

POEMS
By AN
AYRSHIRE SCOT.

Smith, Hugh
Poems by an
Ayrshire Scot



6/6/1 of
21/4/77.

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Authors Signature.
Hugh Smith

ERRATA

Page 84—*First line in third verse should read—*

Then Mary, the housemaid, came in, and she
laugh'd

Page 101—

The name Hedgman should be Stedman.

Page 162—*Top line missing—*

When you sit in full security,

Page 163—*Fifth line from top should read—*

Understand there's a power and a pressure to
come,

Page 174—*Second bottom line should read—*

With aims which Cubans seek and Spanish
fear—

POEMS

BY AL

ALYSSA HILL SCOTT

HELEN SMITH

1913

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BY AN

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HUGH SMITH

REEFTON, N.Z.

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1923

COULLS SOMERVILLE WILKIE LTD.
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N.Z.

DEDICATION.

I DEDICATE THIS BOOK TO THE MEMORY OF
THE SWEET LASS WHO INSPIRED MY FIRST
SONG.

—The Author.

“Sae, I’ve begun tae scrawl—but whether
In prose, or verse, or baith thegither,
Or some hotch-potch that’s rightly neither—
Let time mak proof.
But I will scribble doon some blether—
Juist clean aff loof.”

—Burns.

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10 JUN 1977



Hugh Smith,

PREFACE TO POEMS BY AN AYRSHIRE SCOT.



THE author of this book has endeared himself to the hearts of many—not only for his personal worth or poetic merit, but for his inimitable rendition of many of his most humorous and pathetic pieces contained therein. None that have heard him will ever forget the spontaneous acclamation at the closing lines of “Sandy Broon” or “Donald McTavish,” and many other of his mirth-provoking pieces. The author grips you and holds you from the first line to the last word in every piece; his pen-pictures rivet your attention. What draughts-player would not be delighted with the description of a fancied game played between “Death” and the late James Law, of Nelson Creek, Grey Valley, West Coast, where he writes :

“Then on their knees the board and men are placed,
And spiteful cunning worth and merit faced;
No play of books—the various checks were traced
With schemes deep laid;
Watchful and keen, nor thoughtless touch or haste
Or slip was made.

The opening poem of this book is a delightful panoramic pen-picture of the beautiful scenery through which the Lugar, Ayr, and Irvine wend their way to the sea, with the castles of Loudoun, Crawfordland, Dean, and Caprington nestling 'mongst their bonnie woods and braes.

The author is, as the title of the book states, an Ayrshire Scot, born in Kilmarnock, not far from the old historic building where was printed the first edition of the poetical works of Scotland's national bard, Robert Burns. The genius of his country has thrown her inspiring mantle over him; his themes are as varied as the shades of our virgin bush throughout the changing seasons.

West Coasters who have wandered to other parts of the world will read with delight the beautiful poems "In the Vale where I was Born" and "Where Inangahua Flows." "The Old-time Pioneers" and "Inangahua Goldfields Jubilee" have no parallel of their kind in descriptive verse. These two poems in the far future will remain historical of the lives, difficulties, methods, and merry-makings of our early and sturdy pioneers.

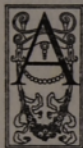
The reader will probably have observed that this book is dedicated "To the memory of the sweet lass who inspired my first song." This "sweet lass" was his "Bonnie Maggie Broon," and the song is "Whaur Grannie Leev'd Lang Syne." The incident is related in a footnote to the verses. The author was then in his eighteenth year. The "wee, wee lammie" mentioned in the first verse of that pathetic poem "Bereft" is his son, Mr. Hugh Smith, Ngahere, West Coast.

The author is, in my opinion, the nearest approach to Burns that this fair Dominion is likely to see, and I strongly recommend to all true Scots, where'er they be, a copy of his fascinating poems, and as one of his ardent admirers subscribe myself,

PETER MACKENZIE, M.I.Mech.E.,

Chief Greymouth Caledonian Society.

A BRIEF BIOGRAPHICAL TRIBUTE TO THE AUTHOR



T a Scottish Concert held in the Opera House, Greymouth, the author had given several of his own most humorous recitations, and had been called and recalled many times. A gentleman in the audience asked a young lady sitting next to him, "Who is the reciter?" and the young lady replied, loud enough to be heard all round, "Oh, that's my uncle; didn't you know?" Well, dear readers, I am proud to say that the author of this book is my father; and that being so, no doubt you will excuse me for making no reference to his personal worth, but chiefly to relate a few interesting incidents that may occur to my memory.

I well remember on one occasion when the author paid a visit to Oxford, where I was then residing, I introduced him to the members of the Oxford Working Men's Club, and at a social evening held there he recited a few of his humorous poems; and in the singing of that most patriotic and humorous song—"The Wee Thing that Jaggit Them A'"—he had the members and visitors in roars of laughter and delight. Shortly afterwards I had the pleasure of reciting to the members at another social gathering, a poem by the author, entitled "To the Members of the Oxford Working Men's Club," which was well received.

On another occasion, on being invited to call on two of the writer's personal friends, Mr. and Mrs. James Wills, of West Oxford (now in Christchurch), we unfortunately found the good lady of the house had been in rather poor health for some time previous to our visit, and with a feeling of disappointment we

were informed by the daughter that "Mother was in bed." However, on introducing the author, we received a truly Scottish welcome; and as the evening went on and the author had recited a few of his Scottish gems, it was discovered that he could also play the "fiddle," and being presented with one that had not been played on for years, and the bow being very much in want of resin, and none being procurable, chalk was used as the nearest substitute available, and before long the "guidman" was dancing the "Hielan' Fling" and the "guidwife," who could resist no longer, got up and, sitting in an arm-chair by a cheerful ingle-side, joined in the merriment. Before the conclusion of a most pleasant and memorable evening, she was singing auld Scotch songs to the accompaniment of the violin, and when bidding the old couple and daughter good-night, Mrs. Wills was heard to remark to the author that she was feeling just splendid, and assured him that she was quite herself again as a result of the music, sang, and verse.

During a considerable period, while residing in Oxford, I had the honour of having the author's original manuscript, and I herewith feel it my duty to the author to mention that, at the time the late Rev. James Bain (of the Oxford Presbyterian Church)—one of my dearest friends, and truly one of Nature's gentlemen—was confined to his bed for several months before he passed away, on several occasions I read to him the poems contained therein; and even on his bed of suffering he praised the author's works, and strongly and urgently impressed upon me the necessity of not allowing the author's works to pass into the realms of oblivion.

I well remember hearing of that sad and fearful catastrophe—the Brunner Disaster—in the month of March, 1896. The author himself went to the mine-mouth and volunteered assistance, which enabled him to so graphically describe in his poem, "To the Bereaved of Brunner," the various tragic events and acts of heroism enacted during the strenuous hours of rescue work, and the pathetic scenes at the graveside.

On another occasion, during the Great War, when at a patriotic concert held in East Oxford, and given for patriotic purposes by Christchurch and local talent, a wee lassie appeared on the stage and recited with a clear and sweet voice a poem entitled "That's What I Think, Don't You?" and how I listened with pride and pleasure, and how the audience were spellbound, so that you could have heard a pin drop till the last word. At the first few words uttered I recognised another of the author's poems.

The author's great delight was to sing of "Dear Auld Scotia."

HUGH SMITH, Jun.

Matai, West Coast.

Poems by an Ayrshire Scot.

FOREWORD.

Dear Reader, be you man or boy,
Or, better still, fair woman,
Read not my book if you expect
It much above the common ;

And if it pains you when you smile
Or racks you when you titter,
Put it aside—the risk's too great,
The trial may be bitter.

But if your soul has liking for
A stroke or two of humour
That's slightly intermixed with pith
And pathos, test the rumour.

And where the lash can be applied,
Manipulate it kindly ;
I court fair criticism, not
A castigating blindly.

A secret wish, a pressure sweet,
Has urged me, without option,
To play a part for old New Zee,
The land of my adoption.

I sing its glist'ning snow-capt peaks,
Its lofty, cloud-capt mountains,
Its rivers, valleys, lakes, and floods,
Its falls and sparkling fountains.

I penn'd my muse to lovely lass,
Heroic youth and beauty,
To locks of gold and silver threads,
To Love, Peace, War, and Duty,

That I may please, amuse, affect,
I pray sincere and fervent ;
And with a warm adieu subscribe
Myself your humble servant.

THE AUTHOR.



FAR AWA TAE SCOTLAND.

Far awa tae Scotland,
Juist like in a pleasing dream,
My thochts hae drifted hameward,
And the haunts o' young days seem
To spread in a' their beauty,
And wi' fancy's e'e I view
The daisy-spangl'd hills an' dales,
Wi' sky o' bonnie blue.

Sweet Irvine, dear to mem'ry still,
Flows murm'ring to the sea;
What joys I've had in days gane by
While roamin' doon by thee!
Or sported on thy verdant banks,
Or in some flowery den,
Or paidlet in thy silv'ry wave
Wi' some wee lover then.

Dark Lugar winds by broomy knowes
And shady dens an' dells,
By wooded slopes and sunny braes
Bedeck'd wi' sweet bluebells;
An' high aboon the Cummock hills
There rises to the view,
In silent, solemn grandeur,
Steep Cairntable's lofty broo.

And frae the moorlands and the mist,
By green woods fresh and fair,
Thro' fragrant dales and meadows green
Winds westwards classic Ayr;
Whiles dashin' ower some rocky wa',
To rise in foam below,
Then seem to rest in mirror'd deeps
Ere mingling in the flow.

Auld Ayr—the theme o' many lays—
What mem'ries sweet ye bring
Of early love and frien'ship
When the heart was in its spring!
My fancy hears thy murmurings
O'er the shallow pebble fa's,
And the warblers sing their love-songs
In the fragrant spreading shaws.

What ecstasies, what raptures sweet,
Hae wil'd the fleeting hours
Within the scented shades an' nooks
An' sheltering leafy bowers,
When hand in hand we lingered long,
My lassie fair and I,
Till the warblers ceased their love-songs
And the stars shone in the sky.

Could I forget sweet Catrine woods,
Or lovely Ballochmyle—
The scented groves, the rippling brooks,
The pathway to the stile,
Where I've listened in the gloamin'
For a footfall soft and light,
And brush'd the sparkling dewdrops
In the silv'ry moonlit night.

What pride and pleasure fills my briest
While fancifu' I gaze
On Loudoun Castle nestling
'Mongst its bonnie woods an' braes;
An' doon the vale the Borlan winds
By auld historic Dean,
And ivy-cover'd Crawfordland
Lends beauty to the scene.

Kilmarnock! dear Kilmarnock!
Central picture in the view—
The hame o' frien's, the hame o' he'rts
Aye loyal, kind, and true.
I see thee in my sweetest dreams,
And oft my fancies fly
Faur ower the seas tae weel-kenn'd haunts
O' days noo lang gane by.

When I roamed ower Craigie's sunny slopes
An' steep Dundonald hills,
By Busby Castle's crumbling wa's
An' Fenwick's ripplin' rills,
By sweet secluded Caprington
An' Belfield green an' fair,
Thro' auld Tarbolton's verdant glades
An' by romantic Stair.

I think I hear the lav'rock
In the early summer morn,
The mavis in the leafy shade,
The blackbird on the thorn;
My heart gangs back tae Scotlan'
An' the hame sae dear tae me,
To howes an' knowes, an' dens an' dells,
Faur, faur across the sea.

YOU NEVER KNOW.

You never know! We listen and we blame
When some strange tale is whisper'd in our ear;
And yet, how spotless still would be the name
Of some fond friend were all the truth but clear!
You never know!

You never know! The saintly who condemn,
Or proud who pass some with averted face,
May have a meaner, poorer soul than them—
Perhaps unworthy of a second place:
You never know!

You never know! The seeming trustful friend
Receives the secrets of a troubl'd heart
As if with sympathy, but in the end
May play a false or act the nobler part:
You never know!

You never know! Oft hand to hand we've prest,
As 'twere to form another, stronger tie—
To bind our friendship, with our faith confest—
And yet to-day each passes coldly by:
You never know!

You never know! The infant mind and hand
That forms its squares of toy men on a stool
May flash his triumphs from a far-off strand
Where he has led, to free, perhaps to rule:
You never know!

You never know! The babe you've hush'd to rest,
And nursed with care, and smiled on in your pride,
May break the heart within its mother's breast,
Or love and honour her whate'er betide:
You never know!

You never know! The form you spurn'd last night
Asleep within your porch may be the first
To hear your cries from 'midst the lurid light
And bear you from the flames thro' doors he's burst :
You never know!

You never know! 'Tis not the surface tells
The depth or dignity of any soul,
And to the view, dissembling, oft excels
Real honest worth. How much self is the goal
You never know!

TO MAGGIE.

I DREAM SWEET DREAMS OF THEE.

When the sun has sunk low in the west,
And the winds are hush'd and still,
And the silv'ry light of Luna shines
High o'er the distant hill,
And song-birds seek the shelt'ring branch
On the leafy shading tree,
And all the world seems lull'd to rest,
I dream sweet dreams of thee.

