

And now I close my clannish lay, with blessings
 on the shade
 That bids the mavis sing her song, well-nurtured,
 undismay'd—
 The shade where bloom and cresses, and the ear-
 honey'd heather,
 Are smiling fair, and dwelling in their brother-
 hood together;
 For the sun is setting largely, and blinks my eye
 its ken;
 'Tis time to loose the strings, I ween, and close
 my wildwood strain.

THE MELODY OF LOVE.¹

Not the swan on the lake, or the foam on the
 shore,
 Can compare with the charms of the maid I adore;
 Not so white is the new milk that flows o'er the
 pail,
 Or the snow that is shower'd from the boughs of
 the vale.

As the cloud's yellow wreath on the mountain's
 high brow,
 The locks of my fair one redundantly flow;
 Her cheeks have the tint that the roses display,
 When they glitter with dew on the morning of
 May.

As the planet of Venus, that gleams o'er the grove.
 Her blue rolling eyes are the symbols of love;
 Her pearl-circled bosom diffuses bright rays,
 Like the moon when the stars are bedimm'd with
 her blaze.

The mavis and lark, when they welcome the dawn,
 Make a chorus of joy to resound through the lawn;
 But the mavis is tuneless, the lark strives in vain.
 When my beautiful charmer renews her sweet
 strain.

When summer bespangles the landscape with
 flowers,
 While the thrush and the cuckoo sing soft from
 the bowers,
 Through the wood-shaded windings with Bella
 I'll rove,
 And feast, unrestrained, on the smiles of my love.

THOMAS M. CUNNINGHAM.

BORN 1776 — DIED 1834.

THOMAS MOUNSEY CUNNINGHAM was born at Culfand, Kirkeudbright, June 25, 1776. He received his education at the village school of Kellieston, not far from Dumfries, and subsequently at the Dumfries Academy. His father's circumstances being much reduced by unfortunate farming speculations, it became needful that Thomas should learn some trade, and he was accordingly apprenticed by his own desire to a mill-wright. It was during intervals of leisure, while acquiring a knowledge of his laborious occupation, that he first composed verses, which, being submitted to his father's notice, were highly praised. In 1797 he obtained employment at Rotherham, near Sheffield, and a few years later entered the establishment of Rennie, the celebrated London engineer. He afterwards became foreman to Mr. Dickson, also an engineer, and superin-

tendent of Fowler's chain-eable manufactory. In 1812 he returned to Rennie's establishment as a clerk, and was ultimately promoted to the position of chief clerk, with a liberal salary. He was much esteemed by his employer, being noted for his regularity and industry.

On leaving his father's house to seek his fortune, Thomas Cunningham had been advised by friends to abjure his poetical proclivities, and he seems for a time to have followed their advice. For a period of nine years nothing appeared from his pen. At length, in 1806, he became a contributor to the *Scots Magazine*, the editor of which was enthusiastic in praising his compositions. James Hogg, also a contributor, took pains to discover the author, and sent him an epistle expressive of his admiration. An intimacy ensued between the poets, which ever after continued, and when the Shepherd planned the *Forest Minstrel* he made application to his friend Cunningham for contributions. No less than twenty-five of the songs contained

¹ The first verse of this lyric was composed by a lady. The poet completed it in Gaelic, and then translated the whole into English.—ED.

in that collection were from the pen of Cunningham. Just as his name was becoming known by his lyrics he took offence at a criticism in the *Scots Magazine*, and for a second time ceased writing for a period of nine years, until discovering one of his songs in a collection entitled the *Nithsdale Minstrel*, he was induced to resume his pen, and wrote a severe poetical castigation of the publishers of the *Minstrel* for their unauthorized appropriation.

On the origin of the *Edinburgh Magazine*, in 1817, he became a contributor, and under the title of the "Literary Legacy," wrote many curious sketches, as well as songs and ballads, for its pages. During his latter years, his brother Allan relates, he unfortunately committed to the flames a poem entitled "Braken

Fell," on which he had bestowed great labour, and which contained a humorous description of the scenes and characters familiar to his early days. Cunningham died of Asiatic cholera October 28th, 1834, in the fifty-eighth year of his age. Some of his productions, like those of other Scottish poets of distinction who published their lyrics anonymously, had the honour of being attributed to Robert Burns. No better evidence of their quality could be adduced. His first and last volume of poems, entitled *Har'st Kirn, and other Poems and Songs*, appeared in 1797. The principal piece, which furnishes the title to the book, was written during the year of its publication, and is descriptive of the fun and frolic of a harvest-home in a farm-house of Scotland.

FAREWELL, YE STREAMS.

Farewell, ye streams, sae dear to me,
My bonny Clonden, Nith, and Dee;
Ye burns that row sae bonnily,
Your siller waves nae mair I'll see.
Yet though frae your green banks I'm driven,
My saul away could ne'er be riven;
For still she lifts her e'en to heaven,
An' sighs to be again wi' thee.

Ye canty bards ayont the Tweed,
Your skins wi' claes o' tartan cleed,
An' lilt along the verdant mead,
Or blythely on your whistles blaw;
An' sing auld Scotia's barns an' ha's,
Her bourtree dykes an' mossy wa's,
Her faulds, her bughts, an' birken shaws,
Whar love an' freedom sweeten a'.

Sing o' her earles tench an' auld,
Her earlines grim that flyte an' scauld,
Her wabsters blythe, an' souters bauld,
Her flocks an' herds sae fair to see.
Sing o' her mountains bleak an' high;
Her fords, whar neighrin' kelpies ply;
Her glens, the haunts o' rural joy;
Her lasses, liltin' o'er the lea.

To you the darling theme belongs,
That frae my heart exulting spangs;
Oh, mind, among your bonnie sangs,
The lads that bled for liberty.
Think on our auld forbears o' yore,
Wha dyed the muir wi' hostile gore;

Wha slavery's bands indignant tore,
An' bravely fell for you an' me.

My gallant brithers, brave an' bauld,
Wha haud the plough or wake the fauld,
Until your dearest bluid rin cauld
Aye true unto your country be.
Wi' daring look her dirk she drew,
An' coost a mither's e'e on you;
Then let na ony spulzie crew
Her dear-bought freedom wrest frae thee.

THE BEGGAR.

Wha's this, bedight in tatter'd claes,
Comes loutin' owre a sturdy rung,
Wi' eloutit wallets fore and aft,
And at his belt a gully hung?
Deep is the glen wi' drifted snaw,
And keen the wind blaws owre the hill:
Ye downa up Borinairoch gang,
The nippin' cauld your bluid will chill.

Come in, an' share the kindly bleeze,
Whare feckless eild his bouk may warm;
Come in, an' share the frien'ly beild,
To shield thee frae the bitter storm.
Ye mauna trow that ilka Scot
Is reft o' pity's holy flame:
Auld neiber, gie's your shiverin' neive,
An' mak' my lanely ha' your hame.

Now, though the scone our Leczy beuk
Was toastit nice as scone cou'd be,

An' though our Crummy's aften roos'd,
 The milk nor scone he doughtna pree;
 But glowr'd, as gin the awsome hour
 Drew near to close his yirthly woe;
 Like some auld aik, before the storm
 Has laid its ancient honours low.

Tell me, auld neiber, where ye wan
 That rusty blade an' honest scar?
 I trow you've been on mony a field,
 Amid the horrid din o' war?
 He couldna speak—a deadly smile
 Play'd on his looks serenely dour!
 An' ere we wist, the vet'ran auld,
 A lifeless corse lay on the floor!

THE HILLS O' GALLOWA'.

Amang the birks, sae blythe an' gay,
 I met my Julia hameward gann;
 The linties chantit on the spray,
 The lammies loupit on the lawn;
 On ilka swaird the hay was mawn,
 The braes wi' gowans buskit bra';
 An' ev'ning's plaid o' gray was thrawn
 Out-owre the hills o' Gallowa'.

Wi' music wild the woodlands rang,
 An' fragrance wing'd along the lea,
 As down we sat the flowers amang,
 Upon the banks o' stately Dec.
 My Julia's arms encircled me,
 An' saftly slade the hours awa',
 Till dawning coost a glimmerin' e'e
 Upon the hills o' Gallowa'.

It isna owsen, sheep, and kye,
 It isna gowd, it isna gear,
 This lifted e'e wad hae, quoth I,
 'The world's drumlie gloom to cheer;
 But gie to me my Julia dear,
 Ye powers wha row this yirthen ba',
 An' oh, sae blythe through life I'll steer
 Amang the hills o' Gallowa'.

