



LIFE SCENES

*& OTHER POEMS*

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*W. B. SMITH*





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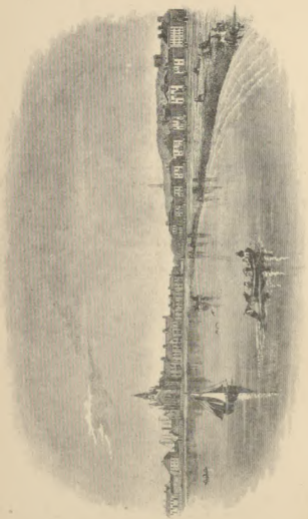


Life Scenes: and other Poems.









"Where villas near the sea-beach stand,  
He marked but one among all the rest."



# LIFE SCENES:

And other Poems.

BY W. H. SMITH,

Author of



Androsian:

ARTHUR GUTHRIE,

1851.

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BY W. B. SMITH,

SALTCOATS.



Ardrossan:

ARTHUR GUTHRIE.

1883.

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## P R E F A C E .

—\*—

IN laying this volume before the reading public, I think it right, for special reasons, to say a few words by way of preface, both as to the contents thereof and my motive in publishing. The main poem, "Life Scenes," will be found to be truly—and only what its title implies—a simple narrative, in verse, of incidents occurring in the experience of the Author, and of dear friends, who were closely and tenderly brought together for a short period in their youthful years. Nothing is stated in the poem but what really took place, and although this may seem a very sober range to which my Muse has chosen to confine herself, yet, perhaps, it may be found both interesting and instructive, for—"Truth is strange,—*stranger than fiction!*" The shorter pieces, I shall only say, have all been written in a kindred spirit—imagination having been kept in abeyance to fact. As to my motive in publishing, I have thought that the sentiments given expression to throughout the book might be of some benefit to my fellow-pilgrims in prosecuting their great LIFE-JOURNEY.

SALTICOTS, *April*, 1883.







## LIFE SCENES.

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### Introduction.

**T**HE slanting rays of the evening sun  
Were falling 'mid the old Holm grove,  
And warbling birds sang forth each one  
The praises of their Maker's love ;  
The stream, half hid by leaf-clad trees,  
Ran smoothly on with murm'ring sound,  
Upborne upon the fragrant breeze  
Its liquid voice cheered all around.  
The sporting flies skimmed o'er its breast,  
The wren trill'd forth his feeble song,  
And hover'd near his trim-built nest,  
Say,—who'd this tiny warbler wrong ?  
The distant lark, upsoaring high,  
Poured forth, in joy, his gladsome lay ;  
Like sprite unseen by human eye,  
Bade sweet farewell to closing day.

But other sounds salute the ear,—  
The merry strains of youthful voice  
Throughout the wood, now soft, now clear,  
Re-echoing, make the heart rejoice.  
'Twas sweet to hear, at that calm hour,  
As thoughtfully perchance you'd rove,  
Those voices, with melodious power,  
Awake the echoes of the grove ;  
For, seated on a flowery mound,  
A happy group you might have seen  
Beside the stream, that slowly wound  
Past this sweet nook 'mong bowers so green :  
Two children romped with artless glee,  
Or culled wild flowers that grew near by,  
While maidens fair, from sorrow free,  
Sang lightly some quaint melody.  
Their forms adorned, and faces gay,  
Betokened beauty, wealth, and truth ;  
In manners, kind and loving, they  
Sat in the hey-day of their youth ;  
Two striplings glad with lessons o'er  
Were rambling near along the wood,  
Bird-nesting more than stores of lore  
They valued, or the studious mood.  
One searching where dark fern leaves grew  
And flowret, sweet forget-me-not,

Half hid its lovely eye of blue,  
A nest had found, so strangely wrought—  
His friend he called, "Come here and see,"—  
'Twas built with straw and moss-clad roof,  
Entwined with skill and nicety,  
As neatly wrought as weaver's woof.  
Five rose-pink eggs, like ocean gems,  
Lay hid within this store-house rare ;  
Their kind unknown (at least to them),  
Were lifted, and *replaced with care*.  
Just then a voice in accents sweet,  
A little one, said, "Please let's see ;"  
They looked around as children's feet  
Came rustling on past bush and tree.  
One of the group of maidens three  
Who watched by flowery mound now cried,  
"Come, Tottie dear, do come to me ;"  
"No! come to us," the youths replied ;  
The little ones with childlike ways,  
Obeyed their call,—with glad surprise  
They then displayed to wondering gaze  
Their find so rare, with sparkling eyes.  
Meanwhile the maiden fair drew nigh,  
To see what made them all so glad,  
The youths drew back, and standing by,  
Half wished they'd been less rude or bad,

For in that face a winning smile  
So sweetly shone, it would not hide,  
Though she did try with ill-feigned guile  
To censure them, 'twere vain to chide ;  
They both must laugh and pardon crave ;  
Thus introduced, like gallants brave,  
For past misdeeds to make amends,  
Their *treasure trove* shew to her friends.

The sun has set far in the west,  
His last red rays gleam o'er the stream,  
The little bird sits in the nest,  
Unharm'd by them, to sleep, or dream  
Of her sweet mate perched on the tree ;  
Sweet flowers have closed by all unsought,  
The hum is hush'd of fly and bee ;  
The wren trills forth no more his note ;  
The lark his carolling ceased on high ;  
The twilight came, night shadows fell ;  
The new-made friends now said " Good-bye,"  
And stillness reign'd o'er hill and dell.



## Bright Days.

THE night is past, the twilight wanes,  
The sun in splendour bright  
Uprising slow, in triumph reigns,  
Dispelling by his might  
The shadows grey.

All nature wakes from gentle sleep  
On river, land, and sea,  
The stars no more their vigil keep  
O'er streamlet, hill, and tree  
With less'ning ray.

Fair morn gives place to brighter day :  
How swift the moments fly—  
When nature smiles right pleasantly  
Beneath a cloudless sky  
With springtide grace.

Man toils with joy and vig'rous mind,  
Partakes her bounteous mood,  
Till evening calm, with rest combined  
In city, plain, and wood,  
Draws on apace.

AT such an hour the friends once more,  
Would meet again within the grove,  
Released from toil, with lessons o'er,  
With happy heart they'd onward rove  
Along the walks, adown the stream  
Upon whose banks the wild flowers grew,  
While warbling birds sang "Love's young dream"  
O'erhead, as through the trees they flew.  
At such an age, in scenes so fair,  
We need not wonder friendship true,  
Should wax and wane with radiant air,  
Like summer clouds when skies are blue :  
So swiftly grew love's feeling pure,  
And spread abroad its sacred fire  
In those young hearts, all insecure,  
Child Cupid touched the heavenly Lyre.  
The cords gave forth such dulcet tones,  
Which some of them could ne'er forget,  
Though severed wide in distant zones,  
Till life's last short-lived sun had set ;  
Thus friendship ripened into love,  
Such love as only those may feel,  
Who guarded well by heaven above,  
Their actions pure, no crimes reveal.

But yet, so modest, shy were they,  
They chose the most secluded spot  
Or walk unknown, from day to day,  
By friends and parents seldom sought.  
What varied means they would employ ;  
Or plans original devise  
Lest prating tongues should ere annoy,  
Or curious, watch with envious eyes :  
When daylight dwelt in summer skies,  
Amid the foliage dense and green,  
Perched where the highest branches rise,  
One of the youths you might have seen,  
His eyes o'ershaded with his hand ;  
He keenly gazed toward the west  
Where villas near the sea-beach stand,  
He watched but one 'mong all the rest,  
Then thrice he waved his 'kerchief white ;  
Now, see ! from yonder window floats  
Another, signalling back, " All right,  
We hasten to the trysting spot." *J.*  
Or when the shortening autumn days  
Had come with all their golden spell,  
With ears attent, the maidens gaze  
Toward the sea, as moonlight fell,—  
The wavelets kiss the silvery strand,  
The youths are walking leisurely,

While zephyrs waft across the sand  
Sweet airs that on a flute they play.  
The maidens hear the longed-for strain,  
Each distance-mellowed note they trace,  
While hearts give forth a sweet refrain,  
And smiles o'erspread the watcher's face.  
Then winter came with darksome brow,  
Cold night-winds swept the leafless trees,  
Throughout the grove, no birds sang now,  
While moaned the winds, and restless seas  
That broke upon the lonely shore :  
E'en then the flute oft sounding clear,  
Unseen, yet heard, the notes outpour,  
The players linger fondly near  
Yon window, where the gaslight shone  
Athwart the gloom with sallow hue,  
Thrice darkened down till almost gone,  
The signal gave, " We come to you."  
Perchance some night when thus they played,  
The maidens forced at home to stay,  
As by mistake, or mischief swayed,  
Swift turned it off, to friend's dismay.  
With merry laugh, 'twas then re-lit,  
(Unknown to them, the signal from  
The youths without), who seeing it  
Departed, playing " Home, sweet Home."



But "true love's course did ne'er run smooth,"  
At least the poets tell us so,  
Thus in their case it proved forsooth,  
Despite their plans, it wrong would go.  
One autumn night it thus befel,  
Returning home a little late,  
They lingered, loath to say farewell,  
Close whispering at the garden gate.  
Old John who kept the bowling-green  
Espied them as they chatted there,  
And as his eyesight wasn't keen,  
To reconnoitre did prepare ;  
So slipping softly through the trees,  
Close followed by his curious wife,  
His Sal (who always tried to please  
The fractious partner of her life) ;  
Almost before they were aware  
The pair had stolen upon them quite,  
Yet not before the three youths there  
Had scampered off with quick "good night"  
Across the field, to reach the path  
That ran along the railway bank ;  
"Hi, there!" cried John, with rising wrath,  
As closed the gate with sudden clank :  
One hid himself in furrowed ground,  
Not far from Sal, who joined the chase,

But soon gave up whene'er she found  
That John outran her in the race :  
It happened as she slowly went  
Across the field, one foot she placed  
Upon the ridge, then forward bent,  
The other (while for John she gazed),  
Right on the back of him who lay  
Hidden there,—himself he raised  
Slowly at first, in wild dismay  
(As though an earthquake shook the dell)  
With rising force up in the air,  
Sal rose with one long weird-like yell,  
And backward fell in sore despair, —  
While John rushed back in great alarm ; —  
The youth, with laughter well nigh spent  
Rejoined his friends, who meant no harm,  
And laughed outright at how things went :  
Just waiting only long enough  
To see that all had ended right,  
For Sal, though scared, of nerve was tough,  
Recovered soon to John's delight :  
But time and memory both do fail  
To tell the thoughts those hours recall,  
So hastening on this truthful tale  
O'er these bright scenes, meanwhile the veil must fall.

## Changes.

YEARS pass away ; and with them too  
Some of that band who met  
With hopeful hearts, and friendship true,  
Whose brilliant sun hath set  
'Neath other skies.  
And some th' Atlantic's waves have crossed,  
To find a distant home ;  
Far from those treasured scenes of youth,  
Their wand'ring footsteps roam,  
Where new scenes rise.

---

**S**CARCE three short years had fled away  
Since first they met within the grove,  
Yet in that time, what changes may  
Take place 'mong those we know and love.  
New friends had joined that youthful band,  
On Summer nights they'd walk or sit  
Beneath the trees, or hand in hand  
Sing those sweet songs that haunt them yet  
With memories fraught of days gone by,  
And friends long lost, once loved and blest,  
While with them wakes the gentle sigh  
From weary hearts that long for rest.

