

"~~EGG~~
~~HOMO~~"

AND

OTHER POEMS,

By JAMES CHAPMAN.

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"THE SWORD AND THE CROSS."—Page 35.

AND
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BY
J. CHAPMAN



“ ECCE HOMO, ”

AND OTHER POEMS.

BY

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PARTICK,

AUTHOR OF “A LEGEND OF THE ISLES,” &c.

WITH FRONTISPIECE, &c., &c., DRAWN AND ENGRAVED BY
THE AUTHOR.

PARTICK :
JOHN THOMLINSON, 182 DUMBARTON ROAD.
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TO THE READER.

Gentle Reader,

HALF amused, half amazed, at the daring of mine,
The presumption that spreads such a banquet before ye,
Ye may say, "Thou art crazed—thou insultest the Nine !
Why there is not a stanza, there's scarcely a line,
From beginning to end of this jumble of thine,
With its rant, and its cant, and its pitiful whine,
But is such that thy friends may bewail and deplore
thee :
Nay, its few happy thoughts have been filched from the
mine
Where the bards, who created, have bared them before
thee—
Have been shamelessly pilfered from Poesy's shrine,
Where the gems of the ages like stars glittered o'er
thee—
Didst thou deem that thy steed was the creature divine,
And that far up the slippery Parnassus it bore thee ?
Didst thou hope from such gleanings a garland to twine,
And that millions enthral'd would applaud and encore
thee ?

TO THE READER.

Thy offence hath been foul, giving water for wine !
But our sentence is mild. As a bard we ignore thee !
May the gods to the promptings of pity incline,
And in mercy to something like reason restore thee."

Say ye your say, but, well a day !
The shaft hath sped beyond recall :
The babe is born, and, come what may,
Must live or die, must stand or fall.
But oh ye critics, stern and strong !
Be merciful amid your strength ;
Like all that ere was sung, my song
Must find its fitting place at length.
It pleased the parent's partial eye,
But, if the weakling needs must die,
Let cold neglect effect its fall,
And round it roll oblivion's pall ;
Nor send it mangled to the tomb
By reeking knife or bursting bomb.
If impotent for good it still,
May claim all innocence of ill.

Jas. Chapman.

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“ ECCE HOMO.”

In the following sketches, intended as illustrative of scenes in the life of our Lord, the narrative has in most cases been put into the mouths of actors in, or spectators of the incidents described, so that the reader might “Behold the Man” as He appeared to His cotemporaries of various nationalities and shades of opinion; and a series of side-lights (feeble it may be, yet loving and, I trust, true) be thus thrown on persons and scenes with which the direct blaze of Gospel lustre has already familiarised us all.

To anticipate the criticisms of some who may accuse me of irreverence in presuming to mingle fiction with a theme so sacred, I may state that the framework of fancy in which the pictures are set is so slight and simple, and I hope so accords with the probabilities, that it may be deemed in no way obtrusive. Milton and many other master-minds give glorious precedent for this; and I think that our Saviour himself, in His frequent teachings by means of parable and metaphor, does not altogether discountenance a limited and judicious use of such aids in producing a harmonious effect.

P r o e m .

WE love our country's daisied sod—
The grand old land that Bruce made free—
For Caledonia and for God
Our fathers bled, and so would we :
We've hearts that turn with triumph still
To Bannockburn and Loudon Hill.

We love the land where Mercy's fount
Flowed forth from God, so full, so free !
Flowed forth in teachings on "The Mount"—
Flowed forth in torture on "The Tree"—
Where sinless Jesu's dying cry
Thrilled fiend and seraph—earth and sky !

Let Fancy flit through time and space,
Faith woos her to her primal shrine ;
Recall an earlier Year of Grace—
Away with me to Palestine—
Not heaven nor hell hath ghosts more grand
Than those who haunt the Holy Land !

The Prince of Peace our theme shall be,
Our Era with His birth began,
In *thirty* we have "Come and see :"
In *thirty-three* "Behold the Man !"
I echo these, my verse enshrines
Some gleanings from the Gospel vines.

Beyond the Walls.

JERUSALEM, Jerusalem !

Whence came that eagle brood, whence comes
The dimness of thy diadem ?

Hark, hark, yon clarion-blast is Rome's !
Antonio's tower hath flung its frown
O'er sacred scenes, once all thine own.

And can Jehovah's promise fail ?

Hath God forsaken Salem's shrine ?
Will heathen hosts for aye prevail

On Zion's hill, o'er David's line ?
Nay, nay, the Day Star from on high
Illumes the east—the dawn is nigh !

Such thoughts were mine, but what to me

Was Hebrew shame, or Roman sway ?
Though Salem's walls again were free

My night could know no coming day ;
Beyond those walls, with dogs and swine,
The leper's living death was mine.

A loathsome outcast—none so mean,
But, ere I met them, yielding place
I meekly cried "Unclean, unclean!"
And hid the horrors of my face :
A wretch whose eyes were fain to shun
His hateful shadow in the sun.

Where Kedron's waters splash and play,
By olive grove and gloomy grot,
I sought seclusion, 'twas to pray,
And ponder o'er my lonely lot ;
Ay, lonely, for my very kin
Shrank from the leper as from sin !

My mind, as o'er the past it ran,
Recalled that day whose even-tide
Gave to my love the strange, wild man,
Who taught so well by Jordan's side—
That victim of our tetrarch's vow,
Whose wilderness is lonelier now. *

He spoke of penitence and grace,
And when I said "I am unclean!"
"Yea, so are all of Adam's race
Save One—but kings would gladly glean
Where thou shalt reap—I can forsee
God will be glorified in thee."

* John the Baptist.

Though weary years had sped since then,
I mused on what such words might mean,
Till, startled by the tread of men,
Who crossed the brook, I cried, "Unclean!"
But did not, could not, turn away;
Some prescient impulse bade me stay.

The band seemed weary, naught they spake
Till, as they spied me in their path,
The foremost shrank as from a snake,
And chid me thence with words of wrath;
I only answered with a sigh,
And men of milder mien drew nigh.

The sinking sun, with slanting glow,
Smiled o'er Moriah, and shed down
A glory on the godlike brow
Of One whose locks of golden brown,
Untimely tinged with silver grey,
Seemed kindling in the kindly ray.

His faded garb and chastened face
Betrayed a worn and weary man;
And yet a more than mortal grace
Suffused those features sad and wan;
It won my soul—It won my will:
I felt it then—I feel it still!

He waved His frowning friends aside,
And gently called me by my name ;
I did not seek my face to hide,
I know not whence the prompting came,
But, kneeling at His feet, I cried,
" Now may our God be glorified ! "

I felt His finger on my brow,
I heard Him murmur, " Be thou clean ! "
And faltered, " Ah, I know Thee now !
Men call Thee Christ, the Nazarene ;
But now I know, for now I feel,
'Tis at Messiah's feet I kneel ! "

Before the Tribune.

THE gods whose effiges enrich
Athenian fane and Roman shrine
Are myths or fiends, I know not which ;
The monsters Hellas deems divine,
If loathsome as fond fame reposes,
Are fouler than the foulest brutes.

Ay, frown upon me as you may,
The true will stand, the false will fall ;
The gods of Greece have had their day,
But I've a God—the God of all—
And He's eternal as the love
That won Him from the realms above.

Inured to tempest, born to toil,
The deep was ever dear to me ;
While others ploughed and reaped the soil
I ploughed and harvested the sea ;
And there my Hebrew God I met
On waves that lave Gennesaret.

I knew not why the deed was done,
 But, just as twilight claimed the sea,
We neared Magdala's mountain throne,
 And moored our bark beneath its lee ;
While crawling vapours sought to hide
The hosts that thronged the green hillside.

We searched the slope with curious gaze,
 Till James and John, I knew them well,
Strode forward from beneath the haze.

 " All hail ! " I shouted ; " Can ye tell
The marvel that, for good or ill,
Hath peopled thus the groaning hill ? "

'Twas John responded : " 'Tis the Lord !
 Around Him Israel's hopes entwine ;
His advent thrills a vital chord
 Whose music rings through Palestine.
Haul near, 'twas God's own Providence
That sent your bark to bear Him hence."

We closed and grappled with the shore,
 While through the silvered gloom He came ;
And I—I felt as ne'er before,
 I knew a thrill that knows no name ;
The very timbers seemed to feel,
And trembled 'neath His sandal'd heel.

Our bark sped eastward fast and far,
The billows danced beneath her keel,
While o'er Gergesa one lone star
Gleamed like a diamond set in steel ;
But fain was Jesu's weary head
To press our pillow, rudely spread.

The skies grew changed—a hoarse, low wail
Appall'd the bravest of the brave ;
A frantic whirlwind rent our sail,
And wild convulsions heaved the wave,
As if leviathans beneath
Were madly striving to the death.

Again, again, and yet again,
The great black waves swung to the blast ;
And human strength and skill were vain ;
The writhing cords and crashing mast
Spread dazing terror where they fell,
And lashed and raked the seething hell.

I've braved the havoc-demon's wrath,
I've wrestled with Euroclydon,
I've crossed the mad tornado's path,
And all were wild, but naught like yon :
If ever Neptune warr'd with men,
As some assert, 'twas there and then.

The awning tender hands had spread,
With stealthy care, where Jesu lay,
Was whirled in shreds from o'er his head,
And round Him rained the drenching spray ;
Men cursed, or raved, or weakly wept,
But, mid the tumult, *Jesu slept !*

One stern apostle, tall and gaunt,
Whose stately mien and eagle eye
Bespoke a spirit hard to daunt—
A hero who would dare to die
For what he cherished, good or ill—
Towered 'mid the wrack, courageous still.

'Twas Simon—Israel knows him well—
Long, long, he looked upon his Lord,
Then prostrate at His feet he fell,
And roused Him with a touch and word—
“ Oh, Master ! carest Thou not that we
Should perish in the yawning sea ? ”

As riseth monarch from his throne,
So rose the Christ amid the storm ;
His face with Godlike glory shone,
A Godlike grandeur graced His form,
As through the tempest, with a thrill,
Sped the brief mandate, “ Peace, be still ! ”

The raving wind, with one great sob,
Died in its wailings far away ;
The reeling wave gave one great throb,
Then sank amid its froth and lay.
“ Why are ye fearful ? faithless ones ! ”
How sad, yet tender, were the tones !

And marvel murmured, “ Who is this
Whom even wind and sea obey ? ”
I knelt His mantle’s hem to kiss,
And there, as Syria’s skies grew grey,
A brighter, grander dawn was mine
Than that which gladdened Palestine.

Fling Jove and Juno to the dogs,
Give Dian to the bats and owls ;
Can sculptured blocks or chisel’d logs
Give purity to sin-soiled souls ?
I’ll cling to Christ—do as ye will,
I fear ye not, ye can but kill.

On the Pathway near Nain.

“I’VE seen that pensive face ere now,
But when or where I cannot tell ;
Those loving eyes, that lofty brow—
Serene as Adam’s ere he fell—
Are such as Gentile art denies
To all save its divinities.”

“I knew him once—the man, like me,
Must own to Nazareth—must own
That Nazarenes, howe’er it be,
Must thole the Pharisaic frown ;
But Jesu then was void of ill
As that young lamb beside the rill.

His youth was blameless ; ne’er was bent
To Israel’s God a holier knee ;
The heart within his bosom pent
Was pure as human heart might be :
Each darker trait lay latent then,
But boys are boys and men are men :

And riper years have wrought a change,
For, brooding o'er forbidden themes,
His words grew dark, his ways grew strange ;
'Tis even said the man blasphemes,
And claims Jehovah as his Sire,
Nor fears His wrath's consuming fire.

'Tis known to all the region round
That Joseph owns him as his son,
Yet David's kingly blood may bound
Beneath a homelier vest than yon—
I've heard his sire recount to mine
His royal pedigree and line.

Conjecture hints that patriot zeal,
Engendered by prophetic lore,
Hath urged him forth, for Israel's weal,
To emulate his sires of yore,
Assume Messiah's mystic name,
And earn a never-fading fame."

"Where'er the Teacher's tenets tend,
The Taught seem scarce like treason's tools ;
Those twelve present no ruffian blend
Of reckless fanatics or fools ;
Such men—as Judah's hope-forlorn—
Might win our pity, scarce our scorn."

“ Ay, instance him whose tawny locks
 Hang matted o'er his felon brow,
Whose eye his Master's mission mocks—
 I've met Iscariot long ere now—
If he's a sample of the set
Great Cæsar scarce need tremble yet.

But, see, they pause, they stand aside,
 They yield the path to yon sad train,
That hies within the tomb to hide
 Its faded flower from mournful Nain ;
Fair Nain ! we've few like thee or thine
In Galilee—in Palestine.

Ill bears the vine the vital blow
 That struck that blossom from its bough,
It bore but one, and that lies low—
 Ha, Jesu ! prove thy Godhead now—
Mere mortal men may sometimes heal,
But God alone can break Death's seal.

Oh, hide me from that searching eye !
 Can He have heard my mocking words ?
Let us draw nigh—I must draw nigh—
 My soul seems thrill'd through all its chords ;
For ne'er was such a glance till now
Flashed forth from 'neath a mortal brow.”

“The wondering mourners, at His hest,
Have paused beneath the olive tree,
In mute expectancy they rest ;
The anguished mother bends her knee,
But Faith and Hope speak from her eyes,
And Charity from His replies,

Unbind the sandals from thy feet,
Oh, kneel, for this is holy ground!
Where heaven and earth in mercy meet,
And God with sinful men is found ;
The dead hath heard his Saviour’s word,
And rising hails him as his Lord!

Expel me, zealots, if ye will,
From kindred, synagogue, and shrine ;
Faith finds a temple holier still—
’Tis here, with Israel’s Hope and mine ;
Here, where Messiah’s feet have trod,
The earth is sanctified to God!”

