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THE  
BUD IN THE SPRING;

BEING A FEW ORIGINAL POEMS OF A  
MORAL TENDENCY,

AGREEABLY TO THE INJUNCTION GIVEN TO  
THE COLOSSIANS,

LET THE WORD OF CHRIST DWELL IN YOU RICHLY; IN ALL  
WISDOM, TEACHING AND ADMONISHING ONE ANOTHER;  
IN PSALMS, AND HYMNS AND SPIRITUAL SONGS,  
SINGING WITH GRACE IN YOUR HEARTS  
TO THE LORD.

BY JAMES COSSAR, SHAWPARK.

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PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,  
AND TO BE HAD OF THE BOOKSELLERS.

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MDCCCLIV.

Small beginnings let none despise—  
From rills and rivulets rivers rise:  
The bud must first expand, and bear  
A bright and fragrant blossom fair;  
On which the genial sun must shine,  
And dew and zephyrs both combine  
Their influence, ere that you can eat  
Fruit either mellow, choice, or sweet.



DEDICATED

TO

JAMES BALLANTYNE, ESQ.,  
HOLYLEE,

AS A

TOKEN OF GRATITUDE

FOR FAVOURS RECEIVED WHEN A BOY IN HIS SERVICE,

THEN RESIDING AT WHITEHOPE, YARROW.

1892

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## P R E F A C E.

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THE author of the following poems disclaims all attempts at literary merit. It was by the request of those who are acquainted with his humble education, and by the numerous subscribers, that he was induced and enabled to commit them to the press.

Whatever defects the mere literary critic may discover in this little volume, the *good* man will not fail to see that it is the production of the HEART rather than the head, and that healthy piety pervades and breathes in every verse.

The moral tone of this little volume is in happy contrast to a large portion of our light literature which ignores or caricatures piety—whose effect is to weaken the moral sense, to minister to passion and prejudice, and to make men whine, and laugh, and dream, amid the stern realities of life—which keeps out of sight man's relation to the "Father of all," and his duty to love and promote the well-being of his fellow-men. The author has recognised and addressed the moral

principles and feelings of our nature, which, when cultivated, make man happy, and useful to society; but, when neglected, render him unhappy, whatever his external circumstances may be, and unable, from the very constitution of his nature, to accomplish his mission on earth.

Let the reader of these pages remember that they are the *first fruits* of a working-man, and instead of censuring them, rather hope that he may send forth richer and riper fruit.

## P O E M S.

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### INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS.

#### A C R O S T I C.

##### NAME.

I PANT not for poetic rank or fame,  
As such would be but blind presumption's claim;  
My little book can find no plea to boast,  
Even if inclined, as it was never out at sea,  
Save only cruising round its native coast.

Consequently, there can be nothing there  
Of ought that's wonderful, sublime, or rare,  
Since all around, and especially near the shore,  
So often has been ransacked o'er and o'er;  
And all that's valuable esteemed and prized—  
Repeatedly explored, and analysed.

##### RESIDENCE.

So is our case like an untutored tar  
Having to pilot a steamboat or a man-of-war;  
At best how would they figure, were they e'er so fain,  
When so many gallant ships plough the briny main,  
Possessing naval and maritime tact and skill,  
Abundance of equipments wherewith to sail  
Round the world, and thereby to control  
Kingdoms—their canvass and influence extending from  
pole to pole.

## PERIOD OF TIME.

I hope, dear friends, that you will this excuse,  
Now since you have seen my homely muse

Emanated from such a humble source,  
In consequence of which you will, of course,  
Grant allowance, which otherwise you would not,  
Had it originated from a brighter spot.  
To you, dear Sir, I dedicate this book,  
Expecting that you will therein overlook,  
Even though defective as it must appear,  
Notwithstanding since the motive is sincere.

Hoping you will receive it, as we must conclude,  
Under the garb of respect, esteem, and gratitude,  
Not the less though, like the Widow's mite,  
Devoid of value so as to requite  
Regarding what this tender Bud in Spring  
Experienced then when underneath thy wing—  
Duty now prompts this little bird to sing ;

And may its song no jarring discord bear,  
Nor fall in vain upon the human ear—  
Domestic hearths and friends around to cheer ;

For which end, like the lark, then soar on high,  
Inclining ever upwards to the sky,  
Far, far beyond the bounds of time and sense,  
Thither to cast a longing, hopeful glance ;  
Yes, to remind them there is more than chance

Towards the fruition of a Saviour's love—  
Heaven's bright celestial paradise above,  
Restored by him who did the law obey,  
Even he for us, and bore our sins away,—  
Eternal life to give in realms of endless day.

## CREATION.

“The works of Nature testify an all pervading Deity.”

THE following lines on Creation originated from a lecture in the Grammar School of Selkirk, on Astronomy and the revolutions of the earth and the planets around the sun, in which the lecturer illustrated the wisdom, power, and goodness of God, as seen in His works.

This world of ours doth clearly prove  
 Its origin descending  
 From the parent source, a God of love,  
 Whose majesty's transcending ;

Whose wisdom and whose power are seen  
 O'er all his works appealing,  
 And every part and form therein  
 The great I AM revealing.

And Nature's boundless choirs combine,  
 Their heavenly anthem singing ;  
 “The hand that made us is divine,”  
 The vast creation's ringing.

The cedar and the blooming rose,  
 With odour sweet perfuming,  
 Down to the meanest germ that grows  
 Obscure and unassuming—

Each class proclaims the glorious theme,  
 Their sacred accents raising ;  
 In honour of the great Supreme,  
 The God of Nature praising.

And every link in the great chain  
 Of animated Nature,  
 Vibrates with one symphonious strain,  
 Glory to their Creator.

So they are left, who still refuse  
 Their tithe of adoration,  
 Without a shadow of excuse,  
 Or show of palliation.

The greatest sceptic, it is true,  
 Has ample proof surrounding  
 To satisfy his mental view  
 Of the Divinity abounding ;

As with the eye of science keen,  
 The microscope still traces  
 Prints of God's finger clearly seen  
 On animalcule races ;

Beings unseen to multiply,  
 A world of atoms moving,  
 With life, and limb, and symmetry,  
 The God of Nature proving.

Those sparkling gems that rise to view,  
 O'er heaven's bright arch extending ;  
 Unnumbered as the drops of dew,  
 Their hallowed lustre blending—

Show forth his glory and his power,  
 That vast expanse in rearing,  
 Enlivening the midnight hour—  
 The gloom nocturnal cheering.

By aid of telescope to gaze  
 The positive position,  
 The diagram of each planet's phase,  
 The course and revolution,

Of suns, and satellites, and moons,  
 In the great conclave steering ;  
 Like proud Arcturus and his sons,  
 In dignity and bearing ;



Revolving in the etherial span,  
 By laws of gravitation,  
 And worlds on worlds therein to scan,  
 All hid from observation.

This torch of noble enterprise,  
 Our feeble sight in guiding,  
 Reveals the Ruler of the sky,  
 O'er all his works presiding ;

Whose fiat made and doth control  
 With accurate precision,  
 Those ponderous masses as they roll,  
 Without the least confusion ;

With dazzling splendour made them burn,  
 And overwhelming brightness,  
 And their aerial wheels to turn  
 In uniform correctness.

With systematic rule and sway,  
 Those constellations bending—  
 His will and counsel to obey,  
 The course of Nature tending.

All must exclaim that do behold  
 With rapturous admiration,  
 "How wondrous are thy works, O Lord!"  
 Thy glory fills creation.

## SECOND PART.

The God of Nature hath ordained,  
 By his unerring wisdom,  
 Laws both for matter and for mind,  
 As in the solar system.

No jarring crash of worlds on high  
 Distracts those starry regions ;  
 But strict concord and harmony  
 Reign through the countless legions.

The unwieldy earth, on which we live,  
 By quickness of its motion,  
 Sufficient proof of this doth give,  
 Without even one collision—

As her diurnal course doth run,  
 Moving upon her axis ;  
 And annual circuit round the sun,  
 From which she ne'er relaxes.

Revolving in her orbit's sphere,  
 Still faithful to her duty ;  
 On her maternal breast doth bear,  
 In endless forms of beauty,

The varying seasons, filled with good,  
 Conveyed with kind caresses,  
 Exuberant blessings, stores of food,  
 Her loving heart expresses ;

With bounteous hand, from field and wave,  
 Bestowed without a measure,  
 All that her offspring here can crave,  
 For profit or for pleasure.

And thus the earth, the air, and sea,  
 With all their great resources ;  
 The seasons, sun, and moon agree,  
 In unremitting courses,

Our coffers and our board to fill  
 With treasures of fruition,  
 As if mechanic tact and skill  
 Were made their main tuition ;

Or like a nurse, whose actions told  
 What inwardly was glowing,  
 Whose chief delight was to behold  
 Her darling's cup o'erflowing ;

That such stupendous works should vie,  
 Like vassals of dependance,  
 Our daily wants all to supply,  
 In regular attendance.

It may be asked then, What is man,  
 To merit such attention,  
 Whose days are measured by a span ?  
 Is past our comprehension,

That the eternal God above,  
 By heavenly hosts surrounded,  
 So very kind to him shouldst prove,  
 With blessings so unbounded ;

To make the inanimate obey  
 By his divine commision,  
 And unto man her homage pay  
 With absolute submission ;

And Nature's wide dominions all  
 With dignified expressions,  
 To serve a worm, both weak and small,  
 With all her large possessions.

And her vast powers to consecrate  
 In fair abundant splendour,  
 A willing tribute at his feet,  
 Without reserve to render.

Expressed in terms of amplitude  
 The language spoke by nature,  
 Which all may read that God is good,  
 The bountiful Creator.

Has man a tongue? has man a chord?  
 Or a spark of animation?  
 Then tune thy harp and praise the Lord,  
 For his blessings of Creation.

### PART THIRD.

THE MORAL UNIVERSE—Acts xix. 17.

The book of nature proves to be  
 An antidote for sadness,  
 And “fruitful seasons, by which we  
 Are filled with food and gladness;”

Most faithful monitors they prove—  
 Our wayward hearts reminding  
 Of our great Father’s care and love,  
 Our daily bread in finding;

Intending thus to symbolise—  
 An antipast affording  
 Of heaven’s sublime celestial joys,  
 That nature is recording.