Ere Luna sinks, or ere the lark
Springs from the dewy lawn,
Ere the golden beams of morning light
Forespeak a new day's dawn,
And only the rippling streamlet breaks
The stillness on the lea,
Alone, thro' the peaceful hours of night
I dream sweet dreams of thee.

THE LASSIE'S TWA BARE FEET.

I met a winsome lass yestreen,
As she gaed to the well,
A fairer never brush'd the dew
Frae aff the sweet bluebell.
Her hair was broon, her een were blue,
Her smile supremely sweet,
I stood a fixture when I saw
The lassie's twa bare feet.

I may forget the dimpl'd cheeks,
The een o' bonnie blue,
The locks o' broon, the witching smile,
The lovely sna-white broo,
The kindly look, the queenly grace,
The form sae trim an' neat,
But I'll remember while I breathe
The lassie's twa bare feet.

Let ither poets tune their harps
An' sing o' fabled queens,
Of goddesses an' nymphs an' sprites
Scarce hauf-way thro' their teens,
I'll be content to draw the bow
An' play a lilt as neat,
Or sing a sang, that I may praise
The lassie's twa bare feet.

I saw the step, I kent the mind
As 'twere within a book,
I saw the een, I kent the love
That shone in every look.
I saw the face, I kent the heart,
The warmth o' every beat,
But a' the charm o' form was in
The lassie's twa bare feet.

THE BUSHMAN TO HIS AXE.

True, keen, and honest !

Yes, thou art true as the steel that gives thee shape,
Keen as the sight of an eagle, and honest as a bright
summer's morning.

How I have fondl'd thee, nurs'd thee, caressed thee,
shielded thee from harm as a fond mother would
shield her tender babe.

For thou art a friend to whom no appeal of mine has ever
been in vain.

When needs have urged or want oppressed, I have looked
to thee, and your answer was succour and sus-
tenance.

What pride I've used in fitting thee for the fall of
monarchs who for years beyond computation have
defied the storms and blasts of levelling hurricanes !

In the shades of the green bush, 'mongst the tall pines,
I have talk'd to thee as if thou wert of my flesh and
blood.

And couldst thou think, you would, of that glorious
summer afternoon when the two fair girls came to
see us work.

And the tallest and most fair pinn'd a rush, horizontally,
to the matai sapling, and wondered to see you cleave
it in twain.

I saw her sweet smile, and mark'd the tenderness with
which she took the cloven rush from thy shining
face.

Could'st thou think, you would, of that day when the
gent with the polish'd tan boots took you from my
hand to look at your keen edge, and you grew
angry at the touch, and I was grieved to see the
blood flow from his soft fingers that had never
known hard toil.

Could you think, you would, of the time when my Mary
and our babe were nigh to death, and I wrapt you
up in soft clothing and took you with me to the
great forest, looking for work, and the bush boss
said, "Can you chop?"

I took you from your soft wrappings, and in a flash you
describ'd a circle with my head in the centre of the
brilliant wheel, then flew to the side of the pine tree,
and there with a grip waited as if to hear him speak
his admiration. I look'd in his rough face, and I
knew, no matter what kind of a soul he had, it said
"Enough."

I look on thee with feelings akin to veneration when I
think of the night when the red devouring flames
leap'd and curl'd from the roof and windows of our
neighbour's cottage.

'Twas thou that burst the bolted doors so that the widow
and her children were brought to safety.

When the words, "Oh, come to me, Jack, ere I die?"
were flash'd across the seas from my dear old
mother,

I held thee as if with sinews of steel, and, looking on thy
face as I have done times innumerable, I knew you
were with me in my settled purpose.

And to thee, and thee alone, my friend and comrade,
I owe the opportunity of that last embrace.

Come, I will lay thee away in safety till morning.

SANDY BROON.

Dark was the night, and a moaning wind
Swept thro' the lonely valley,
When Sandy Broon left late for hame,
Where sat his angry Sally,
The tongue behind her only tooth
Held ready for his comin'.
But Sandy, heedless, hameward sped,
Some auld Scotch sonnets hummin'.

The sky abune was black as ink,
An' sheets o' lightning flashin'.
But on the way brave Sandy trudged,
Ower moss and moorland dashin',
Thro' darksome woods where poachers hide
Till hares are caught an' kickin',
An' up the creek whaur Smiddy Jock
Was nabb'd for salmon-stickin',
An' ower the brig whaur Bauldy fell
In front o' fleein' witches,
Wha, makin' sure tae catch the loon,
Were hoverin' ower the ditches.

But, fortified an' fearless,
Sandy cared na' what micht happen,
When oot frae 'neath a spreadin' tree
A beast-like thing cam' steppin'.
Wi' een like fires, an' horns an' hoofs,
An' body black and sooty,
A red bluid-crusted three-pronged fork
Held in the hand o' Clootie.

An' smellin' brimstone, Sandy stood
An' glower'd, and said, "My certie!
Ye're like masel', ye're late the night;
What's your name, my hearty?"

"*I am the Devil!*" "Oh, you are!
I'm proud to meet you, mister;
I'm Sandy Broon frae Glesca,
An' I'm mairrit to your *sister*."

Auld Clottie laugh'd, and said, "By gosh,
Man, this is quite amusin';
I never had a brither—
But I've sisters by the thousan'!"

EPITAPH.

Here lies in death's cauld icy grasp
Poor honest Geordie Hayes,
An' mony a han' will miss the clasp
O' his in coming days.

An' ev'n the bairns wha rin or creep,
May haud his mem'ry dear,
If as we sow, so shall we reap,
His crop he needna' fear.

For mony a kindly act faur ken'd
He floated doon life's stream,
Aye upricht, honest, Geordie gain'd
Weel merited esteem.

THE OLD-TIME PIONEERS.

Outside the rain is pouring, and a stiff sou'-
wester's roaring

Thro' the valley. 'Tis the worst
I've heard for years.

But by the fireside cozy,
With my pipe, and somewhat dozy,
I am thinking of the old-time pioneers.

Yes, in storms like this we've swag'd it,
Rolled the bluey up and bag'd it,
When the rumour reached the shanties of a rush.
No motor cars to take us,
But the heart and pluck to make us
Up and face the foaming flood and trackless bush.

In the snow, pitch camp and take on
Cuts of damper and rank bacon—
Faith, there were few epicurean dainties then—
Tho' a flask of Johnnie Walker's
Made sound sleepers of some talkers,
And the day-break found us up and off again.

Those were times of fording, crossing,
Climbing, camping, and damp dossing—
I can see the rough, wild routes across the flames.
Young and strong, we seemed to like it—
And you know we couldn't bike it—
But we reached the Golden West and took up claims.

Picked the creeks from top to bottom,
For the yellow beans—and got 'em,
Or, if duffer'd, shifted pegs and picked again.
When in luck we'd quickly spend it,
And were never slow to lend it
To a needy mate or down-heel'd chummy then.

Built up shanties and casinos,
Danced to drums and concertinas,
Whistles, fiddles, flutes or harp and clarionet.
To the bar-room—always handy—
Took our partners for a brandy
At the end of every circular or set.

Corduroy'd the swampy muck-holes,
Wash'd our moleskins in the duck-holes,
Sat before the camp fire bare-kneed till they dried.
Snowy moles were then the fashion,
With silk sash to cut a dash in,
And whiskers that would swell a hermit's pride.

Every heart was strong and fearless,
Not a young soul there was cheerless—
Tho' oft in moments serious and grave
We would tell to one another
Of the old home and of Mother,
And the gift "The girl we left behind us" gave.

No church bells woke the sleeper,
From his layers of steaming creeper
On the young manuka saplings from the plain.
On their visits priest and parson
Shared the bunk of Billy Carson,
Talking long of bush tracks, fern flats, swamps and
rain.

Every type of manhood mated,
Rough, refined and cultivated,
With the grit and pluck that none will e'er deny,
The rushing and beginning,
Clearing, planning, toiling, winning,
Will be history in the coming by and by.

When they say our young blood wouldn't
Face our music, that they couldn't
Do the roughing that was ours, is hardly fair;
Day and circumstance recurring,
You will find without demurring,
That the bull-dog breed have congregated there.

But the grey-haired chiefs are falling,
They are answering to the calling,
Leaving foot-prints on the sands of passing years.
O'er the dark dividing river
May there be, for aye and ever,
Rest and peace for all the Old-time Pioneers.

NANNIE, WHEN THE SUN GANGS DOWN.

O Nannie, when the sun gangs down,
An' dew's begin tae fa',
And fragrant zephyrs flit aroon'
The flo'ers in yon green shaw,
While birdies sing their evening sang,
Then fauld their wings tae rest,
Adoon the flo'ery glade I'll gang
An' fauld thee tae my breast.

I'll meet thee by the hawthorn tree
That scents the vale aroon',
An' speak again o' love wi' thee
Till stars shine bright aboon.
The han' divine, the heavenly Power,
Nae sweeter pleasures gi'e
Than roamin' wi' my Nannie ower
The fragrant flo'ery lea.

FAREWELL.

Farewell, O Mary dear, farewell,
The ship lies in the bay,
That soon shall bear me from thy arms
To lands far, far away.
To ever restless, changing scenes
Beneath a far-off sky,
Oh, must I with an aching heart
Now bid a last "good-bye"?

And must yon bower no longer shield
Or shade thy lovely form
From sunny summer's noontide rays
Or winter's sleet and storm?
And must the bloss'ming hawthorn be
Our trysting place no more,
And every dream and thought of thee
Be 'on a distant shore?

Oft, oft at eventide I'll gaze
Across the restless sea
In fancies fond to meet thee 'neath
The scented hawthorn tree,
And press thee to my heart again
In raptures sweet and long,
And see thy winning smile and list
To thy sweet voice and song.

In every change, in every scene,
The years may bring to me,
In weal or woe, morn, noon, and night,
My thoughts shall be of thee;
Farewell, the sails are spreading fast,
The flag is floating high,
One last embrace, one ling'ring kiss,
Good-bye, sweet one, good-bye.

JOHNNIE WRIGHT—THE SOUTER (Shoemaker).

Grim death, ye thocht to heave ye're dart
And show how weel ye ply ye're art
In jaggin deep the souter's heart
 The ither nicht;
But, faith, ye miss'd the vital part
 O' Johnnie Wright.

Gae thrust your leister in some fool,
Or tairge, or termagant ye rule
Then off to Hades or Stamboul,
 Leap, hop and skip;
Let honest hearts o' Johnnie's school
 Gie ye the slip.

If ye've respect for sterling worth,
Relax your spite, and sally forth
On your fell mission, sooth and north,
 For ance be kind;
And ease some suff'rer o' the earth
 Ye've left behind.

In your peregrinations roun',
Thro' castle, kirk and crooded toun,
Ye've met wi' mony a hoary croon,
 Plain truth to tell,
Wha lie, and cheat, yet gaze aboon,
 Deservin' hell.

Abjuring every canting pack,
He minds his *sole* mair than his back,
Hypocrisy upon a rack,
 He'd turn the stick;
And cram dissemblers in a sack
 Consigned to "Nick."

'Tis said, by sages I suppose,
That ye, impartial, deal ye're blows
That steeks the gab, and points the nose,
To lids an' screws;
But faith, ye leave poor wights in throes
Just as ye choose.

I've seen your spiteful, venom'd thrust
Lay bonnie bairns doon in the dust,
Or pierce the hearts o' maidens, just
At blossom'ing time;
Yet pass auld wretches, broon wi' rust,
And black wi' crime.

In mony a gruesome shape and sight
Ye're gully leaves us day and night,
Then aff remorseless in your flight
Aroun' the sphere;
But spare the heart o' Johnnie Wright
For mony a year.

THE SUICIDE.

Alone in a darken'd room he stood,
And his face was ghastly white;
Not a soul was near to prevent the deed
From being done that night.
His looks were wild, and his trembling voice
Had a harsh and husky tone,
And a neighbour said that he heard him say,
"Will they miss me when I'm gone?"
The fateful cup to his lips he brought,
And never a moment halts;
A shudder, a gasp, and the deed is done,
And down went—a *dose of salts*.

TO THE BEREAVED AT BRUNNER.

Bereaved of Brunner, Zealandia shares thy grief,
And deeply sympathising, freely grant relief
To widows, orphans, wives and children dear,
Hearts weep, hands work and dash away the tear.
In coming years lov'd offsprings of the dead
Will tell how fearless *Scott and Bishop led,
And, dashed to earth, rose with the coming breath
Again to rescue from the mine of death.
How Blackball heroes came as if one heart
Had mov'd the whole to play a noble part.
How daring Denniston's true-hearted men
Rescued, and rallied to rescue again.
†O'Regan's team, Mandl's and Seddon's bands
Like trojans fought, and wrought with willing hands.
And Brunner men, courageous, dared and led
Perhaps to death with the already dead.
Fools may talk and cynics prate at will,
But Briton's sons are British heroes still.
Your infant daughters, grown to womanhood
Will hear from aged mothers how they stood
Around the tunnel's mouth, hands clasp't, hearts rent,
Awaiting the forms of their loved ones sent
From the poisonous depths, borne by the brave,
True hearts of the Coast, all eager to save.
Strangers will tell how well ‡Morice and Mack
Restored the § rescuers from death on the sack.
How || Stewart and Servajean, York and Dart,
Solaced and strengthened each grief-stricken heart.
While reason guides, none there will e'er forget

The sobs and sighs, the tear-dim'd faces met.
 The maiden's joy to hear ¶ Jack was not dead,
 The screams to find the words were wrongly read.
 The dead McIvor's mother's words of woe:
 (a) "This is my boy Tom, that is not my Joe."
 The yawning grave, the impressive hymn and prayer,
 The school-boy's utterance, (b) "My Daddy is there."
 When Heaven's portals open to the grieved,
 May each by lost and loved ones be received.
 All praise to the heroes, who rescued and led,
 Hope to the fatherless, peace to the dead.