By Fountain and Hill.

“HAIL, maiden! wanderers like me,
Ere aught they venture to enquire,
First scan the face to find if free
From haughty pride or scornful ire.
Unkindly sneers expectance mock,
They sear as sears the hot siroc.

But thou art rich in Ruth-like grace—
That gentle smile like sunshine fell—
'Twas such as lit Rebekah's face
Yon glorious evening at the well.
Nay, chide me not as over-bold,
My age absolves me—I am old.

I've journeyed from our nation's north
In search of One whom vague-voiced fame
Proclaims of more than mortal worth.”

“That must be Christ?” “Yea, maid, the same;
The men of Cana bade my quest
Wend round your mountain, to the west.”

“Thy search will cease beyond the ridge,
Three furlongs hence; as runs the rill,
Your pathway lies along the bridge,
Then 'tween the vineyards on the hill.
The thronging thousands clustered round
Will guide thee to Messiah's mound.

They swarm like locusts o'er the slope,
For oh, the Healer's hand is strong!
Derision, doubt, fear, faith, and hope,
Alternate sway the surging throng;
While Pride sinks prostrate on the sod
Before 'The Teacher sent from God.'

But pause thou here till at the fount
I cleanse and fill my water-urn;
My homeward pathway skirts the mount
Whence Jesu's words of blessing burn—
Whence streams of love flow forth and heal
The scars of Horeb's thunder-peal.”

“Ha! fair enthusiast, hath He won
So warm a proselyte in thee?
And hast thou found in Joseph's son—
This carpenter of Galilee—
The matchless merits that alone
Could claim or fill Messiah's throne?”

“Oh, father, hush ! Mistrust would flee
Wert thou to see what I have seen ;
Adoring faith would bend thy knee
 Couldst thou but be where I have been,
When hosts were saved from sin and woe,
To owe and love, and love and owe.

I've wept with one, once Satan's thrall,
 Whose seven-fold fetters from her fell ;
Poor Mary's past might man appal,
 But Jesu came and all was well ;
The sin-soiled Magdalené's name
Is now no more inwarped with shame.

Our home at Bethany was blest
 Ere Lazarus began to ail,
For Jesu was our frequent guest,
 But sickness bade my brother quail,
And here awhile he breathes with me
The bracing breeze of Galilee.

But now we near the mount, ah, now
 Behold how Eden-like, behold !
The sun-lit groves in glory glow,
 With mingled russet, green, and gold ;
While, God-like on His throne of rock,
Our Saviour-shepherd tends His flock.

Won from the wilderness and wold,
Called from the city, from the sea :
With bearded warriors, grim and bold,
And Ishmael's children, fierce and free,
Come Pharisees, whose lives were lies,
That mocked their broad phylacteries.

But mark the throng, how hushed, how still!
Messiah's voice, and His alone,
Bids ear and heart responsive thrill,
And heaven seems nearer as its tone
Claims, permeates, subdues, and sways :
But now He pauses—now He prays !”

“Our Father, on Thy heavenly throne
We hail Thee! hallowed be Thy name ;
Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done,
Thy will is heaven's, give earth the same!
Give us this day our daily bread ;
Forgive us all our debts as we
Forgive our debtors theirs, and lead
Our erring feet temptation free.
Deliver us from evil still,
For Thine the kingdom, Thine the sway,
And Thine the glory, yea until
The heavens and earth shall pass away !
Amen.”

“Amen! Come Pride, come Folly; come,
Behold and hear ere ye belie;
‘A crazy fanatic!’ say some,
‘A crafty schemer!’ some reply;
Your zeal blasphemes, a rising star
Seems like a marsh-light, seen from far.”

“Ha! sage enthusiast, hath He won
So warm a proselyte in thee?
Ay, Israel’s God hath owned His Son,
Let Israel own Him on her knee!
But I must hence lest Martha fret,
She loves her sister well, and yet—

Well, let her chide! At day’s decline
Our Lord will grace our humble home,
And, father, thou art far from thine,
Be thou our guest, ay, deign to come;
Though we are lowly, Heaven is high,
And Heaven is near when Christ is nigh.”

The Cup of Wrath.

GETHSEMANE? Ay, come with me ;
 (Ah, ne'er again will Jesu come !)
When fancy-free I seem to be
 Like Adam in his Eden home,
I tend the olive and the vine,
And they, they yield me oil and wine.

'Twas such a lonesome night as this—
 The stars ne'er saw so sad a scene—
When Earth's arch-traitor, with a kiss,
 Betrayed the sinless Nazarene !
The foulest deed that e'er was done
Where souls are lost or silver won.

We've had our Judases of yore,
 Whose lives and deaths knew naught of stain,
They glorified the name they bore,
 But Judas now out-Caineth Cain !
What father now, devoid of shame,
Would curse his son with such a name ?

That eerie eve I could not sleep,
My lattice offered to my gaze
The Kedron valley, dark and deep,
Siloam's lights, and Hinnom's haze—
A haze that Sol, ere sunk o'er Gath,
Had sucked from Sodom's sea of wrath.

I thought upon the days of old
(Shall Salem see their like again?)
When Zion was Jebusi's hold,
And David's mightiest raged in vain,
Till, like a curse from heaven let fall,
Zeruiah's son leaped o'er the wall.

The moon hung o'er Philistia's wave,
She silvered Salem as she set,
But ere her chill farewell she gave—
Her last cold kiss to Olivet—
A gleam flashed forth from Night's dark womb
Beneath the royal rebel's tomb.

Jehosaphat defies and mocks
The searching glare of garish noon !
Its gloomy groves and weird-like rocks
Are awful 'neath the ghastly moon ;
But when that torch-gleam o'er it fell,
'Twas like a portico of hell !

The gorge gave forth at Ophel's flank
A Roman cohort flecked with flame ;
Like some huge snake it rose and sank,
And wound around, but on it came—
Ay, on it came, and in its van
Sneaked Earth's and Israel's vilest man.

There power's rude minions, priestcraft's slaves,
And many a wolf-eyed Pharisee,
With foreign swords and hireling staves,
Beset Gethsemane and me ;
What might it mean? No robber roves,
No felon haunts our grotts and groves.

'Twas Paschal Night, the feet were few
That roamed our lonely garden glades,
But one wild fear was born and grew,
For Christ that night had sought its shades ;
I loved him well, and well I knew
The rancour of a furious Jew.

Again Iscariot met my view—
The fiend-led leader of the band—
Around my naked loins I threw
A linen cloth, the first at hand,
And, with a "God me speed!" sped forth—
He yet might 'scape them by the north.

Away I tore through brush and brake,
Through tangled terebinth and vine ;
I prayed for aid for Jesu's sake,
I knew His haunt beneath the pine—
The pine was there, but where was He ?
I only found the sleeping three.

I paused perplexed and gazed around,
And surely, surely 'twas a dream—
A stone's-cast hence the grove and ground
Had caught a clear celestial beam ;
And there Messiah's Godhead drank
The cup from which His manhood shrank.

The cup that might not pass away,
Though anguished Nature prayed and pled,
Till, to the ground on which He lay,
The sweat of agony ran red—
Ran red from brows whose wild unrest
Lay throbbing on an angel's breast.

What human mind may seek to solve
The awful problems of its God ?
The Love that prompted can evolve—
O'erawed, I threw me on the sod.
What mortal eyes might dare to scan
Yon scene of that dread drama, " Man " ?

With memory's returning wave
Came thoughts of Jesu's coming foes,
From man's foul clutch I yet might save
That Mystery of many woes.
Alas! too late; for edge to edge
Were heaven and hell, like wedge to wedge.

Ay, Love and Hate were front to front,
I saw the lip the cheek defile—
The satyr face, as was its wont,
Looked loathsome in its serpent smile;
Earth well will chronicle that kiss,
Posterity will hear and hiss!

Red lightnings flashed from helms and spears,
I heard Messiah's "I am He;"
The rabble, as it smote their ears,
Roll'd backwards like a broken sea,
And fell as storm-fell'd cedars fall—
Fell like Siloam's shattered wall.

They rose, they rallied, ruthless Ire
Bade brutal Triumph tie the thong;
My blood seemed turned to liquid fire,
I burst into the rabid throng;
I saw one faithful blade was bare,
And men may do if they but dare.

A mild "Nay, suffer ye thus far,"
Fell gently from the sacred lip ;
Around me closed the men of war,
My linen cincture mocked their grip.
I gave them that : when hard bested,
I left it in their hands and fled.*

.
In Tophet's deepest, darkest den
A broken rope hangs from a tree,
They've left it there to tell to men
One sequel to Gethsemane ;
Iscaiot's form was found beneath,
A loathsome carcase, sinned to death.

* See St. Mark xiv. 51, 52.

The Sword and the Cross.

“HALT, stranger! Who and whence art thou?
Nay, hold thy hand, no need for swords;
’Twas rudely put, but I avow
No ill intent begat my words:
Thy garb and bearing called them forth,
For these proclaim thee from the north.

And I—ha! cousin, can it be
That thus I meet thee face to face?
So far from home—from Galilee—
At such an hour, in such a place!
But I’m a felon, and I fear
My claim of kinship irks thine ear.

Ay, Simon; there’s an angry wail
From cursed Samaria’s plundered plains;
And Roman harpies sometimes fail
To garner foul extortion’s gains.
Dark deeds are frequent now, and fame
Hath linked them with thy kinsman’s name.

When we of Galilee, though few,
Proclaimed us freemen like our sires,
And Pilate's hirelings slew and slew—
Ay, even at our altar-fires—*
While Judas, spurning Rome's decrees,
Fell fighting like the Maccabees :

My sword was red, my bosom bled,
But deeper wounds were in my soul :
To far Judea's hills I fled,
And now I haunt them like a ghoul—
Ha, ha, the haughty alien gang
Hath felt the trampled adder's fang !

But, virtuous Simon, tell me why
I find thee here, 'tween night and day,
'Twixt sterile earth and stormy sky,
Where wolves and robbers prowl and prey,
While greedy rival nets will rake
The scaly harvest from thy lake ?”

“ Cease, Korath, cease—thy jesting words
On earnest ears distasteful fall—
For, soul and body, I'm my Lord's
For Him I've left my earthly all :
Our Israel's woes at length have won
From heaven, her God's, and David's, Son !

*See Luke xiii. 1, and Acts v. 37.

Messiah found me by the sea—
My aimless life was lost till then—
I heard His startling, 'Follow me,
And henceforth ye shall fish for men !'
To hear was to obey His call,
Faith fondly at His feet flung all.

Life falls like manna from His lips,
For never mortal spake like Him ;
Mosaic meekness owns eclipse,
Our prophet-stars seem dull and dim,
And Israel's thronging thousands sing
Hosannas to their heavenly King.

The graves resign their pallid prey,
The devils fear His face and flee,
And thou—the golden streaks the grey,
The day is dawning—come and see !
Ay, cleanse thy robber-hands and come,
We'll wage a worthier war with Rome."

"Ha, kinsman, if thou sayest sooth,
The North will rise with glad accord,
Where many a hardy Hebrew youth
Now hides his sentiments and sword.
But, hark ! some foe intends offence,
The wind hath sounds that warn me hence.

Ha, ha ! an outlaw's ears are keen,
 The Gentile hounds are on my track ;
 My health demands a change of scene—
 Those saints must only see my back.
 Farewell, farewell ! when next we meet
 I'll lay my sword at Jesu's feet."

.

The nails are driven—Jesu bleeds—
 'Mid howl of scorn, and hiss of hate :
 Whence are those evil twain whose deeds
 Have earned them there a kindred fate ?
 The heavens have hid them in the gloom
 That swathes yon charnel mound of doom !

How horrible ! the lightning's gleam
 Reveals the right-hand felon's brow,
 And shrilly rings a woman's scream,
 " My long lost Korath ! is it thou ?"
 High-hearted Hebrew ! all in vain
 Thy rage, misguided, gnawed the chain.

His voice is raised—who can foresee ?
 Its echoes yet may ring through Rome !
 Faith pleadeth, " Lord, remember me
 When to Thy kingdom Thou art come."
 And Grace respondeth, " Thou shalt be
 This day in Paradise with me !"

“It is Finished!”

WHAT thought the demons? did they hail
The victory as won?
When Salem heard the dying wail
Of God's forsaken Son;
When, like a poignard-thrust, His cry
Pierced dark Golgotha's wounded sky.

Or did Omnipotence unsheath
The Torture-Truth to tell,
That He who there accepted death
Had conquered Death and Hell?
That that same hour and deed of dread
That bruised *the heel* had bruised *the head*?

We know not: human fancy fails,
Or errs, or aims amiss,
When o'er conjecture's seas she sails
To feast on themes like this;
She fares far better when she feeds
On human thoughts, or words, or deeds.

“I know not what His crimes have been,”
The scornful Roman cries,
“But such a death I’ve seldom seen—
Ay, Hebrews! feast your eyes—
I’ll stab Him, as ere now I’ve slain
A mangled hound to end its pain.”

The pensive Greek glides through the throng,
And speaks with bated breath,
“’Tis ended now! I wavered long;
But Gods yield not to death!
And yet, Apollo, I opine
That face, that form, might well seem thine.”

In pride of sanctity and tribe
The priesthood stand retired,
But furious Pharisee and Scribe—
With hate and envy fired—
Surge round the sacrificial tree,
And wag the head and bend the knee.

Hark how the rabble howl and hiss—
Jerusalem, be proud!
Behold that scene, then answer this,
Is that the self-same crowd
That lately bade thy echoes ring
With glad hosannas to thy king?

Despair has sought yon terraced slope,
 She's crouching on the hill,
 With nine sad men whose only hope—
 For hope can whisper still—
 Is lightning's lance, or seraph's sword,
 That yet may vindicate their Lord.