As from its massive volume spread  
 The light of bye-past ages,  
 Shines bright, from every column read,  
 Upon the gospel pages,

Whose every line and sentence fraught  
 Within this ancient story,  
 Bears fruit meet for repentance that  
 Thus paves the way to glory—

The moral system to engross,  
 But still the chief attraction  
 Beams from his love upon the cross,  
 That marvellous great transaction—

By which the son of God thus dies  
 For man who was insolvent,  
 And paid the priceless sacrifice,  
 A full and free atonement

To law and justice, for our sins,  
 That we might claim remission ;  
 The chief of sinners pardon gains  
 From the Captain of salvation.

That true magnetic polar star,  
 Thus fixed in the horizon,  
 To guide the troubled mariner  
 To the desired haven ;

The glorious sun of righteousness,  
 Seen in meridian splendour,  
 Illumes the way to endless bless,  
 Till past both sin and danger ;

The influence of whose healing rays,  
 So powerfully reflecting,  
 Unto the universe conveys  
 The power of virtuous acting.

And God's unchanging law of love,  
 In keeping with our nature,  
 The orbit fix'd for man to move,  
 By the all-wise Creator,

Assumes an aspect wholly new,  
 In character and bearing ;  
 Like spring arrayed in vernal hue,  
 When winter's disappearing ;

Receives an impulse by the train  
 Of Calvary's appendage,  
 As if relieved from servile chain,  
 Or slavery's cruel bondage.

Love to God springs voluntary  
 From the God-man relation ;  
 Whose blood produceth salutary  
 Reconciliation.

His mission wholly was designed  
 To bless the human species,  
 And fit them for the better land,  
 Where sin and sorrow ceases.

His advent filled the angelic host  
 With heavenly joy exulting ;  
 Immanuel come to seek the lost ;  
 Glory to God resulting.

Sweet anthems thrilled through Bethlem's plains,  
 To hail the illustrious stranger,  
 And greet with their seraphic strains,  
 That babe within the manger—

Whose mystic birth was sung by choirs,  
 Th' incarnate king attending ;  
 Such love had strung their golden lyres,  
 Till heaven and earth was rending.

Glad tidings to this world of woe,  
 Good-will from heaven resounded—  
 The tree of life on earth doth grow  
 To heal the sin-sick wounded ;

Beneath whose shadow righteousness  
 And peace in one are blended,—  
 Those blessed fruits of heavenly grace  
 On earth are now extended.

His law and gospel only can  
 Secure good regulations ;  
 Make man become the friend of man,  
 And change the savage nations.

This world would be a paradise  
 Were love allowed a dwelling ;  
 'Twould free our race from miseries,  
 Far, far beyond revealing,

Would mankind but be led to do—  
 The Saviour's precept guiding—  
 Even as they would be done unto,  
 In every case betiding.

The golden rule if acted on,  
 In every situation,  
 Would adjust the scales 'tween man and man,  
 And harmonise Creation.

---

### PATRIOTISM.

*(The Blue Bells of Scotland.)*

YE swains who roam the mountains,  
 Amongst the rocky glens,  
 Or by the crystal fountains,  
 Of Scotia's peaceful plains,  
 Each scene will still be sacred  
 For those it bears on record,  
 Each scene will still be sacred  
 To their posterity.

Engraven on the tablets  
 Within your heart and mind,  
 Are those friends and faithful patriots  
 Who ought to be entwined—

Their patriotic actions  
 Around your affections,  
 Their patriotic actions  
 For their country and thee.

Although no sculptor's chisel  
 May now tell us of the brave,  
 Yet the blue-bell and the thistle  
 Still bloom around their grave ;  
     Who for truth and for freedom,  
     Each foe they did brave them,  
     Who for truth and for freedom  
     Did conquer or fall.

May Israel's God, surrounding,  
 Their children still defend,  
 With goodness, rich abounding,  
 Upon their heads descend—  
     Like dew drops to distil  
     Upon mountain and vale,  
     Like dew drops to distil  
     On the virtuous and the free.

May the banners long unfurled,  
 Still floating in the breeze,  
 Be a blessing to the world,  
 And the trade of the seas ;  
     Where the trembling exile,  
     Within this peaceful isle,  
     Where the trembling exile  
     In safety still may flee.

Guard, then, well your coast,  
 Ye sons of the brave,  
 Lest Intemperance, that despot,  
 Should thereby you enslave—  
     To Bacchus do not barter  
     Your honour and your charter,  
     To Bacchus do not barter  
     Those gems of your crown.



From your homes and your borders,  
 This tyrant quick expel ;  
 The cause of such disorders  
 Allow not to dwell,  
     Else the Flowers of the Forest  
     Will no more be the fairest,  
     Else the Flowers of the Forest  
     Will soon wither away ;

And Ichabod be written  
 With shame upon your brow ;  
 By the frown of heaven smitten,  
 To fall before the foe ;  
     And the shield of the mighty,  
     That shone aye so brightly,  
     And the shield of the mighty  
     Be vilely cast away.

But not while in defending  
 Their country or their king,  
 From dangers dark impending,  
 That might to bondage bring ;  
     Nor yet while in rearing  
     Zion's standard in bearing,  
     Whose laurels still appearing  
     Your forefathers won.

O do not then extinguish  
 Such honour and such glory—  
 Your birthright to relinquish  
 For a portion of sorrow ;  
     And bring not disgrace  
     On the name and the race,  
     And bring not disgrace  
     On thy country and thee.

Shall the land where the Sabbath is  
 Held so sacred and dear,  
 Where the lamp of Truth doth blaze  
 So brilliant and so clear,

Continue still to smile  
 On a practice so vile,  
 And which thousands do beguile  
 To destruction and woe ;

And stain thy country's pages  
 With a record far more rude  
 Than the banks of the Ganges,  
 Where innocent blood  
 Is shed without pity  
 Of either cries or entreaty,  
 Is shed without pity  
 By the hand that should nurse?

Surely must Patriotism  
 From our country be fled,  
 The noble-minded heroism  
 Of the illustrious dead,  
 Since so long unrestrained  
 Doth revel still unchained,  
 Since so long unrestrained  
 Is this traitor and foe.

Shall thy sons and thy daughters,  
 Who are fair as the morn,  
 Be degraded with such fetters,  
 To languish and to mourn,  
 With their harps upon the willows,  
 By their strains no more to thrill us,  
 With their harps upon the willows,  
 In dire captivity ?

No longer then to alcohol  
 In bondage still remain ;  
 To the contest you are equal,  
 Then break off your chain,  
 And the blue-bell and the thistle  
 Will still both bloom and bristle,  
 And the plough-boy sing and whistle  
 On the soil of the free.

## A CONTRAST.

## THE LUXURY OF DOING GOOD.

"It is more blessed to give than to receive."—ACTS xx. 35.

THE miser, like a despot knave,  
 Whose subjects in dark dungeons lie,  
 Relentless as the cruel grave,  
 Though widows weep and orphans cry,

Still holds with a tenacious grasp  
 His exiles in captivity,  
 Fettering with a surer clasp  
 The friends of crown and country.

This tyrant of the human race,  
 Imperious spurns both want and woe ;  
 No silvery streams from avarice,  
 Of social blessings ever flow.

Cold and icebound is that heart,  
 Enchained beneath its iron sway—  
 Love and virtue both depart,  
 And friendship's sweetest flowers decay ;

A stranger to the purest joy  
 That elevates the human heart,  
 Which moth and rust cannot destroy,  
 Nor yet the most fine gold impart.

The luxury of doing good,  
 Which all may share, or more or less,  
 And which, if rightly understood,  
 How would it mitigate distress !

And dry up many a bitter tear  
 That flows unseen by night and day!  
 And many a burdened heart would cheer,  
 That oft to sorrow falls a prey.

The fruit of this fraternal love  
 Not only would the sad relieve,  
 But in return more blessed would prove  
 To those who give, than who receive.

---

## THE TOWER OF BABEL.

"A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches."—  
 PROVERBS, XII. 1.

MONUMENTS of lasting fame  
 Amongst mankind are rearing,  
 To perpetuate an empty name,  
 Too often to the owner's shame,  
 Instead of being endearing.

It needs no gifted sage to tell,  
 Though opinions often vary,  
 What way that costly structure fell—  
 Because it was just like himself,  
 Too circumscribed and narrow—

In every case that's founded on  
 The world's plaudits hollow—  
 And self is the foundation stone—  
 The Tower of Babel's not alone—  
 The same results will follow.

All that build, or do intend,  
Should heavenly wisdom borrow ;  
If they do wish their work to stand,  
They must not build upon the sand,  
Or they will meet with sorrow.

Nor yet the fatherless oppress,  
Their edifice in raising,  
Nor make the widow's portion less,  
Or give occasion of distress,  
To gain a little praising.

To grind the faces of the poor,  
In any undertaking,  
Will but inscribe above the door,  
To tell, when you are here no more,  
It was not worth the making.

But build upon that stable rock  
Of Equity enduring,  
That never will thy honour mock,  
But will withstand each hostile shock—  
An honest name ensuring.

With truth and justice build the wall,  
As well as the foundations ;  
With brotherly love cement it all,  
And then no danger it will fall  
For many generations.

Let condescension grace each line  
Connected with the rigging,  
Then far and near its light shall shine,  
With brighter lustre than the mine  
Of rich Australia's digging.

With hospitality, en suite,  
Adorn the halls and ceiling,

And then shall blossom round the spot,  
That sweetest flower, forget-me-not,  
To ornament your dwelling.

And then in order to be crowned,  
The hallowed coronation,  
The family altar must surround,  
And fervent piety abound,  
To form the consecration.

And then the initials of the crown,  
Your title deeds are bearing,  
That your posterity may own,  
And your own name be handed down  
With honour and revering.

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## THE VICISSITUDE, OR THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.

“Man is born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upward.”—JOB v. 7.

IN passing through this wilderness,  
Although there's much to cheer,  
Many a stream of happiness  
That we may freely share ;  
Yet, for all that, we must not think  
That every warm and sunny blink  
Will last the livelong year ;

Nor yet that gleesome joy and peace  
 Will always charm our bower,  
 Or that uninterrupted bliss  
 Its wing will never cower ;  
 Or ever prove like Jonah's gourd,  
 That could not then its shade afford  
 In the hot sultry hour.