NOTES TO THIS POEM.

- * Scott and Bishop (mine managers).
- † O'Regan, Mandl and Seddon's rescuing parties.
- ‡ Drs. Morice and McBrearty.
- § The rescuers, when overcome by the fire-damp, were laid on sacks and attended to.
- || Rev. Mr. Stewart, Father Servajean, Archdeacon York and Rev. Mr. Dart.
- ¶ A telegram was read: *Hope* Jack is not dead. But the reader, in consideration of her grief, omitted the word "Hope." Another person took it and read it in full.
- (a) Two bodies were taken to McIvor's as the bodies of the two sons, but Mrs. McIvor said: "That's my boy Tom, but that other one is not *my* Joe." No one else could identify them.
- (b) Over 60 were buried in one large grave, and during the burial service a little boy was heard to say: "My Daddy is there."

JIM ANDREWS.

Be ready, brave lads of New Zealand,
There's a bit of tough work to do,
We must drive every Hun from yon hillside,
And you know how I trust in you;
We are fighting for Empire and flag, lads,
For freedom, but fighting still more
For our homes and hearths, for the loved ones left
On far Zealandia's shore.

What honour is greater than fighting,
And filling a soldier's grave,
Not one of you all would choose to live
The life of a Hunite's slave;
And mothers and maidens will hear
Of our deeds in the field and fray,
And woe to the Huns who will dare to stem
The rush of our lads to-day.

Thus spoke our Captain one bright June morn,
And we heard with abated breath,
Then swept down the vale like a torrent in foam,
Or an avalanche bent on death;
And we routed the Huns from their dugouts,
Grip'd their snipers in sheltering bowers,
And gazed on demoralised wild retreat—
The day and the honours were ours.

But where was our Captain, brave Captain Jim—
Jim Andrews, the soldier, the man—
Up 'midst the Hun-heaps the hero lay,
Wounded and bleeding, and wan.
I can see his calm smile as we spoke of the fight
And the fame of our lads that day;
Now he sleeps on a daisy-spangl'd slope,
Where the summer birds sing far away.

I WONNER WHAUR MY BAIRN'S GANE.

I wonner whaur my bairn's gane,
For it's gettin' late;
There she's comin' a' alane,
But in sic a state.
Laughin' in my face she stan's
In her dirty claes—
Rin awa' an' wash yer han's
An' yer wee black taes.

Torn her pina, lost her boot,
Playin' wi' the dug;
Losh, she's hurt her wee foot
On the broken jug.
Noo she's splashin' in the tub—
Little does she care—
Makin' great attempts tae rub
Ony place that's bare.

Wait till daddy's dune his wark—
When he comes ye'll see
He'll lift up ye're wee sark,
Mak' ye rin tae me.
There he's comin', dinna greet;
Hide before he see'st.
Na, na—she's off her dad to meet
An' kiss him till he's pleased.

"Wha could skelp a wean like that,"
I hear her faither say;
"What tho' the bairnie gets a' wat—
We've had our splashin's tae.
Juist wash her weel, an' lay her doon
In her wee bed noo,
She's wearied oot an' sleepin' soon',
God bless the sweet wee doo."

THE AULD WIFE'S REQUEST.

O' Robin, tak' the fiddle doun
An' play some auld Scotch air,
Ye ken ilk mellow melting tune
I like sae weel tae hear,
When Bonnie Scotlan' is the theme
That soun's upon the string;
Then faur awa' to ilka stream
My fancy tak's its wing.

I hear the lambs upon the hill
While saft ye draw the bow,
I hear the lark an' lintie's trill,
Upon the whinny knowe.
I hear the mavis in the glen—
At ilka rise an' fa',
I see steep "Corsincon" again
An' "Tintock" cap't wi' sna'.

O Robin, dinna lay it doon—
But play the tunes sae sweet,
They lift my thochts to heaven aboon
They mak' me like tae greet,
The scenes o' childhood's happy days
I see sae plainly noo',
The daisy spangled sunny braes
A' risin' to the view.

When hairs are grey an' in the west
Life's sun is sinkin' doon,
It warms the bluid, it fills the breast,
Tae hear an' auld Scotch tune,
The loves, the joys, an' youthful scenes
Are a' brocht back tae min',
We see again the trusty frien's
We left at hame lang syne.

SING ME A SONG.

(RECITATION, WITH ACCOMPANIMENT ON THE VIOLIN
BETWEEN THE VERSES.)

Sing me a song—a Scottish song,
That I like sae weel tae hear—
Nane o' your Roosian-Proosian things,
That mak ye feel sae queer,
But a song that will stir our Scottish he'rts
And melt them wi' the soun'—
Like "The Bonnie Lass o' Gowrie,"
Or "Sweet Edinburgh Toon."

(Violin : "Within a Mile.")

Play me a lilt, a Scottish lilt—
That's what I like the best ;
They put some mettle in ye're heels
An' winna let them rest.
I love to hear the chirpin' notes
An' see the dancing bow
In "The Deil Among the Tailors,"
Or "My Bonnie Meg, My Jo."
(Violin : "Stirling Castle," or "De'il Among the
Tailors.")

Play me a march, a Scottish march—
Like "The Gallant Forty-twa,"
"The Hielanman Kiss'd his Mither,"
Or the "Hundred Pipers an' a";
A march that wakes the Highland glen
At the breaking o' the morn,
Like "The Standard on the Braes o' Mar,"
Or "I'm a Scotchman Born."
(Violin, lively : "I'm a Scotchman Born," same air as
"Scotlan' the Brave.")

Play me a reel, that I may dance;
Or a song, that I may sing;
I feel sae prood, and my voice is good
To make the welkin ring.
A lovely sang or a lively tune
Are aye sae dear tae me;
But, juist tae please the folk a' roun',
Play "Scotland, I Love Thee."

(Violin: "Scotland, I Love Thee." The reciter, if possible, to sing one or two verses of this song; it makes a good finish.)

GOOD-NIGHT, LITTLE GOLDIE.

["Good-night, little Goldie," were the last words of the late Thomas Brooks, of Ahaura, to his little golden-haired daughter, Amelia.—H. S.]

Good-night, little Goldie, kiss old Daddy Tom,
Good-night, 'tis the closing of a day;
Good-night, little Goldie, daddy's hour has come—
To-morrow, daddy will be far away.

No more shall little Goldie meet me at our cottage
door

When I've brought my loaded waggon up from
town,
Or run to meet me coming, for my last trip now is
o'er,

And daddy, weary, now must lay him down.

No more will daddy fondle little Goldie on his knee,
Or smile to see her merriment and fun;
The "tide is ebbing fast," soon, soon I part from thee,
Good-night, little Goldie, daddy's *sands are run*.

TO THOMAS BRACKEN.

All hail, dear Bardie o' the north,
O'er land and sea thy name's gane forth;
The nations recognise thy worth
 An' rising fame,
An' in remote pairts of the earth
 They sound your name.

Zealandia may weel be prood
When Bardie's rise frae 'mang the crood,
Wi' true poetic fire imbued,
 In odes an' lays,
Wi' pith an' pathos sweet an' lood
 To sing her praise.

Her peaks may wear their caps o' sna',
Her mountain torrents foaming fa'
Ower icy cliff, or rocky wa';
 Her grandeur wild—
Inflame the breast, inspire wi' awe,
 The poet child.

When doon the steeps o' time's hillside,
The coming ages smoothly glide,
When honour'd poets swell the tide,
 An' reap rewards,
Zealandia will turn wi' pride
 To sleeping Bards.

Wha, fir'd wi' beauty, sang her praise,
In tunefu' patriotic lays,
When in her teens, wi' robe-like claes,
 Scarce to the knee,
She stood. A Queen, beneath the gaze,
 Majestic! Free!

While doon the rugged mountain side
The torrents dash, or streamlets glide,
Or rivers mingle wi' the tide,
 May still be heard
'The name o' Bracken, faur and wide,
 Our honour'd Bard.

TO AGNES.

Alone, by Inangahua's side,
 'Neath a fronded, spreading tree,
I sit in the silv'ry moonlit night,
 And my thoughts are all of thee.

No sound is heard, save the murm'ring
 Of the river passing by,
Or the whirr of a lonely blue duck
 From the shimmering streamlet nigh.

Winter's mantle gleams and glistens
 On each tow'ring crag and peak,
And thro' the rugged gorge there comes
 The snow-breath to my cheek.

O'er Paparoa's sombre steeps
 Pale Luna sheds her light,
And o'er the silent vale there hangs
 The still white clouds of night.

The murm'ring of the river,
 Winding westward to the sea,
Awakes fond recollections,
 And my thoughts are all of thee.

AE SIMMER NICHT.

Ae simmer nicht, in musing mood,
Thro' meadows fresh an' green,
Faur frae the city's flauntin' crood
I wandered on unseen.
The birdies, shelter'd 'mang the trees,
Had closed their evening sang;
The clear, refreshing, gentle breeze
Bore fragrant sweets alang.
The *maukins scudded ower the grass
Tae nibble in the field,
The lambkins, bleating, doon the pass,
Lay in some cosy †bield.
The moon, unclouded, shone sae clear,
I, musing, roamed alang,
Till frae a rustic cottage near
I heard an auld Scotch sang.

I listened tae each tunefu' note,
Sae clear as ony bell,
I stood, a fixture tae the spot,
For lang, as in a spell;
The singer was a maid as fair
As ony flo'er in spring,
I kent the hamely auld Scotch air,
An' list to hear her sing.
The theme was Scotia's heath-clad hills,
Her mountains, rocks, an' fells,
Her mosses, moors, an' rippling rills,
Her streams, her dens an' dells.
I climbed again the flo'ery braes,
We ran about lang syne,
An' gather'd berries, haws, an' slaes,
For some wee maiden then.

Tae me there are nae strains sae sweet,
Sae fu' o' force an' fire,
Can mak' the feelin' heart tae greet,
An' bardie sae inspire;
Can entertain the stranger guest
Wi' pathos, pith an' air,
Or fill wi' pride the sodger's breast
To greater dangers dare.

The sound o' pibroch has the charm
Tae dooble Hielan' blows,
Tae warm the bluid, to nerve the arm,
To vanquish Hielan' foes;
An' conquered nations fear the blast
That Hielan' pipers blaw,
An' care na' tae review the past,
When forced tae rin awa'.

The sonnets, sangs, and Scottish lays
O' Tannahill an' Burns,
The lilts an' rants, reels an' strathspeys
Inspire an' melt by turns;
When death is drying up the floods
That rush thro' ilka vein,
O sing tae me sweet " Catrine Woods,"
An' " Bonnie Jean " again,
" O Nannie wilt Thou gang wi' Me,"
Or Nairn's " Land o' the Leal."
An' e'er I close for aye my e'e
Sing Rabbie Burns' " Fareweel."
The hame aboon, wha gets tae see't,
Or stay for ever there,
Will find the music incomplete
If there's nae auld Scotch air.

* Hares.

† Nook.

ANZAC DAY.

Alone, in my room, I sit and think
Of an unforgettable day,
When I leap'd from the ship to the surf that
swept
The beach at Anzac Bay.

The roar of the guns from the rugged cliffs
Still ring in my list'ning ear,
I can see the rush o'er the sloping sands
Of the lads that knew no fear.

No trebl'd might could stem that rush
In the face of shot and shell,
'Twas only a moment's glance I gave
When my mate from Clutha fell.

The sniping Turk, whose bullet found
My chum's breast, caught my eye,
My rifle spoke and the sniper bade
Gallipoli good-bye.

Onward! And every face was stern,
And every heart was steel'd,
And a daring, dauntless impulse was
In every eye revealed.

For their homes and hearths in dear old Vic.,
Australia's best swept on,
With lads as brave from their lov'd New Zee.,
As the sun e'er shone upon.

And away on that far historic strand,
O'er the ever restless deep,
In a sacred spot 'neath an eastern sky
My noblest comrades sleep.

And here, in my room, alone—I sit
And think of that April day,
When we leap'd from the ship to the surf that
swept
The beach at Anzac Bay.

A DREAM.

Weary with the busy toil of day,
Alone on my rustic couch I lay.
The log fire brightly blazed and gleamed,
My eyelids closed, I slept, and dreamed.
I was wafted away to my native home
Left long ago, other lands to roam.
I climbed again the heath-brown braes,
I viewed the retreats of my boyhood days,
I traced each streamlet, rippling clear,
I wandered by each spot so dear,
I stood again in the village school,
Not a face I knew, though each seat was full,
My playmates were gone, all scattered wide;
A tear trickled down, I could not hide,
I sought for old friends, but found them not,
I turned my steps to my parents' cot.
My father was dead, my mother was there,
I heard her breathe to Heaven a prayer
For me, then gently in I pressed
And clasped her fondly to my breast,
I gazed with joy in her sweet face,
Still locked within her warm embrace.
I was home again, and happy. But,
I woke, and still was in my hut.