These fled bewildered and unnerved—
 Where are the other three?
 Iscariot is with those he served!
 One weeps where none may see—
 And one, the well-beloved, as meet,
 Is lingering near the bleeding feet.

And there the worn and weary love
 In thought to linger still,
 And woo His aid who, like a dove—
 The Father's winged will—
 Once hovered in a glory gleam
 O'er Jesu's own baptismal stream.

Jerusalem, Jerusalem!

Whence had those hands their crimson dye?
 There's blood upon thy garment's hem—
 There's fury in thy frenzied eye!
 What hath He done, and who is He
 Whom thou hast nailed to yonder tree?



MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

Hector, Harry, and I.

THERE are three of the kind, Hector, Harry, and I—
Quite superior men, every one of us—
And our motto has ever been, Never say Die !
And we never have died yet—no, none of us.

We were chums from our childhood—that slangy word
chum !

Politeness looks somewhat askance at it,
But, a word in thine ear, friend, it rhymeth with mum !
So I pray thee ne'er level thy lance at it.

We were fine looking fellows, and each of the three
Had a something that softened the surliest ;
Ah, those whiskers of Harry's were marvels to see,
Yea, they far out-Dundrearied the curliest.

As for me, the moustachio that graced my proud lip
Had a Napoleonic sublimity :
I have never seen one yet with aught like the tip
Of its matchless cork-screw-like extremity.

Ye have seen the Apollo—the famed Belvidere ?
Connoisseurs are at one o'er the grace of it :
Well, they say 'twould be twin to the form I have here
Had the sculptor moustachioed the face of it.

Then with Hector 'twas eyes—oh, those wonderful eyes—
How they searched through the souls of the hardiest !
They were clear, greenish, grey ; like the twilight's calm
skies,
Yet their lightnings were none of the tardiest.

Well it fell on a day—on a night, I should say—
As we rambled afield in our merriment,
That a horse ran away with a thing called a shay,
And we lingered to watch the experiment.

“Let the beast go to”——“Hush !” It was Hector
whose cry
Put to silence, I will not say which of us.
“There's a lady in danger—we'll save her or die !
Look alive, and let Fame fill a niche of us.”

Then with strength superhuman, dexterity grand,
And a courage that soared to sublimity,
Rosinanté was fronted and brought to a stand,
On the verge of a ditch and extremity.

It was wonder and worship with each of the three,
As we gazed at the rescued divinity,
She was grateful to all, but seemed most so to me,
Could it be—had I found my affinity?

Lady Maud was superbly, yea faultlessly, fair,
With a mien that was simply adorable ;
While her hair—ah, our hearts got enmeshed in that hair ;
Nor deplored it although 'twas deplorable.

With the trio 'twas much of a sameness I guess,
The sweet poison was quaffed with avidity ;
It was Cupid alone who concocted the mess,
It had nothing to do with cupidity.

Though of course we were told—'twas no sceret indeed—
That she shone 'mong our great city's wealthiest ;
But my queries, if any, were put with good heed,
And my feelers were all of the stealthiest.

Well we haunted and worshipped her day after day,
We were ever together, the three of us,
So that never a word did our feelings betray,
Nor did love bend one suppliant knee of us.

But a change grew apparent, dark looks were exchanged,
And dark sentiments followed them speedily;
For the demon of jealousy revelled and ranged
Through our bosoms, and gnawed at them greedily.

To a duel triangular first we agreed,
Then we thought of the possible fall of us,
And we thought of the many fond hearts that would bleed
O'er the bleeding of any or all of us.

It was Hector who spoke—"Why this blood-thirsty fuss?
It might lure us to crime, might this rivalry;
Let the lady decide, we can settle it thus,
'Tis her right by the dictates of chivalry."

So I stroked my moustachio and cried, "I agree,
Her decision we'll crave, then abide by it."
Harry fondled his whiskers, and lisped "Ath for me,
I'll be guided, whate'er may betide, by it."

Then we knelt at her feet and we poured forth our loves,
Each soliciting fetters Hymeneal;
As for Maud, she stood blushing and biting her gloves
With a glance that though puzzled was genial.

O'er moustachio and whiskers it lovingly ran,
And the eyes seldom seen with impunity,
While her smile seemed to say, "What a glorious man
Ye had been, had ye been but in unity!"

Then she murmured, "O rise, for *one* lover to kneel
May be flattering to maidenly vanity,
But to sanction such conduct in *three*, is, I feel,
Inconsistent with proper urbanity ;

To decide as ye wish me, as matters now stand,
Must to two of you needs seem invidious,
While to share among three my affections or hand
Would be monstrous to tastes less fastidious.

When a year has elapsed, if ye seek me again,
I'll decide, and may Venus be kind to me,
But till then let our friendship unaltered remain,
And let Love lie not 'bleeding' but blind to me."

Well, we did not grow surly, nor sullen, nor cold,
We conjointly had studied philosophy,
Hector, Harry, and I were as gay as of old,
Nor permitted our friendship to ossify.

But the leaden-winged months seemed provokingly slow,
And alas ! ere the twelve were well entered on,
The effects of suspense threatened sadly to show
On the gems that our hopes were most centred on.

The moustachio grew scraggy, ferocious, and wild,
While the eyes had a dull dreamy haziness ;
And the whiskers, alas ! I would like to draw mild,
But their state seemed suggestive of craziness.

In our manners, with Maud we were fond yet restrained,
As in some saintly sister's society ;
There was much to be peril'd and naught to be gained
By the slightest contempt of propriety.

On that terrible day when the Queen of the West,
Rudely roused from her fatal security,
Saw the Bank of the City, in ruin's unrest,
Mid the slough of commercial impurity ;*

When we called on our fair one we found her in tears,
And conjectures of evil were emulous,
But the fall of her fortunes that crashed on our ears
Struck the lip of the comforter tremulous.

'Twas a hope-crushing blow, yet we sought to console,
Though ourselves were the while inconsolable ;
Ah, our pent-up emotions were torture to thole,
But a gentleman's *must* be controllable.

As for Maud, she withdrew to a lowlier home—
'Twas a humble abode of a verity !
To the which "if we would" we were welcomed to come,
As to that of her former prosperity.

Well, the seasons revolved, and our thoughts did the same,
And our sentiments rambled dividedly ;
We continued to visit, but Love, growing tame,
Talked to Harry and me less decidedly.

* This refers to the failure of the City of Glasgow Bank in Oct. 1878.

Well the seasons revolved, 'twas the day, 'twas the hour,
So desired yet so dreaded by all of us ;
But, though Love had been sanguine of three of the four,
His per-centage that day was but small of us.

“Lady Maud,” I began, and my accents were bland !
“I have pondered this matter effectively ;
’Twas presumption in me to aspire to thy hand,
It was rude of the trio collectively.

To atone for my fault I retire from the field,
I had hopes, but let ruin ride over them ;
May a worthier win thee, I’ve erred, and I yield,
But my errors—let Charity cover them.”

I was silent, and Harry advanced to the front,
For my words seemed his virtue to stimulate,
“Aw—our friend hath thaid well, ath ith ever hith wont,
And hith thelf-abnegation I’ll emulate.”

As for Hector—well, he had a way of his own—
He seemed proud as the Hector of Ilion ;
And his eyes, as his knees glided gracefully down,
Had a gleam like the light of a million.

“Will my Maud be my bride, and, whate’er may betide
I’ll be tender and true as the knightliest ?
We are poor, but I care not, with her by my side
I could battle my way with the sprightliest.”

She replied, "I am thine, let thy heart still enshrine
The esteem that thy proffers now prove to me :
As for you, worthy sirs, I invite you to dine
In the mansion where first ye made love to me.

That pretence of the Bank was an innocent fraud,
'Twas concocted to prove your sincerity ;
And my Hector shall find, when he marries his Maud,
That her wealth like her love is a verity."

Nor moustachio, nor whiskers, nor eyes, could reply,
When the great glaring truth lay revealed to us,
But to Harry and me came our, 'Never say Die !'
And our manlier feelings appealed to us.

So we did not collapse, though alas we felt sore,
We conjointly had studied philosophy,
Hector, Harry, and I : we are chums as of yore,
And our friendship means never to ossify.

The Hour and the Man.

A.D. 1299.

DARK Clutha sings his eerie hymn,
By reedy marsh an' daisied lea ;
Syne glides through forests grey an' grim,
To tine his waters i' the sea.

Amang his woods a ruin'd fane
Sits gloomy 'mid the white moonshine ;
Wi' godless greed the red-hair'd Dane
Had spoil'd and fired its wa's langsyne.

Aroon' its scathed an' crumblin' cross
The clamberin' bramble flings its arms ;
While wavin' fern an' tufted moss
Spread o'er ilk arch their varied charms.

A murmur frae the misty hills
Comes soughin' sadly doon the glen—
A moan frae forth the forest thrills,
Like sighin' wails o' weary men.

'Tis Freedom's dirge—'tis Albin's plaint—
A chorus that might weel invoke
The aid o' Albin's patron saint,
To free her frae the Southern yoke.

But, minglin' wi' the dowie din,
Twa human voices mutter low ;
Alternate tae the midnight win'
Their sympathetic tones they throw.

And there, amang the ruin'd wa's,
Twa haggard forms, but dimly seen,
Sit crouchin', whaur the shadow fa's,
Wi' hate an' hunger i' their een.

The men wha focht at Stirlin' Brig,
Tae Edward ne'er will pay their kain ;
Sae some maun wi' the owlet lig,
And some will never fecht again !

The land is wet wi' blood an' tears ;
In vain we fecht, in vain we pray,
Oor hopes hae splinter'd like oor spears—
We'll hear what yon twa worthies say.

“The moon shines merrily the nicht,
Gin she be leal she kens hersel' ;
Her care for Scotland's weal was slicht
Whan Royal Alexander fell !

Foul treason veil'd its form and grew—
 Misguided Scotlan' nursed it lang :
 Till at her kindly breast it flew,
 And noo she feels the reptile's fang !

Through ilka vein the venom thrills—
 The star o' Liberty seems set—
 Ha'e mony mair ta'en tae the hills?
 Is there nae word o' Wallace yet?"

"Na, nane ! for France is far awa',
 He lent his sword to fecht for fame,
 But—foul be faithless Edward's fa' !
 'Twas sairer needet nearer hame.

Llewellyn's conqueror wad fain
 Set Sandy's bannet on his broo ;
 But we ha'e notions o' oor ain,
 And we hae knees that winna boo.

Lat Bruce or Comyn wear the croon,
 Since feckless Baliol's star seems dim ;
 But yon lang-leggit English loon !
 Wae worth 'im—we'll hae nane o' him.

Auld Scotlan' gasps beneath his heel,
 But had we Wallace back again,
 We'd teach oor foes a Scottish reel,
 Syne lash them hame wi' their ain chain.

I've seen oor giant in his wrath
Tear like a whirlwind o'er the field ;
While, cleft and crimson'd, in his path
Fell hostile hauberk, helm and shield.

But noo, alack ! he's far frae hame,
And honest Scots maun meet by nicht ;
While knaves wha fear'd his vera name
Can thieve and rieve by braid daylight.

Ae brute—unfit for heaven or earth—
Had seen my lassie's winsome face ;
His minions tore her frae my hearth,
And bore her to his foul embrace !

My stripling boy, wi' manhood's micht,
Strack ae foul felon frae his horse,
Alas ! when I came hame at nicht
Oor hound sat howlin' o'er his corse.

The grass grows o'er my cauld hearth-stane—
Nae doot it's sinfu' to repine ;
But Englan' hasna left me ane
O' a the joys that ance were mine.

My puir auld heart is sick and sair,
And fain wad I lie doon and dee
Could I but see the chief ance ma
Sae dear tae Scotlan' and tae me.

“ Ha, heard ye yon? ’tis he! ’tis he!
’Twas nane but Wallace wound that horn;
That blast, sae wildly, fiercely, free,
Sae fu’ o’ bitter wrath and scorn.”

“ I see the lofty dragon-crest—
I see the cauld grey gleam o’ steel;
’Tis he! and scores o’ Scotlan’s best
Crood roun’ the crest she lo’es sae weel!

That sword will solve ilk knotty plea—
The guid auld rough-and-ready plan
Will purge the land frae sea to sea—
The hour has come, and there’s the man!”

Reaping the Whirlwind.

WE had met where the cheat and his victim meet,
We had joined in an evil revel,
Where the plagues of the camp, and the pests of the street,
Hurried downward to ruin with rival feet :
And we sank to the lowest's level.

He had pride, he had passion, and so had I ;
We had little besides in common ;
But a blow was provoked by a rash, " You lie !"
And, 'twas forth to the forest to kill or die—
It was all for a worthless woman !

We were niggard of words as we bared our knives,
I gave " Ay " to his " Are you ready ?"
In the vortex of passion we flung our lives,
With a God-abnegation, like his who dives
In the Maelstrom's insatiate eddy.

As we closed there were clutchings at iron wrists,
There were grippings with gore-glued fingers,
There were rippings, and stabbings, and snake-like twists—
Oh, the demons are legion that Hate enlists !
And they strive while the life-breath lingers.

And we fell, and we rose, and we fought and fell ;
But the heavens and earth grew blended ;
While a harsh, a derisive, "Ye have done well !"
Seemed to quaver through space with a sneering swell,
And a cloud o'er my soul descended.

'Twas a horrible heap that amid the dew
In the dawn lay red and reeking ;
'Twas a banquet that wolves would disdain or spew,
But the vultures drew nearer, and nearer drew,
Like a circle its centre seeking.

My insentient eyes gave but little heed
To the wings that were o'er them shaken,
Till the terrible talons of glutton-greed,
As they tore where but little was left to bleed,
Bade the orbs to their peril awaken.