Whatever sphere we occupy,  
 No matter which we're going,  
 Whether it be low or high,  
 In want or overflowing,  
 It will be strange if we can match  
 To come off hale without a scratch,  
 Where thorns and briars are growing.

Since life's like sailing on the sea,  
 Where storms are oft occurring,  
 There's nothing for it then but we  
 Should strictly guard our mooring,  
 And lower every topmast sail,  
 And strive to weather out the gale ;—  
 It serves no use demurring.

Life's but at best a checkered scene  
 Of gladness and of sorrow,  
 Mix'd up of pleasure and of pain,  
 Uncertain of to-morrow.  
 It's safest then to be ensured,  
 And have our anchor well secured  
 In Christ the hope of glory.

Its terms for one and all are free,  
 No ransom price need carry :  
 Since this is Heaven's appointed way,  
 Then why behind still tarry,  
 Lest you should happen to be lost,  
 Or wreck'd upon some foreign coast,  
 And not a life-boat near ye ?

As many a gallant stately bark,  
 Of noble build and brave,  
 Has foundered in the dreary dark,  
 And met a watery grave ;  
 When human aid was helpless then,  
 And every effort all in vain  
 The perishing to save.

Come then, brave boys, look to your chart,  
 By your commander given,  
 Or else, in spite of all your art,  
 On quicksands you'll be driven ;  
 But by this wise and heavenly guide,  
 You every danger shall outride,  
 And safely reach the haven.

---

## THE EQUILIBRIUM.

“ Love worketh no ill to his neighbour.”—ROMANS XIII. 10.

THERE is a salve for every sore,  
 A special balm to heal ;  
 For art and science there is lore,  
 A way to work it well.

There is a law which, if mankind  
 By it would guided be,  
 To them would prove a constant friend,  
 Alike to bond and free.



Then each would act a neighbour's part,  
 Or drop o'er him a tear,  
 When he no more could ease his smart,  
 His burden help to bear.

No more would man his brother man  
 With heart of stone survey,  
 But, like the good Samaritan,  
 Would prove his friend away—

To liberate the fettered slave,  
 And wipe his burning brow ;  
 And freedom's banner proudly wave,  
 Where tyrants triumph now.

No longer would oppression's rod  
 Be torment sharp and sore,  
 No longer would the verdant sod  
 Be stained with human gore.

But swords to ploughshares would be turned,  
 No more mankind to slay ;  
 And hostile feuds would all be spurned,  
 To hail a brighter day.

The voice then of the turtle dove  
 Would gladden every vale,  
 And th' equilibrium of love  
 O'ershadow hill and dale.

Fraud and injustice then would cease,  
 No discontent would spring,  
 But love would murmur in the breeze,  
 And blythe contentment sing ;

And sing as sweetly in a cot,  
 As in a palace fair ;  
 Its charm ameliorates man's lot,  
 And sweetens all his care.

Its motto always is, do good,  
 Nor render ill for ill ;  
 No mischief in its heart doth brood,  
 But peace and pure goodwill.

“ There is no sorrow in its song,”  
 Nor yet a frown to fear ;  
 The very thought of doing wrong  
 It even cannot bear.

O thou ! Shecinah, from above  
 May we thy glory see,  
 And seal us with thy seal of love,  
 That we may blessed be.

Swift on thy golden pinions fly,  
 And may thou never cease  
 Until mankind, both low and high,  
 Do live in love and peace.

---

### THE SOWER AND THE REAPER.

“ He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord, and shall receive his own with usury.”—PROVERBS.

THY bread upon the waters cast,  
 Regardless of the foaming spray ;  
 It is not lost ; the seed thou scatterest  
 Shall return to thee one day.

Though seed-time wears a bleak external,  
 However cold the clime may be ;  
 Though spring be void of all that's vernal,  
 And harvest comes in vain for thee ;

Although the soil should prove ungrateful,  
 All thy fond labours to repay,  
 With noxious weeds both rank and hateful,  
 Thy substance worse than thrown away ;

No reason why the good and virtuous  
 Should only share thy charity—  
 The dew falls on the wilderness  
 As well as on the flowery lea.

In the morning be thou sowing,  
 Though stormy clouds o'ercast the sky,  
 Even though the golden treasure growing  
 Should only mock thy waiting eye.

Faint not, then, for in due season  
 Thou shalt reap without alloy ;  
 Thou that mournest shalt have reason  
 To possess thy sheaves with joy.

When earthly fame and honours prizing,  
 The laurels won by land and sea,  
 Are sunk beneath Time's dark horizon,  
 Never more to profit thee,

Thy righteous deeds will stand the ordeal,  
 When all else consumes away ;  
 They shall prove a sweet memorial,  
 A garland never to decay.

## ODE TO SACRED FRIENDSHIP.

PSALM CXXXIII.

THE fairest summer is succeeded  
 By bleak winter in its train ;  
 Youths' sunny days oft' pass unheeded  
 Till the cares of life begin ;

The sweetest rose bud has a thorn  
 Concealed beneath the opening bloom ;  
 The closest ties of life's gay morn  
 Are often parted by the tomb ;

The loveliest flowers entwined together—  
 Perfuming friendship's sacred bower,  
 By some rude blast, are left to wither,  
 And mourn endearments now no more.

Those joys that we so fondly cherish,  
 And which around us smile to-day,  
 By to-morrow's sun may languish  
 Before our eyes and fade away,

Like a broken reed deceiving,  
 To pierce our hearts with pain and woe—  
 Thus taught to learn with sorrow grieving  
 The uncertainty of all below.

Shall the friends of love and virtue  
 Pass for ever from our view ?  
 Shall this be the final issue,  
 To bid a long and last adieu ?

Shall the tide of time's rough ocean  
 Wreck us on its briny shore?  
 Shall the ties of each relation  
 Be disunited—love no more?

O no! such friends, like dewdrops shining,  
 Are safely wafted to the sky,  
 Above the rainbow, bright reclining,  
 Where tears are wiped from every eye;

Far removed from sin and sorrow,  
 Where friendship blooms without alloy;  
 Where we within the realms of glory  
 Shall meet them face to face with joy.

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## BREVITY OF LIFE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YEAR.

“Man cometh forth as a flower, and is cut down: he flieth as a shadow, and continueth not.”—JOB XIV. 32.

TIME is fleeting swiftly by,  
 While mortal man is dreaming  
 Of catching shadows as they fly,  
 Regardless of eternity  
 That's o'er death's portals gleaming.

By every pulse and breath we draw  
 Our latter end is nearing,  
 Though oft' we put it far awa,  
 Until we find the lion's paw  
 Our very vitals tearing.

Where now the rosy tints of morn  
 That on our brows were blooming,  
 Like daisies red ?  
 Alas ! now fled,  
 With all their sweet perfuming.

Our playmates on life's flowery lea  
 Round childhood's joys entwining,  
 Are toss'd on life's tempestuous sea,  
 While some on earth no more they be  
 In weal or woe reclining.

The silver cord of life possess'd  
 Is found to be but slender ;  
 A brittle thread but at the best  
 For such momentous work to rest,  
 As we at last must render.

Since like a span life is so short,  
 As well as so uncertain,  
 Should it be spent in vain resort,  
 Like butterflies in airy sport,  
 To cause us painful smarting ?

What madness therefore must it be  
 This golden bowl to venture—  
 Midst alcoholic revelry  
 To prostitute its dignity :  
 Be wise and never enter.

Alas ! there's many in their pride  
 The day of grace are scorning ;  
 But time and tide  
 Will no man bide,  
 Shall leave them cause for mourning.

May we a safer path pursue,  
 While truth with mercy's blending,  
 And Heavenly dew will find anew  
 On Zions hill's descending.

Then let us all, without delay,  
 While the water of life is flowing;  
 And while it is yet called to-day  
 Drink of him who is the way,  
 To the land with bless o'erflowing.

As Horeb's waters forth did pour—  
 The camp of Israel tending—  
 So Christ will guide to Canaan's shore,  
 And then will safely waft us o'er  
 To joys that's never ending.

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## S L A V E R Y.

A HINT TO BROTHER JONATHAN.

ACTS XVII. 29.

THE various tribes of nations  
 Who dwell the earth upon,  
 And who claim distinct relations,  
 Are all by nature one;

One by blood, and one by birth,  
 There are no distinctions, then,  
 When they sprang from their primeval earth,  
 Nor when they return again.

By the same indulgent father fed,  
 Who makes his rain and sun  
 To nurse and cherish good and bad,  
 With a view to make them one.

Unnumbered blessings doth afford  
 Whereby their hearts to win,  
 To sit in peace around his board,  
 Because they are brethren.

The earth and all its fulness He  
 Doth unto them assign  
 That they might, when they multiply,  
 Still live in peace therein ;

So that they do not need to jar  
 With either weak or strong,  
 Or yet that they should go to war,  
 To do each other wrong.

For if the place be found too strait  
 Together to remain,  
 They have only but to emigrate  
 In order to obtain

Kind Nature's rich exhaustless stores,  
 Where they may freely roam,  
 Unbounded regions to explore,  
 And find therein a home ;—

Where they may pitch their tents in peace,  
 Beneath the lofty pine,  
 And eat the fulness of increase,  
 Or dig the golden mine ;—

Where science, enterprise, and skill,  
 Their wings may wide extend,  
 Whereby the commonwealth to fill  
 With fruits of sea and land ;

With every blessing for their use  
 That they can relish, then  
 There is no need they should abuse,  
 Or enslave their fellow men,



Since beasts of burden, more or less,  
 Sufficient doth abound,  
 Then why should they, the negro race,  
 Thus laceratè and wound ?

And from their native home to tear,  
 Where they must leave behind,  
 All that on earth which is most dear  
 Unto their heart and mind.

To rob them of their birthright,  
 Of their country and their kin ;  
 And in ignorance their souls to blight,  
 Is a heaven-daring sin.

That is by far too sacred,  
 Which bears the stamp divine,  
 To figure upon a placard  
 Like chattels sold for gain.

Man's unchangeable prerogative  
 Is everywhere the same ;  
 Even the meanest fugitive  
 No man on earth can claim.