So time went on with lightning speed,  
Filling to some misfortune's cup,  
Ah me ! how soon that band indeed  
Was severed wide and broken up :  
The youths whose school-days now were past  
To business went in neighbouring town,  
And some had crossed the ocean vast  
To dare Dame Fortune's smile or frown.  
The maidens, too, had ceased to rove  
Along the shore, or chant their lays  
To listening ears within the grove,  
Though birds still warbled notes of praise :  
Of all that band now only there  
Three met again when Spring had gone,  
With thoughtful brow, o'ercast with care,  
For one would soon be left alone :  
The day was dull, dark clouds o'erhung  
The trees, and dripping rain-drops fell  
Upon them, as they closer clung,  
Like those who took a last farewell :  
At length they reached a sheltered glade  
Where cooing cushats love to rest,  
Whose well known notes now only made  
Them sadder feel and more oppressed.  
No more they tell the pleasing tale,  
Or let the winning song go round,

With chorus borne on passing gale,  
While woods with cadence sweet resound :  
No longer now their feet may stray  
To seek around the blooming flowers,  
The daisy, pink, and primrose gay,  
To deck their wreaths in those loved bowers ;  
Perhaps you ask, 'Why were those three  
Here rambling now, so slow and sad,  
So young and fair, how can it be  
That 'mid such scenes they are not glad ?'  
Then mark them there beneath the shade  
Of yonder fir, whose fragrance free  
Now scents the breezes of the glade,  
While thus I try to sketch the three :  
Fair as a hyacinth flower there stands  
A maiden, in the bloom of youth,  
Whose open face at once commands  
Respect, and shows a heart of truth :  
Near by is one whose kindly eye  
Oft rests upon her features fair,  
In years her senior, watching nigh,  
Displays a loving sister's care.  
As beautiful she, tho' southern skies  
Seem to have smiled upon her birth,  
Rare goodness beams from those dark eyes,  
So mild (almost too pure for earth).

Like raven's wing, in ringlets neat  
Her shining tresses hang full low,  
While rosebuds, peeping forth so sweet,  
Rival in vain her cheek's bright glow.  
The third, a youth of stalwart frame,  
Well made, in manners shy, yet kind ;  
One, who, if known, your love would claim :  
Few faults had he, and much combined  
Of good in him, with talents rare  
To help him in the business strife :  
Full fond he watched the beauteous pair,  
Dreaming of closer ties in life.  
Those sisters dear, who scarce had known  
What life outside yon villa meant,  
Must now leave all, for soon had flown  
The fickle smile of Fortune, lent  
But for a time, 'neath heaven's dome,  
Now filled with gathering clouds o'erhead  
And deep'ning gloom.—While friends at home  
Asunder part to seek for bread.  
'Twas hard indeed for them, I trow,  
(Cradled in wealth, and reared in ease,)  
With care's first shadows on the brow,  
To leave that home to cross deep seas :  
Yet thus it was with them to-day,  
As, looking round on hill and dell,

They wandered slow, no longer gay,  
To take, perchance, a last farewell.  
Though time went slow, the hour had come,  
One of those sisters must depart  
And haste to help the friends at home  
Now packing up with aching heart.  
A little while the two now left  
Full fondly talked within the wood,  
Though thus of earthly store bereft  
They fain would hope 'twas all for good ;  
Yet dark the future loomed ahead,  
How dark to that fair maid it seemed,  
While to that youth, as if in dread,  
She closer clung, while gently beamed  
The light of confidence and love  
Upon her features pure and fair,  
To him as bright as stars above  
When shining through the clear, crisp air  
Of winter's night, with twinkling flame.  
A drizzling rain now fell around,  
Still on they went, until they came  
Out of the wood, and to the mound  
That stands upon Knock-re-voch Hill,  
Where oft in happy hours gone by  
They'd felt the bracing breezes thrill  
Throughout their frames—with secret sigh,

They lingered,—looked,—then homeward turned,  
But neither spake, for feelings keen  
Within their bosoms deeply burned,  
(Then looks, not lips, spake most I ween).  
Night shadows gathered round them fast,  
The wood then seemed as life's rough way  
With deepest gloom of late o'ercast,  
With scarce one kindly, cheering ray  
Of light to show the fav'rite path  
On which both ne'er again might tread ;  
Yet, 'mid it all, a soothing strain,  
Hope sang e'en then to them, and said—  
“ You part, but part to meet again.”  
At last they've reached the garden gate,  
And there with vows both warm and true  
They part, nor longer mourn their fate,  
But bravely bid a fond adieu.

. . . . .  
The ship has sailed ! Those sisters dear  
Scarce sixteen weeks have left the shore  
When sad news comes to friends left here  
That one, alas ! is now no more.  
The eldest, who, of late, had walked  
Beneath the trees, now sere and bare,  
Shall ne'er again see him who talked  
To her with more than brother's care.



Yet not alone, in silent grief,  
He wandered often in the glade ;  
One met him there o'er joys so brief  
To mourn, and talk of her who made  
Them love those scenes, now sacred held  
By mem'ry, for, in other days  
He too of hopes, so soon dispelled,  
Had dreamt, and sang the sister's praise.  
In business though some years he'd spent :  
Here oft his leisure hours were past,  
And mutual grief their hearts cement  
More close and firm, as when the blast  
Is howling round, the sturdy oak  
Strikes deeper root, still holding hard  
The rugged cliff of solid rock,  
That Time's wild tempests scarce hath scarred.  
Thus years rolled on with weary round,  
(Perhaps, you rightly say, 'twas folly ;)   
Yet 'mid those scenes they often found  
A pleasure strange in melancholy.  
One night, as thus they wandered slow,  
While resting by the rippling stream,  
One told how that short time ago  
He'd dreamt this pleasant dream :—

## A Dream of Youth.

'T WAS Summer time, when wild flowers blow,  
And skies are bright above,  
When sparkling singing streamlets flow,  
And birds chant notes of love  
'Mong bowers green ;  
I dreamt I rambled 'mid this scene,  
And felt the breezes blow,  
As pensive musing in my dream,  
On friends whom years ago  
We here have seen.

Beneath yon elm's refreshing shade  
I'd sat me down to rest,  
When lo ! I heard a sound that made  
Lost joys awake my breast  
With feelings rare.  
I heard a voice, in accents sweet,  
Singing an olden lay,  
Whose strains I knew, then to my feet  
I sprang (guess if you may  
Whom I found there ?)

For peering through the leafy veil  
Some long-lost friends I saw,  
(You know them all) with joyous hail  
They greeted me, and gave  
A welcome true.

Then questions kind were quickly giv'n :  
Methought each told their tale  
Of what had passed since we were riv'n  
Apart by sudden gale  
Of sorrow new.

Again I felt the mystic glow,  
Of youthful joy and love,  
Thrill through my heart with gentle flow,  
My skies were bright above,  
I sighed no more ;  
On looking down the flowery dell,  
Beside this purling stream,  
Two sisters fair, I saw, sat there,  
In sunlight's mellow gleam,  
Now stealing o'er.

'Twas strange, methought, that we should meet  
When years had passed away,  
To roam once more with joyous feet  
Through woodland nooks, or stay  
To cull wild flowers.

Yet stranger still that in my dream  
One of those forms I knew  
Stern Death had snatched from Beauty's team,  
Her star had sunk from view  
In adverse hours.

But now once more I'm glad, and free  
As bird upon the wing,  
The woods no more are dull to me ;  
I hear their voices ring  
Sweet on the gale  
Saluting me ; with gladsome heart  
I joined them by the brook,  
Nor marked yon sun's last rays depart  
With fondly lingering look,  
O'er hill and dale.

How swift those precious moments fled ;  
Ay ! rushed with light'ning speed ;  
Like torrents through their rocky bed,  
Or Arab's flying steed  
O'er desert sands.  
'Twere vain to try to stop their flight,  
Too soon the hour drew nigh  
That we must part, ere shades of night,  
Had spread o'er earth and sky  
Their sable bands.

Too soon we reached the hawthorn tree, *P.P. 49*  
Where oft we'd bade "good-bye,"  
Then in each face one well could see,  
That sorrow lingered nigh,  
Yet we must part.  
Those words, "good bye," we all must say,  
Yet seldom do we care  
To speak them quick, or haste away  
From those whose love we share  
With tender heart ;

'Tis thus with all our earthly joys ;  
Too soon they have an end ;  
And thoughts of parting oft annoy  
The bosom of each friend—  
"But such is life."

One continuous changeful round  
Of meetings and adieus,  
Sometimes we roam enchanting ground,  
Anon,—we weary muse  
When ills are rife.

Thus, lingering, the harvest moon  
Arose with radiant light,  
And, chasing evening shades away,  
Lent beauty to the night,  
With kindly ray.

Now's the hour that thoughts come stealing  
Softly over memory's page ;  
Scenes of other days revealing,  
Passing on from youth to age,  
Then fade away.

So, in my case, it proved to be,  
For soon there came a change ;  
Those hours had fled too swift for me,  
And then, I thought it strange  
So soon to part,  
To part from those I loved so well,  
Even when yon bright moonlight  
In fancy seemed to bind the spell  
That wound, more firm to-night,  
Around my heart ;

I turned to bid my friends farewell,  
But found that one had gone,  
And saw her form, far down the dell,  
There wand'ring slowly on  
In pensive mood.

I followed her with quickening pace,  
Yet she pressed forward still ;  
Nor stayed to mark each favourite place,  
Nor heard my signal shrill  
Sound through the wood.

I saw her climb the Castle Hill,  
And reach the ruins grey ;  
Again I whistled, clear and shrill,  
But still she fled away  
Till hid from view.

I searchèd long through every place  
My fancy could suggest ;  
Wearied at length, gave up the chase  
And sat me down to rest,  
Right sorry too.

I could not rest, for thus I thought  
Another friend has gone,  
Whose cheerful smile of late had brought  
Fond hopes so swiftly flown  
With her away.

Then, climbing th' ancient Castle Arch,  
Where creeping ivy clings,  
I looked into the dell beneath,  
Where warbling chaffinch sings  
The live-long day.

O joy ! I see that form I love  
Now wandering slowly on :  
Down—down I rush ! “ Why does she rove,  
I wonder, here alone,  
In moonlight sheen ? ”

I follow through each winding way—  
Onward, with eager stride ;  
I call : ere the echoes answer, " Stay !"  
She turns. I've gained her side,  
Right glad, I ween.

Alone we stood, where shadows steal  
Round mouldering Castle wall ;  
And darksome nooks strange forms reveal,  
When silvery moonbeams fall  
With beauty rare.

" But brighter far than bright moonbeam,"  
I saw the winning smile  
Come stealing o'er, with kindly gleam,  
That face, which did beguile  
My heart from care.

" List, list !" she said, and gazed around ;  
" I'll long remember well  
Those well-known spots—now hallowed ground,  
Where memory loves to dwell  
With brooding care.

You mind that night, when last we met  
Beneath the old Elm Tree,—  
And watched the Autumn sun slow set  
Far o'er the western sea,  
With crimson glare ?—



“ Birds in the wood, with sweetest strain,  
Then sang their evening lay :  
I thought glad Spring had come again,  
And Winter passed away,  
So blythe were they.