Yet again, yet again, swam my half-dazed brain,
And the hemlocks seemed reeling round me ;
We were knit in an evil-tied knot, we twain,
I was living to thought, and to thirst, and pain ;
And a corse in its arms enwound me !

Well, I wrestled me free, and I gained my knee,
With each struggle a gash re-rending,
For *its* eyes were unclosed, and they glared on me
With a curse in their gleam that I sought to flee,
But that hour had a fearful ending.

“Can it be—art thou he?” were my frenzied screams—
Had a Cain made a mournful mother?
It was surely a dream from the hell of dreams—
Could the merciless sun, with his garish beams,
Bid me gaze on a butchered brother?

For a season, of reason my soul seemed reft,
As the truth like a tempest tore me,
For my heart with a terrible woe was cleft;
Twas a fratricide’s knife that my hand had left
In the breast that lay bared before me!

Na, Nae Noo.

MA heid's gane wrang, bit lat it gang,
Ma heart is at ma moo';
I'll never sing anither sang—
Na, nae noo.

Na, nae noo, ma frien's,
Na, nae noo ;
Ma herp, that rang sae lood an' lang,
Is tame an' tuneless noo.

I'll tell ye hoo it cam' about.
Ye've seen ma hawket coo—
Ye'll think I'm prood o' her, nae doot ?
Na, nae noo.

Na, nae noo, ma frien's,
Na, nae noo ;
Wae worth the brute, nae mair she'll root,
She's 'mang the moudies noo !

A foggie neip stack in her throat,
 'Twad neither push nor pu';
 She swallt, an'—is she worth a groat?
 Na, nae noo.

Na, nae noo, ma frien's,
 Na, nae noo;
 It's ill to float a broken boat,
 I'm fairly foonert noo.

Bit wow, the warst is comin' yet.
 When I gaed wast tae woo,
 Ma Meg cried oot, ere weel we met,
 "Na, nae noo!"

Na, nae noo, ma man,
 Na, nae noo;
 Ye'll hae tae get some ither pet,
 Yer thrums are fankelt noo.

Ye lately war' a man o' means,
 Bit wae's me for yer coo!
 Cud ye provide for wife or weans?
 Na, nae noo.

Na, nae noo, ma man,
 Na, nae noo;
 Ye'd brak' their banes on poortith's stanes,
 Ye're but a bodach noo!"

To coax ma Meg I tried fu' fain—
I tried to pree her moo',
But shrill she shrieket wi' disdain,
"Na, nae noo ;

Na, nae noo, ye cuif!
Na, nae noo ;
Gang hame an' hain what's yet yer ain ;
Yer beard wad jag me noo."

The Stane o' Clochnaben.

Clochnaben is situated near the western boundary of Kincardineshire, and is one of the numerous rounded brown hills forming part of the lower chain of the Grampians. It is remarkable for a solitary crag on its summit, which rises perpendicularly to a height of about a hundred feet. The tradition as to its origin, embodied in the following verses, has been current in the district from time immemorial.

'Tis grand though dismal ; yon dark crag,
With clouds around and mists beneath,
Sits lonley like some hooded hag—
And see, the lightning's red zig-zag
Plays round her breast and blasts the heath.

And now the sable rain-clouds rend,
The drunken rills with noisy glee
Grow red and strong as they descend,
And blend as hosts unite and blend,
To swell the streams that swell the Dee.

Thou art preplexed? well, more than thee
Have wondered whence, or when, or how
That rock, the only rock we see,
Save those on far-off Benachie,
Came thus to stud the mountain's brow.

I asked the 'ologies in vain,
They could not or they would not tell,
Till one with slightly facile brain
Bade Demonology explain,
And she spake credibly and well.

Once on a time 'twas Satan's hap
To bow to gruesome gramarye :
He filled with rocks his ample lap,
And hied (Oh, never mind the map)
To build a bridge across the sea.

The rout he chose was one of those
Where hills successive cheat the eye ;
Ridge after ridge the Grampians rose,
And sweat ran trickling down his nose
Long ere he saw fair Glen o' Dye.

His weary limbs began to lag,
He straddled limpingly, and then
His apron—some old rotten rag—
Betrayed its trust, and gave that crag
To grace the swarthy brow of Ben.

A peal of thunder shook the hills—
The lightning bared Ben Awn's red side—
And, mid the rush of rain and rills,
The author of all earthly ills
Sped lightly on with lengthened stride.

'Tis said that Satan still survives,
And many a *nom de plume* has he,
But though we're rich in ancient wives,
The wide researches of their lives
Reveal not where *that bridge* may be.

On the Verge.

A tempest of curses
Enlivens the wood,
Whose fury thus nurses
Its verve with such food ?
They verily sin with
A vigour and will
That favour might win with
The author of ill.

The deer-thieves, out-scheming
Our foresters' craft,
Have left them blaspheming—
Ha ! whence came the shaft ?
'Twas winged from the heather,
Nor came it in jest ;
It struck the black feather
From Siward's proud crest.

“ The dastardly minion !
He meant it for me ;
Ho, seize him and pinion
His limbs to a tree ! ”

'Twas Siward that bade, and
The reiver was bound ;
They've broken his blade, and
They've throttled his hound.

But many are bleeding,
And three of their best
Lie low, little heeding
The Warden's high hest.
"Ye've conquered, and, Oh, but
'Twas gallantly done !
To bind me, although but
Scarce twenty to one !

But listen, proud baron,
I've galled thee ere now ;
I see a red scar on
Thy villainous brow.
When warring with Swinton,
At Homildon Hill,
I gave thee that dint on
Thy crest with good will.

At Solway, a tax on
My purpose was set ;
I broke my good axe on
Thy steel basinet.

My thrice-sworn oath was
To slay thee or die ;
Nor laggard nor loath was
My hand or my eye.

These fetters are sequent,
Nor do I repine ;
My chances were frequent,
And now thou hast thine.
The fiends who protect thee
Have baffled me still ;
Anon they'll reject thee,
And *then* thou wilt kill !”

“ Ho, let him be strung to
The bough o'er his head,
And strangled and flung to
Our dogs when he's dead.”
The mandate is spoken,
Ha, Siward ! that scowl,
That tremor, betoken
A strife in thy soul.

But Pride ne'er will fail thee,
Though Pity should chide ;
Whatever may ail thee,
Rely on thy pride.

“This willeth our warden,”
Means, Fate hath decreed !
The yeomen must harden
Their nerves to the deed.

The stripling they halter—
Old Eric looks on ;
His lips faintly falter,
“He’s *Somebody’s* son !
The best on the Borders
Might claim him with pride.”
“Hush, hush, we’ve our orders !
Fling folly aside.”

The haggard hath uttered
A scream of dismay ;
The cushat hath fluttered
Her wings and away ;
The stag-hounds are howling,
Unchidden, unheard ;
For Siward stands scowling,
And gnawing his beard.

Nor sees—so entrancing,
So wrapt is his mood—
The hag who, advancing,
Glides forth from the wood ;

Till shrill, 'mid the snow of
Her wild tangled hair,
Ring accents that grow of
Remorse and despair.

“ Hold, hold, I entreat thee,
Thy wrath is thy foe,
The fiends seek to cheat thee,
Then gloat o'er thy woe !
Thy knaves do their best, they
Will howl for't anon ;
For see, at thy hest, *they*
Are strangling thy son !

“ Behold me, Lord Baron,
The plaything of fate !
I came from afar on
A mission of hate ;
That hate hath been burning
For twenty sad years ;
'Twas kindled, when, spurning
My pleadings and tears,

“ Thy pride lit the flame, and
With one ruthless word
Gave the mother to shame, and
Her sons to the sword !

I vengefully watched from
The lair where I wept :
Your infant was snatched from
His nurse while she slept.

“ Ha, ha ! how I laughed at
The woes thou did'st dree—
The fount that I quaffed at
Gave nectar to me.
Young Walter was kindly ;
The child as he grew
Gave ear to me blindly—
Ah, little he knew

“ What horrors lay swathed in
The crime he essayed.
The beam that he bathed in
Deceived and betrayed.
Success—had I won—would
Have sated my ire ;
I schemed that *the son* should
Deal death to *the sire*.

“ That hope hath departed—
I cannot forgive—
My aim hath been thwarted,
But Walter *must* live.”

Her eyes seemed to alter ;
She staggered and fell—
“Oh, pardon me, Walter ;
’Tis ended. Farewell.”

Come Awa', Ane an' A'.

THE feck o' folk gang gyte at times,
The sage wi' brain-wark weary,
The poet wrastlin' wi' his rhymes,
Ding reason tapsalteerie.
The greed o' gowd drives dizzens daft,
Fause pride's an evil speerit ;
Wide walth o' sail wracks mony a craft,
An' love dings gowks deleerit.

Sae,
Come awa', ane an' a',
Hand in hand thegither ;
Grit or sma', I can ca'
Ilka man ma brither.

The feck o' folk hae some bit fau't—
Earth shaws the guid sma' favour—
An' some wha think themsel's the saut,
Hae sadly lost the savour !
O' drucken sumphs we hae galore—
We're just a warld's wunner—

Oor heepocretes coont by the score,
Oor leers by the hunner !

Sae,
Come awa', grit an' sma',
Slicht na ane anither ;
Adam's fa' ruin't a'—
A' hae rax't the tether.

The feck o' folk hae some bit wae,
Some viper roun' them coilin':
It's this that gars them grapple sae,
Like labsters whan they're boilin'.
The loss o' frien's, o' fame, o' gear—
The frien's they'll toil nae mair for,
The fame that costs their sauls sae dear,
The gear they sin sae sair for !

Sae,
Come awa', ne'er say na,
Bauldly breast the weather ;
Onward a', win or fa' !
Brither linked wi' brither.

The feck o' folk hae some bit hope,
Some glimmer frae aboon them—
They a' get haud o' some bit rope
Whan dool seems like tae droon them.

The brave aye wrestle wi' the spate,
They stan' though earth seems rockin';
They seize on that whilk fuils ca' Fate,
An' twist it like a dockin.

Sae,
Come awa', ane an' a',
Crush the coilin' etther;
Gin ye fa', gi'es a ca',
We'll gang hame thegither.



The Wolf in the Fold.

OH, give me back the dreams I knew
In early manhood's golden prime,
When hope on eagle-pinions flew,
And fear seemed something like a crime :
How glorious were my visions then,
Ere I had mingled much with men !

I fight with foes that will not quell—
Ill-omened horrors haunt me still—
Are these portents? Ah, who can tell?
A latent sense of coming ill
Lies, like a nightmare, on my breast,
And mocks the mind that fain would rest.

Was yon the rain that spattering fell,
Or did some prowling demon fling
The blistering poison-dews of hell
From snaky tress, or harpy wing?
Though such may now be seldom seen,
Yet such *may* be, for such have been.

Ha, there it reareth
Its gloomy brow !
And now it neareth—
It pauseth now.
A vapour shroudeth
The demon form,
Like that which cloudeth
The brow of storm.
I see but dimly,
As one through tears ;
The thing smiles grimly,
It reads my fears :
How bold, how bitter,
How full of guile,
The eye's red glitter—
The lip's proud smile !

A lofty, awe-compelling, grace
Half tames the terrors of the face ;
And, 'mid its dark Tartarean stains,
That form a radiance still retains ;

'Tis noble, awful, yet, despite
 Sin's withering brand and torture's blight :
 Though trenched and seamed with lightning-scars—
 Scars won in Heaven, when Heaven had wars—
 Though dimmed its coronal of light,
 That brow still bears a something bright.
 How dazzling must its glory-blaze
 Have been ere quenched in treason's haze,
 Ere, at The Holiest's hest forth driven,
 They rued in hell who sinned in heaven !

“ Proud mortal, hail ! ”

“ Proud fiend, avaunt !

Take back thy scorn, take back thy taunt—
 Thy pride proved false, *it* was the foe
 That gave thee to a world of woe.”

A world of woe ! what world—what woe ?
 The realms that own our monarch's sway
 Are fair as aught in which our Foe
 Can His creative power display.
 Ye mortals tamely till your earth,
 And baseless dreams of future bliss
 Console you for its present dearth
 In such a weary sphere as this.

The sun beams bright
 On this your world,

But soon in night
His wings of light
Are darkly furl'd :
A borrowed ray
Illumes earth's sod,
Dull things of clay,
This ye call day
And laud your God !
But we, our light—
A blaze supernal—
Serenely bright,
Denies all night,
Our day's eternal.

Earth boasts her palaces and bowers—
Ye've forest, field and hill—
Ye revel 'mong her fruits and flowers,
By sparkling fount and rill,
But ours as far surpass her best
As Eden's did outvie
The wilds to which a jealous hest
Bade injured Adam hie.

We know that He who reigns above,
Whom fools believe a God of love,
With false pretexts, and specious lies,
Hath drugged men's minds to blind their eyes ;

But thou, whom from thy youth we've known,
 Watched over, nursed, and deemed our own,
 That *thou* shouldst lend such tales belief—

By Lucifer, our Lord !

The thought to me is fraught with grief,
 It wounds like seraph's sword.

If Hell—since so ye call our home—
 If the far realm whence I have come,
 Be, as ye say, a world of woe—

A torture place—

The home of ill,

Might not our hosts which, as ye know,
 Can flit through space,

Where'er we will ;

Say might not they their power exert,
 And, seizing man's fair world.

[That power *is* ours, though now inert,]

Thrust, drive, him forth, as some assert

We were from heaven forth hurl'd ?

Know ye how demons wing their flight—

How come and how retire ?

Mark how yon meteor cuts the night,

It cleaves the blue, a thing of light,

Like arrow tipt with fire !

Will the proud eagle tame his rage,
 And, like the linnet, brook the cage ?