Without a special warrant  
 From the high and Holy One,  
 You thus run upon an errand  
 Which you had better shun.

Can an enlightened nation,  
 With the gospel's pure command,  
 See injustice and oppression  
 Crushing freedom in their land ;

And continue trampling under  
 Both the laws of God and man,  
 And so cruelly rend asunder  
 Those ties which bind in one ?

Shall the soil which the great Columbus,  
 'Neath the flag of ancient Spain,  
 First discovered, grow a fungus,  
 A corrupted gangrene ?

Shall the good queen Isabella  
 Lose the virtues of her name ?  
 Shall the perpetrators tell ye .  
 That she patronised the same ?

She would indeed be sorry  
 Had she rightly understood—  
 Told the world a different story,  
 And nipt evil in the bud.

But for those taught by experience,  
 They have no excuse to plead,  
 Who have seen the fearful grievance  
 Flowing from this horrid trade.

Shall the scions of Great Britain  
 Thus their lineal honours stain,  
 And wipe their mouths while eating  
 The fruits of woe and pain ?

Shall the poor down-trodden African,  
 For the colour of his skin,  
 Be deprived by Brother Jonathan  
 Of the rights of citizen ?

And likewise denied communion,  
 And kept outside the fold,  
 By those who claim dominion,  
 And thus barter souls for gold ;

While they themselves sit under  
 Their own fruitful fig and vine,  
 And yet nought to those will render  
 Who feed on husks like swine ?

Can the New World's republic  
 E'er teach mankind reform,  
 When root and branch of liberty  
 Die by the canker worm,

Upon their own broad territories,  
 Where equal rights are born,  
 A statute act of theories  
 Which every man should scorn ;

To hoist their star-striped banners,  
 And to boast of freedom won,  
 While they legislate such manners  
 That thousands make to groan ?

Tell us not that once old England  
 Was herself joined to the trade,  
 And that Queen Elizabeth mingled  
 Her fair fingers in slave blood.

With deep sorrow we confess  
 Some were art and part therein ;  
 But look now what things are in this,  
 And not at what they once have been.

It is a trait of noble minds,  
 And testifies of honest men,  
 Who fling old errors to the winds,  
 Instead of adding sin to sin.

Far be it from ourselves to boast—  
 Yet to tell the truth we own,  
 Your profit will not meet your cost  
 In the day of Heaven's frown.

If we sin in our brother see,  
 Our duty's to wipe out the stain ;  
 And that's the reason why with thee  
 That we have been so very plain.

If you would wisely take the hint,  
 And thus set free the poor black man,  
 You would have far more pleasure in't,  
 As also would the African.

Hoping you may yet rescind,  
 We still remain as we have been,  
 Your faithful friends and brethren kind,  
 And so is our beloved Queen.

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## W I N T E R.

“Can’st thou loose the bands of Orion?”—JOB XXXVIII. 31.

WHEN chill November’s breath brings round  
 The icy bands of Orion,  
 And lays his cold hand on the ground,  
 The silent earth sits sorrowing.

As the grim tyrant passeth by,  
 On his relentless duty,  
 Then desolation meets the eye,  
 Where all was life and beauty.

Beneath the weighty iron tread  
 Of his cold stern rigour,  
 The glow of summer all is fled,  
 Or destitute of vigour.

The lovely landscape, clothed so bright  
 In rainbow hues of verdure,  
 Is blasted by the withering blight  
 Of Zero's chilling ardour.

And Nature then appears in weeds,  
 Disconsolate and weeping ;  
 And Flora's offspring hide their heads—  
 Being either dead or sleeping :

And all her fairest charms laid waste,  
 And graceful forms so pleasing,  
 And blooming sweets of virtue chaste,  
 By cold December's freezing.

The work of carnage doth appear,  
 The forest pride in spoiling—  
 Both king and chieftains are stript bare,  
 When stormy winds are howling,

Before the ruthless tyrant's rage,  
 Must make a full surrender,  
 Who spares not rank, nor sex, nor age,  
 Nor the youngest sapling tender.

With cruel rigour he arrests  
 The life of vegetation,  
 And all her verdant issue blasts  
 With actual starvation.

In vain her many sorrowing friends  
 For her release are striving  
 To loose those cold benumbing bands,  
 All is but sympathising,

Till the commission from the King  
 Give place unto another,  
 And then returns the genial spring,  
 With days of milder weather.

## P L E I A D E S.

## S P R I N G   A N D   S U M M E R.

Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades?—JOB XXXVIII. 41.

WHEN Pleiades shows her brilliant eyes,  
 And stretches forth her vernal wing,  
 The earth, though bleared with tears and sighs,  
 For joy lifts up her voice to sing.

When o'er her face the zephyrs flow,  
 With their sweet influence benign,  
 Her heart, though frozen, then begins to glow,  
 And vital effort quickly gives the sign—

Whereby we know it is spring tide,  
 When reanimation's cheering ray  
 In her chill frame the dormant fluid,  
 Germination's pulse anew doth play.

The vegetative principle again resumes  
 Its living, active, reproducing powers,  
 And her pale face anew with health it blooms,  
 As she gives birth unto the herbs and flowers.

And soon her wonted strength she doth regain,  
 And rosy charms of May-day vigour,  
 When she completely throws off Orion's chain,  
 And gently triumphs o'er the tyrant's rigour.

As forth she walks in beauteous verdure green,  
 Attired in the most gorgeous rich array,  
 In brighter splendour than a queen—  
 So sweet, so lovely, and so gay.

In every graceful form and radiant hue,  
From Flora's wardrobe she doth herself adorn,  
Enlivened by the pure refreshing dew  
From the balmy breast and breath of morn.

She spreads her fair colours in the breeze,  
Chequered by the genial sun and gentle showers,  
And yields her treasures to the industrious bees,  
Who sip the nectar from the smiling flowers.

From mountain, mead, and fertile field,  
Amongst luxuriant stores they freely feast,  
Where profusion doth her bounty yield,  
A rich supply for man and beast.

Thus is the year with his goodness crowned,  
Not only a munificence of wholesome food,  
But beauty, blending with utility, abound,  
By His blessing who pronounced it good.

And now, sweet Pleiades, we soon must bid adieu,  
The Master calls thee to another sphere ;  
Unto thy mission thou art always true,  
And not less welcome also year by year.

## MEMENTO OF JAMES JOHNSTONE,

LATE FORESTER, HANGINGSHAW.

THERE was a sturdy oak which stood  
 In the centre of Hangingshaw ;  
 A statelier monarch of the wood  
 Scotia scarce ever saw—

A hybrid of a native tree,  
 From a far foreign land,  
 Brought by an illustrious family,\*  
 And planted there to stand ;

Where, nestling midst its spreading boughs,  
 The rooks did hatch their young ;  
 And mingling with the morning dews,  
 The thrush its chorus sung ;

\* The grandfather of the present James Johnstone, Esq., of Alva, brought the father of the late James Johnstone, when a boy, to this country from the East Indies. He received a suitable education, and remained with the family at Westerhall, as a domestic, up to the period of his marriage. His wife, who belonged to the north of Scotland, was a servant in the same family. He afterwards received the situation of forester at Hangingshaw. He had a numerous family, of which James (the subject of our memento) was the eldest, and who succeeded his father as forester there. At the death of the father, the family were mostly young, when James had to act the part of a father and guardian to the other members of the family, for which he was admirably fitted by his humane and generous disposition. He discharged the duties of his situation honourably and faithfully for a lengthened period of time, highly respected by his master and a wide circle of friends and acquaintances.



Where oft around, in gleesome sport,  
 The lambs did frisk and play ;  
 Or sought beneath a cool resort  
 From the sun's fierce burning ray ;

Where, sheltered from his scorching beams,  
 The traveller found repose ;  
 To rest awhile his weary limbs,  
 Was welcome if he chose.

Whate'er beneath its leafy roof  
 Could sweeten their repast,  
 Of this they found most ample proof,  
 While they remained its guest.

No friend nor stranger sought in vain  
 Its hospitable shade ;  
 Its arms extended did remain  
 To yield their friendly aid.

The widow's heart was oft made glad,  
 When swelled her little store ;  
 The abject poor appeared less sad,  
 Who begged from door to door.

The milk of human kindness flowed  
 To each remotest part ;  
 From root to branch the foliage showed  
 The goodness of the heart.

Although despised by some might be  
 For its dark and sable rind,  
 It was no less a noble tree,  
 According to its kind ;

As may be seen ere those around  
 Do fill the vacant space,  
 Or rise so high above the ground,  
 In honour of the race ;

As did this forest chieftain rank,  
 Who now doth prostrate lie ;  
 And Hangingshaw still shows a blank,  
 Where Yarrow murmurs by ;

As most who knew will now, alas !  
 Deeply lament it sore,  
 Because the place where once it was,  
 Shall know it now no more.

For trees, you know, must also fade,  
 However strong and tall,  
 As in the dust this oak is laid,\*  
 A warning to us all

To be prepared, because the day  
 And hour we do not know,  
 When we the summons must obey,  
 To endless weal or woe.

For as the tree falls, it must lie—  
 Thus fix'd its final doom,  
 To wait the immortal destiny  
 Which lies beyond the tomb.

Then, while we seek the bliss on high  
 With all our heart and mind,  
 Next to the plaudits of the sky,  
 Leave a good name behind.

\* He died in the spring of 1853.

## A RELIC OF THE PAST.

## THE OLD BRIG NEAR YARROW KIRK.

WHERE heath-fowls cry on mountains steep,  
 And shepherds tend their flocks of sheep ;  
 Where hills are clad with verdure green,  
 And vales with rivulets run between ;  
 Where fruitful banks with produce teem,  
 Beside the well-known classic stream ;  
 Where oft the minstrel poured his lay,  
 There Yarrow wends its peaceful way—  
 Through many a sweet sequestered spot,  
 The rural dome and shepherd's cot,  
 Where Nature smiles, unrivalled there  
 In all its native charms so fair ;  
 In flowery glen and mountain side,  
 Where forests wave in stately pride ;  
 And many a rich romantic scene,  
 And graceful mansion intervene,  
 From Yarrow's confluence to the Lake.\*  
 To those who there do undertake  
 A tour on some fine summer day,  
 The pleasure will amply them repay.