Just then, a withered leaf fell down,  
That the Autumn wind had shook ;  
Ere yet had come stern Winter's frown,  
It floated down the brook—  
Faded away !

Fit emblem of our lives that leaf  
Seemed as it floated on,  
How soon—I thought with heavy grief,  
We'll weep for friends who've gone  
A last farewell ;  
Remember, too ! how then each heart  
So fondly clung together,  
And feared the hour, when we must part,  
Perhaps 'twould be forever,—  
We could not tell ;

Those fears, alas !—were all too real,  
No more, amid this scene  
I'll walk with thee—or quietly steal  
Apart, and gently lean  
Upon thine arm ;”

Much more she told, of how she'd fared  
In lands far far away,  
How she had for her sister cared,  
And watched her day by day  
With much alarm.

A cold was caught when last she strayed  
Beneath a gloomy sky,  
And took farewell to yonder glade,  
While tears bedimmed her eye,  
And scarce would cease :  
She told me how, that fair flower sank  
Despite all care and skill,  
Although at times her spirit shrank  
From Death's hand, cold and chill—  
*She died in peace ;*

My heart was sad !—to give relief,  
I gently pressed her hand,  
And thought—how sad, indeed, that grief  
Would be in foreign land,  
When borne alone ;  
Then slowly she revealed to me  
The ills, that nearly broke  
Her youthful heart, once filled with glee ;  
Just then, full sad, I woke !  
The dream had flown.

Though but a dream—in much 'twas true,  
The list'ning youth then sadly told  
Of news received, from friends he knew,  
Who wandered here, in days of old :  
That sister dear had written home,  
And gently brake the news in love,  
Of her demise, who ne'er would roam  
Again with him within the grove.

In after years, full many a time,  
Released from toil in distant town,  
Alone he'd come, and hear the chime  
Of memory's bells, for days now flown.  
Still on some trees the initials stand,  
With dates beneath, unto this day ;  
Carved year by year with loving hand,  
A souvenir of friends long passed away.



## Shadow and Sunshine.

**L**IKE ships on the ocean, all striving to gain  
Some haven of refuge, in sunshine or rain,  
So we on life's Ocean, have launched our frail bark,  
And onward we sail, though the future seems dark :  
We too have our seasons when God's truth and love  
Shine forth on our pathway to Heaven above,  
And trial's rude tempest, but drives us along  
To the home of our heart, the land of sweet song ;  
We may not be able 'mid darkness and gloom,  
To mark the fair headlands where flowery fields bloom,  
Yet surely they're there ; though by us all unseen,—  
To-morrow may find us, with nothing between.

---

The sun, scarce peering through the clouds,  
Was glimmering forth his waning rays,  
While gathering gloom each tree enshrouds  
Whose budding boughs the March wind sways :  
The thrush poured out his evening lay  
From bushes near the swollen stream,  
As if to cheer life's fitful day  
That passeth like a fleeting dream ;

Within the old Holm Grove, alone  
A youth was walking—musing there,  
His last loved youthful friend had gone,  
His heart was sad, and full of care ;  
For deeply he had been of late  
Compelled to drink affliction's cup,  
A sister dead ;—*Greed cannot wait* ;  
His situation's been filled up ;  
Infection dire—and dread disease,—  
Hath desolated heart and home,  
Even those who once were friends, he sees  
Now shun him wheresoe'er he'll roam :  
' Ah ! how poor, cold, proud Friendship's smile  
Beams but with borealian light ;  
When by Prosperity awhile  
'Tis led, then leaves in blacker night  
When trials come—with blighting blast ;'  
'Twas so with him ; he felt it keen ;  
But sorrow's night, can't always last,  
And morn may break with brighter sheen :  
True light from Heaven, broke through the gloom,  
A <sup>+</sup>hand full kind, in love, now led  
The lonely heart, back from the tomb  
Of former joys, and absent dead,  
Right up to yonder sacred Cross,  
That stood on Calv'ry long ago ;

And here at last—his every loss,  
Was swept away in pardon's glow :  
The grand old truth of Jesu's love  
Had won him as he knelt in prayer ;  
Like Noah's weary, wandering dove,  
An ark of refuge found he there.  
New joys now filled his thankful breast,  
Transcending far the best he'd known ;  
His soul at last had found her rest—  
No more he wandered sad and lone.  
The grove that lately was the scene  
Of many a weary hour and sigh,  
Seems brighter than it e'er hath been,  
For Winter's past, and Summer's nigh.

. . . . .  
In Southern climes, far from those scenes,  
A ship sails fastly—"Homeward bound,"  
And there, on deck, a pale youth leans  
Upon the taffrail, gazing round.  
He marked not dolphins, playing near,  
In varied sheen go flashing past ;  
But dreamt of home, and friends so dear,  
And longed to reach them safe at last.  
Consumption, oft with fatal end,  
Had bound him with deceptive chain ;  
There—far from kindred, home, and friend,—

He sought lost vigour to regain.

. . . . .  
Another of that scattered band,  
Across the Atlantic's rolling tide,  
In the far West, with steady hand  
And head, had risen with rapid stride  
Far up on Fortune's dangerous hill.  
When travelling through a city street,  
'Mid mingled din, and voices shrill,  
A long-lost friend he thus did meet,  
As on a car he rode along.

A lady glad, and husband, passed :  
He, drove their pony swift and strong ;  
And she—long-looked-for's found at last.  
Down from his seat the traveller leapt ;  
Too late !—he gave a joyous hail ;  
Unseen, unheard,—away they've swept  
And left him breathless to bewail  
Such fortune strange, that brought him near  
That sister loved in days gone by,  
Whose features flashed back scenes, so dear ;  
Of youthful days that will not die.

. . . . .  
The ship we left in Southern climes  
Has nearly reached old Scotia's shore,  
With her the youth who oftentimes

Would slowly pace the deck, and o'er  
The waters wide glad glances cast  
As headland, tower, and hamlet swept,  
In welcome outline, swiftly past :  
Till, moored at last,—no longer kept  
Confined within her bulwarks strong,  
He lands ;—but lands no more to roam :  
By rail he's swiftly borne along,  
Till glad, yet sad, he rests at home.  
The fatal malady within,  
Too deeply rooted, yields not now :  
The racking cough, the lip and chin  
Devoid of colour ; and the brow,  
Oft-covered with the clammy sweat  
Of sleepless hours, or feverish dream,—  
All plainly show life's last sunset  
Is darkening down on death's dread stream.  
A few days more he battles on !—  
At length, worn out, he seeks for rest  
Upon his bed, with sigh and moan ;  
While friends are nigh, with grief oppress'd :  
And one, whom last before the Cross  
We left, oft lingered fondly near,  
And sought to shew the awful loss  
Of what, than life, is far more dear,—  
The soul,—that only through the blood



Of Christ is saved from final doom,  
 And safely brought through death's cold flood  
 To Heaven, where flowers immortal bloom ;—  
 Where sickness, sin, and death unknown,  
 Disturb not, through the countless years,  
 The joys of those around the Throne,  
 When God hath wiped away all tears.  
 He told him how, of late, he'd found  
 A deeper, sweeter, lasting peace,  
 Than youthful scenes and joys around  
 Had ever given ; for these must cease  
 Full soon, and <sup>SWIFTLY</sup> fade away :  
 They leave no solid ground behind  
 On which to stand the bitter sway  
 Of trouble's desolating wind.

'Twas midnight ! All within was still,  
 A gentle breeze outside was sighing,  
 When death came creeping, cold and chill,  
 Near that frail form, so quietly lying  
 With upturned gaze, and mind at rest,  
 Awaiting morning light to break ;  
 Or brighter day when, 'mong the blest,  
 His ransomed soul shall gladly wake.  
 "Raise me," he said to those friends near ;  
 "Thanks ! thanks ! now closer come to me ;

I want you all, and those not here,  
To mark my words and counsel free.  
This blessed Book, this Bible true,  
Hath given me what nought else could give—  
The hope that sins of darkest hue  
Are blotted out, and now I live  
A diff'rent and a happier life :  
A life of simple trust and love  
Begun on earth, whose weary strife  
I'm leaving fast for Home above ;  
Oh ! heed its precious precepts well,  
And yet while health and strength are yours  
Devote your talents, time, and tell  
Of Jesu's love, that best endures,  
And fills my heart, e'en now, with joy.  
Oh, yes ! to me by grace is given  
Pardon and peace without alloy,  
Begun on earth, complete in Heaven.  
Please read me over once again  
That fav'rite chapter of Saint John,  
Where Jesus soothed his followers' pain  
When life's last hour had almost gone."  
They read,—he listened keen, and then  
Once more he spoke in accents low,  
Then gently laid him down again :  
The warm life-blood now ceased to flow.

One little start of glad surprise :  
The parted lips are singing now ;  
The light of heaven illumines his eyes,—  
Unseen, the Victor's Crown adorns his brow.



### Prospective and Retrospective.

LIKE golden cloud at sunset hour ;  
Or choicest wreath from verdant bower ;  
Or wint'ry sunbeam's brilliant glow,  
That's lost amid the melting snow,  
Earth's joys, when grasped, soon fade away,  
And leave the heart to mourn decay !—  
Those souls alone are truly blest  
Who find such pleasures ne'er give rest :  
Borne swiftly down the stream of Time,  
They strive to make their lives sublime ;  
Accept the Gift that God has given,  
And, with Him, *die to self and live for heaven.*

“LIFE SCENES!”—What thoughts and feelings come  
Into our mind with these two words!—  
Sometimes we sit in silence dumb,  
Or weep, perchance, as sad records  
Of wasted hours, and misspent years,  
Are flashed by vivid memory back,  
And will not fade : despite our tears  
They loom along life’s chequered track ;—  
That track too oft, in folly’s hour,  
Deep stained with harsh and sinful deed,  
When, mastered by the Tempter’s power,  
We’ve listened—yielded—with small heed  
To after-consequences dire :  
When but a prayer, or upward look,  
A moment’s calm and pure desire,  
With Heavenly aid the course we took  
Had swift been fled ; and we, with joy  
And gratitude in days to come,  
Had travelled on, nought to annoy  
Or hinder on our journey Home.  
One only now remained behind,  
Beside those scenes I’ve tried to tell  
In song,—like to the changeful wind  
That rises high ; then, with soft swell,  
Sad sighs, with minor notes combined,

As when along th' Æolian lyre,  
In varied yet harmonious mood,  
It sweeps ;—the list'ner, lifted higher  
From earth, too murmurs, " God is good :"  
So, ere I end my simple song,  
I briefly pass to other scenes,  
In town and village, 'mid the throng  
And quietude that intervenes  
At times ; when years have now been spent  
In doing good, 'mong high and low.  
Not wealthy ; yet withal content  
To leave the glitter and the show  
Of worldly pomp, and splendour vain,  
To follow Him who meekly trod  
This earth, and humbly in His train  
To labour on, and up to God.

.....

