glentaggart is lonely and bare ;
Come then, Sybella, with smiles so enchanting,
Gorgeous the bower which is reared for you there.

Come from bleak Garpel so dreary and haggart,
Graceful Sybella in love's purest flame,
Long to inherit thy home in Glentaggart,
Wreathing with laurels the Paterson name ;
Gaily she comes in the glow of affection,
Lightly she trips to her mansion of joy,
Where no false smile can embitter reflection,
Or true felicity mar or destroy.

Hail, happy lovers ! serene be your pillows ;
May no rude tempests your fond hearts divide ;

And while ye toss o'er life's rugged billows,
 Safe be your bark o'er its dark heaving tide ;
 Long may sweet sympathy blend in your union,
 Glowing still purer as bridegroom and bride ;
 And may the germs of your happy communion
 Sprout like sweet olives around your fireside.

Hines to Jessie Jane.

Jessie Jane ! Jessie Jane !
 Let a faithful friend address you,—
 And though my prosaic strain
 Fails to flatter or impress you,
 My fond wish is to impart
 To your mind undying truth,
 Which, if fostered in your heart
 In the rosy dream of youth,
 Will obtain the smile of heaven
 And adorn the age you live in.

Jessie Jane ! Jessie Jane !
 Rosebud bursting into bloom—
 While the rays of Spring remain
 Think of Winter's cheerless gloom ;
 For when Summer's joys are gone—
 When the bloom of youth decays—
 Virtuous deeds and truth alone
 Can illumine life's wintry haze,
 And enjoy that crown sublime
 Which survives the wreck of time.

Lines on the Birthday of a Grandmother,

WHEN ENTERING UPON THE 91ST YEAR OF HER AGE,
WHO WAS BORN AT LANARK 8TH JANUARY, 1775, AND DIED
JANUARY, 1867.

Langsyne in Se'enteen Se'enty-five,
At New-Year's dawn, when neebours hive
Tae wish each ither "Guid New-Year,"
An' spen' the time in social cheer.

Deep lay the snaw roon' Lan'rick toon,
An' roads wreathed up the kintra roon',
Stiff frozen was the auld Tron well,
Ev'n Clinkum could'na wag the bell ;
On window panes in snowy hue,
John Frost, strange fairy figures drew ;
The hei' street burns were frozen o'er,
Frae hei' toon ports t'the auld kirk door ;
An' lads an' lasses scorn deridin',
On courie stuills in ban's were slidin'.

Then curlers keen their bonspeils laid,
Bailies and Deacons o' each trade,
Wi' Souters, Wabsters, Hosiers, Tailors,
Wrights, Masons, Coopers, Smiths, and Nailers,
A' these were summoned to attend,
An' each their sev'ral crafts defend
On Hyndford Loch, or Clyde's Holm green,
To play, and spend their scores at e'en.

Then beef an' greens, and yill galore,
The e'ening game "had nae hog score :"
Broom coves were cut frae Smyllum border,
An' curling stanes were set in order.

'Twas midst this awfu' storm an' strife
 A female flow'ret sprung tae life,
 Sae helpless was her tiny form,
 Kind guardians nursed her frae the storm ;
 But on she grew an' bloomed sae fair,
 An' shed her fragrance on the air,
 While many a male flower sought her love,
 But only one her heart could move.

In course o' years fresh buds appeared,
 An' many a gallant twig she reared,
 An' nursed them till wi' gen'rous mien,
 Each reared a family o' his ain ;
 Then spread tae north, south, east, an' wast,
 An' screened auld mither frae the blast.

Noo ninety birth-days swift hae sped,
 Since this auld plant first raised her head,
 And still she sits baith blythe and crouse,
 Sae cozie in her ain wee house :
 Nursed by one stem wi' tender care,
 While ither sprouts an' tendrils share,
 Sae tae entwine each tender shoot,
 And shed their dewdrops tae her root.

Such the reward good council hath,
 When bairns are trained in virtue's path ;
 Like simmer sun the meadows kissing,
 Draws, then sheds its showers of blessing.

Thus gratitude from sons of earth,
 To those who gave us life an' birth,

Becomes each fam'ly thus to spread
 Their shelter o'er the hoary head,
 For blessings large await the sage
 Who rocks the cradle of old age.

'Tis hard for those whose vig'rous days
 Were spent a selfish race to raise,
 At last to live on poorhouse fare,
 Worse than a felon's fate to share.

Alas! old age, how sad thy fate,
 When poverty and trials great
 Entwine around thy hoary head,
 Till death, in kindly mission sped,
 Thy fetters loose, thy sorrows end,
 Thou meet'st a father and a friend.

This honoured plant of whom I sing,
 Tho' wreathed with age is fresh as spring;
 Kind heaven grant that care and strife
 May never grieve her waning life.

Kisses to my Granddaughter, Helen.

This world has been a stage, my ain wee Nell,
 For man in every age, my dear wee Nell;
 And through many a mazy scene young and old ha'e
 actors been,
 Till the curtain drops unseen, my ain wee Nell.

We have known this world's joys, my ain wee Nell,
 To be flimsy fleeting toys, my dear wee Nell ;
 But each artiste truly wise will its varnished wiles
 despise,
 And seek for fairer skies, my ain wee Nell.

We have all felt its care, my ain wee Nell,
 But we never will despair, my dear wee Nell ;
 For though blight may tinge our bower, Heav'n sends
 refreshing showers
 To renew our drooping flowers, my ain wee Nell.

Youth to happiness aspires, my ain wee Nell,
 And we all ha'e our desires, my dear wee Nell ;
 But our hopes are often doomed ere the bud is fully
 bloomed,
 For our good, it is presumed, my ain wee Nell.

'Tis Spring-time with you now, my ain wee Nell—
 No sorrow clouds your brow, my dear wee Nell :
 Then while you're young and free—while the bloom
 is on the pea,
 Let faith and works agree, my ain wee Nell.

Beware of false aspirants, my ain wee Nell,
 For servile minds are tyrants, my dear wee Nell ;
 They're like the ivy green round mortality's last scene,
 Where corruption lurks unseen, my ain wee Nell.

May your future ripened days, by ain wee Nell,
 Yield the joys your youth displays, my dear wee Nell.
 Let virtue be your aim, then joy will fan the flame,
 As a halo round your name, my ain wee Nell.

**Lines on Presenting a Walking Staff
to J. B., Greenock.**

Dear old friend, for friend thou art,
Ever linked unto my heart

In the bonds of sympathy :
But, as dearest friends must part,
Let me this one gift impart,
That you may remember me.

Lest we ne'er again may meet,
Where the Clyde, meand'ring sweet,
Throws her spell o'er wood and lea,
May it please you to accept
This heirloom I long have kept,
That you may remember me.

It has neither worth nor charm,
But it may a foe disarm,
Should a traitor fall on thee.
One repulse of stubborn oak
May avert a foeman's stroke,
When you may remember me.

'Tis a rude, plain walking-staff,
Which I've kept for your behalf,
That when basking by the sea,
Where the rushing streams of Clyde
Mingle with th' Atlantic tide,
There you may remember me.

And when your tall, waning form
Sways beneath life's with'ring storm,
Like a slender willow tree ;

Then this staff, in time of need,
 May be found a friend indeed,
 When you may remember me.

Youth and manhood pass away—
 We are toddlin' down the brae,
 Though the road is rough to dree ;
 Yet to those whose hearts are clean
 There's a staff whereon to lean,
 Free to thee and free to me.

Kines, acknowledging the Gift of a Salmon.

Dear Mr Clarkson, yours of date,
 Confounds my powers of reason—
 That I, who ne'er with net or bait
 Caught salmon in their season,
 Should be presented with a fish
 Sae plump, and fresh, and braw, man,
 Frae ane I ne'er could ask or wish
 To send me such a salmon.

My leal guidwife has cured it weel
 Wi' sugar, saut, and pepper—
 An' ilka morn I'll hae a meal
 Cut frae the wholesome kipper.
 Then may your mess ne'er be the less,
 But blessings on you fa', man ;
 For aye I'll mind the gift sae kind—
 The fresh, Tweed water salmon.

Then please accept the heartfelt thanks
 Of a poor rhyming bardie—
 An' may kind fate in wily pranks
 Wi' blessings large reward ye ;
 An' when oor rustic famished boors
 Their scanty bickers claw, man,
 May plenty flow on you and yours,
 An' routh o' kippered salmon.

The Maid o' Glassford Lea.

(LINES SOLICITED BY A FRIEND.)

Kind Autumn shed her blessings pure
 O'er hill and dale round Lowbrown Muir,
 Where, on a visit to a friend,
 I went a holiday to spend ;
 There, as I strayed 'mang leafy bowers
 An' fruitful fields an' fragrant flowers,
 Fair Agnes Leiper met my e'e—
 The fairest flower on Glassford lea.

Her rosy cheeks an' auburn hair,
 Her witching e'en an' form sae fair,
 A'e glance o' her an' aye you'll mind
 That model fair o' womankind.
 The soaring lark mak's gay the morn,
 The snaw-white flower mak's sweet the thorn,
 But a'e blink o' this maiden's e'e
 Enchantment lends to Glassford lea.

Nae gaudy garments she displayed,
 Tae shroud her form by artful aid,
 For like the rose in simmer pride
 She's nae deformity to hide.
 A blythe heart mak's a bonnie face,
 A neat mould mak's a handsome race ;
 But a' the charms o' symmetry
 Meet in the maid o' Glassford lea.

Her rural cot was neat an' clean,
 Nae gaudy show, but braw an' bien ;
 When I exclaimed : O, happy swain,
 Wha woo's this fair maid for his ain ;
 Though fortune showers her favours high,
 An' kings and lords for honours vie,
 Gie me the maid wha bears the gree,
 Aboon them a' on Glassford lea.

Mair gracefu' still, her winning smile
 Bespeaks a heart that's free frae guile ;
 Nae human monster e'er was born
 Could in that bosom plant a thorn.
 May blessings rich her life adorn
 Wi' smiling ray like simmer morn,
 An' happy may the lover be
 Who weds the maid o' Glassford lea.

Kings to Alex. Dobie,

(ACKNOWLEDGING THE GIFT OF A BOOK.)

Dear Mr Dobie, ye'll, nae doot,
 Think me an ungratefu' loot
 Not acknowledging the gift
 Which you sent me on the fifth.
 Now, though late, your faithfu' bardie—
 Though he never may reward ye—
 Will retain and read wi' care
 The book you sent, so rich and rare ;
 For I'd maist forgot to thank ye
 Or among my donors rank ye
 Till to-day, hence I endeavour
 "Better rather late than never."

Here I sit at the fireside
 With the treasure opened wide,
 Reading to my wife and daughter
 Till their een are dim wi' laughter.
 Now sarcastic—then pathetic
 Blending with the sympathetic—
 Then on simmer fishing journeys
 To the Tweed and ora burnies—
 Till his mind, in midnight dreams
 Fishing in ideal streams,
 Was so fired the fish to draw, man,
 Gripped the wife's leg for a salmon.

Yet in a' his sad mishaps
 Over ditches, stiles, and slaps—
 Drenched and weary, nearly drowned—
 He escapes without a wound.

But his maist heart-rending plight
 Was his escapade that night
 When his wife found in his pocket
 The suspicious golden locket—
 Quite enough to gender strife
 'Twixt a husband and a wife,
 As the photo'd likeness proved,
 To her mind, the maid he loved.

Now, I do not criticise,
 But I say without disguise
 That in reading through his pieces
 My desire to read increases—
 Showing that his soul and mine
 Can in harmony entwine.
 See him in his boyhood freaks,
 Sporting his first pair o' breeks ;
 See the fly, the wasp, the hare,
 Where he sings wi' feelings rare ;
 See the dog, the cat, the cuddie—
 The ragged weans sae cauld and duddie—
 'The puirhouse wail o' man an' wife,
 Disunited during life—
 Braxfield woods in life's young dream
 Where he strayed to Clyde's pure stream—
 And, though last, let's ne'er forget
 His wee darling angel pet.

To conclude, the poet's eye
 Can discern earth, air, and sky
 As his fond ideal themes
 Fire my soul with waking dreams,



While rich thoughts, like summer flowers,
 Soothe my fevered mental powers.
 Nay, in short, his musings shew
 In true colours joy and woe ;
 While his loyal breathings chime
 With old Scotia's cause sublime,
 With a pathos true and stern,
 Linking mind with the etern' ;
 As if poets could reveal
 More than common mortals feel
 By that inspiration given
 Which links poets' minds to heaven.

Lines Written in Lanark Churchyard.

There is no spot I love like this hallowed churchyard,
 Yet a strange sadness o'er my soul gathers
 As I tread with regard o'er the green grassy sward,
 Which wraps the lone graves of my fathers.
 Ah mem'ry ! how oft by some latent tie,
 Which scientists fail to divine,
 Thou hast led me in dreams where the loved ones lie,
 Whose soul breathings mingle with mine.

I love this dear spot where my forefathers rest,
 And my offspring repose by their side,
 Away from these sorrows which rend my sad breast,
 While around their memorials I glide ;

But where'er I stray over life's stormy way,
 When my soul wings away from life's cares,
 I wish to sleep here, 'mongst the dead I revere,
 And mingle my ashes with theirs.

The dreary wind moans in sepulchral tones
 O'er th' grim vaults which span o'er the dead ;
 While here I survey those old ruins grey,
 Historians of ages long fled.
 Mortality's moss-clad monuments tell
 Of schoolmates when I was a boy,
 And martyrs who suffered, and patriots who fell
 For rights which their sons now enjoy.

St. Kentigern's fane, though in ruins, tells tales
 Of Scotland in perilous times,
 When Friars and Monks paced those lone hoary aisles
 To the vesper's devotional chimes ;
 And pure incense rose and loud anthems rolled,
 And masses were chanted there ;
 And curfew bells toll'd in the dark days of old
 O'er those domes, once the temple of prayer.

For the church sat enthroned, while her votaries
 groaned,
 Through that dark age she rose to illumine,
 And reigned uncontrolled o'er her mystical fold
 Till her sun set in vapour and gloom.
 Then spare, spare those crumbling walls now in decay,
 Mementoes we ought to regard ;
 For I'll ever revere those old ruins grey,
 And Lanark old hallowed churchyard.

**Lines suggested on Reading a Sonnet to
an Intended Bride.**

Dear Sir, although your numbers chime,
Your strains are void of thought sublime—
Bedaubing the fair sex with crime
 In words of terror ;
Then let me criticise your rhyme
 By reason's mirror,

Your lines on mother Eve primeval,
And man, doomed by her envious revel,
Although well meant and very civil,
 With cautions many,
Yet shame to frighten wi' the devil
 Your ain wee Nannie.

Nay, though your New-Year's gift was rare,
Your sonnet seems a fiendish scare ;
Poor maid, I see her auburn hair
 A' stan' on en',
An', terror-struck, ask how you dare
 Such lines to pen.

But who is he, this deil you own ?
If he's a monarch, where his throne ?
His empire must be "the unknown,"
 In fairyland ;
Yet we are taught our hearts are prone
 To his command.

Fiends personal we can't unravel—
 Our hearts need no impulse to evil—
 Yet legends show there was a devil
 Ere earth's formation ;
 Hence fiends satanic seem coeval
 With man's creation.

The sun, which rose from eastern haze,
 Bids us adieu in western rays,
 And opposites in every phase
 Begirt us round ;
 Even poisons may produce release
 From deadly wound.

So light and darkness, joy and grief,
 So health and sickness, pain, relief,
 So life and death—nay, to be brief,
 See yonder mountain,
 Where round its base each rugged reef
 Frowns o'er a fountain.

But now my stricture I must end,
 Hoping your prayer—that God defend
 Your Nannie frae Auld Nickybend—
 Be heard above ;
 Meanwhile seek truth, and nae foul fiend
 Shall mar your love.

Lines on Garnkirk Moss.

Australian colonists complain,
 But, ah! their cries are heard in vain,
 Of felons from our wide domain,
 Sent there as rogues.

Britain has deserts o' her ain
 For her base crew, then let them drain
 Auld Scotia's bogs.

Ye cruel thieves, wi' feelings callous,
 Ye murd'ers wha ha'e jinked the gallows,
 Come where the pois'nous adder wallows
 Among the heather ;

Ye dynamiters, who appal us,
 Come to our deserted shallows,
 And herd together.

Ye wrinkled maidens, love-sick, dying,
 Ye hermits drear, the world denying,
 Ye horrid fiends, from vengeance flying
 To regions mirk,
 Come where the winds are ever sighing,
 And lonely peesweeps eerily crying—
 Round Garnkirk.

Scotchmen, who love your honoured nation,
 Mourn o'er this scene o' desolation,
 Where wild ducks quack in lamentation
 Across its lakes,
 And muirfowl leave through mere starvation,
 This haunt of every foul formation,
 Adders and snakes.

Lovers of nature, shed a tear
 O'er ruined nature's mournful bier—
 This heathclad moss in aspect drear,
 This dismal swamp ;
 Nae scenes reflective minds to cheer,
 But pois'nous vapours a' the year,
 Bleak, cold and damp.

Ye lords of this bleak wild domain,
 O hear your bardie's melting strain,
 For this wild morass shrouds my brain
 In woeful mien ;
 But had I power your swamps to drain,
 You soon would see a fertile plain
 In lovely green.

Why copy feudal days of old,
 When Scotia's chiefs and barons bold
 Reign'd in rude fort or castle hold
 Wi' plund'rous aim ?
 A brighter age we now behold,
 When men of progress are extolled
 To highest fame.

Ye men of worth, to Science bow ;
 Now drain the moorland, speed the plough,
 And wreathe auld Scotia's wrinkled brow
 Wi' laurels round it.
 True nationality is now
 To leave the world in brighter glow
 Than when we found it.



Beautiful Snow.

LINES SUGGESTED ON READING A POEM BY AN AMERICAN
AUTHOR ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

Beautiful Snow ! Beautiful Snow !
 Purer than aught in this world below ;
 Nursed in the aerial storehouse of heaven,
 Whence all blessings to earth are given ;
 Flickering, melting, pattering, pelting,
 Wreathing the hills in their wintry belting ;
 While the weird monarch, in playful storms,
 Paints on our windows fantastic forms,—
 Breathes, and the pendant icicles throw
 Diademed crests o'er the Beautiful Snow !

Beautiful Snow ! Beautiful Snow !
 Emblem of purity—yet a foe
 To hardy shepherds on mountains steep
 Braving the storm for their wand'ring sheep ;
 Trembling, sighing, shiv'ring, crying
 For tender lambs 'neath the deep wreaths lying.
 But ah ! to gaze on the ice-bound street ;
 Widows and orphans with bleeding feet—
 Lives embittered by want and woe—
 How can they welcome thee, Beautiful Snow !

Beautiful Snow ! Beautiful Snow !
 Yet thy storms rich blessings bestow ;
 Mantling the forests and woodland bowers,
 Veiling the snowdrops and tender flowers,
 In feathery flakes o'er the wildwood brakes ;
 While earth seems dead as the ice-bound lakes,

And a solemn pall from yonder cloud
 Enshrines her form in a weird-like shroud ;
 Teaching the young in life's mazy show,
 Old age steals on with its silvery snow.

Beautiful Snow ! Beautiful Snow !
 Thy chill breath wakes our martial glow,
 When Scotia's sons and her sages grey
 March forth to the ice-bound lakes to play ;
 Then crash and roar, till the bonspiel's o'er,
 Echo afar o'er their mountains hoar.
 For Scotia boasts of her national game,
 And legends tell of her might and fame ;
 Then long may lordling and peasant go
 To mutual sport 'mongst the Beautiful Snow !

Beautiful Snow ! Beautiful Snow !
 Earth tells of thy reign long, long ago.
 Ere angels smiled on man's pristine day
 Thou held'st creation beneath thy sway.
 Say, was thy reign to efface a stain
 Ere man reigned o'er this wide domain,
 Till heaven's stern fiat released thy grasp
 From realms long held in thy icy clasp ?
 Now earth's swept gradients thy wavelets shew
 Tracked down to the ocean, Beautiful Snow !

Beautiful Snow ! Beautiful Snow !
 No mundane doom has bestained thy flow ;
 While over this world the blight is traced,
 And man, in God's image, is so defaced



That the unborn child is by sin defiled,
 As if life engendered those passions wild.
 O, when will this world, once good and fair,
 Be freed from that demon who rules in air ?
 When Love's humanizing rays will glow
 O'er an age more pure than the Beautiful Snow !

The History of a Dewdrop.

'Twas at early dawn, in balmy May,
 Ere the pale moon sank to rest,
 A dewdrop fell on a cowslip gay,
 And gleamed on its lovely breast.
 The wee cowslip raised its drooping head
 To salute the wand'rer fair,
 And its fragrant breath fresh odours shed,
 To enchant the dewdrop there.

Like a minstrel sage this pearly dew
 Thus sang to the flow'ret gay—
 " I oft wonder why lovely gems like you
 Can bloom in your short-lived day ;
 Yet I woo sweet flowers in their fairy bowers,
 As I wimple in woodland streams ;
 But my home is the deep, where I love to sleep,
 'Neath the pale moon's silv'ry beams.

"I am old as the everlasting hills ;
 Ere the glorious orb of day,
 I played on the huge chaotic rills,
 And the fountains far away ;
 I've slept on the lakes 'round Eden's bowers,
 And soared on the vap'ry spray,
 Then gently dropt in the virgin showers,
 On the infant blossoms gay.

"No wild winds moaned o'er the placid sea,
 As it kissed the moon's pale ray ;
 Or tempests furrowed the daisied lea
 As it basked to primeval day.
 But the scene soon changed—why, I never knew :
 Vast earthquakes rent the world ;
 The ribbed rocks yawned and the lightnings flew,
 And I to the depths was hurled.

"There doomed I lay in the ocean caves,
 Where the mermaids sing with glee
 Their lullaby to the raging waves,
 As they lash o'er the deep blue sea.
 Environed deep, 'neath a vasty steep,
 In that dark abyss I lay,
 Till I woke with a sound, and upward bound,
 To a scene of sad dismay.

"I was heaved to the clouds in a briny fold,
 Like pyramids fringed with foam,
 Where the lightnings glared and the thunders rolled
 O'er the wreck of a blissful home.

For the earth was rapt in a wat'ry shroud,
 Not a speck on the waves to mark
 A germ of life, but a favoured crowd
 Who were saved on a floating ark.

“ Yet these flood-gates high and the angry sky
 Must have been high Heaven's decree :
 For the heaving tide found a gradient wide
 To revolve round the world like me.
 When Egyptian pride through the briny tide
 Drove Israel's patriots brave,
 I gazed aghast till the Hebrews past
 Then closed o'er a living grave.

“ I shone as a beam in Jordan's stream,
 O'er a form from Heavens high,
 I laved his breast 'neath the waves' proud crest,
 More spotless and pure than I.
 Since then I have soared o'er the vaulted sky,
 And shaded the mountains grey ;
 I've foamed on the billows where tempests sigh,
 And the deep-sea monsters play.

“ I've illumed the ring of the hoar-frost king,
 Enthroned on his icy car ;
 Where Winter lowers o'er his crystal towers,
 'Neath the grim north's polar star,
 And to every clime, on the clouds sublime,
 At the planet's call I go,
 Where the south wind blows, and the vine tree grows,
 And the spicy odours flow.

" I've swept in the rapids' gurgling sway,
 I've plunged o'er cataracts high,
 Then danced aloft 'mongst the twinkling spray,
 To blink in the rainbow sky.
 I've flown o'er the Alpine's giddy height,
 Transformed to a snow-white flake,
 Then gleamed, ice-bound, like a diamond bright,
 Till I melted in yonder lake.

" I've smiled on the prow of death-doomed barques,
 As they plunged to their ocean graves ;
 Then danced aloft 'mongst the liquid sparks,
 On the crests of the mighty waves.
 In the battlefield, on the warrior's grave,
 'Midst the thundering cannon's roar,
 I've quenched the thirst of the fallen brave,
 As they lay 'mong their own life's gore.

" I've played in the cup in the banquet hall
 Where the am'rous lovers sigh ;
 I've danced in the bowl 'round death's dark pall,
 And streamed from the mourner's eye.
 I've mingled in wine at the virgin's shrine,
 Where the pious pilgrims pray ;
 To the sacred font, to the holy mount,
 I fly on the sun's bright ray."

Now Aurora's beams, with a piercing glare,
 Gleamed bright on this drop of dew ;
 With a quiver it kissed the cowslip fair,
 And vanished from mortal view.

The Vision of Ezekiel.

A WHEEL IN A WHEEL.

By the river of Chebar a rapt prophet saw
 A vision which fired him with wonder and awe—
 Four wheels and four cherubs in unity blent,
 And each had four faces of wondrous portent ;
 Hands, feet, eyes, and wings, and a wheel in a wheel,
 Which modern philosophy fails to reveal ;
 The four wheels had eyes to survey all below,
 And still they are moving, nor turn as they go.

The wheels are still moving impulsive with life,
 Pervading and swaying this drama of strife ;
 And though base aspirants to high honours rise,
 Their glories seem vile when surveyed from the skies ;
 Yet all serve their missions, like Pharaoh of old,
 Ev'n vice, the great suicide, soon will unfold
 The chains she has forged for her own overthrow :
 For the wheels are still moving, nor turn as they go.

The wheels are still moving, though monarchs by birth
 Assume to be heaven's vicegerents on earth ;
 Though despotic factions weak nations devour,
 Exhausting their wrath for the balance of power.
 Nay, though leagues are formed and alliances sealed,
 There's a wheel in a wheel which will yet be revealed
 When the vanquisher vanquished shall bend to his foe :
 For the wheels are still moving, nor turn as they go.

The wheels are still moving, enshrouded in haze,
 The future but dimly expands to our gaze ;
 The past a dark back-ground of envy and war,
 As if earth had no ruler, no bright guiding star ;
 For freedom we bleed, but the strange phantom flies,
 Old empires decay, but new despots arise ;
 While the heralds of truth strive to lighten our woe ;
 Yet the wheels are still moving, nor turn as they go.

The wheels are still moving, while factions are rife,
 Each proving its creed from the same Word of Life,
 With sure inspiration from heaven above,
 While envy and strife stain their mantles of love ;
 Let vain, earth-born factions their dark schemes defend,
 Sublime truth must triumph o'er vice in the end :
 Overturn ! overturn ! ye false systems, for lo !
 The wheels are still moving, nor turn as they go.

The wheels are still moving, while wisdom is calling ;
 The millions are merging from darkness appalling,
 For the weak chains which bound them true science
 reveals,
 And who can retard the inflexible wheels ?
 But the eyes in the wheels the dark drama surveys,
 While reason and truth dimly gleam through the haze ;
 Humanity moves, though the progress is slow,
 Yet the wheels are still moving, nor turn as they go.

The wheels are still moving, and while we are blind,
 Great purposes ripen by heaven designed ;
 And though mortals offer strange incense to God,
 From chalices stained by humanity's blood,

Yet soon truth and love shall illumine this dark world
 When from its vile bosom all vice shall be hurled ;
 Then righteousness, justice, and reason will show
 Why the wheels are still moving, nor turn as they go.

The wheels are still moving—pride, envy and pain
 Portend the near end of the dark, Gentile reign ;
 While kings, priests, and peoples, like Israel of old,
 Still worship devoutly the great idol—Gold !
 But, lo ! one from Edom ; a king once rejected ?
 “ From Bosrah he comes, to a throne long expected ;
 Though mighty to save, he will crush every foe,”
 For the wheels are still moving, nor turn as they go.

The wheels are still moving—one life, mind, and soul,
 Unite wheels and cherubs, one mystical whole ;
 Infinite in source, and on strange mission bent,
 While the four-faced live creatures as types represent
 The four ancient standards which Israel bore,
 When they marched on to Zion in ages of yore ;
 And soon shall those emblems in Heaven’s rays glow
 For the wheels are still moving, nor turn as they go.

The wheels are still moving, progressive truth brings,
 Like the noise of great waters, the sound of fleet wings,
 As the shout of an army, in language profound,
 The Great Ruler speaks to the nations around ;
 And high o’er our atmosphere towers the bright throne
 Where a Ruler will reign till all foes are o’erthrown ;
 Environed with light, ’neath a smiling rainbow ;
 To this the wheels move on, nor turn as they go,

The wheels are still moving, while visions sublime,
 Unfold future scenes through the vista of time ;
 Ev'n now the discordance, and envy, and pain,
 Mature the completion of that glorious reign,
 When the man and the eagle, the ox and the lion,
 As symbolic emblems, shall wave over Zion.
 Then bishops unmitred, and monarchs uncrowned,
 And rulers, and statesmen, for wisdom renowned,
 With humble devotion to Zion shall flow ;
 To this the wheels move on, nor turn as they go.

Demonology—What is it?

What I am, or what I've been,
 Reason scans with satire keen ;
 Yet I've been a potentate
 Long ere man's primeval state
 To the universe related—
 Yet by whom, or if created,
 Seems a vile enigma taught
 To bewilder human thought.

If I am a myth or elf,
 I could not create myself ;
 And the powers which I inherit,
 Infinite or won by merit—
 Reason scorns ; hence the solution
 That I sprang by evolution,
 Out of chaos, whence I brought
 All the gems of mystic thought.