\* St Mary's Loch, a favourite resort for the tourist in summer, situated about 16 miles from Selkirk. The stream of the Yarrow proceeds from this lake, which is about three miles in length, one in breadth, and is closely conjoined by another lake called the Loch of the Lowes, about one mile in length, and separated from the other by a narrow pass little broader than an ordinary highway. St Mary's Church-yard lies a short way to the north of the Loch, on the side of the hill.

The scenery and the mountain breeze  
 Will the most phlegmatic-humoured please,  
 And give to life a purer zest,  
 And a pillow of balmier down to rest.  
 But to return back to our tale,  
 Must wend our way o'er hill and dale,  
 Till on the back-ground of a plain,  
 We spy a pleasant trite domain,\*  
 Where, bosomed in the hills around,  
 Stands Yarrow Kirk and Burial-ground,  
 Where sires and sons in silenee sleep,  
 And friends that long for them did weep,  
 With those who lived before their birth,  
 All mingling in their parent earth.  
 Emotions kindle while we gaze  
 On the memories of byepast days—  
 Of friends whose memory still is dear,  
 Whom the virtuous ought and will revere ;  
 The scenes where oft their feet have trod,  
 Who befriended man and served God ;  
 Whose motto was the law of love,  
 And now they sing with saints above,  
 The song of Moses and the Lamb,  
 And join that sweet harmonious theme  
 Whose rapturous strains no mortal ear,  
 While on this earth, did ever hear ;  
 Nor eye hath seen, nor heart doth know,  
 The tide of joy that there doth flow—  
 What God hath treasured up above,  
 To give to those that do him love ;  
 A hope so great, a prize so free,  
 Who would not cast their lot with thee !  
 For a short space we bid adieu,  
 Our appointed journey to pursue ;  
 Nor shall we count our labour lost,  
 If, while we retrograde the past  
 Among those pastoral valleys green,  
 Of grace some fragments we can glean ;

\* Whitehope.

While yet endeavouring to explore  
 A wreck still left upon the shore,  
 Dashed by the ruthless waves of time,  
 It claims an anchorage in my rhyme.

## SECOND PART.

Near by a faithful shepherd's fold  
 Is an old brig, none knows how old ;  
 From immemorial time has stood,  
 Resisting storms, and wind, and flood ;  
 A handicraft of the days of yore—  
 Perhaps a thousand years or more—  
 Built by the monks or friars, I guess,  
 Or Druids who might then possess  
 The rudiments of mechanic skill,  
 As there are proofs existing still,  
 Extant in many a different part,  
 The monuments of their skill and art ;  
 Or might we not suppose a case  
 Of some belonging to the place \*  
 That did among themselves conclude,  
 And that for reasons wise and good,  
 A brig—to say the very least—  
 How useful both for man and beast ;  
 And with what little skill they had,  
 Did build it, some think, not so bad,  
 For at those early times, you know—  
 As children creep before they go—  
 With them this craft was not so old  
 To walk yet well, even by a hold ;  
 And this long stride across the stream,  
 Most wonderful to them would seem ;

\* It is the opinion of many that it was built by some of the Duke of Buccleuch's ancestors, but it is only supposition. Its origin remains hid in obscurity.

As we, when first upon our plains,  
 Beheld the locomotive trains.  
 Though when complete, made no pretence  
 Of commodiousness or elegance.  
 Its antique style and narrow guage  
 Bore the inscription of the age,  
 When science could scarcely then reveal  
 The use of an axle or a wheel.  
 As the design of this, their art,  
 Had no prognostic of a cart,  
 Or ought of modern thoroughfare  
 By its construction ; we may aver  
 At least, that in this rural glen,  
 Such things were never dreamed of then.  
 Their commerce, too, must have been small,  
 As there was scarce a road at all ;  
 But corn to market, croft or mill,  
 On horseback, borne o'er hill and dale,  
 O'er banks and burns, through swamps and seughs,  
 O'er mossy haggs, and miry cleughs ;  
 This being the only existing mode  
 Was surely an inconvenient road.  
 But it belonged to times when men  
 Did wield the sword more than the pen.  
 Since then what revolutions great  
 Have taken place in church and state ;  
 The ways and customs, now-a-days,  
 Appear in quite a different phase,  
 Since peace her wings spread o'er our land,  
 By mean of industry's skilful hand,  
 And modern science—our husbandry,  
 Like lightning, flies o'er earth and sea.  
 To enterprise huge barriers yield,  
 And wastes become a fruitful field ;  
 To this progressive mental sway,  
 The elements of earth obey,  
 And bows submissive to each plan  
 For service and the use of man.

Thousands of comforts, more or less,  
 The nineteenth century doth possess—  
 Of which, our fathers had but few,  
 And most of which they never knew.  
 When we, the retrospect contrast  
 With what it was in ages past,  
 When unenlightened, unrefined,  
 In social morals, mode, or mind ;  
 When barbarous deeds did shock the sight,  
 Betokened still the shades of night ;  
 When civilisation, in their case,  
 Had only newly washed its face,  
 Assumed a garb, and combed its hair,  
 Went forth to breath the morning air ;  
 And like the orb of day, when first  
 Its enlivening mellow radiance burst,  
 And o'er these mountain tops had shone,  
 Art applied the chisel to the stone.  
 The block, as will be understood,  
 Was then but awkward, rough, and rude,  
 Which modern men may now despise  
 And scorn such stale antiquities.  
 Insipid and tasteless, I daresay,  
 Compared with the order of the day.  
 But while we urge no rival claim,  
 We ought to venerate their name ;  
 The relic of whose memory  
 The patriot still should love to see ;  
 And this old fragment, should partake  
 Of some small tribute for their sake.  
 Its better days, alas ! are past,  
 And new compeers are rising fast ;  
 And though for many reasons prized,  
 I fear will make thee be despised,  
 As those that knew thee in thy prime  
 Are fallen by the hand of time,  
 No longer here to plead thy cause,  
 However great their prowess was ;

Like all things else, when out of date,  
 Will have to share a similar fate—  
 Fate that respects nor crowns nor kings,  
 Nor fairest of terrestrial things ;  
 The closest ties that do cement  
 On this earth's surface, shall be rent  
 Asunder, and must parted be,  
 Of which we have a proof in thee.  
 But is there none, shall it be told,  
 To pity thee when thou art old,  
 Nor that thy tottering frame reveres,  
 Now crushed beneath the weight of years ?  
 Sure, there are some that's passing by  
 Will o'er thy frailty heave a sigh ;  
 Remembrancer of former days,  
 The comrades of their sports and plays ;  
 When in thy arms, with cordial glee,  
 They found a faithful friend in thee ;  
 And o'er thy granite sides would peep,  
 Even when the stream rolled broad and deep,  
 Confiding to thy trusty pier,  
 Their pastimes plied without a fear.  
 The hand that now doth hold this pen,  
 Though very thoughtless it was then—  
 As schoolboys oft' are said to be—  
 Cannot withhold its sympathy,  
 And to rehearse thy tale of woe,  
 Is all it can on thee bestow ;  
 Though this will not thy breach restore—  
 Friendship oft'times can give no more.

### THIRD PART.

May we who still sojourn here,  
 Each other's burden help to bear ;  
 At least, that we do what we can,  
 As did this brig for the good of man,



Though but one talent, we must mind  
 To use it for the end designed.  
 Were we to fold our hands remiss,  
 'Twould neither us nor others bless,  
 Nor yet show forth the skill or fame  
 Which the great architect doth claim ;  
 And for whose honour we should live,  
 Who did us life and being give.  
 O'er self and sin then let us rise,  
 Though mankind mock us or despise,  
 That we, at last, though poor in fame,  
 May not be wholly put to shame.  
 Our part played on the stage of time,  
 By an old brig of stone and lime ;  
 But 'neath whose ruins we may find  
 An autograph emblem of mankind.  
 The vista of the past doth show  
 The instability of all below ;  
 The times and seasons that have fled,  
 The ages numbered with the dead,  
 Have dropt out of this busy scene,  
 And are as if they ne'er had been ;  
 Has left behind no living trace,  
 As doth this relic of its race.  
 What dynasties have disappeared  
 Since first its fabric-arch was reared ;  
 Of those who then the sceptre swayed,  
 When its foundation stone was laid :  
 How many monarchs on the throne,  
 And potentates of earth, are gone.  
 The mightiest conquerors that laid waste  
 Whole empires, are themselves abased ;  
 And those that did mankind oppress,  
 Are kept to wait the consequence ;  
 And those renowned warriors brave  
 Now fold their arms within the grave,  
 Having laid aside their robes of state—  
 The tinsels of the proud and great.

The honours of an empty name  
 Its false and fleeting worth proclaim,  
 The regalia of ambition's fane ;  
 A shadowy phantom void and vain,  
 Which leaves its votaries poorer thrice  
 Without the pearl of great price ;  
 By trifling toys, ne'er made to swerve,  
 And even likewise failed to serve  
 Their generation half so well  
 As this old brig before it fell. \*  
 Although one arch it now has lost,  
 More service to mankind can boast,  
 Of having proved a truer friend,  
 And thus far better served its end  
 Than those whose aim appeared through life  
 To delight in bloodshed, war, and strife.  
 Those feudal times, that filled with woes  
 Our country, are come to a close.  
 When rapine and revolutions tore,  
 The nation to the very core ;  
 And those dark ages are away  
 When the weak became the strong man's prey,  
 Who ruled them with a ruthless hand,  
 And tyranny o'erspread the land.  
 But now those troubled waters cease,  
 And social order reigns in peace ;  
 And persecution's fiercest blast,  
 That swept those mountains, now is past.  
 When our forefathers, now no more,  
 Zion's standard on their summits bore ;  
 For conscience sake, they faithful stood,  
 True to their country, king, and God :

\* The south arch fell four years since in the winter of 1850. The same arch fell somewhere about an hundred years ago, and was re-built by the people of the place or parish for the convenience of attending Yarrow kirk. The original arch still exists though much decayed. It may yet survive many a vicissitude.