Whan gloamin' danders up the hill,
 An' our gudeman ea's hame the yowes,
 Wi' her I'll trace the mossy rill
 That through the muir meand'ring rows;
 Or, tint amang the scroggie knowes,
 My birken pipe I'll sweetly blaw,
 An' sing the streams, the straths, and howes,
 The hills and dales o' Gallowa'.

An' whan auld Scotland's heathy hills,
 Her rural nymphs an' jovial swains,

Her flowery wilds an' wimpling rills,
 Awake nae mair my canty strains;
 Where friendship dwells an' freedom reigns,
 Where heather blooms an' muir-cocks craw,
 Oh, dig my grave, and lay my banes
 Amang the hills o' Gallowa'.

MARY'S GRAVE.

Ye briery fields, where roses blaw!
 Ye flow'ry fells, an' sunny braes!
 Whase scroggie bosoms foster'd a'
 The pleasures o' my youthfu' days.
 Amang your leafy simmer claes,
 And blushin' blooms, the zephyr flies,
 Syn'e wings awa', and wanton plays
 Around the grave whar Mary lies.

Nae mair your bonnie birken bowers,
 Your streamlets fair, and woodlands gay,
 Can cheer the weary winged hours
 As up the glen I joyless stray:
 For a' my hopes ha'e flown away,
 And when they reach'd their native skies,
 Left me, amid the world o' wae,
 To weet the grave whar Mary lies.

It is na beauty's fairest bloom,
 It is na maiden charms consigned
 And hurried to an early tomb,
 That wrings my heart and clouds my mind;
 But sparkling wit, and sense refin'd,
 And spotless truth without disguise,
 Make me with sighs enrich the wind
 That fans the grave whar Mary lies.

THE UNCO GRAVE.

Bonnie Clouden, as ye wander
 Hills, an' haughs, an' muirs amang,
 Ilka knowe an' green meander,
 Learn my sad, my dulefu' sang!
 Braes o' breckan, hills o' heather,
 Howms whare rows the gowden wave:
 Blissful scenes, farewell for ever!
 I maun seek an unco grave.

Sair I pled, though fate, unfriendly,
 Stang'd my heart wi' waes and dules,
 That some faithfu' hand might kindly
 Lay't amang my native mools.
 Cronies dear, wha late an' early
 Aye to soothe my sorrows strave,

Think on ane wha lo'es you dearly,
Doom'd to seek an unco grave.

Torn awa' frae Scotia's mountains,
Far frae a' that's dear to dwell,
Mak's my e'en twa gushin' fountains,
Dings a dirk in my puir saul.
Braes o' breckan, hills o' heather,
Howms whar rows the gowden wave,
Blissful scenes, farewell for ever!
I maun seek an unco grave.

THE BRAES OF BALLAHUN.

Now smiling summer's balmy breeze,
Soft whispering, fans the leafy trees;
The linnets greets the rosy morn,
Sweet in yon fragrant flowery thorn:
The bee hums round the woodbine bower,
Collecting sweets from every flower;
And pure the crystal streamlets run
Among the braes of Ballahun.

Oh, blissful days for ever fled,
When wandering wild, as fancy led,
I ranged the bushy bosom'd glen,
The scroggie shaw, the rugged linn,
And mark'd each blooming hawthorn bush,
Where nestling sat the speckled thrush;
Or, careless roaming, wander'd on
Among the braes of Ballahun.

Why starts the tear, why bursts the sigh,
When hills and dales rebound with joy?
The flowery glen and lily'd lea
In vain display their charms to me.
I joyless roam the heathy waste,
To soothe this sad, this troubled breast;
And seek the haunts of men to shun,
Among the braes of Ballahun.

The virgin blush of lovely youth,
The angel smile of artless truth,
This breast illum'd with heavenly joy,
Which lyart time can ne'er destroy.
Oh, Julia, dear! the parting look,
The sad farewell we sorrowing took,
Still haunt me as I stray alone
Among the braes of Ballahun.

JOHN STRUTHERS.

BORN 1776 — DIED 1853.

JOHN STRUTHERS, the author of "The Poor Man's Sabbath" and other pleasant pictures of Scottish life, was born in the parish of East Kilbride, Lanarkshire, July 18, 1776. He was the son of a country shoemaker, who was too poor to send him to school; and to his excellent mother he was indebted for a knowledge of the elementary branches. Mrs. Baillie, mother of the gifted Joanna, then residing in the vicinity, took an interest in the delicate boy, and often invited him to her house to read to her and her daughters. At the early age of eight he was employed on a farm chiefly as a cow-herd, and when at the expiration of several years he was sent to school, his progress was so rapid that his parents were urged to educate him for the ministry. This, however, they resolved not to do, and the boy, after some further service on a farm, was sent to Glasgow for the purpose of learning his

father's occupation of shoemaker; and this being fully attained, he returned to East Kilbride and was busily employed in his new calling. During these various changes he had also diligently pursued the task of self-education, in which he made himself acquainted with the best writers of the day.

Having removed once more from his native place to Glasgow, which he now made his permanent home, Struthers in 1803 published his poem entitled "Anticipation." The great success of this war ode, issued at the time when the dread of a French invasion was at its height, encouraged him in the year following to publish his principal poetical work, "The Poor Man's Sabbath." It appeared several weeks in advance of Grahame's "Sabbath," a fact which disposes of the charge of plagiarism which was attempted to be brought against it. The poem was well received, and

rapidly passed through several editions, the third, through the instrumentality of Sir Walter Scott and Joanna Baillie, being issued by Archibald Constable of Edinburgh. It made the author well known in Scotland, and obtained for him literary employment, for which he found time while pursuing his vocation of a shoemaker. Lockhart remarks that "it made his name and character known, and thus served him far more essentially; for he wisely continued to cultivate his poetical talents, without neglecting the opportunity thus afforded him through them of pursuing his original calling under better advantages."

Struthers' next poem, which was as favourably received as its predecessor, was intended as a sequel to "The Poor Man's Sabbath," and was entitled "The Peasant's Death." This was followed in 1811 by "The Winter," a poem in irregular measure, and in 1814 by a small volume bearing the title of *Poems, Moral and Religious*. Four years later he published the poem of "The Plough," in the Spenserian stanza. This was succeeded in 1819 by a collection of songs, published in three volumes, with the title of *The Harp of Caledonia*, to which Miss Baillie, Mrs. Anne Hunter, and others contributed original lyrics. Soon after the appearance of this work he obtained employment as a proof-reader in the printing-office of Khull, Blackie, & Co. During his connection with this establishment he assisted in preparing an edition of Wodrow's *History*, and produced a *History of Scotland* from the union to the year 1827, the date of its publication. He was afterwards employed to prepare a third volume, continuing the narrative until after the Disruption, so that it might be a complete history of the Scottish Church; but he died ere it was quite finished.

In the year 1833 he was appointed to the charge of the Stirling's Library in Glasgow, in which situation he remained for fifteen years; and, returning in the serene and yellow leaf of his days to his first love, he resumed his poem entitled "Dychmont," begun in early life, which he completed and published in his sixty-third year. He died suddenly in Glasgow, July 30, 1853. In addition to the works already named, Struthers published, in 1816, a pamphlet on the state of the labouring poor, followed some years later by a brochure in favour of National Church Establishments; contributed memoirs of James Hogg, minister of Carnock, and Principal Robertson to the *Christian Inquirer*, and prepared sketches of deceased worthies for Chambers' *Biographical Dictionary of Eminent Scotsmen*. His poetical works, which appeared at various dates, were republished in 1850, in two volumes, accompanied by an interesting autobiographical sketch. The *Scottish Guardian*, alluding to Struthers and his writings, says: "They are good works, and the works of a good man, who deserves well of his country, and whose name will not soon pass into oblivion." Another authority, the renowned editor of the *Quarterly Review*, in his memoir of Sir Walter, remarks, "It is said that the solitary and meditative generation of cobblers have produced a larger list of murders and other domestic crimes than any other mechanical trade except the butchers; but the sons of Crispin have, to balance their account, a not less disproportionate catalogue of poets; and foremost among these stands the pious author of 'The Poor Man's Sabbath,' one of the very few that have had sense and fortitude to resist the innumerable temptations to which any measure of celebrity exposes persons of their class."

THE POOR MAN'S SABBATH.

Amidst the winds that blustering, hollow howl,
The frosts, that creep cold on the budding spray;
The fires that glare, the clouds that deepening
scowl,

In life's low vale with soul-depressing sway;
Say, Muse, what lights the poor man on his way—
Gives him to drink at cool contentment's
spring—

Sheds on his weary soul a cheering ray—
And bids him soar on Hope's angelic wing?
The Sabbath day divine, the Poor Man's Sabbath
sing.