That in the chaotic tide
 I bestrode earth's caverns wide ;
 Scaling lofty, blazing cones,
 O'er volcanic molten stones,
 As if mundane power was given
 To a fiend expelled from Heaven—
 Seems a dark, ambiguous blot
 On the page of human thought.

What I am, or whence I came,
 Legends tell my might and fame,
 When as Lucifer I trod,
 On the holy mount of God ;
 And in Eden's sylvan bowers,
 Decked with trees, and herbs, and flowers,
 I surveyed as seers wrote—
 But a reptile I was not.

What I am, all ancient lore,
 Drawn from hieroglyphic store,
 Tells that I was then enrolled
 'Mong the deities of old—
 When phantastic gods unfurled
 Their false claims to rule the world,
 Then I reigned, as bigots thought,
 But to man no evil brought.

What I was, in realms afar,
 I was styled the "Morning Star ;"
 Through my mystical resources
 In great Nature's secret forces,

Which, in human phraseology,
 Seemed omniscient Demonology—
 Thus vile bigotry has wrought
 Mystic wreathes to strangle thought.

That I was ; I scaled the portals
 To the home of pure immortals,
 And, with all my dire demerits,
 Led a host of lying spirits ;
 When one mighty imp was sent
 Down to earth with vile intent,
 To debase King Ahab's thought,
 Through false prophets which he sought.

What I was in ancient story
 Seems a mystic allegory,
 As when I was called to scan
 Job, the perfect, patient man,
 Who, provoked by pain and scorn,
 Cursed the day when he was born ;
 Yet against God's will I wrought
 Without cause, as prophets note.

What I was ; in ages fled,
 I by witchcraft raised the dead,
 And could fly through ambient air
 With a prize no fiend could dare ;
 Even yet, through medium skill,
 I bring spirits as they will,
 Rapping, writing, and what not—
 Let the wise unveil the plot.

What I was, my mighty deeds
 Sprung from ancient mystic creeds,
 When the infant world believed
 The miracles which I achieved ;
 But not the phenomena
 Of great Nature's sacred law
 Can be thwarted, changed or brought
 From its course by will or thought.

What I was, in ages gone,
 When I claimed a mystic throne ;
 Now I'm styled the prince infernal,
 Waging war with the Eternal ;
 And, with all my powers combined,
 To the dark abyss consigned—
 A strange parody, I wot,
 On the march of human thought.

When will men spurn mystic lore,
 And their own vile hearts explore ?
 They would find sad imperfections,
 Blighted, selfish, vile affections,
 Which require no prompting Devil
 To debase their minds to evil ;
 And their fall from bliss, I wot,
 Was no vile Satanic plot.

What I am, I've always been,
 Mingling light with shades serene,
 Love and hatred, joy and woe ;
 Blending good and evil so

That at last, when fictions fail
 Reason's progress to assail,
 Mankind will to light be brought,
 And old axioms set at nought.

What I was, I now must own,
 Byron's visions shook my throne;
 Shelley also nipped my bays
 In his pantheistic lays;
 And famed Burns, a mystic ranter,
 Broke my spells in Tam o' Shanter;
 Last of all, Sir Walter Scott
 Dug the grave of mystic thought.

Jamie's Wedding.

Kind frien's, we bid ye welcome all,
 An' youngsters blythe an' gay,
 Tae rant an' sing in Hymen's Hall
 On Jamie's weddin' day.
 Then rant an' sing till th' echoes ring
 Harmonious with oor lay,
 For right or wrang I'll lilt my sang
 On Jamie's weddin' day.

This day he's left his faither's cot,
 An' wed his winsome bride.
 May peace an' plenty crown their lot,
 An' cheer their ingle side.
 Then rant an' sing, &c.

My ain guidwife, aye true an' leal,
 Has been my solace lang ;
 We've braved the storm, noo in the biel,
 I'll lilt my gratefu' sang.
 Then rant an' sing, &c.

This night reminds me o' the day,
 Full forty years ago,
 When we joined han's to share for aye
 Each ither's joy an' woe.
 Then rant an' sing, &c.

An' then wee tots cam' ilka year,
 Tae toddle roun' the door ;
 We struggled hard oor bairns tae rear,
 But noo thae days are o'er.
 Then rant an' sing, &c.

For Alick, Tom, and Willie tae,
 Hae bairnies o' their ain ;
 A' toilin' hard as we'd tae dae
 When our young hearts were fain.
 Then rant an' sing, &c.

An' noo, in turn, our youngest son
 Has wed his bride to-day,
 An' life's lone winter has begun,
 For the nest has flown away.
 Then rant an' sing, &c.

At gloamin' fa, the setting sun
 Reflects his sweetest rays,
 So may the laurels we hae won,
 Becalm our gloamin' days.
 Then rant an' sing, &c.

Tho' lanely, we are no forlorn,
 The only boon we claim,
 That sons an' grandsons may adorn
 Their faither's humble name.
 Then rant an' sing, &c.

The Hammered Husband.

When nature kind her gifts were dealing,
 Man, though a fav'rite, got his failing,
 Ev'n those who were ordained to reign
 As monarchs over earth's domain ;
 See Solomon, a model king,
 Nursed 'neath David's royal wing,
 And though of elevated mind
 Soothed his cares with womankind.
 Three hundred wives—weel may we wonder—
 And lovely damsels seven hunder.
 But as to gen'ralship or rule
 Gigantic minds disdain to snool,
 Yet his wise rule, austere or coy,
 Nae doot surpassed famed Geordie Roy.

But, noo-a-days, some wi' a'e wife
 Are kept in torment during life ;
 God's image sunk to base position
 By woman's pride and false ambition !
 But why should man be such a fool
 Thus to allow a wife to rule ?
 The answer's plain, as I can tell,
 Because he canna rule himsel'.
 I'd rather welter in a tether,
 An' gi'e her breiks an' a' thegither.

Such masc'line wives o' haughty meed
 Denote some cross-got in the breed,
 Unlike our great grand dames of old,
 Whose deeds of virtue are enrolled ;
 Nae envy in their minds did nestle,
 Fair patterns o' the weaker vessel,
 An' even yet, though they are rare,
 We ha'e a sprinkling meek an' fair,
 Who, Sarah like, obey their lord,
 And shed heav'n's smiles around his board,
 Such gentle mates their empires find
 When they are loving, true, an' kind.

As soon shall fishes from the deep
 Live in the breeze of mountain's steep,
 Or willows from the marshy strand
 Luxuriant grow in burning sand,
 Than woman from her sphere to move
 And share a husband's constant love.

PART II.

See yon puir henpecked farmer's mate,
 At kirk or market dressed in state,
 Wi' slav'ring gab an' shaughled feet,
 Her clumsy body dressed complete,
 Wi' bonnet strappit o'er her chin,
 An' ribbons flying wi' the win,
 Hoblin awa' wi' vulgar stare,
 An' thinks nane can wi' her compare.
 "Braw feathers mak' braw fowls" they say,
 But dress ne'er made a lady gay,
 It's just like dressing a rough stane,
 It only shows how course the grain.

But, see her at her ain fireside,
 Wi' kilted coats in hamely pride,
 She'll ca' her man a drunken loon,
 And kick the stools an' weans aroun',
 Threatening her servant with the law,
 You'll hear her half-a-mile awa.
 She says her neighbours' craps are fine,
 Ha'e routh o' kie an' sheep an' swine,
 While her kail yaird, nae growth appearin',
 Her hay an' corn's no worth the shearin',
 Her neighbour's wife's got a new bonnet,
 Wi' feathers, lace, an' ribbons on it,
 A braw new plaid and silken goon
 The last day she was at the toon,
 But my reward, says she, is scorn,
 Though I should toil baith e'en an' morn.

She says : I ha'e a man in name,
 He's cauld an' feckless aye at hame,
 An', what's mair base an' unbecomin',
 He's blythe aye wi' my servant woman.
 Then country clashes by the hunder
 Like lightning gleams before the thunder.
 Wi' dwarfish brow noo fiercely hung,
 Vile passion fires her ven'mous tongue—
 Hung on a pivot by the centre—
 An', should her tremblin' husband enter,
 A soor reek meets him wi' a gowl,
 Enough to gar a collie yowl,
 An' if his feet's no dichted clean,
 The door rug meets him i' the een.
 O, hard, hard is the poor man's lot,
 Caused by the green-eyed monster's plot.

Then if at market, show, or fair,
 He tak's a drap to droon oot care,
 Pair soul, he's feared to venture hame,
 An' ilka cronie gets the blame
 O' a' misdeeds his morals stainin'
 An' drink an' Sabbath day's profanin'.
 But view hersel' on Sabbath days,
 Got hame frae kirk an' changed her claes,
 Wi' pious gloom scolds like a randy
 On those who dare to walk on Sunday
 For drunken blackguards, graceless wretches—
 Meanwhile the servant's mawin' fitches,
 For servant lads nae rest require,
 They're paid for Sunday's wark in hire—

An' then it is nae crime for, mark,
 'Twas at the gloamin', nearly dark,
 Far frae the road or human e'e,
 And for Mess John, he didna see.
 So much for Godly Sabbatarians,
 Hypocrisy and truth at variance ;
 Nae wonder that our nation's taunted
 That a name to live is a' that's wanted.

PART III.

We leave the wife an' try to scan
 The worth and talent of the man,
 An' without flattery or dispraise
 Review him on his gala days.
 Noo see him at a cattle show,
 You'd think him lord o' a' below,
 Or at the bughts on Whitsun Monday,
 Or stanin' at the plate on Sunday,
 Or in the kirk he tak's his place
 Wi' solemn ministerial face,
 Or at a tea or toddy party
 Wha will ye see sae blythe an' hearty,
 An' mak' a speech though voice be rupit,
 For's faither meant him for the pu'pit.
 Noo, why this wondrous transformation ?
 Just this—he's got Meg's approbation,
 Like schoolboy at the master's call,
 For men are schoolboys after all.

To end my tale. A'e market night
 He got blin' fou, and then the fright

To think o' hame, but was sae scared
 He slept that night i' th' hie kirkyard
 Beneath a mossy auld thrugh stane
 That had upon some martyr lain,
 An prayed that death might then release him ;
 But, ah ! Meg langer had to tease him,
 Sae up he gat, shook aff the mools,
 A wiser man than ither fools,
 Resolved to write, ere old age looms,
 His meditations 'mong the tombs.

APOLOGY.

Now to conclude this long narration,
 I only beg this explanation,
 That though I've penned this satire keen,
 It's not through malice, spite, or spleen ;
 But when a case so vile appears
 I cannot shut my eyes and ears,
 But like a photographer tracing,
 The Cam'ra fixed full view embracing,
 Then all in range, be't man or wife,
 Their portrait's taken true to life,
 So, with the muse, I canna help it,
 For write I must, though I'd be skelpit,
 This helter-skelter, ravelled stricture.
 But, O ! I beg that this true picture
 May urge young men of moral lives
 To wed wi' virtuous, loving wives.

Ode to Critics.

The sun had set in golden blushes,
 Sweetly hummed the laden bee,
 The songsters nestled 'mong the rushes,
 With their mates in am'rous glee.
 Sweet the mountain streamlet pur'l'd,
 Wimpling on with murm'ring din,
 While the dewy spray upcurl'd
 From the foaming craggy linn.

The lark had sunk with dewy breast
 From its evening song on high,
 Shelt'ring in its cosy nest,
 When I heard a weird-like cry ;
 'Twas from yonder ruins old,
 Where an eldritch owlet reigns,
 And methought wild accents rolled,
 Echoing thus across the plain :—

Sleep on now, ye chirling crew,
 Mute are all your warbling throats :
 Round my towers all day ye flew,
 Chanting wild discordant notes.
 I abhor such warbling praise,
 I detest your chatt'ring brood ;
 Soon I'll hush your am'rous lays :
 For I'm the critic of the wood.

Ye proud larks who court the sky,
 Ever singing as ye soar,
 Now must learn my humble cry
 To the midnight tempest's roar.

See, the eagle mounts on high,
 Silently with outspread wing;
 Plovers, hawks, and curlews cry—
 But too modest birds to sing.

We have Nature's notes, and use them
 Skilfully, to seize our prey;
 You have gifts, but you abuse them
 Chatt'ring round my ruins grey.
 I'm a despot, and I'll show it,
 Old and learned I love to rule—
 Linnets, larks, and blackbirds know it,
 And to my behests must snool.

But should you sing on in spite,
 And my regal rights defy,
 I'll soon teach, and serve you right,
 My sepulchral midnight cry.
 The streamlet in the moonbeams glist'ned,
 As the raven croaked adieu,
 While with joy the songsters listened
 To its parting loud halloo.

Then I felt the spell was broken,
 Yet wild fancy called to mind
 That the envious jargon spoken
 Was an emblem of mankind:
 The owlet fitly represented
 Critics of the rural press—
 Ever snarling, unresented,
 Native talent to suppress.

Criticising, analysing,
 Like a chemist o'er his flame ;
 Worth disguising, truth despising,
 Tarnishing an honoured name.
 Minstrels are our moral larks,
 Though grave owls their works defame,
 And, like doves, are trapped for marks
 To the fiendish sportsman's aim.

Oft the bard, by fame enticed,
 His last ode from mind's rich casket
 Gives but to be criticised,
 Then condemned to Betty's basket ;
 And too oft the servile critic
 Darkens thought profound and terse,
 While the lame and paralytic
 Find a page for limping verse.

Would our critics write a book,
 As God's servant, Job, requested,
 Mankind to their themes would look,
 And, if false, would be detested ;
 But such critics write their strictures
 On high themes beyond their flight,
 Couched in slang of motley mixtures,
 Spurning science, truth, and light.

Critics, like to midnight tapers,
 Faintly o'er dark minds may tell ;
 Yet their strictures suit the papers,
 Edited by them " to sell."

Surely wisdom, truth, and science
 In their gloomy graves would sleep,
 Did not Nature frown defiance
 From her laboratories deep.

Would our critics backward travel
 Through the footprints of old Time,
 Nature would their doubts unravel
 In her mysteries sublime.
 Wit or learning, though refined,
 Ne'er shall mar the heaven-born muse ;
 As well may a man born blind
 Scan the rainbow's varied hues.

No ! the man who soars no higher
 Than the finite eye can trace,
 Ne'er shall quench poetic fire,
 Or its heavenly hues deface.
 Simon Magus would have given
 Gold for gifts of heavenly dye ;
 But our bards have gifts from heaven,
 Which base gold could never buy.

Shades of Shakespeare, Pope, and Homer,
 All your flights are blasted now ;
 To the Tyro's taste and grammar
 Ideality must bow.
 Tune your harps to hymns pathetic,
 Metaphors and fables dread ;
 And if you would please the critic,
 Ever mind "a spade's a spade."

Poetry, like breath of roses,
 Scorn nor satire can defame ;
 And who dares but interposes
 To exalt the poet's fame.
 Ne'er shall blighting, cold derision,
 Nurse the ideal bud to bloom,
 Or the sage, with narrow vision,
 Truth or science e'er illumine.

Truth is one and claims affiance
 With all light of kindred birth,
 And ere long will bid defiance
 To the bigotries of earth.

Life and Death.

TO A FRIEND.

Why envy long life ? 'tis a strange scene of strife,
 With bliss in the far distance gleaming ;
 We live and we hope, yet in darkness we grope,
 Till death sets us free from our dreaming.
 'Tis a dream in a dream, as we sail o'er life's stream,
 Surrounded by Death's yawning portals ;
 Then to Fate let us bend, we shall know in the end,
 When we wake in the land of immortals.

Life and Death.

There are suns in the far azure blue
 Which mortal eyes never will trace,
 And paths o'er which systems pursue
 Their courses through infinite space ;
 But where is that orb where my spirit
 Had basked in its tranquil beam,
 Ere sent from its home to inherit
 A life 'twixt a dream and a dream.

I came as a babe to this world,
 Was nursed on a fond mother's knee ;
 And, as reason's high gifts were unfurl'd,
 To dream of joys never to be.
 I have lived in an age of desire,
 Till all cherished prospects are gone,
 For the bliss to which mortals aspire
 Futurity beckons us on.

There is death in the pregnant womb,
 There is life in the lonesome grave,
 For the spoils of death nurture life's bloom
 Till Nature conserves what she gave.
 Thus life is a transient spark—
 We know not our whence or whereto ;
 And each why and wherefore seems dark
 As we the strange problem pursue.

'Tis a struggle between life and death,
 Till all earthly pleasures are chilled ;
 When calmly we yield mortal breath,
 With the fond dreams of youth unfulfilled ;
 But if death is a gracious design,
 To die must be only transition
 From trials to bliss more benign,
 When th' ideal ends in fruition.

Pa and Ma.

Ye grave lords, who trace all folly
 To old Adam's first offence,
 Tune your harps to melancholy
 O'er the grave of common sense :
 Think how strange to hear a maiden,
 Spangled o'er with jewels braw,
 While her brow with years is laden,
 Talking of her Pa and Ma.

Yet how sweet to hear a baby,
 Prattling round its mother's knee,
 Lispering Pa and Ma, or maybe
 Aping words with playful glee ;
 But when youthful bloom's declining,
 And false teeth her dainties chaw,
 Sad to hear a matron whining
 Of her aged Pa and Ma.

Why should modest, gentle dames,
 Try their age or state to smother
 By supplanting honoured names—
 Pa for father, Ma for mother.
 Would they ape the babies' prattle,
 They should from their rank withdraw,
 And with crying doll and rattle,
 Lisp their love to Pa and Ma.

Earthly parents are invested
 With a trust above all others ;
 Then let homage ne'er be wrested
 From our fathers and our mothers.
 Surely social love is fading
 When this age shows such a flaw,
 Speaking thus in terms degrading,
 Styling parents Pa and Ma.

Let our monarch's daughters teach us,
 And each homely royal brother,
 As they utter in their speeches,
 My late father, my dear mother.
 Then let those with whom we mingle,
 Wisdom from example draw,
 And discard the nursery jingle,
 Calling parents Pa and Ma.

Wayside Musings on the Origin of Man.

Summer wreathes the woodland bowers,
 Flora's smiles adorn the plains ;
 Winter breathes fantastic flowers
 On the snow-clad window panes ;
 Spring time comes with smiling hue,
 Autumn waves its golden grain ;
 And would man to man be true,
 Earth might be a blessed domain.

Hence a problem grave arises :
 Whence came man, whose mind can pierce
 Earth and sky, and harmonises
 With the wondrous universe ?
 But ere mortals can discern
 Their own essence or first cause,
 They must soar to the etern',
 The great Spring of Nature's laws.

Could our mental powers survey,
 Through the corridors of thought,
 Back to that primeval day,
 As by ancient seers taught—
 Vision grand ! a human pair
 Launched into terrestrial life ;
 And to learn from what and where
 Sprang the pristine man and wife.

For if perfect in induction,
 And unborn, they were divine ;
 Safe from envy and seduction,
 Holy, virtuous, and benign.
 But as human, formed for earth,
 As displayed in their formation,
 Reason only knows that birth
 Is produced through generation.

If kind nature was rejected
 When man sprang to life and breath,
 Why should he have been subjected
 To disease, decay, and death ?
 Reason from ethereal sky,
 Science from its depths profound,
 Ask in vain, for no reply
 From infinity is found.

But if all was good at first,
 Doubts and discords soon will blend,
 And a purer life light burst
 In fruition at the end.
 Yet the intellectual mind
 Will soar on to the ideal,
 Till in truth's glad reign we find
 All harmonious, true, and real.

Consider the Lilies.

Consider the lilies, how sweetly they bloom !
 Adorning our arbours in Summer's perfume ;
 They toil not, nor spin, yet in nature's attire,
 Display richer charms than the monarch or squire !
 Love beams from their smiles when at morning we view
 Their silvery petals embroidered with dew,
 Recalling the time, in creation's young glow,
 When innocence reigned o'er this world below.

Consider the lilies, ye faithless ! who scorn
 The great Artist's goodness and skill to adorn
 This planet of ours with herbage and flowers,
 When sunshine and showers enliven our bowers,
 And though flowers are voiceless their lovely tints
 throw
 An ideal mirage of long, long ago,
 As sentient emblems of pleasure and pain,
 To sweeten the links of humanity's reign.

Consider the lilies, ye nymphs ! young and fair,
 Though lovely your smiles, strange sighs mingle there,
 While lilies serenely invite you to view
 The concords of nature while smiling to you ;
 See how they flaunt by the murmuring rill,
 In the shade of the hawthorn when nature is still,
 Reflecting their smiles in the calm glassy stream,
 Like beauty enshrined in an ideal dream.

Consider the lilies, ye mortals! who feel
 The chords of infinity through your hearts steal,
 Eternal the root, for its life germ appears
 As a ray o'er the tomb of the long vanished years:
 And though a veil shrouds the past actors from view,
 The same chain of lives the same missions pursue ;
 To vanquish the false when truth's forces combined
 Will sway the eternal empire of mind.

Consider the lilies, ye nobles of earth!
 Who boast of your ancestry, valour, and worth,
 For though rank allures in a world like this,
 It bears no affiance with infinite bliss;
 Would the lords of humanity copy the flowers
 By shedding love's balm 'stead of strewing our bowers
 With discord and war ; old earth would assume
 Her primitive concord o'er falsehood's dark tomb.

Consider the lilies, bereaved ones! who mourn
 For long vanished loved ones who sleep in the urn,
 Though flowers fade away, Spring revives nature's tie
 Like pure noble souls, for they never will die.
 The lilies are preachers from Nature to man—
 What though flesh is grass, and existence a span,
 Still each surging impulse in life's varied dream
 Imprints its own image like flowers on the stream.

Time Passes Away.

"Time passes away," how devoutly we say,
 Yet reason perceives no transition;
 But if truth is sublime, why rank life and time
 In an unmeaning juxtaposition?
 Each era of time, in its order sublime,
 Conjures from unbounded resources
 The ghosts of the past from their sepulchres vast
 Like flow'rets to bloom in their courses.

Yet man has his day, and must soon pass away;
 His pilgrimage seems but a span;
 And in the next age his descendants engage
 To finish the works he began.
 Each day, month, and year, though to us they appear
 As passing away with our breath,
 Yet the spheres are still young, and their vigour un-
 strung,
 And feel no decadence or death.

In youth or old age, in whate'er we engage,
 We speak as we hear, feel, or see;
 But reason when brought to investigate thought,
 Truth and history oft disagree.
 This drama of life, with its concords and strife,
 By dogma is often perverted,
 As the false and the true, like a photographed view,
 Appear to our visions inverted.

See a child in a train, how bewildered its brain,
 As in fancy the hedgerows pass by ;
 So like children we say, Time is passing away,
 As we move on our journey to die.
 The heart and the mind, by emotions combined,
 Shed virtue or vice on our way ;
 Each throb seems to chime we are out-running Time,
 For infinity knows no decay.

Thus language ideal to manhood seems real,
 Through maxims imbibed in our youth,
 And grave factions fight for what zealots think right,
 While they scratch but the surface of truth.
 Then let mortals say, We are passing away,
 The sand-glass of life is pulsation,
 Which ere long must stop, and the frail body drop
 To pay back its debt to creation.

There are secret ties between earth and the skies,
 Through matter and instinct and mind,
 Yet there is a soul in the wonderful whole
 In which every tie is entwined.
 Man passes away—none can hinder decay,
 Though science with death long has striven ;
 Yet the man, rich or poor, whose affections are pure,
 Is in union with nature and Heaven.

A Jubilee Song of 1879,

In celebration of the Golden Wedding of the author and Mrs Carmichael, which was attended by nearly all the members of their family together with several old friends, including two who were present at the original wedding fifty years before, and at which the worthy couple were made the recipients of a number of gifts, with cordial expressions for their long life and happiness.

In days of old each fiftieth year
 Was held in joyful glee ;
 The trumpet, sounding loud and clear,
 Proclaimed a jubilee.
 Then slaves and debtors were set free
 From penury and woe,
 To revel in true liberty,
 In th' ages long ago.

And, noo, full fifty years hae fled —
 Which few are spared to see—
 Since we in Hymen's bonds were wed,
 Till death should set us free.
 Then let us hail with gratefu' pride,
 This day, with hearts aglow ;
 And welcome to oor ingleside
 The bairns of long ago.

For while fond mem'ry fires life's flame,
 This date I will remember—
 When we as man and wife became,
 On th' eighteenth o' September.

Ah, then wi' glee we led the dance,
 On light, fantastic toe ;
 While Hope's bright star allured our glance—
 Just fifty years ago.

We climbed the hill in youth's bright days,
 An' struggled hard and sair
 To keep oor bairns in meat an' claes,
 An' gie them useful lair.
 An' though dark clouds loomed o'er us wide,
 We planned our footsteps so
 That noo we can review wi' pride,
 Oor union long ago.

An' though oor locks are hoary grown,
 They tell o' youthful bloom,
 An' joys an' sorrows we ha'e known
 Noo light oor e'ening gloom.
 For light an' shade alternately,
 Though blent with joy and woe,
 Revolve in blissful harmony,
 Like th' ages long ago.

The rose may shed its petals fair,
 By Time's destroying blast ;
 But Nature still its odours share,
 Memorials o' the past.
 Then, though oor locks may never change,
 Or youthful ringlets grow,
 Nae blight can sever or estrange
 The link formed long ago.

❧ x i n u q .

I saw her a lovely smiling child
 In her fond young mother's arms ;
 I watched her growth till her graces smiled
 In the maiden's artless charms.
 She was not a rosy blooming maid,
 Yet a radiance o'er her stole,
 And a sympathetic smile displayed
 The purity of her soul.

Her bright eyes beamed, and her fair form seemed
 Designed for a lengthened life,
 And soon to impart to a gallant heart
 The bliss of a virtuous wife.
 Bright ringlets played with a graceful shade
 O'er her lofty snow-white brow,
 Where lay enshrined that gen'rous mind,
 Which lives in her mem'ry now.

Now a woeful tale. She left this vale,
 Where her infant footsteps ran,
 To a southern clime, where joys sublime
 Were waiting for Marianne.
 Young Harry wooed her, and won her heart,
 Then wedded his handsome bride ;
 They vowed at the altar ne'er to part
 Till death should the tie divide.

The ray of light seemed calm and bright
 As the fleet months winged away ;
 To hearts so endeared all things appeared
 To bask in sweet Hymen's ray.
 Too bright to last. Ere the moon was past
 Her husband afar must roam,
 So without delay she sped away
 To her loved paternal home.

Ah ! could we foresee high Heaven's decree,
 'Twould shroud every joy and woe ;
 Nor could they guess that the parting kiss
 Was their last embrace below.
 A few short months the young bride gave birth
 To a lovely female child,
 When home was the scene of joy and mirth
 As they gazed on the babe and smiled.

Yet a dark cloud hung, and a whispering tongue
 Told th' angel of death was nigh ;
 He winged his dart to the young bride's heart,
 And she left for a purer sky.
 The faithful Harry now lives to mourn
 The loss of his youthful bride,
 And the helpless babe from her bosom torn
 Now fills the lamented void.

And many a tear bedewed her bier
 When she finished her short-lived span ;
 Now the ivy creeps, and the cypress weeps
 O'er the grave of Marianne.

Humanity versus War.

But one convulsive struggle yet remains,
And Gaul shall weep ere Albion wears her chains.

—Byron.

Humanity where are thy votaries flown ?
No pompous usurper aspires to thy throne ;
The dark scowl of hell o'er thy empire is shed,
And fair earth a charnel house strewn with her dead,
While reason and truth, on celestial cars,
Their fair beams beclouded by envious wars,
Await till the combat of factions are o'er,
T' unite earth in one, and thy reign to restore.

O ! why o'er this world such dire tribulations ?
Is this the sad fate of our barbarous nations,
Pourtrayed by the banner of war now unfurled,
O'er poor bleeding France, once the dread of the world,
The cradle of kings, whose ambitious sway
The Teutonic legions were forced to obey ?
Alas ! the bright sword and the red gory pall
Hang o'er the proud bulwarks of once famous Gaul.

From the Rhine to the Seine, over mountain and vale,
Her brave sons and patriots lie bloody and pale,
While foemen are charging, and death's shafts are
flying
And widows and orphans are starving and dying.
Alas ! must the stay of the altar and throne
By late conquered vassals be now overthrown.
She reaps what she sowed when her chief led the van,
And sealed his own doom on the plains of Sedan.

And, now, that proud chief must to destiny bow,
 No glittering plume to emblazon his brow,
 Nor diademed sceptre. Alas! they are gone;
 And the wrath which he nursed wreathes his desolate
 throne.

Yet, what is the worth of the laurels he lost
 When stern justice weighs the pure blood which they
 cost ?

Now, dire retribution smiles o'er his defeat,
 And wraps his base soul in her dark winding sheet.

And thou Babel Rome ! Where's thy almighty shield?
 Thy infallible monarch, now vanquished must yield:
 For he leant on a reed of terrestrial growth,
 Which God hath dethroned by the breath of His
 mouth.

But the end is not yet. Though bereft of his crown,
 His mitre and mission he will not lay down
 Till the myst'ry explodes, when High Heaven will say
 "The drama is o'er; take him out of the way."

Proud factions give ear, for a murmur'ring sound
 Is heard on the gale by the nations around,
 And weird voices whisper, "Let Albion beware,
 Lest the shackles she forged may become her own
 snare."