Nay, striving till his life-blood streak
 His mangled breast and shattered beak,
 The lordly monarch of the sky,
 Will win his liberty or die !
 And we, deem ye that we would dwell
 In Hell, were it a *penal* hell?
 We left that heaven in sheer disgust
 From which they say we were forth thrust,
 We left it for abodes where we—
 Mayhap less fair—at least are free !
 Let fawning seraph pule and sing,
 And veil the face with servile wing,
 We, of the so-called realms of night,
 Find *ours* in marring HIS delight.

To tenant Eden for a space,
 Then fill in Heaven our vacant place,
 He formed the creature man !
 Time sped, 'The woman saw the tree——'
 Thou knowest that tale? Ay, so do we :
 Our monarch spoiled *that* plan !

Was there not jubilee in Hell
 Yon morn 'twas ours to see
 The darling Son He loves so well
 Nailed bleeding to a tree ?
 The face was marr'd—
 The brow was scarr'd—

Ha, how the red blood ran !
With many a woe
Came many a foe,
And we were in the van :
Our vengeful ire was earlier born
Than Jewish hate, or Gentile scorn.
The twisted thorn His temples tore,
Had we not seen them red before ?
When, kneeling near the sleeping three,
He prayed in lone Gethsemane !

His was a fearful death to do die—
How Godlike was Messiah then !
With felons hung, 'tween earth and sky—
A spectacle to Gods and men.
The cruel thought that we were nigh
Pierced deeper than the Roman spear ;
Did we not gloat o'er glazing eye,
O'er sickening gasp and sobbing sigh ?
And oh, yon bitter wailing cry !
It fell like music on Hell's ear.

Fair Mecca nursed the tender germs—
Rich fruits repaid the labour—
Did we not prompt the Moslem's terms,
'The Koran or the sabre ' ?
To Ishmael's lawless sons 'twas law,
Their best were acquiescent,

E'en Salem's self with wonder saw
 The Cross flung down, her brow of awe
 Now wears the glittering Crescent !
 The bow was bent, the sabre bared,
 To shouts of ' Allah ackbar, Allah !'
 Nor friend, nor son, nor sire was spared,
 The turbaned zealot madly dared
 A frenzied dreamer's name to hallow :
 Whence came the dreams his fancy fired—
 By whom, deem ye, was he inspired ?

 A western clime—
 A later time—
 Saw our successes swell ;
 And many a pet
 On high we set,
 Whose zeal repaid us well ;
 While fools, who fondly served our foe,
 Drank to its dregs the cup of woe.
 This land, of bigotry the nurse,
 Provoked our ire, evoked our curse ;
 Long, long we woo'd her for her weal,
 Then gave her o'er to fire and steel,
 Meet guerdon for her perverse zeal !
 She raged, her foes but mocked her ire ;
 She wept, her tears quenched not the fire
 That lit her children's torture pyre !

These form a brief epitomé
Of what has been ; what yet may be,
When Hell, uproused, asserts her own,
May shake yon yet unshaken throne.
Be thou advised ; like steed unbroke,
Wrench from thy neck the Tyrant's yoke ;
'Gainst His galled votaries here below,
Fate thickly showers her shafts of woe ;
Death claims his due, their portion then
His wisdom shrouds from human ken.
Be ours—be merry while you may—
Live, live, while it is called to-day !
Power, pleasure, riches, fame, whate'er
Ye men most pine for—hold most dear—
Our favour fondly would bestow :
From *that* as from a fount they flow.
It shall be yours, to call them thine—
The ores and crystals of the mine—
To win renown and see your name
Emblazoned on the rolls of Fame—
To bear the palm in beauty's bower,
And flit like bee from flower to flower.
Ay, more than Fancy's wildest flight
Can reach in dreamings of delight
Awaits thy will—come, bend thy knee,
And worship Lucifer with me—
Renounce, like us, His doubtful grace,
And curse the tyrant to his face !”

"Accursed tempter—juggling fiend—
 I've heard thee to the daring end,
 And tremble much lest wrath divine
 Should blend my chastisement with thine—
 Should blast the wretch whose passive ear
 Was lent thy blasphemies to hear—
 Foul thing, its slightest breath could quell,
 And send thee howling to thy hell !
 Is yours the power to pounce on Earth,
 Like vulture on its prey ?
 Woe's me for men of mortal birth,
 Alas, 'dull things of clay !'
 Will trembling God and shaking throne
 Announce when Hell asserts her own ?
 Think, boaster ! what 'twas yours to feel
 When shrieking 'neath His chariot-wheel !
 Recall the time when e'en in Hell
 Ye joy'd to hide you as ye fell
 Like stars cast forth ; yon was an hour
 Put to the test your vaunted power—
 Ah, wherefore slept your might while ye
 Lay writhing in the lava-sea ?

Deem not by dint of railing lie
 To wound my faith in the Most High ;
 His every action tends to prove
 The God we serve a God of love—

Yes *we*, for, sore against your will,
Ye blindly serve your Victor still—
Let Craft asperse, let Hate blaspheme,
His love, in Heaven and Earth supreme—
The love that wrought Salvation's scheme—
Will still be adoration's theme.
My homage is my God's alone,
I'll bow before no rebel throne ;
To Him alone I'll bend my knee
Who bled for man—who bled for me.
Content awhile on Earth to dwell,
I envy not your vaunted hell ;
I'm in His hands, and all is well :
Earth's trifles scarce deserve a care,
Our Father's house we know is fair,
It must be bright, for Christ is there !

Did'st deem 'twould win the son to tell
How by your wiles the mother fell ?
The agonies of millions prove
How well that fiendish mission throve !
But vain thy vauntings, well we know
That He who died upon the tree
Gave *then* and *there* the direst blow
That e'er was dealt to thine or thee :
That Heaven, and Earth, and deepest Hell,
Grew dark, and shuddered, as it fell.

Mecca's scimitar *is* red ;
 Long, too long, by thee misled ;
 Brother smiled as brother bled—
 Tears, ay tears of blood, were shed—
 Bigotry and Hate were wed—
 Faith grew weary, Hope had fled,
 Charity still pled and pled.

Caledonia—error spurning—
 Saw her loved ones bleeding, burning ;
 Throng on throng, her foes o'erran her,
 Yet, with war's foul breath to fan her,
 Truth, half fainting, reared her banner :
 'Mong our glens our fathers found her,
 There they loved and rallied round her.
 Naught might vanquish, naught might daunt her ;
 Stern and true, though worn and wounded,
 Through the smoke the Covenanter
 Caught her eye, and, foe-surrounded,
 Joy'd he not to live and die
 'Neath her shadow ? so will I !

Ay frown, but hear me——is he gone ?
 Yea, God, I thank thee, I'm alone.”

The air grows heavy with perfume
 And——Oh, my dazzled sight !
 The glistening robe, the purple plume,
 The diadem of light :

Bright is the blaze that binds that brow,
But brighter the twin stars below !

He smiles as only angels smile,
What said the seraph-lips ? " Well done ! "

Oh, stay awhile—a little while—

Oh, must thou then so soon begone ?

Wilt thou not tarry yet awhile ?

The wind hath caught a tender tone—

He smiles as none but seraphs smile—

He joins the throng around the throne :

The wind wails past with mournful moan,

A dreary, dying, dirge-like, moan.

Contending thoughts, with whirling sweep,

Enwrap me in their wild cyclone ;

And Doubt is murmuring in its sleep—

" But *were* they here, and *are* they gone ? "

Were I a woman I would weep—

I'm left bewildered and alone—

I'll give me to my God to keep,

I'll pour my soul before the throne.

The Haunted Hearth.

My pinions failed, I fell to earth—
Fell from a far-off Eldorado—
And found her crouching at my hearth,
A leering, loathsome, shrunken shadow.

Ah! well I knew that ghoulish shape,
Woe to the homes and hearts of mortals
When Want's foul rags of tattered crape
Come trailing o'er their darkened portals!

She fixed her wolfish eyes on me,
Deep in my soul I felt their burnings;
Ah! oft the hapless bard must dree
The horrors of such home-returnings.

“Now welcome back, my truant child,”
She cried, her great, gaunt arms forth-reaching.
“But why so wayward, why so wild,
Why thus so tameless to my teaching?”

Thy path through cloudland may be cleft,
And far behind thee, far beneath thee,
The staring millions may be left,
But my cold arms will still enwreath thee.

They clutched thee in thy natal hour,
To death alone they'll yield their treasure ;
And, be they sweet or be they sour,
Thou ne'er shalt taste the grapes of pleasure.

Thy friends may fail, mistrust or scorn
Thy loved ones from thy side may sever ;
The very Muse may leave thee lorn,
But I will cling to thee for ever.

This cold hearth-stone will be my throne,
When songs are hushed and wings are weary ;
Teach thou thy lyre some sober tone,
Some plaintive wail, some miserere."

"The bard," I said, "must sing or die,
But Hope forbids a song of sorrow ;
Thy croaking voice and cruel eye
May be but memories to-morrow."

The lives we live are queer and quaint,
Poetic now, and now prosaic,
(Ha ! how the sinner shames the saint
In Life's defiled and marred mosaic !)

The clangour of my portal bell
Gave soaring thought a mundane jostle ;
Like music on my ear it fell—
Ah, ne'er so sweetly sang the throstle !

That long expected postal peal
Announced a note from o'er the billow,
Whose tale of woe eclipsed by weal,
Drove want from hearth, and board, and pillow.

'Twas rare, though innocent of rhyme ;
My wealthy aunt, an ancient maiden,
Had lately left our cloudy clime
To woo longevity at Baden.

Alas ! we flee the Fates in vain !
The third grim sister's cruel fingers
Had snapt her vital thread in twain,
And——scandal o'er the sequel lingers.

For I—her favoured next of kin—
Sat down and wept ; are bards erratic ?
We deem hypocrisy a sin ;
My tears were joyous—nay, ecstatic !

A gladness seemed to flood the earth—
All glory to the gladness Giver !
And yon bleared hag hath fled my hearth,
'Twill know her now no more for ever.

The Elfin Knowe.

THE sun was sinkin', a' the west
Was in a gowden glow,
As Elsie Rae lay doon to rest
Upo' the Elfin knowe.

The primrose garlanded her neck,
The gowan wreathed her hair—
Far fitter thae than gems to deck
A form sae sweet and fair.

Though these war' fresh as Eden ga'e
Tae Eve afore she fell,
The fairest floo'r on a' the brae
Was Elsie Rae hersel'.

'Twas seven years that vera nicht
Since Elsie's een o' blue
First sparkled i' the warld's licht,
And Elfland claimed its due.

The blythe wee lass had little wit,
It wasna want o' grace
That gart her set her luckless fit
In sic an awesome place.

The fumart left the auld fell dyke ;
The ugsome hoodie-craw
Saw something that she didna like,
And doucely flew awa.

Wee Elsie's een grew dim wi' sleep,
And, wearied wi' her play,
" I pray the Lord my soul to keep "
Was mair than she could say.

A cauld grey haze crap o'er the lift,
A mist crap o'er the brae,
And foul, unchristened feet war' swift
To work a weird o' wae.

At deid o' nicht a pale green licht
Played o'er the Elfin knowe,
And wee but wicht war' they whase nicht
Wrocht glamour 'mid the lowe.

Earth heard a strain, but whence it cam'
They ken wha daurna tell,
It wasna doon frae heaven it swam—
There's nae sic thing in hell.

The gowan wreath at early dawn
Lay torn upo' the green,
Far o'er the hills the mist was blawn,
But Elsie wasna seen.

The lark was liltin' i' the sky,
The mavis on the slae,
The crags ga'e back the kestrel's cry,
But whaur was Elsie Rae?

'Twas sair to see the mither greet—
She cud but greet and pray—
But eager een and willin' feet
War' busy nicht and day.

The search was vain, tho' far and wide,
And mony a heart was wae,
For dear tae a' the kintra side
Was bonnie Elsie Rae.

And grief its gruesome shadow flung
Across the lives o' twa ;
Nae passin' clood, for there it clung
When towmons wore awa'.

The mither's sun, lang ere it set,
Was shorn o' half its rays ;
And Willie Scott could ne'er forget
His cousin's winsome ways.

His years war' barely twice her ain
Whan she was ta'en awa',
Yet aulder een ga'e tears like rain,
While Willie's wadna fa'.

But aften near the knowe at nicht
The laddie lingert lang—
He thocht upon the strange green licht,
And eerie elfin sang.

When seven weary years had flown,
Wi' a' their weicht o' wae,
And Willie Scott, to manhood grown,
Could face baith friend and fae.

Creation's waifs war' mixed and met
Tae haud their Hallowe'en,
And sic a nicht o' wind and wet
Oor earth has seldom seen.

Care-killin' mirth took mony a form
At mony an ingle's lowe ;
But Scott was wi' the great wild storm
That strack the Elfin knowe.

A boding shiver shook his frame,
Strange shapes seemed driftin' past
And hark ! yon surely was his name
That mingled wi' the blast.

A pale green licht brak through the nicht,
And there her leefu' lane,
A thing o' fricht, unfit for sicht,
Sat crouchin' on a stane.

It hid its face, "Oh Willie Scott,
Ye mind o' Elsie Rae,
This is the oor and this the spot
To save her frae her wae.

The midnight oor is on the stroke,
Oh, keep me till its clang
Has freed me frae the fearfu' yoke
That I hae worn sae lang.

If thou art fearless I'll be free,
Oh prove thy manhood now !
Oh clutch me fast and cling to me,
And three times cross my brow.

Be wicht, clasp ticht till midnight pass,
For mercy's sake and mine ;
Be brave and save the puir wee lass
Ye lo'ed and lost lang syne."

The first harsh knell fell frae the bell—
Fire flashed frae Willie's eye—
"Ay, spite o' Fairyland or Hell,
I'll keep thee here or die !"

