

POEMS:

SCOTTISH & AMERICAN.

— — — — —
D. M. HENDERSON.



TO THE FRIENDS
HERE AND BEYOND THE SEA,
WHOSE LOVE AND WHOSE LIVES
HAVE BEEN THE INSPIRATION OF THESE VERSES,
I GRATEFULLY DEDICATE
THIS VOLUME.

CONTENTS.

A SONG OF LOVE.....	9
THE WINDS THAT BLOW.....	11
FLOW'RS FRAE HAME.....	14
LIPPEN AND BE LEAL.....	16
BURNS.....	18
ACROSTIC.....	21
LOVE THE GREATEST.....	22
SONG OF CHRISTIAN BATTLE..	24
AN OLD SHOE'S GREETING	26
WHAT THE SOUL IS.....	29
A GUID NEW YEAR.....	32
EPISTLE TO ANDREW CARNEGIE.....	35
OUR SCOTTISH FERN.....	38
LOT'S WIFE.....	42
LOVE'S REMNANT.....	44
IN NOVEMBER.....	45
IN MEMORIAM, W. S. H.	47

A THOUSAND YEARS.....	48
IN THE GLOAMING.....	49
GHOSTS.....	54
ACKNOWLEDGING A GIFT.....	57
DECLINED WITH THANKS.....	58
TAM, TAMMY	60
DREAMING.....	62
SCOTLAND MINE	65
A TREE IN THE CITY.....	68
THE SKYLARK.....	72
FATHERHOOD.....	74
TEN CENTS AND A MORAL.....	76
OF THE SEA AND SHIPS	78
EPISTLE TO DAVID KENNEDY.....	83
A WINTER RHYME.....	86
THE SNOW.....	87
A GOOD-BY.....	89
CONVOLVULUS.....	94
THOMAS CARLYLE.....	95
ONE OF THESE LITTLE ONES.....	96
THE CHANGED SABBATH.....	99

CONTENTS.

7

REST THEE, BONNIE DOO	102
OUR NEIGHBOR'S PITY.....	104
LOUDON PARK.....	105
TO A FRIEND.....	107
THE GOOD POPE.....	109
SEEKIN' SYMPATHY	114
JEANIE, LASS, I LO'E THEE.....	118
THE HONEYSUCKLE.....	120
HEARKEN, HEAVEN'S MARCHING MUSIC.....	122
HYMN—DEDICATING A CHURCH.....	125
HYMN—FOR THE LORD'S SUPPER.....	127
FOR AN ALBUM.....	129
MOUNT QUIRAUK.....	130
ODE FOR THE ST. ANDREW'S SOCIETY.....	132
BONNIE BALTIMORE	138

P O E M S .



A SONG OF LOVE.

LOVE's season is but brief,

So they say,

It opens like a leaf,

To decay.

Ah! well, I only know

The long years come and go

But 'tis leaf time with Love alway.

A silver cloud is Love,

So they say,

That floats awhile above,

Then away.

Ah! well, the years have brought
Their freight of care and thought,
Yet I build in the clouds to-day.

Uncertain as the sea,
So they say,
Love ever will be free,
Well-a-day!

The years have come and gone,
Life's ebb and flow go on,
But the sea is the same for aye.

If loves do fade e'er long,
As they say,
Yet Love is true and strong,
And will stay.
The leaf and cloud and tide
Through all the years abide—
Is not Love longer lived than they?

THE WINDS THAT BLOW!

Ho for the winds that blow
 High or low,
 High and low,
 Ho for the winds that blow!

The winds that toss the tasseled corn
As forth I walk at early morn,
The winds that temper the mid-day heat
And broadly billow the fields of wheat,
 Ho for the winds that blow!

The evening winds that softly sigh
That day with all its joys should die,

The winds that blow at night's high noon,
And chase the clouds across the moon,

Ho for the winds that blow!

The warm winds of the South that bring
The buds and blossoms of the Spring,
The wintry North winds wild and strong
That down my chimney shout their song,

Ho for the winds that blow!

What time I climb the mountain height
The breezes loud are my delight,
What time I sail th' untrammelled sea
The whistling winds are all my glee,

Ho for the winds that blow!

Some folks there are a calm who love,
Who say it seems like Heaven above—
I think 'tis like the grave and death,
The winds, the winds are Heaven's own breath!

Ho for the winds that blow!

The zephyr whispering through the trees,
The puffing winds, the steady breeze,
The roaring gale, the sudden squall,
The hurricane wild, I love them all!

Ho for the winds that blow!

FLOW'RS FRAE HAME.

OH! ken ye what cam' ower the sea?
A gowan sae sweet an' a sprig o' heather,
Tied wi' a bonnie blue ribban thegither—
They cam' in a letter yestreen to me.

Wha was it, think ye, sent them? Wha
But the ae dear lassie that lo'es me weel,
We vowed to ilk ither we wad be leal,
An' she's true to me, though I'm far awa'.

Whaur, ken ye, does my lassie bide?
Whaur the martyrs dee'd, whaur the poets sang,
Whaur this heather grew, whaur this gowan
sprang
On the flower fringed banks o' the bonnie
Clyde.

My lassie kens me rough but true,
An' that's what she means by the heather bell;
But the gowan sae sweet is her ain sweet sel',
An' Constancy's token's the ribban blue.

“I lo'e thee weel, I'll aye be leal,”
That is the message the bonnie flow'rs bring;
They gladden my heart and they gar me sing,
Oh, I'll aye be leal, for I lo'e thee weel.

Scotland! 'tis thine, the heather free—
My Scotland, 'tis thine, the bonnie wee gowan;
An' by a' the waters between us rowin',
I'll aye be true to my lassie an' thee.

OH, LIPPEN AND BE LEAL.

A PARAPHRASE.

OH, lippen and be leal!

The Faither's bairns are ye—
A' that He does is weel,
And a' that's guid He'll gie!

The birds they ken nae cark,
They fear nae cauld nor weat—
His e'es ower a' His wark,
They dinna want for meat.

Think o' the bonnie flow'rs,
Wi' slender, gracefu' stem,
Drinkin' the summer show'rs—
The Faither cares for them!

The lilies o' the field

At God's ain biddin' bloom;
His bosom is their beild,
His breath is their perfume.

And if He minds the flow'rs

And decks them oot sae braw,
He'll care for you and yours—
Then trust Him wi' your a'.

The Faither's bairns are ye—

A' that He does is weel,
And a' that's guid He'll gie—
Oh, lippen an' be leal!

BURNS.

A THOUSAND leagues of sea,
A century of time,
Are naught to Fancy strong and free,
Naught to the living rhyme!

A soul once breathed in song
Endures a second birth—
Burns once to Scotland did belong
But now to all the earth!

He sang by flowing Ayr
Love's artless, raptur'd lay,
And kindred fond hearts everywhere
Repeat the strains to-day!

Here, lilts the blithe goodwife —
There, happy mothers croon
The cheery songs of humble life
He sang by bonnie Doon!

His words make cowards brave;
Hope to the bruised returns;
The tyrant trembles lest his slave
Should hear a song of Burns!

Manhood is regal now —
The bard restored its crown;
True worth dares lift its open brow
Nor bow to titles down!

Oh, why should bigots blame,
Where pity prompts to weep?
Why fools and base men laud his shame?
Peace, let his body sleep!

Bury in fair Dumfries

The fleshly stain and strife —
But give the spirit grand release
To ampler, nobler life!

His manly scorn of wrong,
His love of manly worth,
The burden of his manly song
Shall girdle yet the earth!

ACROSTIC.

R ow gently, waters o' the Nith,
O n to the Solway's shining frith;
B loom bonnily, ye dainty flowers
E ncircling gray Caerlaverock's towers;
R ing blithely, bells o' brown Dumfries,
T elling o' love and hope and peace!

B e hallowed aye Dumfries' kirkyard,
U ntimeous grave o' Scotland's bard!
R etain the dust that was his frame,
N o mausoleum hauds his fame
S in' a' the world resounds his_name!