And now from the East comes the gauntlet of war,
 The breath of revenge from the late vanquished Czar,
 Like the fierce dying throes of the despotic age,
 Ere that springtime of love which all prophets presage,

How long shall humanity's empire, so fair,
 Be ruled by the Prince of the power of the air,
 The great, powerful Chemist, whose deep, prying skill
 Can poison the blood of proud mortals at will,
 Till the war-fevered vampires for life vainly crave,
 And hell-born ambition has dug its own grave.
 Then reason and Truth shall assert their domain,
 And love swell the bliss in humanity's reign.

Scotia's Best and Brightest Star.

Where, O Scotia! shone thy star,
 Gleaming o'er the isles afar,
 Brighter than the brightest gem
 Glistening in the diadem,
 Which allured from every zone
 Rivals for thy envied throne ?

Was it on thy mountains high,
 As they kiss the cloudland sky,
 Tow'ring o'er thy martyrs' graves,
 Where the northern tempest waves ;
 And o'er glen and rugged scar
 Still the eagles soar afar ?

Was it on thy rugged shore,
 Where thy crested billows roar ;
 Or those cliffs which rudely mark
 The fate of many a gallant bark,
 Where our stalwart warriors gave
 To their foes a watery grave ?

Was it on thy fertile fields,
 Which kind Nature's bounty yields,
 Crowned with mellow wheat and corn,
 Gleaming in the dewy morn ;
 And, in Autumn's kindly gales,
 Waving o'er thy lovely dales ?

Scotia ! when thy valour shone,
 Luxuries were all unknown ;
 And, though in refinement rude,
 Wholesome was the homely food
 Which sustained a valiant band,
 Struggling for their native land.

Scotia ! in thy days of strife
 To secure the means of life,
 Each brave chief and warrior made
 A wallet in his tartan plaid,
 While the foreign pampered brood
 Starved upon our homely food.

For in barb'rous days of yore,
 When they nestled on our shore,
 Though their eyes with valour beamed,
 Though their breasts with honours gleamed,
 Our brave sires, to hardships bred,
 Braved the storm when foemen fled.

Scotia ! such the latent fire
 In thy sons when roused to ire,

Gleaming from their glancing eyes
 As a spell to mesmerise,
 When one glare disarmed the foe
 Ere he sank beneath the blow.

Scotia ! still thy noble soul,
 Which no tyrant could control,
 And that valour which has run
 In thy race from sire to son,
 Wells from that brave loyal spirit
 Which true Scotchmen yet inherit ;
 Calm in peace but stern in war,
 Scotia's best and brightest star !

Arise from Zululand—Only to Die.

Zululand ! Zululand ! freedom's lone grave,
 Vengeance awaits thee by Rorke's Drift deep wave,
 For long has thy monarch, with fiendish disdain,
 Stemmed the clear tide of humanity's reign ;
 But, ah ! when Lord Chelmsford crossed o'er thy clear
 strand

With forces from Britain to stay thy rude hand,
 And at Islandula, preparing for war,
 Had pitched their small camp by a wild rocky scar ;
 When nine hundred men in a bush-covered glen,

Encamped on that day,
 Without plaint or sigh,

Their leader had gone to survey the unknown,

**But was lured far away,
 And left them to die.**



Ere long, o'er the crests of the mountains were seen,
 A legion of warriors of dark sable mien,
 In serpentine coils, swiftly circling around
 The small British army encamped on the ground ;
 Still closer, and closer the huge cohorts drew,
 When Durnford and Pulteney their power to subdue,
 Or save their own lives, called the brave "Twenty
 Fourth,"

To show their vile foemen their valour and worth :

There nine hundred men, engulfed in a glen,
 In battle array,
 No human aid nigh,
 Who dared to sell dear, without dread or fear,
 Their lives on that day,
 They had only to die.

The wild hordes advancing, with assagies bright,
 Compelled the doomed British to yield or to fight,
 When the clanging of arms, and the cannon's loud roar,
 Allayed the death cries of the men we deplore ;
 But, ah ! soon o'erwhelmed, the weird angel of death
 Had strewed with pale victims the valley beneath,
 Yet they sold their lives dear, for in that dreadful fray
 Four thousand wild Zulus lay cold on the clay

By nine hundred men, engulfed in a glen,
 In battle array,
 No human aid nigh,
 Who dared to sell dear, without dread or fear,
 Their lives on that day,
 They had only to die.

But, horrors increase, the dark drama to pall,
 As the fiends crossed the Buffalo stream to Natal,
 Then burned down a Hospice, where many sick lay,
 And drove from their missions kind pilgrims away,
 Then stormed a small fortress of ninety-five men,
 When thirteen were brutally murdered, but when,
 Next day, when surveying, the saved warriors found
 That ten hundred Zulus lay cold on the ground,
 By ninety-five men, like sheep in a pen,
 Encompassed they lay,
 No human aid nigh,
 Who dared to sell dear, without dread or fear,
 Their lives on that day,
 They had only to die.

Then, Britain ! emerge from your slumbers, for now
 The stain of defeat is impressed on thy brow ;
 You failed in your mission to quell a doomed race,
 Whose cold-blooded crimes no amends can deface.
 If the cause of humanity urges you on,
 Its heav'n-born smile will environ your throne,
 When millions unborn, in the land of the sun,
 Will point to the triumphs your valour has won,
 And tell of the glen, where nine hundred men,
 In battle array,
 No human aid nigh,
 Sold their lives dear, without dread or fear,
 For in that dread fray,
 They had only to die.

Philosophy of Life.

Life is a scene of joys and woes,
 Our friends to-day, to-morrow foes ;
 To-day, we bask in mirth and gladness,
 To-morrow, drowned in woe and sadness ;
 Yet time rolls on with whirling speed—
 We live, we die, then heirs succeed.

We've seen the rich with pompous air
 Doomed to exist on workhouse fare ;
 And kings who once the world could rule,
 Beneath a tyrant's lash to snool—
 For pride has mingled in construction
 The dagger for her own destruction.

We've seen the man from lowest guise,
 To riches, power, and honour rise ;
 And virtuous deeds the truth proclaim,
 That moral worth's the road to fame—
 While conscience, free from fraud or pelf,
 Sustains the man who helps himself.

See yonder wretch your pity craves,
 Denouncing each profession knaves ;
 But give him power, his deeds will shew
 The greatest despot here below—
 From such reactions woe betide,
 "When menials rule," and "beggars ride."

O, earth! by man's ambition blighted;
 O, men! by envy disunited—
 Is there no hope, no scheme unfurled
 To renovate this fallen world?
 Proud factions long have tried in vain,
 Some higher power must snap the chain.

Yet, such is life since time began,
 But holier days await for man;
 Freedom shall soar o'er tyrant's wail,
 Error recede and truth prevail—
 And righteousness blend in her reign,
 With peace and love o'er earth's domain.

Visual Light and Darkness.

Breathe, fond Muse, thy inspiration:
 Bathe me in thy sweetest beam;
 Wake my soul to contemplation—
 Light and darkness be my theme.
 Lend me retrospective vision,
 Life's mysterious dawn to trace,
 When those orbs with just precision
 Were thrown out and poised in space.

Font of light! thy beams supernal
 Swept away chaotic night,
 When the voice of the Eternal
 Gave the word "Let there be light."

Then Aurora's beams were seen,
 Far in Heaven's azure blue,
 Smiling o'er this wondrous scene,
 Glitt'ring in its virgin hue.

Light streamed forth with impregnation,
 Th' am'rous womb of earth conceived,
 When in species by gradation
 Life from sea and earth upheaved.
 Then to crown the fair creation,
 And to plenish pristine earth,
 Th' angels, fired with admiration,
 Hailed young Man with joyful mirth.

Light first woke man's adoration
 When his eyes God's works surveyed,
 But was lost in contemplation
 When pale Night her lamps displayed.
 Still when day to night surrenders,
 Kissing the red western skies,
 What bright scenes of glorious splendours
 Ravish our admiring eyes !

How sublime those realms surrounding
 Saturn, Jupiter, and Mars,
 On their midnight courses bounding
 O'er a sea of twinkling stars !
 See the bright Pleiades shining
 'Mongst the galaxies on high,
 Their sweet influences joining,
 Shed a halo o'er the sky.

There the sentinels of heaven,
 Like the cherubims of old,
 Guard the arbours angels live in,
 Decked with purer gems than gold.
 Ye bright seraphs who attend us,
 Lend me wings to soar away
 Through infinitude stupendous,
 To the gates of endless day ;

Erst, frail man, through cycles swelling,
 Streamed those rays from heaven's dome,
 Now on brow of midnight welling,
 To illumine our earthly home.
 What must Heaven be to mortals,
 When from earth's stained gory ground
 The radiance of its outer portals
 Wakes our souls to awe profound !

For, methinks there is a Heaven,
 And an atmosphere of bliss—
 Foretastes of the eterne given
 Even in a world like this—
 Where around bright angels hover,
 As the stars which gem the skies,
 Though their forms we'll ne'er discover
 With our scale-bound mortal eyes.



Watchman ! What of the Night ?

ISAIAH XXI. 11.

Watchman ! what of the night ?
 Watchman ! what of the night ?
 The heavens seem dark and drear,
 Not a star or a ray of light
 Our mission on earth to cheer ;
 O say what has caused this blight ?
 Why are our nations trembling ?
 Why are our armies increased ?
 And why are courts assembling ?
 When their power o'er mind has ceased.

Watchman ! what of the night ?
 We long for the promised light ;
 But, ah ! where the morning star
 Gleamed with a splendour bright,
 Now sounds the loud trump of war
 Summoning hosts to the fight ;
 And at home grave sects, combined
 In unholy wars, delight
 While the onward march of mind
 Is sapping the reign of might.

The faithful watchman replied
 From his ideal tower on high,
 I scan o'er the nations wide,
 With a keen impartial eye,

And see, from the gates of light,
 The mists which still surround you ;
 Then come from the gloom of night,
 And the lusts which long have bound you ;
 "The morn cometh, as comes the night,"
 "Enquire ye," return to the light.

I strive my knowledge to shroud,
 Though long the idea I've nursed,
 That man, with reason endowed,
 Was a wondrous scheme at first,
 Of human affections, blended
 With love, hate, pleasure, and pain,
 A life dream, and when it's ended,
 To awake to new life again ;
 But still they grope in the night,
 And will not come to the light.

I hold the records of nations,
 Harmonies, discord, and strife,
 Faiths, worship, and wild sensations,
 Which fill up the history of life ;
 For all who have minds to think,
 Record each virtue or crime.
 Their good or bad deeds "the ink
 Impressed on the scroll of time,"
 Displaying earth's blighted youth
 When read in the rays of truth,

Why long for the promised reign,
 Till truth makes true contrition ?
 For honour and worldly gain
 Appear your highest ambition.
 Long, long has humanity pined
 In the throes of a higher birth,
 But truth, with reason combined,
 Will soon regenerate earth ;
 When light, with a blissful ray,
 Will chase the dark shades away.

Intellectual Light and Darkness.

Wisdom, truth, and love combining
 Shone on earth by heaven's design,
 Till vile factions marred their shining,
 By usurping rights divine ;
 Then fair earth's sublime horizon
 Palled beneath their mystic spell,
 Fraught with fetid moral poison,
 As our ancient records tell.

Then as human virtues faded,
 Envy, rancour, and ambition
 In night's sable vesture shaded
 Truth's bright rays by dark tradition :
 When the powers of earth were blinded
 By strange mystical opinions—
 Science-haters, narrow-minded,
 Like their poor, deluded minions !

Could we, by a flight of fancy,
 Travel back o'er life's dark age,
 When the clouds of Necromancy
 Palled the dim historic page—
 Earth to them, flat as the ocean,
 By the sea and sky was bounded,
 Poised in space, and void of motion,
 While the planets moved around it.

Strange ! the ancients never counted
 Where the sun its vigils kept,
 Till on orient skies he mounted,
 And dark films from heaven swept—
 Mystic faith palled human vision,
 Darkness cloyed the fettered mind ;
 While it spurned with mad derision
 Wisdom, truth, and love combined.

Till the voice of science thundered
 From its heights and depths profound,
 Then they saw, believed, and wondered
 That the earth revolved around ;
 And perceived the vast duration
 Of the seer's nights and days,
 When the vista of creation
 Was unfolded to his gaze.

Even now great minds are reaching
 Hidden truths in Nature's plan,
 Dead forms yet in stones are preaching
 Of an age unknown to man.

And though sects are still pursuing
 Phantoms which can ne'er illumine ;
 They but haste their own undoing,
 And display their fearful doom.

Truth and science now are blending,
 Falsehood digs her worthless grave ;
 While all generous schemes are tending
 To unbind the shackled slave.
 Overturning false impressions
 Which delude our moral sight,
 Till by slow and sure progressions,
 Men will bask in purer light.

Life in its Varied Aspects.

Life is a dependant state
 On great Nature's food and breath,
 Joy and woe alike its fate,
 Till it ebbs away in death.
 Yet this scene of care and strife,
 Ever tells its wondrous tale ;
 And what follows mundane life,
 Is enshrined in mystic veil.

Spring time wreathes the woodland bowers,
 Summer decorates the plains,
 Autumn sheds its fruits and flowers,
 Then bleak, hoary winter reigns—

So each season has its beauties,
Calm and storm for good are blending ;
Health, disease, and death have duties,
To an unknown future tending.

In fair Flora's fascinations
There are flowers of every hue,
Vieing in their variations
To enhance the gorgeous view—
Yet with all their rich perfume,
Healing flow'rets are the rarest ;
And rank poison taints the bloom
Of the flowers which glisten fairest.

Fish, and fowl, and animal,
Gorge with greed on one another,
And to crown the carnival,
Tyrant man destroys his brother—
Yet the wretch who clutches wealth
By inhuman spoliation,
But absorbs the noxious filth,
Which is rankling o'er creation.

Vice and virtue jointly trace,
By opposing shades combined,
The great history of our race
Through the ages left behind ;
And those systems which we cherish
For subsistence and protection,
Are decaying, and must perish
In the pure age of perfection.

Truth and love have long been sighing
 For a throne on earth's domain ;
 While discordant sects are vieing
 Human dogmas to maintain—
 Reason scorns all factious sway ;
 While they strive for fame and pelf ;
 For to hasten on that day,
 Each man must improve himself.

While the tide of time rolls on,
 True felicity appears
 As a star but dimly shown,
 In the midst of coming years.
 Why not now, when grim contention
 Shrouds the germs of truth and love
 As if hate and church extension
 Formed a path to heaven above.

'Tis man's mission to subdue
 The inherent selfishness,
 Which has ever marred his view,
 To a higher state of bliss ;
 And ere love pervades the world
 To emancipate mankind,
 Self must from its throne be hurled
 By the majesty of mind.

Thoughts on Servility.

Thrice happy world, would each man love his brother ;
 But why should one be servile to another ?
 Though wealth and titles may have graced his birth,
 He's but a creature sprung from Mother Earth ;
 And could we clearly ancient lineage trace,
 Instead of honour, might entail disgrace—
 The offspring of base cunning, fraud, or stealth,
 Now worshipped for his titles, power, and wealth.

Such pampered lords, like wasps on wanton wing,
 The more caressed, the more acute they sting ;
 Yet, while they gloat like eagles o'er their prey,
 Excelsior, hail ! their sneaking vot'ries say.
 Base sycophants, with selfish aims disguised,
 Abhored by men, by Satan's imps despised,
 Their smiles repulsive, truth nor shame controls,
 Nor independence fires their grov'ling souls.

Formed in God's image, yet a fawning slave ;
 Must be an idiot or an arrant knave ;
 For he who stoops to aid the despot's tour,
 Would be a tyrant if he had the power.
 No social love such vampire souls can know—
 Treach'rous to friend, yet timorous to foe.
 Take all the servile hordes since time began,
 " And mould them one, they would not form a MAN."

Thoughts on Love.

All joys below, all bliss above,
 Are smiles from God's infinite love,
 Blending with truth, like sunbeams move,
 Our hearts to mould ;
 But man's base love for acquisition,
 Wealth, power, and fame, his sole ambition,
 Bears no reciprocal fruition—
 No joys unfold.

We love the blushing new-born flower,
 We love the dewy twilight hour ;
 And O, how sweet the fragrant bower
 And woodland grove !
 But sweeter far when pure hearts meet,
 United in affection sweet ;
 Then hov'ring angels, smiling, greet
 Their mutual love.

Like infant buds in morning air,
 Unoped their lovely petals fair,
 Till yonder orb, with orient glare,
 Their hues expand :
 So closed our hearts until we feel
 Truth's winning power across us steal,
 Infusing love none can reveal
 Or wealth command.

For love, when not beloved again,
 Conjures up grief and rankling pain ;
 Then jealousy oft fires the brain
 To deeds of woe.

But see God's wond'rous love, and trace
 Its radiance in the Saviour's face—
 Love kindling love, till every grace
 Our souls o'erflow.

As in the worldling, so in grace,
 The source of love we ne'er can trace
 Till truth's bright rays our souls embrace
 With glad emotion :
 For truth unveils the heav'nward road,
 Then love, resistless, shines abroad,
 And links frail man to heaven and God
 With rapt devotion.

Thoughts on Human Affections.

Breathes a man who never felt
 One faint glow of bliss ideal,
 Or fond sympathies which melt
 Into love sublime and real ;
 Such ignoble souls can never
 Praise the Lord for mercies given,
 For their aspirations ever
 Sigh to grasp both earth and heaven.

Such are fiends in human guise,
 Shrouding every path in life ;
 Yet in vain our tears and sighs,
 For the world is based on strife.

There are fantasies and folly
 Blending in our wisest schemes,
 Joys and griefs and melancholy
 Even in our midnight dreams.

Every chord has its dissonant,
 Every feature seems diverse,
 As if such were the component
 Phases of the universe.
 Lights and shades in variation
 Constitute our earthly bliss,
 As if life requires sensation
 In a fleeting world like this.

Yet in multifarious features,
 Amiable or base, we find
 An outline in human creatures
 Of their innate state of mind.
 Nay, whate'er our true affections,
 Holy or defiled by sin,
 Outward features are reflections
 Of the soul enshrined within.

'Tis the soul which prompts the senses
 To the base or the sublime,
 As th' elective flame condenses,
 Fraught with virtue or with crime.
 Yet how strange that souls should reign
 In such bodies doomed to die,
 Till kind death unlocks the chain
 Which dissolves the mystic tie.

For humanity has ties,
 Which no science can define,
 And a soul that never dies,
 For its essence is divine ;
 But when ends life's mortal day
 When cold earth engulphs her prize,
 The ideal soars away
 To its native, purer skies.

Thoughts on Poesy.

O! what would earth be without music and flowers?
 And where life's great drama without light and
 shade?
 But slow its pulsations, and languid its powers,
 Had heav'n-born poesy not lent her aid :
 See Virgil, and Dante, and Milton's rapt lays,
 Pourtraying the life-thoughts of ages now gone ;
 While Shakespeare the deeds of vile envy displays,
 Which, but for his lyre, would to us be unknown.

But the muse never dies—see our Hogg, Scott, and
 Burns—
 While our modern poets their echoes prolong,
 Extolling the patriots whom old Scotia mourns,
 Enshrined in the depths of our national song.
 True poesy lives in sincere, grateful love,
 The essence of thought-smiles reflecting o'er earth,
 Which thrills every heart with devotion to prove
 By dignified lives their proud lineage and worth.

Now in fancy we view, like a speck o'er the wave,
 The barks of our sires as they sped to our shore,
 Impulsive for freedom, strong, gallant, and brave,
 To plant on our mountains the standard they bore.
 But where are the minstrels who sang with devotion
 Their struggles for freedom with kilt and claymore?
 They live in our hearts, and inspire with emotion
 The songs which gave birth to our old Scottish lore.

And now, though the banner of peace flutters o'er us,
 Let no false illusion our fond bosoms daunt ;
 For though all seems calm, there's a mission before us,
 To vanquish hypocrisy, falsehood, and cant.
 Ah, then, let the poets of Scotland unite—
 Inspired with a zeal which no power can remove—
 To quench ev'ry faction which hinders the light,
 And crush ev'ry barrier to freedom and love.

Thoughts on Mutability.

This transient world has ever been
 The vortex of commotion ;
 Old ocean beds upheaved are seen,
 And hills submerged in ocean.
 Yet time and worlds all whirling go,
 Waste and repair agree ;
 And to their sources all must flow,
 Like streamlets to the sea ;
 But by organic laws, fixed at creation,
 Nought can dissolve in blank annihilation.

Hence youth, with antique passions bound,
 And age the fond wish gathers,
 To sleep beneath the ivy mound
 Which wraps their slumb'ring fathers :
 The soldier, in the din of war,
 'Midst thund'ring cannons' roar,
 The mariner, shipwrecked afar,
 Sigh for their native shore.
 Like the volcano, belching to the skies,
 The lava gravitates to earth and lies.

So hoary Winter's ice and snow
 Melt into radiant Spring,
 And Spring-time into Summer's glow
 It's gaudy blossoms bring ;
 So Autumn and life's epochs end,
 So infant, man, and sage ;
 And all by heav'n-planned reasons tend
 To a glorious future age.
 For Earth shall yet her grateful tribute pay
 Ere yonder sun resigns to endless day.

Time wings its course, and soon our race
 And mission will be run ;
 Then other men will fill our space
 And end what we've begun :
 But even then nought can be lost,
 For body, soul, and mind
 Will form their part in that great host—
 Angels and men combined.
 O, Earth, thy latter days will yet unfold
 Those glories which all prophets have foretold.

Thoughts on a Drowned Boy.

THOMAS WATSON.

Son of William Watson, P.A., America, and grandson of
Mr Gilchrist, Cartland Bridge, Lanark

Suggested from an American Paper.

What a doleful world—could mortals know
Of their destined bliss or doom,
'Twould but embitter impending woe,
And blight all our youthful bloom.
For if we knew from our finite view
All the woes of life in store,
Our hearts would shrink ere we reached the brink
Of the destined future shore.

A fond mother left her friends and home
On the lovely banks of Clyde,
To meet her husband across the foam
Of the deep Atlantic tide.
It seemed her mission on life's great stage,
To follow and safely guide
One favourite son, eight years of age,
The light of their joy and pride.

He longed to grasp a kind father's hand
And bask in his manly smile ;
For his young heart loved the adopted land,
Ere he pressed its verdant soil.
The father joined in the welcome cheer,
As the swift bark neared the shore,
To clasp his young wife and children dear
In his fond embrace once more.

What strange emotions, ne'er felt before,
 Their tender affections move ;
 To think all sorrows and trials o'er,
 And the future a time of love.
 But the smiling morn is oft o'ercast
 By the tempest's withering gale ;
 And our day of joy too bright to last,
 May close with a plaintive wail.

Ah ! short their joy—for the darling boy
 Was called to an early tomb ;
 And the love-linked chain was snapt in twain
 When their hopes were in full bloom.
 He joined a boy on his way from school,
 Through the flowery sultry glade,
 To bathe in the cooling, sparkling pool,
 Which flows to the old mill lade.

But sad his fate, when in youth's heyday
 He plunged in the gurgling wave,
 For the seething tide bore his form away,
 And sighed o'er his liquid grave ;
 While the heartless mate, who saw his fate,
 Evanished with bated breath
 To his native glade, nor sought for aid
 To avert his comrade's death.

The parents sought, by the moon's pale beam,
 O'er woodland and mountain lair,
 Till they found his clothes beside the stream,
 And searched for his body there.

There, at dead of night, by torch-light glare,
 O'er a moss-grown stone did gleam
 The silken locks of his yellow hair,
 In the depths of the murmuring stream.

They made his grave where the wild flowers wave
 And the cypress weeps in vain ;
 For he's crossed the bourne, and will ne'er return
 To the light of life again.
 But the night of woe has its smiling morn,
 When the sun's bright glist'ning ray
 Absorbs the tears from the weeping thorn,
 And kisses the dews away.

So death, the avenger of nature's strife,
 Though he makes our hearts to sigh,
 Is but a transition to higher life,
 In the home of a brighter sky.

**Thoughts on Reading the Travels of
 Livingstone, Stanley, and Others.**

Ye who read this book will find
 Deeds of men, whose noble minds
 Strove to elevate mankind
 From foul slavery, which binds
 Th' offspring of a sable race !
 Not for wealth or worldly gain,
 But to raise from low disgrace
 Brother man to freedom's reign.



Patriots of undying fame,
 Pure and harmless as the dove,
 Who, by kind deeds, strove to tame
 Savage hearts to peace and love,
 Nobly aiming to advance
 Truth's bright cause for human good,
 Yet had oft to brave the lance,
 And to seal their cause in blood.

Strange that holy men of old,
 When on missions for the Lord,
 Were preserved from lions bold,
 Ocean depths, and fire, and sword ;
 Now, when heralds roam the world
 To proclaim truth's healing balm,
 With the flag of peace unfurled,
 To the slave-bound sons of Ham,
 Unprotected they must roam
 O'er the desert's trackless sands,
 As if God's time had not come
 To enlighten heathen lands.


To make railroads and canals,
 For commercial alliance,
 Would dispel that mist which palls
 And obstructs the light of science.
 Would our men of noble worth
 Train low minds to duties real,
 Love to man, and peace on earth,
 Ere they soar to themes ideal ;

Or, would nations all unite
 By kind deeds to civilise them,
 Soon, by slow degrees, a light
 Would arise to Christianize them.

Whoe'er reads, and has not shed
 Briny tears o'er Afric's woes,
 Must be to affection dead,
 Slumbering on in blind repose ;
 Yet the heathen will be brought
 From the darkling shades of night—
 Won by love, subdued, and taught
 To adorn the age of light ;
 And, as ages onward move,
 'Stead of ignorance and wars,
 They will shed their rays of love
 As earth's new-born brightest stars.

**Thoughts on the Trial of Rev. H. Ferguson,
 for Heresy.**

'Twas in an age of priestly rule,
 A genius rose with powerful sway
 To institute a modern school
 And sweep the mystic shades away.
 With ardent zeal and giant mind
 He pierced through ancient mysteries,
 And saw a light to guide mankind
 To brighter hopes and higher blisa.



God's ways in nature and in grace,
 Although to shallow minds abstruse
 His intellectual mind could trace
 Their harmonies in lines profuse.
 Such daring caused profound surprise,
 That such a bold aspiring youth
 Should scorn what all the learned and wise
 Had learned from ancient creeds as truth.

Yet, noble minds, like sea-girt rocks,
 When dashed by the tempestuous ocean,
 Their groundwork sure resists the shocks,
 And stands unmoved in life's commotion.
 Like patient Job, of olden lore,
 Who taught what bigots deemed amiss—
 That God will from discord restore
 The universe to love and bliss.

He might not be so pure as Job—
 So patient, perfect, and upright—
 Yet, like him, he could scan the globe,
 And draw from nature's womb a light.
 And, though defamed, he knew the class
 With whom true wisdom soon would die,
 So waited till their wrath would pass,
 As cloudlets o'er the morning sky.

Like Job, he also was laid low—
 An outcast on a felon's bed ;
 Where each self-righteous friend could throw
 Vile accusations on his head.

When all his mystic foes combined,
 With creeds and standards wide unfurl'd,
 And in a solemn compact joined,
 Lest truth should wake a slumb'ring world.

There one who soared on lofty pinion,
 Elihu-like, a man of mark,
 Claimed also to give his opinion—
 He, the illustrious Mr Stark,
 Who, with vile bigotry imbued,
 So catechised him as a child,
 Till Heaven stemmed th' unholy feud,
 And raised the martyr undefiled.

It was not servile mystic creeds
 Arrayed in sanctimonious gloom,
 Nor falsehood guised in borrowed weeds,
 Could fix or stay impending doom.
 Ah ! no ; those ancient mists have flown,
 We live in a progressive age ;
 For reason has regained her throne,
 And truth repels the bigot's rage.

So now, like Job's malignant foes,
 Whose lives were but a false profession,
 May they ask Heaven to interpose,
 And hear their martyr's intercession.
 And may he, like good Job of old,
 Live long and see his flock increase ;
 And may a brighter age behold
 Through him, the germ of love and peace.



Thoughts on the late Thomas Carlyle.

Humanity sighs, for a great soul has flown
 Away to the gates of light,
 Where truth is unveiled in the vast unknown,
 And doubts are resolved in sight :
 He has gone to meet with the mighty dead,
 From our faiths and doubts away,
 Where the rays of truth and love are shed
 In the light of eternal day.

The deathless shades of old earth's renowned,
 The stars of a former age,
 With smiles benign from their thrones would bound
 To welcome the noble sage ;
 And ask of earth, the land of their birth,
 Its progress in truth and light,
 And th' march of mind, as it prompts mankind
 To rise from the gloom of night.

Great minds ever bask in the rays of youth,
 And he whom we mourn appears
 A heaven-sent prophet, whose star was truth—
 A light for the coming years.
 He viewed all our great reforms and schemes
 As links in the chain of time,
 And our wise designs as ideal dreams,
 Till we reach the reign sublime.

His giant mind soared to themes profuse,
 As he mused on heroic worth,
 To exalt mankind to nobler views,
 And form a heaven on earth ;


And now, though his mundane sun has set
 The rays he has left behind
 Will linger long, for he reasons yet
 As a teacher to mankind.