Come with me, then ; 'tis winter time,  
The snow is lying deep, and cold  
Outside, while slow and clear doth chime  
The distant clock, in steeple old.  
'Tis night !—the wind blows keen and shrill,  
The street's deserted now by all  
Save one, who, tired and somewhat ill,  
Seeks to obey the Master's call.  
" Go visit now the old and poor ;

Go tell them of My peace and love ;  
Go seek them—pass from door to door ;  
Go point them to that home above  
Where sorrow, sighing flee away ;  
Where hunger, thirst are felt no more.  
Give,—as I've prospered thee to-day,  
And thus increase thy heavenly store.”  
He stopped : a thatch-roofed cottage door  
Entered, and slowly groped his way  
Upstairs, and there upon the floor  
An aged woman dying lay.  
“ *Alone, yet not alone,*” for they  
*God's poor are often very rich,*  
He watches o'er them night and day ;  
Though thus in darkness, dark as pitch,  
She light in heart could sing and pray.  
Yes ! *rich in faith and love,* she sang  
Even then, with quivering voice and lip,  
Of Him who on the Cross did hang,  
Who now her wants would not let slip  
His ever watchful, tender eye.  
And so He'd put it in the mind  
Of one to seek her ere she'd die,  
And help and comfort for her find.

. . . . .  
Another scene !—the lonesome hour

Of closing year not long hath flown  
While night gives place to morn's sweet power.  
Glad hearts and hands are toiling on ;  
Within a hall a table's spread ;  
No dangerous beverage is here,  
But ample fare of wholesome bread,  
And steaming cups, the hearts to cheer  
Of old and young, that trooping in  
From many a wretched home and hearth,  
*Blighted by want, and cursed by sin,*  
The poor unfortunates of earth ;  
Here, as the morning shadows grey  
Are fleeing fast, they've mustered strong ;  
With hearts aglow, and faces gay,  
They've welcomed in the motley throng.  
The breakfast o'er, two friends are seen  
Wending their way, with joyous stride,  
To homes where pain and death have been—  
They go to seek the mourner's side.  
There, by a fire, faint flick'ring low,  
A widow, dazed with blinding grief,  
Sinking in sorrow's tide of woe,  
No hope from man, no blest relief ;  
Scarce round she looks ; her heart within  
Can nought but bitter feelings know,—  
Adrift on a world that's cursed by sin ;

Perchance she wishes, that laid low  
In death, she too, had passed away.

“ Woman, look up ! for help has come,  
Look upward far from man to God,  
Nor sit in sullen silence dumb,  
For Christ can help thee bear thy load :”  
They read, then sing a simple hymn,  
And something more they do than this  
Her wants supply : Her eyes so dim,  
Have brightened now, and happiness  
Once more is thrilling thro’ their hearts  
More real than that of outside throng  
Who selfish-minded, madly start  
The glad new year, with dance and song :

Reader ! return once more with me  
To the old Holm Grove, close by the shore,  
How changed is all—save yonder sea  
Whose wavelets, as in days of yore  
Still rippling fall, in sweet unrest  
Upon the sands ; ’tis summer’s prime.  
What mingled thoughts awake the breast ;  
What changes wrought by Man and Time,  
Though scarce a score of years have fled  
Since first that youthful band here met ;



What voices missed, and loved ones dead !  
What scenes and hours we'll ne'er forget !—  
See there, where bloomed the hawthorn tree,  
Now stands a modern railway bridge :  
Where wild flowers grew, and berries free  
To all, is but the grassy ridge,  
With cattle grazing 'neath the trees,  
Between whose boughs the sun doth gleam !  
We miss the shade, and scented breeze ;—  
The rustic bridge across the stream ;—  
The path that ran close by the line  
Of rails, now crossing field and dell,  
With bustling platform,—all combine  
To mar the quiet, and break the spell  
Of Nature, in her winning mood,  
In verdant nooks beside the rill.  
But night wears on !—Let's leave the wood  
And climb once more the Castle-Hill :  
Here, too, are changes not less marked ;—  
In much we see, in outline bold,  
The truth,—that, once on Life embarked,  
Despite our will, we're growing old.  
Ah, well !—ah, well ! it matters not,  
If only we are doing right ;  
Still kept by God from sin's dark blot,  
“ At eventide there shall be light ! ”

Sweetly the zephyr and crimson-tipt wave  
Are murmuring soothingly, reaching the shore ;  
On hillside and streamlet, on woodland and cave,  
The glories of sunset are spreading all o'er.  
Down in the West, there, with generous smile,  
The sun is declining with radiant face ;  
His light still outpouring on mainland and isle,  
While over the sea a rare pathway we trace,  
    So new, yet so olden,  
    So beauteous and golden,  
Like that which to heaven doth brightest appear ;  
    When life scenes are ending,  
    And death's shadows blending,  
For the blest Sun of Righteousness then shineth clear.





*MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.*







The a' Things o' Life.

I'VE kent the glint o' fortune's smile ;  
I've marked her gaet for mony a mile,  
And found her fan my heart awhile

Wi' meikle power :

She fled, tho' woo'd wi' winsome wile,

Awa' like stoure.

I've stood misfortune's bitter blast ;  
I've mourned the loss o' joys gane past,  
An' warstled hard 'neath lift o'er cast

Wi' dark despair :

I've wearit sair, till licht at last

Brak' thro' the air.

A secret sweet I've learnt sin' syne,  
That on life's sea, be't coorse or fine,  
Frae sic' as hearts and wills resign

Nocht shall be hid :

A Hand aboon gars a' combine

To work for guid.

## The Mound.

*(Roundhill, an artificial mound of earth, built on the top of an eminence near Knock-re-voch Farm, used during War in ancient times for bonfires, &c.)*

**T**HOU fav'rite spot, I love thee still,  
 Though many years have gone  
 Since first I climbed thy lonely hill,  
 Full oft, but ne'er alone :  
 For friends were there whom time's swift wing  
 Has carried far from thee ;  
 Although they've gone, their voices ring  
 In mem'ry's ear with glee.  
 The merry laugh or song we'd raise  
 Upon thy airy height,  
 Or stories tell of bygone days  
 When blazed the watchfire's light :  
 Then from thy summit oft would rise  
 The flames with ruddy glare ;  
 The signal flashed along the skies  
 For war—for war prepare !  
 Swift from Knock-Ewart's hill far o'er,  
 An answering flame returned,  
 While all along the Carrick shore  
 Each twinkling watch-fire burned.  
 Brave knights and serfs are mustering stroug,  
 From inland keeps they ride

To meet the foe who sails along  
The lovely Firth of Clyde.  
They follow on along the shore,  
O'er rocks and pathways steep,  
Each heart is firm, true to the core,  
Their native land to keep.  
At length with haughty looks they see  
The dreaded Norsemen land—  
On them they dash, nor backward flee,  
They know their King's command ;  
Long, long the battle rages hot,  
And brave each warrior fights ;  
See ! the proud foe each gory spot  
Yields to the charging knights.  
Backward they fall, still driven on,  
Nearer the sea they're pressed :  
Hark ! yon cheer from neighbouring hill  
Strikes terror to their breast.  
On them anew, with effort keen,  
The Scots charge thick and fast ;  
By dint of arms, stout hearts, I ween,  
They make them fly at last.  
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We see no more the beacon's flame,  
Or dread the foeman's barge,  
That battle won to Scotia's fame

One laurel more at Largs.  
And now my thoughts glance sadly down  
The lines of ancient page,  
I see dark Persecution's frown,  
And mark its bloody rage :  
Around on moorland, vale and hill,  
Are spots where troopers rode,  
False Satan's mandates to fulfil,  
The foe of man and God ;  
When on this grassy mound, perchance,  
The sentinel stood here,  
While sweet-sung Psalms his ears entrance  
From those who worship near.  
Those days are gone, and people too,  
Perhaps in yon churchyard  
On Castle-hill the good and true  
Await their last reward.  
Long could I muse in sunset gleam,  
Impressive silence round,  
Unbroken, save by wild fowls' scream,  
Or Zephyr's sighing sound.  
Farewell, lone spot ! long may you stand  
To tell of long ago,  
Unscathed by man's destroying hand,  
Till Time hath laid thee low.





### De Olde Castelle.

*(Lines suggested by the Ruins on the Castle Hill, Ardrossan.)*

CENTURIES have rolled away  
Since first thy walls were firmly set  
Upon those rocks close by the Bay.  
Methinks, e'en now, I see them yet,  
In all their massive grandeur, piled  
With no mean skill, or careless hand,  
The storms of war or nature wild,  
For ages boldly to withstand.

From yon high tower, when banners waved,  
Baron and knight thy courtyard trod  
With haughty step, of those who'd braved  
The shock of arms, and tyrant's rod.

Returned from war enriched with spoil,  
Fair ladies welcomed in the brave ;  
Forgot their fears, and ceased the toil  
That Distaff and the Tap'stry gave.

As years rolled on, war's changes came,  
And Southron warriors trod thy courts  
Victorious ; now, unknown to fame,  
Small space they ruled, and held their sports.  
For Wallace came, with art and might,  
And swift o'erthrew their pomp and power ;  
In dungeon dark, he hurled from sight  
Their bodies, 'neath the old Red Tower.

De Barclay barons and Eglinton  
Long linked their noble names with thee,  
Till Cromwell had thy walls o'erthrown,  
And borne thy stones across the sea.  
To build Ayr Fort he shattered thee ;  
While others followed his ruthless track,  
Till but th' old Tower and Arch I see  
Remain to point the mem'ry back.

Ye Castell Olde ! What thoughts it brings  
Of youthful friends who wandered nigh !  
Twined round my heart, as the ivy clings,  
Are those bright scenes and days gone bye.

We culled wild flowers that round thee grew,  
Or peered into yon dungeon dark ;  
Or stories told of him who flew,  
Leaving in stone the horse-shoe mark.

Ye Castell Olde ! In thee I find  
More than the scenes of ages past ;  
For man, though strong of frame and mind,  
Must soon give way to Time's swift blast.  
Yes ! storms of trial, pain, and death,  
Shall meet us all on life's rough way ;  
Like thee, with age, or falt'ring breath,  
Our forms must fall, and pass away.



### 3 Stray Thought : Pleasures Deceitful.

**L**IKE treach'rous calm before the storm,  
That cheats the inexperienced mind,  
Dame Pleasure decks her dang'rous form,  
Full fair in front, but dark behind :  
Scarce by us grasped, when lo ! we do in  
Pleasure's place find Grief or Ruin.

## Cessnock Castle (near Galston.)

*(Lines written on the occasion of Evangelistic Choir Excursion to  
Cessnock Farm and Castle, 16th August, 1882.)*

A LOVELY nook, a quaint retreat,  
Close by the Cessnock's pebbly stream :  
Here, Nature woos with charms replete ;  
Here, one can rusticate, or dream  
Of olden times and people gone ;  
Of ages dark long passed away ;  
Or brighter days when feebly shone  
The Martyr's light at dawn of day,  
That day of reformation grand,  
That swept across our native land.

Here now to-day our voices blend  
Harmoniously in hymns of praise,  
To Him who did His flock defend  
Through all those dark and testing days.  
Yes! light has come, the Gospel shines  
In farm, and household, all around ;  
And heart illumed, with hand combines  
To consecrate this hallowed ground.

Friendship, Love, and Marriage.

**F**RIENDSHIP! Thou mysterious tie,  
 What scenes associate with thee!  
 Like golden clouds in sunset sky,  
 They linger long in memory.

LOVE! Thou most tender feeling, pure;  
 At first, from God to man, revealed  
 In Eden's bowers, on Calv'ry's Cross,  
 In life supreme, at judgment sealed.

MARRIAGE! Sweet bond by God ordained;  
 Long be thy sacred rites observed  
 In simple faith, with guilt unstained,  
 Thrice blest—who from thy laws ne'er swerved.