LOVE, THE GREATEST.

STILL abide with Charity,
Faith and Hope,—a blessed three—
And the greatest, Charity!

Greatest; there be those who say
Faith shall melt in sight away,
Hope be lost in certainty.

Rather, nerved by sight and light,
Faith shall mount some steeper height,
Hope essay a loftier flight.

Heavens and earth may pass away,
Faith endureth, Hope will stay—
These with Love abide for aye!

Hope is great and great is Faith—
Love is greatest, Scripture saith—
Love includeth Hope and Faith!

Love is all unselfishness,
Therefore Love is greatest,—yes,
Love is that, or Love were less.

“Greatest still is Charity.”
All its meaning none may see,
But the thought is dear to me.

There are times when Faith is weak;
Times when Hope no word will speak;
Comfort then in this I seek:

Still with me abideth Love
To man, to God, of God above;
Love is greatest—God is Love.

A SONG OF CHRISTIAN BATTLE.

God, Thou art God of battles,
 Lord of glory and might!
Thou teachest our hands to war
 And our fingers to fight!
Thou givest Faith for a buckler,
 And Truth for a sword,
And strengthenest us with Thy strength,
 We praise Thee, O Lord!

Not with our fellows we wrestle;
 Nay, 'tis their battles we fight,
'Gainst powers and the prince's of darkness,
 The hosts of the night!
They flee — they are routed and scattered
 At light of Thy Word!

The glory, the glory be Thine!

We praise Thee, O Lord!

Go we from victory to battle?

Battle will victory be!

We see not yet all things subdued,

But Jesus we see!

Surety of ultimate triumph,

Thy Word doth afford—

Even now we are victors and more!

We praise Thee, O Lord!

THE OLD SHOE'S GREETING.

[A friend of the author's made a model of an old shoe out of papier mache and other materials, and sent it with the following lines as a Christmas gift to an old friend :]

OLD shoe so queer,
 Mis-shapen, worn,
 All patched and torn,
What brings you here?

I'm old, 'tis true,
 And void of beauty—
 I did my duty—
That too be told!

Ungainly—yet
 Five toes in me
 From corns were free,
And cold, and wet.

A new shoe's airs
The fop may please—
An old shoe's ease
The wise prefers!

I'm worn, 'tis true—
Patch me complete,
I'll look as neat
As many new!

There's little lacking—
A heel, a sole,
An upper whole,
A coat of blacking!

But why complain,
Or prate of self?
Laid on the shelf,
Here I'll remain.

What brings me here?

Well, I was sent

With sole intent

To give you cheer;—

And if 'tis true,

As some suppose,

That good luck goes

With an old shoe,

Such luck be yours,

A portion double,

With nought of trouble,

While time endures!

WHAT THE SOUL IS.

Do you know what the soul is, little lads?
She asked her boys in the Mission school—
Ah, little they knew of Bible lore,
But much of the Devil's golden rule—

And it's hard to speak of hidden truths,
The things one cannot handle and see,
To lives that never from mother's lips
Have learned religion's A, B, C.

Do you know what the soul is?—Silence first
Then one hand, brown with ingrained smut
Goes up with a “Yes, Miss, I can tell—
It's a little round thing like a hickory nut!”

A pause, a titter—the teacher frowns,
Or would, if she could do aught but smile,
And tries to talk, but the odd conceit
Goes chasing her fancy all the while—

A little round thing like a hickory nut,
Rough, and bitter, and hard to break,
And a crooked kernel curled away,
Which only the patient hand may take—

Is it worth breaking? the question comes—
So hard the shell, and so small the nut!
Hush, querying soul, for what of thee,
If thou in thine own dark shell be shut?

Shut from thy kind, from the love of souls?
Thou knowest this nut was planned to be
A something greater—a creature's food
Or the germ of a grand and towering tree—

And the meanest soul that lies cramped and
curled

From love and the light of heaven apart,

Is but the germ of a larger life

That waits the breaking of self to start.

A GUID NEW YEAR!

A GUID New Year! a guid New Year!
A' ye wha to my heart are dear —
The friends that gather at my ca',
The loved anes ower the seas awa';
Auld Granny, sconced by oor fire-en',
Wee Daunnie, toddlin' but and ben,
And a' between—the far and near,
The auld and young—a guid New Year!

A guid New Year! a guid New Year!
Although the words ye canna hear;
Although *your* words I hear nae mair,
Nor ken the comfort o' your care,
Oh, faither guid, oh, mither kind,
Ye're wi' me still in heart and mind;

Across the waves I send ye cheer —
A guid New Year! a guid New Year!

A guid New Year! a guid New Year!
My brithers true, my sisters dear,
Wha shared wi' me the joys and waes,
The feats and fa's o' bairnhood days!
Far, far apart sin' syne we've gane,
Each life has burdens o' its ain,
Guid Lord, gie each the strength to bear,
And grant us a' a guid New Year!

A guid New Year! a guid New Year!
My trusty friends, whose names I wear
Close faulded in my heart's ain heart,
Nae kin, yet o' mysel' a pairt.
If bygane days were blithe and bricht,
Be thankit, friendship's kindly licht,
Joy, joy be yours, and ne'er a tear —
A guid New Year! a guid New Year!

A guid New Year! a guid New Year!
Ah, could a wish mak' Dule forbear!
But Joy and she are near o' kin,
And han' in han' gang oot and in.
Be oors the heart o' grace to wring
Guid oot o' a' the seasons bring!
Then, then, my friends, I hae nae fear
We'll *mak'* a Happy, guid New Year!

EPISTLE TO ANDREW CARNEGIE.

OH, Andrew Carnegie, it's weel to be you!
To hae siller and sense is the lot o' but few!
Ye hae gear and the grace for guid to employ it,
And leisure ye hae and the heart to enjoy it—
Lang life to ye, Andrew Carnegie!

Auld Scotland, oor mither, is proud o' your
birth,
As she blesses her bairns abraid ower the earth;
And America's prood ye hae fa'en to her lot,
Her typical man, and oor typical Scot—
Lang life to ye, Andrew Carnegie!

Ye ken what hard wark is, ye've earned your
ain bread,
And wrocht your way up wi' your hands and
your head,

And true to yoursel' through it a' ye hae been ;
Though your wallet grew fat, your heart didna
grow lean ;

Lang life to ye, Andrew Carnegie!

And noo, through your bounty, your ain native
toun

Has its storehouse o' knowledge, and's prood o'
the boon,

And hearts are made glad ilka side o' the sea,
By the heart that can feel, and the han' that
can gie—

Lang life to ye, Andrew Carnegie!

It's oh, to be you, to sae cannily slip
Awa' roun' the warl' in a cosy bit ship,
Or merrily rattle ower Britain's braid lan'
Wi' the wale o' guid chiels in a snug four-in-
han'!—

Lang life to ye, Andrew Carnegie!

I vōw, should the fates or the fairies decree,
That anither, and no my ain sel' I maun be,
Gin mine were the choice, takin' a' things the-
gither,

I'd be Andrew Carnegie, withoot ony swither!

Lang life to you, Andrew Carnegie!

OUR SCOTTISH FERN.

It died, we said, at early frost—
So surely did we deem it lost
We had forgotten it almost.

So when the Spring with sun and showers
Stirred stiffened plants, woke sleeping flowers,
We did not think to look for ours.

But, tender as a babe new-born,
Curling and fresh, a slender horn
Climbed to the light one April morn.

Nor was it come to live alone:
Four sister shoots since then have grown,
And earth has rendered back our own!

It was a glad surprise to find
Dame Nature's wrinkled breast so kind
To that which we had dropped from mind.

And with the coming of our fern
What sunny memories return!
What blessed lessons we relearn!

We walk once more by fell and brake,
And hear the plashing wavelets break
Upon the shores of Lomond lake.

We seat us in the sheltered glade,
And watch the play of light and shade
Upon the falls of Inversnaid.