Now, kindred spirits, from lands afar,
 To famed Annandale will toil
 O'er regions wide, as if led by a star,
 To the birth-place of famed Carlyle.
 And many will come to his humble tomb,
 Through sympathy's sacred tie ;
 Yet he lives enshrined in the realms of mind—
 For the noble never die.

Thoughts on the Setting Sun.

I love to gaze on the setting sun,
 In his golden vesture drest,
 As he gilds the vales and woodlands dun
 And sinks in the glowing west ;
 But though obscured to our mortal sight
 He moves o'er his circuit deep,
 And the stars look down to cheer the night
 When the weary world's asleep.

It is not the last bright golden blink,
 Imprinting its farewell kiss,
 Which fires the spirit of man to think
 Of a brighter world than this.



Ah, no ; there's a blissful, holy calm
 Pervading the eye and soul
 As they drink from Nature's sacred balm
 And blend in the wondrous whole.

The infinite has no voice to tell
 Of a higher life above,
 Yet I long to dwell where no mystic spell
 Can mar the pure ways of love ;
 And my bosom heaves as the twilight leaves,
 And I wish, when my race is run,
 To pass away with a peaceful ray
 Like the radiant setting sun.

The noble and true can never die,
 Their souls are of heavenly birth,
 And their thoughts still burn in our moral sky,
 Though their forms decay on earth ;
 And ideality still imprints
 Each lineament and grace
 On mind's dark cell, in celestial tints,
 Which spirits alone can trace.

If we would but to ourselves be true,
 And true to the age we live in,
 We would blend old earth with a blissful hue,
 And sweeten our path to heaven.
 Ah ! then we would sink like the setting sun
 In his evening vesture drest ;
 For our race so run the prize is won—
 A calm and a peaceful rest.

Thoughts on the Restoration of the Ancient St. Bride.

THE RENOWNED RESTING PLACE OF THE DOUGLAS FAMILY.

Ye grave antiquarians! who hold the domains,
 Preserved by your sires with the dirk and claymore,
 Say—where now the strongholds, the castles, and fanes
 Recorded by bards in the legends of yore?
 I sing of St. Bride, though antique, grim, and hoary—
 A fane of renown, now with ivy o'ergrown—
 For its tenants, though dead, tell of battle-fields gory,
 And point to dark horrors in days that are gone.

Within its dim cloisters, for hundreds of years,
 Our forefathers worshipped with rev'rence sincere,
 Where now sleep the patriots whom Scotia reveres,
 While sympathy moistens their tomb with a tear.
 It is not its prestige or age we admire,
 As we on its faded memorials gaze;
 'Tis the theme it pourtrays which awakes the desire,
 To muse on the heroes of primitive days.

There the heart of the valiant Sir James is
 preserved,
 A relic to tell of his death throes in Spain,
 Where, in charge of a heart, which in life never
 swerved,
 Or shrank from a foe in his tragical reign;
 And there lies entombed by that hallowed door
 The dust of brave Dickson of famed Hazelside,
 Who fought disembowelled, 'midst carnage and gore,
 Till the loud shouts of victory rang from St. Bride.

There, mild fancy hovers on palm Sunday morn,
 And weaves her weird chaplets over the fane,
 Whence the wild slogan roar and the death cries were
 borne

O'er the scene where the death-doomed Lord
 Clifford was slain ;
 But, though ancient feuds have now vanished away,
 Though kingdoms have fallen, and races have fled,
 St. Bride still exists to preserve from decay
 The tombs of the Douglas' renowned mighty dead.

Famed Melrose and Dryburgh, ancient and hoar,
 Are now left to crumble to national shame ;
 And, though we deplore, no kind friends will restore
 Those relics of old architectural fame.
 But never will ancient St. Bride fade away
 While the blood of the Douglas a scion inspires,
 For its lord is renewing the old ruins grey,
 To save from oblivion the shrine of his sires.

Thoughts on the Tay Bridge Disaster.

The tempest was low'ring o'er mainland and sea
 From the deep Solway Firth to the shore at Dundee,
 And ominous clouds palled the heavens that day
 From the dark links of Forth to the banks of the Tay,
 Where many had gone with feelings sincere
 To visit dear friends at the festive New-Year,
 To strengthen those love-ties inherent at birth—
 No duty more seemly or sacred on earth.

They rode to the east by the fleet morning train
 In the hope of returning same evening again,
 But mortals are blind, though with reason endowed,
 For fate sits concealed in her mystical shroud ;
 And though we may scan Nature's fairest outlines,
 There's a power which can thwart all our wisest
 designs,
 While parents and widows and poor orphans mourn
 The fate of their loved ones, who ne'er will return.

At Waverley Station the hurricane blew
 While trav'lers were bidding their kind friends adieu,
 When th' huge engine started, with gigantic force,
 To surge through the storm which impeded their
 course :
 They crossed the deep Forth while the sullen moon
 shone
 Like a demon of wrath from her high lunar throne,
 While the wild tempest raved over mountain and vale,
 For death and destruction rode high on the gale.

The engineman strove with defiance and skill,
 The strong coupled engine obeyed his stern will,
 Till, reaching the famed bridge which spans o'er the
 Tay—

An aerial pathway, where whirlwinds play,
 A modern invention, in symmetry grand,
 And, strengthened by art, Nature's storms to with-
 stand—

While each heart was trembling, though no cause was
 known—

The signal was given, the train must go on.

Like the flight of an eagle when prey courts his
glance,

With the speed of a war-horse to rush on the lance,
Or a meteor ablaze as it bounds through the air,
So plunged the huge train with a terrible glare
Through the dreadful abyss to the deep, dark pro-
found

In ocean's dense womb, with a hiss and a bound,
'Midst girders and wreck, where the victims lie pale,
For none have escaped to relate the sad tale.

Now, the brave engine-driver's last journey is o'er,
He hears not our wail, or the tempest's loud roar ;
He sleeps with the victims who trusted their fate
To his caution, experience, and fortitude great.
Another sad lesson in life's fleeting span
Of the slender constructions of short-sighted man ;
And now, when the nation mourns o'er the sad blow,
May the hand of benevolence lighten the woe.

Reflections on the New-Year, 1872.

The clock strikes twelve ! Year sev'nty-one
Has swiftly through Time's sand-glass run ;
While all events and victories boasted
Are in the eternal ledger posted.
We bid the past a sad adieu,
And welcome Eighteen Seventy-two—
The new-born year—to time's short link,
While the chiming bells say—Mortals, think !

Survey past ages and behold
 A scene of strife, a reign of gold ;
 While o'er the world, in every nation,
 Worship panders to sensation ;
 While truth and reason scorn the mask,
 Nay, urge mankind their aid to ask.
 The streams of knowledge flow, then drink,
 Yet all in vain, unless we think.

Go, ask the beasts of every kind ;
 Their wise designs outvie mankind.
 Go, ask the fowls, with plumage fair ;
 Their angel paths no mortals share.
 Go, ask the earth's deep excavations ;
 Its portals teem with revelations.
 Ask fishes—living or extinct—
 Earth, sea, and sky urge man to think.

Ask science ; scan the caves and rocks ;
 Earth's treasures its dark lore unlocks.
 Deep, deep enshrined, the facts of ages
 Now shake the faiths of modern sages.
 Ask, what is life, in us retained,
 When 'tis by death it is sustained ?
 Is life a dream on death's dark brink ?
 Then wake to reason ; read and think.

Go, ask the sage, with wisdom rife,
 Where now the pristine Tree of Life !
 Ask the lone dead—can they respond—
 Is there another life beyond ?

Alas, alas! let silence show
 How little puny mortals know.
 Ask the Old Book in Jewish ink ;
 There, grasp the immortal—read and think.

Rapt minstrels sang of joys sublime
 In Love's glad reign, earth's perfect time,
 We long to see its bright star looming,
 But are we ready for its coming ?
 Ah, no ! mind must to reason bend
 Ere truth and love on earth can blend.
 Then test all creeds ; search—never shrink ;
 Seek truth ; read for yourselves, and think.

Reflections

On Viewing the Death-bed Scene of the late Lady L. L.
 Elizabeth Douglas, Countess of Home, as Sculptured in
 the Ancient Fane of St. Bride, Douglas.


How solemn to tread o'er the once mighty dead,
 Whose undying fame we revere ;
 Yet sadly serene, that pathetic death scene,
 Of one still to memory dear.
 Her mission is o'er, she has gone to her rest,
 For her soul was pure and benign ;
 She lived but to cherish the poor and oppressed,
 Now benevolence weeps o'er her shrine.

Famed sculptors and limners may model or paint,
 But art only deepens the gloom ;
 For marble escutheons are voiceless and faint
 To shed one bright ray o'er the tomb.
 But the Angel of Death, who presides o'er St. Bride,
 Records in its archives a name,
 Untarnished by strife or vain-glorious pride,
 As a crown to her ancestors' fame.

Sleep on, gentle lady, thy last smiles impart
 To thy features that worth we revere ;
 But art cannot blazon thy true-loving heart,
 Or draw from affection a tear.
 But thy mem'ry shall live, and thy name shall endure,
 When those who once knew thee are gone ;
 And thy virtues which sprang from the holy and pure,
 Will glow when thy shrine is unknown.

Reflections on a Rose.

'Twas in pensive October, when red rowans gleam,
 And sear leaves were flaunting o'er valley and stream,
 I mused in my garden, with grief and dismay,
 While viewing my flow'rets once lovely and gay,
 All strewn and dejected, but one blooming flower,
 Which kindly had sprung to adorn my lone bower.
 Like the evening star, when the twilight has fled,
 So bloomed this sweet flower when the others seemed
 dead.



Twas a bonnie wee rose bud, the last which had blown,
 So I loved it the more as it bloomed all alone,
 While its petals were tipped with the morn's dewy
 spray.

Till a bright glinting beam kissed the tear-drops
 away.

Ah ! then, its sweet fragrance inspired my sad heart,
 With sympathies purer than tongue could impart,
 As I thought of its nurse, when, in youth's blushing
 pride,

It sipped the sweet dews on the banks o' the Clyde.

Fair emblem, I whispered, your sweet tiny bloom
 Reminds me of one who lies low in the tomb,
 Who, ere her soul winged to the gardens above,
 Bestowed thee to me as a token of love.
 So I love my wee rose as the light o' my e'e,
 For it tells o' my birthplace, my sister, and me,
 Recalling loved scenes where my neophyte dreams
 First drew inspiration by Clyde's flowing streams.

Though loving friends part, yet in loneliest hours
 A solace is found in sweet converse with flowers,
 They draw out our love, and inspire us to think
 That mankind and flowers are in one sacred link,
 For flowers are the angels of Nature on earth,
 Their odour inspires and their beauty gives birth
 To sympathies grand, which, by Heaven's decree,
 Still link sister Mary, my rose-bud, and me.

Meditations on a Flower.

How sweet to roam when the Orient sun
 Is gilding the woodland bowers,
 And the skylark lilts, while soaring high,
 Its hymn to the new-born flowers :
 And the mavis, wet with the morning dew,
 Sings by the murmuring streams ;
 And the rose bud glistens in gorgeous hue,
 To be kissed by the glinting beams.

'Tis then I muse on those blissful days,
 When I wedded my loving bride ;
 Though years have fled, yet I love to gaze
 On the flowery banks of Clyde.
 For deep in fond mem'ry's dark cells pent
 Still lingers a flow'ret there,
 Which kind Heaven sent, or only lent
 To absorb our love and care.

We cherished our flower both night and day ;
 We watered it with love's tears,
 And deemed it was sent with us to stay,
 And soothe our declining years.
 But the hope was false ; for a gnawing worm,
 When the flower was in full blow,
 Destroyed the root, and the wintry storm
 Soon laid our sweet flow'ret low.

We laid her down in a shady tomb,
 Where no wintry tempests rave ;
 Now the willows weep and the daisies bloom
 O'er her lonely youthful grave.
 Stay, stay, fond tear, for the springtime's near,
 When our flower will bloom again
 In a garden fair, where no worm is there,
 And no winter, death, or pain.

Reminiscences in Dreams.

When Phœbus retires, night unfolds to our eyes
 The planets which gild the celestial skies,
 When the gay feathered songsters flit down to their
 nests,
 And man, doomed to toil, on his lone pillow rests ;
 Then in life's strange unrest in the mantle of sleep,
 My mind wrapt in visions, mysterious and deep,
 Revisits the scenes of my neophyte days,
 Environed in flowers around Clyde's bonny braes ;
 And the auld, auld house, where in life's budding
 spring,
 The muse first inspired me with rapture to sing.

Though strange, I oft dream of past scenes in my life,
 When in youth's festive season I wooed my young
 wife,
 And the days when our bairnies in innocent glee
 Invoked my caresses, and climbed on my knee.

But ah ! when I wake to salute the glad morn,
 I feel many ties from our sympathies torn ;
 While sons and one grandson ha'e bairns o' their ain,
 And left us to grope through life's gloaming alane—
 We bow to our fate, for the love links we share,
 Inspire us with trust, and dispel our despair.

And still dreams recall our fond ties called away—
 Two sons and one daughter who sleep in the clay—
 Awaiting our coming, to meet in that land
 Where dreams all dissolve in realities grand,
 To find that humanity's cares here below,
 Have ripened our souls to an infinite glow ;
 And now, though we've shared many woes in our day,
 Our hearts are still young though our locks are turned
 grey ;
 Then I'll sing on my way till life's journey is o'er,
 Nor fret for the joys we can never restore.

**Musings by Douglas-Watson on a Spring
 Morning.**

Radiant morn ! thy Orient beams
 Gild the lakes and wimpling streams,
 Wreathing fair Douglasdale in Spring's salubrious
 glow ;
 Girt with mounds on every side,
 Modelled by the glacial tide,
 Telling of the wondrous scenes of long, long ago.

The lofty Cairntable towers
 O'er the ancient woodland bowers,
Like a watchful guardian o'er the verdant dales ;
 Till the streams meand'ring wide,
 Mingle with the surging Clyde,
Bounding o'er the famed linns, and singing through
the vales.

Tinto stands the pride of hills,
 Gleaming o'er its sparkling rills,
Gliding to Lochlyoch, where pure streamlets meet
 There, by graduation flowing,
 To old Lanark homes bestowing
Health, wealth, prosperity, and happiness replete.

The wild deer are roaming free,
 The thrush and linnnet sing wi' glee ;
The cuckoo is heard far away o'er Castlemains ;
 While the lark in cloudland high,
 Pours sweet songs to earth and sky,
Blending in the balmy breeze sweet harmonious
strains.

Sweet flowers of lovely hue,
 Glisten in the morning dew,
Round Millbank, fair Flora strews daisies o'er the
lawn ;
 Where the mountain streamlets swell,
 By the cosy balmy dell,
While the lambs wi' mournfu' bleat hail the morning
dawn.

Ye bright scenes of earth profound,
 Tell me where true joy is found,
 For my ravished soul longs the unrevealed to scan.
 Why should sylvan scenes of bliss
 So adorn a world like this,
 While discord and enmity blight the life of man ?

A Dream.

'Twas midnight, when angels their vigils keep
 O'er slumbering mortals immured in sleep ;
 When thoughts profound and mysterious themes
 Distract our minds in fantastic dreams,
 I dreamt of one who had passed away
 To the higher life in eternal day,
 Who shone in ideal life profile—
 Spoke, then retired as a vanished smile ;
 While solemn words in harp tones were given—
 "Remember earth is the school for heaven."

Awe struck I mused on this world of strife,
 As a training school for the higher life ;
 Where schemes, inhaled from the dark abyss,
 Becloud the aspirant's path to bliss ;
 While ancient dogmas like dark mists blind
 And thwart the progressive march of mind ;
 Nay, though endowed with reason at birth,
 Frail man requires to be trained on earth,
 And, short the time in this world we live in,
 To grope for truth as our guide to heaven.

But whence existence and from what germ,
 Ere our mission here in life's brief term ?—
 To flutter a while on the wings of time,
 Then soar to celestial scenes sublime ;
 Where men of progress whose deeds were love,
 Will rank with the great in realms above.
 Profound the theme ! Yet our progress here
 Will seal our rank in the higher sphere,
 When our race is run and the welcome given
 To the onward heights of bliss in heaven.

A Dream by Kelvin Water.

I slept by a murm'ring river,
 A mill-lade flowed from its streams,
 And its weird song ever and ever
 Lulled me in fanciful dreams :
 For mind can be swayed by emotion
 To pry into mysteries deep,
 While sound may inspire rapt devotion
 When wrapped in the mantle of sleep.

I dreamed of the ages long fled—
 Of bards who had passed down life's stream
 To the ocean where mingle the dead,
 Unconscious of me or my dream.
 I dreamed of a dark age of faction,
 When power was dependent on birth ;
 And sighed for a speedy reaction,
 When reason will govern the earth.

I dreamed of a bright land afar,
 Beyond the dark Danube's proud waves,
 O'erwhelmed in rude carnage and war,
 Where slaves meet in conflict with slaves.
 A despot is waving the cross
 Where the crescent had flaunted of yore ;
 While humanity sighs for the loss
 Of sons who now sleep in their gore.

'Twas the Kelvin which lulled me in dreams,
 As it rolled on its way to the Clyde ;
 And its gurgling sounds woke the themes,
 As fancy moved on with its tide.
 So life seems a swift gliding river ;
 To live we must bend to the oar ;
 And we hear sounds ever and ever
 To guide our frail barks to the shore.

A Duplicitous Lay to a Newly-Married Friend.

Breathes there a mortal, howe'er independent,
 Who spurns love and social delight ?
 Shines there an orb which denies its attendant
 A glimpse of its dazzling light ?
 See the sweet flowers to which nature gives birth,
 Gratitude smiles in their glow,
 Shedding sweet balm over old mother Earth
 To sweeten our lives here below.

Goodness and mercy shall ever endure
 Was sung by an old Hebrew poet ;
 Yet the height of delight, whether vicious or pure,
 His life-long aim was to know it.
 He sung of the higher relations of earth
 Which link us in love to each other ;
 But, like many mortals, his nature gave birth
 To foibles which pure minds would smother.

But now the poor bard in his old mother tongue,
 Though his themes are sublime and refined,
 By fools crammed with learning is reckoned among
 The arrogant scum of mankind.
 Though gifted by nature, how seldom they find
 This world's munificent smile ;
 While shallow-brained mortals, with bigots combined,
 Condemn their effusions as vile.

Thus life is a stage on which all engage,
 Impulsive we each play our part ;
 But when love inspires our latent desires
 Remorse ne'er will wither the heart.
 Then, dear friends, adieu, may your trials be few,
 May sorrow ne'er darken your glen ;
 But plenty and peace till your grey hairs increase,
 And your home be the cradle of men.

A Legend :

THE GRAVE IN THE WINDROW WOOD.

In the heart o' auld Scotia, in days o' langsyne,
 Our brave sires rebelled 'gainst Erastian laws ;
 Believin' the rights which they claimed were divine,
 They grasped their rude sabres, an' bled for their
 cause,
 As heroes they fought, an' their prestige maintained
 Till th' heath-covered mountains were dyed with
 their blood ;
 But the tale I relate stains the honours they gained,
 By a deed of their sons in the Windrow Wood.

Humanity languished in freedom's bright glow,
 An' sympathy died 'neath a factional sky ;
 Though farmers were strait'ned, the puir-rates were low,
 An' the hameless had either to beg or to die.
 'Twas then a puir woman cam' o'er the bleak moor—
 She carried an infant, a wee blighted bud ;
 When sick and sair pained at the lane gloamin' hoor,
 She cam' to a hoose near the Windrow Wood.

She kent o' a frien' wha wad care for her wean,
 Could she dauner on to auld Douglas toon ;
 But death's pangs o'erpowered her when near Stable-
 stane,
 An' fain in their sheilin' she wud ha'e lain doon.

It was when the cholera cam' to oor shores,
 An' swept o'er the lan' like a wild rushin' flood ;
 So the terror-struck menials bolted their doors,
 Au' left her to die near the Windrow Wood.

Despised and abhorred as an outcast from heav'n,
 She laid hersel' doon neath a turf-covered shed,
 Yet nae skill was brought an' nae sympathy given,
 To quiet her thirst or to pillow her head.
 The weirt owlet shrieked, an' the turtle dove moaned,
 An' kind nature wailed in symphonious mood,
 But her suff'rings were o'er ere bright Phœbus
 returned
 To gleam on a corpse near the Windrow Wood.

Next morn, the rude cottars, in stolid surprise,
 Found that the plague-stricken wanderer was dead,
 With none but her infant to close her dim eyes,
 Or shed a fond tear o'er the lonely death-bed.
 They met an' consulted, then, wi' feigned regard,
 Dug a deep grave by the dark rolling flood,
 Lest the plague might infect the parish church-yard,
 So they buried her deep in the Windrow Wood.

The wee birdies sat on the quivering trees,
 An' sang a weird dirge in their sweet matin lays,
 An' still you may hear on the calm gloamin' breeze
 Strange wailing sounds over Hazelside braes ;
 And when gentle spring wakes the first early flower,
 An' south winds breathe on the opening bud,
 The wee robins sing in the wild woodlan' bower,
 O'er her lone grave in the Windrow Wood.

An' still every year, by an unseen han',
 The moss-covered grave is adorned in bloom,
 An' the fairest wee flow'rets in a' the lan'
 Shed their perfume o'er her lanely tomb.
 Ah! such the sad end o' what men call life,
 Interred as a dog by her kindred blood ;
 Yet she sleeps serene an' afar frae strife,
 In the sombre shade o' the Windrow Wood.

A Wondrous Waddin'.

WRITTEN BY REQUEST OF A FRIEND, A. B.

We read o' strange scenes on Life's stage,
 An' mony strange sights we ha'e seen ;
 But I beg to astonish this age
 Wi' a sicht which I saw yestreen,
 When I was a guest at a weddin'
 At Craigie Farm, County of Ayr,
 O' a cousin, wha sent me a biddin'
 Tae rant at her ain marriage there.

The bride was ane o' eight twins—
 Four daughters and four gallant sons—
 Braw lads, and trig, strappin' queens,
 Wha scorned to live single as nuns.
 The faither an' mither were there,
 Wi' meat, drink, an' dainties galore,
 Wha purposed a dance on the flair
 As soon as the marriage was o'er.

When up rose eight twins in a row,
 Wha measured their steps wi' skill;
 When ane o' them handled the bow
 An' played a merry quadrille.
 The sang an' the toasts gaed roun',
 Till the young couple drove awa'
 In a coach, by the light of the moon,
 Weel pelted wi' bauchels an' snaw.

Noo, should the like happen again,
 An' I hae the luck to be there,
 I'll hae a gran' photograph ta'en
 O' the twins as they dance on the flair.
 An' noo though this scene I hae penned,
 Ye may tell it o'er Clyde's bonny strath,
 For the like o't was ne'er seen or kened
 In the auld warld tales o' Carnwath.

A Lesson from the Skies.

We hail the sun at the dawn of morn,
 When its first faint rays we view,
 While the balmy flowers the vale adorn
 As they sip the pearly dew;
 And sweet to bask on a summer day
 In the shade of the woodland bowers,
 While songsters chant from each leafy spray
 Their lays to the new blown flowers.

But sweeter far when the setting sun
 Bids a wearied world good night,
 As we must do when our race is run,
 And vanish from mortal sight ;
 But when the sun's last lingering ray
 Leaves the flowers bedewed with tears,
 Black night unveils the bright milky way,
 As smiles from celestial spheres.

Then mortals muse, with awe profound,
 On the radiant worlds on high,
 Revolving in their ærial round,
 Though unseen in noontday sky ;
 So life when viewed by impulsive man
 Seems blent with the false ideal,
 Till the veil recedes, when the soul will scan
 That all sights and shades were real.

Now truth's bright star, through long years enshrined
 In the depth of ancient night,
 Is now unveiled, as the march of mind
 Brings mystical frauds to light ;
 Then let us study those orbs which gleam
 In harmony o'er the sky,
 Assured that the doubts which pall life's dream
 Will be known in the by and by.

Lament on the Desecration of Scottish Antiquities.

Scotland ! famed in martial story,
 Where are now thy ancient towers ?
 Landmarks of departed glory,
 Blaz'ning forth thy pristine powers—
 Once, alas ! by foes o'erthrown,
 Now by ivy overgrown.

Yet these crumbling mounds will chime
 With old Scotia's deathless story,
 Down the corridors of time,
 Telling of her battles gory,
 When our sires with sword and shield
 Triumphed on her battlefield.

Still I love these crumbling walls,
 Scenes of many a valiant fray,
 When on towers and castle halls
 Waved old Scotia's banners gay.
 Though in ruins, still they tell
 Where our heroes fought or fell.

Ancient bards, long, long ago,
 Sang of forts o'er hill and glen,
 Watchtowers high in sunset glow,
 Now erased from mortal ken,
 Ere those gothic piles were torn
 Modern mansions to adorn.

Bigotry, thy barb'rous brand
 Has laid many a relic low—
 Monuments, cathedrals grand, .
 Now beneath thy sceptre bow ;
 Yet such vile delusions prove
 Their contempt to peace and love.

Scotland ! wake thy ancient lyre,
 Bid these rude despoilers stay ;
 Curb that sacreligious ire,
 Spare, O spare, our ruins grey !
 Yet no frantic foe shall ever
 Scotia's name and fame dissever.

An Appeal

ON BEHALF OF THE WIDOWS AND ORPHANS, &C., VICTIMISED
 BY THE RUIN OF THE CITY OF GLASGOW BANK.

A great poet sang in a far distant age,
 Comparing this world of change to a stage,
 Mankind as the players, while concord and strife
 Alternately meet in the drama of life.
 And preachers and poets in primitive days,
 Pronounce the same truth in their sermons and lays,
 While in all the schemes which our wise men devise,
 The future seems dark to our dim, mortal eyes.

We buy an estate and retire at our ease ;
 Our large flocks and herds may succumb to disease ;
 Or we purchase large ships, and of great commerce
 boast,

Till wrecked in a tempest our fortunes are lost.
 We build spacious mansions in country or town,
 But ere we inhabit the fabric's burned down ;
 Or risk all our fortunes in bank shares or mines,
 To be robbed by fanatics with fiendish designs.

See widows and fatherless children laid low,
 While many now mourn who never felt woe ;
 And though a great nation deplores their sad fate,
 Their merciful scheme has been doomed by the State.
 Then, what can be done ? Can our leaders devise
 A scheme more beneficent, pious, or wise,
 To save ruined victims from want and starvation
 By a generous appeal to the soul of the nation.

But such mortal men are all wise to insure
 Their mansions and stocks, then their wealth is secure ;
 'Tis a matter of risk—a small premium at most,
 And if losses ensue, they receive the full cost.
 Then, are not insurances risks and temptations,
 To arson or fraud and unjust speculations,
 When such righteous men having paid their small fee,
 Can laugh when their vessels are wrecked on the sea.

And what is a lottery, but a romance,
 A cheap peradventure, a game of blind chance ;
 But, like all schemes earthly, if well understood,
 The evil may serve as a handmaid for good.

Just see when decayed churches need some repairs,
 Or some neighbouring church is more modern than
 their's,
 The gold must be had, though each well-meaning
 votary
 Should rattle the dice at an orthodox lottery.

But widows, and orphans, and faithful trustees,
 When beggared for life, is there no hope for these ?
 Ah ! surely a remnant of virtue and love
 Is still left on earth such dire woes to remove.
 What heart cannot bleed for such suffering and woe,
 By men long disguised by religious show ?
 But if virtue has faded, and charity dead,
 Then bring forth some lawful design in their stead.

Appeal to Scotland in 1882.

All hail ! ancient Scotia, no power can disown
 Thy fame as the home of the brave,
 And though ruin frowns o'er thy desolate throne,
 Thy martyrs still speak from the grave ;
 For the heroes who fought for thy freedom and life
 Bequeathed us a heritage grand ;
 Then why should we writhe in sensational strife,
 To tarnish our dear native land ?
 But why boast of fame which no foe can appeal,
 While we cherish self-love and ambition ;
 Now a bright era dawns when falsehood will fall,
 And freedom supplant superstition.

Conservatives struggle by power to conserve
 Unrighteous outworn feudal laws ;
 While Liberals mislead, and lib'rally serve
 Their own, not the popular cause ;
 But lineage, which gave enfranchisement and power
 To rulers in ages now gone,
 Is bending to mind, and will fade as a flower,
 When truth gilds humanity's throne.
 E'en now we have men of integrity, who
 Still struggle for freedom to all,
 Conserving whatever is righteous and true
 Alike to the great and the small.

But the Church is dovetailed, too, and ruled by the
 State,
 From which some dissent with good wishes,
 While some factions scoff with derision and hate,
 Yet sigh for the loaves and the fishes ;
 But the bright rays of truth are unbinding our chains
 And the dark mists are clearing away.
 But the untutored mind still bears the dark stains
 Of falsehood's bewildering sway ;
 Then educate, educate, teach men to think,
 That truth will extirpate sensation,
 Then reason will soar and factions will sink,
 And righteousness govern the nation.

S u n g

PRESENTED BY MR CARMICHAEL TO LORD DUNGLASS,
18TH AUG., 1870, ON HIS MARRIAGE DAY.

Tune—"Scots wha hae."