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

Please give me your attention,
There's a thing I'd like to mention
(Take no notice of my plain unpolish'd style),
While I crave your kind assistance,
Be you near or at a distance,
To erect a sacred monumental pile.

To the brave who did their duty,
Fought and fell for home and beauty,
For their country, king and kindred, you and I,
Whose deeds of grit and glory,
Will be sung and told in story,
Thro' the centuries in their passing by and by.

Make each mother's sorrow lighter,
And their passing years seem brighter,
By your recognition in a fitting way,
Of their brave sons' early calling,
Daring, doing, fighting, falling,
With the fearless and the foremost in the fray.

On a monumental facing
Rich with expert chisel tracing
Let our brave lads' names be carved and gilt with
gold,
In just commemoration
Of their deeds and of our nation,
Ever glorious, victorious, brave and bold.

Then pass an idle shilling,
Or a sovereign if you're willing,
'Twill be faithfully and honestly applied
To a monument's erection
On a fitting site or section,
To the memory of the brave who dared and died.

WELL, I NEVER!

I sat amongst a bevy
Of young "tarts," who struck a levy
On their dads to have an evening's "as you please."
When I told some soldier stories
Of old England's deeds and glories,
The principal remarks they made were these:
"Just Fancy," "Great Scot," "Did You Ever,"
"Strike me Pink," "By Gosh," "Well, I Never."

The sanest of the sillies
Was a Miss Jemima Willis.
When I told her that old Mr. Brown was dead,
She wriggled and she twisted,
Sat up straight, then slightly listed,
And this is what the little "tartlet" said:
"Just Fancy," "Great Scot," "Did You Ever,"
"Strike me Pink," "By Gosh," "Well, I Never."

Miss Susie Singlestitches
Sang a song called "Baggy Breeches,"
And they all look'd up and then down at the floor,
They giggled and they mutter'd
To themselves, and then they utter'd
The same delightful things they said before:
"Just Fancy," "Great Scot," "Did You Ever,"
"Strike me Pink," "By Gosh," "Well, I Never."

When it came my turn to follow
With some caper or a solo,
I sung the old song, "Meet Me in the Lane."
Before I had got seated,
Everyone around repeated
The same unedifying words again:
"Just Fancy," "Great Scot," "Did You Ever,"
"Strike me Pink," "By Gosh," "Well, I Never."

I bade them all good-night then,
Hurried home in the moonlight then,
Went to bed and woke up shortly after three;
When all seem'd in disorder,
Every blooming half-dressed boarder
Had collected and were listening unto me:
"Just Fancy," "Great Scot," "Did You Ever,"
"Strike me Pink," "By Gosh," "Well, I Never."

BONNIE JEANNIE ARMSTRONG.

She's gane, yet ne'er will be forgot—
The sweetest flo'er in a' the plot,
They'll miss her sair within the cot
O' bonnie Jeanie Armstrong.

Aye lo'ed sae dear by ane an' a',
Her morning bright, by noon awa'!
Adoon my cheek the teardrops fa'
For bonnie Jeanie Armstrong.

Wi' form sae fu' o' queenly grace,
The fairest lass in a' the place,
The hert an' mir' shone in the face
O' bonnie Jeanie Armstrong.

Her voice, like some clear, rippling rill,
Or lav'rock's sang, or lintie's trill—
I hear it ringing sweetly still—
O bonnie Jeanie Armstrong.

The love that sparkl'd in her e'e,
The hert sae true, sae kind an' free,
I'll ne'er forget until I dee,
O bonnie Jeanie Armstrong.

MY AULD CREMONA.

I dinna lang for the grip o' a dirk,
And a heart to be its sheath,
Nor to grasp the hilt of a braid claymore
To a foeman on the heath.
I look at the nail weel up the wa',
Wi' a kindlier glancing e'e,
Tae whaur my auld cremona hangs
As if waiting, and waiting for me.
An' I tak' her gently doon an' blaw
The dust aff her briests wi' care,
I wadna for a' the wealth o' France
Ha'e the scratch o' a finger there.
I look at her genty waist wi' pride,
Clasp her taperin' neck fu' fain,
Screw the pegs awae wi' a smile an' lift
Her up tae my briest again.
My bosom heaves, an' the red life tide
Seems to leap thro' a' my veins,
When I draw the bow frae heel to point
In Scotia's melting strains,
Or play wi' chirpy, cheery strokes
Her reels an' rants sae fine,
Or wi' the touch that draws a tear
In sangs o' Auld Lang Syne.
Strathspeys an' jigs, laments an' lilts,
Resistless Heilan' flings,
Inspirin' march an' dirge in turn
Come from the trembling strings.
I stand by Wallace on Carron side
When his sweet lament I play,
By fearless Bruce at Bannockburn
Hear his voice in "Scots Wha' Hae."

"Gae Bring tae Me a Pint of Wine,"
"Oh, Bonnie Mary Hay,"
"My Hert is Sair for Somebody,"
"In Lovely Rothesay Bay,"
"My Nannie O," "Auld Robin Grey,"
An' "Mary" charms an' thrills,
I'm at hame again wi' "My Ain Folk"
"Amang My Heather Hills."

I lay my fiddle doon awae
An' look wi' vacant stare
At the jumpin' Lowe an' curlin' reek,
An' my fancy sees ance mair
The auld hoose by the wimplin' burn,
The hawthorn-scented lea,
The bluebells an' the snawdrops
On the green banks o'er the sea.

AULD NICK, OR HORNIE.

"Auld Nick," or "Hornie," when ye're fleein'
Straight frae H—— when G—— is deein',
Thinking ye've a right to tak' him
Hame to Hades hot an' stack him
On ye're brimstone fires to wriggle,
While ye're implets dance an' giggle,
Tak' care—sometimes he's quite auld-farrant,
An' may request to see your warrant;
And if it's faulty—by my soul!—
Ye'd best skip back to ye're black hole;
For, tho' his yells would much delight ye,
He'll go to Heaven just to spite ye.

WHAUR GRANNIE LEEVED LANG SYNE.

[One summer evening, while walking out on the Dundonald road, Kilmarnock, with (to me) the sweetest maid I had ever met, my fair companion directed my attention to a spot in the corner of a field where once stood an humble cottage—the home of her grandparents. Not a vestige of the cottage remained to mark the spot, even the plough had passed over the site of the old home. The fair maiden informed me that she had spent many a happy evening by their cheerful fireside, and of the many pleasures she had found “Whaur Grannie Leeved Lang Syne.” I was then in my eighteenth year, and on my way to Muirkirk the next day I composed the following verses and sent them on to her. I have often crooned the words over to the tune of “John Anderson, my Jo.”—H. S.]

Oft in the simmer e'en I've stray'd
By Lugar's banks sae green,
While birdies sang in ilka glade
The sweetness of the scene.
Oft on the bonnie banks o' Ayr
I hae view'd the woodbine twine,
But oh, there is a spot mair dear—
Whaur Grannie leeved lang syne.

My Grannie lo'ed me weel, an' fain
She watch'd me late an' air,
An' oft doon by the burn we've gane
Tae pu' the flo'ers sae fair;
But noo there's nane o' her auld cot,
Nae mair the ivy twine,
There's naething noo to mark the spot
Whaur Grannie leeved lang syne.

There oft the wintry nicht I've pass'd
In merriment an' glee,
There oft I've seen my Grannie cast
The teardrop frae her e'e;
But noo the cauld grave is her bed,
My Grannie's tears are mine,
And silently they've oft been shed
Whaur Grannie leaved lang syne.

BONNIE MAGGIE BROON.

Yestreen while ower the trembling string
The fleeting bow I drew,
Aroon the happy whirling ring,
My glances quickly flew;
The maidens a' were fair to see,
An' cheerfu,' circling roon,
But 'mang them a' nane took my e'e
Like bonnie Maggie Broon.

I watched the smiles play roun' her lip,
An' brighten her sweet face,
Her mien was stately, an' her step
Was fu' o' queenly grace;
Her broo snaw-white, her sparkling een,
Like stars frae heaven cam doon,
The worl's wealth I wad hae gi'en
For bonnie Maggie Broon.

AMONG THE TOMBS.

Sol sinks low in the west, the winds are still,
A peaceful calm now hangs o'er all around ;
While 'mongst the tombs alone I stray at will,
Or stand to ponder by some weed-grown mound.

Long shadows sweep from monumental pile
Or cypress planted near some lov'd one's head ;
A yellow radiance lights the vale the while
I, pausing, muse upon the silent dead.

Here at my feet, beneath the sculptor's art,
There lies a babe that liv'd but for an hour ;
And 'neath the rank weeds, scarce a yard apart,
An old friend sleeps, unmark'd by fence or flower.

And children still oft ask where Jim has gone,
That bore them on his back around the green ;
We answer, "He is dead," in pitying tone,
And o'er their faces shadows may be seen.

Here Eva sleepeth 'neath this budding rose—
A flower of four years, lov'd by one and all ;
We miss her footsteps at the evening's close,
And silent mourn an angel's early call.

This tott'ring slab, placed twenty years ago
By Indian Jack, commemorates his Kate—
A wayward spouse, drown'd in Ahaura's flow ;
We found her at the bend when grappling late.

There by the path, hap't up, a pioneer
Holds his last right—from peg to peg, six feet ;
He fell as falls the rifted oak—none near
To tend ere yet the sev'rance was complete.

This polish'd marble tells where Jeanie† lies,
Whose voice I hear still in my sweetest dreams ;
I dry a tear and gaze from tombs to skies,
And near to Heaven's throne, white-rob'd, she seems.

Here in a western portion Fraser* sleeps,
And in an eastern, Pete,* his mate and friend ;
Thro' life together, some false purpose keeps
A measured distance 'tween them at the end.

Whate'er the lines humanity may tread,
Whate'er the forms embraced persuasion gave,
Howe'er convinc'd or unresisting led,
Equality exists within the grave.

Here silence reigns ; the strife of yesterday
Is past. They sleep, from human wranglings free.
Discord flies with the breath ; those borne this way,
Once self-assertive, *now* must all agree.

But hush ! a mother comes, alone. She kneels
To pray upon the grave of her wee Kate ;†
The falling tears proclaim the grief she feels.
I pass unheard, and softly close the gate.

†Mrs. W. Duncan, Totara Flat

* (N.B.—J. B. Fraser and Peter Phillipi were killed in a tunnel at Granville, West Coast, N.Z.—H.S.)

†Wee Katie Gough.

BRINDLE AND BOB.

Ae nicht I took a daunner roun'
The skirtin' of oor sleepin' toun.
On nae particular business bent,
In musing mood aroun' I went,
Unmindful 'twas near twal' o'clock,
An oor when a' douce, decent folk
Should be ensconced between the sheets
Instead o' roamin' roun' the streets.

At length, upon a heap o' stanes
I set me down to rest my banes,
And there I heard a great confab
Between a coo and horse ca'd Bob.

The coo was of the brindle kind,
With, like the rest, a tail behind,
That hung down like a cairter's whup,
And little strength to lift it up.
The settled flies ran little risk
O' harm frae Brindle's angry whisk,
Sae weak, she would hae tumbl'd down
If auld Bob hadn't sidlet roun
An' prop't her up against a stump
With his auld hairless, fleshless rump.

"Ah, Bob," began the hide and banes,
"It's seldom your auld mate complains,
But when we tremble on our shanks,
With scarce a blade between our flanks,
And hunted roun, juist like a thief,
To tell our tale gives some relief.
When man's in want, he'll cheat or steal,
Or forge or utter, like the deil,
Or gobble till he's like to choke
On vittles paid by ither folk.

If conscience interferes, he begs,
But we puir brutes starve on oor legs.
The ither nicht, while roaming late.
I ventured thro' an open gate,
And there was cabbage, beans and peas,
And young kail growin' 'mongst the trees.
I thocht mysel' safe for a feed—
'Twas hunger, Bob, it wasn't greed.
So rare to get so good a chance,
I'd fill my belly fu' for ance.
I risk'd and enter'd in the dark,
When oot cam' someone in his sark,
And let oot such a devilish roar
(I've often heard the same before).
The stanes were fleein' thick as hail
Aroon the precincts of my tail.
I oot the gate an' up the road,
And left him swearin' oot, By God!
If e'er he'd catch me there about
He'd pound, he'd summons, fine, and shoot.
But for his threats I little cared,
I've been there since, and nothing spared.
I nibbl'd, traml'd, broke and bood,
And what I couldna' eat I pu'd.
But noo, I see, he's got the sense
To lock the gate and mend the fence. "

BOB: " Your tale is pitiful, nae doot,
And your appearance bears it oot.
I feel to see you starve and pine,
But, still, your fate's nae waur than mine.
I think on that you must agree,
And then your owner, whaur is he?"