The Gloamin' Grey.

**B**LYTHE children straggling home from school,  
 Laden with spoil from field and dell,  
 With faces flushed, past tree and pool,  
 They've halted at the village well;  
 And stains of berries wash away  
 With laughter, in the gloamin' grey.

Two figures walking lovingly,  
Where grow wild flowers on meadow green ;  
When years have swiftly passed away  
Since first they roamed each well-known scene ;  
While birds cease singing on the spray—  
They're happy in the gloamin' grey.

A mother standing on the shore,  
With children playing by her side,  
While sombre shades are stealing o'er,  
Her eye is far across the tide,  
Watching a vessel on its way ;  
With tear-drops, in the gloamin' grey.

Two peaceful pilgrims, old and frail,  
Beside a rustic window sit,  
While softly sighs the scented gale,  
And mingled mem'ries round them flit ;  
They smile, and speak of a brighter day  
Where comes no more the gloamin' grey.

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## CROSSED.

THEY loved each other ardently,—  
Yet neither dared to tell  
The mingled thoughts and hopes each day  
That gently rose and fell  
Within the breast,  
Like rippling wavelets on the sands,  
When Summer winds breathe low ;  
Or golden sunbeams' glittering bands  
Disporting to and fro,  
In sweet unrest.

He told not half his trials then ;  
But bravely battled on  
The uncertain field of business men,—  
The future all unknown,  
(At least to them ;)  
Yet Fortune favoured not the brave :  
Hard pressed, he fought in vain ;  
Still murmur'd not, nor ever gave  
A moment's needless pain  
She could condemn.

She sorrowed much, and pondered oft ;  
But yet he told her not :  
That noble heart, so kind and soft,  
Would fain have shared his lot,  
And shared it well.  
Some secret sorrow lurked, she knew,  
Beneath the smiles he gave,  
Deep, deep within his spirit true :  
Then—lovingly she'd crave  
Him all to tell.

They stood alone, in moonlight sheen :  
At last the hour had come  
When they, with feelings deep and keen,  
In silence almost dumb,  
Asunder part.

“ Good-bye ! ” he said, the struggle o'er ;—  
She held his hand in grief :  
“ Is that all ? must we meet no more ? ”  
She asked, in accents brief,  
With sinking heart.

Long months went past with weary round ;  
Yet nothing more told he :  
He would not, could not, keep her bound  
In love, to him so free,  
When others sighed.



It came at last—a sudden blow—  
As with a friend he spoke :  
“Some one,” she said, “whom well you know,  
Is married !”—’Twas a heavy stroke ;  
Hope in him died.

She, too, had felt hope die within ;—  
Some talked, and wondered how  
One so unlike should woo and win,  
With love less true, I trow,  
Than that of his :  
They knew not all, but only part ;  
And e’en some harsh words spake.  
What matters it ?—One reads the heart ;  
And doubtless wisely He did brake  
Those bonds of bliss.



### A Pilgrim's Prayer.

**B**LACK—and blacker still,  
O God ! the future looms ;  
While climbing life's perplexing hill,  
The distant dreadful thunder booms  
Along the sky.

Deep—and deeper still,  
My spirit sinks within ;  
As cares on care my bosom fill :  
In conscious weakness, fear and sin,  
To Thee I cry !

Hear ! Oh, Father, hear !  
My lonely, *lonely* cry ;  
In pard'ning grace, and love draw near,  
And save from dreaded danger nigh  
Thy erring child ;

Low—and lower still,  
I bow now in the dust,  
(If needful) break my stubborn will,  
Yet cry to Thee, O Lord, I must ;  
'Mid tempest wild.

Fierce—and fiercer still,  
Oh, God ! The wild winds sweep  
Adown the hill, while terrors thrill  
Me, I almost despair, or weep ;  
(*No hope within ;*)  
Around—'tis darker still ;  
Oh, Christ ! I look to Thee ;  
And find rest, hope, new strength and skill,  
The terror's o'er ; dear Lord, for me  
Fresh vict'ries win.

## The Land that's Far Awa'.

LIKE ane that wanders far frae hame  
Across the ocean wide,  
When a' he sees an' hears is tame  
His native lan' beside,  
My he'rt is aften langin',  
As days and nichts gae by,  
For Heav'n, wi' angels thrangin',  
An' rest ayont the sky :  
Where comes nae trials o'er ye,  
Nor darksome nicht awa',  
For Christ is a' the glory  
In the lan' that's far awa'.

It's true we mauna fash at care,  
Or poortith's bitter day,  
For surely we maun hae oor share,  
The Bible tell<sup>s</sup> us sae ;  
It's here we get oor trainin'<sup>s</sup>  
For yon bricht warl' aboon,  
Faith's e'e is aften strainin'  
For the prize it yet may win ;

But the he'rt is unco dour aye,  
 An' patience is sae sma',  
 We weary ilka hour aye,  
 For the lan' that's far awa'.

When wand'rers venture back again  
 Frae lan's ayont the tide,  
 To reach the hame, they loo sae fain,  
 They aften need a guide,  
 Sae—leanin' hard on Jesus,  
 An' lipp'nin' aye for grace,  
 May nocht that's sinful please us,  
 Until we see His face :  
 Then—grander far than ony  
 O' this warl's sights sae braw,  
 We'll reach oor hame sae bonnie,  
 An' the lan' that's far awa'.



### flowers.

**F**LOWERS, spring flowers ! See how they grow  
 All o'er the earth, both high and low ;  
 By murm'ring brooks, in shady nooks,  
 On meadows green, in sunlight sheen,  
 How sweet they blow.

Flowers, bright flowers! Memories flow  
 Of scenes and hours, long, long ago;  
 When "home, sweet home," re-echoed from  
 The children's shout, as, romping out,  
     They sought their glow.

Flowers, frail flowers! Fading away  
 In summer bowers, day after day:  
 (Like them in life,) when cares are rife,  
 Sunshine or rain may come in vain—  
     We too decay.

Flowers, dead flowers! Grand lessons true  
 Are taught to all who rightly view  
 Their wondrous birth, and life on earth;  
 Death's winter past,—man raised at last;  
     Shall live anew.



### The Daisy.

SWEET flow'ret, in thy fragile form so frail, methinks 'tis  
     true,  
 Resemblance rare to human life we well may trace in  
     you;

At early morn thou'lt ope thy leaves to greet the rising sun,  
 So in life's fleeting day we wake our varied course to run.

As day wears on some threat'ning clouds throw shadows round  
thy head,

Thou shrinkest back, in adverse hour the heart oft droops in  
dread ;

An emblem sweet we find portrayed in this routine of time,  
Of humble Christian's path thro' life upheld by Grace Divine.

For when the gloamin' closeth round he doth not feel forlorn,  
His eyes that soon shall close in death, shall ope in brightest  
morn ;

Sweet flow'ret ! summer hours must pass, then comes stern  
winter's frown,

Like thee, all blossom, bloom, and fade, when life's last sun  
goes down.



### September.

**A**UTUMN winds so softly sighing  
'Mong the falling leaves a-dying ;  
Sombre shades, and gladsome gleams ;  
Flies, disporting o'er the streams ;  
Golden grain, and reapers gay ;  
Redbreasts warbling forth their lay ;  
Shepherds gath'ring home their sheep,  
Gorgeous sunsets on the deep ;

Hill and forest changing hue ;  
Blooming flowers, and skies so blue ;  
Ladened fruit trees gladly yield  
Treasures sweet ; while every field,  
Woodland, water, moor, and glen,  
Proclaim God's goodness unto men.



### A Withered Leaf.

ONLY a withered leaf, falling down,  
Torn from thy parent stem, sere and brown :  
Autumn winds have laid thee low—  
Sang thy requiem, as they go  
Sighing thro' each forest bough :  
“ The summer's gone ! ”

Only a withered leaf !—Lying there,  
Claimed by thy mother earth, cold and bare ;  
Winter, with his chilling breath,  
Wraps thee round with snowy wreath,  
Where all's cold and still as death :  
Thou sleepest there !

Only a withered leaf!—Emblem true  
 Of Christian's life is found in you :  
     Opening buds of early youth  
     Bear the foliage of truth—  
     Age, the golden leaf, forsooth,—  
         Then fall from view.

Only a human form!—Resting here,  
 Claimed by the cold earth, in churchyard drear :  
     Summer hours in vain return,  
     Waking flowers o'er silent urn ;  
     Friends, or wint'ry winds, may mourn :  
         Thou wilt not hear !

Only a blood-bought one!—Laid to rest ;  
 Sleeping in Jesus' care, safe and blest—  
     E'en at death enriching heaven.  
     Leaves, that wint'ry winds have driven  
     To still nooks, fresh life have given,  
         Where flowers grow best.



### As We Talked Together.

**I** REMEMBER the joy of our last meeting :  
 The precious moments so swiftly fleeting ;  
 Whilst my heart with love was fondly beating,—  
     As we talked together.



The warm summer sun was brightly beaming ;  
The waters with sparkling rays were gleaming ;  
Whilst I in sweet harmony was dreaming,—  
As we talked together.

High, high overhead the lark was singing ;  
Louder and louder his notes were ringing,  
As through the air his way he was winging,—  
As we talked together.

All nature around wore a peaceful smile,  
Seeming to cheer us all the while,  
As we onward strayed for many a mile,—  
As we talked together.

The evening shades came gently down at last,  
Bringing with them dear mem'ries of the past,  
That, one by one, came crowding round us fast,—  
As we talked together.

Then the parting hour drew rapidly nigh ;  
And the pale moon rose in the eastern sky,  
As fondly we whispered those sad words, "Good-bye!"—  
Ah ! it was forever.



## In Memoriam.

J. A. M'D. P.

A DIAMOND of mem'ry, enshrined in my heart :  
Resplendent thy form still appears ;  
At times to my mind's eye thou'lt gently upstart,  
Undimmed by the changes of years.

In youthful devotion I sat by thy side—  
I gazed on thy beauteous face :  
Beneath thy dark eyelids rolled sympathy's tide ;  
And all that was pure I could trace.

In sweetest effusion, the genuine smile  
Reflected the truth of thy heart ;  
Thy voice, like soft music, had power for awhile  
Hope, comfort, and joy to impart.

But, loved one, thou'rt sleeping beneath the green mound,  
Where, long years ago, thou wert laid :  
Returning—ah ! never, to wander around  
The sea-beach, the streamlet, or glade.

The soul that within thee once reignèd supreme,  
Now lives in a happier sphere :  
A link of rare beauty entwined with my dream,  
Reminding me still thou art near.

For rest (all the sweeter because of earth's toil)  
 Is waiting, just over the tide :  
 Now, Jesus supports me amid life's turmoil ;  
 And, with Him, we'll meet side by side.



### Passing Away.

PASSING away from earth's sunshine and gloom ;  
 Borne from its pleasures, so empty and vain :  
 Loved ones remind us, though laid in the tomb,  
 We soon must follow ; *they* come not again.

Calmly all sleep in the silent, dark tomb,  
 Till last trumpet sound : then, to life restored,  
 Sinners must waken to meet their sad doom ;  
 But " blest are the dead who die in the Lord."

Passing away, like the harvest's bright glow :  
 Death, the stern reaper, lays all at his feet ;—  
 All ranks and ages must fall at his blow—  
 The grass and fair flowers ; the tares and the wheat.

Calmly all sleep,—&c.