Hail, holy day! of heav'n the certain pledge,
And pleasing prelibation here below;
'Tis thine the groans of nature to assuage,

And bind with balmy hand her wounds of woe,
Rejoicing in the morn'g's ruddy glow,
The labouring ox, all wet with pearly dew,
The clover'd dale at will traverses slow,
While idly gleams upon the distant view,
Far o'er the fallow field, the glittering soil-worm
plough.

Yea, e'en the simple ass, the daily drudge
Of yonder wandering, houseless, homeless train,
The thistle champs along the common's edge,
And lightsome ease obliterates all his pain.
But chief, in freedom from the weary wain
Exulting, roams at large the bounding steed;
Light floats upon the breeze his flowing mane;
He snorts, he paws, he skins the flow'ry mead—
The Sabbath day to him a day of joy indeed.

His milky charge there too, the farmer feeds,
While yet his family lie reel'd in sleep;
This, on the part of labour, mercy pleads—
Labour, that still an early hour must keep—
And he that would to meditation deep,
Or exercise devout, his mind apply,
Nor blooms of hope, nor fruits of faith will reap,
If drowsy slumbers hang upon his eye,
And nature unrefresh'd pour forth the languid
sigh.

And down the vale where yet unmelted lie
The morning clouds around his humble home,
With careless step, in musing transport high,
Behold the week-worn cottar slowly roam.
On every hand the fragrant flow'rets bloom,
A hymn of joy in every thicket rings—
Earth breathes a grateful off'ring of perfume;
While blithe the lark extends his dewy wings,
And soaring up to heaven, a Heaven-taught sonnet
sings.

All this he ponders o'er with silent joy—
With gratitude and love his heart o'erflows,
Yet grieved to think that still with base alloy
Is mix'd the tribute which his soul bestows.
In rev'rence deep his head he humbly bows,
And lifts to Heav'n a supplicating eye;
Great are his wants, but words their utterance
lose;
Dumb on his tongue his mighty cravings lie,
And burden'd sore, his soul pours forth a broken
sigh.

And sighs are language in th' all-gracious ear
Of Him who sits supreme on Mercy's throne,
Who kindly marks the penitential tear,
And of the broken sp'rit the faintest groan.
The meltings of the heart will he disown?
The heart enraptured with his goodness? No—
A gracious answer to his sigh comes down,
Warm on his soul the streams of mercy flow,
And kindling in his breast, Heav'n's holy ardours
glow.

Now in his love his friends and family share,
Before his God he spreads their every case,
Implores that he would make them all his care,
And fold them ever in his warm embrace;
But chiefly for his little infant race,
As yet unpractised in the world's vile ways,
That, by the influence of his special grace,
Conducted through life's dark and troubl'd
maze,
Their last end may be peace, their whole lives
speak his praise.

Nor end his fervours here—his native land,
Tho' owning not a foot-breadth of her soil,
He prays that in the hollow of God's hand
She still may rest, the lov'd, the lovely isle;
That in her valleys peace may ever smile,
And jubilant the song her mountains raise,
While woods and streams the chorus join the
while,

With active man, to swell the notes of praise,
Till yonder orbs surcease t' admeasure nights
and days.

Untutor'd he, with philosophic ken,
Round the wide limits of the world to sweep,
To mark the manners strange of ruder men,
And, sage-like, tell what mystic rites they keep:
But he has heard that o'er the pathless deep,
Beneath th' unbroken shade of forests brown,
The naked tribes, save that they wildly leap,
Like moody madness to the changing moon,
No blissful day of rest, no sacred service own.

That blind, at superstition's awful shrine,
Others laid prostrate, drench'd in human gore,
The direful fiends of hell, supposed divine,
With fear and awful reverence adore;
While lying flammens, boasting wizard lore,
In vain essay to read their future doom—
The rite abhorr'd, the harsh rhyme mutter'd
o'er,
Cheer not the lonely dwelling of the tomb,
Which trembling doubt invests with horror's
deepest gloom.

And with th' assembly great of the first-born,
Whose names are writ in heaven, in spirit join'd,
He prays that God upon their case forlorn
Would cast a healing look in mercy kind;
And call his gracious covenant to mind,
His promise from the times of old given forth,
That in the bonds of amity combin'd,
Through Him divine, the woman's wond'rous
birth,
Men jubilant shall join, from th' utmost ends of
earth.

But from his little cot a curling cloud
Of smoke ascending, homeward tempts his way,
To bless his family, and to serve his God
In all the sacred duties of the day.

As fanciful let none despise the lay—
Sweet peace in all her forms Devotion brings;
But doubly sweet her animating ray,
When, round the social hearth, Heaven's an-
them rings,
And Hope exulting smiles, and Faith expands
her wings.

The soothing satisfaction who can tell,
Th' emotions dear that warm the father's heart,
As, rising sweet, these strains of Zion swell
Around his little ring, devoid of art?
Perhaps how God beneath oppression's smart
Beholds the poor, and listens to their sighs;
Or, how in wilds and deserts far apart,
To glad the thirsty soul that fainting lies,
He bids the flowerets spring, and bubbling streams
arise.

Or what, when read,—while all attentive hear,
Is some marked portion of the sacred word;
Perhaps in Sinai's thirsty desert drear,
Or Arnon's brooks, the doing of the Lord.
Or how, when Persecution's cruel sword
Awoke in fury, burning to devour,
By Cherith's brook conceal'd, the prophet's
board,
The ravens, mission'd by Almighty power,
With bread and flesh supplied at morn and
evening's hour.

Or, when amidst the drought-consumed soil,
Their empty urns the fainting brooks deplore,
How the poor widow's little cruse of oil
For many a day supplied the unailing store;
Or how the weeping Bard the briny shower
Poured for the children of his people slain,
While low on earth, with ashes covered o'er,
Zion for help stretched forth her hands in vain,
A hissing and a scorn to spiteful foes profane.

Perhaps, when this green earth in morning
prime,
To run its destin'd course had scarce begun,
How righteous Abel fell before his time,
By meekness, faith, and charity undone—
And how the haughty, overbearing one,
Though pitying earth the ruthless deed de-
plor'd,
Harden'd in pride and hate, in daring tone,
Braving the anger of th' Omniscient Lord,
Was driven out from man a vagabond abhor'd.

Or how the peaceful Enoch walked with God,
Amidst a world of wickedness and strife;
And how he was not found in earth's abode,
Caught up immediate to eternal life.
Or how, a comfort when his cares were rife,
And foam'd the curse in wrath's o'er-brimming
horn,
To woe-worn Lamech by his faithful wife,

Noah, amidst the ungodly scoffs and scorn
Of a rejected world, a Preacher bold was born.

Whom, when the day of slighted patience clos'd,
And wrath's dark night arose in starless gloom,
A miracle of mercy interpos'd
To save amidst the all-o'erwhelming doom.
And how, when on a lost world's closing tomb,
Its relic and its orphan poor he stood,
His grateful offering's savoury perfume,
Through precious faith in the Messiah's blood,
Rose with acceptance meet before the throne of
God.

Who on his weakness turn'd a pitying eye,
Resolv'd in such sort never to contend
Again with sinful flesh—but wet and dry,
In measure meet, with heat and cold to send.
And seasons, round the rolling earth to blend
Beauty and grandeur in successive rise;
And day and night, until th' appointed end
Of all within man's visive range that lies,
The garniture of earth, the glory of the skies.

And how he bade him love and multiply,
And fill the earth, yet fair for him outspread,
And rule o'er all that run, creep, swim, or fly;
The rightful owner, and the sovereign head.
And how, lest in his breast a secret dread
Might harbour, and his better thoughts confine,
Of wrath remov'd, and reconilement made,
The glorious symbol, dipp'd in dyes divine,
Bright on the rising cloud he bade the rainbow
shine.

Beneath his oak, in Mamre's fertile vale,
His browsing flocks around him peaceful spread,
Abram they see God's messengers regale,
And hear him warm for Sodom intercede.
Awe-struck they mark that careless city laid.
Full fed upon the wanton lap of ease,
Fast closing o'er her wrath's eternal shade,
Yet hoarse her tumult, rising on the breeze,
Wild as the boreal winds, or tempest-stricken
seas.

Her doom how dread! the gray dawn's placid
beam
Has scarcely still'd the madden'd night's uproar;
Sloth on her pillow grasps the feverish dream.
And gorg'd intemperance begins to snore.
The rising sun glints soft on tree and tower,
And love and joy awakes the woodland choir—
When lo! it bursts one sulphurous flash of
power,
And, in a tempest of eternal fire,
In one dread moment whelm'd the ungodly
race expire.