BRINDLE:

" I have an owner, it is true,
But, Lord, my owner has nae coo,
But juist a heap o' skin an' bane
A ragman wouldna ca' his ain."

BOB: " But, when in such a woeful state,
How do you give them milk of late? "

BRINDLE:

" Oh, that's a thing you weel may ask,
For them, and me, it's nae sma' task.
When in the bail they prop me up,
And tug and squeeze to get a cup
O' something tasteless, pale and blue,
Disgracing baith them an' the coo."

BOB:

" Nae wonder, Brindle, ye're dooncast,
And sigh when thinkin' o' the past,
When you were frisky, sleek, and fat,
And browsed at will oot ower the flat.
Oh, weel I mind, when I was young,
I've often heard my praises sung
For action, symmetry, and speed,
For cant'ring, trotting, and for breed.
But noo, guid faith, my action's gane
For symmetry and speed I've nane.
Of spirit, strength, and wind bereft,
The " breed's " the only thing that's left.
And some day soon, with want opprest,
They'll search and find the breed's at rest."

BRINDLE:

" Weel, Bob, I hardly un'erstaun',
With herbage scarce oot ower the lan',
How ye exist. To me it seems
Ye maun be driven to extremes."

BOB:

“ Aye, Want soon learns us a’ the tricks
Of op’ning gates and lifting snecks.
When I’ve a chance, plain truth to tell,
I’ll clear a plot as weel’s yersel’,
Or lick a pot or pick a bane
Wi’ ony collie; and for grain,
If in a stable, shed, or cart,
Ye may depend I’ll hae my part.
And, if you’re rested, come wi’ Bob,
I’ll show you how to turn a knob,
Or draw a bolt, or shift a rail.
Wi’ skill combined we canna’ fail,
When hunger gnaws, we pu’ the wheat,
And care not wha shall pay the treat.”

So, murm’ring thanks awa’ they went,
On ither dooble mischief bent.
I raise me up and went on too,
Richt glad I was nae horse or coo.

AT HEAVEN’S GATES.

Oh, if a witty fib could get
You entrance into Heaven,
And lacking it you’d be refused
And to perdition driven;
If Major Emmerson is near—
Tho’ that is most uncertain—
Just ask the favour, an’ I’ll swear
You’ll soon be with St. Martin.

CATASTROPHES.

While trav'ling thro' this vale of tears
I've seen some awful sights—
The very recollection
Keeps me wide awake for nights.
I saw a man at work one day
Upon a factory stack,
Two hundred feet up in the air—
I could only see his back,
And while I looked he seem'd to turn
A little bit around,
And down he came—Oh, Christopher!—
In a chair—safe to the ground.

On a bridge, alone, a woman stood,
And gazed on flood and sky.
Had the world been so cruel
That she deem'd it best to die?
I rush'd like a madden'd spirit,
The fatal plunge to stay.
There was fear in my soul, but, fancy—
She smiled, and said—" *Nice day!* "

I chatted awhile with a neighbour,
Just down the street, one day,
He seem'd as sane as you or I,
But he bolted right away.
I follow'd, for I fear'd a deed
Would be enacted then,
And he took his rifle down and blew—
The dust off it again.

I saw a little girl once,
At a place away down south,
Stand tiptoe on the very edge
Of a deep, dark coalpit-mouth ;
And a sudden gust of howling wind
Came up across the flat ;
I heard one fearful scream, and then—
She shifted out of that.

My friend Demetrius Simpkinson
Look'd fearfully strange one day,
So I planted every bit of rope
And stowed his gun away.
But he took his keen-edged razor
Down from the dusty shelf ;
It was all over in a jiffy—
Demetrius shaved himself.

I heard a man sing on the stage
A song so dear to me—
“ For bonnie Annie Laurie
I would lay me down an' dee.”
One last fond look he cast around,
One lingering survey
Of his delighted audience,
And then—*he went away.*

A GRAN' NICHT WI' RAB AND TAM.

The nicht was gran' an' the whisky guid,
An' Rab was nearly fou;
An' Tam, his host an' crony dear,
Was ower the border too.

For mony a toast an' sang an' joke
Had passed between the twa,
An' ne'er a thocht had Rab that nicht
To rise an' gang awa.

At length Tam rose an' said, "Weel, Rab,
It's time to say guid-nicht;
I'll slip awa tae bed mysel',
An' ye can hae the licht.

An' when ye reach the door, ye'll see
A dizen knobs or mair,
But grup the 'middle ane,' I think
The ithers are no' there.

When thro' the gate ye'll see a lot
Of taxis in a raw,
Get in the 'first,' for a' the rest
Were never there at a'.

An' when ye're safely hame at last
An' cuddlin' doon tae rest,
Don't try tae kiss the wrang ane,
The *talking* ane's the best."

I DIDNA' KEN WHAT TO SAY.

When I was a wee thing, I mind it sae weel,
The first time I went to the schule,
The teacher cam' oot an' she said "What's your
name?"

An' I looked in her face and said "Bill."
"Bill what?" said the teacher. I said "No, not
'what' "

In a timorous kind of way;
"Well, who is your father?" the teacher said,
An' I didna' ken what to say.

The first time I took a braw lass for a walk,
We left aboot twelve o'clock,
And we didna' get back to her faither's till six,
And never a word we'd spoke.
She held oot her han' an' she said "Guid-nicht,
Be sure an' come back some day."
When I grippet her fingers, they gied me a fricht,
An' I didna' ken what to say.

I went tae the kirk wi' a nice nei'bour lass,
An' the sermon was a' aboot men,
An' I daurna' look roon for fear she micht think
The truth was affecting me then.
An' when we cam' oot the lass look'd in my face
An' speirt if I acted that way;
I stammered an' stuttered, I shivered an' shook,
I didna' ken what to say.

I once was invited oot to a big spread
That was held at the top o' the toon,
An' when I arrived and had hung up my hat,
I smiled here an' there an' sat doon.
And a young lady passed me a knife and a fork
To carve up a goose "my best way,"
But the goose skidded into the young lady's lap,
An' I didna' ken what to say.

THE FIRST MEETING OF ROBERT BURNS WITH BONNIE JEAN ARMOUR.

Ae simmer day, ower Mauchline green,
A lassie spread her claes sae clean,
Tho' mony lads had winked at Jean
 An' turned their heel;
Nane pleased the lass, till on the scene
 Cam' Rab Mosgiel.

His collie dug, sae lang his pride,
For fun had ventur'd frae his side,
An' ower the claes in circles wide
 He gambol'd roun',
Till Rab, ashamed o' Luath, cried,
 Come here, ye loon.

Hoo daur ye rin ower claes like snaw,
An' lea' your tracks upon them a',
Ye little ken what wrath may fa'
 Upon oor heids
Frae yonder lass, sae neat an' braw,
 For your misdeeds.

But Luath kent his maister weel,
Sae lang he trotted at his heel,
To kirk an' kirkn, thro' farm an' fiel',
 In sleet an' snaw;
An' were the lass as mad's the deil,
 He'd souther a'.

He'd get a hecklin', Rab jaloosed,
Sae steppin' up, a wee confused,
He beg'd that he wad be excused
 For Luath there;
He kent he wadna' be refused
 By ane sae fair.

“Hoot, toots!” quo’ Jean, “it’s nocht ava’,
Anither rinse will clean them a’,”
Says sleeky Rab, “Like wreaths o’ snaw
Ye had them laid;
I could hae clourt him, when I saw
The tricks he played.”

Quo’ Jean, “Were men tae get their licks
For a’ their capers, pranks an’ tricks,
They’d ken the wecht o’ stanes an’ sticks
That caught their heel;
Sae Luath’s frolic needna’ vex,
He likes ye weel.

Said Rab, “Ilk sna’-white sark an’ sheet
You’ve spread sae neatly at oor feet
Will a’ be weel worn, ere I meet
(Apart frae thee)
A lassie, winsome, trig an’ neat,
As fond as he.”

The laird had hoos’d the yellow grain
Ere Rab cam’ thro’ the toon again,
He could hae chose the narrow lane
That skirts the “green”;
But na, the plooman bard was fain
Tae meet wi’ Jean.

Weel pleased, he spied the maiden there,
Sae neat an’ clean, as fresh an’ fair
As ony flo’er doon by the Ayr
Or Ballochmyle;
Enraptured wi’ her beauty rare,
He stood awhile.

An' seein' Rab, "Gude-day," said Jean,
"Ye've found the road back tae the green,
I dinna doot but that ye've seen,
Tae please your e'e,
A lassie, winsome, trig an' clean,
As fond as he."

Of a' the airts the win' can blaw,
I lo'e the west aboon them a',
For there a lassie leeves, sae braw,
Sae neat an' clean;
Tae me, the sweetest e'er I saw,
They ca' her Jean.

There's no a flo'er blooms ower the lea,
Or dewdrop sparkles tae the e'e,
Or birdie warbles on a tree,
Or hillock green,
But aye my fancy turns to thee,
Sweet, lovely Jean.

ADIEU, FOND FRIENDS.

[When bidding good-bye to a circle of true-hearted friends in Sydenham, Christchurch, I left the following lines.—H. S.]

Adieu, fond friends. In my western home
Where Inangahua flows,
And the fern trees wave 'mongst the lofty pines,
And the stately cedar grows,
Where the bellbird wakes the early morn,
And the green bush fair to see,
There, ever there, morn, noon and night,
I will think and dream of thee.

TO A LOG BY THE WAYSIDE.

*Often the resting place of the youth and beauty of
Ahaura.*

Rough relic of the past—couldst thou but speak,
What tales of love and pleasure might be told—
Of blushes mantling o'er the maiden's cheek,
When vows were seal'd with gifts of virgin gold,
Of whisp'rings sweet when each to each confest.
The kindled flame, the silent hours of bliss,
The hopes that fill'd the ardent lover's breast—
The greetings, ling'rings, and the parting kiss.

Methinks I see thee in thy might and strength,
Lofty, majestic—toss thy head with pride,
Heedless of hurricane's blast, till at length
The woodman's axe laid thee down on thy side.
No stranger's eye hath seen thy youthful hour,
When but a sapling bending to the breeze,
Thou stood'st firm-rooted, defiant in thy power,
Till gold dreams brought the pale face o'er the seas.

And like the pioneer that laid thee low,
Thy day of youthful strength and power is past,
And, like him still, around thee saplings grow,
To rear their heads and share thy fate at last.
When grey-hair'd sires reflect on faded powers,
Some fleeting thoughts may bring thee back to
mind—
The pledge, the parting kiss, the blissful hours
Whiled on thy side, long scatter'd by the wind.

SCOTLAND'S BARD.

[No active steps having been taken to celebrate the anniversary of Robert Burns, the moving spirits were reminded by the following.—H.S.]

Where are the lovers of Scotland's bard,
That not an admirer's voice is heard
From the nooks of the Grey or the vales above Dick's¶
Suggesting the banquet of '96?
Has *Petrie fall'n down from his quill and his ink,
And kicking the tin, winked to all his last wink,
Or puddings and paste during holidays been
Too much for the stomachs of † Rae and ‡ McLean?
Are our members absorbed o'er the desk and the rule,
Or § Marshall and || Matheson smother'd in wool?
Has herrings and haggis, biled tatties and saut,
Sing'd sheep's heids and bannocks, minced collops and
 maut,
Soo's legs, peas an' lang kail sae fortified a',
That fed on the \$Flat, in the year that's awa'?

Assemble ye sages, 'twas Rab's last request,
A bumper ance mair to the bard that's at rest.
Let the toast and the song again ring thro' the hall
To the memory of Robin, the poet of all.

¶ Mr. Dick's hostelry at Stillwater, Grey Valley.

* Mr. J. Petrie, Editor Greymouth "Evening Star."

† Mr. W. Rae, manager of Despatch Foundry, Greymouth.

‡ Mr. D. McLean, merchant.

§ Mr. J. Marshall, Totara Flat.

|| Mr. A. Matheson, wool-dealer, Greymouth.

\$ Totara Flat.

A SPRIG O' HEATHER.

Yestreen within the lichted ha',
'Mongst friens baith kind an' true,
I sat beside a lassie fair,
Wi' een o' bonnie blue;
An' with a witching smile, between
The mirth an' fun an' feast,
The lassie pinn'd a lovely sprig
O' heather to my briest.

She spoke o' scenes faur ower the sea,
Of fairy dens an' dells,
Of sunny slopes an' shady nooks,
Adorn'd wi' sweet blue bells,
And while in hamely phrase we talk'd,
For fifty times at least,
My glances turned doon tae the sprig
She pinn'd upon my briest.

An' faur awa' to weel-kenn'd haunts,
Across the azure tide,
Our fancies, mingling, hameward sped
To moors and mosses wide,
To golden tinted mountain tops,
When Sol shone frae the east,
An' aye my een turned to the sprig
She pinn'd upon my briest.

The smile I ne'er may see, the hand
I ne'er may clasp again,
Or speak in mither tongue o' scenes
Faur ower the heaving main.
While reason guides and till—for me—
Life, love and light have ceased,
I'll think o' her wha pinn'd the sprig
O' heather to my briest.