Let ambitious despots jar,
Strewing earth with spoils of war,
We have joys no foes can mar,
 And rights none dare assail.
Though we're free from war's alarms,
Though no trumpet calls to arms,
Still old Scotia's valour warms
 The sons of Douglasdale.

Peace and love their blessings shed
Where our sires their warriors led,
Where victorious patriots bled
 For their native land.
Now the prickly thistle waves
O'er the warriors' hallowed graves,
And the old St. Bride yet braves
 Time's destroying hand.

Scotia's bards, with trembling lyres,
Sang of Douglas' gallant sires :
Brighter themes our hope inspires,
 And future joys unveil.
From old Albion's shore afar
Comes a bright illustrious star,
Borne on Hymen's sacred car
 To Douglas' lovely dale.

Douglas, still old Scotia's pride,
 Ope thy gorgeous portals wide,
 Welcome home the noble bride
 To Douglas' lovely dale.

On this glad auspicious day
 Douglas' ancient banners gay
 Streaming from the towers display
 A welcome to the vale.

While the festive moments pass
 Let each native drain his glass
 To the health of Lord Dunglass
 And his illustrious bride.
 May the Lady and her Lord
 Like their fathers be adored :
 May the future age record
 Their honoured names with pride.

Scotchmen from the rocky fells,
 Maidens from the flow'ry dells,
 Come with wreaths of heatherbells,
 To hail the noble bride.
 May the patriotic flame
 Still adorn the Douglas name :
 And long may heirs of deathless fame
 O'er Douglasdale preside.

Wayside Musings on an Evening Walk.

How sweet to roam by purling rill
 At eventide, when all is still,
 When the flowers with petals fair
 Shed their fragrance on the air,
 While the sun's bright setting rays
 Glisten o'er the verdant braes.

See bold Tinto from afar
 Gleaming from each rocky scaur,
 While the sloping hills are seen
 Overtopped with woodlands green,
 Crouching in her giant arms
 To protect their fairy charms.

Hark, the soaring lark on high
 Sings his evening lullaby,
 While the mavis by the streams
 Hails the sun's declining beams,
 Joining with the whole creation
 In one song of adoration.

While around I hear and see
 Such enchanting harmony,
 Let me ask the reason why
 Man is doomed to mourn and sigh,
 While the whole of earth's domain
 Is subjected to his reign ?

Surely there's a coming time
 When mankind will bask sublime
 In an atmosphere of love ;
 But ere this we must remove
 All the ancient dogmas brought
 To obstruct the march of thought.

S o l i t u d e .

Lone in a wood, when June, the month benign,
 Sent forth her limners to adorn the scene,
 Tipping the stately oak and sombre pine
 With deeper tints of Nature's lovely green,
 I mused beneath a dark, luxurious shade,
 Cheered by the harmony within the bowers,
 While linnets sang, and mountain streamlets played
 Around the glade, perfumed with fragrant flowers.

The zephyrs whispered through weird avenues,
 Beneath rich canopies of drooping fringe,
 While balmy odours, from wild herbs profuse,
 Gave to my pensive mind a solemn tinge ;
 The sun's bright rays were shrouded from my gaze,
 Except one beam which glinted through the wood,
 Displaying sable tassels through the haze,
 Which crowned the stillness of my solitude.

As darkness brooded o'er the woodland scene,
 I thought of this low world in pristine gloom,
 Ere man had reigned, or earth appeared serene,
 Or social love-links sprang from Nature's womb ;

I felt as if this lonely realm was mine,
 And I was left sole monarch here alone,
 No eye to pity, and no voice to join
 In grateful strains, harmonious with my own.

Ah, solitude ! why mourn thy vanished reign ?
 No empire thine, no subject to obey,
 Nor star to cheer thy ivy-mantled fane,
 Nor requiem heard around thy ruins grey.
 Humanity is based on sympathies,
 Progressing onward to delights unknown ;
 And love, when mutual is heavenly bliss,
 Yet saints would weep if left in heaven alone.

Song.—My Rowan Tree.

Let orient climes their myrtles bring
 To wreath the lap of balmy Spring,
 Mair dear thy snaw-white flowers to me,
 My bonny blooming rowan tree.
 The hyacinth an' rose may vie
 In a' the tints o' rainbow sky,
 But flowers at hame or yont the sea
 Can ne'er match my sweet rowan tree.
 My bonnie blooming rowan tree,
 My snaw-white blooming rowan tree,
 Nae flowers at hame or yont the sea
 Can vie wi' my sweet rowan tree.

Thou first invoked my tender care
 When but a sapling, budding fair,
 An' aye sinsyne I've tended thee,
 My bonnie blooming rowan tree.
 But noo thou'rt grown to stately form,
 Thou bieldst my cot frae winter's storm ;
 An' when the sun glares o'er the lea,
 We love thy shade, sweet rowan tree.
 My bonnie, &c.

But Winter's storms 'mang smoke an' mirk,
 An' peat moss hags roon' Garnkirk,
 Is no' a clime befitting thee,
 My bonnie blooming rowan tree. .
 It was unkind tae plant ye here,
 'Mang moors an' moss, a desert drear ;
 Ye might hae graced some lordly lea,
 My bonnie blooming rowan tree.
 My bonnie, &c.

See yonder twinklin' star on high
 Blinks thro' a scowling, murky sky,
 So, o'er the heath thou bear'st the gree,
 My bonnie blooming rowan tree.
 For tho' the heather bell is fair,
 It sheds nae fragrance on the air ;
 But balmy odours flow frae thee,
 My bonnie blooming rowan tree.
 My bonnie, &c.

An' when rich Autumn's labour's done,
 Thy berries glitter in the sun,
 An' robins feed an' sing wi' glee
 A' winter on my rowan tree.
 But frien's wi' frien's an' trees maun part;
 An' O! it grieves me to the heart
 That ere the bloom is aff the pea
 I'll hae tae leave my rowan tree.
 My bonnie, &c.

O! could I by some magic spell
 Transplant thee tae yon cozy dell,
 My future hame on Douglas lea,
 Tae flourish there, my rowan tree.
 There streamlets wimple through the glade,
 An' honeysuckle scents the shade;
 Yet still thro' life, where'er I be,
 I'll mind my bonnie rowan tree.
 My bonnie, &c.

Life's Stormy Sea:

SONG—*Tune*, "Annie Lisle."

Ye who toil for fame and treasure,
 In this age of strife,
 If your aim is blissful pleasure,
 Choose a faithful wife;
 Jeanie's heart in mine confiding,
 Throb to throb agree,
 On our bark serenely gliding
 O'er life's stormy sea.

Mirky tempests oft ha'e gathered
 Round our path of life,
 Still our bark the billows weathered,
 Sae leal and true my wife ;
 The bairns we nursed in youthful prime
 Ha'e bairns on ilka knee,
 And three ha'e reached a purer clime
 Beyond life's stormy sea.

Guardian angels hover o'er us,
 Strewing blessings rife ;
 Chart an' compass point before us
 To the shore of life.
 Now we're safe o'er midway billows,
 Breezes playing free ;
 Faith and hope illume our pillows,
 On life's stormy sea.

When misfortunes coalescing
 Shroud the joys of life,
 Welcome heaven's highest blessing,
 A true and loving wife.
 Soon we'll reach wi' glad emotion,
 Realms from troubles free ;
 Yet I'll mind our soul's devotion
 On life's stormy sea.

Song :

FAREWELL TO THE CHORAL UNION IN CHEYSTON.

Tune—"The Rose of Allandale."

The morn of life with smiles serene
 Dissolves in noon-day's care ;
 And transient oft my lot has been,
 But why should I despair ?
 For many years I've sojourned here,
 'Mang freens baith true and leal ;
 Noo I maun leave and wipe a tear,
 With a heartfelt fare-ye-weel.

Wi' a heartfelt fare-ye-weel,
 Wi' a heartfelt fare-ye-weel,
 Noo I maun leave an' wipe a tear,
 Wi' a heartfelt fare-ye-weel.

If I ha'e wranged my greatest foe,
 If foes I leave behind,
 Forgive and bless me ere I go,
 And soothe your minstrel's mind.
 And if I've gained dear, social friends,
 May future love reveal
 That fond affection never ends
 With a heartfelt fare-ye-weel.

Wi' a heartfelt fare-ye-weel,
 Wi' a heartfelt fare-ye-weel,
 That fond affection never ends
 Wi' a heartfelt fare-ye-weel.

There's music in the human heart
 When love sweeps o'er the strings,
 And a secret chord when true friends part,
 Which long to memory clings ;
 For human hearts, like harps unstrung,
 Their sweetest chords conceal,
 Till the cadence wakes each heart and tongue,
 With a heartfelt fare-ye-weel.

Wi' a heartfelt fare-ye-weel,
 Wi' a heartfelt fare-ye-weel,
 Till the cadence wakes each heart and tongue,
 Wi' a heartfelt fare-ye-weel.

And while fond mem'ries chorus swells,
 Nae love-link shall engross
 My love to friends 'mang th' heather bells
 On Garnkirk dark moss.
 Then friends adieu, and aye I'll wear
 Your impress on my seal,
 And sing my parting wish sincere,
 A heartfelt fare-ye-weel.

A heartfelt fare-ye-weel,
 A heartfelt fare-ye-weel,
 And sing my parting wish sincere,
 A heartfelt fare-ye-weel.

To the Memory of Mr George Paterson
of Glentworth,

WHO DIED 10TH FEBRUARY, 1877.

As the lovely setting sun
Slowly sinks from mortal view,
Though his meted race is run,
Still those streaks of golden hue
Tell with smiles the pleasing story,
He will rise again in glory.

Twilight steals and silent dews
Fall upon the balmy flowers,
When kind Nature's lap profuse
Glistens in the moonlit hours,
As if sympathetic love
Linked fair Earth to Heaven above.

As with Nature, so with mind ;
There are sympathies which flow
Through infinity to bind
Life supern with life below,
While fond aspiration sighs
For that bliss which earth denies.

Life appears a transient maze,
Yet our virtuous triumphs won
Live in memory like the rays
Gleaming from the setting sun,
While, to hearts bedewed with sorrow,
Hope portends a smiling morrow.

Yonder star who lately shone
 O'er Glentaggart's ancient halls,
 Left a radiance all his own,
 Which fond memory still recalls :
 For our pure affections given
 Are the links 'tween Earth and Heaven.
 Frail humanity must die,
 For existence has its stages,
 And, although our bodies lie
 Mingling with the dust of ages,
 Noble spirits onward bound
 Through infinity profound.
 While dogmatic teachers vie
 How to elevate mankind,
 Let us soothe the widow's sigh,
 Guard the orphans left behind ;
 And ye lords of earth defend them,
 While to Heaven we commend them.
 Titles may allure mankind
 In a servile world like this,
 But can ne'er ennoble mind,
 Or impart inherent bliss :
 Men of worth, he was your peer,
 Noble, generous, and sincere.
 Shepherds on Glentaggart braes,
 Pensively their tear drops smother,
 As fond memory pourtrays
 Their loved master, friend, and brother,
 Who was called from earth away
 In the noontide of his day.

Monumental shrines arise,
 Varnishing declining fame ;
 But that love which never dies
 Has immortalised his name ;
 Then when Spring's sweet flow'rets bloom,
 Strew them o'er his honoured tomb.

Scion of a worthy name,
 Thou hast left us in thy prime—
 In the manhood of thy fame,
 As if honours more sublime
 Waited in the realms unknown
 For thy soul, "George Paterson."

Dirge on Alexander Dunlop,

MINERAL BORER.

Ah ! why should we mourn for the honoured dead,
 While their deathless names we revere ;
 Their missions are o'er, and life's germs have sped
 To their native holier sphere.
 But the loss is ours, for humanity sighs,
 While memory their names recall,
 As stars enthroned in the moral skies,
 Diffusing their rays to all.

But, while we mourn, there's a ray of hope,
 As sunbeams over the tomb,
 Where rests the late Alexander Dunlop,
 Enshrined in kind nature's womb.

For his life was pure, and his great soul strove
 The secrets of earth to explore,
 And brought from its depths rich gems to prove
 Dates hid from our ancient lore.

But the highest honour by mortals gained,
 'Twas his in his moral span,
 For his life of truth gave him fame unstained,
 And the crest of an honest man.
 Now his course is ended, and he has found
 Richer gems than the dross of earth ;
 For he now explores through the vast profound
 With the souls of immortal worth.

Truth.

Truth ! What is truth ? was asked by one of old ;
 And still in every age new themes arise,
 As scientists from Nature's stores unfold
 Primeval facts to our astonished eyes.
 Truth calls aloud—yet men refuse to hear ;
 Its truths are beaming—still the world seems blind ;
 Enchained by falsehood, factions still adhere
 To sensuous dogmas which degrade the mind.

Old Earth has long its pristine lore revealed,
 And beckoned mortals onward to survey
 Historic relics, in her womb concealed ;
 Yet still they grope and spurn its truths away.

Nay ; though we search through Nature's vast dominions,
 And glean those truths displayed through earth and skies,
 Should they subvert old orthodox opinions,
 Unthinking factions brand them all as lies.

Still Truth, from its great source, claims veneration,
 Defying all the scorn of sects combined ;
 While all creation, stored with revelation,
 Demands the testing scrutiny of mind.
 For God, the Font of Truth and all things good,
 Created man a reasonable creature ;
 How then can mind, sprung from Infinitude,
 Be in disonance with the laws of Nature ?

All life is blood, which acts upon the brain ;
 If pure, the mind is fed by Truth alone,
 But if impure, the heart aspires to reign,
 And vile affections sit on Reason's throne.
 If finite mind was undefiled at birth,
 Till vice and falsehood shaded Truth divine,
 Then what is pure must reign supreme on earth,
 When nought shall mar th' Omnipotent design.

All truths are one—o'er earth and skies pervading—
 And act through Nature's forces upon mind,
 While o'er the background falsehood's films are shading,
 Reflecting Truth as if by Heaven designed.

O, when will Truth and Reason blent reclaim
 A ruined world to its pristine youth,
 When systems false, of every class and name,
 Shall prostrate fall before the Light of Truth !

Eternal Truth ! from Time's first dawn till now
 Thy rays have shone through falsehood's sable pall;
 But future triumphs yet shall wreathe thy brow,
 When 'neath thy sceptre ev'ry foe shall fall.
 For, though degraded, still the mind of man
 Transcends mortality, and claims a throne
 Where Reason, Truth, and Love will lead the van ;
 Then to this goal let us travel on.

Douglas Dale.

Douglas dale, thy deathless story
 Blazons Scotland's ancient glory,
 When for Scotia's king and throne
 Th' Douglas prowess ever shone ;
 Still thy hills and valleys tell
 Where thy heroes fought or fell ;
 While old Scotia's harp aspires
 To mourn her gallant bleeding sires,
 Through whose dauntless deeds of slaughter
 Peace presides o'er Douglas Water—
 Gliding through the gorgeous scene
 Robed in bowers of lovely green,
 Where the crystal streamlet laves

By our heroes' honoured graves ;
 Murm'ring as it gently glides
 By the ruins of St. Brides,
 Where the ancient warriors rest,
 Mould'ring 'neath the Douglas crest.
 Oh ! methinks the streamlet mourns
 As it wimples by their urns—
 Shedding tear-drops as it flows
 Over Scotland's pristine woes,

Now, sweet streamlet, glide along,
 Wake your minstrel's plaintive song—
 By the ancient rustic bower,
 By the old dismantled tower—
 Sing of Douglas' chivalry,
 Sing of Scotia's bulwarks free,
 Sing of scenes and ages fled,
 Sing a requiem to the dead.

Winding by the rustic gate,
 Where gay Flora, robed in state,
 Strews sweet flow'rets o'er the ground,
 Shedding balmy incense round ;
 Then meand'ring by the fountains,
 Where, environed by the mountains,
 The am'rous sportive fishes play
 Till the sun's last setting ray,
 And the swans, like snow-white flakes,
 Dot the bosom of the lakes—
 There the bleating lambs are seen
 Skipping gaily o'er the green,

Nibbling round the lofty oaks,
 Flaunting high their hoary locks,
 Tow'ring, as the lawn inclines,
 To the stately sombre pines.
 As the scene enchantment gains,
 Round Parkhall and Castle Mains,
 There the pine-clad sloping hills
 Downwards pour their purling rills—
 By Millbank, where balmy flowers
 Wreath the bonny woodland bowers,
 Nestling in the cozie dell
 Where the mountain echoes dwell.

Flow, sweet waters, wimple on,
 Through the woods of Happandon,
 O'er the green luxurious vale,
 Theme of many a minstrel's tale ;
 There the Douglas warriors lay
 In that memorable fray,
 When proud Walton was o'erthrown
 By Lord James at Uddington.

Thou meand'ring, silv'ry stream,
 Minds me of the poet's dream—
 Ever restless, ever fleeting,
 Oft the varied rounds repeating ;
 Born aloft to cloudland high,
 Twinkling in the rainbow dye,
 Gently dropt on violet blue
 As it sips the morning dew ;
 Where Cairntable's summit gleams,

Bathed in Heav'n's orient beams,
 Then with wimpling, splashing din,
 Toppling o'er a craggy linn ;
 Gliding thence to yonder lake,
 Fringed with heath and woodland brake,
 Where the nymph with skilful oar
 Steers her bark from shore to shore ;
 Now a streamlet, then a river,
 Transient, fleeting, changeful ever—
 Now the theme of admiration,
 To-morrow doomed to degradation—
 Ever in fantastic motion,
 Gushing onwards to the ocean.

Now I hear a wimpling song
 On the zephyrs borne along,
 Like the music of a rill,
 When the evening air is still,
 Sped from yonder mountain scaur
 On its pilgrimage afar ;
 'Tis the purling dark Poniel,
 Like a bridal maiden leal,
 Gushing to your bosom sweet,
 Glad your purer streams to meet ;
 Now in wedlock's holy bands,
 Circling round by Sandilands,
 There your mountain waves to yield,
 By the links of Harperfield,
 Where the mighty flowing Clyde
 Clasps you in her bosom wide.

A Tale : The Burning of the Bams of Ayr.

Ye rude spirits of the deep,
 Who on crested billows sweep
 O'er the mermaids' gloomy caves
 'Neath the ever-surgin' waves ;
 Where the dashing breakers roar
 On the trembling Carrick shore ;
 And ye demons of the air,
 Who delight in lurid glare,
 And the moans of dark despair—
 Earth no more invokes your spell
 To make torture horrible,
 Or this lower world a hell.
 For what horrors fiends invent
 Mortals when for vengeance bent,
 Scorn to yield to moral laws
 When they fight in freedom's cause,
 Wresting their dear native land
 From the usurper's ruthless hand :
 Such our tale of wrathful woe,
 When to crush th' invading foe—
 As old Scotia's bards declare—
 Wallace burnt the Bams of Ayr.

Hark ! from yonder martial throng
 Hundreds join in festive song :
 While vain minstrels chant their lays
 In victorious Edward's praise,
 With proud ectasy elate,
 Unsuspecting of their fate

While Scotch warriors, hov'ring near
Saw their time of triumph near.
Louder still they hail their king,
Till the oaken rafters ring,
While the merry dancers bound
O'er their fancied vanquished ground ;
And each cavalier of fame
Revels with his buxom dame ;
While by wine the gen'rous god
Graced the banquet with his nod,
Yet no angel trumpet warns
The doomed rev'llers in the barns.
That when joy seemed most serene,
Death was hov'ring o'er the scene,
For around the banquet halls—
In recesses near the walls—
Patriots, high in rank and name,
Waited with revengeful aim
Till brave Wallace fired a brand,
When a chief of high command,
Fastened doors, and called his men
To surround the victims, when,
As with joy the guests were mingling,
Silently the flames were kindling ;
Till the tongues of flame ascending
On the midnight scene were blending
When afar o'er hill and plain
Rose to heaven their cries in vain,
In a wild despairing yell
From that blazing, living hell,
Where no tongue was left to tell

How revenge, in midnight gloom,
 Triumphed o'er their horrid doom
 In that scorching fiery tomb ;
 While brave Wallace and his court
 Gloated o'er the fiendish sport
 Which secured his fatherland
 From the bold invader's hand.

Such was Edward's base invasion ;
 Such our chief's retaliation ;
 But such triumph could not last —
 Scotia's star was sinking fast —
 For that magazine of woe
 Had enraged proud Edward so,
 That brave Wallace had to bend
 To an ignominious end.

Sunshine and Shade.

ON VIEWING A TOTAL ECLIPSE.

'Tis morn, the bright monarch of day mounts his car,
 The sable clouds fade as new glories unfold,
 And th' blaze from his orient throne, limning afar,
 Gilds mountains and woodlands in bright gleams
 of gold.

'Tis meridian, he rides o'er his empire on high,
 The earth bathed in dazzling hues lovely and gay—
 No beacon to warn us that sombre shades, nigh,
 Will eclipse the fair sun on his high vaulted way.

But th' moon, though unseen, o'er its silent path goes,
 And shades the bright rays of the fair god of day :
 First faintly, then darker and darker it grows,
 Till mankind are awe-struck with fear and dismay ;
 To the pale, leaden ball, clad in dark lunar pall,
 All eyes are upturned as if judgment were near.
 The murm'ring wind moans in symphonious tones,
 And th' once joyful world seems lonesome and drear.

Yon star twinkles bright as at solemn midnight—
 The owls wildly scream o'er yon moss-covered lair ;
 The lark, late so cheery, now pensive and eerie,
 And wee bleating lambs to their mothers repair.
 The poor, way-worn mendicant, wand'ring afar
 O'er mountain and muirland, to supplicate aid,
 Now shrouded in darkness save yon noon-day star—
 A preacher to warn us of sunshine and shade.

Thus Nature, though silent, is ever in motion,
 And sudden eclipses pass sweetly away ;
 But sudden transitions wake grateful emotion,
 And kindle rapt visions in life's fleeting ray.
 For each ray of light has its transient shade,
 And each mortal organ its counterpoise line ;
 Yet there is a light when all other lights fade,
 When shades all dissolve in eternal sunshine.

This life is an ordeal of strange evolutions—
 One short sunny blink oft with dark films o'ercast ;
 Yet soothing to know that all shades and illusions
 Will culminate sweetly in sunshine at last.

When gay fortune smiles, man is pompous and proud ;
 Had envy no barrier, he'd soar to the skies ;
 But the shades of misfortune his bright visions cloud ;
 The mortal is humbled and learns to be wise.

The tyro looks forth o'er a fair sunny shore,
 With riches, and honour, and health in full bloom ;
 But, ah ! the bloom fades which no skill can restore,
 Or save the fair youth from the shades of the tomb.
 Then why all this turmoil, dissention, and war,
 On systems and creeds, in dark ages designed ?
 Such fetters of mind are too feeble to mar
 The progress of light, yet to man undefined.

For sunshine shall triumph, and purified mortals
 Shall bask in its radiance where joys ever flow,
 And wond'ring reflect, from eternity's portals,
 On th' dark shades which shrouded their sunshine
 below.

Then pride and ambition, then war and sedition,
 In the bright, renewed world shall vanish away ;
 But matter and mind, renewed and refined,
 Shall soar in the blaze of eternity's ray.



Science the Handmaid of Truth.

Truth from Nature's laws is gleaming,
 Could we trace its piercing rays,
 While th' unthinking mass are dreaming
 In a dreary, misty haze.
 Myst'ry palls the light of science,
 Veiling Truth with falsehoods vile ;
 While each faction frowns defiance
 To grave Wisdom's faintest smile ;
 Discord swells, and love is fading
 In the gloom of Superstition,
 While dark bigotry is shading
 Untruth by mystical tuition.

O, would servile, fettered minions
 Burst those chains which cramp the mind,
 Which are but the stale opinions
 Of an age we leave behind !
 O, would men of reason travel
 Back o'er Falsehood's mystic reign !
 Erst pure Science could unravel
 What to mortals now seems plain.
 Ign'rant of the laws of motion,
 Earth seemed to dim vision bounded
 By the sky submerged in ocean,
 While the planets moved around it.

Strange that none were found enquiring
 Where bright Phœbus slept at night,
 Till at morn they saw, admiring,
 O'er the east his radiance bright.

Mystic Faith enshrouded Reason,
 Till the blinded finite mind
 Spurned with hatred and derision
 The instructors of mankind :
 Then the voice of Science thunder'd
 From its heights and depths profound,
 When they saw, believed, and wonder'd
 That old mother Earth was round.

Now great scientists are teaching
 Truths reveal'd in Nature's plan ;
 Dead forms yet in stones are preaching
 Of an age unknown to man.
 Yet the millions are pursuing
 Phantoms in mysterious gloom,
 By false lenses misconstruing
 Facts preserved in Nature's womb.
 Would opponents calmly ponder,
 That from one source all had birth,
 Science soon would rend asunder
 All the bigotries of earth.

When will mankind reach perfection ?
 Is there no bright heaven before us ?
 Or is Truth a false reflection,
 Which can ne'er to bliss restore us ?
 No ! the rays of Truth are breaking
 From their dreams a slumb'ring world,
 While all mystic schemes are shaking,
 As their falsehoods are unfurl'd :

And ere long, in heaven-born stature,
 Truth will view her triumphs won ;
 Proving that the God in nature
 And the God of love are one.

Science then will lessen labour,
 Men shall bask in heaven's smile,
 And the warrior's reeking sabre
 Shall be lent to useful toil ;
 Then pride, envy, and ambition
 Will have no base end to gain ;
 Truth will have performed her mission
 And Humanity will reign :
 Then the glorious consummation
 For which Truth so long has striven—
 Universal combination
 In one grateful song to heaven.

On a Spring, 1876.

WRITTEN DURING A SNOWSTORM.

Gentle Spring, gentle Spring,
 Where art thou meandering ?
 Art thou shedding smiles and tears
 In the far infinite spheres,
 While the flowers on earth below
 Sleep beneath the drifting snow,
 As if Winter's hoary king
 Spurns thy coming, gentle Spring ?

Gentle Spring, gentle Spring,
 Why should blustering Boreas bring
 Dangling darts t' the cottage eaves,
 'Stead of infant buds and leaves,
 As if fate in sport could cause
 Changes in great nature's laws,
 Causing death and suffering,
 While we sigh for gentle Spring ?

Gentle Spring, gentle Spring,
 Why withhold thy dewy wing
 From the poor, who have no share
 In this world's voluptuous fare,
 While they pine beneath the storms
 Which o'erwhelm their helpless forms,
 Sighing, shiv'ring, yet they cling
 To thy coming, gentle Spring ?

Gentle Spring, gentle Spring,
 Is our planet wandering
 Into space, which bids defiance
 To our boasted age of science ;
 When snow-wreaths block locomotion,
 Ships are wrecked upon the ocean,
 And wild storms are ravaging
 All the sylvan bowers of Spring ?

Gentle Spring, gentle Spring,
 Mortals still thy praises sing,
 For when earth enfettered lay
 Long in pristine glacial sway,

Thou, from thy ethereal throne,
Breathed upon a world o'erthorn,
When the ice with crushing ring
Fled before the power of Spring.

Gentle Spring, gentle Spring,
Prayers nor fervent sighs can bring
Balmy zephyrs, gently kissing
Opening buds which wait thy blessing ;
Come, then, in thy own fixed time,
Strew the earth with flowers sublime,
When the snow will melt and wing
To the dewy skies of Spring.

Come, then, come, O gentle Spring,
O'er the earth thy dew-drops fling,
For thy life-diffusing breath
Can restore a world from death ;
Then the lambs will frisk with glee
O'er the verdant flowery lea,
And the wildwood warblers sing
Grateful pæans to thee, Spring.

Thoughts on Inhumanity.

Since the inglorious deed of murd'rous Cain,
Fair earth has been the scene of war and pain.
Envy and pride, fanned by the breath of hell,
To horrid deeds men's fiendish bosoms swell.
Grim retribution next its powers assume,
And legal murder seals the murderer's doom.

What brutal murder when the mind unstrung
 By provocation to fierce passion's flung !
 The maniac's hand the fatal dagger wields,
 And murder done ere rage to reason yields.
 Then dark remorse assails the assassin's brain ;—
 He'd give his own to purchase life again.
 How oft is cowardly, compound murder done
 By treach'rous plots, ingeniously spun :—
 The faithful man, thrust from his situation,
 His wife and offspring sunk to degradation ;
 Wrecked all their prospects, character, and place,
 To crawl through life in misery and disgrace.
 Such traitors oft are saints to outward show,
 And but for cowardly hearts would strike the blow ;
 For he who takes a life must risk his own,
 And may in mortal combat be o'erthrown ;
 These grasp at worldly honours, powers, and fame,
 Then leave their dupes to infamy and shame.
 Yet there are other murderers than these,
 With feelings cold as icebergs on the seas ;
 Who, though misfortune lays a brother low,
 A formal sigh is all they can bestow ;
 While men less orthodox, through love sincere,
 With bounteous blessings stem the gushing tear.
 To see a wounded man and pass him by,
 Though we may feign a prayer or force a sigh,
 Yet, while we hold not out our helping hand,
 God will from us our brother's blood demand.
 To feel at ease when we a life could save
 Is viler murder than a fiend could brave.