Unhappy Lot, didst thou not now reflect
Upon thy selfish choice, thy love of gain;
Thy comfort, and thy dutiful respect

For generous Abram sacrific'd in vain,
That rich, well-water'd, ever-verdant plain,
So captivating to thy carnal eye,
With all upon it, swallow'd up amain—
Leaves thee in widow'd solitude to sigh,
The weeping child of woe and cheerless poverty.

Or Isaac meek, come forth at eventide
To meditate at La-hai-roi well,
By fair Rebekah met in maiden pride,
Awakes their pious feeling's gentler swell.
And Jacob, how they lingering love to dwell
On portions of thy strangely-varied tale,
Thy patient toil, thy faith that did excel,
Thy strength with th' angel wrestling to pre-
vail,
Whence came, a prince with God, thy new name
Israel.

Or Pisgah Mount with Moses they ascend,
The distant land of promise to survey;
That goodly land, where hills and valleys blend,
Woods wave, streams glide, and living foun-
tains play.
A land for which God careth every day—
Refreshed with rain and fertilized with dew;
A land whereon his strong right hand for aye
Shall rest conspicuous in creation's view,
Astonishing in grace, in judgment fearful too!

Or of th' Eternal One, a child of days,
All lowly in a humble manger laid;
Or toil-consum'd in life's laborious ways,
A man of sorrows, wanting daily bread;
Nor having where to lay his aching head
In his own world—by his own chosen race,
His love with heartless apathy repaid,
His office power malign'd, and, to his face,
Charg'd with demoniac aid his highest acts of
grace.

Or, through the frail humanity he wore,
How brightly to the eye of faith it shone,
Although at times with more or less of power,
The glory of th' alone begotten Son.
Image express of him th' unseen One,
He made his pathway the wide weltering wave;
He spoke—the winds were still, disease was
gone,
And, yielding up its charge, th' oblivious grave
Proclaim'd him Lord of all, omnipotent to save.

Perhaps they read, while rapture-speaking
tears
Like dew-drops o'er their sun-burnt faces stray,
How freed from all his woes and all his fears,
Death's bands he burst upon this hallow'd day:
And gracious, as his friends pursu'd their way
Towards Emmaus, their faith and hope nigh
gone,
Reviv'd their spirits with a rich display

From his own word how all that had been done
Must needs have met on him, as from the first
foreshown.

Foreshown in Eden by the bruised heel
The woman's seed was destin'd to sustain;
And by his faith's accepted sign and seal,
Good Abel's firstlings for an off'ring slain—
And by the door-posts sprinkled, not in vain,
With blood, when vengeance Egypt's first-born
slew;—
And by the serpent, rear'd on Petra's plain
By Moses, in the congregation's view,
On which when bit they look'd, and looking liv'd
anew.

In David, from the haunts of man exil'd,
Pursu'd by Saul, and that vile Edomite,
Doeg, God's priests who unrelenting kill'd,
Fourscore and five men in his causeless spite;—
And by the prophets, in the sacred light
Of inspiration rising strong and clear,
Who hail'd the prospect with intense delight,
And, humbly searching, as the time drew near,
To Daniel 'twas vouchsaf'd to tell th' auspicious
year.

Then on their knees with fervour deep they pour
Out all their hearts into his gracious ear,
Who, having prov'd temptation's evil hour,
Feels all the sorrows of his people here.
And o'er their sinful lives, their wanderings
drear
From that which all their better thoughts
approve,
They deep lament, with many a bitter tear,
Imploring, all his other gifts above,
An increase to their faith, their charity, and love.

But not to mourning nor requests alone
Confin'd—their grateful adorations rise
For countless mercies daily to them shown,
For life and all its bountiful supplies;
For all those tender and endearing ties
That link them in affection's golden chain—
For hope, that anchoring far above the skies,
Gives them the soul's calm sunshine to maintain,
Though daily prest with toil, with poverty and
pain.

And humbled to the dust, they ardent pray
His promis'd Spirit still to be their guide,
Amidst the snares in life's bewildering way,
That, watchful, lurk unseen on every side.
And in their lot, whatever may betide,
The sunny calm, or tempest howling high,
He in the cloudy-skirted storm may ride,
And whisper soft, as fainting low they lie,
“My friends, be not afraid, for see, behold, 'tis I!”

The humble meal is now in haste brought forth,
No dainties smile upon their humble board,

One homely dish each morn rewards their
worth,
Tis all they ask, and all they can afford.
Yet still, within their frugal pantry stor'd,
A savoury cheese remains, to grace the day
Of holy rest and joy, when Care abhorr'd,
Wrapt in his cloud of darkness, shrinks away
Before the radiant rise of Hope's high-streaming
ray.

Then forth they go, for now before the door
The short'ning shadow marks the hour of nine;
And by the broomy hill are coming o'er
Their village neighbours, glittering, clean, and
fine.

Upon the road with neighbours neighbours join,
And converse sweet beguiles the tedious way—
Some trace in Nature's works the hand divine,
Some through the flowery fields of Scripture
stray,
And some, alas! retail the nonsense of the day.

The sun burns bright—wide through the fervid
air,
Of insect wings the hum unceasing flows;
And stretch'd around, beneath th' oppressive
glare,
The flowery field with dazzling splendour glows.
Adown the vale, beneath the shady boughs,
The herd seeks shelter from the sultry beam,
Or under yon tall rock, that, rising, throws
All hoary through the trees a dusky gleam,
Their panting sides they lave deep in the silver
stream.

The peaceful valley smiles; with wanton glee
The hare leaps playful in the broomy shade;
And clear the wild-wood strains of liberty,
All rapt'rous, sweep along the sunny glade.
With eyes of jet, and swelling bosom red,
The little robin, flutt'ring, flits on high;
The russet wren, beneath the brushwood hid,
Patters unseen, or on the careless eye
Comes like a falling leaf in air light wavering by.

Sweet Nature's children! these your haunts
enjoy,
Nor yet for me one sportive round decline;
No ruffian I, your pleasures to destroy;
No, brethren, no! the God ye praise is mine.
But ah! what bands approach with fell design!
Their faces dark, with guilty horror brown;
Nor song nor service is to them divine.
Nor holy times, nor tender ties they own,
The base, degenerate dregs of yonder smoky town.

Within their bosoms quenched the light of
Heaven,
In vain would Pity cross their guilty way;
The harmless creatures fly, in terror driven,
As dark they sweep along with ruthless sway.
The warbling linnet drops the unfinish'd lay,

Frantic to see her little nestlings torn
For ever from her eyes:— full many a day,
With feathers ragged, drooping, all forlorn,
Her plaintive note shall flow from yonder milk-
white thorn.

Nor there will wanton cruelty in peace
Her woe-fraght strains allow her time to pour;
Crashes the bush, wide floats its flowery fleece,
As, aimed at her, resounds the stony shower:—
Thus oft the bard in silence must endure
The prideful pelting of the ruffian throng,
Who spurn his holy flame, his feelings pure.
And arm'd in self-adoring maxims, strong,
Despise the charms of wit and energies of song.

Ye reckless ones, why will ye scatter pain,
And carry wailing into scenes so fair?
Let nature plead, the barbarous act refrain,
The toil-built nest, the little nestlings spare.
The flood of song shall well reward your care,
While glide the life-renewing months of spring;
Through summer leafy many a grateful pair
Shall cheer your lonely walks with social wing;
Yea there, through winter wild, the redbreast
sweet shall sing.

But now at length in view the church appears,
An ancient pile, with moss-grown turrets gray,
The venerable work of other years,
Which Time's swift lapse hath placed far away.
There oft the sons, to prayer on such a day,
In troublous times, the fathers fond have led,
Who, peaceful now, beneath the silent clay,
Lie with the congregation of the dead,
Their feet for aye from toil, their eyes from
sorrow hid.

How solemn to the eye the scene appears!
The yew—the porch, with pale Death's em-
blems crown'd,
And sable-railed, bedecked with pompous tears,
The rich men's tombs, that gloomy rise around;
Of some the smooth-hewn slab marks out the
bound,
Preserving still the poor possessor's name,
Perhaps his years; while level with the ground
Many, by friendship mourned, unknown to fame,
Beneath the grass-green sod no frail memorial
claim.

Here, wrapt in thought, the poor man wanders
wild,
And dark the days of other years return;
For underneath that turf his darling child,
His first-born son, lies in the mould'ring urn.
He heaves a sigh, his heart begins to burn
The rough gray stone still marks his fav'rite's
head;
And o'er him, bateous in the breath of morn,
To all her children, Nature's bounteous meal,
With scarlet gaily tipt, the lowly daisies spread.