Passing away where the careless have gone :  
 Nearing the confines of death's dark abode !—  
 Trifler, beware ! ere life's gloaming comes on,  
 Lest, dying, unsaved thou shalt meet thy God.

Calmly all sleep,—&c.

Passing away where the holy have gone :  
 Nearing the gateway that led them to rest :—  
 Gathered at last, 'round the Saviour's white throne,  
 Angels shall sever the lost from the blest.

Calmly all sleep in the silent, dark tomb,  
 Till last trumpet sound : then, to life restored,  
 Sinners shall tremblingly meet their sad doom ;  
 But saved ones shall enter the joy of their Lord.



### Man's Mortality.

LIKE wint'ry sunbeams' transient glow,  
 Lost in their winding-sheet of snow,—  
 Melting away ;  
 Or sporting flies, on summer's morn,  
 Dying 'mong flowers scarce earlier born,  
 At close of day.

Man, so weak and frail art thou,  
 It little needs to lay thee low—  
 Low i' the dust !  
 Though great thy strength of frame, thou'lt bow  
 Full low, *when Death shall whisper, Go!*—  
 For die you must.

Live how you may, *yet die you must!*—  
 The warning's sounding overhead,  
     On land and wave ;  
 Ashes to ashes, and dust to dust,  
 Soon shalt thou mingle with the dead,  
     In silent grave.

*Living we die!*— Daily the knell  
 Is rung afresh by some who've gone  
     From earth for aye !  
 This lesson learn—oh ! heed it well—  
 Live—live for God and heaven alone,  
     Through life's brief day !



### The Auld Kirk-Yaird.

THEY are sleepin' here un kent,  
     'Maist pairt, but twa or three ;  
 Whar aft their footsteps went  
     Beside the soundin' sea ;  
 Among the grass, like rashes,  
     An' headstaes auld an' grey,  
 Their ashes mix wi' ashes,  
     An' lanesome forms decay.

They are sleepin' here at last,  
 I' the bustle o' the toun,—  
 Life's fitfu' changes past,  
 They heed nae sicht or soun',  
 Tho' loud the thunner crashes,  
 Or lichtnin's roun' them play,  
 While ashes mix wi' ashes,  
 An' lanesome forms decay.

They are sleepin' here in peace,  
 Oor forbears, leal and true,—  
 Whar a' life's weal and wae maun cease,  
 'Neath skies sae bricht and blue :  
 Noo—gowd or gear near fashes,  
 Nor poortith's bitter day,  
 When ashes mix wi' ashes,  
 An' lanesome forms decay.

They are sleepin' here at e'en,—  
 Death's nicht it is na lang ;  
 They find at last, that but yest'reen  
 They lived their friens amang.  
 When morn o' heaven fashes  
 A lang—lang joyfu' day,  
*Nae ashes mix wi' ashes,*  
*Nor lanesome forms decay.*

## 3 Soliloquy.

**L**IFE ! what art thou ?—A feverish, empty dream  
 To many madly seeking things of time  
 And sense ;—This world is all their paradise  
 (If *paradise* it may be called) ;—this, too,  
 Is but a myth—a fleeting, spect'ral name  
 That no existence hath this side the grave.  
 Once—only once—in Eden long ago,  
 For but a little space of time, Two found  
 And realized the fulness of the term ;  
 But Sin, that hideous blackening monster, came  
 And banished from the earth the joys of Heaven—  
 Ay ! blasted with its blighting, damning breath  
 This world of God's creation, which, e'en now,  
 But for Sin's curse, were Paradise. Ah, Life !  
 —Life ! what art thou ?—To some a solemn state :  
 Yet not that state of poignant grief, which wild,  
 Ungoverned force of habit, pride, and lust  
 Unsatisfied, doth bring into the soul ;—  
 To them thou'rt a preparatory state,—  
 An intermediate space,—a spring-time day,  
 When real work may be accomplished,  
 Before Death's night swoops swiftly, darkly down :  
 Here only such, in part, regain through Christ  
 Those joys once lost ; in Him, eternal life,—  
 Then pass away to Paradise above.

## 3 New-Year's Hymn.

OUR years are passing swiftly away,  
And life will soon be done :  
All things around shew change, decay,  
Beneath the rising sun ;  
But far above this changing world  
" There lies a peaceful clime,"  
Where all is light, and love, and joy,  
And never-ending time ;  
And never-ending time.

O'er broken vows, and misspent years  
Full oft we sally mourn :  
The good that's lost, though sought with tears,  
Shall never more return.  
Forget the past ;—the present hours  
Improve them, one by one ;  
For soon the night of death comes on,  
And then, man's work is done ;  
And then, man's work is done.

Lord Jesus, Sun of Righteousness,  
Shine forth in splendour bright—  
Illumine these dark hearts of ours ;  
Dispel each shade of night :



While years shall pass, and seasons roll,  
Oh ! make our lives sublime ;  
In faith and works enrich each soul,  
Till done with earth and time ;--  
Till done with earth and time.



### The Storm.

**A**LL through the night the wind fierce war is waging,  
And lightnings flash athwart the tortured skies ;  
The spindrift o'er the vexèd waters flies :  
On land and sea the elements are raging,  
Confusion wild. The struggling morning light

Reveals the fury of the tempest's might—  
 Uprooted trees lie shattered and hurled aside ;  
 Th' abandoned ship is foundering 'neath the tide ;  
 Sad wrecks are hap'ning on the rock-bound shore,  
 While hundreds line the beach : amid the roar  
 Of wind and wave, they watch the noble men who brave  
 The gale, and cry "God bless them!" as the crew they save.

\* \* \* \* \*

—Alas ! not all ; for some who battled hard for life  
 Have perished 'mid the overwhelming strife.



### A Tale of the Horse Island.

**O**N this barren spot, one dreary, dark night,  
 When the tempest was hoarsely howling around,  
 Huge billows rolled in with fierce crested might,  
 And broke on the rocks with a loud booming sound :  
 The foam of their fury was swirling on high ;  
 A vessel from Ireland was seen drawing nigh.  
 The lightning revealed, with a blue, lurid flash,  
 Thy low-looming form, 'neath the black, drenching skies ;  
 The wild winds were raving, 'mid thunder's dread crash :  
 While on through it all the doomed vessel flies,—  
 Her sails torn to shreds, and her gearing all gone ;—  
 She strove for the Harbour ; but ah !—*she went on !*

All through that wild night the people on shore  
 Were watching and praying, till morning should break :  
 No boat in that gale, with sail or with oar,  
 Could live in the darkness, or once undertake  
 The grand task of rescuing those driven on  
 (For lifeboats in those days were almost unknown).  
 At first gleam of day, brave fishermen came  
 From Saltcoats, and there, in a stout little craft,  
 They ventured their lives, for love more than fame,  
 And soon reached the vessel—now more like a raft :  
 Her hull's broken up !—Alas ! all is o'er ;—  
 The crew have all perished—they struggle no more !  
 They put her about : they battled for home,  
 When lo ! in the cleft of a breaker-beat rock,  
 A woman they saw, 'mid seaweed and foam,  
 Sitting there all alone ! One moment they spoke :  
 Then a brave sailor lad slipped over the side,  
 And swam with a rope through the white seething tide,  
 TO FIND BUT THE CORPSE OF A FAMED HORSEMAN'S BRIDE !\*  
 . . . . .  
 Full many another sad tale might be told  
 Of shipwrecks and rescues as stirring as this,—

---

\* Some of the older readers may remember Mr ORD, a famous equestrian, once well known throughout Ayrshire and West of Scotland, who, for many years, visited Saltcoats and the old Parish Churchyard (where she who was drowned lies buried), always putting a gold piece in the offering-plate on going into the Church on Sabbath. The above tale was told the writer, when a boy, by an aunt, well-advanced in years.

When lifeboat, outdone by fishermen bold,  
Was hailed not with cheers, but a withering hiss :  
Perhaps 'twas the fault of the boat, not the men ;—  
Brave fellows, they're ready and willing again !  
Should duty demand it—as oft in the past—  
They'd e'en sacrifice life, if need there should be ;  
Methinks they lack practice with oar and with mast,  
When wild winds are out, not on a smooth sea :  
Be't landsmen or sailors compose her brave crew,  
God bless them and help when there's rough work to do !



## Missing.

ONCE he returned from distant lands,  
Home again !—home again  
To the old town that quaintly stands  
On the rocks, by the main :  
When waters were laving the sea-flowers a-waving ;  
When summer winds sang a joyous refrain,  
He came back again !

Dear mother and friends quickly he found :  
Welcomes warm, welcomes true,  
They gave to him then ; clustering round,  
Stories told, old and new—  
Each other repeating their joy at thus meeting.  
While birds warbled forth their sweetest refrain,  
He came back again !

A maiden was there whose winning ways,  
Ever kind, ever true,  
Speedily claimed his warmest praise  
'Mong the friends that he knew ;  
And oft they went walking, so lovingly talking  
Of joys yet in store : Hope sang the refrain,—  
“ He'll come back again !”

Once more he sailed to distant lands

In the ship, o'er the seas,

When wavelets rippled on the sands,

Murm'ring sweet melodies :

Then sometimes she'd weary, though Hope whispered cheery,—

“When winter is past, spring sings her refrain,

He'll come back again !”

*The ship came not!*—How slow time went,—

Day by day, week by week !—

In secret came the sad lament ;

Hot tears stole down the cheek :

When winter was dreary, and winds whistled eerie,

Two hearts were breaking : Death sang the refrain,—

“*He comes not again!*”



### Lines in Memoriam D—y S—t.

DROWNED AT SEA.

IT WAS Sabbath morn : the whole night long  
 The ship had sailed the Firth of Clyde,  
 Now outward bound ; the sailor's song  
 Had ceased upon the waters wide :

A sailor-boy, as morning light

Broke gently round, across the tide

The land he'd left but yester-night  
He looked for,—leaning o'er the side.  
What thoughts of home would fill his mind  
As th' outlines dimly he descried  
Of headland, bay, and spots entwined  
With memories dear!—Perchance he sighed ;  
Or wiped away the starting tear  
That came, unbidden, to his eye !

With manly heart, devoid of fear,  
He sprang aloft, as rose the cry :  
“ Now shorten sail, and lay along ! ”  
The breeze was freshening to a gale ;  
Far up upon the yard he swung,  
And bravely reefed the bending sail.—  
One look he gave to sea and sky ;  
The ship leapt wildly on the wave,—  
His hold gave way !—Out rang the cry,  
“ Man overboard ! ”—all rushed to save :  
Down, down he sank in the angry sea ;  
But swift the ship held on her way :—  
The alarm, alas ! too late for thee,  
Rang out amid the wind and spray.  
Far, far astern a cap was seen,  
By eager shipmates' tearful eyes,  
Floating the seething waves between :

*Ah me ! no more thou wilt arise !—*  
 Nay : say not so, O sorrowing heart !  
 Yet once again that form shall wake  
 Up from the ocean's deepest part :  
 In triumph then death's bonds he'll brake,  
 When, starting from that lonely bed,  
 In resurrection life he'll rise  
 To meet with friends long lost and dead,  
 When earth has passed, and seas, and skies.

• • • • •  
 Sleep ! sailor boy : peacefully rest,  
 Till the trumpet sound through the ocean vast !  
 Bereavèd mother, calm thy breast :  
 Thy boy *so dear* shall wake at last.