And who that's living now can ken,  
 What service this old brig was then  
 To them, in many an urgent case,  
 Both to and from a hiding place,  
 To worship God, and find repose  
 In some lone glen, safe from their foes.  
 Thanks be to God, it may be said,  
 There is none now to make afraid ;  
 But we enjoy full liberty  
 Beneath our vine and our fig tree,  
 To worship God with tongue and heart,  
 As conscience' dictates may direct.  
 Blest privilege, both for young and old,  
 Above the ransom price of gold,  
 Or the silk and shining cords of art.  
 Compared with man's immortal part,  
 The casket or the jewel prize,  
 Which in the end will be most wise.  
 May pure religion, and undefiled,  
 By tiara'd heads ne'er be beguiled—  
 As God's vicegerent to command  
 A resting-place within our land.  
 Back may this hoodwink'd brood recoil  
 Before the thistle of Scotia's soil ;  
 And God's own truth instead keep pace  
 With the refinement of our race,  
 The doctrine of the Saviour's cross,  
 His precepts and his righteousness ;  
 The merits of Immanuel's name,  
 Neither man nor angel dare to claim  
 A title of what himself hath won.  
 When single handed and all alone,—  
 Which is the only sufficient plea  
 For every sinner—for you and me.  
 Abide in this good Shepherd's fold,  
 As your sires did in the times of old ;  
 Where pastures green and waters clear,  
 With heavenly joy your hearts shall cheer.

Long may this banner be unfurled,  
 Both in our land and through the world.  
 God speed his work ; increase and bless  
 The heralds of the Prince of Peace,  
 Until that bright millennial day  
 Shall chase those shadows dark away ;  
 When superstition's mists shall fly,  
 And men see clearly eye to eye ;  
 When Satan's kingdom shrinks from view,  
 And all things are again made new.  
 Then shall the praise of Salem's king  
 Make all those hills and valleys ring :  
 Whose reign shall be a reign of love,  
 And earth resemble Heaven above.

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### THE BREWER'S STILL.

INCONSISTENCY, OR THE PERVERSION OF GOD'S BOUNTY.

(Written for 1853—the wet harvest.)

WHEN the harvest becomes a heap,  
 And the fields with rain are floating,  
 And the winnowing zephyrs are asleep,  
 The grief of the husbandman is deep,  
 To see his treasures rotting.

The tide of sorrow you hear anon,  
 Is everywhere prevailing,  
 With pathos that would move a stone—  
 Both rich and poor alike bemoan,  
 This state of things bewailing.

For this is set apart a day  
 Of solemn prayer and fasting,  
 That God his chastening hand would stay,  
 And chase those ominous clouds away  
 That all our hopes are blasting.

Sure it is never out of place,  
 When God doth call to mourning,  
 That we with penitence confess  
 Our sins, the cause of our distress,  
 And take a timely warning.

But does it not seem strange indeed,  
 To hear so much lamenting,  
 When Providence doth blast our bread,  
 How wide our sympathies doth spread,  
 And deep-toned heart relenting ;

And yet that such should never think  
 What precious grain is wasting  
 In the formation of strong drink,  
 Or at this fact they wish to wink,  
 Because they like a tasting.

The malt tub and the brewer's still  
 Are constantly consuming  
 What many a hungry heart would fill,  
 If it were grinded at the mill,  
 For offices more humane.

As there are thousands that do pine,  
 While Bacchus is devouring  
 The staff of life beneath his shrine—  
 The boon of Heaven for bread to man,  
 Into his cup is pouring.

Millions of bushels of good grain,  
 Year by year are wasted ;

Should we not rather here complain,  
 And call upon the law of Maine\*  
 To have the thief arrested ?

And yet how few appear to see  
 This wholesale devastation,  
 Or that in earnest seek to free  
 What fills our land with misery,  
 Want, crime, and degradation ;

Or yet are heard to raise the cry,  
 To have these matters righted,  
 That alcoholic stream to dry,  
 So that those nuisances may die,  
 By which our country's blighted ;

Compared with those of every grade  
 Who still appear to sanction  
 The traffic of the spirit trade,  
 For all the horrors it has spread,  
 Of bloody strife and faction.

Our asylums and our jails to fill  
 With victims from the masses ;  
 The produce of the brewer's still  
 Doth cause nine-tenths of all this ill†—  
 Better it were burnt to ashes.

Mock not God's name with honours vain,  
 Ye who are drink's abettors,  
 Nor of his providence complain,  
 Who will not stoop to loose the chain  
 That drags to death his creatures.

\* The Maine Law, for the suppression of the traffic and the sale of strong drink, which originated in the state of Maine, U.S.

† Temperance Magazine for 1853.

Those that refuse to lend their aid,\*  
When Israel's foes assailing,  
That bitter curse, with all its dread,  
Will pour its vials on their head,  
If they remain unwilling.

Be wise, then, ere it be too late,  
While the lamp of life is burning,  
And lend your influence and weight  
To every movement good and great—  
The scales of vice o'erturning.

God's glory and the weal of man,  
Doth blend in union ever ;  
What God doth in His wisdom join,  
Woe shall betide if any one  
This sacred bond shall sever.

\* Judges v. 23.

## GOD AND MAMMON.

“Let him that glorieth glory in the Lord.”—JEREMIAH VIII, 23-24.

VAIN man would fain be counted wise,  
 For what he has from others got,  
 Forgetting wholly that he was  
 Born like unto the wild ass colt.

The strong man in his strength and might,  
 Exults and glories in the same,  
 And nothing satisfies his sight  
 But what doth aggrandise his fame.

The rich man also builds his trust  
 Upon his revenues of gold,  
 Doth of his large possessions boast,  
 And worship mammon for his god.

Should not the wise, the strong, the rich,  
 The God that made them thus adore?  
 Remember to whom is given much,  
 Of them will be required the more—

To give account how they did spend  
 What they did purposely receive  
 For God's glory, and to befriend  
 The needy—from their straits relieve.

God's loving-kindness, while we live,  
 Should be acknowledged day by day;  
 For every favour he doth give,  
 A grateful homage we should pay.



## SECOND PART.

THE bright and shining hosts on high,  
    Around the throne of God that meet,  
Do veil their faces as they fly,  
    And cast their crowns down at his feet.

The saint there and the seraphim,  
    The loftiest in that holy place,  
Ascribe all honour to the Lamb,  
    In praises of his boundless grace ;

And cease not day nor night to sing,  
    In anthems of enraptured joy ;  
The condescension of their king,  
    Doth all their noblest powers employ .

Wisdom and strength, and riches are  
    Ascribed—as it ought to be—  
To Him from whom received were  
    The alpha and the omega.

## A G U R ' S P R A Y E R .

"Give me neither poverty nor riches : feed me with food convenient for me."—PROVERBS XXX. 7-9.

THERE lived once a man in the times of old,  
And a wise good man was he ;  
For he prayed that he might not be rich, we are told,  
Nor oppressed with deep poverty.

The supply of his wants what was best for his weal—  
Neither too high nor too low,  
Lest he should be tempted to pilfer or steal,  
Or forgetful of God he should grow.

The dazzle of wealth he wished to avoid,  
For fear that it led him astray,  
Or by a reverse he should fret or repine,  
If poverty blocked up his way.

Thrice happy are they who have learned content  
With their lot and condition to be,  
And in the disposal of every event,  
God's wisdom and goodness can see ;

More valuable than the Koh-i-Noor brought from the  
East,  
In the great Exhibition displayed ;  
Or the gems that sparkle on royalty's breast,  
When in stately costume arrayed.

This coral doth a charm peculiar possess—  
Not only is it lovely and fair,  
But the best guarantee for heart's ease and peace—  
What a pity that it should be so rare !

May contentment and virtue their tendrils entwine,  
 To blossom and bud round my cot,  
 And emit their fragrant sweets so benign—  
 Then Heaven will smile on my lot.

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## OUR TRIUMPH.

Heads or notes of a Sermon by the late Rev. George Lawson,  
 Selkirk.

THIS is the consolation sent,  
 To make the fallen rise,  
 To one and all that doth repent—  
 'Tis God that justifies.

None can restrain our sovereign Lord,  
 Though scoffers may despise ;  
 This is the witness on record—  
 'Tis God that justifies.

He is our Judge, on whose decree  
 Our final sentence lies ;  
 'Tis this alone can make us free—  
 'Tis God that justifies.

Irreversible the deed,  
 Though sin and hell surmise ;  
 This is our triumph—Christ did bleed,  
 And God now justifies.

## THE GOSPEL CRADLE.

## SCRAPS OF A SERMON.

“The darkness is past, and the true light now shineth.”

IGNORANCE and darkness swelling,  
 O'er the mental sight of man,  
 Now the spirit is dispelling,  
 As the Gospel light doth dawn,

From the ceremonial slumber  
 Of the Jewish ritual train,—  
 It shakes off that which did encumber,  
 And rends the temple veil in twain.

See it rising from its cradle,  
 Shining forth like burnished gold,  
 Bursts those bands that did it swaddle,  
 And leaves the old Mosaic fold.

Above the top of Mount Moriah,  
 With majestic lustre grand,  
 Ascends the glorious King Messiah,  
 To bless and lighten every land ;

Beaming down with love benignant,  
 Alike on all the human race,  
 Upon the vilest wretch repugnant—  
 Radiant with redeeming grace ;

Glowing with divine compassion  
Over fallen humanity ;  
To every tribe, and tongue, and nation,  
Proclaiming his salvation free ;

Which shows to none respect of persons—  
Its terms alike for rich and poor ;  
Which justifies from all aspersions,  
And doth for evermore endure.

The Spirit and the Bride insist  
On all without delay to come,  
They that hear and they who thirst,  
Telling them there still is room

In the Saviour's heart and kingdom  
For mankind, both great and small ;  
Since he hath promised to receive them,  
All who obey the gospel call,

If in the footsteps they do follow  
Of good old faithful Abraham,  
Will grant to sit with him in glory,  
In the presence of the Lamb.

## THE ENEMY AND THE DELIVERER.

There was a city and few men in it, and there came a great king against it, and built great bulwarks against it, &c.—ECCLES. IX. 15.

THE great enemy of the universal race of man  
Lies in constant wait, both night and day,  
By every artifice and subtle plan  
With which he can secure and catch his prey ;

Nor doth he leave a single stone unturned,  
But what with fiendish eagerness he tries,  
And only when by stern resistance spurned,  
That he retreats, and from the conflict flies.