He seized her in his iron grip,
He crossed her weazened brow,
An eldrich screech brak frae her lip
And thunder shook the knowe.

The speckled skin grew a' o'erspread
Wi' foul and leprous flakes,
While o'er and round the horrid head
The elf-locks writhed like snakes.

But Scott was dour and wadna daunt,
He signed the cross anew ;
Red glowed the een, and gruff and gaunt
The grizzly horror grew.

A brindled wolf, great, grim and wroth,
Growled in his stern embrace,
While frae its fangs the bluidy froth
Fell clottert o'er his face.

Athwart the monster's front o' fear
He traced the holy sign,
The bell's last chime sang in his ear
Frae 'yont the wuds o' pine.

Ae glance brocht Willie to his knee
For there, within his arms,
Young Elsie Rae lay fair and free,
In a' her buddin' charms.

When years had sped the twa war' wed—
She wasna ill tae woo—
But a' her life a cross o' red
Sat bricht on Elsie's broo.

Beware, beware ! Oh, shun wi' care
The eerie Elfin knowe ;
Nae hind nor hare will frolic there,
They ken the pale green lowe.

Behind the Scenes.

WITH tender hands they closed the eyes—
The death-dimmed eyes that once were mine—
And living orbs shed liquid lies,
Libations poured at Fashion's shrine,
"Affection's tears" I think they call
The stuff they brewed, and then let fall.

The "they," immortalised above,
Refers to some whose cruel death
Of that rare sentiment called love
Had chilled my longing Soul on earth.
Plain language makes one's meaning plain ;
And now I'll to my theme again.

Psychologists may take the field,
And theorise with trenchant skill,
But, safe behind its dinted shield,
One dark enigma mocks them still :
Man's destiny is, when he dies,
"The mystery of mysteries !"

Ye glibly prate of Heaven and Hell—

Mere synonyms for bliss and woe—

But ever since our father fell,

They've both been found on earth ; for Oh
Our heaven or hell is with us still,
Wherever there is good or ill !

And fair *is* fair, and foul *is* foul—

Yet men are seldom what they seem—

Death flings its shadow o'er the Soul

Far less than many mortals deem :

It frees her from the body's thrall,
And that is all—or well nigh all.

Materialists and Sophists say,

“Your boasted soul is next to nought

When severed from her servile clay :

Apart from matter, mind or thought

Can only, in its widowed state,
Remember or anticipate.

Sans eyes, *sans* ears, *sans* all the host

Of aids that waited on her will,

The Soul to outward sense is lost,

And all is dark, and all is still :

Our Shakspeare's hand once touched those chords—

‘To die,—to sleep ;’—are classic words.”

They wrong the Soul—her sentient gifts
Surpass the body's powers as far
As sunbeams, flung through dawn's red rifts,
Transcend the glimmer of a star :
I died, and never knew till then
How meanly nature deals with men.

My friends—or those who bore that name—
Were weeping round a lowly bed
That held a conflict's spoil ; the same
From which my weary soul had fled ;
Yet fled she neither fast nor far,
Though Death was victor in the war.

A scene, unmeet for mortal eye,
Was bared before my vision then :
The throng whose promptings underlie
The words and deeds of facile men,
As, dark, or fair, or fiery red,
They crawled or hovered round the bed.

Hypocrisy, with Cant and Greed,
Were busy 'mong my kith and kin ;
While Pride and Envy sowed the seed
That grew and fructified to Sin :
But Love and Grief flew far apart,
And failed to reach a single heart !

With tender hands they closed the eyes
That oft—woe worth them! cheated me.
“His Soul hath soared beyond the skies!”
So murmured one, but I could see,
The flier that flickered o’er his face,
It hinted at the other place.

And one replied, “Alas, alas!
We ne’er shall see his like again,”
Then drained some liquid from a glass
To mollify his mental pain:
I saw *which* spirit moved him most—
’Twas Alcohol, not my poor ghost.

A third sat silent in his woe,
And, though his nose was wet with brine,
His deep affliction found a foe
That led his thoughts from *me* to *mine*,
And raised an itching in his toes
To fill his friend’s now empty shoes.

Ay! fair *is* fair, and foul *is* foul—
But men are seldom what they seem—
Alas! the “dear departed” Soul
Is sometimes nearer than ye deem,
And reads the thoughts that underlie
The tender hand and tearful eye.

“ Scottie ! ”

THE auld Scott'sh law is, “ Brak his jaw
Wha dares tae ca' ye ‘ Scottie ’ ! ”
Thae edic's a' ha'e some bit flaw,
But this yane's naewise knotty :
Just gi'e him a forget-me-not,
He'll look baith blae an' blate for't ;
My proodest boast is, I'm a Scot—
A nor'lan' Scot—Thank fate for't !

It's Scottie this, an' Scottie that,
Whan ye gang o'er the border ;
But heeze the bannet o'er the hat,
We'll haud the loons in order :
Steek ye yer neive, as I wad mine,
(The dirk is oot o' date for't,)
An' gi'e them *ane* for auld langsyne,
They'll aiblins no thank fate for't !

Whare will ye get sic buirdly men
As they wha tread the heather ?
As for oor lasses, weel we ken
They're peerless a'thegither !

This aye was true, it's naething new,
 There's neither day nor date for't,
 An' I'm ane o' the favoured few,
 For I'm a Scot, thank Fate for't.

The Scottish breast is Freedom's shield—
 Grand are the thoughts that heave it—
 Though no aye first tae tak' the field,
 We're ne'er the first tae leave it !
 Though mony a name that's kent tae Fame
 Gets cauld neglec' an' hate for't,
 They'll no mak' game o' Scots at hame,
 For I'm a Scot, thank Fate for't.

Some brag o' this, some brag o' that,
 The Cockney craws fu' saucy—
 At bouncin' few can rival Pat—
 The Yankee croons the causey !
 But I've a boast that beats them a',
 I'm gratefu' ear' an' late for't ;
 Gae hide yer heads, baith grite an' sma',
 For *I'm a Scot*, thank Fate for't !

To the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone.

MAY, 1881.

ALBYN, throned amid her heather,
Hails thee from the misty north ;
Hails in Gladstone, blent together,
Valour's might and Wisdom's worth.

In the hut, as in the palace,
Grateful lips rehearse thy fame ;
In her heart, and near her Wallace,
Scotia hath enshrined thy name.

Bravest, best of Freedom's champions—
Strongest still to front the storm—
Thou shalt quake when quake our Grampians,
Thou shalt fall with Cairngorm !

Earnest thinker, tireless toiler
In the senate's bloodless field,
Back recoils the baffled spoiler,
Dazzled, daunted from thy shield.

Thinly veil'd and hydra-headed
Treason fed on Erin's woe ;
Now she feels the heel she dreaded,
Erin's friend is Treason's foe !

Brutal sneer and foul aspersion
Hurtle round thy head in vain ;
Flinch not, crime must know coercion,
Lawless limbs must feel the chain.

Vengeance scowling o'er her rifle,
Glared athwart the gleaming Vaal ;
Wounded pride is hard to stifle—
'Twas thy noblest act of all !

Grander songs than mine will greet thee—
Mine's unworthy of the theme—
Song will soar in vain to meet thee,
Bending from thy height supreme.

The Appeal from Beyond.

CAN a spirit revisit this sin-soil'd earth?
Can its love or its hate find pinions
That will silently waft it to heath or hearth,
To reward or to punish love's wealth or dearth
In the doings of earth's dull minions?

Ere ye strive to demolish the errant ghost—
Ere ye sneer at our superstition—
Ye had better be careful to count the cost ;
My cry had ere now been the wail of the lost
Had not love sent an apparition !

Though disease of the brain, or an ailing eye,
Or a fancy that's fired with fever,
May deceive with a cunningly pictured lie ;
I'll believe in my ghost till the day I die—
I perchance may believe for ever !

I had bled for my queen, I had fought her foes,
She has some who will ne'er forget me !
She had others, but they, to their earthly woes,
With a pang, and a gasp, and some sobs and throes,
Bade adieu on the day they met me.

I had served, or at least I had tried to serve,
The Creator who gave me being ;
But my passions were wild in their vital verve,
And His service demandeth a stronger nerve
Than the duties of man's decreeing.

But the sword of my country had sought its sheath,
And I hurried to green Glenava,
For its braes were made mine by my father's death,
But the tales that I heard ere I trod its heath
Sent the blood through my veins like lava.

For a villain had seized on my wealth and land—
He forgot that I was his brother ;
And, oh ! how I cursed him, the matricide's hand
Had shaken the hour-glass and quickened the sand,
Then in mockery he mourned our mother !

'Twas a versatile fiend, for it raised his eyes
To the maiden whose love I cherished ;
And he poisoned her ear with his venom'd lies,
For, to win her, he swore that, 'neath far-off skies,
I had loved, and had sinned, and perished.

And my heart grew embittered, then fierce and foul,
For revenge had made me its minion ;
It disfigured my face with a boding scowl,
And it darkened the sunshine that blessed my soul,
With the shade of its harpy pinion.

Where the Feugh, from his Grampian wilds flung free,
Through a gorge 'mid the rude rocks riven,
Gives his foam to the boughs of the trembling tree,
And his turbulent torrent to dreamy Dee,
With a thunder like that of heaven ;

There's a path 'mong the whins, 'neath the gnarled pine,
Where the spoiler was wont to wander,
'Twas his route from the haunts where he soaked in wine ;
(Though the health was his own, yet the wealth was mine,
But he boasted them both to squander).

'Twas a terrible night, I was drenched with rain
As I lay in the rank, red heather,
But a fury possessed me—my breast and brain
Were a prey to the passions that maddened Cain—
And I felt not the warring weather.

“'Twas his heart ! but his heart to my hound I'll throw,
And his carcase to yon dark torrent !”

“Wilt thou dare ?” sighed a voice—it was sad and low,
Yet it fell on my ear like a sabre blow—

“'Twere a deed to our God abhorrent !”

Then a shape like an angel's, in robes of mist,
Seemed to kneel on the sod beside me ;
And I called on my God—it was ere I wist—
For the fingers lay cold on my shrinking wrist,
And the eyes seemed to fix and chide me.

'Twas a voice that I knew, and I knew those eyes ;
They were hers who had borne and nursed me !
And I lay as a child that is chastened lies,
For I felt like a felon whom terror ties,
And I deemed that my crimes had cursed me.

“ I have come from afar, by His special grace
Who on earth had a virgin mother ;
'Twas to plead with the best of my hapless race,
For the other with Nero must find his place ;
Would'st thou strive to out-fiend that other ?

Oh, remember that vengeance belongs to Him
Who hath loved, and will judge, His creatures !
Fare-thee-well for a season.” The shape grew dim,
And the eyes, as I gazed, seemed in tears to swim,
Though a smile lit the fading features.

It was midnight ; the bell of the village kirk
Made music that soothed and subdued me ;
He came, 'twas with stagger and song, through the mirk,
But I flung to the Feugh my unsullied dirk,
And I fled although none pursued me.

With the morrow came news, and they startled me
Like the blare of a battle bugle ;
In a pool, 'mong the whins, 'neath the gnarled tree,
Lay a corse that was gruesome and grim to see,
'Mid the froth of its dark death struggle.

'Twas a man's, who had lived but to blast and blight,
Till the fiat went forth to blast him ;
Till his eyeballs were seared by some selcouth sight,
And the horror and flight of that fateful night
To the clutches of Death had cast him.

And the maid whom I loved, and the lands were mine,
With a spirit both tamed and grateful ;
I was reeling to ruin, 'twas love divine
That delivered my soul, 'neath the gnarled pine,
From a fiend so foul and hateful.

Oh, leave us our phantom—Oh, spare us our ghost—
Let us cherish our superstition !
Its cravings are modest, it seeks not an host,
It sues not for many, it asks but at most
An occasional apparition.

A Bit Retrospec'.

THAT hoast gangs through me like a knife,
The cauld is like tae smother me,
I cudna sing tae save ma life—
Awa', an' dinna bother me!

Yet I *ha'e* sung whan I was young,
Tho' naewise gi'en tae braggin' o't:
A bouncin' tongue, that's loosely hung,
Gets ugsome wi' the waggin' o't.

A lilt o' mine was Care's warst fae,
'Twas fitter far than pheesic for't;
Whan folks war' wae the doctors ga'e
A dose o' my best meesic for't.

A mavis sang itsel' tae death
That tried ae day tae maister me,
But I was gey far gane for breath,
Auld Janet had tae plaister me.

The gentry ga'e me bother whiles,
They said I sae enchantet them ;
I've seen then come a hunner miles
Whan I cud weel hae wantet them.

The Queen ae day comes doon the brae—
There's nae doot she had heard o' me—
I ne'er lats on, but, "Scots wha ha'e"
Rings blythely o'er the beard o' me.

She stan's twa 'oors admirin' me,
An' looks o' kindness lavishin',
Synne grups ma han', an' says, says she,
"Losh man, but yon was ravishin' !

There's no a man in a' the lan'
Cud ever haud a caun'le til't—
It's just A. 1.—its something gran'—
Yer name maun ha'e a haun'le til't !"

Nil Desperandum.

I FAIN would impress on
The weary and sad
The truths of a lesson
In metaphor clad.

Still in life's tourney the
Bravest do best—
Still in life's journey we
Hanker for rest.

Innocent merriment
Shortens the mile ;
Try the experiment
Once in a while.

Face your foes fearlessly,
"Never say die"—
Trials, ta'en tearlessly,
Lightsomely lie.

Our tear-drops are lenses
That magnify ills,
They cozen our senses
Till hillocks seem hills.

And faces grow wrinkled,
While tresses with grey
Grow speedily sprinkled,
When woe has her way.

Horrors may haunt you, but
Foul may grow fair ;
Dangers may daunt you, but
" Never despair."