Hark to this tale :—Let bleeding hearts tell where
 An infant strayed far from its mother's care.
 The sun had set, and gloomy grew the skies,
 When, lo ! a farmer heard the infant's cries.
 The child drew near and lisped its plaintive tale,
 But, ah ! next morn its form was dead and pale.

Cold in a rabbit's den, its *wee* heart riven,
 The strayed child slept—its soul had passed to heaven.
 Friend, did'st thou pray, that night so cold and
 wild,
 That God would bless thee as thou blessed the
 child ?
 Oh, had a wandered ox strayed to thy farm,
 Next morning would have found it safe and warm.

Scotland, where now thy pity and thy love ?
 Thy Calvin heart no piteous tale can move.
 On sacred ground, where thy brave martyrs fell,
 The infant's shrine thy Christian love can tell.
 Is this religion, pure and undefiled ?
 Let Christians read the fate of this strayed child.

Alas ! how many pass for loving souls
 While self alone their every act controls.
 They love esteem, and, with a saintly face,
 Where'er they mingle court the highest place ;
 But were the hearts of all to light unfurled,
 Few kind Samaritans would grace the world.

Now, let us scan, through every different phase
 What class we deem most cruel, mean, and base.
 To shun the wandered infant's plaintive cry ?
 To see the wounded man, and pass him by ?
 By cunning plot a faithful family beggar ?
 Or the foul maniac plunge the fatal dagger ?
 God is the judge : He knows and tries each heart,
 And will to motives give the due desert.

Thoughts on the Self-Righteous.

“ Unto the pure all things are pure,”
 The holy Scriptures say ;
 But who so pure, with heart secure
 From sin's alluring sway ?
 Many a path to men seems right
 Which leads to death and woe ;
 Then where the rule, the beacon bright,
 To guide us here below ?

Our only guide is God's own book—
 A law, a light, a mirror,
 To see ourselves if we'd but look,
 And test the truth from error.
 But this we're apt to misconstrue,
 Our carnal lusts to screen :
 Nay, gild our faults in graceful hue,
 Where dangers lurk unseen.

Man also ought to study man,
 The freaks of human nature,
 And inwardly themselves to scan—
 Each thought and sinful feature.
 What cherished foes would hearts disclose,
 Even idols which we grasp ;
 Yet blind repose like the oak tree grows,
 Sin bound with the ivy clasp.

Then why so apt to catch the beam
 That's in our brother's eye,
 While to the world we fain would seem
 Of pure unspotted dye.
 Yea, Godly men should search betimes
 And inward vileness trace,
 To find they're kept from glaring crimes
 By God's restraining grace.

Some men have feelings kindly warm,
 Too social in their nature :
 They wear no mask, they mean no harm,
 But love each fellow-creature.
 Yet such are often held to scorn
 By cunning, base deceivers,
 While Christian truth they more adorn
 Than orthodox believers.

But mark that class with passions cold,
 Who walk by square and rule ;
 They'd rob the fold for love of gold,
 Like wolves in lambkin's wool.

No orphan wan, no aged man,
 No widow they've relieved :
 Their only aim is wealth and fame,
 Deceivers, yet deceived.

They boast, like the young man of old,
 Of laws kept to the letter,
 And look with solemn face so bold,
 As if God was their debtor.
 Nay, thank God like the Pharisees,
 They're not like graceless stirks,
 Who scorn their fasts and solemn days,
 And honour not their kirks.

Thus many a drone moves gravely on,
 Life seems a mere sensation,
 Their humble pride has ne'er been tried,
 By any great temptation.
 O would professors shun that sin !
 To boast of their humility,
 For sinful men may heaven win
 By grace, not self ability.

Oh ! 'tis not orthodox profession
 Can link our souls to heaven,
 While to the poor steeped in oppression
 No Christian aid is given.
 Religion pure and undefiled
 Gives not to be restored,
 But a name to live will be reviled,
 And fade like Jonah's gourd.

But ah ! mankind are not so blind,
 Nor servile to adore them,
 For social folks styled heterodox,
 May rank in heaven before them.
 For 'tis the heart, the hidden part,
 Which God requires to serve him,
 And which at last the dye will cast,
 To all as we deserve 'em.

A D R E A M.

I dreamed a dream of spirit-land,
 Fraught with scenes superbly grand,
 Saw bright suns and systems rolling
 By a great, mysterious cause,
 Their great Architect extolling,
 By obedience to His laws.
 Though in dreamland, yet I knew
 Heaven is hid from mortal view.

O, what scenes of varied dyes
 Ravished my dim mortal eyes,
 As sweet sleep from care released me
 Blissful regions to explore ;
 When a strange idea seized me—
 Was my spirit here before ?
 Gleamed I not in yonder ray
 Ere allied to mortal clay ?

Far above the dross of time
 Still I soared through scenes sublime,
 As wild fancy scaled the portals
 To survey the inner glory,
 (But, alas! too bright for mortals,
 Too sublime for human story),
 Where the pure, transparent rills
 Lave the everlasting hills.

Boundless font of life and light,
 Whence my spirit first took flight,
 And to where, when this frail bark
 Shattered sinks to mother earth,
 Life will find its native ark :
 Though unknown its wondrous birth,
 Glorious thought, that souls fly hence
 When set free from time and sense.

Source of life and inspiration,
 Sprung my life from generation—
 Like the vine's pure, mellow fruit,
 Shedding seed on mother earth,
 Whence sprang forth, with spreading root,
 Plants to form successive birth ?
 Or is life, as felt by me,
 But a spark sent forth from thee ?

Birthplace of the grand ideal,
 Where the beautiful is real,
 Dreamed of in this mundane world
 As a realm of light and love ;

Yet, with all earth's powers unfurled,
 Faith nor science can remove
 What mortality inherits—
 The sensual drag unknown to spirits.

When I saw where angels dwelt,
 What unworthiness I felt ;
 For, of flesh and blood created,
 Conscience told me of my guilt,
 Till I heard these words related—
 " 'Twas for such my blood was spilt."
 When I woke my spirit seemed
 Bathed in the bliss of which I dreamed.

A Vision.

'Twas midnight, on my couch I wearied lay,
 No care or turmoil racked my pensive mind ;
 I sought repose from labours of the day,
 Leaving the world with all its cares behind.
 Kind sleep stole o'er me, yet methought I saw
 (Slow as a summer cloud at close of day,)
 A vision loom before me, when, with awe,
 My 'raptured soul felt eager to survey.

I knew it was a dream, but still I felt
 As if on wings of thought I soared away
 Through scenes sublime, where the Nephilims dwelt
 Ere earth was garnished for her ruler's sway.

I felt a holy calm, as if my soul
 Was floating o'er a placid silver sea,
 Surveying regions vast, without control,
 Where life at first was innocent and free.

I paced the lawn, with flowery carpet spread,
 The balmy shrubs seemed bathed in glistening dew,
 Till, by a spacious gate my footsteps led,
 Where scenes ecstatic burst upon my view—
 The sylvan bowers, majestic and sublime,
 Were interspersed with gems of every hue ;
 Exuberant with plants of Orient clime,
 And in the midst a laden vine tree grew.

I saw a crystal fountain calm and clear ;
 I heard a streamlet singing on its way,
 Meand'ring by umbrageous arbours near,
 Reminding me of Eden's blissful day ;
 Profuse in thought, I sought the sinless pair,
 For luscious fruits hung nodding in the breeze ;
 But all in vain, no living form was there,
 Though all seemed fair for human bliss and ease.

I mused on infant life, in pristine day,
 Free from all envy, war, disease, and pain,
 And wished that inspiration could pourtray
 The roseate grandeur of this blest domain.
 When lo ! strange whisperings stirred the balmy air,
 As if foul fiends were hov'ring o'er their prey,
 And listening, I heard words—"Though all seems fair,
 What springs from earth must wither and decay."

The vision fled, I woke in grief and pain,
 To muse on pristine bliss transformed by hell,
 When reason burst her fascinating chain,
 And thus unveiled that bliss from whence we fell ;
 Where, where was bliss or freedom when surrounded
 By heaven's opponents plotting man's destruction
 While none restrained, nor angel trumpet sounded
 To warn the heirs of bliss from vile seduction ?

Bliss must have hung upon a brittle thread
 When one vile reptile lured them from its portals,
 In truth, the fallen victims might have said
 "Our opened eyes now see we were but mortals."
 Why envy then those happy days primeval,
 When earth's first monarch reigned in Eden fair ?
 Though pure and sinless, yet the dawn of evil
 With nature's tempting wiles was hovering there.

And now, though mankind suffer pain and death,
 They are but nature's agents for transition ;
 To die—we only yield our mortal breath,
 Yet hold to life's great source, our first position.
 Death seems omnipotent when ties are riven,
 And bursting hearts their buried hopes deplore,
 But hell can never thwart the God of heaven
 Who waits to reign when sin's dark drama's o'er.

A Winter Scene.

Cauld Winter lowers o'er Douglas towers,
 The tempest wildly roars ;
 The muircocks crawl 'mang driftin' snaw,
 An' birds chirp roon' the doors.
 Wee feathered brood, 'tis for oor guid
 That birds tae earth were given :
 Men should thee feed in time o' need,
 In gratitude tae heaven.

Some thin thy ranks by murd'rous pranks,
 Some snare thee by the legs ;
 An' callant pests frae thy wee nests
 Play "Blin' Smash" wi' your eggs.
 If men wad think that mere instinct
 Is a' ye hae tae guide ye :
 Ye store nae corn for wintry morn,
 Then meat we maun provide ye.

For grub or fly, or insect fry—
 Instinctive nature servin'—
 Ye snap wi' glee. Was't no' for thee,
 Puir mortals wad be starvin' ;
 For troubles sore this warl' o'er,
 By pestilence an' famine,
 Wad leave puir folks but toom meal-pocks,
 An' lairds their lands disclaimin'.

On airy wings, when Simmer flings
 Her balmy mantle o'er us,
 How sweet the morn, roun' brake an' thorn,
 Wi' nature's woodland chorus.

What hearts o' steel wha wadna feel
 For sweet wee minstrels fair ?
 My wifie comes wi' store o' crumbs
 Tae gie ilk ane a share.

They watch the store an' open door,
 Syne fly, oor presence fearin',
 Tae nearest hedge, in gayest fledge,
 An' wait oor disappearin'.
 Puir, timid things! don't flap your wings,
 We dinna want tae catch ye ;
 We gie ye meat through nae deceit,
 But we'll gae in an' watch ye.

Soon robin came, then sparrow tame,
 The lark, the thrush, the lintie ;
 The goldfinch, too, all flutterin' view
 The daintiest crumb tae rin tae :
 Wi' hungry crappin', gaily happin',
 Each chirp'd an' fed galore,
 Till robin saw they'd pick it a',
 An' chased them frae the door.

There, such is life : quo' I, " Guidwife,
 Just view that selfish creature ;
 If micht is richt, then birds o' flicht
 But copy human nature."
 Noo, robin lad, ye mak' me sad
 Tae see ye sae ungratefu' ;
 Yet whiles fause frien's, tae gain their en's,
 Are equally deceitfu'.

They come like you, an' lo' they boo—
 Mean, servile tae profusion ;
 Their mission won, they're aff like fun,
 Like robin tae seclusion.
 Though frost an' snaw bring robins a'
 Tae beg frae ilka door,
 When Spring's bricht rays blink o'er the braes,
 They're aff till Simmer's o'er.

Ye lords wha drap tae Fortune's lap
 An' bask in Simmer's pleasures,
 Misfortune's snaw some day may fa'
 An' blast your earthly treasures :
 For wealth tak's wings, an' even kings
 Hae begged for hospitality ;
 Ah ! then they ken, like ither men,
 Life is a great reality.

Man—Present and Future.

The life of man is but a span,
 Ev'n swifter than a weaver's shuttle ;
 'Tis strange, we think, that God should plan
 This grand machine of thread so brittle.
 We mourn and pine bereavement sore,
 Of those loved ones we've oft caressed ;
 But we may, when the drama's o'er,
 See God has done all for the best.

The soaring skylark sings with glee ;
 Each bird its wee mate loves to woo ;
 We see the flow'rets on the lea
 In balmy fragrance wet with dew.
 See yonder lambkins on the hills,
 Fair emblems of youth's festive ball,
 While kine are grazing by the rills,
 Returning home at milkmaid's call.

The linn roars o'er its craggy steep,
 The burnie wimples through the glen—
 All these their various courses keep,
 But why they do they dinna ken.
 And man, a being strong in mind,
 Though sprung from same creative power,
 Still grasping some fond bliss to find
 When gained 'tis like a summer flower.

How oft one retrospective gaze
 Blasts the gained wishes of his heart,
 The future oft a dreary haze,
 He pants for joy earth can't impart.
 For what is Life ? A daily dying—
 A constant wasting and repair,
 Long ages past our food supplying,
 A few short years their fate we share.

And what is Death ? The pend'lum stopping,
 This grand machine stands still inert—
 No winding up, no prayers invoking,
 Can give pulsation to that heart—

Once beauteous form, now loathsome clay,
 Worms revel on it with delight ;
 Though grieved to part, we're forced to say—
 "Bury the dead out from our sight."

Now, pause ; call reason to our aid ;
 Can all be past when this life's o'er ?
 Will man, in God's own image made,
 Sleep in the tomb for evermore ?
 Say, why endowed with gifts so high—
 Powers to reflect and future scan,
 A conscience stern, each deed to try ?
 Ah, sure ! there's life in store for man.

The Dissimilarity between Men and Angels.

SUGGESTED BY READING A POEM, "I WISH I WERE AN ANGEL."

O ! could we earth-born mortals,
 With finite vision, trace
 The august sacred portals
 Of God's celestial place,
 Where long ere man's creation,
 Angelic hosts have dwelt,
 And sung in adoration,
 That homage which they felt.

To hear those hymns of gratitude
 Resound o'er heaven's high dome,
 And back in that beatitude
 Which gilds their blissful home ;

And learn from angel story,
 The origin of sin,
 When one who soared in glory,
 God's throne essayed to win.

He who once basked in Eden—
 The garden of the Lord,
 When life's fair tree was laden,
 And sipped its nectar stored ;
 Who was from the beginning
 An angel, yet a liar,
 And by enchantments winning,
 Pure angels to conspire.

Thus pride begat perdition,
 When Satan's vot'ries fell ;
 Now envy and ambition
 Have dug their native hell,
 Which proves to human reason,
 Though Lucifer was great,
 His soul, embued with treason,
 Fell by its cumbrous weight.

O ! had the mighty rebel
 Been kept in holy awe,
 And had frail man been able
 To keep God's righteous law ;
 Ah, then ! no strife, no stricture,
 No heaven with shades o'ercast :
 No dark films, no life's picture,
 And no hist'ry of the past.

For long ere Satan's minions
 Achieved a throne on earth,
 God's sons on hov'ring pinions,
 Sang o'er its joyful birth ;
 And hailed man's high relation
 As in God's image made,
 The keystone of creation,
 In innocence arrayed.

With mind formed for designing,
 From earth's storehouse he draws
 Gems, which with skill combining,
 Display great Nature's laws.
 He mines through lofty mountains,
 Where golden treasures lie ;
 Sweeps over seas and fountains,
 And soars to cloudland sky.

Mankind are of two genders,
 One federal bliss supplying,
 As age to age surrenders,
 Life, love, and fame undying ;
 While angels seem created
 Free from all sexual thrall,
 To God alone related,
 They either stand or fall.

God might have kept us innocent,
 And free from all temptation ;
 But viewed free-will with mercy blent,
 A glorious consummation.

For though man's every feature,
The blights of sin display,
Yet God, in human nature,
Has wiped the stains away.

Though angels are untainted
With sin or base alloy,
Yet men to glory sainted,
Must feel a higher joy.
The pure need no promotion
Their holy souls to fire ;
But a saved soul's rapt devotion
To loftier themes aspire.

True ; angels and pure spirits
Are messengers of love ;
Their holy service merits
An eternity above.
Yet man in his relations,
Born to a world like this,
Has heavenward aspirations,
Which point to higher bliss.

Such mercy freely given,
O, could lost angels share,
Our future hopes of heaven,
And white-washed robes to wear ;
But time shall yet unravel
Dark myst'ries verified,
When with his soul's great travail,
Christ shall be satisfied.

To know the height of pleasure,
 We first must suffer pain,
 Then grateful hearts can treasure,
 Sweet health restored again.
 So souls redeemed all bounding,
 For gracious mercy given,
 Shall sing, with loud harps sounding,
 The highest strains in heaven.

We long to hear that chorus—
 That anthem ever new
 Which seraphs bending o'er us,
 Or angels never knew.
 Then who would envy angels,
 Who soar in bliss above?
 Content I'll be a mortal,
 And share my Saviour's love.

The Reign of Freedom.

PART I.

Heaven-born freedom, tell me where
 Mortals may thy blessings share;
 On what land or shore unknown,
 Towers thy bright terrestrial throne?
 Is it 'neath a monarch's crown,
 Fraught with honours and renown;
 Or where commonwealths proclaim
 Equal rights, rewards, and fame;

Or beneath a holy mitre,
 Where thy mellowed graces loiter ?
 Say what system, race or sect,
 Rich and poor alike respect ;
 Based on reason, truth, and love,
 From thy source in heaven above.

Mortals long have sought in vain
 For thy pure etherial reign ;
 And in fancy oft have seen
 Thy bright star in glittering sheen,
 Like a pure celestial beam,
 Gleaming o'er a silvery stream ;
 Or a mirage o'er the main,
 Or a phantom o'er the brain,
 Flitting from our fond embrace,
 Ere thy vanished throne we trace ;
 Where, O, freedom ! shall we fly
 To bask beneath thy radiant sky ?

Seek me not where orient beams
 O'er a slave-doomed world gleams ;
 Seek me not when noon-day bright
 Gilds deceit in borrowed light ;
 Seek me not when gloaming grey
 Lures lewd monsters to their prey ;
 Seek me not when midnight gloom
 Throws her pall o'er freedom's tomb ;
 Seek me not on mountains steep,
 Nor in shady valleys deep ;
 Seek me not in lordly hall,
 Fleeting toys their souls enthrall :

Born to sway plebeian mind,
 Yet to their own frailties blind ;
 Seek not in the peasants' cot,
 Bondage blights their earthly lot,
 Struggling o'er life's rugged road,
 'Neath a " brother tyrant's rod ;"
 Nor in senate, camp, or court,
 Where the crested despots sport,
 For the great fresh laurels finding,
 For the poor new fetters binding ;
 Nor beneath a monarch's crown,
 Nor beneath a bishop's gown,
 Nor in allied church and state,
 Nor in factions small or great,
 Nor in commonwealths, where all
 Soar, unconscious of their thrall,
 Led on by a magic star,
 Lighted by the breath of war,
 Till ambition throws her darts
 Back into their slave-bound hearts ;
 Search the world, yet all in vain,
 Till reason claims her throne again.

PART II.

Once, at fair Creation's birth,
 I was high enthroned on earth ;
 But the freedom then bestowed
 Sprang from filial love to God,
 When His will was man's great aim
 As a Father's right to claim.

For the Architect Divine,
 By a righteous, wise design,
 Formed man, not in lowly mien
 Circumscribed as a machine,
 Like the schemes of human skill,
 Moving by capricious will ;
 But, though mundane as created,
 To celestial source related ;
 For his soul, in flesh confined,
 Sprang from the eternal mind ;
 There implanted by a kiss,
 To radiate in the heir of bliss ;
 While obedience tested all,
 Free to stand or free to fall.

O ! what joy and rapt desire
 Fired man's hallowed, grateful lyre,
 As the smiling angels joined
 In the harmony of mind,
 And the chords in sweet vibration
 Echoed back God's approbation ;
 While from heaven Jehovah saw
 Man obedient to his law,
 Linking earth to heaven above
 In the unity of love.
 There my throne, and there I reigned
 While man true to me remained.
 Worlds on high ne'er equalled this,
 The realm of freedom, love, and bliss.

O ! had man possessed the power
 To spurn the wiles in Eden's bower ;

Where from shades to man unknown—
 Where foul envy reared her throne—
 Satan to the gates of light
 Sped and spied this planet bright,
 Where truth, love, and joy were twining,
 And the star of freedom shining.
 He transformed for envious wrath,
 Trailed across my glorious path ;
 And assuming freedom's guise,
 Lured loved mortals to be wise,—
 Wise as gods to will and act,
 And explore God's hidden tract,
 Till their minds, debased, gave birth
 To Satanic reign on earth,
 Freedom to licentious will,
 Free to sin, and freemen still ;
 Till the whole creation groaning
 In convulsive anguish moaning,
 By inhaling ven'mous breath,
 Writhe in lingering, living death.
 Should the carnal mind ask " Where ?"
 Truth replies " It lingers there."
 Yes, the slave-bound carnal mind,
 Rich or poor, howe'er refined,
 Vie each other to devour ;
 The difference only lies in power.
 The poor are slaves by low position,
 The rich are slaves to proud ambition,
 And to-day, were slaves made free,
 To-morrow they would tyrants be.

Yet the world rolls on apace,
Kept by heaven's restraining grace,
And, tho' strange, thro' seeming strife,
Death has ever nourished life ;
Reproducing in gradation,
By the law of compensation,
For on fixed laws all depends
Till this whirling drama ends,
When all enmity and strife
Shall be swallowed up of life.

Yet I wait high heaven's decree
When my throne on earth shall be,
And all tyranny be hurled
From a free and blissful world.
For a remnant still are free,
Though they differ in degree.
And in records of each age
Freemen have adorned the page,
Whose nobility of hearts
A halo to this world imparts.
Such rich triumphs yet we see
In the man by truth made free.
His a conscience free from sin ;
His a holy calm within ;
His a life of tranquil joy,
Which no tyrant can destroy.

Sensive Musings

ON THE VIEWS AND TRIAL OF DAVID MACRAE.

'Twas evening ; the rays of the bright setting sun
 Were sweetly retracing the course he had run,
 And gilding each peak from the lofty Ben More
 To the green terraced slopes which embellish the shore
 Around lovely Gourock, so blissful and calm,
 Where invalids muster to breathe its sweet balm.
 A rapt poet wandered and silently mused
 On the soul-stirring grandeur o'er nature diffused,
 And, when so absorbed in profound reverie,
 A stranger drew near from the town of Dundee,
 Who, slowly approaching with kind salutation,
 Awoke the lone bard from his rapt meditation,
 Who welcomed him kindly to sit by his side,
 And join in his themes by the waves of the Clyde,
 When thus with sweet pathos in free flowing verse
 He uttered these musings, which we now rehearse :—

If all is predestined on earth's transient stage,
 Then truly we live in a wonderful age
 Of wars and dissension at home and abroad
 By mortals who rule as vicegerents for God ;
 But the most impious rulers are those who by skill
 Attempt to drag mind to their standards and will,
 And now the most foolish, sensational play
 Produced on the stage is " Poor David Macrae."
 Who clings to a sect like a troublesome weed,
 Yet scorns and abhors both its standards and creed.
 So noble a man, with so generous wishes,

Should spurn—and come out from their power—loaves
and fishes ;

For though his large views are with high reason
blended,

The Synod saw fit that he should be suspended
For manly attempting by Scripture to prove
That justice and judgment must yield unto love.

Then uprose the stranger, a large-souled U.P.,
Who, trained by Gilfillan, late Bard of Dundee,
Was also a poet, declared : I'm no minion
But, like old Elihu, I'll give my opinion.
For, if sin was not to man's nature related,
How could it by inherent power be created ?
Then, why its foul birth, God's great purpose to mar,
And plunge all creation in discord and war ?
Yet true, sin and death had existed on earth
Through ages, ere Adam's mysterious birth ;
Hence envy and malice, ambition and strife,
Still form the groundwork of the picture of life,
For if man was pure, without lust or ambition,
He could not fulfil the great end of his mission ;
Hence virtue and vice, goodwill and discord,
Seem blended in one in each ancient record.
'Tis only when self is extended too far
That weak human factions resolve into war ;
Yet some men are born with strange lustful desires
Inherited from their degenerate sires,
Who in life's allurements, resist as they may,
Too oft to their natural weakness give way.
Then uprose the poet of Gourock and said :

Though man is a being mysteriously made,
 Yet in his formation the compass of mind
 Is amply developed and clearly defined ;
 But rash men are even more harmless than those
 Whose cool passions lead them to selfish repose,
 And, by human learning, in dogmas abstruse,
 Subvert truth and reason by low-minded views.
 Yet, such are our sects in this self-righteous nation,
 Who to their own votaries limit salvation,
 And in their church standards, beclouded with error,
 Delineate God as a being of terror ;
 While each blinded faction the clear light evades,
 They grope in the dark and invoke their own shades.
 'Tis strange when man's reasoning powers are perverted
 God's gracious designs are so basely inverted.
 For reason was given to judge and to test
 The truth from the false, and adopt what is best ;
 Then what seems mysterious or faintly revealed
 Let mortals forbear, and to reason's laws yield.
 St. Paul says : " Prove all things," which when under-
 stood,
 Appeals to our reason to test what is good ;
 And John, when assailing false teachers abroad,
 Says : " Try every spirit, if they are of God."
 But to think of a God having fav'rites in view
 'Mong His own handiwork, seems to reason untrue ;
 But now, after all, what do poor mortals know
 Except what the writers in dark ages show,
 With stratified rocks in their pristine formations,
 Affording rich stores for profound contemplations.

Then uprose the poet from bonnie Dundee,
 Elated that poets should so well agree,
 For the object which led him to Gourrock away
 Was the cruel suspension of David Macrae.
 For, like him, his life was by dark clouds o'ercast,
 To work out for good and God's glory at last,
 When by His strange act, which the prophet foretold,
 He will gather in one His redeemed chosen fold,
 Which no man can number ; but factions must fall
 Ere the great consummation, God all and in all.
 But, as to rude dogmas, if none but the pure
 Are true heirs of glory, then who are secure ?
 And, as to the wicked, can doom be for ever ?
 Is sin so entwined that love cannot dis sever ?
 Or, are there no soundings 'twixt Heaven and Hell,
 Through which strains of mercy may echo and swell,
 To fire latent embers of love in those souls,
 Who once despised grace and that truth which consoles
 And nourishes hope ? Is there no reprieve ?
 Or, can wicked spirits repent or believe ?
 Nay, does God reveal to self-righteous man
 That mercy exists by a limited span ?
 Then, fancy a God all revenge—ah, how rude,
 While chastisement tends to man's ultimate good !
 'Tis sin which inflicts the just stripes we deserve
 While man, drawn by lusts, from God's moral laws
 swerve.

Well reasoned ! the bardie from Gourrock replied.
 If man seek God's grace it will not be denied ;
 But, as to salvation by mere imputation,

It wants the reliance of regeneration.
 We must run the race ere we merit the prize
 To reign not as paupers but saints in the skies ;
 But such, merely saved from destruction by grace,
 Their dim eyes can never see God's smiling face ;
 Their aims being selfish, although freed from pain,
 Mere envy might drag them to darkness again.
 Would men seek for truth, then from Scripture we
 gather.

That God is revealed as a merciful father,
 And being unchangeable ; hence the relation
 To souls though in torment still His by creation,
 Who, though far removed from all earthly connections,
 Possess human souls with their innate affection.
 Now view a fond father translated to Heaven,
 His ties of humanity blighted and riven,
 For a wife, son, or daughter, the joy of his heart,
 Has gone with that sentence : ye cursed depart.
 Can love be so stale in that world of bliss
 To spurn the fond ties which endeared them to this ?
 Ah, no ! the saved mortal in heaven inherits
 That soul which first sprung from the Father of Spirits,
 And the love links which cheered his existence below
 Pervade his rapt soul in its infinite glow,
 And 'midst his fond raptures in Heaven will pray
 For a blissful re-union with souls far away.
 Is this true felicity ? Reason says No !
 When earth's ties are severed to weal and to woe ;
 Then is there a time when all factions will blend
 In the song of salvation to God in the end.



The last ray had sunk over lofty Goatfell,
 When night's sable curtain environed the dell,
 And soft zephyrs sighed o'er the calm seething wave,
 Like a fond mother's dirge o'er a loved infant's grave.
 When the bards who had reasoned so long and so deep
 Retired to invoke the kind goddess of sleep,
 Resolving to meet on the following day
 To comfort the victimised David Macrae,
 Persuaded that truth in the end will disprove
 Each dogma which hinders true concord and love.

Dialogue on Church Bazaar.

'Twas on Sunday, blissful day,
 When good Christians meet to pray,
 Two men trudged along the road
 Homeward from the house of God:
 Th' one a man of cultured mind,
 Blent with love to all mankind;
 Th' other, by his visage quaint,
 Seemed a sanctimonious saint:
 Yet both seemed austere and knowing,
 And with Christian zeal o'erflowing,
 For the twain were elders—hence
 They were men of common sense,
 And well trained, in kirk and sessions,
 To creeds, standards, and confessions.
 So when walking on together,
 After talking of the weather,

Farms and crops and sheep and kye,
Th' saint-like elder heaved a sigh,
And declared in accents sad
That the U.P.'s had gone mad—
Chiefly Fergus Ferguson,
Whose ideal mind had run
Into secrets which the Lord
Had not taught us in His Word,
And were contrary unto
Modern creeds and standards true ;
Leading godly men astray—
Even Dobie and Macrae,
Dr Brown, and many others,
Who were loved more than their brothers—
By false views and doctrines broad,
To deny the wrath of God ;
Nay, asserting that salvation
Was extensive as creation,
And that every vile outcast
Would repose in heaven at last :
While of Christ's great power to save,
Love extends beyond the grave,
And in spirit-land is given
Grace to fit vile souls for heaven,
Making the unseen abyss
A nursery for future bliss.
Ending with prophetic sigh
That the papal reign is nigh,
As such heresies now taught
Seemed to poison human thought,
And expound in language terse

Th' secrets of the universe ;
 While to God, and He alone,
 Are th' eternal secrets known.