Through fringe of fern and fragrant heath
The waters leap, to hiss and seethe
About the sullen rocks beneath.

Far-bending o'er the rocky bed
The rowans hang their berries red,
And lock their branches overhead.

In this song-hallowed nook of earth
Our fern-plant, hailed with song-bird's mirth
And hum of waters, had its birth.

Here gentle hands and cautious blade
About its clinging roots were laid—
We bore it far from Inversnaid;

We tended it by sea and shore—
It died when summer days were o'er—
How could we hope to see it more?

But April bade the dead arise,
With all its buried memories,
To fill our souls with sweet surprise.

So sometimes, natures cold and drear,
Touched by a human smile or tear,
Have opened like the budding year.

So, e'en where Hope had ceased to be,
Strong Faith may spring, and blossom free
At the first glow of sympathy!

So does the grave its secret keep
To gladden yet the eyes that weep—
Our loved ones are not dead, but sleep!

LOT'S WIFE.

GOD's finger breaks the idols of our youth ;
Our hopes and follies He consumes with fire ;
And some are wise to face the unknown truth
Nor cast one backward glance of weak desire ;

And these are saved by faith : alas, for souls
That lingering, lose the promise of the years ;
O'er whose wrecked hopes and blighted fancies
rolls
A dead sea, bitter with unhallowed tears !

Along Life's pathway human pillars, salt
And stony-hearted, brooding o'er the past,
Repeat the stern "Remember"—they who halt
Still backward-facing, meet this doom at last !

Ho, dreamer, sighing for a fair hope dead,
Drain Sorrow's draught, cherish not Sorrow's
cup!

Ho, mourner, weeping o'er a grave new-made,
Mourn thou, but murmur not, and still look
up!

LOVE'S REMNANT.

I NOTICE in these gray November days,
When all the trees have loosed their feeble hold
On the vast wealth of purple, crimson, gold,
That made October's woods a wondrous blaze
Of color, glorious in the dreamy haze
Of Indian Summer and soft sunlight steeped,
And when dry leaves, by every hedgerow heaped,
Proclaim how Autumn's burning kiss betrays,
My garden maple, lean and stripped so bare
By wanton winds, is yet not naked all—
From topmost twigs brown tassels wave in air
And sway in every breeze, but do not fall.
And this I hold: while loyally they cling,
The Summer is not dead, nor Winter king.

IN NOVEMBER.

AFAR are blown the leaves my maple bore
The nearest to her heart—the gently nursed
And sheltered from rude winds are fallen
first,
And now she holds, of all her summer store—
Poor show of life that shows death's triumph
more—
These few dry tufts, like nodding hearse-plumes,
there
At her far finger-tips uplift in air.

What then—was love but cruelty at the
core?

Nay, nay! these too, that braved the sun and
storm,

Had help of love — to them the mother
heart,
Yearned out through every limb with succor
warm —
Their burden hers, her life of theirs a
part —
And they, alone, and all too weak for strife
Yearned back for love, and so had love and
life.

IN MEMORIAM.

W. S. H.

“OTHERS He saved, himself He cannot save!”
They spake it of the Christ in mockery,
Crowning Him so with sharp word-thorns—but
we,

Sadly, yet lovingly, beside his grave,
This brother of the Christ, leal-hearted, brave
And gentle, speak the self-same words in praise,
Others he saved, himself he could not save!

We say his years of work were barely seven!
Well, what would we? the Master had but three—
Let us give thanks for all the days he had!

His life, we say, was ah, so freely given!
Yes, this was all his thought, “He died for me!”
So like His Master—friends, we should be glad!

A THOUSAND YEARS.

WITH Him a thousand years are but a day,
Our days are seconds in His calendar,
The longest life is but a shooting star •
That swiftly flashes, swiftly fades away—
And dost thou hope to do God service? Nay,
Be humble heart, thou canst nor make nor mar
His plans—His purposes far reaching are,
Thou art but breath—no word of thine may
 stay!

Yea, I am little, God is over all,
Amen, amen, I trust His power, not mine—
And toil in faith that He who guides the spheres
Can through my little life, my labors small,
Further and fill His infinite design
With Him one day is as a thousand years.

IN THE GLOAMING.

MORNING and noontide, evening, night,
'Tis so we parcel out the day:
What do we gain, reversing thus
 The good old Bible way.

Is it not written in the Book,
The earth was void and whelmed in night;
Then moved the Spirit of the Lord,
 And at His word was light?

It is Creation's order this—
Evening and morning make the day;
The record from that primal week
 Runs on the self-same way.

Out of the dark this whirling globe
Span at God's mandate into light;
And we, who live life's little day,
 Whence came we?—from the night.

It is life's morn when on the light
The babe first opes its wondering eyes;
But, dark and void, eternity
 Behind the cradle lies.

Why, when the tender twilight falls,
Should we in sorrowing accents say
“It is the end—the darkness comes
 To swallow up the day?”

Rather, in simple hope and trust,
Say, “Lo, another day is born;
We will lie down to quiet sleep,
 Our eyes shall see the morn!”

For when did evening lack its morn?
Hath darkness power to hold the light,
Shall there not dawn at last a day
 When shall be no more night?

Even so, when Autumn's surly winds
Shake all the trees and leave them bare,
And Summer's latest roses fall
 Beneath the chilling air,

Though thought at times will fondly turn
To count the joys of Summer past,
We rise with courage born of hope
 And face the wintry blast!

Though earth be cold, and hard, and bare,
And naught but death the eye can see,
Beneath the snow, the seed we know
 Of summers yet to be.

Why then, when life's few fleeting hours
Are wearing to the twilight gray,
And from the sunset's golden clouds
The glory fades away,

Should we look back with vain regrets,
As children mourn for broken toys,
And say, "Alas, the dreary night,
The end of all our joys!"

The end, yet not the end, our frames
Are mortal and must see decay,
But life itself, and love and faith,
Are new with each new day!

Can we not school our hearts and minds
To tranquil hope, and steadfast faith?
Who hears God's voice, who sees His work,
What does he dread of death?

The Father in whose care we are,
Who leads us all life's devious way,
He giveth His beloved sleep,
 And then eternal day!

GHOSTS.

JUST hear what my sage little sister,
My skeptical ten-year-old writes—
“She has lost all her faith in the fairies,
Hobgoblins and prank-playing sprites.
And the stories I used to tell her,
Don’t frighten her now,” she boasts:
And she asks, and must have true answer,
“Do I really believe in ghosts?”

Ah, me! my own little sister,
You grow so learned and wise;
But when you are old as I am
You will see with other eyes.
I am not so sure of the fairies—
Though I think you half an elf—
But ghosts—would I dare to doubt them?
Why, girl, I’m a ghost myself!

And oftentimes in the twilight,
When you sit by the open fire,
And mother is plying her needle
Or the busy knitting wire;
And father, with pipe and paper,
Is ensconced in the great arm-chair;
And you think none other is nigh you,—
My ghost is beside you there.

“Real ghosts! did I ever see one?”

Ay, ay, so many, my dear;
Ghosts of friends whom I loved and cherished,
They are dead this many a year.
Yet they come, in dark and in daylight,
They are with me now as then,
And we talk—but of things so sacred
They may not be told again!

Yes, life would have less of sweetness
If one might not be a ghost,

And roam in old times and places
With the friends one values most;
If those who have loved and left us
Came never, by night or day,
To hallow our lives with their presence,
And point to a higher way.

But though I go to you, sister,
You never come to me;
And the dead, they are with me often,
But their heaven I cannot see.
Alas! for life's incompleteness!
For the things that may not be!
Ah! if only I could go to them,
Or if you might come to me!

ACKNOWLEDGING A GIFT.

IF giein' aye is blest,
Happy ye maun be!
If takin's friendship's test,
Grace be gie'n to me,
Your gifts, in friendship's name
To tak' and feel nae shame!

“DECLINED WITH THANKS.”