Verily, verily,
Judge as ye may,
He who toils merrily
Carries the day.

Weak and Weary.

THE fleeting years seem briefer now,
They've less of beauty, less of bloom ;
The summers lack their golden glow,
The winters wear a greyer gloom ;
Hope folds her wings or flutters low,
While care comes oft and lingers long,
As to December's winds I throw
The wailings of my cheerless song.

Oh, but I am weak and weary,
Youth has fled and eld is eerie ;
Time is but a ruthless reiver—
Oh, that I were young for ever !

There's little left to cheer me now,
The tide is ebbing, " Fade and die !"
Seems graven on my mournful brow—
Seems spoken from my leaden eye.

Oh, that again the teeming brain
 Could call to life the perished throng ;
The wish is vain, one sad refrain
 Wells wildly from my soul in song.

Oh, but I am weak and weary,
Day is dull and night is dreary ;
Wailing o'er an empty quiver,
Youth has fled—has fled for ever !

My heart seems crushed as 'neath a stone,
 Yet loves to ponder o'er the past ;
The dreams are gone, for ever gone,
 That o'er my soul their glamour cast.
Away with fortune, hence with fame,
 Let others win them as they may ;
I woo'd them till my winter came,
 And taught my lips a lonesome lay.

Oh, but I am weak and weary,
Pity, Lord—Oh, miserere !
Hope is oft a dire deceiver—
Age is aye a ruthless reiver.

Away, away ! a silver ray
 Hath rent the haze beyond the stream—
Gleams through the grey a greener May
 Than ever gladdened poet's dream ;

Hope skyward flings her sheeny wings,
Eternal youth may yet be mine,
I've found its springs, the King of Kings
Unsealed their fount in Palestine.

Ne'er again, though weak and weary,
Will I sing a song so eerie ;
Eureka ! thought most cherished,
I'll be young when worlds have perished.

Scotland Yet !

LET Albyn proudly rear her crest,
Her bonnet blue may well sit stately;
I've searched the East, I've searched the West,
I've searched the South, but to their best
She ne'er need doff that bonnet blately.
Scotland yet !

In arms, in arts, in virtue strong ;
Strong in their strivings to exalt her,
Her sons stand forth, a matchless throng,
Chiefs of the sword and chiefs of song,
Men like Sir William and Sir Walter.
Scotland yet !

The first gave freedom to her hills,
When swarm on swarm her foes o'erran her ;
Her peasant now securely tills
The fields where then, o'er dark red rills,
Her Wallace waved his dragon banner.
Scotland yet !

The last—the “ Wizard of the North ”—

Wove her a wreath of song and story,
Called many a latent beauty forth,
Told to a wondering world her worth,
And flooded all her glens with glory.

Scotland yet !

These stand aloft—but not alone—

To many a warrior, many a singer,
To Bruce, to Burns, I must atone,
Nor seem invidious, bright they shone,
But, ah ! I may not, dare not linger.

Scotland yet !

Some Caledonian son of Fame's

Mayhap has erred, for Scots are human ;
But 'tis a glorious roll of names—
Bards ranking down from Royal James
To Coila's poor “ forfochen ” ploughman !

Scotland yet !

Some sleep within her bannered walls,

Some on her braes beneath the heather,
Some died in huts and some in halls,
Some fell like a lone star that falls,
Some fell in mangled heaps together.

Scotland yet !

Then, Albyn, proudly rear thy crest,
 Among the stateliest thou art stately ;
Let earth array her laurel'd best,
Their chiefs are thine. Sweet be *his* rest,
 The sainted bard* who left thee lately.
 Scotland yet !

The Poet's Gift.

THERE had long been a lull, for the muse had been dull,
But the Dog-star ascended, and Luna was full,
And the poet felt queer 'neath the dome of his scull.

Then his garb told neglect, and unkempt was his hair,
While abstractedly pensive, or wild, was his air ;
As he now seemed in ecstasy—now in despair.

And his foes had their sneer ; and his friends, in dismay,
When they saw the portent, hurried out of the way,
And they talked of restraint, but a wise one said, "Nay !

"There is hope, give him scope, let him wander at will ;
Let him quaff at the fount, let him venture the hill ;
He is one in a million, applaud, or be still !"

Oh, the garden of fancy was fair to the view !
It had flowers that out-rival'd the opal in hue,
As if dyed in the rainbow or dawn-tinted dew.

And the bard 'mong its blooms and its blossoms was blest,
As he cull'd and selected the fairest and best ;
And he lovingly lingered, absorbed in the quest !

Till, with trophies and treasures oppressed, he retired,
With a cheek that was flushed, and an eye that was fired ;
And his mien was like that of a mortal inspired !

And he mingled the blossoms with legends of yore,
And he wreathed and entwined them with mystical lore,
And with passions evoked from the heart's inmost core ;

There were some from below, there were some from above,
There were anger and envy, and pity and love,
With an host of their kin, in that garland inwove.

It was fashioned with skill, it was finished with care,
Its proportions were just, its embellishments rare ;
'Twas a blending of beauties that baffled compare.

And he hung it where millions its glories might scan—
The pursued or pursuer might read as he ran—
'Twas a gift to his kind, 'twas an offering to MAN !

And the Soul saw the secret recesses laid bare,
Where her virtues lay dormant and vice spread its snare ;
And she blest the lone bard for his candour and care.

Aims and Claims.

WHY should sordid aims degrade you ?
From their trammels fling you free ;
Why should cherished wrong o'ershade you,
Like a deadly upas tree ?

Man, still prone to adoration,
Seeks a god and rears a shrine ;
Every tribe and every nation
Worship something deemed divine.

Be your god the God who made you—
Bow where man alone should bow ;
He who bled to buy you bade you,
Bade you pray, and taught you how.

Twin commands he gave to guide you—
These epitomise the ten ;
Cherish still, whate'er betide you,
Love to God, and love to men.

Love is man's most God-like feature ;
Live not for yourself alone ;
Many a fainting fellow-creature
Asks for bread and gets a stone.

Open-hearted, open-handed,
Give where frowning Fate gives dearth ;
Be your sympathies expanded,
Spread their tendrils o'er the earth.

Give your soul unselfish culture,
Greed is virtue's mortal foe ;
Woe to him who, like a vulture,
Fattens on his fellows' woe.

What avail you earthly riches ?
These take wings and flee away,
Oh, against the palm that itches
Pray and strive, and strive and pray.

Should your faith or country call you,
Linger not to scan the odds ;
Up and act, whate'er befall you,
Fear not, Freedom's cause is God's !

Great the guerdon, light the labour !
Aid her with an iron will ;
Breasts may bleed beneath the sabre,
Souls the tyrant cannot kill.

Live in sloth—the good will spurn you ;
 If on freedom's field you lie,
 In their hearts they will inurn you ;
 Duty's martyrs never die.

Surely such a tomb is better,
 Though it be but bloody clay,
 Than a slave's or felon's fetter ;
 Bare thy blade, and front the fray !

The author, on submitting the foregoing verses to a master-spirit among the Sons of Toil, was rewarded and gratified by eliciting a burst of appreciative sentiment, which he has paraphrased as under.

“THAT's splendacious ! I declare now,
 'Pon my word you make me stare now ;
 Hages hence our sons will quote it—
 Let me grasp the 'and that wrote it.
 Them's my sentiments precisely—
 Wont it tickle *some folks* nicely ?
 Just my views, but you express 'em
 In a way I ne'er could dress 'em.
 There's that werse about the wulture,
 Chaps like me now—men o' culture—
 We for that itself would prize yer,
 That alone would 'mortalize yer.

That comes 'ome to them hemployers,
Them's the vultures—the destroyers !
'Tis them coal and hiron-masters
'Atch our national disasters ;
Ha, but Capital must yield now,
Labour's sons have ta'en the field now ;
We, the mighty 'orny-'anded,
We're invincible when banded.
We can 'oot and 'iss and yell now,
Dont our strikes begin to tell now ?
We'll concuss 'em, we'll confound 'em,
We will warp our meshes round 'em.
There again now, that's a 'itter,
'Many a faintin' fella critter
Asks for——' Ah, I feel quite queer now,
Wont yer stand a glass o' beer now ?
No ! 'yer dont hencourage drinkin' !'
Well, heach to 'is way o' thinkin'.
Come then, tip us a cigar now,
You're a rare old brick, you are now,
Thanks, oh never mind a taper,
I can use this bit o' paper—
Oh, beg parding ! I forgot sir,
'Tis the poem that you wrote sir !
Well no matter though I've burned it
In my 'art I 'ave inurned it."

“The Rough Tykes o’ Tarland.”*

Wi’ the last o’ the Jameses
We saw our hopes perish ;
Yet that name, o’ a’ names, is
The ane we maist cherish,
Though our monarchs in thae days
Heard Gaelic but rarely,
It was welcome in wae days
To bonnie Prince Charlie.
When our lads, led to death, wi’
The Prince sought a far land,
Then the war-pipes ga’e breath wi’
“The Rough Tykes o’ Tarland.”
The rough tykes o’ Tarland—
The dare-de’ils o’ Tarland—
'Twas his cause clad the heath wi’
The rough tykes o’ Tarland.

While on high ilka brow flung
The bonnet and feather,
And as dawn’s ruddy glow flung
It’s fire o’er the heather,

* Tarland is situated on the River Dee in Aberdeenshire.

Round the auld parish kirk they
Marched thrice ere they parted,
And they swore on the dirk they
War' true and leal-hearted.
Then away o'er the hill to
There graves in a far-land,
While the echoes rang shrill to
"The Rough Tykes o' Tarland."
The rough tykes o' Tarland—
The dour loons o' Tarland—
But the calaichs spaed ill to
The rough tykes o' Tarland.

"Tis but little we'll care for
Foreboding or omen,
When the claymore is bare for
The Sassenach foemen ;
Let the seer tell his dreams o'
The white rose down-trodden,
And the Baenshee's wild screams o'
'Culloden, Culloden !'
Bid him rave to the linn wi'
His havers frae star-land—
Bid the piper strike in wi'
'The Rough Tykes o' Tarland !'
The rough tykes o' Tarland—
The blyth blades o' Tarland—
To be sad seems a sin wi'
The rough tykes o' Tarland.

Though the lassies war' wae, yet
The laddies war' lauchin' ;
They war' keen for the brae, yet
They paused at the clachan ;
And the rough lip was wet wi'
The strong deoch-an-dhoras,
While the wailin's war' met wi'
The song's stormy chorus.
"Tae yer hames, maids and dames, and
Prepare wreath and garland ;
For oor names shall be fame's, and
The rough Tykes o' Tarland !"
The rough tykes o' Tarland—
The lost lads o' Tarland—
'Twas the last o' King James and
The rough Tykes o' Tarland !

Busiris the Proud.*

“And there was a great cry in Egypt, for there was not a house where there was not one dead.”—*Exodus* xii. 30.

“The horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea.”—*Exodus* xv. 1.

FROM the Ethiop's hills where the sunbeam scarce
slanteth,

To where, near his goal, gloomy Nile wanders wide,
Sped an angel whose shadow the haughtiest daunteth,
And palace and hut weep the heir and the pride.

'Gainst the God of the Hebrews Busiris hath striven—
From midnight's dark earth to its million-starr'd sky
Went a wail; 'twas the great heart of Egypt, grief-riven,
That startled the stars with that terrible cry.

* Busiris is the name here given to the oppressor Pharaoh who was drowned while pursuing Israel through the Red Sea. We have the authority of several reliable writers for this. Milton, in Book I of “Paradise Lost,” has—

“The Red Sea coast, whose waves o'erthrew
Busiris and his Memphian chivalry
While with perfidious hatred they pursued
The sojourners of Goshen.”

Many Egyptian kings bore this name.

Though the breeze, as it play'd with the papyrus, caught it,
It shuddered and paused with the weight of its woe ;
'Twas the moan of a million that anguish had taught it,
And anguish woke anger, but, where was the foe ?

To your Magi, oh Memphis, their might may avail ye ;
Invoke the foul things ye call gods to your aid ;
Can the asp or the saurin ye worship e'er fail ye ?
Adore them, implore them, your plagues may be staid.

In a silence like that of Sahara lies Goshen ;
The stillness is weird—it o'erawes, it appals ;
In the field there's no stir, in the city no motion,
The wild dog prowls lonely 'mong desolate walls.

To the eastward away, 'neath the dust cloud that gathers,
Dense masses stretch far, they are nearing the sea ;
'Tis the Hebrews, they hie to the home of their fathers,
The God of their fathers leads on, they are free !

Can ye blame their elation, or tame its expression,
As forth from Rameses they surge and defile,
Though the anguish'd Egyptian's wild lamentation
Ascends with, and blends with, the moan of his Nile ?

Ye may weep if ye will, where bereavement yet raises
Its plaint through the realms of Busiris the Proud ;
As for me, I will join in their journeys and praises
Who follow I AM in His pillar of cloud.

But the sun seeks the desert, and Israel is rueing—
Night lours on the wilderness—where shall she flee?
In her rear rings the tramp of the war-horse pursuing,
Her flank feels the cliff, in her front foams the sea!

Hath the Levite been false?—will Jehovah forsake her?
Through dust and through gloom she looks timidly back,
And she feels like the fawn when her terrors o'ertake her,
And tell her the jackal is hot on her track.

She is faint, she is faithless, yet God hears her plaining,
His east wind hath cloven the billowy bar,
'Tween the waters she wendeth, her sandals scarce
staining,
While close on her rear rolls the Memphian car.

Down the vista of death rings the wild, mocking laughter—
Insulting to man, and defiant of God—
But the swarthy cheek pales as, across the cleft water,
Is stretched the avenging, the terrible rod!