The other elder, firm and calm,
 Read the seventy-second Psalm,
 Then the one hundred and third,
 Shewing God, our Father, stirred
 With such love as there narrated
 To the children He created ;
 Also, many texts to prove
 The extent of Jesus' love—
 How He tasted death for all,
 Learned or unlearned, great or small ;
 For, with all our outward guile,
 In God's sight the best are vile.
 But if grace has a restriction,
 'Tis a seeming contradiction
 That the glorious gospel call
 Should be offered free to all,
 Knowing well that but a few—
 Were our human dogmas true—
 Would be by the Saviour's love
 Brought to bliss in realms above.
 Nay, to limit God's decree,
 Satan claims the victory,
 And Christ's death of no avail
 His wise projects to assail.
 "Boast not, then, of his defeat,
 He had only feigned retreat,
 And would shew, when all is past,

The greatest votaries at last."

 Though your views are wisely planned

 Worldly influence to command,

 Yet they are, when all's unfurled,

 Themes to soothe a sensual world,

 Without social love or sense,

 Striving for pre-eminence ;

 While each selfish, low-brained elf

 Seeks a heaven for himself,

 Scorning God's eternal plan

 That Christ died for every man.

 Thus for ages sects have striven

 How to grasp both earth and heaven.

Such the fruit of human creeds,

 Like obstructive, trailing weeds,

 Checking every virtuous seed

 Which to grace and glory lead,

 Till the weak, untutored mind,

 Formed by nature true and kind,

 Viewing God a God of wrath,

 Bids farewell to virtue's path ;

 Till he learns in ripened years

 What affinity he bears

 To the Fatherhood of God,

 Through that Christ who bore his load.

 Then he knows, but not till then,

 Christ the Saviour of all men ;

 Viewing earth and heaven above

 Governed by a God of love,

 Who will reign the God of grace

Till the last of Adam's race
 Shall before his presence fall,—
 Christ victorious, God of all.

Creeds are only a deception,
 Framed to darken our perception,
 Teaching dogmas undefined
 To debase and shroud the mind ;
 For when tested by the Word,
 Such assertions seem absurd,
 Shewing that the righteous One
 Died for favourites alone,
 While the rest, whate'er their worth,
 Were condemned before their birth.
 As to scripture, scanned by reason,
 Being heresy or treason—
 Where did the creed-makers find
 Such false views to fetter mind,
 Void of sense or inspiration,
 But from base imagination
 Leading to ungenerous views,
 In ambiguous terms profuse
 Styling Christ the Holy One,
 God's eternal, only Son ?
 A title which Christ never claimed,
 Nor in holy writing named ;
 Which to read as they insert it,
 'Is but modern speech perverted.
 He who came to seek and save
 Would no higher title crave
 While on earth, in life's brief span,

Than the lowly "Son of Man,"
 And in heaven claims no other
 Name so dear as "Elder Brother."

The early churches had no need
 Of a code of laws or creed :
 They had the Apostles' words,
 And their written brief records,
 Which our churches still possess,
 Teeming from the printing press ;
 Preaching Christ, the only name
 On which sinners have a claim,
 And the only sure foundation
 For a full and free salvation.
 There Christ shows, deny't who can,
 He tasted death for every man ;
 Harmonising in each feature
 God with man, and heaven with nature ;
 But when all shall be restored,
 Christ left nothing on record
 To denote, but this we know,
 Love will vanquish every foe,
 Till sin, pain, and death will blend
 In Christ's vict'ry at the end ;
 Yet the rapt apostle John
 Heard from saints beneath the throne
 A beseeching, doleful cry,
 Sounding through the realms on high .
 Not a blissful, plaintive song,
 But a cry—" O Lord, how long ?"
 Shewing slow degrees of bliss

In the realms of happiness ;
 And from the same source we read
 That the souls of righteous dead,
 Though set free from mundane strife,
 Tarry at the gates of life,
 As if waiting in contrition
 For the time of full fruition.
 " Yea, from henceforth," saith the spirit,
 Ere the righteous will inherit
 Thrones of bliss enwreathed by love,
 In the smiles of heaven above.
 So, when earth's strange drama's o'er,
 Though vile factions strive no more,
 Those desires to mortals given,
 Ripen in the breath of heaven ;
 Till through endless cycles swelling,
 Onwards, onwards, still excelling—
 Earth-born, finite souls will join
 The infinite and divine.
 Such the truth which we can scan
 From God's written Word to man.
 Men may scoff and scorn to mix
 With such honest heretics ;
 Yet we care not what you call us,
 Bigotry can ne'er appal us.

The saintly elder groaned and said—
 " Such defence was ably made ;"
 But he never would pretend
 Creeds or dogmas to defend.
 Only this :—Such men of learning,

Piety, and quick discerning,
As had wrote the Church's creed,
Which with Scripture lore agreed,
Must have been by heaven inspired :
For a task the Church required,
As to factions,—He would rather
Worship where his sainted father
Worshipped God, as he believed,
And he never was deceived.
Led by Calvin and John Knox,
Ancient saints were orthodox,
And with such, whate'er the cost,
He would still be saved or lost ;
For if heretics could gain
Entrance to that blessed domain,
Peace and love could never be
In such crude society :
Nor could saints or angels dwell
In a heaven worse than hell.

PROLOGUE TO THOUGHTS ON

**Mrs Beecher Stowe's Sland'rous Attack on
the Memory of Lord Byron.**

Alas ! alas ! earth's mighty ones are falling
From false positions, hurl'd to depths appalling ;
Behold the far-famed Mrs Beecher Stowe,
Whose name was once engraved on Freedom's prow,
Whose writings once evoked the world's wonder,
And snapped vile slav'ries hell-bound chains asunder—
How sunk, how changed to sanctimonious slander,
As if she sought on grosser themes to pander.

O, where are now proud Albion's minstrels brave !
Are there no bards to wreath that hallowed grave ?
While clouds of slander all his deeds environ,
Will none defend the memory of Lord Byron ?
O ! would the Muse my latent powers inspire,
To such a task I'll strike my trembling lyre
To shield a name, which malice ne'er could tarnish,
Or fawning flattery gild with brighter varnish.

Thus musing o'er Lord Byron's mem'ry blighted,
Truth claimed defence and strove with me to write it.
I claim no merit for my weak defence,
I only crave the meed of common sense ;
As for my strains the world may not need them,
But yet 'twill please my muse that they should read
them.

THOUGHTS ON

Mrs Beecher Stowe's Satirical Allusion on
the Wife of the Late Lord Byron.

" Yet peace be to their ashes, for by them it merited
The penalty is paid. It is not ours to judge, far less condemn."

Byron.

O, when will this fair world be
From enmity and slander free !
When love shall reign and poets scan
The blissful link 'twixt man and man ?
That time will come, its course is nearing,
Prelusive signs are now appearing ;
Rulers on giddy heights are reeling,
While equity is onward stealing,
Soon to harmonise each nation
By the power of education ;
While self, the ruling power of faction ;
Seems ripening for some great reaction ;
And pride, in every feigned construction,
Is hast'ning to its dire destruction.
Then truth and love, with peace combining,
Their garlands o'er fair earth entwining,
Will haste the glorious consummation,
" The world's grand regeneration."

Yet 'tis a servile age we live in,
When those who point the path to heaven
Can wield a snarling, poisoned pen
To daub with guilt our best of men ;
Pourtraying scenes in days of old,
Each human weakness to unfold,

As if the horrors of this age
 Are too refined to gild the page,
 Or swell the annals of sensation ;
 And when chaste lips should cease narration;
 Unfolding the floodgates of crime
 To teach our youths the art sublime
 Of venial life, by fictions stale,
 To crown the rude, licentious tale,
 Till all the grades of sensual lust
 Provoke our scorn and stern disgust.
 Even gen'rous Mrs Beecher Stowe,
 Whose works her pious deeds avow,
 Has left the freedom of the slave
 To violate Lord Byron's grave ;
 And rake the ashes of the dead,
 When laurels strew his lowly bed.

What stanza hath our minstrel wrote,
 On cynic worth in realms remote,
 To fire their rage and ghostly ire
 To false, unblushing rude satire,
 When his sad race on earth is run,
 And his unending race begun,
 And all that's mortal of the bard
 Lies mould'ring 'neath the grassy sward ;
 And while the partner of his woes,
 Now free from Pharisaic foes,
 Has traced the green-eyed monster's birth,
 Which wrung her soul while here on earth ;
 While the defamed, whose form she spurned,
 Whose love she oft to rancour turned,

Have met, we hope, in yonder sky,
United by a holier tie,
And felt that every sigh and groan
Were stepping-stones to joys unknown ;
While their descendants yet admire
The works of their illustrious sire,
And still with fond endearment claim
Their lineage from his honoured name.

Vain task to dim by envious wrath
That star which still illumines our path,
Or stain that name which shone on earth,
By tales of rude, unhallowed birth,
For intellectual minds will spurn
Her inroads on his shattered urn ;
And when the coming age shall sweep
To dark oblivion's hideous deep
All vile satire, may her narration
Sink in the mass of desolation,
When Byron's strains will claim a place
Which calumny could ne'er deface.

How strange that men of lofty mind,
However pure, however kind,
Are oft annoyed by fiendish wrath,
And share on earth a thorny path,
They soar on high to lofty themes,
And quaff from heaven's purest streams
Borne on the wings of inspiration,
Awaking holy contemplation,
They strew fair garlands on the earth,

Unknown to man at pristine birth.
 Yet, the cold, sordid mind disdains
 Their fascinating rapt'rous strains,
 While demons, guised in solemn gloom,
 Still hover o'er the poet's tomb,
 And wing their scorn, with fiendish breath,
 When Byron's voice is hushed in death.

O ! had the apostate gained his prize,
 To sing 'neath pandemonium skies,
 That mighty deathless spirit there
 Might soothe the pangs of black despair,
 And a ray of hope sublime
 To heaven's outcasts doomed for crime ;
 But ah ! a mightier One than he,
 In love set Byron's spirit free,
 To find that sympathetic glow
 Denied his soul when here below ;
 Hence, Satan foiled, his fiendish rage
 Beclouds with woe the cynic's page.

Ah ! does she think that Byron's soul
 Still rolls through space without control,
 In deep recess or Alpine gloom,
 Afraid to meet an awful doom ;
 Or doubting the Almighty's power
 To stay his purgatorial tour,
 That she inspires such grating chimes
 To tell the world his youthful crimes,
 And all his human deeds recall
 To the Almighty Judge of all.

'Tis passing strange, in every plot
 Where Satan sways the impious thought,
 Whene'er he envies human worth
 He sends imported talent forth ;
 For Briton's bards the deed would spurn
 To violate that sacred urn,
 Or tear the laurels from that brow
 (The vain attempt of Mrs Stowe).
 Yet though base sycophants may aim
 To blast his memory and fame,
 Their shafts of slander, tipt with guile,
 Will on their icy hearts recoil ;
 For still, though dead, our minstrel lives—
 The heart, though cold, pulsation gives—
 In thoughts sublime, still ling'ring o'er us,
 Recalling all his life before us.

Then let no Christian harshly judge,
 Though servile foes his laurels grudge ;
 We know the Saviour's love and power
 To save men in their dying hour,
 And why not Byron, when at death
 His wounded soul at latest breath,
 Might wing, by faith, to yonder shore,
 When cold disdain shall vex no more,
 And though on earth his heart was riven,
 To shine a mighty bard in heaven ?
 We read in ancient, sacred page,
 Of Juda's king and minstrel sage,
 A man of blood, yet Israel's bard,
 Whose prayers and sighs Jehovah heard.

We will not, here, his actions scan,
 For though a bard he was a man ;
 But humbly ask the critic this—
 Were Byron's crimes more vile than his ?
 For both were poets, both were men,
 Who played their parts and died, and then
 The Psalmist soared, with harp full strung,
 To blissful spheres of which he sung ;
 And through that love which minstrels share
 Would gladly welcome Byron there.

Ah ! surely that transcendant mind
 Was for some mighty end designed ;
 And though obstructed in its flight
 By Nature through paternal blight,
 Transmitted down from sire to son,
 Through blood which in his veins did run,
 His mind eccentric, yet sublime,
 Could soar beyond the verge of time,
 And even in his crushed ambition,
 Seemed fitted for some nobler mission
 In higher spheres, unknown to him,
 With finite aspirations dim,
 For in his lays through life's short span,
 He sang of bliss in store for man.

His life was one ideal bound,
 Conjuring wondrous thoughts profound,
 To lead the philosophic eye
 To secret things of earth and sky,
 In waves of thought to mortal given,

Still fragrant with the breath of Heaven ;
 Oft like a placid mirror glancing,
 Pourtraying future scenes entrancing,
 To soothe the wounded bleeding heart,
 Which pines beneath cold envy's smart ;
 Or floating o'er a troubled ocean
 On crested billows high in motion,
 He steered his bark 'mongst seething foam,
 In tempests nursed and sped from home,
 An outcast from endearment hurl'd,
 A pilgrim o'er a dreary world,
 Till all his youthful prospects fair,
 Were overwhelmed by dark despair ;
 So stung by blighting, with'ring scorn,
 To wish he never had been born ;
 And though his mortal sun is set,
 A radiance gilds his mem'ry yet,
 And till is heard Time's dying knell,
 His "Lochnagar" and "Fare-thee well"
 Will fire the soul and force the sigh,
 And dim the sympathetic eye ;
 And wake a requiem to his soul
 While mind perceives and ages roll.

Great minds, like bright exotic flowers,
 Luxuriate 'neath the summer's showers ;
 But when cold winter's icy storms
 O'erwhelm their lovely fragile forms,
 Those gems of graceful purity
 Are withered ere maturity,
 Denied that warmth their lives require,

The tender balmy plants expire.
 Just so the poet's reveries
 Require the sweetest sympathies,
 And none more fit to sweeten life
 Than Heaven's best gift—a loving wife.
 Then let us spurn the slanderous tale
 Which dares to lift the secret veil,
 And as a limner paint to life
 The mystic tie 'twixt man and wife ;
 A sacred shrine where none may enter,
 And she who dared, some demon sent her ;
 Now pause my muse, we leave the rest
 To Him who knows and judges best.

O would such critics only think
 That time unveils each secret link,
 And all the drama of this world
 Will yet to mortals be unfurl'd,
 When every envious word or thought—
 With cunning hate or feigned love fraught,
 With every base, unchaste digression—
 Will photograph a true impression.
 Nay, every carnal rude desire,
 Which in this life our souls may fire,
 And may to mem'ry be forgot,
 Are on the eternal tablet wrote ;
 And whether vicious or sublime,
 Imprinted on the scroll of time,
 Will ere long tell to sad disgrace
 The crimes of a self-righteous race ;

Then let the Christian try to smother
 The foibles of a human brother,
 And think upon that maxim sure—
 “Unto the pure all things are pure.”

Reflections on April, 1877.

'Twas April, when spring flowers awake frae their
 sleep
 Tae smile o'er the vales 'neath the pine-covered steep ;
 I woke frae my slumbers tae hear the birds sing
 Their sweet morning lays tae the heralds o' spring.
 But ah ! a dark haze had obscured the sun's rays,
 An' deep lay the snaw o'er Poneil's bonny braes ;
 While nature's great artist had breathed on the panes
 Strange feathery flow'rets and weird hoary fanes,
 An' the wee birdies warbled sae waefu' and shrill,
 Implorin' an alms at my low window sill.

How changed are the seasons since I was a boy,
 When we hailed April flow'rets in accents o' joy ;
 On Clyde's verdant braes in luxuriance were seen
 The sweet infant buds 'neath their mantles o' green,
 While the husbandman whistled so joyful an' gay,
 Surveying his braird in the morn's glintin' ray,
 When the blythe rustic cottars at evening hours
 Were digging their gardens and dressing their flowers ;
 For the robins had flown frae the hamlet away
 Tae bask in the woodlands the lang simmer day.

But noo in famed April the wintry win's blaw,
 Oor neat rural cot is enshrouded in snaw ;
 An' the wild flowers o' spring, which ance glisten'd
 sae sweet,
 Are leafless an' bare 'neath a cauld winding sheet ;
 While the birds frae the woodlands for mercy implore
 A han'fu' o' crumbs at my lone cottage door.
 But though spring-time's late, an' the northern win's
 roar,
 Oor barns are weel stocked wi' a bountiful store:
 Then gi'e them a morsel, though markets are dear,
 They'll bless us wi' sangs ere the roses appear.

We laid doon the crumbs, while my wife shed a tear;
 The sparrows an' linnets a' humbly drew near.
 We watched them in grief, as they skipped 'mang the
 snaw,
 When bold Robin cam' an' soon drove them awa',
 And took the first share, struttin' gaily alang,
 Till his "crappin" was fu', then gie'd thanks in a sang;
 While the rest had tae scrape the few crumbs he had
 left,
 Or dee o' starvation 'mang deep snaw an' drift:
 For bold Robin claims, like some mortals we know,
 The first an' best share o' a' blessings below.

But wi' a' oor learning we dinna weel ken
 The strange social link between birdies an' men;
 But were we like them, in this warl' o' strife,
 Without hoarded food to sustain us in life,
 When cauld winter comes, wi' its deep driftin' snaw,

9 An' misery looms o'er the cottage and ha',
 In vain human reason, religion, an' love,
 In vain golden rules, when our dark passions move ;
 For, like selfish Robin, for life we would vie,
 The bravest to live, an' the coward to die.

'Tis but little we ken o' the oots and the ins
 Where mere instinct ends, an' where reason begins ;
 For if reason sprang frae a huge vaulted brain,
 Frail man would have bent tae the great mammoth's
 reign.

Yet birds, wi' their instinct, oor reason defies,
 Like gaudy-winged angels they soar tae the skies ;
 An' while we puir mortals maun think for to-morrow,
 They spend life in earnest, without care or sorrow,
 Fulfillin' their mission in God's wondrous plan,
 An' praise their Creator mair gratefu' than man.

Discussion on the Sabbath Law.

Two country lairds one day from church returning,
 The one, an elder, was with rancour burning
 Against a class of men who tried to sunder
 The Church and State for sacrilegious plunder ;
 The other was a man of tutored mind,
 Whose only aim was gen'rous, true, and kind,
 Who had so studied reason's laws in youth
 To test all dogmas men inhale as truth.
 So, in their conversation on the way,

The elder introduced the Sabbath day—
 The burden of their preacher's weekly theme,
 And who that day, with holy awe supreme,
 Declared that God would punish this vile nation
 For heresy, and Sabbath profanation,
 And as the elder spoke with solemn awe,
 The other said, "'Twas not a moral law,
 But a mere shadow for the Jewish nation,"
 And thus began a lengthened declamation.

"When Israel's hosts came forth from Pharaoh's land,
 A race of slaves set free by God's command,
 With hearts depraved and minds dimmed by disgrace,
 Reaction soon would have destroyed the race ;
 But their wise leader, anxious to impart
 A barrier to the sordid human heart,
 Gave that wise law—the seventh day of rest,
 Enjoined for good of all, both man and beast ;
 But recollect, while hunger paled each cheek,
 The day was fixed, the seventh of each week,
 And when on Sinai's Mount God gave the law,
 When they the thunders heard and lightning saw,
 He to enforce a former law did say—
 'Remember to observe the Sabbath day ;'
 As if to say the moral laws enjoined
 Were at man's birth imprinted on his mind.
 Yet this stern law, although a type or sign,
 Was sympathetic in its great design ;
 But mark, no moral duties there are given,
 Or ray of light to lead the mind to heaven,
 'Twas wholly rest, forbidding recreations,

Or fire to warm and cheer their habitations,
 Nor durst they walk beyond the bounds to pray
 In God's own temple on the Sabbath day ;
 But, since you seem on Sabbath laws sincere,
 Why not observe the sacred seventh year,
 That man and beast and earth alike may rest,
 And Nature's gifts be free to the oppressed ?
 Then, on each fiftieth year by heaven's decree,
 That slaves and debtors be from bondage free,
 And lands forfeited should, by God's own word,
 Unto the rightful owner be restored ?
 Such were the Sabbath laws in Jewish lore,
 Why then observe them as in days of yore !
 Sound your loud trump on morn of jubilee,
 And say to the oppressed, ' Ye slaves are free ! ' ”

The elder then, in solemn accents, said
 That years of rest were not for Gentiles made,
 But only for that race—God's chosen band,
 Who had been ransomed from proud Pharaoh's hand ;
 And only for a time, till Jesus rose
 To cancel types, and higher themes disclose.
 But as to that stern law—the seventh day,
 Now changed to first, can never pass away,
 And will continue in the moral code,
 Unchanged and as unchangeable as God ;
 Deny it not, nor try to change Christ's plan,
 “ The Sabbath day was only made for man.”

The liberal man then asked in language stern,
 If Sabbath laws were linked to the eterne,

And by observing one fixed day in seven,
 'Could mould the heart, or raise the soul to heaven ?
 While worldly men for sordid greed can pray,
 And ape a saint upon your Sabbath day.
 Then from what source was the idea nursed,
 To change the seventh day, Sabbath, to the first,
 That day which you describe with holy awe
 As comprehended in the moral law ?
 And where is now that first-day feast so dear,
 Alas ! observed but once or twice a year
 With mocking fasts and preaching days appended,
 And various forms the Saviour ne'er intended ?
 And where the weekly offerings to the poor,
 To give as God has blessed your earthly store ;
 For ye shall always have the poor to move
 Your sympathetic hearts to deeds of love ?
 And where those gifts Christ gave the church of old,
 The one man system, all your gifts unfold ;
 So now an orthodox and shining light,
 Hears all, believes all, pays, and all is right.

Christ writes His laws upon His people's hearts,
 They worship in that bliss His spirit imparts,
 And rest on Him alone, a foretaste given
 Of that eternal rest with God in heaven.
 What need we more, have we still carnal fears,
 Thus to observe old Jewish days and years ?
 " Let no man judge you," the apostle says,
 " Of new moons, festivals, or Sabbath days."
 They served their purpose, shadows of that rest
 Which Christ implants in the believer's breast ;

While your stale Sabbaths, paid prayers, and orations,
 Come from the mother of abominations ;
 Like paying tithes from worldly emulation
 Of anise, mint, or cummin for sensation ;
 While mercy, truth, and love are fettered down,
 That Jewish ritual may obtain renown.
 Christ's laws are plain, old types are passed away,
 His kingdom needs no sombre Sabbath day,
 But on each first-day, when you meet together,
 Employ your gifts and edify each other ;
 No fawning praise, but contrite hearts and true,
 And do to men as they should do to you,
 And every day, by action, thought, or word,
 Do all with grateful hearts as to the Lord ;
 Break every yoke, let the oppressed go free,
 And as you bless so shall your blessings be.
 But recollect that you and I just now
 Have paced more miles than Sabbath laws allow ;
 And were the sacred Sabbath laws in vogue,
 Each district must erect its synagogue.

The elder then declared with soul oppressed,
 That mankind still required a day of rest,
 And though the Sabbath laws, as understood,
 Were typical, they were for human good.
 And but for law, the poor, by greed oppressed,
 Would never be allowed a day of rest ;
 Nay, were the ancient Sabbath laws repealed,
 The light of truth would never be revealed
 By holy teachers, trained to preach and pray,
 Were men to labour on the Sabbath day.

And though the seventh day to first was changed
 He did not see God's purposes deranged ;
 For were such views excluded from our creed,
 Our lists of members would be few indeed.

The Christian pleader then, in tone austere,
 Replied : " Such worship was inspired by fear,
 Instead of grateful feeling, fanned by love,
 Which links the human to God's throne above.
 But when will-worship stimulates a nation,
 Religion ends in mystery and sensation ;
 So, ere Christ's laws can renovate the world,
 Old Jewish types must from their depths be hurled.
 His laws are simple, yet sublime and terse,
 His temple bounded by the universe.
 In human hearts, then, let us seek that rest
 Which he has on our free acceptance pressed,
 When dogmas, discords, and austere sensation
 Will melt in love, and joy, and adoration.

The Jews are more consistent when they say
 Christ has not come, and rest the Sabbath day,
 While Christians toil that day with worldly thirst,
 And say God changed the seventh to the first ;
 While that false dogma you so much admire
 Clothes Christian faith in Jewish old attire ;
 And while you boast of freedom you display
 The Jewish fetters on your Sabbath day.
 Now shew one moral virtue in God's word
 By anti-Sabbatarians abhorred.
 Their theme is truth, but cannot find one clause
 In Christ's commands to warrant Sabbath laws.

Then ponder well this law, what class or code,
 For change in moral laws shews change in God.
 Christ came not to destroy but to fulfil,
 And what was moral then is moral still ;
 For moral laws are but the faint reflections
 From God's unchanging infinite perfections.
 The universe may change, its orbs may sever,
 But God unchanged shall be the same for ever.
 Now, to conclude, these solemn truths propounded
 Are all on Christ and his plain precepts founded ;
 And spoken from my inmost depths of mind,
 By reason blended and in truth enshrined.
 Yet I am grateful for one day of rest,
 Which civil law enjoins for the oppressed—
 Free from that bondage or compulsive fear
 The Jewish nation ever felt severe.
 Sweet day of rest, we hail thee with applause—
 Our only refuge from the tyrants' laws !”

The journey o'er, the travellers bade adieu,
 As home and smoking chimneys rose in view :
 A proof that Sabbath laws, with cold hearths blended,
 Were never for this northern clime intended.
 So shaking hands, the elder owned he saw
 The Sabbath could not be a moral law,
 But only for a nation and a time,
 A type of future rest and joy sublime.
 And now he felt his fetters flee away ;
 His rest was sure, his life a Sabbath day ;
 Yet he would keep the argument in view,
 And on next Sunday would the theme renew.

Man Should not Live Alone.

LINES SPOKEN AT A MARRIAGE FESTIVAL.

How lone and drear had our first noble sire
 Been doomed to reign alone in Eden's glade ;
 No sympathetic eye his soul to fire,
 Or mate to share the universe he swayed.
 Why, all his intellectual powers of mind—
 Hope, love, and joy, in unity combined ;
 His bliss seemed pain, and soon his fervent moan
 Urged the decree—he could not live alone.

Life sighed for solace, some fond tie endeared ;
 And, strange the tale, his rib became his bride ;
 The theme seems dark, till sons and daughters cheered
 Their lonely hearts and peopled regions wide.
 So all their offspring, in what rank or state,
 Both male and female, find a loving mate ;
 For manhood and old age have amply shown
It is not good for man to be alone.

Let us on this auspicious night combine
 To welcome home the newly-wedded pair :
 May ev'ry blessing 'round their hearts entwine,
 And in their bliss may all their kindred share.
 Love is expansive, and each gen'rous mind
 Exhales its love to bless all human kind ;
 So we fond parents give our youngest son
 To social life, and not to live alone.

A Nuptial Song.

SUNG AT THE MARRIAGE BY THE AUTHOR.

Where Douglas streamlets lave the glade
 Cupid loves at e'en to hover,
 Where he spied a graceful maid
 Sighing for her destined lover.
 He sought in vain for manhood leal
 Worth which fortune-hunters mock at,
 Until he crossed the dark Poneil,
 And found the worthy Andrew Brocket.

He lured him to this maiden's heart,
 Purer than the crystal river ;
 And when met he winged his dart,
 Linking their true hearts for ever.
 At Hymen's altar now their vows
 Are blended in a holy locket—
 The bride, the faithful Janet Bowes,
 The bridegroom, gallant Andrew Brocket.

And now in concert let us join
 To celebrate the happy union,
 And pledge their healths in rosy wine—
 Length of days and sweet communion.
 May blessings wreath their ingleside
 Wi' bairns like olive plants weel stockit ;
 And may sons' sons record wi' pride
 Their pedigree frae Andrew Brocket.

**Lines to a Lady on Receiving, as a Gift, a
Basket of Fruit.**

Delay appears a human failing,
 Blighting love with passions rude ;
 But no logic seems availing
 To defend ingratitude :
 Then, dear Madam, please excuse me,
 As my muse is so exciting,
 For both soul and mind accuse me
 For my tediousness in writing.

Let me now, with heart sincere,
 Thank you for your gift of fruit,
 Joined by her whose smile can cheer
 My unpolished, rustic lute ;
 A gift in such a barren year,
 When, o'er vale and flow'ry mead,
 Blight has come and leaves are sere,
 Everywhere but Scrogton Head.

May your soul, like yonder stream
 Ever singing as it flows,
 Wimple through life's hazy dream
 To an ocean of repose ;
 And though I should ne'er reward you,
 Gen'rous souls meet their reward,
 Yet two hearts will long regard you
 For your kindness to your bard.

Past, Present, and Future.