### Stranded.

HIGH on the beach the vessel is lying ;  
 Around and beyond her the salt spray is flying.  
 Many a gale the old ship has weathered,—  
 Unlike you sea-gull, so strong and well-feathered ;  
 Her masts, that are broken, can carry no sail ;  
 She tacks now no more in the teeth of the gale.



Wearily,—*drearily*,—moaning around,  
 The waves are dashing her still !—  
 So shattered *and battered*, she lies aground ;  
 While winds are whistling shrill.

Out in the cold, a woman was walking,  
 Ill-clad and barefooted, unmeaningly talking :—  
 Once she was rich, and fair as the morning ;  
 Now, by all shunned, herself e'en she's scorning :  
 The tempest of strong drink had swept her away,  
 Destroyed all her honour, left no heart to pray.

Cheerlessly,—*tearlessly*,—hardened in sin :  
*Death's hand is gripping her heart !—*  
 Sneeringly,—*jeeringly*,—the fiend within  
 Tears body and soul apart !



### Lines to a friend.

OUR schooldays long have passed away ;  
 And many a happy holiday,  
 When little care our hearts oppressed,—  
 In woods we sought the hidden nest ;  
 Or, rambling o'er the daisied lea,  
 We've heard the sky-lark sounding free  
 His breeze-borne notes, with springing flight

Upsoaring in song, till hid from sight.  
Oft, when the sunbeams' golden light  
Flashed o'er the sea, like pathway bright,  
We roamed the well-remembered shore ;  
Or plunged with glee 'mid breakers' roar,  
And fearless crossed their shoreward way,  
As, swimming through the foam and spray,  
We'd dare their strength ; but oft in vain—  
The next might beat us back again.

. . . . .  
Gone are those days of boyhood's mirth :  
*They've changed, as all things do on earth!*  
But why look backward with regret  
On scenes and hours we'll ne'er forget ?—  
Or sadly muse o'er joys gone by,  
With fainting heart and languid sigh ?  
Launch forth, in hope, thy bark alone,  
Like those who sail to climes unknown :  
Though sorely tossed on life's rough main,  
A brighter world you yet may gain ;  
Though storm-clouds gather overhead,  
Sail bravely onward, free from dread :  
'Tis but our lot to wrestle here  
With adverse tide, or tempest drear ;  
At last, by grace divinely given,  
Hope's anchor shall be cast in heaven.

## 3 Boat Song.

THE rippling waters seem to sing,  
As thus we row, with measured swing,  
And onward go, so cheerily, O!—  
Row, gently row! row, gently row!

While distant sounds so softly sweep  
Across the bosom of the deep;  
Soon birds and flowers shall fall asleep:  
Row, gently row! row, gently row!

Far, far away along the shore,  
Night's sombre shades are stealing o'er;  
With golden glow the sun sinks low:  
Row, gently row! row, gently row!

How sweetly now the zephyr sighs;  
While moonlight falls from cloudless skies,  
And twilight gently fades and dies:  
Row, gently row! row, gently row!

Our voices, too, in song we raise  
To Him whose goodness guards our ways,  
And saves, we know, when wild winds blow:  
Row, gently row! row, gently row!

Hark! how the echoes give refrain,  
As thus, with grand, harmonious strain,  
Both high and low, we homeward go:  
Row, gently row! row, gently row!

## The Auld Gorth Pans.

**H**ECH, sirs ! what changes here ha'e been  
 Syne first on thee I coast my e'en ;  
 Tho' mony a gran'er bield I've seen  
     Fornent the sea,  
 An' whar ye stood the grass grows green,  
     Ye're dear to me :

Sma' pairt, atweel, o' thee remains :  
 Some twa-three heaps o' lime an' stanes,  
 Scarce heich enough to scar' the weans  
     That ower them spiel ;  
 Sma' danger noo o' broken banes,  
     Or Rattan's squeal.

A'e chimlie stalk, sair shattered, staun's  
 To guide the fisher's e'en and haun's,  
 To keep his boat aff rocks an' sands,  
     While sailing near ;  
 Or lang syne, when frae foreign lands  
     The ships can' here.

I miss the lime-kiln, whar, at nicht,  
 We bairns wad gather roun' the licht,

An' stories tell eneugh to fricht  
     The stoutest he'rt,  
 Till aff, wi' headlang, scamperin' flicht,  
     For hame we'd start.

An' mony a time the aulder folk,  
 When we were dour, would crack their joke,  
 An' say hoo *beasties* ower the rock—  
     Atweel ! awat !—  
 Would drag an' droon us, till we'd choke,—  
     \* In Buckie-Pat.

Hech, sirs ! I'm glad thae days are by ;  
 An' folks ha'e better sense than try  
 To put sic notions, auld an' dry,  
     In young ane's head :  
 For, sirs ! sic jokes are just a lie—  
     For whilk ?—*nae need.*

Aft, aft when saft the waves were washin',  
 What douks an' dives, an' gleesome splashin'  
 We've had amang them, careless dashin' :  
     Here sirs ! 'twas prime ;—  
 Wi' sunshine a' around us flashin',  
     In simmer-time.

---

\* NOTE.—“The Buckie-Pat,” a deep hole in the rocks, walled in, and probably used to retain the sea water for making salt, when the Pans were at work.

Farewell, auld ruin ! I maun lea' ye ;  
 Tho' battered sair, I'm pleased to see ye  
 Still standin' (tho' sma' help some g'ie ye),  
     To brave the gale :  
 The half's no kent conneckit wi' ye,  
     That ane could tell.



### A Reberie on the Saltcoats Quay End.

'TIS night !—On Arran's shadowy Isle  
 I gaze, and watch the golden smile,  
     Of sunset in the glowing West,  
 Behind grand Goatfell's towering crest :  
 'Tween Cumbrae and the Cantire coast,  
 The distant hills of Jura, lost,  
 Evanished, 'mid the gathering gloom ;  
 The nearer objects largely loom,  
 With lengthening shadows, on the sea ;  
 While softly sighs the breezes free,  
 The murm'ring wavelets 'neath my feet,  
 Among the time-worn rocks, do beat :  
 Behind, the town lies all asleep ;—  
 Its houses, quaint and modern, peep  
 Forth from the shadows on the land ;  
 Church spire and stately steeple stand,

Like sent'nels, peering through the gloom :  
 They tell of time, heaven, death and doom—  
 And this old port, too, hath its tale  
 Of prosp'rous days,—when ships would sail  
 Oft out to sea with colours gay,—  
 In fav'ring breeze, they bore away  
 With straining sail and flashing prow :  
*Where are those ships and sailors now ?*



### A Simmer Nicht.

HOO calm and grand yon glassy sea !  
 Hoo bricht the gowden lift aboon !  
 Hoo sweet the balmy breezes free  
 Sigh saftly thro' ilk bush an' tree !  
 The sun s<sup>i</sup>nks slow, and lo ! the moon,  
 Fair queen o' nicht, begins her reign ;  
 The bonnie starns glint out again,  
 Syne fade fu' soon, wi' twinklin' e'e :  
 Aiblins, nae soun's grate on the ear,  
 Save wild whaup's cry or corucraik's drear,  
 Whilk wauken echoes up the glen,  
 Whar burnies wimplin' sing far ben :  
 Yon gowden glimmers, westward fled,  
 Lea' siller scenes aroun' us spread.

## The Song-birds of Bonnie Scotland.

WE warblers, I lo'e ye : ye're dear to my heart ;—  
 My thochts noo pursue ye—In simmer, ye dart  
 Amang the green bushes, on hillside an' glen,  
 Whar clear the burn gushes an' gurgles far ben,  
 'Mang heather an' wild flowers, the rocks an' the stanes,  
 Frae mornin' till e'enin', ye sing your sweet strains.

Your lilts intermin'le wi' scenes that are gane :  
 I fin' the bluid dinnle thro' ilka sma' vein  
 O my heart, aye sae youthfu', despite a' its care,  
 Till I lang for a mouthfu' o' guid caller air  
 'Mang the cornfields and lealan's to wander aroun',  
 I' the lowlan's an' hielan's, far awa' frae the toun.

I hear noo the lintie sing sweet on the broom ;  
 The blackie ahint me disperses the gloom  
 O' yon thick growin' covert ; while robin and wren  
 Quite near me ha'e hovert ; the blue lift I scan—  
 There the lav'rock is springing like a spec, fu' o' glee ;  
 Nae blyther he's singing, than the mavis an' me.

Wee warblers, I lo'e ye, ye're dear to my heart,  
 Your wild notes gae thro' me, sae wi' ye I start  
 To praise the Creator, wha's far-seein' e'  
 Marks man, bird, an' cratur, whar'e'er they may be ;  
 A' my wants He'll supply till wi' earth I am done,  
 An' my soul then shall fly to a bricht warl' aboon.



## October.

**U**SHERED in oft with a blustering breath,  
That dealeth destruction, blight, pain, and death :  
Now leaves and fair flowers lie shrivelled and sere ;  
The birds fly in flocks o'er the bare stubble lea ;  
The streamlets rush brawling and brown to the sea,  
While rain falls in torrents from gloomy clouds near ;  
The cattle are creeping in close to the farm,  
The crops are secured, and sheltered from harm.  
Although but the shadow of days that have been,  
Some bright hours of sunshine at times intervene :  
The mornings are mirky, the evenings are cold ;  
On moorland and mountain, the sheep seek the fold ;  
The grey skies remind of the fast ageing year :  
Soon snows of hoar winter on its head will appear.



## November.

**W**ILD month of storms, of sleet, and driving rain,  
When Boreas raves, and chilly east winds blow ;  
Hill-tops have donned their dress of virgin snow ;  
The frost obscures and paints the window pane  
With varied scenes of quaint yet new design,  
Draws leaves and flowers, and drapes each shrivelled tree

And bush so bare, while icicles outshine  
 The glittering diamond in the short-lived sun ;  
 The birds now more familiar, gladly see  
 The children with the hoarded bread-crumbs run  
 Outside, or place them on the window sill,  
 While thus the law of kindness they fulfil ;  
 'The happy heart doth make the face to shine,  
 When it is ruled by charity divine.'



### December.

**T**HE days are dull, the nights are long and drear,  
 And nature dead, seems sleeping 'neath the snow ;  
 The cold winds sigh the dirge of dying year,  
 As through the leafless storm-swept boughs they blow ;  
 The famished birds are shivering,—silent now ;  
 The sunbeams on the streamlets scarce appear,  
 Or if, perforce, they shed their feeble glow  
 Through sky o'ereast with frowning foggy brow,  
 They bring not (as of yore) that warmth and cheer,  
 To frame and heart, which more or less, I trow,  
 Doth faint and fail in man—while even the beast  
 Seems sad—yet here and there throughout it all,  
 Some, blest by heaven, fare well, and gladly feast,  
 When Christmas comes to cozy cot and hall.

## 3 Motto.

REMEMBER 'mid earth's din and strife,  
    ' Kind words or deeds for harsh ones given,  
    Will smooth the roughest path in life,  
And better fit thy soul for heaven.'



A LOVELY Isle of mountain and glen,  
    Ruggedly grand in thy bold outline,  
    Replete with charms each woodland and fen,  
A spot where God's great works combine :  
Nor speak they in vain to thoughtful men.