I'LL fash nae mair wi' rhyming ware,
Nor rack my brain for words that clink;
I'll burn my quill, and to the Deil,
Like Luther ance I'll pitch the ink.
For wha wad be a standin' mark
For Fortune's or for printer's pranks?
Or hae his verses adverteesed
In Poet's Neuk — “declined with thanks!”

I sang in praise o' Mysie Hays,
Her cherry mou', her winnin' smile,
I gied a schedule o' her charms
Penned in a wooer's warmest style;
'Twas fu' o' rhymes o' loves and doves,
And flowers and bowers, and mossy banks —
But a' my scribbling gaed for nocht,
And waur than nocht — “declined with
thanks!”

My bonnie sang, aucht verses lang,
It cost a warl' o' thocht and time,
And twenty sheets, and twa-three pens
Afore I got it a' to rhyme.
Then to the printer aff I trudged,
Sax miles—I nicht hae saved my shanks—
There's a' the notice ere I got,
“To Mysie Hays—declined with thanks!”

Oh had he gied me back my screed,
Or pitched it in the Balaam box,
Then nane had waur or wiser been,
But noo I'm butt for a' their jokes!
And Mysie's waur than a' the lave—
I canna bide her quips and cranks—
She'll ne'er accept my hand or heart,
I ken my fate—“declined with thanks!”

TAM, TAMMY.

WHEN I was but a toddlin' wean,
My faither's pet, my mither's lammie,
Sae proud were they, sae blythe and fain
When I could ca' them, *dad* and *mammie*!
My faither danced me on his knee,
My mither sang sweet lilts to me,
An' ca'd me aye her *Tammy*.

An' oh, young manhood's gleesome days,
When Kate an' I first met ilk ither!
An' oh, our rambles o'er the braes,
'Mang yellow broom and purple heather!
'Twas *Tam*, she ca'd me, an' it meant—
Altho' I kenn't na hoo I kenn't—
That I was mair than *brither*.

But years ha'e come, and years ha'e flown;

Eh me! an' could they no ha'e tarried?

My hair is gray, I'm aulder grown,

It's twa-score years sin' I was married,

An' saxteen simmers' suns ha'e gane

An' saxteen winters' snaws ha'e lain

Aboon my Katie buried.

I wad na fret for what maun be,

But say, *It's weel!* whate'er befa' me;

My frien's are guid an' kind tae me,

An' *Tammas*, wi' respect they ca' me;

It's sweet — yet, aye, sae frail I am,

I min' my Katie ca'd me *Tam*,

My mither ca'd me *Tammy*.

DREAMING.

LEAN wiry grass, and low clumps of furze,
On this brown knoll o'erlooking the sea—
The weary chirping of grasshoppers
 And drowsy hum of the bee.

There's never a gowan on the lea,
And never a laverock in the sky,
And I look out on the restless sea,
 And think of the days gone by.

Oh the lintie warbles in the wood,
And the blackbird's note is full and strong—
The laverock's voice from the summer cloud
 Comes down in a shower of song.

The clover bloom is purple and gray,
And blue as the sky is the sweet blue bell,
The gowans grow on the sunny brae,
 And cowslips down in the dell.

The grass is green as waves in the Firth,
But the tall trees wear a darker hue ;
Shadows sail lightly over the earth
 From clouds that float in the blue.

The wind is freshening to a breeze :
I know by the corn that sinks and heaves ;
I know by the whispering, nodding trees,
 And a thousand quivering leaves.

I tread the soil of the lowlands still —
The sea and the brown knoll only seem,
And the shady glen and sunny hill
 Are more than a waking dream.

Oh! fair, true vision! thou must not flee,
And leave me here on the dreary shore,
I'll follow thee over land and sea
Till I see my home once more!

SCOTLAND MINE.

OH! Scotland mine, my mother-land,
How grand, how fair art thou!
The sunbeams play about thy feet,
The lightnings round thy brow!
How stout of arm, how fierce of speech,
In battle and in storm!
But to thy children, bosom-nursed,
How tender-souled and warm!

Oh! grand and fair—my mother-land,
What pangs were at thy birth!
With throes and tossings terrible
Travailed *thy* mother, Earth.
Each jagged cliff, each towering peak,
Still tells of pain and strife,
When thou, from out earth's burning womb,
Wast lifted into life.

My mother-land! how bare thy form,
 How wild thy heart of flame,
Till kindly snows and mists and dews
 With gentlest soothing came!
And now, in Nature's greenest robe,
 A queen I see thee stand—
The fairest, grandest child of earth,
 My own, my mother-land!

Thy children, too, my mother-land,
 Came to their birth through strife—
In storm and war and martyr-fires
 They bravely won their life—
Rock-framed and rude, how stern they stood
 For truth and conscience free!
Fire-souled, how flamed their being forth
 For liberty and thee!

Come now soft dews of sympathy!
 Come mists of human tears,
And snows that nurse the buried seed
 Shall bloom in brighter years!

For greenest sward of love shall fold
Eternal rocks of truth —
And kingly men thy sons shall stand
In royal robes of ruth!

A TREE IN THE CITY.

IN a narrow, stifling street,
In the heart of the busy town,
Where trade, with feverish feet,
Goes hurrying up and down;

Where souls to Mammon bound,
Look out through haggard eyes,
That see the stony ground,
But never the blessed skies,

A giant poplar stands,
Amid the turmoil calm —
And lifts to Heaven its hands,
Rustling a thankful psalm.

A giant, maimed and marred,
Of half its glory shorn;
Its sides so peeled and scarred,
Its branches sawed and torn.

Maimed, but a giant still;
And if it may not spread
Its great arms at its will,
Yet Heaven is overhead:

So to the kindly sky
It rises, strong, serene—
And though its stem be dry,
Its leaves are soft and green.

And in that narrow street,
So full of pain and strife—
Where souls are sold for meat,
And bread is bought with life.

It now and then doth chance
Some soul that beat in vain
At the walls of Circumstance,
That hamper body and brain—

Some life that longs to grow
So noble, and free, and wide,
And yet, as the slow years go,
Feels straitened on every side—

Some weary man doth lean
And look up to that tree,
And through its mist of green
The heaven of hope doth see—

Doth see with glad surprise
The sky so still and blue—
And light is born in his eyes,
In his heart a courage new—

And forth to his daily care
He goes refreshed and strong—
On his lips another prayer,
In his heart a new, brave song.

Hath not the poplar tree
To him its secret given?
His life shall be large and free—
There is naught 'twixt him and Heaven.

OH, FOR THE SKYLARK!

Oh, for the Scottish skylark
In this bright Southern sky,
To thrill my heart with joyous song,
As in the days gone by!
And oh! to lie and mark his flight,
Till, far within the blue,
A speck, half seen, imagined half,
His form escapes my view!

Oh, for a single skylark,
To pour, like sun-lit rain,
Down all the air a shower of song
To gladden hill and plain!
High priest for birds, the skylark takes
Of all bird-song the best,
And goes alone, but when he wills,
Into the Holiest!

Oh! for the song of the skylark!

Then shall this land rejoice,

When she, dumb queen, with splendor girt,

Hath found at last—a voice.

Her wooded hills to me are dear,

Her valleys fair to see;

Ay, this were home, could I but hear

The skylark's melody!

FATHERHOOD.

THERE lies upon my book shelf, all unread,
A book of deep and high philosophy —
Oft have I said, this afternoon is free,
I will sit down and let my soul be fed
At this rich table, bountifully spread
With good things of the earth, and air and
 sea :

When lo, a little hand upon my knee,
And, bending o'er the book, a curly head —

“Father, there are no pictures in this book —
I would not read it — wait, I'll bring you
 one —”

Read it, my son — not now — 'twere little use —

We'll turn the well-thumbed leaves of Mother
 Goose,
Chant the old rhymes, o'er all the pictures
 look—
Here's no philosophy, but oh, such fun!

TEN CENTS AND A MORAL.