Could departed spirits know
All the changes here below,
Or could we, the living, see
What this world yet will be,
With its onward march of mind,
Leaving falsehood's shades behind,
Too mysterious to improve
Or inspire mankind to love ;
While, 'neath truth's benignant ray,
Ancient dogmas die away.

O, what awe would o'er us steal
Could we trace time's chariot wheel
Through the vista, and behold
Scenes which time will yet unfold ;
Or could living men explore
What the future has in store,
They would find that every age
"Plays its part on life's great stage,"
And our joys and griefs remind us
Of mere tracks we leave behind us.

Agostini.

JOSIAH ROGERS.

J osiah was a king of fame
 O f Juda's royal line,
 S erene he lived and left his name
 I n harmony with thine ;
 A name extoll'd in every nation,
 H ail it then with veneration.

R etrospectively we view
 O ur brave Saxon sires of yore,
 G en'rous, loyal, kind, and true,
 E migrating to our shore,
 R eproducing through the ages
 S talwart men and honoured sages.

GEORGE DOBIE.

G eologists in every age have found
 E arth's history stratified in depths profound,
 O mnipotent to prove that ages gone
 R eveal their lore on caverned books of stone ;
 G reat mysteries yet assist our wondering eyes
 E re bigots learn or ancient falsehood dies.

D ivinity alone defies research
 O f scientists in wisdom's onward march ;
 B ut what seems now mysterious will be shewn
 I n that pure age when reason mounts her throne,
 E lectrifying earth with rays before unknown.

FROM DR. A. RAE, STONEHOUSE, TO PETER CARMICHAEL,
DOUGLAS.

P laced far from din of city strife,
E ncouraged by a faithful wife,
T o duty's call you lend an ear,
E ntranced by muses fair you cheer
R etirement's hours from year to year.
C onfirmed and known as poet now,
A garland bright adorns your brow ;
R esplendent thoughts in language choice
M ake those who read your lines rejoice.
I n life's decline 'tis yours to know
C ontentment's bliss and love's bright glow.
H ale be your body, sound your mind,
A nd may great thinkers of mankind
E stem you as a Christian rare,
L ight-hearted, true and debounair.

REPLY FROM P. CARMICHAEL, DOUGLAS, TO DR. ALEXANDER
RAE, STONEHOUSE.

A damic bliss in ages hoary
L ay long obscured in mystic story,
E ven Socrates, though wise and kind,
X antippes scolding racked his mind,
A nd Alexander, styled "The Great,"
N o earthly bliss could satiate ;
D iogenes with lantern sought it,
E sculapius dreamed he caught it,
R eligion next was foiled, yet taught it ;
R eason arose from her deep abyss,
A nd fired A. Rae with an angel kiss,
E ntranced ; he's now wed to the soul of bliss.

ROBERT BUTTER MALCOLM.

R are to find a noble mind,
 O stentatious, proud or vain,
 B ut forgiving, true, and kind,
 E ver soothing human pain,
 R econciling foes out-striven,
 T ruth and dogma, earth and heaven.

B reathing wisdom, love, and peace,
 U ndeterred by factions foul,
 T yrants tremble, discords cease,
 T yros crouch beneath his scowl,
 E ver teaching men to know
 R ank to reason must forego.

M ystery springs from the ideal,
 A dverse to the march of mind,
 L uring men from what is real,
 C ommon sense and facts combined ;
 O nward ! onward ! let us welcome
 L ove's glad reign for victory shall come ;
 M ay you share it, R. B. Malcolm.

A Day of Gratitude for a Basket of Grapes.

Dear Mr S——, accept my heartfelt thanks
 For your rich present of the luscious vine,
 And may kind Nature in her gen'rous pranks
 Reward tenfold your gift to me and mine ;
 An offering so unmerited and kind
 Bathes my rapt soul as in a pleasant dream,
 And wakes an inspiration to my mind
 In gushing pathos like a placid stream.

But with your kindness, let me also blend
 Your loving partner in my grateful lay,
 For noble souls united ever tend
 To throw a halo o'er life's lingering ray.
 Then what is all we have or all we know
 As pupils in humanity's great school ?—
 'Tis only by such tokens mortals shew
 The inward motives which their actions rule.

In Memoriam.

I dreamt of my sister : I saw her arrayed
 In sweet radiant smiles, as a lovely young maid ;
 Her dark sparkling eyes shone with rapturous glow,
 Recalling loved memories of long, long ago.
 The rapt vision changed ; the sweet smiles passed away,
 The bright glow was paled, and beside me she lay
 In death's icy fetters ; ah, never to know
 How deep my sad anguish, how bitter my woe.

I cried, as I gazed on her pale lofty brow,
 "O Death! though thy power seems omnipotent now,
 Will infinite goodness thy strong fetters burst?
 Or wast thou inherent in nature at first?"
 Yet such is mortality—quenched in the strife
 Of pleasure and pain to perpetuate life,
 Through endless transitions, as yearly we view
 The sere leaflets fall to give place to the new.

I woke from my vision to anguish and pain:
 I felt that a tie had been shattered in twain
 Which bound me to earth, and till that woeful hour
 I never had felt its affections and power.
 Ere sunset an aerial telegram sped,
 Which told the sad tidings, "Your sister is dead;
 But one cherished wish, ere her kind heart was stilled—
 To sleep in Kintyre—must by you be fulfilled."

This mission, though painful, fulfil it we must;
 Her noble life merits respect to her dust;
 Though what is immortal can ne'er stoop to know
 The spot where mortality slumbers below.
 There's a weakness which clings to the wisest and best
 In choosing a place where their ashes may rest;
 For when the form dies no sensations arise;
 It knows not our sympathies, hears not our sighs.

O, could we have laid her in that hallowed tomb,
 With kindred and sires, in St. Kentigern's gloom!
 But "No," she decreed; so o'er mountain and wave
 We bore her cold form to its lone Highland grave.

Then rest, sister mine, in thy ivy-clad shrine,
Beside her you loved with a passion divine ;
A friendship so pure death has failed to divide,
For now rests the Lady and maid side by side.

Ah, lonely Killean ! in thy time-honoured fane
Now sleeps a dear sister we'll ne'er see again,
While in thy grim caverns, unenvied by foes,
The ancient M'Donalds of Largie repose.
O earth-born equality, where art thou found ?
Death points to the dead in his portals profound ;
But to find the sublime, from the great to the small,
'Tis mind which ennobles or derogates all.

Away, false devotion ! O, give me the mind
Which prompts the pure heart to deeds noble and kind ;
Being blended with truth, will abhor and discard
All feigned servile worship to merit reward.
If a germ of humanity glows in the heart,
It asks no tuition its love to impart ;
But lives, as a flower, to exhale its sweet balm,
Then sheds its sere leaves in a heavenly calm.

This life we inherit is but nature's boon ;
To die is our birthright, we know not how soon ;
And, like former races, we pass through life's day,
Then give back to earth its inanimate clay.
Let mortals be faithful : Truth cannot be marred ;
Integrity fosters its own rich reward ;
And love, when spontaneous, meets love in return,
As shown in the life of the sister we mourn.

In Memoriam.

AT THE GRAVE OF SUSAN ROGERS. 16TH JANUARY, 1882.

I bend o'er the grave, while I ponder in gloom
 On the marvels which earth will disclose,
 For, with all its delights, 'tis a wide yawning tomb,
 Absorbing each gift it bestows ;
 And down through its stratified rocks we discern
 The footprints of life long ago,
 Recalling our minds to the innate eterne
 And the ages we never will know.
 Now 'neath the old elm in Lanark Churchyard
 A dear loving sister we lay,
 And place o'er her sod a wreath of regard
 From a loving friend, far, far away.

Ah, where are those lands which myst'ry enshrouds,
 Where first pure humanity shone,
 And cities which once reared their domes to the clouds,
 Ere tablets or records were known ?
 But could we by science earth's mould analyse,
 And trace all its epochs of strife,
 Ah, then we would find, to our wondrous surprise,
 That death gives incitement to life.
 Then sleep, gentle Susan, your spirit has soared
 Afar from earth's turmoil and woe,
 To meet its reward and join in accord
 With the nations who lived long ago.

Now Britain's great empire of science and light,
 With its Christian standard unfurl'd,
 Still claims for its missions and armies the right
 To enlighten and govern the world ;
 But soon will our star of dominion and might
 Be eclipsed by a far brighter ray,
 When the lands who have slumbered in darkness and
 night
 Will bask in meridian day.
 Then why should we weep—she is only asleep,
 For her life was a foretaste of bliss ?
 We will all meet at last when life's drama is past,
 In a far brighter world than this.

In Memoriam.

AT THE GRAVE OF ALEXANDER CARMICHAEL, LATE GUARD ON
 THE CALEDONIAN RAILWAY, WHO DIED AT EDINBURGH, ON
 THE 11TH DAY OF APRIL, 1882.

We have laid him down in the silent grave,
 The dreary home of decay,
 Where around the cypress and myrtles wave,
 And the flowers are blooming gay ;
 But his loved ones mourn, for he'll ne'er return
 From the grasp of the deep, cold tomb,
 Where the dead unknown without mark or stone,
 Still sleep in its yawning womb.

Old earth is teaching with awe profound,
 Whene'er o'er its bounds we tread,
On the mountains high or on lowly mound,
 We roam o'er the ages dead ;
Yet with deep regard we pace the sward,
 In the God's acre called our own,
Where our loved ones sleep and the willows weep
 By the rude memorial stone.

Now the grave enshrines the dear form we loved,
 It hears not the orphan's cry ;
Yet we mourn in hope, while each soul is moved,
 As links in life's sacred tie ;
For there is a balm in life's evening psalm,
 When the unseen soars from earth,
Away, away, where death annot stay
 Or blight its immortal worth.

Then I'll mourn my son, though his race is run
 And his life spring soared from sight,
For his vanished smiles in ideal wiles
 Still cheer me in dreams of night ;
But the finite tie which can never die
 Is in harmony with heaven ;
Then I'll rest secure on the promise sure
 By the grave's destroyer given.

Memoria.

ON VIEWING THE PORTRAIT OF THE LATE JAMES CAPIE, WHO
DIED 7TH OCTOBER, 1863, AGED 65 YEARS.

While I gaze on that hallowed memorial, I mourn
O'er the scenes it recalls which will never return ;
Ere trials, or grief, or the signet of age
Impressed the fair brow of the generous sage ;
Ev'n yet in that smile, and those bright eyes pour-
trayed,

Nobility, virtue, and worth are displayed.

His course ever faithful, his heart ever true ;
Whate'er appeared noble, he aimed to pursue ;
And though by the minions of faction caressed,
He tracked his own path by the light he possessed.
His mind unassuming, nor favour nor frown
Could mar or deface his untarnished renown.

To themes philosophic he never aspired ;
Realities only his pure bosom fired.
Devoutly he trod in the old beaten path,
Abhorring hypocrisy, malice, and wrath,
Till life seemed a mission by equity led,
And riches and honours were strewn on his head.

Like the dew-drops of Summer on parched thirsty
ground,

The "Good steward" scattered his blessings around—
A friend to the friendless, the aged and poor,
And none were sent empty away from his door.
Now his mission is o'er, and humanity sighs
O'er the grave where time-honoured mortality lies.

O ! why should the generous, the faithful and true,
 Be nipped in their manhood, and fade from our view,
 While arrogant, niggardly tyrants are left,
 And the aged and poor of God's bounties bereft ?
 Now a bright era dawns ; the dark films move away ;
 But the names of the righteous shall never decay.

Though the shaft of the grim King of Terrors has
 sped,
 It wrecked but the body, " the spirit has fled,
 Immortal," he basks in celestial glow,
 Yet longs for reunion with loved ones below.
 Then let all who loved him, and aim to die happy,
 Begin heaven here like the faithful James Capie.

In Memoriam.

MARION REID INGLIS, THE LOVING WIFE OF JOSIAH ROGERS,
 WHO DIED AT GLASGOW, 2ND JUNE, 1875.

Marion, low on thy snow-white bier,
 Hear'st thou the sighs of the mourners here ?
 Or can the sad symphonious moan
 Wing its way to the vast unknown ?
 Yes ; Infinitude hears each groan,
 In the eterne where thou art gone,
 Where pure souls of immortal birth,
 Cherish in heaven the ties of earth !

Marion, soon with the silent dead,
 Flow'rets will bloom o'er thy lowly bed ;
 Still in fond rapture we deem thee near,
 Though thou hast winged to a higher sphere ;
 Yet thy sweet lips bear the smile of bliss,
 As if death had come with an angel's kiss,
 Bearing thy spirit from earth away,
 As a dew-drop swept by the sun's bright ray.

Marion, though thou art pale and cold,
 Still on thy lofty brow we behold
 Lines of that noble generous mind
 Which was once in its depths enshrined,
 And those eyes ever closed and dim,
 Never again to gleam on him
 Who had basked in their saintly glow,
 Strewing sunbeams o'er his paths below.

Marion, still thy death smile implies,
 Love cannot fade though the mortal dies,
 And though in life that hand bestowed
 Gifts to lighten the widows' load ;
 'Twas the impulse of a heart which pain
 Never implored its aid in vain.
 Throbless now, yet each kindred tie
 Feels a response as if thou wert nigh.

Marion, ere thy spirit had flown,
 Love had mellowed it as its own,
 And thy humane benevolent deeds
 Were but the ripening deathless seeds

Which are now blooming in bright array
In the bowers of celestial day ?
Then let us emulate thee in love,
For heaven on earth leads to heaven above !

Marion, long ere thy race was run
Thou wast resigned and thy bliss begun,
Still we thy mourners are left behind,
To work out missions by heaven designed ;
Yet ere we bid thee a sad farewell,
Would th' infinite unveil the spell
Why thy sweet face wears no ghastly hue,
As if death can smile when the heart is true ?

Marion, lovely in death art thou,
Change has not furrowed thy lofty brow,
And ere long all the loved ones here,
Husbands and sons, and their children dear,
Will meet with thee, when their toils are o'er,
On a celestial, blissful shore ;
When all our sorrows on earth will seem,
As a drama past, or a fitful dream !

In Memoriam.

JAMES PATE, LATE FARMER AT DARNHUNCH, WHO DIED
9TH DECEMBER, 1875.

'Twas a wintry day, for the deep snow lay
Far o'er the moorland and mountains steep,
And the hoar-frost king, on malignant wing,
Sealed up the springs and the fountains deep.
The sheep were bleating, our aid entreating,
The muircocks flew as if woe was nigh,
And the sable rooks by the ice-clad brooks
Rose like a pall o'er the western sky.

When sped from afar on a rustic car,
Where Cairntable the cloudlands kissed,
A patriarch came with a virtuous aim,
Driving his steed through the blinding mist :
For he still felt young, though the storm had flung
Garlands of ice o'er the mountains mirk,
Yet none could foretell, or unveil the spell,
What was his mission that day at Muirkirk.

He arrived at length in full health and strength,
And bought supplies for his household store,
When a trembling came o'er his manly frame
By an icy grasp he ne'er felt before.
Ah ! swiftly he moved to a friend he loved,
With a pale, sad brow, and with fitful breath ;
But a fatal dart had winged to his heart—
One sigh, and he sank in the arms of death.

To the ghastly scene, in woeful mien,
 Friends with trembling steps drew near
 In solemn dread, but his soul had fled
 To a purer life in its kindred sphere.
 Vainly we reason—had death none to seize on,
 Useless for life, and less noble than he ?
 Our fate is revealed, and the bravest must yield,
 For death shews no favour to bond or to free.

The noble are falling, yet, scenes so appalling,
 Kind friends may mourn, but no tears can avail—
 He hears not our sighs, for calmly he lies
 Low with his sires in his own native vale.
 The lordlings of earth may boast of their birth,
 Riches, and titles, but death cannot quench
 The valour which fired, or the love which inspired
 The soul of James Pate, the guidman of Darnhunch.

A Vision.

ON THE DEATH OF ALEXANDER YOUNG.

I dreamed that I soared away
 Through realms of celestial hue,
 Where the light of eternal day
 Beamed o'er the rapturous view ;
 Away beyond suns and stars,
 Through glades where pure waters flow
 To wash away mortal scars
 Inherited here below ;

And, though in the flesh, I knew
 Loved shades who once lived on earth
 Who had entered on life anew
 By a holier, higher birth.

There, high 'neath a vaulted dome,
 I heard a blest mortal sing—
 "Though I left my earthly home,
 Fond memory still will cling
 To the friends whom I loved below,
 Who wait their appointed time
 To join me, where heaven's smiles glow
 In the amaranth bowers sublime ;
 For what are the joys of heaven
 Apart from all earthly ties,
 Which cannot by death be riven,
 When souls to heaven arise ?
 The finite have schemes to pursue,
 While the infinite, vast and calm,
 Absorbs what is pure and true
 In life's universal psalm."
 He ended, when voices profound
 From heaven's loud orchestra rang,
 While symphonies stole around,
 Repeating the words he sang.

I woke, for the sweet refrain
 A halo o'er my soul flung,
 Yet I knew 'twas a blissful strain
 From our late Alexander Young,

Who left when October's breath
 Scattered our waning flowers,
 To realms where no sin nor death
 Blight the unfading bowers.
 Then why should fond parents mourn
 O'er sons who have passed away
 To life beyond death's dark bourne,
 In the home of celestial day.

In Memoriam.

MARY PITT STEWART, WHO DIED AT LESMAHAGOW, ON 7TH
 JULY, 1883, AGED 21 YEARS.

The cypress is waving, its tear-drops are laving
 A low sacred mound in St. Machute's churchyard,
 Where rests Mary Stewart (revered for her true heart),
 In Death's icy grasp, 'neath its green grassy sward,
 Like a full-blown rose in its noon-day repose,
 Strewn in her prime, like a lily in bloom ;
 Now wild tempests rave o'er the lone, humble grave
 Where sleeps Mary Stewart at rest in the tomb.

Though Death has bereft us, kind Heaven has left us
 Hopes more enduring than earth can bestow,
 Again to unite in the bright realms of light,
 The land of immortals, where joys ever flow.
 Life seems but a mission and death a transition,
 And soon we shall follow in Nature's decay
 To join hand in hand, in the glad spirit land,
 With sweet Mary Stewart in blissful array.

On the Death of the late John Frame,

**4TH FEBY., 1873, MANAGER FOR WM. SCOTT, ESQ., RAILWAY
CONTRACTOR, FOR THE LAST 35 YEARS.**

His life seemed ebbing long, long ago,
His form was bent, and his steps were slow ;
Though he leant heavily on his staff,
Still merry his jokes, and blythe his laugh.
Though years had numbered threescore and ten,
Uprightness had marked him a model to men ;
He planned and struggled, nor rain nor storm
Could mar whatever he should perform.

Sprung from the ranks of our rustic sires,
To a sphere which genuine worth inspires,
He scoffed at tyrants, yet spurned control,
For true nobility fired his soul.
In every scheme for the good of man,
Canals or railroads, he led the van,
Tunnelled through mountains, spanned the tide,
And built great docks, where our warships ride.

To truth and science, howe'er revealed
To his reasoning powers, he loved to yield,
Loved what was lovely, and well he knew
How to detect the false from the true.
I loved the old man with his locks of grey,
For stern philosophy held the sway
Of a well-spent life ; yet it must be told,
His heart was too young for a frame so old.

When tidings came of his sickness severe,
 'Twas but three days since I saw him here,
 I knew that disease would run its course,
 But, alas ! every day he grew worse and worse.
 Next day I was summoned, and straightway hied
 To visit the sage before he died,
 And while the fleet engine onward flew
 I longed for one smile—one fond adieu.

O, for one word ! could his parched lips tell
 With a mind resigned, that word—"farewell !"
 But on my arrival, the tyrant death
 Was gaining inroads on every breath.
 He knew my voice, and re-oped those eyes
 Which death had stamped with his filmy guise,
 And though upheaving, still calm that breast,
 For his race was run, and his mind at rest.

He spoke with fervour, but not with fear—
 "Farewell ! for my end is drawing near ;
 My mission is done, my toils are o'er,
 I have done my best, I can do no more !"
 His eyes were dim, yet his mind was strong,
 For truth and purity fired his tongue,
 And, like the rays of the setting sun,
 Retracing the course which he had run.

He listened, then said—"Ah, it must be so,
 The engine is come, I now must go !"
 Then raised his calm brow to welcome death,
 And peacefully sighed his latest breath.

He has passed away, and the flowers will bloom
 Over the faithful pilgrim's tomb ;
 Yet I'll mind these words—" Ah, it must be so,
 The engine is come, I now must go !"

He sleeps by the shore in the land of Kyle,
 His tablet the sod where the snow-drops smile,
 His epitaph lives, then read who can :—
 " He died as he lived, an honest man."
 Now, if to be blessed beyond life's sphere,
 O let us be faithful while we are here,
 Truth be our guide and peace our aim,
 Then welcome death like the late John Frame.

In Memoriam.

JOHN PATE, DIED AT WESTER TOFTS, DOUGLAS, ON 11TH
 JANUARY, 1883, IN HIS 53RD YEAR.

How solemn and calm when the angel of death
 Bedews ev'ry eye with a tear !
 While each throbbing heart, with quivering breath,
 Mourns over the silent bier.

We sigh o'er that face, but the welcome smile
 Which greeted our presence here,
 Has soared with the soul from this mortal coil,
 To a brighter and holier sphere.

Yet death has left no grim ghastly hue
 On that face, once impressed with bliss :
 For his soul, when bidding loved friends adieu,
 Winged away on an angel's kiss.

Now calmly he rests where no foe molests,
 Enshrined with dear kindred clay,
 Till each earth-born tie will unite on high,
 In the realms of celestial day.

Then why should we mourn o'er the hallowed urn,
 When death is humanity's fate ?
 Now a ray gilds the gloom of the lowly tomb,
 Which environs the late John Pate.

To Mr Wm. Steel.

LINES IN REMEMBRANCE OF THE FUNERAL OF HIS WIFE.

"Twas Winter : the rude storm passed gently away,
 The ice from the streamlet crashed o'er the steep
 linn,
 The mist-covered mountains and valleys seemed grey,
 And the rain pattered down with a murmuring din ;
 But urged by deep sympathy, onward I sped,
 To mingle my sighs with the friends I revere,
 And pay my last meed of respect to the dead,
 Whose husband and offspring sighed o'er her lone
 bier.

My feelings impulsive, I hied to the scene
 Of my infantile days, on the banks of the Clyde,
 But the woodlands were bare, and no flow'rets were
 seen

To shed their sweet balm by the clear rushing tide.
 And now comes that cortege with trappings of woe ;
 The sable attendants, with slow measured tread,
 Move on, while deep sighs from their heaving hearts
 flow,
 To lay her lov'd form with the ages long fled.

The Springtime will come, and the birds gaily sing ;
 The buds soon will burst in new splendour serene ;
 While o'er the sweet landscape kind Nature will fling
 Her garlands of roses and mantles of green.
 But that gentle flower who lies low with the dead,
 Will no Spring awake her lov'd form from the tomb?
 Ah no ! Summer's gone, and her spirit has fled
 Away from cold earth to a lovelier home.

So each step we tread, our forefathers have trod ;
 Each throb of remorse, joy, or pain they have shared.
 They are gone ; and our offspring will trample the sod
 Which soon will enwrap us in Lanark Kirkyaird.
 Then what we have done our successors will do—
 And where we have failed they will fill up the blank ;
 When the strains I now sing the next age will review
 As an ancient memorial of old Kirkfieldbank.

The Star of Song.

(A DREAM.)

TO THE MEMORY OF HELEN ROGERS.

I dreamed of music melodious and clear,
 No viol or harp seemed so sweet ;
 And in vision a shroud and a sable bier
 Were gently laid at my feet ;
 But still the chords, rolling sweetly along,
 Wailed for Helen, the star of song.

I woke with my mind surcharged and thought
 Could reason the spell reveal ;
 But, ah ! ere noon-day, the postman brought
 A scroll with a jet-black seal ;
 Then, then I knew 'twas the angel throng
 Who sung of Helen, the star of song.

If spirits their earth-born powers retain,
 Which our lights and shades inspire,
 Her part will be the loftiest strain
 In heaven's harmonious choir,
 For the songs of earth only make us long
 For fairer scenes and a nobler song.

And now she sleeps in the silent tomb,
 Death's coronet wreathes her brow ;
 But snowdrops soon o'er her grave will bloom
 As spotless as she is now :
 For, though humanity's ties are strong,
 They blend with heavenly joy and song.

On the Death of Two Sisters.

A message came by electric wire,
 With tidings of sad dismay,
 From a mother and an aged sire,
 To a daughter far away,
 That a sister whom she dearly loved,
 Had finished her course on earth,
 Which all her ties of affection moved,
 As she mourned her loss and worth.

A woeful journey she undertook,
 While she wiped the gushing tear,
 To take one sorrowful last fond look
 Of a sister she loved so dear.
 With an aching heart, she took her part
 In the rites for the solemn tomb ;
 Then to soothe her grief, she sought relief
 In her husband and her home.

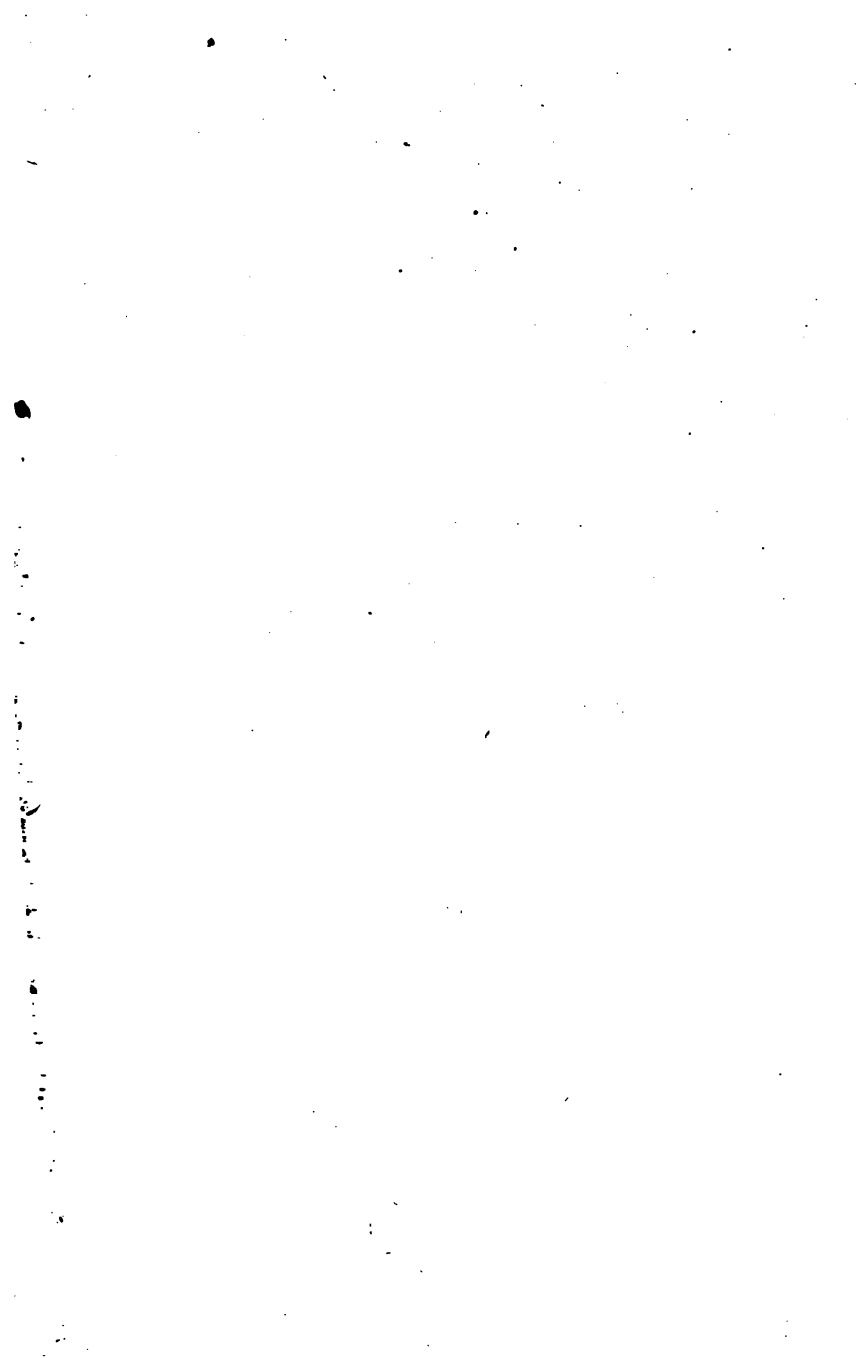
Next day she rose with the morning sun,
 And tended her children dear,
 Nor dreamed that her race was nearly run,
 Or the angel of death was near ;
 But at dead of night, ere her tears were dry
 For her sister who had died,
 The summons came that she too must die
 And be laid by her sister's side.

Time sped along when a mournful throng,
 And a hearse with sable plume,
 Approached St. Bride's, where grim death presides,
 O'er the dark and lonely tomb.

We laid her down as the solemn knell
Re-echoed o'er St. Bride,
That the sisters whom we loved so well
Are reposing side by side.
Then dry each tear, for the sisters dear
Are safe o'er the dark abyss,
They've passed away on a heavenly ray
In the glow of an angel's kiss.



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