At the 'hest of Jehovah the waves yawned asunder—
Omnipotence wills it, down, bursting they come,
And the neigh of the war-steed is lost in their thunder—
The shriek of the rider is stifled in foam!

Ah, the tyrant was proud, and his pride spread his pillow!
He mingles his locks with the slime of the sea;
O'er his cohorts careereth the merciless billow—
The wilderness welcomes the feet of the free.

God is Good.

God is good ! I well remember
Once my faith sank very low ;
Oh 'twas dreary ! scarce an ember
Gave its faint and fitful glow.

Once my soul was like a garden,
Soon it grew a tangled brake ;
O'er its flowers, while slept its warden,
Doubt came crawling like a snake.

'Neath its touch the fairest faded,
Slimy streaks defaced their bloom ;
Heaven grew dark and earth was shaded,
All was chaos, all was gloom.

Neath a covert Love sat cowering,
Trembling Hope lay hidden nigh,
While, around and o'er them towering,
Doubt derided The Most High.

God is good, His blessed evangel,
With its keen resistless ray,
Like the sword of guardian angel,
Found the reptile where it lay.

Perished Doubt, in slime down-smitten,
Fled its foul and loathsome brood—
Now my grateful heart hath written,
On its tablets, God is good !

The Ordeal.

OUR nearest
And dearest—
The hearts we love best—
Perplex us
And vex us,
And ruin our rest.

The faithless
Pass scaithless,
While we, though we pray,
Are stricken—
We sicken—
We fail by the way !

And woes come
As foes come,
We sink 'neath the rod ;
We perish,
Yet cherish
Our trust in our God.

Oh, rail not,
Assail not
His wisdom and love :
The vulture
'Scapes culture—
He chastens the dove !

He wills that
The ills that
His children dismay,
Shall sever
For ever
Their cleavings to clay.

They lengthen,
And strengthen,
The tendrils that bind
His loved ones,
And proved ones,
To God and their kind.

A Hypothesis.

“DOWN with Woden ! Thor’s a devil !”
Cried the Christianising Saxon,
While he plied his zealous axe on
Groves that sheltered shrines all-evil—
Oaks whose boles anon lay level.

Aid, oh aid us, ye who learning’s
Path so long and well have trodden,
Tell us *what were* Thor and Woden ?
Help us with your deep discernings,
Pity our untutored yearnings.

Floating, fitfully and faintly,
Down the vista of the ages,
Hark how harsh the war-rune rages !
Druid chaunts are blending quaintly—
All are grand, yet aught but saintly.

Eerie rhymes and invocations
Yet amid our homesteads linger ;
Still the Past, with spectre-finger,
Thrills the soul-lyre of the nations—
Flings us superstition's rations.

Aye the weird refrain returneth ;
Kindred rites have died or dwindled,
Yet the Beltane fires are kindled,
Still the log at Iol burneth,
Though the churl the folly spurneth.

Jest we while the strain is chaunted ?
Smile we while the spell is muttered ?
Ay, but still the heart feels fluttered—
Yea, but yet the soul seems daunted—
Terror hints that we are haunted.

Rhyme may sometimes play with reason,
Thus, a wild idea strikes me,
Daring, yet I own it likes me ;
Would it be 'gainst Truth a treason
Did we deem that, for a season,

Albion's pre-historic races—
Long ere yet they found a foeman
In the Jove-adoring Roman—
When a God-gleam smote their faces,
Clothed I AM in savage graces ?

Did some glimmer from above, a
Real, though boreal, radiance reach them?
Did some wandering prophet teach them
Truths, of which their dreamings wove a
Nightmare cincture round Jehovah?

Were their Thor and Woden merely
God's great might, embodied grimly—
Seen by eyes that saw but dimly,
Felt and feared, and served sincerely?
Will our Christ-God judge severely?

Come Back !

COME back, come back ! the eagle's wing
A pathway through the storm-cloud rendeth ;
But earth recalls her feathered king—
Yon cliff hath claims that round him cling,
For there his mate her nestlings tendeth,
And there his daring circuit endeth.
Come back, come back !

The truant lamb may wander far,
Alike unheeded and unheeding ;
But foes will scare, and thorns will scar,
And ere the evening's tranquil star
Pursues the twilight's red receding,
She'll stagger foldwards bruised and bleeding.
Come back, come back !

Ay, come ! by dark and devious ways,
An ignis-fatuus gleam hath led thee ;

But passion's lurid flame betrays
The moth that round its radiance plays ;
Anon a clinging woe will wed thee,
And Hope will flee as Faith hath fled thee.
Come back, come back !

Thy form from mortal vision fades
'Mong mirky mists that fain would hide thee ;
But God's great eye the gloom pervades—
Thy Shepherd seeks thee 'mid the shades—
His love would warn, would check, would chide thee,
Would woo thee home ere woe betide thee.
Come back, come back !

Return, return, while yet you may ;
Be warned, be wise ; oh, pause and ponder ;
The skies grow dark, oh, come away !
They're near thee now who never pray ;
Earth hath the cobra and the condor,
But, yonder—oh, my God ! look yonder.
Come back, come back !

The Pride o' the North.

THERE are poets fa praise, as is seemly an' richt,
The bit toonie or glen faur they first saw the licht ;
Bit we've some fa in pity sud leave it alene,
Sae I'll just lat *them* see hoo the thing sud be dene.

Ye'll ha'e heard o' a gran' granite toon i' the north,
Faur the men are a' marvels o' wisdom an' worth,
Faur the maids are the fairest that ever war' seen,
'Tis oor ain model Ceety, oor famed Aberdeen !

(Weel, it's best tae be frank, sae I freely may tell,
I belang tae that neuk o' oor planet masel';
Just a wee bittie wast on the banks o' the Dee
Lies the brae that ga'e Scotlan' the credit o' me.)

But be that parenthetical—fat gars ye wink?
It's the lang-nibbet word, is't? We speak as we think :
Bits o' littlins, afore they can weel haud the speen,
Rax their gabs wi' far langer in gleg Aberdeen.

But we winna fa' oot ower a simple bit word,
 For the cry o' oor fathers was aye "Bon Accord;" *
 Though they gallantly bled for their fair Aberdeen
 Faur the heather grows red an' the thistle grows green.

If oor lang'age an' menners war' no o' the best
 Wid oor toonsfolk be aye in sic special request?
 Wid oor coonty, the heelins o' wild Aberdeen,
 Ha'e been chosen ower a' as a hame by oor queen?

It was Blackie—that's him wi' the bee in his hat—
 A professor o' something, I dinna min' fat,
 Fa fell foul o' the clear Aberdonian brain;
 But the sweet, soothin', Gaelic had saftent his ain.

I ha'e been in Dunedin, an' reverence clings
 Roon' the hames an' the haunts o' oor auld Scottish
 kings;
 Weel, that's a' vera gweed, but the toonie itsel'
 Disappointet me mair than I'm carin' tae tell.

As for ancient Saunt Mungo, they've muckle tae thole
 Fa are forced tae convene i' yon foul reekie hole;
 Feich! the stink o' its Clyde tak's a haud o' yer nose,
 An' a north-kintra stamack can scarce keep its brose.

* "Bon Accord" is the motto attached to the City Arms.

We ha'e Stirlin' an' Perth, an' a gweed puckle mair
Bits o' boorochs o' hooses, but nane tae compare
Wi' oor ain matchless toon, or its maids, or its men,
Sae I nee'na name ower ony mair that I ken.

Though the Cockneys are prood o' the howf faur they
bide,
I ha'e seen unco little to warrant their pride,
For their miles o' brick biggins, half-hidden in fog,
Hae a raw, rotten, guff that wid sconfis a dog.

They may think themsel's smert wi' their jeers an' their
gibes,
An' their second-han' wit aboot "Israel's lost tribes;"
Lat them say fat they may, we are free heart an' han',
An' oor fusky an' haddies are baith o' them *gran'!*

If ye think that I lee ye can just come an' pree,
Yese be welcome wi' me tae the banks o' the Dee—
Though the man i' the meen mony ceeties has seen,
He wid own that their queen is oor ain Aberdeen.

Morning, Noon, and Night.

THERE glides a stream beyond the wood
That grows beyond the garden wall ;
And things seem strange beyond the stream,
Like shapes and shadows in a dream,
And marvel, floating o'er it all,
In that wild wonder-land finds food.

My mother points to far away,
Beyond the stream, where hills are blue—
She says that there my father sleeps,
And then she weeps, and prays, and weeps ;
'Tis strange, but still it must be true,
She could not tell a lie and pray !

But I'll be four, if May were come,
And I'll be tall, and I'll be strong,
And I'll wade o'er the stream some day,
And find my father, come what may ;
I'll ask him why he sleeps so long,
And take his hand and lead him home.

.

To eager, poor, impatient me
The hours creep lazily along ;
To-morrow I'll be twenty-one,
And I'll be legally a man,
And I will sing as blythe a song
As ere a prisoned lark set free.

Another night, another moon,
And I, the lord of many a mile,
Will fear no more the guardian's frown
That froze me pleading for my own :
But Cent-per-cent, with blandest smile,
Will chuckle o'er his cancelled boon.

My heart's betrothal suits not some
Who fain would scorn my dowerless bride—
Ha, ha ! I'll raise her o'er them all,
The lady of my heart and hall !
Her mien would grace a monarch's side—
I'll take her hand and lead her home.

.
The memories of bye-gone years
Glide past me phantom-like and dim ;
The young, the fair, the strong, the brave,
Come gliding, gliding from the grave ;
And o'er my vision float and swim,
And woo my smiles, but win my tears.

I'll just be ninety years come May ;
My father's herald lingers long ;
I long to be beyond the stream,
For life seems like a dreary dream,
And I am weak, and they are strong
Who still would fain renew the fray.

Unholy thoughts unbidden come,
My life's companions all are gone,
And I'm so worthless ; can it be
That God may have forgotten me ?
Nay, Father, nay ! Thy will be done,
Then take my hand and lead me Home.

The Aftermath.

(A LAY OF TEL-EL-KEBIR.)

“Sir Garnet is either unable or unwilling to do justice to the men who ‘bore the brunt’ of the battle—the Highlanders; and if there had been no ‘butcher’s bill’ to show what it cost them, one might have supposed from the General’s description of it that their charge was the merest drill-ground ‘walk over.’ His reticence in regard to the Highlanders’ charge is all the more remarkable when contrasted with the glowing terms in which he pictures the men of the Second Brigade—the Royal Irish, backed by the Duke of Connaught—moving to the attack ‘under an utterly overwhelming fire of musketry and artillery.’”—*North British Daily Mail*, 7th October, 1882.

THE “Royal Irish” won the day,
But I have lost my son!
Oh, Father! give me strength to say
Thy holy will be done.

They told me that, on Egypt’s sand,
Rebellion aimed a blow,
Till Britain raised her iron hand
And struck the reptile low.

Sir Garnet says that Erin's ranks,
 "The bravest of the brave,"
Have earned a startled empire's thanks—
 My Archie earned a grave !

The Fellah bled where "Connaught" led—
 That thunderbolt of war !
And Erin's bayonet grew red,
 And Arabi fled far.

I trembled when the tidings came,
 They said my fears were vain,
We could not find my Archie's name
 In yon brief list of slain.

They told me that the Highland rank,
 Where Archie held his place,
Had merely hovered on the flank,
 Then aided in the chase :

That Scotland's sword seemed slow or blunt,
 That, when *that* field was won,
The "Royal Irish" bore the brunt,
 With great Victoria's son.

My son—my only stay—seemed safe,
 And yet, though I am old,
My highland pride began to chafe
 To hear the tales they told.

“Oh would,” I cried, “that Scotland’s crest
Had graced the *front* of war,
Ay, even although my Archie’s breast
Had caught a battle-scar—

And yet”—my cheek grew red with shame!
“God’s holy will be done:
All blessings on His gracious name
Who guards the widow’s son!”

My aged eyes had little skill
To spell the news of war,
And strange, hard words came crowding still,
The meaning more to mar.

A week wore wearily away
And then—Ochon-a-rie!
A day was born, the darkest day
That ever dawned on me.

Ah me, the pain—my breast, my brain!
In characters of flame,
In *one* long list of Scottish slain,
I saw my darling’s name.

I cannot weep, I scarce can pray,
My mind seems ’wildered now,
’Tis far away, and far astray,
And still it wonders *How?*

For how the stricken Fellah foe
 Could flee, yet slay, and slay,
Till sixty Scottish lads lay low,
 Sir Garnet does not say !

Doth Scotland's glory, Scotland's fame,
 Lie buried with her slain,
'Neath Tel-el-Kebir's sands of shame ?
 Has Archie died in vain ?

The "Royal Irish" share the wreath
 With great Victoria's son,
And sixty Scots lie stark in death—
 God's holy will be done !

The Border Land.

I LINGER on the Border Land—
Its horrors gather, grim and grand—
Oh, Father, take me by the hand !

My latest sun hath set, and now
The faint and transient after glow
Is fading from my clammy brow.

I'm weary, weary of the war !
My breast is red with many a scar—
I've battled long, I've journey'd far.

I've battled long, yet, sooth to tell,
I did not wield my weapons well ;
My idle sword but seldom fell.

I've journey'd far, yet, sooth to say,
My feet forsook the narrow way,
Too apt to rove, too prone to stray !

My foes possess the Border Land,
They mock the might of mortal hand,
But Thou canst scatter them like sand.

Oh, Father, hide not now Thy face !
The best and purest of my race
Once shudder'd in this fearful place.

Earth trembled at Messiah's "Why
Hast thou forsaken me?"—The sky
Grew dark at the despairing cry !

And oh ! though then yon grisly Thing
Was trampled on, and lost its sting,
Yet still of Terrors 'tis the King.

See how it frowns and takes its stand
To daunt me on the Border Land ;
Oh, Father, take me by the hand !