HERE is a silver dime, my son :

Looks like lead, it is blackened so.

Not a bit like the shining one

I dropped in this pocket a week ago!

Dingy? Yes; do you think it strange

It should lose its sheen in so short a time?

Would you like to know what wrought this
change

For the worse in a bran-new silver dime?

The cause is simple and readily told,

But pay good heed to it, son of mine!

See if it does not a lesson hold

For a bright brave boy with a wish to shine.

I draw from my pocket a copper cent;

See, there is the secret; this silver dime

Dropped in this pocket by accident,
Has rubbed against copper all the time.

And the copper is never a whit more white,
And has gained not at all by its company ;
But the silver dime comes out less bright,
And its value is questioned, as you see !
Now, the moral for boys is very clear ;
And you see it, of course ? Well, lay it to
heart :

And see, I drop the dime in here,
And the copper there ; let them be apart !

SOLILOQUY BY THE BOY.

Ah, yes ! The moral is clear as day,
But I thought I was going to get that dime ;
But he gives me the moral — that's dad's
way —
And he pockets the pennies every time !

OF THE SEA AND SHIPS!

THREE PICTURES.

I.

THE morn was peace — the sea and sun
Laughed to each other and were one —
The wooing waters kissed the shore
And said the same things o'er and o'er —
The seagull spread his pinions white
And screamed in fulness of delight —
Across the far horizon's span
A gleaming band of silver ran —
On the wide bay, one little boat,
A part of nature's self, did float —
A tiny shell, she danced along,
Timed by the rower's stroke and song;
Her oar-blades as they rose and fell
Did work a gracious miracle,

And dipping water steadily,
Dropped strings of diamonds in the sea.
The waves were glad such freight to bear,
And dandled her with loving care ;
They ran to meet her, wave on wave,
As pleased her graceful sides to lave,
And curled behind her, proud to make
Part of her flowing, shining wake.

II.

From far, fair realms of mystery,
Across the wide and wondrous sea,
There came a brave, broad-shouldered ship ;
Upon the bay's o'erflowing lip
I marked her topsails shimmer white,
And watched her slowly mount in sight.
Her, too, the waves were pleased to see,
And running, rolling merrily,
To give her gracious welcome home,
Broke on her bows in flashing foam —

And the good ship, her dangers past,
And the still haven gained at last,
Thankful for all the way behind,
For quiet seas and favoring wind,
And grateful for such greeting now,
To the fond waves made stately bow —
Her white sails in the lessening breeze,
Rustled glad “Benedicites” —
So bowing, blessing, and so blest,
She reached her anchorage, and rest.

III.

There came a steamship pushing down
From river black and murky town,
Her lean hull laden low with store
Of merchandise for some far shore —
She spread no sail to woo the breeze,
She sought no favors of the seas,
But thrust the kissing waves aside,
And thundered o’er them in her pride,

And belched great clouds of smoke, that lay
Athwart the sun, and dimmed the day.
She passed, but lo! on sea and shore
Rested the spell of peace no more—
No more the sun, like God's own eye,
Smiled from the heavens, serene and high;
The smoky line that marked her track
Grew broader, till the sky was black;
The hissing waters in her path
Seethed white and whiter still in wrath—
And gusty winds, with vengeful sweep,
Drave howling o'er the troubled deep.
So died the day in storm, and night
Hid the tossed vessel from my sight—
Ay, and from mortal sight for aye,
For though there dawned another day,
Fair as that fairest morn had been,
With pleasant sea and sky serene,
And little boats were seen at play
On the broad bosom of the bay,

And great ships moved by gentle breeze
Sailed upward from the further seas,
In all the wide horizon's bound,
No sign of that black hull was found;
In vain might bend the listening ear
The thunder of her wheels to hear—
In vain might strain the watchful eye
To trace the smoke-line on the sky—
She vexed the lapping waves no more—
Peace was on sky and sea and shore.

*AN EPISTLE TO DAVID KENNEDY.**

OH Kennedy, oh Davy man, we want ye to
come back—

We want to hae anither sang, anither couthie
crack ;

We were blithe when ye were wi' us, we are
wae sin ye're awa',

Hae pity on us, Kennedy—come, gie's anither
ca' !

We want to hear the guid auld sangs, that
carry back the min'

To the faces, and the frien'ships, and the
hame-scenes o' langsyne ;

*The famous Scottish vocalist, since deceased.

We want to hear the Doric braid, and lauch
 and greet by turns,
 As ye sing the sangs o' Tannahill and oor ain
 brither Burns.

Ye'll bring the bairns a' wi' ye—we maun
 hear sweet Helen's sang,
 Like the liltin' o' the mavis the lowlands
 woods amang ;
 We maun hear wee Maggie's music, and see
 fair Marjory,
 Wi' the ripple in her sweet voice, and the
 twinkle in her e'e!

Ye'll bring Johnny wi' his fiddle—od, he
 plays it wi' sic skill,
 That oor very e'en gang dancin', and oor
 feet'll no keep still ;
 And Robert, he'll be wi' ye, and thae grand
 war sangs he'll gie,
 Till every Scot amang us is on en' to dae or dee.

Sae ye'll come back, Davy Kennedy, and mak
 oor hearts rejoice,
Wi' your cheery face, your cantie ways, and
 the music o' your voice,
And if the warl' wad spare ye, we'd keep ye
 for a year,
And ye'd hae concerts nichtly, and we'd a' be
 there to hear!

A WINTER RHYME.

A' THE flow'rs are blawn—
The Simmer gaed sae sune!
A' the leaves ha'e fa'en,
An' noo the Autumn's dune!

Comes the whistlin' blast,
An' come the sleet an' snaw;
Winter's king at last,
An' lords it ower us a'.

The year's wearin' auld,
An' unco keen his breath;
His bluid's growin' cauld,
He's waitin' just for death.

We'll mourn an' deplore,
 Auld Year, sin' ye maun gang;
New Year's at the door,
 We'll sing a merry sang;

Lauchin' while we greet,
 As bairns smile through their tears;
Joy an' sorrow meet
 At meetin' o' the years.

THE SNOW.

A CHILD looks out on the falling snow,
 With wondering eyes and bright,
And the little heart is all aglow
 With rapturous, new delight,
As merrily round the white flakes go,
And the world is lost beneath the snow.

A mother looks on the falling snow,
 Then looks on her baby boy ;
Her eyes are filled with the overflow
 Of her soul's sweet love and joy :
The falling snow and her baby bright—
Has the earth aught else so pure and white?

An old man looks on the falling snow,
 And into his dreamy heart

A message drops from the long ago,
And the sudden tear-drops start:
Ah! who but he and his God can know
The thoughts that wed in a flake of snow?

A saint looks out on the falling snow,
And thinks how its flakes are white,
To tell us the Father will bestow
A garment as fair and bright!
Oh! sweet in Eden the flower will blow,
Whose germ was nourished beneath the snow!

A GOOD-BYE.

TO MY FRIENDS L. G. W. AND L. B. P.

WELL, well, shake hands my comrades tried—
Be ours a cheerful, brave good-bye!
The way was bright while you were by,
But here, at last, the paths divide.

The paths divide, but do we part?
Is friendship bound by South or West?
No, no! we gauge by subtler test
The near and far of mind and heart.

I feel the future's pressing claims—
But thought to-night, I know not why,
Lingers about the days gone by,
And dallies with familiar names.

Brings back the past to eye and ear,
Recalls each glorious book we read,
Each jest we made, each word we said,
Each burst of laughter ringing clear.

What fellowship of soul was born
In us, of rich, immortal books—
The gift of royal men whose looks
Were lighted by the coming morn!

We heard strong words of faith and truth,
From Greece's grand far-sighted sage;
And caught the echoes of an age
When wisdom had the glow of youth.

We breathed, as fresh as Alpine breeze,
The high clear thought of Martineau—
John Ruskin spoke, that we might know
New splendors in blue skies and seas.

