

H.M. 320 (27)



**LAURISTON CASTLE
LIBRARY ACCESSION**

ME AND ANDRA.

(From *Dunfermline Press.*)

WE'RE puir bit craiturs, Andra, you an' me,
Ye hae a bath in a marble tub, I dook in the sea.
Café au lait in a silver joog for breakfast gangs to you ;
I sup my brose wi' a horn spuinn an' eat till I'm fu'.

An' there's nae great differ, Andra, hardly ony,
My sky is as clear as yours, an' the cluds are as bonnie ;
I whussle a tune thro' my teeth to mysel' that costs nae money.

The bobolink pipes in the orchards white in your hame on the ither side ;
Gray whaups cry up on oor muir t' me, white seamaws soom on oor tide.
An organ bums in your marble hall wi' mony a sough an' swell ;
I list to the roar o' the wind an' the sea in the hollow o' a shell.

An' there's nae great differ, Andra—hardly ony ava,
For the measure that throbs thro' eternal things to me is as braw,
An' it wafts me up to the gate o' God to hear His choir ana'.

We're draiglit bit craiturs, Andra, plowterin' i' the glaur,
Paidlin' ilk in oor ane bit dub, and glowerin' ilk at his star ;
Rakin' up the clert o' the trink till oor Faither airts us hame,
Whiles wi' a strap, whiles wi' a kiss, or carryin' us when we're lame.

An' there's nae great differ, Andra, we're sib as peas in a cod,
Ill-faured weans at the best—the draiglit wi' the snod ;
An' we'll a' get peyed what we're ocht, Andra, when we gang
hame to God.

What if I win fame or gear, Andra, what if I fail,
Be gleg as a fumart whitrock, or dull as a snail ?
It'll be a' ane in a hunder year whether I sally or slide —
The nicht sits as dark on a brawlin' linn as it broods on a sleepin' tide.

An' there's nae great differ, Andra, whether ye bum or bizz ;
If no a wheel ye may be a clink—if ye canna pull we can bruiz ;
We maun tak' the world as we find it, lad, an' content wi't as
it is.

R. C.

(From *Dunfermline Press*.)

INTERESTING LETTER FROM MR. CARNEGIE.

We have received the following letter from Mr. Carnegie in connection with the publication of the verses "Me and Andra," in a recent issue of the DUNFERMLINE PRESS:

The Cottage. Dungeness,
Fernandina, Fla., February 16, 1906.

Dear Sir :

Please tell "R.C." that I have greatly enjoyed his verses. He is both philosopher and poet, but he cannot know, as I do, how trifling are the advantages of wealth. He has to imagine one side. I have lived both, and have learned that

"If happiness has not its seat
And centre in the breast,
We may be wise, or rich, or great,
But never can be blessed."

Beyond a competence for old age, and that need not be great, and may be very small, wealth lessens rather than increases human happiness. Millionaires who laugh are rare. This is just as it should be, and "R.C." has done a bit of good work (better than most sermons) in putting a great truth so vividly before us.

I hope he has more of such ore to smelt.

Yours truly,

ANDREW CARNEGIE.