The stoutest heart he oft-times makes to quake ;  
Seldom indeed but what they suffer loss ;  
Christian himself from head to foot did shake,  
And only triumphed by the Saviour's cross.

Behind that impenetrable shield,  
He found a refuge from the enemy's darts,  
Who thus was foiled, and forced to flee the field,  
Defeated in spite of all his hellish arts.

Without this armour it were worse than vain  
For mortal man to try the unequal strife,  
Although alas ! too many do disdain  
This only safeguard to their precious life.

Leaning upon a deceitful broken reed,  
At last when comes the trying evil hour,  
It fails, and leaves them in the time of need  
To him that's seeking whom he may devour.

And thus defenceless falls an easy prey—  
 Without a breastplate for the vital part,  
 To reap the fruit of their self-righteous way  
 Beneath the traitors fiery lash to smart—

Though pre-admonished by the fatal fall,  
 Of our first parents by the self-same foe—  
 The consequence of which extends to all—  
 The calamity of their sad overthrow,

Entailed upon themselves and their posterity,  
 The fruits of sin, of sorrow, disease, and death,  
 Making this fair world a scene of misery,  
 A vale of tears, a rugged thorny path.

And had it not been for the mighty King of Zion,  
 Moved by divine compassion and with boundless love,  
 Who paid our ransom and conquered death in dying,  
 Not a soul could have reach'd the realms of bliss above.

So completely was the total ruin of man  
 Effected by the agency of this satanic sway,  
 That it required the omnipotence of God's eternal Son  
 To overcome the mighty and to deliver the prey,

By virtue of his vicarious humiliation,  
 When for our sakes he his precious blood did shed,  
 And finished the great work of man's salvation  
 When upon the cross he bowed his head ;

When the strong bulwarks that the wicked one  
 Had raised between mankind and the regions of joy  
 Received such a shock, that they came tumbling down,  
 And every barrier in the way to bliss did destroy.

And a new and a living way opened up  
 For those who in the city of destruction are lying,  
 That they might fly for their life, and escape  
 To the new Jerusalem—the mountain of Zion.

## SECOND PART.

But like the Lepers once cleansed, where are the nine  
 That returned to give glory to God—  
 For a work of such mercy, so great and benign,  
 As to those poor outcasts he showed?

When there was no eye to pity, or a hand that could  
 save  
 From their bondage of darkness and grief,  
 The friend of man, the foe he did brave—  
 He came off a conqueror, and obtained our relief.

Though assailed with obliquy, scorn, and cavils,  
 Without a resting place here for his head,  
 The justice of God, and the fury of devils,  
 The powers of darkness against him arrayed,

From the arduous conflict he did not retreat  
 Until that triumphantly he did exclaim,  
 Victory! deliver from going down to the pit,  
 For I have wrought out a ransom for them!

Yet strangest of all, that unparalleled love  
 Which led him for them both to suffer and groan,  
 Should be met with contempt, it surely doth prove  
 That their hearts were more hard than the adamant  
 stone.

Such base ingratitude as a return to show  
 To such a kind benefactor and friend,  
 Must involve the guilty in shame and in woe  
 As their inevitable doom in the end.

There is no other way of escape, no not one,  
 Nor a name amongst mankind is given,  
 Whereby to be saved, but that of Jesus alone,  
 And they that reject it will also lose heaven.



## THE ONLY ANTIDOTE:

IN OPPOSITION TO ANTICHRIST.

2 THESSALONIANS II. 4-8.

THE work of penance never can  
 Become a substitution,  
 In cancelling the guilt of man ;  
 As all beside the Gospel plan,  
 Is blindfold superstition.

There's but one antidote—no more—  
 The God-man mediator ;  
 Our substitute, our sins, who bore—  
 Thank God that he can heal each sore—  
 The plague spot of our nature ;

That heaven-anointed great High Priest,  
 Our only intercessor ;  
 That hears and answers each request,  
 And needs no tribunes to assist,  
 Far less the Pope's confessor.

The merits of whose priceless name  
 Needs no such augmentation ;  
 The sinner's all-sufficient claim,  
 Who never will be put to shame  
 While on this sure foundation :

Who for the welfare of our race  
 Himself he did surrender ;  
 The beauty of whose love and grace,  
 And brightness of his righteousness,  
 Is like the noon-day splendour ;

Which dissipates the deepest gloom  
 Of those who mourn in sorrow,  
 And sheds a lustre round the tomb,  
 To light the weary pilgrim home  
 To the abodes of glory.

Woe be to them that follow lies,  
 Their conscience soon will canker,  
 Stung by the worm that never dies,  
 If they continue to despise  
 The soul's celestial anchor.

The priestcraft of the Church of Rome  
 Do fearfully pollute it  
 By their blasphemous, filthy scum—  
 Who proffer pardon for a sum  
 Of lucre, prostitute it.

Though gold or silver, or the mass,  
 Procured a man's salvation,  
 And smaller sins discharged for brass,  
 What would come of the penniless,  
 With neither cash nor caution?

O how unlike the Gospel plea,  
 Which is so well adapted  
 To human want and misery;  
 And like the breath of heaven is free—  
 The poorest not exempted.

Within the convent's dingy cell  
 Life's purest joys are clouded,  
 The fairest charms of earth grow pale;  
 Beneath the black mysterious veil  
 The star of hope is shrouded.

It's said of one that understood  
 The state of human nature,

When on this earth in flesh and blood,  
 His whole career was doing good  
 To man—his sinful creature ;

And who did weep with those that wept,  
 And shared with them their sadness ;  
 Who never into cloisters crept,  
 But in the social circle kept  
 The jubilee of gladness.

His precepts and example still  
 O'erturn this false delusion—  
 Man has a duty to fulfil,  
 And those that serve their own self-will,  
 At last shall reap confusion.

And so likewise shall antichrist,  
 Whose siren tongue grows louder ;  
 Her doom and end is hastening fast,  
 When the stone cut from the mountain crest  
 Shall grind it into powder. \*

\* Daniel ii. 45.

## THE CENTURION AND HIS BROTHER.

A TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF A BELOVED MASTER.

LUKE VII.

THE good Centurion doth embellished stand  
 Upon the records of the sacred page,  
 Whose distinguished virtues appear in lustre grand,  
 A bright example to the world at large,

For magnanimity and disinterested love,  
 So fully exhibited in the same event,  
 To his sick servant, as he then did prove  
 Like to a father, while his steps he bent

To the great Physician, who he knew could heal  
 The most inveterate maladies of man ;  
 Whose sympathising heart not less did feel  
 For the suffering poor than those on beds of down.

His humane mission found a friend's response  
 In him who never yet did turn away  
 From human grief; by his omnipotence  
 The deadly distemper all at once did stay—

Dispelling the cloud that did o'ercast  
 The sky of this most generous-hearted man ;  
 His anxious fears were quickly hushed to rest—  
 The cause removed from whence they first began.

The Sun of Righteousness, with healing in his wings,  
 Dried up his tears by his effulgent rays ;  
 His filial faith in this the King of Kings,  
 Gives him the honour of the highest praise—

An eulogium better than a thousand victories won—  
 The approbation of the Prince of Peace—  
 Or the brightest trophy that ever shone  
 On the most distinguished veteran of our race.

Such profound humility, what a lovely trait !  
 A character beloved by God and man ;  
 Though in high authority in rank and state,  
 What condescending care and kind regard was  
 shown !

Beneath the regal badge and uniform he wore,  
 With loyalty to his earthly sovereign's crown,  
 He true allegiance to the King of Heaven swore,  
 Whose armorial bearings adorned his inner man—

Like apples of gold on pictures of silver shone,  
 Stereotyped by the Shechinah from above—  
 Engraven not on tables made of stone.  
 But on the inward tablets of the heart in love.

## SECOND PART.

“ They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their  
 death they were not divided.—2 SAMUEL I. 23.

THIS authentic and interesting narrative,  
 With scarce a parallel, reminds us of another—  
 Of one who but lately here did live,  
 For bland humanity might be called his brother.

A brother, at least in one relation,  
 Like him was in the service of his king employ'd ;  
 A different period, government, and nation,  
 Being the only exceptions to the one portray'd.

With honourably fidelity he did serve  
 His King and country, to defend their laws,  
 The love of which his heart and arm did nerve—  
 A truer patriot never espoused its cause.

But his genuine virtues did most brightly shine  
 Within the bosom of his native home,  
 When retired from his arduous campaign,  
 Far from the noise of war or battle drum ;

In the domestic circle, where he was beloved  
 By all deservedly, as a return in kind,  
 As to every inmate of the same he proved  
 A cordial, faithful, sympathising friend ;

As all who thus were circumstanced to know,  
 In their experience he did never shun ;  
 Integrity but did strict justice show  
 In all his dealings with his fellowmen.

To those dependant on him he did pay  
 Unfeigned solicitude for their constant weal ;  
 Urbanity, not rigour, was his ruling sway—  
 A sceptre brighter than of gold or steel.

The good Samaritan appeared enshrined—  
 In living likeness shone within his breast ;  
 Each lineament of which was well defined,  
 In his general treatment both of man and beast.

The peaceful atmosphere he loved to breathe  
 Of Nature, as in dewy robes she lay  
 Embalmed, or in the shadowy grove beneath,  
 When sultry shone the blazing orb of day ;

As flowed the brook its rippling current past,  
 Whose murmur like the music of the spheres  
 That soothe the way-worn heart of man to rest—  
 A pleasant arbour in this vale of tears.

To him it was a cherished, hallowed spot,  
 Each turn and winding of the peaceful vale ;  
 On earth to him a more congenial lot,  
 A crown or kingdom, though conferred, would fail

To afford such pleasures as the sweets of home—  
 That place so dear to every human breast—  
 To one who so long in distant lands did roam,  
 More charms it had than either peace or rest.

Thus Nature, or rather Nature's Author, gave  
 This quiet harbour where he found repose,  
 Undisturbed by war's fierce bloody wave,  
 Where he sojourned until that life did close.

Though gone to where no traveller doth return  
 To those behind whose tears bedew the sod,  
 Yet hopeless have not such been left to mourn,  
 Who trust him safe within that blest abode,

Above this fleeting sublunary sphere,  
 Where sin and all its train of sorrows cease,  
 Where the water of life flows like to crystal clear,  
 Diffusing joy, eternal life, and peace.