We read mankind in Shakespeare's page—
And sorrowed with unhappy Lear,
As poured, through tempests howling drear,
The torrent of his helpless rage.

Our hearts with Hotspur's zeal were warmed;
We loved young Hal—bright, kind and free:
And winked at Falstaff's knavery,
By Falstaff's roguish wit o'ercharmed.

We sat at feet of brave Carlyle,
The wisest soul of modern times:
And oft we sang the burning rhymes
Of that true "lad was born in Kyle."

And high we held Macdonald's name—
For stories that inspire and bless,
Of lives whose sweet unselfishness
Redeems our weakling race from shame.

Ah, me! I should be sad to-night,
But for these gracious memories,
And my strong faith that thoughts like these
Shall make our darkest future bright.

Good-bye! and let whate'er may come,
High thought and noble purpose guide —
Then, though we walk not side by side,
Shall every highway lead to Rome.

CONVOLVULUS.

ACROSS the porch, and reaching toward the
eaves,

Clambers a many-hued convolvulus;
My poor cot's nakedness concealing thus
Behind brave drapery of flowers and leaves!
We call it Morning Glory — ay, it grieves
The heart to find at noon the splendor gone
That flooded and illumed each cup at dawn,
And sad, we moralize — “so Love deceives!”

But ah, my friend, on some thick-clouded day,
When no sun is, and Nature seems all gloom,
And thine own weighted spirit sinks in thee,
Come hither at noontide and thou shalt see
My Morning Glory's bells in full-orbed
bloom —

Then, with a lighter heart go thou thy way!

THOMAS CARLYLE.

(BURIED AT ECCLEFECHAN.)

YES, it was meet that there he should be laid;
The great and wise beside the good and just—
They were his kindred! Nature's "dust to
dust,"

The final law, had honor when they made
His bed, not with the chisel, but the spade,
Not in the Abbey, but the kirkyard lone:
His mother-mould takes tenderly her own,
And o'er him spreads her green, all-sheltering
plaid.

God made from out the dust of Scottish earth
A man whose spirit was th' Almighty's
breath:

The moorland breezes shouted at his birth,
And blew brave music through him till his
death!

Knox, Wallace, Burns, — priest, patriot and
bard,
Woke once again, sleep now in yon kirkyard.

ONE OF THESE LITTLE ONES.

LAST night my little one came back to me,
My darling, whom mine aching eyes in vain
Have strained to look on since that woeful day,
When, cold and white and still—so cold and
white,

That was so ruddy warm with pulsing blood—
So still, that was so quick with joyous life—
We laid her in the churchyard on the hill.

Yester eve she came,

What time the holy hush of twilight fell
Upon the weary world, and glorified
The trees and stones, and all earth's common
things,

Dimming their outward forms that so the soul
In them might show more largely—then she
came—

In that dear mystery of gloaming light,
The sweet memorial of a buried day,
Hallowed as are all memories of the dead—
In that deep mystery of gloaming shade,
Presage of sad, promise of soothing night—
Then, when my heart was touched to tenderness,
She came and put her little hand in mine,
And called me in her lispng way, to lift
Her up and kiss her—and I did not deem
It strange—for twilight's subtle alchemy
Did so dissolve and blend within my thought
Past, present, future, I scarce seemed to know
That ever we were parted—but my heart
Was glad because it beat against her heart;
My eyes, because they looked into her eyes,
Were lit with joy!

And so we sat until
The last, reluctant, slow-retreating guard
Of day had vanished down the westward sky,
And night was over all—up then we rose—

* * * * *

And then — and then —

Why then, I knew no more —

But from the hill shone down the yellow light,
Set in the little window of my home,
To guide my footsteps in the deepening dark,
And all alone I climbed the winding road —
And well I knew that when the garden gate
Should creak and close behind me, and my feet
Should crunch the shifting gravel in the path,
No sudden burst of light from open door
Would set my little one before my eyes,
With outstretched arms, and joy in all her
looks —

The vision that so oft in other days
Had shortened the long way, and lit the night.
Yet could I not be sorrowful — my heart
Held a great peace that was more sweet than
joy —

For she, my darling, was come back to me,
Grander, and glorified, and yet the same,
My little one, alive for evermore.

THE CHANGED SABBATH.

AH me, how changed the Sabbath morn,
That once was fraught with holy calm,
When blessings from its bells were borne,
And every bird-note was a psalm!
With joy I hailed its blessed rays,
When, waking from the night's repose,
One thought evoked my spirit's praise:
It is the day our Saviour rose!

But now the weary Sabbath calm
Is as the grave's dread peace to me:
The bells that once could soothe like balm
Ring out unrest and misery.
I watch to see the sun's first ray
The morning from the night divide,
And sadly to myself I say,
It is the day our darling died!

So blithe and brave, so fair and strong!

Her little limbs with health astir—

Her life did so to Life belong,

None thought of Death who thought of her.

“If I should die before I wake”—

They seemed but idle words she said:

“I pray the Lord my soul to take”—

And in the morning she was dead.

I mourn her, though her prayer was heard—

I mourn her, even while I pray

That He who is the Sabbath's Lord

Would with His presence fill the day!

Would into one sweet thought compose

The thoughts that now my mind divide:

It is the day our Saviour rose—

It is the day our darling died!

REST THEE, BONNIE DOO!

REST thee, rest thee, bonnie doo!
In the Faither's keepin';
Nocht shall wake or fret thee noo,
In the kirkyard sleepin'!
Rest thee, bonnie bairnie, rest,
Wakin's waefu', sleep is best!

Rest thee, rest thee, bonnie doo—
White, white is thy plaidie!
Sae He gi'eth snaw like 'oo',
Warm and lown to hide thee!
Rest thee, bonnie bairnie, rest,
Wakin's waefu', sleep is best!

Rest thee, rest thee, bonnie doo—
Bide the simmer, bringin'

Gowans white and bells o' blue
And the birdies singin'!
Rest thee, bonnie bairnie, rest,
Wakin's waefu', sleep is best!

Rest thee, rest thee, bonnie doo —
Aye we'll mind oor dearie —
A' the gowden Simmer through,
A' the Winter dreary!
Rest thee, bonnie bairnie, rest,
Wakin's waefu', sleep is best!

Rest thee, rest thee, bonnie doo —
Sair has been oor sorrow!
Oh, to greet the bairn we lo'e
In Heaven's gleesome morrow!
There, my bairnie, wakin's best,
There, my bairnie, wakin's rest!

OUR NEIGHBOR'S PITY.

THAT day our little one lay dead,
And we were sad and sore of heart,
And all the joy of life seemed fled,
Our neighbor sought to ease the smart.
Oh! strange, sweet power of sympathy!
That grief should find assuagement thus!
Our sorrow seemed the less to be,
The more we thought, She pities us!

And then she said, how blest was she,
Since God had still denied her prayer,
Nor set a baby on her knee,
For such a gift meant such a care!
Our pain was stilled by sad surprise,
New feelings in our hearts did stir,
We looked into our neighbor's eyes,
And pitied her—and pitied her.

LOUDON PARK.

SHE hath no voice, this city of the dead,
Yet lifteth her white fingers in dumb speech,
Whose silent eloquence such truths may teach
As never prayer intoned or sermon said.

Methinks that even to yon city red,
Loud-voiced, dull-eared, may the mute message
reach,
And to and from her spires, Heaven-pointing
each,
Swift greetings pass, still questionings be
sped!

Oh, dwellers in yon city of unrest,
Here do I sit, and watch, with sails wide-
spread,

Your ships go out to the uncertain sea—
The peace of this pure air is in my breast,
My white-winged thoughts, with winds of
 hope full-fed,
Sail the broad ocean of eternity!

TO A FRIEND.

ON HIS WEDDING DAY.