"Child of my love, confess'd before my eye
Thou standest, fair in all thy blooming grace;
Wild on the wind thy sunny ringlets fly,
And dawning goodness brightens on thy face.
I see, I see thee in the sportive race,
Lur'd by the bright son of the summer beam;
I see thee, panting, drop the fruitless chase—
For, glittering, far adown the silver stream,
He floats on air away, as fades the nightly dream.

"So fadest thou! for never sportive more,
Bloated and black, upon thy bed of pain
I see thee laid: thy short, short span is o'er—
A mournful proof that earth-born hopes are
vain.
Yet let me never pour the tear profane—
Well hast thou 'scap'd a wicked world of woe;
The spurn of pride—Misfortune's driving rain,
And creeping chill, the baleful blast of snow,
From poverty's cold sky, hath never laid thee low.

"Thou hast not heard the child of deep distress
In bitterness pour forth the anguish'd groan;
Thou hast not seen, and yet couldst not redress
Poor Misery, pining, friendless and alone.
Nor was it thine in sorrow to bemoan
A wandering childhood and a wanton youth—
Ere sin had gathered strength, lo, thou wast
gone!
Devotion's first note trembling in thy mouth,
Raptures for aye to drink before the throne of
truth."

While thus he meditative pours the tear
Of pious resignation o'er his dead,
The rising psalm it swells upon his ear,
A psalm that made Israel's sweet singer glad:
Because to dwell in Hades' dismal bed
His soul would not be left, he felt secure;
His flesh, besides, to rest in hope was made,
A joyful hope, even in death's darksome hour,
Plac'd far beyond the reach of foul corruption's
power.

Perhaps the song is of creative might,
How this huge mass in shapeless darkness rose,
And God said, Let light be! and there was light,
Till misty evening made the first day's close.
For thus, in wisdom infinite, He chose
To mark creation's age, the march of time,
While yet with life no creature living glows,
But over all the wide and watery elime,
Vast, on the shoreless sea, sat solitude sublime.

Once more he said, and from the womb of earth,
Minute and vast, most wondrously combined,
The bestial tribes, exulting, bounded forth,
Each fully grown and perfect in its kind.
But still there wanted, in the Almighty mind,
Th' extreme of power and wisdom shown in one,
Matter with spirit, soul with body join'd,

A somewhat to complete th' eternal plan—
Come let us make, he said, and the result was
Man!

Man, fram'd of dust, but by Jehovah's hand
Compounded, and thy soul a breath divine,
Such as the love of angels to command,
How high and holy was that place of thine!
Thou wast of this magnificent design,
That in the bosom of the Triune God
Lay forming from an unbeginning line,—
The consummation. Now he pausing stood,
Revised the glorious whole, and all was very good!

He rested and refreshed beheld, well pleased,
His own Eternal Godhead thus displayed;
And now, his vast idea realized,
He ceased from making all that he had made.
And let the day be holiness, he said,
A weekly witness how the world began—
A bulwark to religion—reason's aid,
What time creation's dawn she aims to scan,
A blest seventh day's release to labour-laden man.

Or mediately they sing, by laws imprest
On nature, how he worketh out his will;
Each element, beneath his high behest,
Awake and active, or inert and still.
And how for promised good or threatened ill,
The ready means in order ranked they stand—
The rain, the dew, the air have powers to kill;
Death points the sunbeam, and if he command,
A breath, a worm, a fly shall waste the wealthiest
land.

Or, if need be, with all his world of waves,
The sea upon the sinful land shall rise;
The solid earth shall gape with open graves
Before Rebellion's fury-flashing eyes.
From its broad base o'erturn'd the mountain
lies,
Deep burying every monument of man,
Or shoots an arch of fire o'er half the skies,
That terror blanch'd through all their signs
look wan,
While rueful ruin smokes beneath its awful span.

Or, sweeter, and with holier ecstasy,
They sing how glorious all his name above
Expands his mercy's vast infinity,
The boundless riches of redeeming love!
The flood of joy which all his creatures prove
In instincts, passions, habits, feelings fine,
When peaceful, each in course, the seasons
move,
And, all exultant in their breath divine,
The vales flow out with milk, the hills with oil
and wine.

Or, how they joy, in meek humility,
Once more to stand within the house of God,

Where flows the stream of life, out-welling free,
 And He himself delights to make abide—
 Gracious, from him, worn out in life's rough
 road,
 His hope, it may be, ready to expire,
 To lift, insensibly, the galling load,
 Rewaken faith, draw out the strong desire,
 Till like a furnace glows his soul with heavenly
 fire.

Then rising all, the minister to heaven,
 In suppliant mood, lifts up his hands on high,
 Rich with the light six thousand years have
 given,
 The fire of genius brightens in his eye:
 But on his brow sits meek humility,
 With ardent love and awful reverence join'd,
 In sight of Him who, bending from the sky,
 Regards the contrite heart with aspect kind,
 But spurns, with loathing deep, the self-elated
 mind.

With him their souls in adoration rise,
 Through him their deep contrition they express
 For countless follies, grave iniquities,
 Abused mercy, and neglected grace.
 For churlish discontent and thanklessness
 Beneath the joy which every day renews;
 For obstinate and heartless pride of face,
 Through which th' obedient shoulder they
 refuse,
 Though law, and light, and love have left them
 no excuse.

But while the power and prevalence of sin
 With tears of genuine sorrow they bemoan,
 They think of Him their advocate, within
 The highest heaven, a priest upon his throne,
 Which by obedience to the death he won,
 With power o'er all existences conjoin'd,
 Eternal life to give to every one,
 Who, in the purpose of th' All-seeing Mind,
 For that vocation high was to his care consign'd.

And now, that he would graciously shed down
 His Spirit on their souls, they humbly plead,
 That so the word, from faith to faith made
 known,
 May prove to them the true life-giving bread.
 That, the great Shepherd, he would stand and
 feed
 This day in all the majesty of God,
 Administering, to all who sow, the seed,
 Breathing of grace the fructifying cloud,
 And waking warm to blow the south wind soft
 abroad.

And as he stills the forest-rending wind,
 Of seas, and all their waves the wild uproar,
 So speak conviction to the sinner's mind,
 And bid corruption rage and rule no more:
 And on the soul, in grief afflicted sore,

Temptation toss'd, in darkness all forlorn,
 The healing balm of consolation pour,
 While rises bright, his pathway to adorn,
 Heaven-breathing hope, arrayed in all the hues
 of morn.

Prayer ended—now the Scripture page is read
 And brief expounded to the simple hind:
 How, by the serpent's guileful speech betray'd,
 Our first grand parents from the truth declined,
 By one rash act themselves, yea all their kind,
 To sorrow, toil, and death delivering o'er,
 Hence wide o'er earth diffused the hateful
 mind,—
 Hence groans the forest track'd with living
 gore,
 And war with baleful breath has blasted every
 shore.

Hence wrathful ruin sweeps the troubled sky,
 Or slumbers in the congregating clouds,
 Or in the depths of earth, from every eye
 Conceal'd, the fell resolve in silence broods,—
 In cheerless gloom the face of day she shrouds,
 Her breath is thunder, or with frost burns froze,
 Beneath her feet the trembling earth explodes
 With direful crash, prelude to the hour
 When wrapt in flame the world shall sink beneath
 her power.

The love of God this painful theme relieves,—
 A love which doth all knowledge far transcend,
 Which yet the babe in knowledge, who believes,
 In some degree is taught to comprehend:
 Whence came the lowly one, the poor man's
 friend,
 And from his lips snatch'd wrath's red cup of
 gall,
 Which drinking, he had labour'd without end,
 In direful din shut up stern justice' thrall,
 Debarr'd the light of hope or soothing mercy's
 call.

But he, though frowning Death stood inter-
 posed,
 At one full draught the dregs unshrinking
 wrung,
 While round him fierce, in fiery phalanx, closed
 Princedoms and powers, rulers of darkness
 strong;
 Who saw him laid the long-lost dead among,
 And number'd him with malefactors vile,
 Presuming to have marr'd for aye the song,
 Through life that soothed the mourner's weary
 toil,
 And even in death's dread hour gave him the
 victor's smile.

Presumption vain!—although the insatiate tomb
 Was closed upon him with the seal of power,
 And men of war, the invincibles of Rome,
 Set sentinels to make his prison sure.

God's angel, as it came the appointed hour,
Another watcher, clothed in flame, descends,
Rolls back, and sits upon the huge stone door;—
Blood-erudling fear each soldier's breath sus-
pends,

While earth's foundations deep the heaving
earth-quake rends.