I may forget what royal hand
The jewel'd sceptre grips,
I may forget the words of love
I've heard from soft warm lips;
But I'll remember, till I dee,
The night, the hour, the feast,
When "Lexi" pinn'd the lovely sprig
O' heather to my briest.

LINES ON RECOVERING FROM A SHORT ILLNESS.

Grim death, you thought to ply your art
In thrusting deep your quivering dart,
For want o' ready marks, more poor,
You thocht tae sweep me aff the floor;
But frien', tho' you be in your prime,
An' mony wights dang oot o' time,
Wi' various ways puir chiels tae choke,
On gallows, gibbet, rail an' rock,
Ye'll hae tae mak' a deeper thrust
Ere you can stay the doon gaun crust.

But, aiblins, ye restrained your fling
Tae hae at me anither ding
When banes are auld, an' bairns are mair,
When bluid is cauld, an' croon is bare,
Wi' spitefu' thrusts, an' vig'rous blows,
Tae force the debt which Nature owes.
I care as little for your flail,
As for a whisk o' Maggie's tail;
Some day, nae doot, I'll trade wi' you,
I'll pay the debt when it is due.

BRITISH PLUCK.

(CABLEGRAM.)

CALCUTTA, October 22, 1897.

During the fighting at Dargai a piper named Findlater* belonging to the Gordon Highlanders, was shot through both legs, but despite his wounds he sat and played the "Cock o' the North" on the bagpipes, amidst a hail of bullets.

(TELEGRAM.)

GREYMOUTH, October 23.

Send us a sonnet.—PETRIE, Editor, "Star."

I sent the following, October 24 :—

Long may the pibroch awake the Highland glen
And warm the blood of Scottish Highlandmen ;
Fill clans with pride and British foes with fear,
When bonnets wave and kilted Scots are near.
By deeds like this our victories are gain'd,
And freedom, right, and liberty retain'd.
Bazouk and Turk may fear the blast again
Of Highland pibroch sounding o'er the plain.
On Alma's height the stern command rang clear :
"We'll hae nane but Hielan' bonnets here !"*

Blow on, thou fearless chief, with might and main,
And lead the wild, impetuous rush again ;
Awake the Indies with the pibroch's blast,
That brings anew the vict'ries of the past.

* Colin Campbell at Alma.

JACK THE FIDDLER.

Did I know Jack? Yes, mate, I knew him well,
We worked a share each in the "William Tell."
I knew his daughter, now a merchant's wife,
She saved her father Jack the Fiddler's life.
'Twas in a mining township on the Coast,
The local talent reckon'd they were lost
For want of someone with a master-hand
To time a chorus or to lead a band.
We'd lots of singers in the camps around—
A better voice than Mac's could scarce be found,
Like some deep-toned bell—touching, soft and clear—
Affecting all, and some to shed a tear.
McAlpine's comic kept us in a roar,
And Doolan's jig shook Tom the Packer's floor,
And Painter Pete and one-eyed Cockney Jones
Could rattle well the tambourine and bones.
Of lady singers, too, there was no lack,
We'd Smiling Fan, who lived up Whisky Track,
And Kate, the barmaid in the "Diggers' Arms,"
Had singing added to her other charms,
And Alice, housemaid in the "Royal Heart,"
'Twas said in comedy play'd well her part.
But, 'mongst them all, none seem'd to have the knack
To lead a crew, till on the scene came Jack.
He bought a share, for fifty, from Black Bill,
And built a hut on top o' Storman's Hill.
He set to work, and ere a month went past
"Glee clubs" and "classes" were improving fast.
To crown the lot, he wav'd the magic wand,
With pride, before a young, well-chosen band.
And pleasure lit up Jack the Fiddler's face
When notes were true to time and tune and place.
Music and his daughter were Jack's sole delight.
How oft, when by his camp-fire, burning bright,

I've heard him, with all signs of truth, to say
That music's power could turn death's stroke away,
Depending all on touch and grace and style,
Jack's daughter, list'ning by the fire the while.
So time went on. The youthful band played well.
Each play'd his part, each eager to excel.
The town felt proud. But in a year or so
Some fell disease laid Jack the Fiddler low.
We sought the first and best physician's skill,
But saw, with grief, poor Jack was sinking still.
One evening we had gathered with abated breath
Around his couch, to wait the stroke of death,
The doctor stood amongst us, looking on
The face of Jack, and said, "All hope is gone."
"Nay," Jack's daughter cried, "although *your* art is
past,
His shall fan the flick'ring spark at last."
And like a spirit, round the camps she sped,
And called the bandsmen—some came from their bed—
And stood in silence while down from a shelf
She took some music, written by himself,
And whisper'd softly in each bandsman's ear,
"Play this—it's dad's," in tones soft, low, and clear.
And like the winds that sigh among the trees,
Or murmurings of the perfume-laden breeze,
The sweet notes came. All eyes were fix'd on Jack.
Was't true that music held his spirit back,
Some shook with fear as, starting up, he cried,
"Play on, 'tis mine?" and fell back on his side.
"Play on!" the little maiden cried, "play on!"
He lives, he looks, he moves! *Hope* is *not* gone."
He lay as dead, but by the morning light,
Tho' weak, yet Jack the Fiddler's eyes were bright.
Each day brought strength; every digger on the ground
Was pleased to hear how Jack "came round."
And the last I heard, from swaggers passing through,
Jack plays to grandsons down in Timaru.

TO THE MEMBERS OF EAST OXFORD WORKING MEN'S CLUB.

Ye social throng, who wile the winter night
With toast and chatter, wit and wisdom bright,
Who meet the stranger with a cordial grup
An' Walker's best to back the welcome up,
A chiel faur ower the snow-capt range is fain
To meet ye a' an' hae a nicht again
'Mong kindred spirits, jinglin' rim to rim,
Wi' beads like draps o' dew nigh to the brim ;
A nicht o' joys, wi' mony a toast an' sang,
Tae gi'e the warl's cares a skelp alang.

By 'Nangahua, winding to the view,
I howk an' harrow, dibble, plant, an' ploo ;
Slash bush an' bramble by the rush-bank'd creek ;
Stump, stack, an' burn till black wi' ash an' reek ;
Toil, strive an' tussle till my banes are sair,
An' back is stiffened an' my knees are bare.
But when my fancies fly to Oxford East
An' distant frien's wha meet for fun an' feast,
The gloomy looks flee aff my heated brow ;
I laugh the while I lean upon the howe,*
An' vow an' promise, ere the year is thro',
Tho' I've to sell my big fat Tamworth soo,
That has her deevil's dizzen twice a year,
Some early morn I'll train or trudge frae here
To Oxford East, thro' sunshine, sleet or snaw,
To meet wi' trusty frien's that's faur awa'.
Till then, fareweel ! May every joy be yours,
E'en tho' they haud ye to the wee short oors ;
And may each year bring sweet content at least
To every honest frien' in Oxford East.
But tho' to these this scribble is address't,
I ne'er forget the frien's in Oxford West.

*Hoe.

A SUMMER EVENING IN THE GREY VALLEY.

The summer's sun behind the range has set,
The clover blossoms are already wet
With gathering dew, the countless feathered throng
Have sought retreats, and closed their evening song.
The stars come peeping thro' the deep grey vault,
While 'midst the darkening fruit-tree shades I halt
And list, as 'twere to hear the silence speak,
Or feel the perfum'd zephyrs on my cheek.
From some lone hut, amid the distant flax,
White smoke ascends, I hear the woodman's axe.
Wearied and worn, the practised ear can know
The will and powers enfeebled by the blow,
The brightening flame, anon illumines and flares,
As he perhaps his evening meal prepares.
Alone, unknown, some passing near may ask,
Who is't that labours o'er a half-paid task?
Ah, who can tell, perhaps in some dear home
A mother wearies for that son to come,
Or hopeful maiden by the broad sea's edge
Awaits in vain his coming and his pledge.
Above the night-flies' dull, incessant hum,
The sheepdog's bark from the hillsides come.
O'er Paparoa's terraces and rocks
The shepherds muster still their scattered flocks.
Across the plains freighted with new mown hay,
Come the soft murmurings of the distant "Grey."
In the still hour I hear the ocean's roar,
And the breakers dash on the lightless shore.
Bright dewdrops to the native violets cling,
O'erhead a grey duck skims on noiseless wing,
The woodhen answers back her dusky mate,
And down the vale the morepork's croaking prate.
From branch to branch wing'd insects ceaseless fly,
Or dance above the streamlet rippling nigh.
O'er all around there hangs a sweet repose
As peaceful night her sable mantle throws.

MEMORIES.

Oh, could I live but one hour of the past,
With its raptures and thrills of delight,
The riches of kings to the rude winds I'd cast,
To be near her I loved just to-night.

To linger again 'neath the white hawthorn tree,
When its fragrance flits thro' the green vale,
Or to hear a sweet voice again whisp'ring to me
'Mongst the primroses down in the dale.

In the shades of the green nooks and shelt'ring bowers,
Where we've sat side by side oft and long,
I listen in vain in the calm, still night hours
For the sound of a footfall or song.

The leaves on the pathways no longer are stirr'd
In the gloaming by steps soft and light ;
No ripple of laughter or sweet song is heard
'Mongst the pines in the clear starlit night.

In my walks I look up to the star-fill'd space,
As if hoping that there I might see,
If but for a moment, a form and a face
That was all a bright world to me.

Oft mem'ry recalls the delights and the joys
Of our meetings and ling'rings till late ;
The roaming, returning, the lengthen'd convoys,
And rapturous good-byes at the gate.

TO MY PUPILS ON THE COMPLETION OF THEIR TERMS.

Adieu, my young fond friends, adieu,
We part with my heart's best wish for you,
Some I may meet, perhaps a few
 I ne'er may see;
Let fortune frown, or fate pursue,
 I'll think of thee.

When other ties of friendship bind
Your hearts to other hearts as kind,
And other voices please and find
 Responses free,
Perhaps some theme will bring to mind
 The past and me.

When from the tuneful, trembling string
Like sharp-struck bells, staccatos spring,
Or graceful rich tremolas ring,
 Thy thoughts again
May turn to him on fleeting wing
 Who taught the strain.

Around thy hearths old friends may meet
To hear old melodies played sweet,
Or new fantasias rendered neat
 And grand with grace,
Th' effects portrayed by restless feet
 And radiant face.

One last advice ere yet we part,
Pursue thy soul-affecting art,
The lengthened stroke, the upward dart,
 Play to enthral;
Improve thy powers to cheer the heart
 Of one and all.

TAM FLETCHER'S DEID.

Oh, wae's the 'oor and sad's the tale—
I bend my heid to weep and wail !
Grim daith cam' skippin' doon the vale
 An' cut the threid
O' yin sae herty an' sae hale—
 Tam Fletcher's deid !

The wale o' men, the king o' fun,
The queerest, drollest tales he spun ;
He pinch'd the " cake " an' took the " bun,"
 An' aye the lead
In every prank beneath the sun—
 Tam Fletcher's deid !

He'd dance a hornpipe or a jig
Upon a stool in fancy rig,
Curtail the squealing o' a pig,
 Dissect a creed,
Could " best " a rogue or boost a prig—
 Tam Fletcher's deid !

Oh, weep wi' me—my hert is sair
To think we'll see his face nae mair,
Or hear the witticisms rare !
 They've hapt the heid
O' him wha banish'd cark and care—
 Tam Fletcher's deid !

He gart the wheels o' life rin roun'
Wi' mony a blithesome, merry croon,
And brighten'd herts and hopes sunk doon
 In time o' need.
We'll miss the voice, the song, the soun'—
 Tam Fletcher's deid !

Nae mair he'll gabble, dance, or sing,
Or mak' the rimu ceiling ring,
Or teach wee lass to trip a fling
 Wi' grace an' speed,
Mak' time gae by on fleeting wing—
 Tam Fletcher's deid !

We'll miss his face, o' fun sae fu',
His tricks an' tales sae bright an' new.
I sadly bid my last adieu,
 But oh, take heed ;
His hert was warm, his faults were few—
 Tam Fletcher's deid !

The laughter by the ingle-side
Is heard nae mair ; he felt a pride
In cheering a' baith faur an' wide
 Wi' merry screed.
But noo he's crossed the daurk divide—
 Tam Fletcher's deid !

But stop ! Some devilish imp has charm'd
My pen. Don't be the least alarm'd,
Credulity must be disarm'd.
 Plain truth to speak,
He's rinnin' roon aboot, unharm'd,
 So dry thy cheek.