NOT always will the days be sunny,
Nor Luna's hour be filled with honey,
So I ask not for you now
What Life and Nature disallow:
But I wish for you, my friend,
And for her whom Heaven doth send
For your helpmeet good and true,
Aye may Love abide with you!
Love, whose clear, unchanging light
Can illumine the moonless night—
Love, whose steady glow can warm
And cheer in days of cloud and storm!

There is a city fair, which John,
In the Spirit looked upon:

It hath never need of light
From sun or moon to make it bright,
For God's love doth lighten it;
And the soul that Love hath lit
Knows that what the exile's eyes
Saw in vision in the skies,
Hath its blessed counterpart
In each simple, loving heart!
Heaven to such is opened wide:
Bright and beauteous as a bride,
New Jerusalem from above
Is let down to hearts that love!

THE GOOD POPE.

THERE is a pleasant story
Of a good Pope of old,
And for those whom it may profit
The story now is told.

He passed, the Holy Father,
One day through the streets in state—
'Twas when Rome was in all her glory,
And the Church was strong and great!

The streets were thronged with people:
The old and young were there—
Grandsires with locks of silver,
And babes with golden hair.

Staid men, bronzed-cheeked, broad-chested,
Bright lads, lithe-limbed and strong;
Gay girls and sober matrons,
Yea, all Rome was in that throng!

And, as part the waves of ocean,
And a great ship sails between,
And they meet in the track behind her,
So that day was it seen.

On moved the great procession—
Moved herald, soldier, priest;
Moved carriage, horseman, footman,
Thro' a sea like seething yeast—

'Thro' a sea of surging people
Who to right and left gave way;
Even so passed the Holy Father
Thro' the streets of Rome that day!

But 'mid the great rejoicing,
There rose a cry of pain,
And a shout, "bear back, O soldier,
Ho, horseman, draw the rein!"

For one with sudden sickness
Sore seized and stricken, lay
All writhing, moaning, wretched,
Right in the middle way.

And at that cry the people
In backward motion swayed,
And like ship in counter currents
The great procession stayed.

And hands were stretched to succor
The helpless, stricken man,
And eyes were bent in pity
The tortured face to scan.

* * * * *

But lo, what looks of horror!

See how they backward shrink,
Like those whose unwarned feet have touched
The black pit's dreadful brink!

See, hands outstretched to succor,
Are clinched in bitter hate;
And lips that spake in pity
Are curled with loathing great!

What means it? Hear the answer!
One word that hisses through
The teeth edge set in malice,
"A Jew," ah God, "a Jew"!

For one of race detested,
Who slew our blessed Lord,
Stays here the Christ's own Vicar,
Halts here the Host adored!

Well that he writhes in anguish!
Well that he feels Heaven's ban!
The curse of God is on him,
And cursed be he of man!

But now the Holy Father
Has heard the loud ado—
The shouts of execration,
The hated name "a Jew."

Swiftly, with robes upgathered,
He steps into the street:
The people cease their railing
And bow in reverence meet:

But through the throng he passes
To where the sick man lies,
And tender love, not hatred,
Is in his gracious eyes.

He speaks, but words of blessing,
Where men spake words of ban:
“A Jew, a Jew,” they called him—
He says, “a man, a man!”

His servants, at his bidding,
The poor man lift and bear,
And leech and nurse are summoned
To give him ease and care!

And then the great procession
Unhindered moves along;
And a great awe and silence
Fall on the gazing throng!

For, like a benediction
From the blue sky above,
Is this the Holy Father
Hath done in pitying love!

They see him now, Christ's Vicar,
In name and very fact—
Not more by holy office,
Than by one Christly act!

It is a pleasant story
Of this good Pope of old,
And for those whom it may profit
The story now is told!

SEEKIN' SYMPATHY.

TWA een as bricht as mornin' licht,
And bluer than the lift abune,
They cuist a glamour ower my sicht,
And stole my heart ere a' was dune!
Sic havoc in my breast they wrocht,
Sic pangs o' love the garr'd me dree,
I thocht and sighed and sighed and thocht,
And then I wished that I nicht dee!

I tell't my sorrow to the breeze,
To hear it sigh in sympathy;
But ah, it whistled thro' the trees,
And listenin' birdies lauched "te — hee"!
I socht the shore at eenin'-tide
And tell't the rowin' tumblin' sea,
But "wheesht, wheesht, wheesht" was a' it cried,
And oh, I wished that I nicht dee!

I cried to a' the stars abune,
And bade them hear me mak' my maen:
There's naething new aneath the mune,
They winked, and glowered and winked again!
And Jock, my frien' langsyne at schule,
I thocht guid counsel he nicht gie;
But na, he lauched and ca'ed me fule,
And oh, I wished that I nicht dee!

Yestreen I met her at the well—
The lassie wi' the witchin' een,
And there I tell't it to hersel',
The love that racked me morn and e'en—
Oh, wind and sea and stars and men,
Ye a' may lauch or frown for me—
The lassie vowed to be my ain,
And noo I dinna wish to dee!

JEANIE, LASS, I LO'E THEE.

OH, Jeanie! grant me ae sweet smile,
It's a' the boon I seek;
My heart is bauld to sue for mair,
But blate am I to speak,
For I hae nocht o' lover's art,
I ken nae wiles to woo thee;
I canna play the gallant's part,
But, Jeanie, lass, I lo'e thee.

Oh, Jeanie! grant me ae sweet smile,
Nor turn your head in scorn;
Though ye hae woers at your beck—
An' some are gentle born,
An' some hae wealth o' gowd an' gear,
An' ware it a' to woo thee,
I'd gie thee mair—a heart sincere,
For, Jeanie, lass, I lo'e thee.

Oh, Jeanie! grant me ae sweet smile;
Or is the boon sae sma' ?
Then wi' your smiles, gie me your han',
Gie me your heart an' a' !
I'll haud thee to my beatin' heart,
Wi' kisses warm I'll woo thee;
Nor life, nor death, us twa shall part,
Oh, Jeanie, lass, I lo'e thee.

THE HONEYSUCKLE.

THE honeysuckle's breath, my dear,
 Scents all the evening air,
As when we walked those shady lanes,
 A young and happy pair:
And still, if you be by, my dear,
 Or if alone I be,
The honeysuckle bears my thoughts
 To those old times and thee!

The honeysuckle's bloom, my dear,
 Can tempt the roving bee,
And hold him with its store of sweets,
 No more to wander free—
And, captive to thy love, my dear,
 I have no wish to roam—
The sweets that charmed me at the first
 Still keep thy heart my home.

The honeysuckle climbs, my dear,
The grey and rugged wall,
And throws its wealth of leaf and flower
And fragrance over all:
The honeysuckle thou, my dear,
And I the wall have been,
Through all the precious hours and years
Our wedded life has seen!

The honeysuckle's leaves, my dear,
In loving pairs they grow,
And where one tender shoot is seen
Its modest mate doth show!
I note the wedded leaves my dear,
And praise the Power divine
That mates the leaves, and mates our lives,
And mated yours with mine!

*HEARKEN, HEAVEN'S MARCHING
MUSIC!*

HEARKEN, Heaven's marching music
Down through all the ages ringing!
Turn the Bible's hallowed pages,
Listen, every leaf is singing!
Voice of poet, priest and prophet,
Summon us to high endeavor,
Call to nobler work and warfare,
Cheer us onward, upward ever.

Onward brothers, though we journey
To a land of which we know not,
Abram's God shall guide and guard us,
From His loving care we go not!
Though the Red sea stretch before us,
Wild and wide, as erst to Moses,

Lo, at God's command it opens,
Lo, on all our foes it closes!

If an host encamp against us,
Sing we then the song of David;
God, the God of hosts is for us,
By His might we shall be savéd!
Though we walk in Death's dark shadow,
Even there no ill shall fear us;
God doth lead us like a shepherd,
Nought can harm while He is near us!

Lift your eyes and look, ye workers!
Ye who sowed your seed with weeping—
See, the fields are white to harvest,
Jesus calls to joyful reaping!
Ye who know His spirit's impulse,
Gladly publish His salvation—
"I am with you," hear His promise—
Go, disciple every nation!