And Jesus, self-reviving, takes again
That life for man he in his love laid down,
Up with him, too, he brings a glorious train,
First-fruits to gem his mediatorial crown;
And trophies of eternal victory, won
On that dark shore wash'd by oblivion's wave—
Sure pledges that he holds them for his own,
The keys of death and of the dismal grave,
Omnipotent, alike or to condemn or save.

Now, having died once, he dies no more,
But sits a Priest and King upon his throne;
The head of principality and power
Throughout all worlds supreme, th' Anointed
One.

Because he made himself man's feeble son,
Heir to his grief, his penury, and pain,
He, by the high decree, and he alone,
With office power is vested, to sustain
Wrath's adamantine bars, and mercy's golden
chain.

In faith of this, sublime the Sabbath song
The ancient church raised to the Righteous One,
Which now far lands and distant isles prolong,
And ever shall, till time's last sands are run.
And, when on earth the work of God is done,
And tears, and sighs, with sin have fled away,
The same glad notes shall rise before the throne,
No voice discordant, and no heart astray,
Still new, and still the same, through glory's end-
less day.

Stranger to this consolatory theme,
Beware the atheist's hiss, the sceptic's sneer;
Here, plain to all, as with a sunbright beam,
A future judgment-day is written clear.
Yes, as he went, again he shall appear,
With clouds and darkness round about his
throne;

His voice shall yet resound in every ear
That lives, or e'er hath liv'd the earth upon;
To him each knee shall bow, him every tongue
shall own.

Once, deem'd the meanest of the mean, he stood
At Caiaphas' and Herod's partial bar;
Was spit on by a base and brutal crowd,
And set at naught by ruffian men of war;
Nor did that truckling Roman, Pilate, dare,
Though awe-struck with his spotless innocence,
Aught better for his safety to prepare,
Than rods and scourging, on the vile pretence,
In sordid minds, by wrong, t' awaken moral sense.

Then he was in the greatness of his strength,
Humiliation's dreary vale within,
Wrath's ample winepress treading out at length,
Beneath the burden of his people's sin.
Now he is come, in majesty, to win
The full reward of all his travail sore,
A new career of glory to begin—
Glory with God the Father, kept in store
Unseen, yea, unconceived in earth or heaven
before.

Now it shines out, that glory all his own,
Ere time his silent course began to run—
That glory to the world's wise ones unknown,
Th' eternal glory of th' Eternal Son.
Nor comes he glorious as the sun alone,
With that of the Eternal Father seal'd,
But glorious as the Economic One,
By whom, in every age, have been reveal'd
The counsels high of Heaven, and in him all ful-
fill'd.

Think thou, his grace who dares to despise,
How thou wilt meet him on this day of ire,
When conscience, with demoniac strength,
shall rise
To dash thy soul with accusations dire?
Creation burns immense, one sea of fire,
Worlds—suns, and stars, and systems are no
more:
Where wilt thou fly? how will thy dreams
expire,
Cast out thy boundless folly to deplore,
Where death's dark waters lave despair's still
darker shore.

For thee in vain new heavens and earth arise,
The abodes of peace, of love, and holiness;
This found no favour in thy blinded eyes,
And these of course thou never canst possess.
Ah! yet bethink thee, while, with peaceful voice,
He stands, th' atoning High Priest, full in view;
His precious blood, his sanctifying grace
Proffering to all, with admonition due
To faith, repentance, love, and prompt obedience
new..

The preacher thus, with that impressive air
Subjects so awfully sublime require,
Adjures his audience all, with many a tear,
To 'scape the vengeance of eternal fire;
To rest on God, who is the warm desire
Of those that fear him, faithful to fulfil:
Who oft to rapture tunes the mourner's lyre,
Even when the rain of sorrow, falling chill,
Hath drench'd the flowers of hope, that bloom
on Faith's green hill.

The sermon closed, again in prayer they join,
Prayer not prefer'd for sordid, selfish ends,
But, drinking at the fount of love divine,

Wide as the world their soul's warm wish
extends.

And sweet the grand prophetic song ascends—
"Mercy is built for ever firm and sure;"

On God her strong stability depends,
And still her seel, brought forth refined and
pure,

Shall, as the sun in heaven, from age to age
endure.

Now westward driving far, with prone career,
The red-hair'd sun rolls on his fiery road;
Gay, golden hues the green-topp'd mountains
wear,

And deeper shades invest the waving wood.
When clos'd the sacred work, they come abroad,
Devoutly rais'd to holy rapture some:

Some pond'ring dark the fix'd decrees of God,
His awful wrath, the sinner's final doom,
With all the shadowy shapes that frown behind
the tomb.

From church return'd, our simple cotter see,
His babes around him innocently smile;
His spouse, with looks of kind complacency,
Hastes to present again the frugal meal.
And as they eat, what text was read he'll tell;
What doctrines thence deduc'd, what sins re-
prov'd,

What motives given to cherish holy zeal,
What views to faith of Him, her best belov'd,
By whom upheld, she stands in fiery storms
unmov'd.

To him, their guide, they lend a willing ear,
While he at large instructs them as he can,
The path of truth to tread, their God to fear,
And thus fulfil the great design of man.

Nor sneer, ye sages—though unfit to scan
Your systems jarring, intricate, and wild;
Some previous outlines of salvation's glory,
How man far, far from happiness exil'd,
By grace may be restor'd, he yet can teach his
child.

Nor can the simplest here be at a loss,
Thanks to our great forefathers' pious care,
Who, shunning doctrines ernde, and customs
gross,

Built up our church compact, a fabric fair;
With formularies rich beyond compare,
In all the elements of truth divine,
Especially the Shorter Compend, where,
Concise and neat, in each perspicuous line,
Great thoughts with simplest words felicitously
join.

Rang'd in due order, there the little ones—
A sight which seraphs stoop from heaven to see—
Each in its gravest mood and firmest tone
The ruming question answers full and free.
Even he, the infant on his mother's knee,

A lisping lamiter of feeble frame,
Distinguish'd as his elders, too, must be,
To speak the Spirit's grace, the Saviour's fame,
Although 'tis but by halves he can pronounce
the name.

And one whose life seems drawing near the
grave,

Darken'd her day, her nights with pain oppress,
She too her cus om'd place and say must have,
Leaning her head upon a sister's breast.
A psalm, too, she has got as well's the rest.
Though ears do now the want of eyes supply—
"How truly every humble soul is blest
Who can by faith on Jacob's God rely,
Who made and peopl'd earth, the sea, and heaven
high.

"Who giveth, gracious, to the blind their sight,
And leads them by a way they do not know;
The bowed down doth make to walk upright,
And the pale cheek with roseate health to glow.
In whom compassions never ceasing flow,
And mercy reigns an attribute supreme,
Long-suffering, to aught like anger slow,
And bounteous in the trying hour extreme,
From all iniquity his Israel to redeem."

Thus from the mouth of babes the song of praise
Ascends to heaven, at eve or dewy morn:
Hence honest honour, with unborrow'd rays,
In humble life the meanest may adorn.
Yes, oft the hind, thus taught, can laugh to
scorn

The varnish'd vices of the vulgar great,
And, on the wings of faith and reason borne,
Above the mists that cloud his mean estate,
Turn them to blessings rare the rigours of his fate.

Parental teaching clos'd with family prayer,
Each seeks, for soft repose, the peaceful bed:
The sire except, who, by the evening fair,
To muse along the greenwood side is led.
The setting sun, in robes of crimson red
And purple gorgeous, clothes the glowing west;
While sober eve, in misty mantle clad,
One bright star lovely beaming on her breast,
With feet all bathed in dew, comes slowly from
the east.

Now clos'd, the daisy droops its dewy head.—
Hush'd are the woods, the breathing fields are
still,

And soft beneath the meadow's flowery pride
Creeps gurgling on its way the mossy rill.
Sublimely solemn rolls the mingling swell,
At times with many a mournful pause between,
Of streams rude, rushing down the sounding
dell,

Re-echo'd wide from distant wilds unseen,
And lambs that softly bleat far o'er the flowery
green.

Fast follows on the cloud of night's dark noon,
 And bright the fires of heaven begin to blaze;
 While o'er the misty mountain's head the moon
 Pours, in a streaming flood, her silver rays.
 White on the pool her radiance, flickering, plays
 Where shadows, faintly glimmering, shadows
 mar;

And clear the cottage window, to the gaze
 Of solitary wanderer, gleaming far
 Up yonder green hill side, appears a glittering
 star.