## THE VIRTUOUS WOMAN.

" Her price is above rubies."—PROVERBS XXXI. 10.

A VIRTUOUS woman who can find,  
Or yet declare her worth ?  
She is an honour to her kind,  
And the land that gave her birth.

The social circle she doth grace,  
Where shines this precious gem ;  
To all within its sphere's embrace,  
Will a blessing prove to them.

Although it be in humble life  
Her lot is cast to move,  
She not the less a faithful wife  
Will in that relation prove.

Her husband doth her duly trust,  
Nor doth he trust in vain,  
As his best interests soil nor rust  
Will on her side remain.

Of willing hands she is possess'd,  
Whatever be their store,  
Of that she always makes the most  
That it can be used for.

Her household wants she always will  
For the time of need prepare ;  
The fruits of her domestic skill,  
In season due to share.



Though frugal she her hand doth stretch  
Unto the helpless poor,  
Her tone of kindness too doth teach  
What she would had she more.

She doth not idly spend her time,  
Or gossip it away ;  
With few exceptions from her home  
Is she inclined to stray ;

But in her proper orbit's sphere  
Will she be seen to move ;  
And those who therein do appear,  
Her value best can prove.

There's many a flower both gay and fair,  
Admired by great and small ;  
But when you them with this compare,  
It far excells them all.

Favour and beauty oft prove vain,  
And a deceitful show ;  
But the virtuous doth their charms retain,  
And always brighter grow.

The man who doth this treasure find,  
Where'er his lot be cast,  
Will find a friend both good and kind,  
And faithful to the last.

## THE TEMPERANCE DOMICILE.

Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."—PROVERBS III. 17.

WHEN gloomy winter's iron sway  
 Upon the earth is broken,  
 And glad'ning tints of vernal day  
 Do give the pleasant token

Of the soft balmy breath of spring,  
 When the sweet flowers appearing,  
 And birds for joy do chant and sing,  
 The heart of nature cheering ;

When morn and evening's carol voice  
 Give welcome salutation,  
 And verdure's lovely hues rejoice  
 The face of the creation ;

A change experienced like to this,  
 In the domestic centre,  
 When demon drink expelled is,  
 And temperance doth enter.

Then health and happiness begin  
 The broken hearts in mending ;  
 And blasted hopes restored again,  
 Betoken good impending.

When better days and clearer sky  
 Appear in the horizon,  
 Since those dark clouds did from it fly,  
 That all their joys did poison.

The social aspect now is changed  
 From abject degradation,  
 Which Bacchanalian scenes deranged,  
 Affecting each relation.

Prosperity hath likewise crowned  
 The domicile adorning ;  
 The children sing their board around,  
 Which once was clothed in mourning.

The flowers of virtue now appear,  
 Which alcohol had blighted ;  
 And friendship too new charms doth wear  
 That was before benighted.

Affection from her golden urn  
 Sends forth her crystal fountains,  
 Diffusing health at every turn,  
 Like dew on Zion's mountains.

Peace and contentment now repose,  
 Instead of drink and brawling,  
 And temperance blossoms like the rose,  
 Round the domestic dwelling.

Let the friends of temperance strive and pray,  
 Upon their watch-tower standing,  
 To hasten that auspicious day—  
 Their country's curse remanding—

Until that climax they attain,  
 Of British legislation,  
 Inaugurating the law of Maine,  
 For the good of the whole nation—

That baneful poison to destroy,  
 Which doth such ills engender,  
 Until Great Britain would enjoy  
 A scene of moral grandeur.

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## GOODBYE TO MR GOUGH,

THE CELEBRATED AMERICAN TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE.

Written on reading the account of a soiree given to him in the  
 City Hall, Glasgow, before going to England.

To the champion Gough we bid goodbye,  
 While he England's foe assails,  
 In hopes he soon will backward hie  
 To Scotia's hills and vales.

With not less success, too, we hope,  
 Again to overthrow,  
 And be the means to put a stop  
 To this our common foe.

May the blessing of thousands follow him,  
 Like the pillar of cloud by day,  
 And the pillar of fire by night to gleam,  
 And cheer him on his way.

With many prayers on his behalf  
Ascending to the throne,  
That the good Shepherd's rod and staff  
Be his to rest upon ;

That he at last may amply reap  
The many he reclaims  
Of those that once were straying sheep,  
With their young tender lambs.

Those tokens that his friends did give,\*  
Of their sincerest love,  
Presage those laurels round his brow,  
In the happier land above.

\* Presents that he received at the close of his labours at that time—not a few of which were most valuable—testifying their esteem of his services.

## R E M I S S I O N .

THE Judge of all the earth hath said,  
 Because of man's transgression,  
 Unless that guiltless blood be shed,  
 There can be no remission.

The blood that from the altar streamed  
 In the Jewish dispensation,  
 Unto the world aloud proclaimed  
 The way of sin's remission ;

The countless victims that did bleed,  
 Was meant for man's tuition—  
 To show that he did stand in need  
 Of a blood-bought remission ;

Those types no higher end could gain  
 To better man's condition,  
 Or yet wash out a single stain,  
 By way of a remission ;

Till heaven's appointed lamb did bleed  
 For sin and for transgression,  
 And legally in our room and stead,  
 His blood sealed our remission ;

So that the guiltiest now can claim—  
 If they will make confession,  
 And use the merits of his name—  
 An absolute remission.

For any other ground or plea  
 There can be no occasion,  
 That saint or seraph can make for thee,  
 When Christ is your remission.

## THE WAY TO BE HAPPY.

1 PETER V. 7.

CAST your every burden on the Lord,  
 Unbosom all your care,  
 And he will help to thee afford,  
 And hear your humblest prayer.

Though numberless your wants should be,  
 Though fears and foes assail,  
 The almighty arm is pledged for thee,  
 And it can never fail.

He led his people forth in peace,  
 Safe through the raging wave,  
 And in the barren wilderness,  
 Them bread and water gave.

Who for the ravens doth provide,  
 When their young ones do cry ;  
 The stream from whence they are supplied  
 Hath never yet run dry.

Your Heavenly Father, he doth feed  
 The fowls that fly the air,  
 The meanest one of which is made  
 The object of his care,

Although no storehouse they possess,  
 Or fields of golden grain,  
 Who neither sow nor reap, far less  
 Will God forget you then.

Behold the lilies of the field,  
That never toil or spin,  
Yet the greatest king on earth revealed  
Could not compare with one.

If God so richly clothe the grass,  
With every varied hue,  
Adorns it with supremest grace,  
Shall he not then clothe you ?

He who his well-beloved Son  
For us to death hath given,  
Whose cross procured for us a crown,  
Eternal life and heaven :

What heavenly wisdom sees is best,  
While you sojourn here ;  
Then on him let your care be cast,  
And you'll not lack good cheer.



## IT'S NOT ALL GOLD THAT GLITTERS:

OR HEAVEN'S STANDARD OF MORALITY BY WHICH WE  
SHALL BE TESTED.

## 1 CORINTHIANS XIII.

THOUGH I could strike a seraph's lyre  
To each melodious strain,  
If void of love's celestial fire,  
'Twould prove my motive vain.

Though through the future I could pry,  
With a prophetic gaze,  
Foretell events that's drawing nigh  
In these portentous days ;

And thus asunder rend the veil  
That doth in darkness shroud,  
It would be but a cheerless tale,  
Did love not gild the cloud.

As in the rainbow's hues we trace,  
That girds the darkening storm,  
God's covenant to the human race,  
Its loveliest sweetest charm.

It's not the thunder from above,  
That earth's foundation shakes,  
But the still voice that whispers love,  
That God most glorious makes.

So could my faith even mountains cast  
    Into the swelling sea,  
If I were not of love possessed  
    It would not profit me.

Though to the poor I gave my all,  
    Till trumpets sound my name,  
If not from love it soon must fall,  
    And leave me nought but shame.

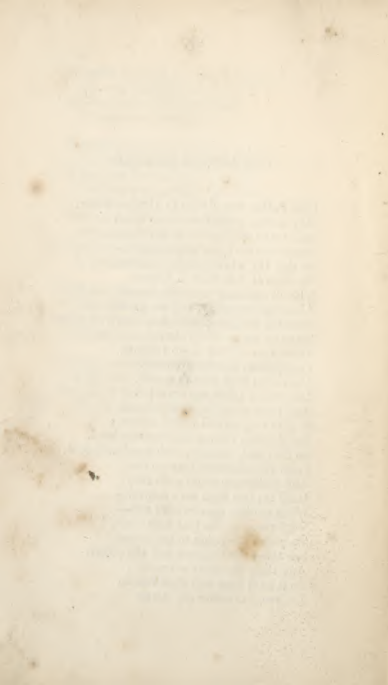
While a cup of water would not miss  
    A blessing for reward,  
Out of the treasury of grace,  
    If given from love's regard.

Without this gem the martyr's crown,  
    Would worse than mockery prove,  
And heaven's bright portals only frown,  
    If destitute of love.

Love is the brightest pearl and best,  
    Free from all base alloy ;  
They're rich who are possessed  
    Of this germ of endless joy.

## THE LORD'S PRAYER.

OUR Father who dwells in Heaven above,  
May we thy name revere and love ;  
And may the kingdom of thy Son,  
Soon overthrow the wicked one,—  
So that thy will on earth, as given,  
Be done as it is done in heaven.  
Give us each day our daily bread,  
Although unworthy, still we plead,  
That thy forgiving grace may flow ;  
To us as we to others show,  
Those that against us do trespass,  
Forbearance and forgiveness.  
Deliver us from Satan's snares,  
Lest we be taken unawares ;  
And leave us not to sink or swim  
In sin's unhallowed turbid stream ;  
But do thou cleanse the fountain head,  
So that each thought, each word and deed,  
From all defilement may be free,  
And yield submission unto thee ;  
Until set free from sin's control—  
While endless ages onward roll—  
With those within that holy place,  
To praise the riches of thy grace,  
For thine the kingdom and the power,  
And thine the glory evermore ;  
As it hath been and shall remain  
Let every creature say AMEN.



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