*I Xmas Wish to Mary M'G—n.*

**M**ARY ! I wish thee joy this morn,  
 On which the blessed Christ was born,  
 When stars shone bright and angels sang,  
 While heaven and earth with music rang.  
 Oh ! yes ! it was a happy, happy time,  
 Those hours so bright sped swift away ;  
 So may thy life yet prove sublime,  
 Till lost in light of brighter, brighter day.

1882.



*To Alice Aleck.*

**A**LECK ! to-day I wish thee joy :  
 For Christ Himself was once a boy,  
 And on a happy Xmas morn,  
 The little Infant, newly born,  
 Wrapt in linen, pure as snow,  
 Smiled, and set all hearts aglow :  
 So may He help thee through thy days,  
 To love, and live, and speak His praise.

## To the Sky Lark.

HOW sweet is thy song, when winter is o'er,  
As upward from earth in triumph you soar,  
To revel in sunlight, when morn's rosy hues  
Are flashing from heaven with charms so profuse :  
Flowerets are waking on earth everywhere,  
And birds in the woodland for singing prepare :  
Down, down through the air thy clear notes are ringing,  
Far up in fair cloudland so loudly thou'rt singing,  
That silence below no longer can reign ;  
All join in thy glee with gladsome refrain :  
So, with thee dear songster, my heart too would rise,  
To Him who created the earth, sea, and skies,  
My song too like thine, in the sunshine of love,  
Would mingle even now in the glories above.



## Lines to Hugh Paul, Australia.

FRIENDSHIP ! What memories come with that word,  
Of days gone by, yet ne'er forgot ;  
Happy, indeed, are they who fear the Lord,  
And in His service blend their lot.  
Love flowing forth from that source divine,  
Meandering through the cares of life,  
Makes plainest face with rare beauty shine,  
And lends truest worth 'mid earth's din and strife.

## Acrostics.

**M**ORN among the hills is breaking,  
 All around is wrapt in sleep ;  
 Grim night clouds their flight are taking,  
 Grandly sailing o'er the deep ;  
 In splendour bright the sun is waking,  
 Enlivening all with glorious sweep.  
 Mark the sunbeams how they're glancing  
 All along the stream and trees ;  
 Cheerily onward day's advancing,  
 List ! with music comes the breeze ;  
 Ever amid this scene entrancing,  
 Are heard the echoes of the seas ;  
 Nature wakes and all things please.  
 Beautiful morning ! bright was thy dawning,  
 Lost in the light of brighter day ;  
 Ah ! that our life, 'neath heaven's clear awning,  
 Could thus in triumph pass away ;  
 Keep by God, through grace *it may*.

— — — — —

Journeying on along through life,  
 Experience gives a lesson true,  
 Amid earth's pleasure, sin and strife,  
 Now mark the pathway you pursue ;  
 In golden precept, or desire,  
 Example always stands the higher

Keep then, fair maid, these three combined,  
In *beauty that doth best endure*,  
“ New traits of manner and of mind,  
Governed by thoughts and motives pure.”

---

An opening bud of floweret sweet,  
No blighting sorrow ere be thine ;  
Nor false one's wandering footsteps meet :  
In truth and love still brighter shine  
Encircled—kept by grace divine.  
Buds of promise oft are lost,  
All do not their leaves expand,  
Immortal flowers sometimes may bloom on earth :  
None looks so fair as in a Father's hand.

---

Enslaved on bondage cruel, dark and drear,  
Lost in sin I sadly wandered here,  
Long my heart, in secret throbb'd with fear—  
Entranced at last before the cross I stood,  
Now peace and joy are mine through Jesu's blood.  
Oh ? 'tis sweet to *know* my sins forgiven ;  
Right nobly Satan's bonds are riven ;  
Redeemed on earth : my home is heaven.

---

Song birds are blessing from above,  
Upscoring oft in heaven's blue,  
Swelling their strains of joy and love,  
Yielding each day some tribute new.

Kind heaven, dear friend hath blessed thee, too,  
 In granting this—the gift of song ;  
 Now use it well ; with purpose new,  
 God's matchless praises to prolong.

---

A fragile flower, a blossom sweet ;  
 God guard and bless thee day by day ;  
 Grant thee still more those graces meet,  
 In life to shine with bright'ning ray—  
 Enlivening all you chance to greet.  
 Kind words and deeds can never die ;  
 'In every action, aim full high,'  
 Nor miss the sunshine from above  
 Gladd'ning thy heart with peace and love.

---

PROVERBS 3.6. JOHN 16.33.

Tribulations sore may gather  
 Round thy soul on life's rough way ;  
 Underneath them faint not—rather  
 Stedfastly God's word obey :  
 The darkest night gives place to day !

---

His hand at times may heavy be :  
 In love 'tis so,—not cruelty ;  
 Mourn not,—*mourn not, my child*—'tis best for thee.





## Brodick.

**B**RODICK ! How fair, thy wooded winding bay ;  
 Thy heathery hills, thy lovely glens and fields :  
 From Goatfell grand, the scenery around,  
 Almost unrivalled stands ; each ramble yields  
 Fresh joys to visitors,—or those who stray  
 Through ruddy Rosa's glen ; by yon clear stream  
 Where shy trout swim, and golden sunbeams gleam ;  
 Up Shirrig wild—among romantic hills :  
 Or quiet Cloy, with mild sweet scented air.  
 The strangers' dell, enchanting Corriegills,  
 And bracing breezes of Dun-Fion,—where  
 One joins the song of distant birds and rills,  
 Enraptured looks—then thinks, or breathes a prayer,  
 Perchance to Him whose skill made all with so great care.

## Lines to a British Poet.

**A**IBLINS, my auld an' weel respeckit frien',  
 Wi' thanks ye'll let me greet 'e thro' thae pages ;  
 Best wishes to ye're ain "true hearted Jean ;"  
 Unwearied maist, I've penned their pleasant stages,  
 Carefu' o' hints frae your scholastic skill,—  
 Hech !—aft I min' your matchless "Sang o' Rest,"  
 An' "Esther," "Secret Sighs," and "Hymns" whilk fill  
 Nae worthless space, but sic as langest staun' the test.

Saltcoats, April, 1883.



## Sonnet to the Months.

**Y**OUNG Jan'ry boist'rous, ushers in the years ;  
 Short February settles winter's debts ;  
 Cold March, with wind and blinding dust appears ;  
 "April comes smiling sweetly through her tears :"  
 Glad May hath dewy mornings, bright sunsets,  
 Decks *June with flowers, and verdure cheers ;*  
 July the month that summer warmly pets ;  
 August, hot days, ripe grain ; the reaper whets  
*The sickle for Septembers golden hours :*  
 \* November dark, when Boreas wild, doth blow ;  
 December, dirges die 'mid frost and snow :  
 Whether they pass with balmy breath, or rude,  
 God all o'er-rules, and wisely sends them for our good.

\* *Printers omission*

*October, harvest homes, Autumnal bow*

### Music Everywhere.

**I**N the pat'ring of the rain-drops as they softly fall,  
 In the silvery tinkling of the tiny upland rill—  
 Widening to a sparkling streamlet singing sweet withal ;  
 In the roaring cataract that dashes down the hill :  
 In the hill-embosomed lake, and the sounding sea,  
 Wakened by the zephyr's sigh, or stormy winds so free—  
 ' Waves that murmur low, anon may dash with deafening roar ;'  
 Thunder reverb'rating loud, along the sky and shore :  
 Insects hum among the flowers, rustling forest leaves ;  
 Distant bells, the bleating sheep, or the lowing kine.  
 Birds i' th' air and sunny groves, or twit'ring on the eaves—  
 Down from heaven had come this gift, so pure, so free divine.  
 In rural nooks, in busy town, in earth, and sea, and air,  
 In hearts and homes it lingers still—*there's music everywhere.*



### Waiting.

*Lines suggested on reading a paragraph in the "Evening Citizen,"  
 September, 1882.*

**S**HE sits all alone in the evening of life,  
 In a room of the house where she's staying ;  
 In the heart of a city, with its bustle and strife,  
 Around her night shadows are straying :  
 Perhaps on those features once young and so fair,  
 The foot-prints of trial we trace,—  
 Yet crowned by those tresses of silvery hair,  
 Shine hope, resignation, and grace.

er's;

## Ready.

THE day is far spent, the night is at hand ;  
 She reads in her Bible both worn and well read—  
 Now waiting her dear loving Saviour's command ;  
 Her glasses are off—on her hand rests her head :  
 It came in the night-time, that summons so swift :  
 Her glad heart responded, while angels were nigh  
 To bear far away, and gently uplift  
 Her soul, so enraptured, to mansions on high.

## DEPARTED.

THE sun had arisen and scattered the gloom ;  
 The shadows of night had all fled to the west :  
 The Bible, still open, on her knee lay at rest—  
 Friends found but the body to bear to the tomb.



## The Unchanging One.

*“Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever.”*

HOW precious the promises God's word hath given,  
 To cheer and to counsel us homeward to heaven ;  
 His spirit to strengthen, though feeble love's flame,  
 “Remember the Saviour” is ever the same.

To miss Him were madness, oh ! see that you seek  
 The righteous Redeemer, so mild and so meek,  
 In grief or in gladness, in suffering or shame,  
 “Remember the Saviour” is ever the same.

So mighty in mercy, so kingly and kind,  
 In wisdom so wondrous, in Christ all's combined,  
 Of greatness or goodness, and now, praise His name !  
 You'll find Him, a Saviour, for ever the same.

REFRAIN.—“ Every day, and every hour,”  
 Let me know Thy saving power ;  
 “ May Thy tender love to me,  
 Bind me closer, closer Lord to Thee.”



### Gospel Temperance War Song.

TUNE—“ *Scots wha hae.*”

COME and join our Temperance Band,  
 Drink is ruining our land :  
 Heart to heart, and hand to hand,  
 On to victory :

“ Now's the day, and now's the hour,  
 See ! the front of battle lour ;”  
 Break the tyrant's fatal power,  
 Set the pris'ners free.

By the Saviour's grief and pain,  
 By the grace He died to gain,  
 We will battle, not in vain,  
 For the victory.

Onward, Christian soldiers go,  
 Face the drunkard's cruel foe,  
 “ Liberty's in every blow,”

YES ! THEY SHALL BE FREE.



*Revelation xxii. 17.*

<i>Rom. xiv. 11.</i>	Oh, then! before Him bow—
<i>1 John i. 9.</i>	Why should you longer roam?
<i>1st. Iv. 7.</i>	The Spirit whispers— <i>come</i> :
<i>2 Cor. vi. 2.</i>	The Bride says—Come.

—❖—❖—

### Friendship.

[WRITTEN ON THE FLY-LEAF OF A BIRTH-DAY TEXT-BOOK.]

"MYSTERIOUS cement of the soul, sweet'ner of life, and solder of society,  
I owe thee much."—BLAIR.

PERCHANCE, as o'er these leaves you turn,  
Some mingled mem'ries flow  
Of friends and scenes, that brightly burn  
Within, with gen'rous glow  
A little while,—  
Then fade like light at sunset hour.  
Though slowly sinking low,  
Far in the west, it plays with power,—  
(One always finds it so)  
True Friendship's smile  
Still shines, though severed wide on earth below.

## Farewell.

**F**AREWELL ! dear reader, wheresoe'er thou art ;  
May God's best blessings cheer, and fall around you :  
Grant that those pages, written from the heart,  
May leave thee none the worse, but better since they've found  
you.