Our poor man here, in converse with the sky,
 Lone o'er the uplands holds his wandering way;
 His bosom swells, he heaves the frequent sigh,
 And tears start sudden ere he well knows why.
 'Tis nature stirs him—verging to decay,
 Through all her works, she pours the weary
 groan;

Even now by faith he hails th' eventful day—
 He hears the trump of God—the great white
 throne

Is rais'd—creation melts—lo, heaven and earth
 are gone!

“And thou, my soul!” he cries; “shalt thou
 survive,

When quenched in years these living fires shall
 fade?”

Yes, in immortal vigour thou shalt live,
 And soar and sing when every star is fled.
 For so hath God—God, thy Redeemer, said:
 A higher song than seraph's shall be thine;
 Yea, though in mould'ring clay this flesh be
 laid,

These very lips, with energy divine,
 Heaven's high-resounding harp in holy hymns
 shall join.

“To God for ever let thy song ascend,
 Though stormy howlings sweep thy rugged
 path;

Though weeping woe thy straiten'd steps attend,
 And sin thy green leaves soil with burning
 breath;

There yet remains a rest reveal'd to faith,
 A rest from sin and all its dire distress;
 A Sabbath sweet, beyond the realm of death,
 Bright with the beams of God's all-gracious face,

The gift of sovereign love, the rich reward of
 grace.”

Sooth'd with this sweet idea, he retires,
 His brow serene with calm contentment's smile,
 To rest, till ruddy morning's glowing fires
 Again awake him to his weekly toil.

Fountain of Good! grant me to keep, the while
 My span extends, thy Sabbaths thus away;
 My reason clear, my spirit free from guile:
 And of thy light still shed a purer ray,
 Till glory's sun arise in bright refulgent day!

THE SICK CHILD.

I pass'd the cot but yesterday,
 'Twas neat and clean, its inmates gay,
 All pleas'd and pleasing, void of guile,
 Pursuing sport or healthful toil.

To-day the skies are far more bright,
 The woods pour forth more wild delight,
 The air seems all one living hum,
 And every leaflet breathes perfume.

Then why is silence in the cot,
 Its wonted industry forgot,
 The fire untrimmed, the floor unred,
 The chairs with clothes and dishes spread,
 While, all in woeful dishabille,
 Across the floor the children steal?
 Alas! these smothered groans! these sighs!
 Sick, sick the little darling lies;
 The mother, while its moan ascends,
 Pale, o'er the cradle, weeping bends;
 And, all absorbed in speechless woe,
 The father round it paces slow.
 Behind them close, with clasped hands,
 The kindly village matron stands,
 Bethinking what she shall direct;
 For all night long, without effect,
 Her patient care has been applied,
 And all her various simples tried,
 And glad were she could that be found
 Would bring the baby safely round.

Meanwhile, the little innocent,
 To deeper moans gives ampler vent,
 Lifts up its meek but burden'd eye,
 As if to say, “Let me but die,
 For me your cares, your toils give o'er,
 To die in peace, I ask no more.”

But who is there with aspect kind,
 Where faith, and hope, and love are joined,
 And pity sweet? The man of God,
 Who soothes, exhorts, in mildest mood,
 And to the pressure of the case
 Applies the promises of grace—
 Then lifts his pleading voice and eye
 To Him enthron'd above the sky,
 Who, compass'd once with pains and fears,
 Utter'd strong cries, wept bitter tears—
 Whence still the sympathetic glow
 He feels for all his people's woe—
 For health restored, and length of days,
 To the sweet babe he humbly prays;
 But 'specially that he may prove
 An heir of faith, a child of love;
 That, when withdrawn from mortal eyes,

May bloom immortal in the skies;
 And for the downcast parent pair,
 Beneath this load of grief and care
 That grace divine may bear them up,
 And sweeten even this bitter cup,
 Which turns to gall their present hopes,
 With consolation's cordial drops.
 He pauses—now the struggle's done,

His span is closed—his race is run:
 No—yet he quivers—ah! that thrill!
 That wistful look—ah! now how still!

But yesterday the cot was gay,
 With smiling virtue's seraph train!
 There sorrow dwells with death to-day,
 When shall the cot be gay again?

RICHARD GALL.

BORN 1776—DIED 1801.

RICHARD GALL, the friend of Robert Burns and Hector Maeneill, was born at Linkhouse, near Dunbar, in December, 1776. His father, being in poor circumstances, could give his son but a limited education in a school at Haddington, and at the age of eleven Richard was apprenticed to a relative who was a builder and house carpenter. During his apprenticeship he took lessons from a private teacher, and courted the Muses with sufficient success to attract the notice of Burns and Maeneill, with the former of whom he maintained a correspondence. The drudgery of heavy manual labour proving uncongenial, the apprentice suddenly disappeared, and proceeding to Edinburgh, obtained employment with David Ramsay, of the *Edinburgh Evening Courant*. Poor Gall's career was very brief: an abscess in the breast, which medical skill failed to subdue, caused his death after a lingering illness, May 10th, 1801, at the early age of twenty-five. He was a member of a Highland

volunteer regiment; and his remains were accompanied to the Calton burial-ground by his fellow-volunteers, and there interred with military honours.

Richard Gall was possessed of a lively fancy and warm temperament, and gave great promise of occupying an honourable position in the first rank of Scottish poets. Thomas Campbell, whose friendship he enjoyed, had a very high opinion of his poetic talents. His love of poetry was a leading characteristic of the man, and it is related that during his last illness he inscribed verses with a pencil when he was no longer able to use a pen. His songs became very popular, but were not published in a collected form until 1819, when a selection of his writings was issued in one small volume, with a memoir from the pen of Alexander Balfour. Two of Gall's songs—"The bonny blink o' Mary's e'e" and "Farewell to Ayrshire," the latter being included in Currie's edition—were at one time attributed to Burns.

THE BRAES O' DRUMLEE.

Ere eild wi' his blatters had warsled me down,
 Or reft me o' life's youthfu' bloom,
 How aft hae I gane, wi' a heart louping light,
 To the knowes yellow tappit wi' broom!
 How aft hae I sat i' the bield o' the knowe,
 While the laverock mounted sae hie,
 An' the mavis sang sweet in the plantings
 around.
 On the bonnie green braes o' Drumlee.

But, ah! while we daff in the sunshine o' youth,
 We see na the blasts that destroy;
 We count na upon the fell waes that may come,
 An' eithy o'ereloud a' our joy.
 I saw na the fause face that fortune can wear,
 Till forced from my country to flee:
 Wi' a heart like to burst, while I sobbed "Fare-
 well,
 To the bonnie green braes o' Drumlee!"

“Farewell, ye dear haunts o’ the days o’ my youth,

Ye woods and ye valleys sae fair;
Ye’ll bloom when I wander abroad like a ghaist,
Sair midder’d wi’ sorrow an’ care.

Ye woods an’ ye valleys, I part wi’ a sigh,
While the flood gushes down frae my e’e;
For never again shall the tear weet my cheek
On the bonnie green braes o’ Drumlee.

“O Time, could I tether your hours for a wee!
Na, na, for they flit like the wind!”

Sae I took my departure, an’ saunter’d awa’,
Yet aften look’d wistfu’ behind,
Oh! sair is the heart of the mither to twin
Wi’ the baby that sits on her knee;
But sairer the pang when I took a last peep
O’ the bonnie green braes o’ Drumlee.

I hefit ’mang strangers years thretty an’ twa,
But naething could banish my care;
An’ aften I sigh’d when I thought on the past,
Whar a’ was sae pleasant an’ fair.
But now, wae’s my heart! whan I’m lyart an’ auld,
An’ fu’ lint-white my haffet locks flee,
I’m hamewards return’d wi’ a remnant o’ life
To the bonnie green braes o’ Drumlee.

Poor body! bewilder’d, I scarcely do ken
The haunts that were dear ane to me;
I yirded a plant in the days o’ my youth,
An’ the mavis now sings on the tree.
But, haith! there’s nae scenes I wad niffer wi’
thae;
For it fills my fond heart fu’ o’ glee,
To think how at last my auld banes they will rest
Near the bonnie green braes o’ Drumlee.

MY ONLY JO AND DEARIE, O.¹

Thy cheek is o’ the rose’s hue,
My only jo and dearie, O;
Thy neck is o’ the siller dew
U’pon the bank sae brierie, O.
Thy teeth are o’ the ivory;
O sweet’s the twinkle o’ thine ee;
Nae joy, nae pleasure blinks on me,
My only jo and dearie, O.