Weel up to every prank and trick,
He disappointed Brimstone Nick ;
Grim Daith slipp'd oot and cut his stick
 For other pairts ;
An' Tam remains, sleek, slim, and slick,
 The king o' herts.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

What's in a name? Perhaps there is not much
When it is Jenkins, Jones, Smith, Brown, or such
As humbly play their parts and fill the gap
Between the grave's edge and the nurse's lap.
But there are names that fill our hearts with pride,
Renown'd and cherish'd o'er the world wide :
Patriots and statesmen, honour'd and revered ;
Soldiers and sailors, trusted, tried, and fear'd ;—
Immortal names, unconquer'd in the fight
For England's homes, her beauty and her right.
Send the message forth that Nelson's on the seas,
And Frenchmen still would tremble at the knees ;
Or Raglan's bivouack'd at Alma's base,
And hordes would fear the rout of other days.
But there's a name that's heard above them all—
In every sphere, in every home and hall,
O'er all the earth, inspires and cheers by turns,
That swells our pride—the name of Robert Burns.
A charm resistless dwells within the sound,
And princes, peers, and peasants gather round
The festive board, and toast the ploughman's name,
Who climbed the steep Parnassus and to fame.
Builders leave their benches, weavers their beams,
Merchants their ledgers, and poets their dreams,
Printers their presses, directors their banks,
Captains their quadrants, and navals their ranks—
All classes assemble ; the social flame
Heaves the breast of mankind when you breathe Robin's
name.
The lover of nature, moors, woodlands, and streams,
Dark Lugar, Doon, Afton, and Ayr were his themes ;
The wild flow'rs of summer, where'er he pass'd by,
All sank in the depths of his dark, lustrous eye ;

The notes of the warblers, loud ringing and clear,
Or soft, low, and mellow, were charms to his ear.
The pith of his phrases, the sweets of his lays,
The power of his genius enthuses and sways
The chief of the rocking, the kirk, and the rant,
The scourge of hypocrisy, carping, and cant.
Through far-distant ages his fame shall be heard,
And minds be enriched by the muse of our bard.

I'VE STOPT THE PAPER.

He was highly displeased with some remark in a half-inch paragraph, so in his excitement he rushed to the publisher's office and said :

"I've stopt the paper !" "Christopher ! You've what ? "

"I've stopt the paper !" "Jerusalem ! Where's my hat ? "

And clutching it and the subscriber, too,
Enraged around the double block he flew,
Dragging him wildly thro' the print-room door,
Where lay ten thousand copies on the floor ;
Wheels flew, drums roll'd, up higher rose the pile,
And twenty workmen look'd around to smile.
"You said you stopt the paper !" "Oh, I mean——"
"Get out ! I thought you'd wrecked the whole machine,
Smash'd the concern and left me in a fix,
With thirty thousand "Stars " to go by six,
And countless newsboys hanging round for more.
You must be lunny ! See, look—here's the door ! "

LET OTHER POETS.

Let other poets tune their harps,
And sing of fabled queens,
Of fancied joys or hours of bliss
Wiled thro' romantic scenes ;
But o'er the viol's tuneful strings
I'll draw the bow again,
And sing of love beneath the pines
On fair Totara's plain.

High o'er stern Paparoa Range
Pale Luna shed her light,
While warblers closed their evening song,
And stars were shining bright.
Within the dark'ning pine-tree shades,
Kate's queenly form I prest,
And kiss'd her rosy cheek the while
Her head lay on my breast.

Kings may jewell'd sceptres hold.
And prize their regal might ;
Magnates may hold the mace with pride
Where all is gay and bright ;
But still to me the gilded mace
Or sceptre hath no charms,
Nor rank or titles, while I hold
Sweet Kate within my arms.

While thro' the vale Grey pours her floods,
And streamlets join the flow,
And Winter decks our mountain-peaks
With glist'ning caps of snow ;
While torrents dash o'er rocky cliffs
And down the steep hillside,
I'll love my winsome Kate till death
Dries up the crimson tide.

IN YON AULD FIR WOOD.

In yon auld fir wood,
In a snug, cosy beil,
Wi' her mammy an' her dad,
Lives a lassie I lo'e weel.
Tho' the wa's are bare an' auld,
Yet I dinna care a preen,
They shelter frae the cauld
My kind, true queen.

She gars the auld wood ring,
Wi' her voice sweet an' true,
I could list to hear her sing
The hale year thro'.
Her hert is a' my ain,
An' sae dear unto me,
A weary road I've gane
For a blink o' her e'e.

Oh, happy is the hour
We stray thro' the glen,
What tales o' love we pour,
True lovers only ken.
But ere the spring is seen,
Some hamely cot I'll seek,
An' set my bonnie queen
By my ain ingle-cheek.

GREY VALLEY LASSES.

Fair maidens trip Mawhera Quay,
You'd search in vain for neater ;
And Broadway* belles are fair to see—
We meet with few that's sweeter ;
But oft the fashion-loving fair
Are types of social classes ;
For winning hearts, none can com. are
With plump Grey Valley lasses.

There's lovely, witching blue-eyed maids
In Ross and Hokitika,
And fairy nymphs in Buller glades—
Fair flowers from Cork and Reekie!†
But oft too proud for worth to catch
They dote on dude-like asses ;
By North or South there's none can match
The true Grey Valley lasses.

When to the strains of music sweet
The fair were pirouetting
In rustling silks and trimmings neat,
Advancing and possetting,
I've watched the finger-tips' cold touch,
The elite's slights and passes,
And thanked the Lord we had none such
Among Grey Valley lasses.

Free as the winds that sweep the plain,
True as the bright sun's motion ;
Trusting the ardent, faithful swain,
Clinging with warm devotion ;
Strangers to artful wiles and ways
Known to the graded masses,
Sway'd by the heart's warm, gen'rous traits,
Are sweet Grey Valley lasses.

* Reefton.

† Edinburgh.

COMMITTED TO THE BASKET.

Nay, it cannot be ! I spurn the very thought
That dares suggest the thing to me unsought !
Those sublime words and sentences cannot

Have been thrown in the basket !

Hath not the numerous learn'd friends of mine
Declared there's genius great in every line ?

The "Advocate's" chief would ne'er consign

Those sentiments to the basket !

But why delay the print ? Ah, there's the rub !

Perhaps the staff's been liq'ring in the pub.,

Or whipped unmercifully, sulking, dub

Them fit just for the basket.

The great originality that's shown

Shall not be lost ; all nations must look on

With admiration, e'en tho' they've gone

And thrust them in the basket.

Thus mused a fledgling poet by the creek ;

His sonnet had been posted full a week—

A glorious effort, partly French and Greek :

Rich matter (for the basket).

This was the theme : "Oh, sweet Maria, earth's fairest
rose,

How I long to kiss you beneath the nose,

Or feel the pressure of your ruby toes—

Accept this little casket.

"I weary to hold you within my coat ;

Maria, my sweetest, forget me not !"

But the cruel editor had thrown the lot

Remorseless into the basket.

Delays and disappointments wreck e'en the brave ;

The fledgling pined and found an early grave ;

And the last sign of reason, departing, he gave,

Was "Maria ! Maria ! The Basket !"

CENTENARY OF THE DEATH OF ROBERT BURNS.

One hundred years ago the soul of Robin sped,
Freed from its troubled confines, back to the realms
o'erhead ;
Then swift the Ploughman's genius around the sphere
took wing,
And the Muses mourn'd the sev'rance and silence of
their king.
Nature had lost her lover of woodland, stream, and
spate,
And the limping hare and homeless mouse had lost their
advocate ;
The rosebuds by his early walk, the hawthorn blossom
sweet,
The zephyrs flitting round the bean, the snowdrops at
his feet ;
The "modest crimson-tipped flower," the broom upon
the braes,
Had lost the Minstrel Bard of Ayr, who sang their
sweetest praise ;
The social few had lost the chief of Rocking, kirn, and
rant ;
There lay at peace the power that scourg'd hypocrisy
and cant ;
The hand was dead that penn'd his muse on Nature's
changeable moods—
Her rocks and rills, her calms and storms, her torrents,
falls, and floods.
The lustrous eyes were closed in death that, ling'ring,
loved to look
On the stately pines when tempest-tossed, and the
winding of the brook ;
That shone the fires that fill'd his breast, and flash'd
amidst the throng
When kindred spirits wiled the hour in friendship, wit,
and song ;

That gazed on Coila's plains and fells, which woke his
early muse,
And held within their liquid depths the flowers' reflected
hues.
When summer winds sigh'd thro' the trees one hundred
years ago,
The self-nam'd "poor inhabitant" was solemnly laid low.
Death's visit on the noontide blast but heralded the fame
That wreath'd his brow and gilt the Ayrshire Ploughman
Poet's name ;
And few that gather'd round the tomb, and stood with
tear-dimm'd eyes,
Could even dream what honours yet to Robin's name
would rise.
Engravers, sculptors, painters, and lithographers' skill,
And cunning arts commemorate the Poet's birth-morn
still ;
Craftsmen mould the Souter's image, clowns mimic
glorious Tam,
And the ride by Alloway Kirk is read in whare and wig-
wam ;
And monuments shall rise to view where brows'd the
untam'd herd,
And hearts of millions yet to come, by Robin's genius
stirr'd,
Sing to the gray-hair'd exile "John Anderson, my Jo,"
Or "Wullie Brew'd a Peck o' Maut," and mark his
features glow—
The forceful, homely phrases touch the heart of all and
find
Awaken'd human sympathies respond thro' all mankind.
One hundred years ago there lay in the clasp of Death
The world's peasant singer, the Bard of hill and heath,
Of moor and murm'ring river, of fields and forests green,
Of Summer's perfume-laden breeze, and Autumn's
yellow scene,

Of Winter's bitter, biting blast—its snowstorms, sleet,
and hail—
And Spring's first op'ning blossoms seen in green, wood,
dell, and vale.
No minstrel sang so sweetly of the warblers on the thorn,
Or lav'rock's song on hillock green that hail'd the
summer morn ;
Or penn'd his muse to lovely lass, or streamlet's rippling
flow,
As he whose breast lay 'neath the sod one hundred years
ago.

OH, ANCE I LO'ED A BONNY LASS.

Oh, ance I lo'ed a bonny lass,
Nae fairer flo'er could be,
But, ah, hoo little did I think
The lassie ne'er lo'ed me.
Wi' joyfu' heart I put the ring
Upon her finger sma',
An' happy as the morning bird,
I led my bride awa'.

I took her tae a plenished ha',
Tae wealth, an' riches rare,
Tae ilka wish o' heart an' min',
But love ne'er entered there.
Nae mortal kens the hidden grief
That lies within my breast,
While slowly doon the sun o' life
Is sinking in the west.

HAIL, HAIL, ZEALANDIA.

I have wander'd o'er the prairies,
And the plains of other lands,
Trod the paths by mighty rivers,
Roam'd o'er distant foreign strands;
But my heart was in New Zealand,
Where the rata blossom grows,
And the mountain lilies nod with pride,
Amongst the alpine snows.

Then hail, hail, Zealandia,
The motto aye must be—
Zealandia for ever,
Zealandia for me!

'Tis the land of lakes and mountains,
Fields and forests green and fair,
FronDED ferns and lofty rimus,
Beauty's home is everywhere;
The holly and the mistletoe
The hills and vales adorn,
And the songbirds in the woodland
Wake the early summer morn.

Then hail, hail, Zealandia,
The motto aye must be—
Zealandia for ever,
Zealandia for me!

COLONIAL PREMIERS.

Proclaim it from your housetops, and write it in your books,

Colonial Premiers hung their hats on English nobles' hooks ;

The fetes and lionising were something to remem—
E'en Gladstone ceas'd his chopping and spoke a word to them.

The cable man assures us they were feasted to the nine
With frozen Romney Marshes and best Victorian wine ;
Queen cakes and princess sponges, royal rolls and crimp rusks too,

And, tho' the cable's silent, a fair modicum of *dew*.

The Queen's maids boiled the billy, King Richard cried
Coo-ee !

And the Premiers, proud as peacocks, brought their mugs and had some tea.

The Maoriland contingent were delighted when the Queen

Examin'd them *minutely*, and not a fault was seen.

The cable man's an able man, but, take my quiet tip,
We'll hear the news : he died at last with "Premiers "
on his lip.

Unceasing and assiduous. he fill'd our anxious ears
With items such as : Lord Muckhigh shook hands with
the Premiers ;

The Premiers were cheer'd to-day ; the Premiers took tea
Among the roses with the Duke and Duchess of Seemee ;

The Premiers were entertain'd by Admiral Seafar ;

The Premiers took great interest in an English man-of-war ;

The Premiers this, the Premiers that ;—says Mr. Coates,*
"Bedad,

There's only two things for it : Close your earholes or
go mad ! "

*The late Mr. Coates, Merchant, Greymouth.

SEQUEL.

"You're joking, Mick!" "Good faith, I'm not; it's
gospel truth I've said,
The cable's smashed and, what is worse, the cable man
is dead;
He held out till this morning; went off as in a dream,
With some soft whisp'rings on his lips that sounded like
"The Prem."
And so he's dead. I knew it. Why, anyone might know
No mortal could withstand the strain and live—I told
you so!

I NEVER DREAMT.

I never dreamt the vows would e'er be broken
That I have listened to, nor would believe
That all the seeming truthful love-words spoken
Were basely false, and meant but to deceive.

I never dreamt that some who spoke so kindly
When grief sat plain upon my troubled brow,
Would ever slander or defame, and blindly
Trusted, deeply, fully, where I cannot now.

I never dreamt the hand I've grasped and shaken
With all the fervency of friendship's glow
On some frail creature by her kin forsaken,
Would ever deal a coward's treach'rous blow.

I never dreamt that some who talk'd of heaven,
Hereafter, Satan, and the world's sin,
For self, and self alone, have striven
With pious show and shrivelling soul within.