Now it is the great Apostle,
Onward, ever onward crying;
I forget the things behind me,
For the goal before me lying!
Paul and James and John and Peter—
All who look for His appearing,
Strive to reach His height of manhood,
Daily to His image nearing.

So it rings, Heaven's marching music,
As we turn the sacred pages,
From the days of righteous Abel
Down through all the eager ages!
Forward, oh, my brother, forward!
While its strains ring grandly o'er us,
Let our footfalls mark its measure,
Let our voices swell its chorus!

HYMN—DEDICATING A CHURCH.

TAKE this temple, Lord divine,
Is it not already Thine?
Thou didst prompt the wish and thought—
Thou wert with the hands that wrought—
Thou didst build with us, and bless—
Thou didst grant our plans success—
Be this temple all Thine own,
Christ, Thy Son, the corner stone!

Here we hope to build with Thee!
May our every action be
Owned and blest, as labor done
For the kingdom of Thy Son!
Yea, and build in us we pray,
Christ's dear image day by day!
Let His spirit through us shine,
All the glory shall be Thine!

Here is no abiding place—
Time shall all our work efface—
Soon this temple shall decay—
Soon we too shall pass away!
Thou hast mansions, built above,
Fair and lasting as Thy love—
There may we, when time is o'er,
Dwell with Thee for evermore!

HYMN FOR THE LORD'S SUPPER.

WE take the broken bread,
Jesus, as Thou hast said,
 In memory;
The blessed cup we take,
Dear Master, for Thy sake,
 And think of Thee!

We think of all Thy way
From Bethlehem's bed of hay,
 To Calvary—
Yea, till the parted skies
Receive Thee from our eyes,
 We walk with Thee!

O Christ, what love divine
Is in this cup of wine,
 This broken bread!
For us Thy flesh was torn,
For us the cruel thorn
 Didst pierce Thy head!

Our sins wrought all Thy woe,
Our hatred pierced Thee so
 And broke Thy heart—
And yet Thou dost forgive,
Dost bid us come and live—
 How good Thou art!

O, Thou, the Living Bread,
Now let our souls be fed!
 Be in us, Lord!
Give life and strength divine,
Nourish our hearts with wine,
 Wine of Thy Word!

FOR AN ALBUM.

I SCAN the album's written page,
And linger o'er each kindly thought,
But idly turn the snowy blank
That bears no word, that shows no blot.

'Tis well to crowd our lives with work,
Though sometimes failing of success—
The record of earth's dusty strife
Is better than white nothingness.

Fill thou the days with deeds that bless,
With gladdening thoughts and words of cheer,
And in thy life's well-written book,
May neither blot nor blank appear.

MOUNT QUIRAUK.

CROWNED WITH AN OBSERVATORY.

LORD of these giant hills, Quirauk art thou!

Thy seamless robe the green and singing wood;
Thy head with Heaven's eternal azure hued;
The lesser heights, thy vassals, round thee bow,
Their king unquestioned! Such thy past, but now,
Quirauk, thou art uncrowned—thy strength
subdued—

See, man, thy conqueror, stamps, in haughty
mood,

The seal of his dominion on thy brow!

His are the plains and valleys, didst thou say?

There let him live and rule and take delight—
The hills are mine—here am I king for aye!

Behold, he sets upon thy highest height
His higher yet! great Quirauk, own His sway!
Weak man is Nature's king—divine his right!

ODE.

Read before the St. Andrew's Society of Baltimore,
in celebration of the City's 150th Anniversary.

WHAT thrilling sounds salute my ear—
Do I but dream, or do I hear
In very truth the bagpipe's strain,
The pibroch of the clans again?
I lift my eyes with eager hope,
If haply some begowned slope,
Some broomy knowe, some snow-clad peak,
The answer to my wish shall speak,
And it be mine again to see
The land of my nativity!
Ah, no! my fond expectant sight
Meets not the Ben's majestic height,
Nor braes abloom with heather bells,
Nor burns down-hasting to the dells—

A vista great of stony streets
Red-lined with brick my vision greets,
And lo! ten thousand pennons fair,
And banners filling all the air,
And windows draped in black and gold,
In rich festoon and graceful fold—
The colors of all lands I see,
Here blended into harmony:
For Peace has claimed what once was War's,
And groups around the stripes and stars
All flags, that this October sun
May kiss them all and make them one.
So bright the scene, so blithe the throng
That surges all the streets along,
Who runs may read—small need to say
That Baltimore keeps holiday.
I gaze, and wonder, and admire,
And half forget my first desire.

But still the bagpipe's notes I hear,
That strain familiar, rousing, clear,

“The Campbells are coming”—ay, but say,
What do the Campbells here to-day?
Why to these busy haunts of men
Comes the music of hill and glen?
How this echo from Scotland’s shore
Here to far-distant Baltimore?
Ha, there the pipers are, arrayed
In kilt and sporran, belt and plaid,
With pennons streaming in the wind—
And who are these that march behind?
This kilted host with bonnets blue,
And measured footsteps firm and true?
Flashed there a warning beacon light
At midnight from the mountain’s height,
That made the clansman start and wake
As though the morning light did break?
Or did the fiery cross pass by?
And was there heard the rallying cry
That bids all work and pastime cease,
Bids home good-by, good-by to peace—

Turns willing feet and eager face
To that familiar trysting place,
Where thro' the broom, and o'er the heather,
From moor and glen the clansmen gather—
Gather, to go, they know not where,
But where their chieftain shall declare—
To go, nor see again the North
Till that be done which called them forth,
The wrong avenged, the foe repelled,
The honor of the clan upheld?

Nay, nay! they come in peace to-day,
And hate and strife are put away—
They come to you from near and far,
Roused by no signal light of war,
But summoned from their glens and braes
By friendship's kindly beacon blaze—
The cross that calls them here you see,
Saint Andrew's cross of charity.
They follow where that standard leads,
“With woman's words and manly deeds.”

No strangers these, though far away
Their eyes first opened to the day;
Their mother, Scotland, claims their birth—
Their fatherland is—all the earth;
Their motto this, where'er they roam,
“Where our lot leads us—that is home.”

Oh, men of Baltimore! to you
We give our hands in friendship true—
Our hearts are glad with yours to-day
For all your past prosperity:
Our hope is high, our wish sincere,
That you may grow from year to year,
The pride and glory of your State,
In all that makes a city great!
We here and now pledge hand and heart,
That as our fathers bore their part
In all your city's weal and woe,
Like spirit still their sons shall show,
And raise a superstructure grand
On the true lines their fathers planned!

Oh! brethren, if our hearts go back
At times across the trackless track
To that far country whence we came;
If dear to us be Scotland's name,
You will not chide, nor deem our love
To this great land must feeble prove!
Nay, rather we were false to you
If to our motherland untrue;
The land of childhood, and of youth,
The land where love was learned, and truth!
She taught us reverence for worth,
Wherever found in all the earth;
We love her, we love you beside;
She is our mother—you our bride!

BONNIE BALTIMORE.

I LO'E thee still, my Scottish hame,
Fair land ayont the sea—
Thy hieland hills and lowland dells
Are dear as life to me—
But if I mayna climb thy braes,
Or wander by thy shore,
I'll seek nae sweeter spot to bide,
Than bonnie Baltimore!

Fair Scotland's maids, brave Scotland's men,
The loving and the leal,
The friends o' youth's bright, blithesome years
My heart shall cherish weel—
Yet sweet it is to feel and ken
When far frae Scotia's shore,
There's friendly hands and faithfu' hearts
In bonnie Baltimore!

Oh blessings mair than tongue can speak
 Be on the land I lo'e,
And aye her lads be brave and strong,
 Her lasses kind and true!
And aye may peace and progress bless
 Columbia's pleasant shore —
Joy bide wi' ye, dear Maryland,
 And bonnie Baltimore!

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 018 597 612 9