The birdie sings upon the thorn
Its sang o’ joy fu’ cheerie, O,

¹ I remember when this song was exceedingly popular; its sweetness and ease, rather than its originality and vigour, might be the cause of its success. The third verse contains a very beautiful picture of early attachment—a sunny bank, and some sweet, soft school-girl, will appear to many a fancy when these lines are sung—*Allan Cunningham*.

Rejoicing in the simmer morn,
Nae care to mak’ it eerie, O;
Ah! little kens the sangster sweet
Aught o’ the care I ha’e to meet,
That gars my restless bosom beat,
My only jo and dearie, O.

When we were bairnies on yon brae,
And youth was blinkin’ bonnie, O,
Aft we wad daff the lee-lang day,
Our joys fu’ sweet and monie, O.
Aft I wad chase thee o’er the lee,
And round about the thorny tree;
Or pu’ the wild flowers a’ for thee,
My only jo and dearie, O.

I ha’e a wish I canna tine,
’Mang a’ the cares that grieve me, O,
A wish that thou wert ever mine,
And never mair to leave me, O;
Then I would dawt thee night and day,
Nae ither worldly care I’d hae,
Till life’s warm stream forgat to play,
My only jo and dearie, O.

ON THE DEATH OF BURNS.

There’s wae’fu’ news in yon town,
As e’er the world heard ava;
There’s dolefu’ news in yon town,
For Robbie’s gane an’ left them a’.

How blythe it was to see his face
Come keeking by the hallan wa’!
He ne’er was sweir to say the grace,
But now he’s gane an’ left them a’.

He was the lad wha made them glad,
Whenever he the reed did blaw;
The lasses there may drap a tear,
Their funny friend is now awa’.

Nae daffin now in yon town;
The browster-wife gets leave to draw
An’ drink hersel’, in yon town,
Sin’ Robbie gaed and left them a’.

The lawin’s canny counted now,
The bell that tinkled ne’er will draw,
The king will never get his due,
Sin’ Robbie gaed and left them a’.

The squads o’ chieft that lo’ed a splore
On winter e’enings, never ea’;
Their blythesome moments a’ are o’er
Sin’ Robbie’s gane an’ left them a’.

Frac a' the een in yon town
 I see the tears o' sorrow fa',
 An' weel they may in yon town,
 Nae canty sang they hear ava.

Their e'ening sky begins to lour,
 The murky clouds thegither draw;
 'Twas but a blink afore a shower,
 Ere Robbie gaed and left them a'.

The landwart hizzy winna speak;
 Ye'll see her sitting like a eraw
 Among the reek, while rattons squeak—
 Her dawtit bard is now awa'.

But could I lay my hand upon
 His whistle, keenly wad I blaw,
 An' screw about the auld drone,
 An' lilt a lightsome spring or twa.

If it were sweetest aye whan wat,
 Then wad I ripe my pouch an' draw,
 An' steep it weel among the mant,
 As lang's I'd saxpence at my ca'.

For world's gear I dinna care,
 My stock o' that is unco sma'.
 Come, friend, we'll pree the barley-brce
 To his braid fame that's now awa'.

FAREWELL TO AYRSHIRE.

Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,
 Scenes that former thoughts renew;
 Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,
 Now a sad and last adieu!

Bonny Doon, sae sweet at Gloamin',
 Fare-thee-weel before I gang;
 Bonny Doon, where, early roamin',
 First I weaved the rustic sang.

Bowers, adieu! where, love decoying,
 First enthral'd this heart o' mine;
 There the saftest sweets enjoying,
 Sweets that memory ne'er shall tinc.
 Friends sae near my bosom ever,
 Ye hae render'd moments dear;
 But, alas! when forced to sever,
 Then the stroke, O how severe!

Friends, that parting tear reserve it,
 Though 'tis doubly dear to me;
 Could I think I did deserve it,
 How much happier would I be.
 Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,
 Scenes that former thoughts renew;

Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure,
 Now a sad and last adieu!

GLENDOCHART VALE.

As I came through Glendochart vale,
 Whar mists o'ertap the mountains gray,
 A wee bit lassie met my view,
 As cantily she held her way;
 But O sie love each feature bore,
 She made my saul wi' rapture glow!
 An' aye she spake sae kind and sweet,
 I couldna keep my heart in tow.
 O speak na o' your courtly queans!
 My wee bit lassie fools them a';
 The little enttie's done me skaith,
 She's stown my thoughtless heart awa'.

Her smile was like the gray-e'ed morn,
 Whan spreading on the mountain green;
 Her voice saft as the mavis' sang,
 An' sweet the twinkle o' her een;
 Aboon her brow, sae bonnie brent,
 Her raven locks wad o'er her ce;
 An' ilka slee bewitching glance
 Conveyed a dart o' love to me.
 O speak na o' your courtly queans, &c.

The lasses fair in Scotia's isle,
 Their beauties a' what tongue can tell?
 But o'er the fairest o' them a',
 My wee bit lassie bears the bell.
 O had I never mark'd her smile,
 Nor seen the twinkle o' her ee!
 It might na been my lot the day
 A waefu' lade o' care to dree.
 O speak na o' your courtly queans, &c.

I WINNA GANG BACK TO MY MAMMY AGAIN.

I winna gang back to my mammy again,
 I'll never gae back to my mammy again;
 I've held by her apron these aught years an' ten,
 But I'll never gang back to my mammy again.
 I've held by her apron, &c.

Young Johnnie cam' down i' the gloamin' to woo,
 Wi' plaidie sae bonny, an' bannet sae blue;
 "O come awa', lassie, ne'er let mammy ken;"
 An' I flew, wi' my laddie, o'er meadow an' glen.
 "O come awa', lassie," &c.

He ca'd me his dawtie, his dearie, his doo,
 An' press'd hame his words wi' a smack o' my
 mou';

While I fell on his bosom, heart-flichter'd an' fain,
An' sigh'd out, "O, Johnnie, I'll aye be your
aim!"

While I fell on his bosom, &c.

Some lasses will talk to the lads wi' their e'e,
Yet hanker to tell what their hearts really dree;
Wi' Johnnie I stood upon nae stapping-stane,
Sae I'll never gang back to my mammy again.

Wi' Johnnie I stood, &c.

For mony lang year sin' I play'd on the lea,
My mammy was kind as a mither could be;
I've held by her apron these aught years an' ten,
But I'll never gang back to my mammy again.

I've held by her apron, &c.

THE CRADLE SONG.

Baloo, baloo, my wee, wee thing,
O softly close thy blinkin' e'e!
Baloo, baloo, my wee, wee thing,
For thou art doubly dear to me
Thy daddie now is far awa',
A sailor laddie, o'er the sea;
But hope aye hechts his safe return
To you, my bonny lamb, an' me.

Baloo, baloo, my wee, wee thing,
O softly close thy blinkin' e'e!
Baloo, baloo, my wee, wee thing,
For thou art doubly dear to me.
Thy face is simple, sweet, an' mild,
Like ony simmer e'enin' fa';
Thy sparklin' e'e is bonnie black;
Thy neck is like the mountain snaw.

Baloo, baloo, my wee, wee thing,
O softly close thy blinkin' e'e!
Baloo, baloo, my wee, wee thing,
For thou art doubly dear to me.
O, but thy daddie's absence, lang,
Might break my dowie heart in twa,

Wert thou na left, a dautit pledge,
To steal the eerie hours awa'!

THE WAITS.

Wha's this, wi' voice o' music sweet,
Sae early wakes the weary wight?
O weel I ken them by their sough,
The wandering minstrels o' the night.
O weel I ken their bonnie lilt,
Their sweetest notes o' melody,
Fu' aft they've thril'd out through my saul,
And gart the tear fill ilka e'e.

O, sweetest minstrels! weet your pipe
A tender, soothin' note to blaw;
Syn'e souf the "Broom o' Cowdenknowes,"
Or "Rosslyn Castle's" ruin'd wa',
They bring to mind the happy days
Fu' aft I've spent wi' Jenny dear:—
Ah! now ye touch the very note
That gars me sigh, and drap a tear.

Your fremit lilt I downa bide,
They never yield a charm for me;
Unlike our ain, by nature made,
Unlike the saft delight they gi'e;
For weel I ween they warm the breast,
Though sair oppress'd wi' poortith cauld;
An' sae an auld man's heart they cheer,
He tines the thought that he is auld.

O, sweetest minstrels! halt awce,
Anither lilt afore ye gang;
An' syne I'll close my waukrife e'e,
Enraptured wi' your bonnie sang.
They're gane! the moon begins to dawn;
They're weary, paidlin' through the weat;
They're gane! but on my ravished ear
The dyin' sounds yet thrill fu' sweet.