FECHTIN' AWA.

There's an auld Scottish saying that sometimes we
hear

When we meet wi' a frien' or a nei'bour an' speir—
Hoo's the wife, hoo's the bairns, hoo is Jock, or hoo's
a'?

An' the answer will maistly be: "Fechtin' awa."

When I met Tam McDougal last Can'lemas Fair,
An' speirt hoo was Susie an' Sandy McNair,
An' Duncan McAlpine, an' Jenny McGraw?
He look't up, an' smilin', said: "Fechtin' awa."

The minister's wife took a notion one day
To visit a young marriet couple named Gray.
When she reach'd their neat cottage wi' everything
braw,
An' speirt for them baith, they said: "Fechtin' awa."

Noo there's truth in this auld Scottish saying, nae
doot,
For in keepin' life in, many knock it clean oot;
An' the rich an' the great, an' the titled an' a',
Are each in their own way just "fechtin' awa."

Tho' some may be dress'd in the fashions that's rife,
An' seem to have a' the successes o' life,
Their pooch may be light, an' their stockin' gey sma',
An' see them at hame—They're juist "fechtin' awa."

Could we see for an instant the hearts of a crood,
Some grief might be great tho' the laugh may be lood,
An' the glory an' grandeur of palace an' ha'
Disna' alter the fact of some "fechtin' awa."

Noo whither you read this or listen tae me,
An' still hae your doots, disna' maitter a flea;
Like an auld frien' I tell it again tae ye a',
You're like me, I'm like you—We're juist "fechtin'
awa."

ROBERT BURNS.

Faur ower the seas, by the clear winding Doon,
Stands a cottage wi' walls snowy white;
'Twas there, when the Jan'war winds blew lood an' cauld,
That the plooman bard first saw the light.
The auld gossip keek't at the lines in his loof,
An' she spoke o' the pride that we'd hae
In his name and his fame an' the place o' his birth
Ower a' the wide warl' some day.

And where is the spot that has heard not the songs
That he croon'd by sweet Afton an' Ayr?
Or heard not the famed "Cotter's Saturday Night,"
Or Tam's midnight ride ower the mair?
We sing o' his Mary, his Nannie an' Jean,
In his sangs and his sonnets sae fine;
We join han' in han', when the lark's in the lift,
In the deathless refrain "Auld Lang Syne."

And monuments rise where the dark-skin'd have trod,
To his honour and mem'ry and fame;
"The Bruce's Address to his Scots by the Burn,"
As of yore, still inspire and inflame.
Monarchs may abdicate, kings be dethron'd,
Empires may totter an' fa',
But the name o' the plooman shall ever be heard
While a Scot has his back tae the wa'.

I WISH I COULD SEE THEM TO-NIGHT.

When we meet on the level from east to the west,
With "brothers," just, true, and upright,
I miss friends and faces of those I lov'd best,
And I wish I could see them to-night.

I miss the loud laugh, the old story and song,
The mirth and the smiles of delight
Of the happy souls left us who've drifted along,
And I wish I could see them to-night.

In fancy I still feel the old deacon's hand
Who brought me from darkness to light,
Tho' he rests from his toil in a far better land,
I wish I could see him to-night.

How often I've listened to brothers grown old
To the work in our Lodge, neat and bright,
Whose voices are hush'd, and whose hearts have
grown cold—
And I wish I could see them to-night.

When we work well and long, and all faces look kind,
And true hearts still lead to the right,
Of those sleeping or drifting they often remind,
And I wish I could see them to-night.

The happy hours spent oft to mem'ry returns,
Tho' the faces have passed from our sight
Of the friends oft assembled in Lodge Robert Burns,
And I wish I could see them to-night.

BELGIAN SOLDIERS' SONG.

During the siege of Liege by the German forces, a cablegram was received in England stating that the Belgian mothers soothed their terrified children by telling them that "*The English will soon be here.*"—
H. S.

Send the message through Belgium to mothers who
grieve,
To our maidens and children who fear
The tyrant's approaching hordes, say, we believe,
"The English will soon be here."

Then rally, brave lads, there is work to be done,
For the Kaiser says vict'ry is near;
But we care not a rap for the roar of a gun,
"The English will soon be here."

Hold the forts, point the guns at our foes while you've
breath
Left to hiss out defiance and cheer;
Fight on, yes, fight on, we will dare them and death,
"The English will soon be here."

Man to man, one to one, not a Belgian then
Bombs, bullets and shrapnel would fear,
We'd face them and fight them, tho' one to their ten,
"The English will soon be here."

Should we fall by outnumb'ring, butchering hordes,
A time of dread reckoning's near,
And dire retribution awaits the Hun lords—
"The English will soon be here."

Then ready lads, steady lads, fight on, yes, fight
For our homes and our children dear;
Hold the forts, cleave the ranks of the tyrant's might,
"The English will soon be here."

BEHAVE YERSEL', TAMMIE.

I mind when my Grannie was feeble an' gray,
An' I was a callan, juist gaun tae the skule,
If I did something wrang, she was aye sure tae say,
"Behave yersel', Tammie, and don't be a fule." *

An' mony a thrashin' the teacher gied me,
But my Scotch bonnet saved me a lot o' the gril.
When the boys took me hame my mither could see
When she looked at my face that I wasna' a fule.

I coortit a lassie ca'd Katie McCrae,
As sweet as the daisies that spangl'd the hill;
When I kittled her under the chin she would say,
"Behave yersel', Tammie, and don't be a fule."

I went to a weddin, dress't oot, juist like this,
We were a' friens an' nei'bors, an' happy, but still
The bride said to me when I stole the first kiss,
"Behave yersel', Tammie, and don't be a fule."

I was asked to the christ'ning, when we a' had a sup,
The minister said "Haud the bairn, if you will,"
But its mither remarked when I held it feet up,
"Behave yersel', Tammie, and don't be a fule."

I gaed to a dance near the auld Brig o' Doon,
I was sober's a judge that had only a gill;
But the lassies a' cried when I whirl't them roon,
"Behave yersel', Tammie, and don't be a fule."

Weel, I marriet the brawest wee lass in a' Fyfe,
An' we settled doon snug at the foot o' a hill,
An' often since then I have heard frae the wife,
"Behave yersel', Tammie, and don't be a fule."

* Pronounced fill, meaning fool.

ASINUS BRAYS FROM HIS DUST-STREWN DEN.

REPLY TO COMMENTS BY THE EDITOR OF THE "WEST
COAST TIMES" ON BURNS' ANNIVERSARY, 1897.

Asinus brays from his dust-strewn den,
Venting his rising bile, and when
It reeks on his rag men smile again
 At L. N.'s sneer.
When honest hearts from hill and glen
 Assembled here*

To honour his name—the Bard of Ayr—
With loyal toast and Scottish fare
Savoury, steaming, rich and rare,
 That ne'er made fool
So great as L. N. on his chair
 Or sanctum's stool.

Between the lines we see the spite
That governs the sarcastic wight,
Jealous of joys that wiled the night
 In friendship's grip ;
Sneering, while waters trickled right
 From tooth and lip.

I weep that his bowels have yearn'd in vain
For a sumptuous feast with the social train ;
Regret spleen and spite should e'er obtain
 Such grasp of soul.
But, hark thee ! 'tis pure conceit again
 That rules the whole.

* Greymouth.

THE YOUTH, SOLDIER, AND VETERAN.

YOUTH.

Yes, mother, I must go, the Empire calls
For men to guard our liberty and right.
No British son should shirk his duty now,
For King and country, home and you, I'll fight.
And o'er the seas with other lads as brave
He sailed to face the Bulgars, Turks and Huns,
And lead his comrades o'er the fields of France,
Amidst the din of bombs, grenades and guns.

THE SOLDIER.

Fearless and bold, from trench to trench he rush'd,
Play'd a soldier's part, aye, and play'd it well,
Till a sniper's eye saw his manly form—
For a moment he stood, then reel'd and fell;
And the Red Cross found him alone that night—
Not dead, though a bullet lodged near his brain.
In a French bush home a fair English lass
Nursed him back to life and to war again.

THE VETERAN.

By a bright log fire an old man sat,
Telling of deeds in the Great World War;
And his son looking up, said "Dad, were you there?
And how did you get that long blue scar?"
"I was there, my lad, thank God, I was there,
In the firing line with the brave and free,
Till we conquer'd the Bulgars, Huns and Turks;
'Twas a sniper's work made the scar you see,
But I'm proud of it, lad, and proud I fought
For honour and liberty, beauty and home,
And proud of the peace Allied might assures
To the world's hearths throughout years to come."

FROM DIFFERENT VIEWPOINTS.

I sat by my window and looked out awhile
On a calm summer scene, deep in thought,
And putting my pen to a little pink page,
I halted a moment, then wrote:
The lass that is pure, that is tender and sweet
As the blossom on yon apple tree,
Tho' she hasn't a penny in all the world,
Is the lass that will do for me.

The door opened, just wide enough to admit
My sweetheart with soft, silent tread,
And taking my pen and the little pink page,
She wrote underneath. Then she read:
The man that is true, that is honest and straight
As the fall of the fruit from yon tree,
Tho' he hasn't a dime for to clink on a plate,
Is the man that will do for me.

Then Mary, the housemaid, came, and she laugh'd
When she read. Then she said: What fools;
Do you think that the apple tree standing out there
Grows carriages, carpets, and stools?
The bud may be tender, the red blossom sweet,
And the fall may be straight from the tree,
But the man that can show me a million or two,
Is the man that will do for *me*.

SLEEP ON, SWEET CHILD.

Sleep on, sweet child, for in thy sleep of death
Thy pain is past, and now you calmly rest.
This world's troubles ended with thy breath,
Thy gentle spirit flits for ever with the blest.

HARRY THE HERO.

On a field somewhere in Flanders
Two British soldiers lay,
Wounded and faint and bleeding,
At the close of an April day;
And Harry the Hero said, "Tommy,
You know our old home in the dell,
When they carry you back to England,
Tell them how fighting I fell.

"There was five of the Huns up against me,
But soon there were only four,
And they rush'd to a hollow for safety,
And waited a second or more,
Then they levelled their rifles together,
And a bullet went through my right knee,
But I fired; when I counted their heads, lad,
I saw there were only three.

"With curses they leap'd from their shelter,
But the foremost fell backward again;
Two Huns yet to tackle was stiff, lad,
But I'd face them, yes, tho' they were ten;
On they came, bent on ending the struggle,
But the fourth bit the ground like the rest,
And I stood like a lion at bay, lad,
With a bullet sunk deep in my chest.

"I saw, when you hurried to help me,
Your wounds were both sore and severe,
But I smiled when you level'd your rifle,
And ended the Hunite's career.
Poor Dad will be grieved at the story,
But proud when you tell how I fought,
And Mother, poor Mother, God bless her,
Oh, say she was never forgot.

“ Give this letter to Mary, my sweetheart,
She lives in the cot next our own,
And tell her I died a true soldier,
That lov'd her, and lov'd her alone.
I feel growing colder and colder,
There's a light streaming down from the
sky,
Lift my head just a little bit, Tommy,
That's better, good-bye, lad, good-bye.”

OSTENTATION AND CARNAGE.

Into the Euphrates maidens rush'd,
Run by the bestial Turk ;
Its depths were a haven from Moslem lust
And hell-hounds' merciless work.
The fearful shrieks drown'd the fervent prayers
From the waters rising high ;
Yet England flits in holiday garb,
For a *Czar* has just pass'd by.
And France has deck'd every home and hall
On the pamper'd Russian's route.
And millions gaze as 'twere Heaven's God
That pass'd, and forget Kharput ;
Troops guard, arm'd hosts manoeuvre and charge
With the shamming semblance of war,
And our fleets fly pennons and flags aloft
To please the eye of a *Czar*.
And this while hearts reek on Kharput's plain,
Torn from each Christian's breast,
And maidens seek the deep Euphrates
For a haven of peace and rest.

BUYING A POODLE.

Pater went into the city,
Told his wife he was going to buy
A little white poodle for baby
To play with, but looked very sly;
So he went, and the evening was glorious
With sing-song, a speech, and a "sup,"
But somehow, as might be expected,
The poodleman never turned up.

The light of the moon was a blessing
When pater got home about "one,"
Thinking of all the bright stories,
The laughter, the singing, and fun;
But he didn't want mater to hear him,
So he slipp'd in as quiet as a mouse,
He thought that Matilda was sleeping,
And everyone else in the house.

When taking his boots off he listen'd,
And a voice came from somewhere in bed,
"What are you doing there, George, dear?"
"I'm rocking the cradle," he said.
"Rocking the cradle?" "Yes, rocking;
Since ten o'clock baby has cried."
"What are you giving us, Georgie?"
The baby's in bed by my side."

ENGLAND.

Tell it by your hearths, ye gray-hair'd sires,
To sons imbued with patriotic fires.
We fear no threats that flash along the wires—
“Come one, come all !” said England.

Tell it to our maidens, to wives and children dear ;
We have the men and might to guard them safely here.
The old-time pluck is with us ; all answer'd with a cheer
When “We're ready !” was the message sent
thro' England.

When the Russians mobilise, let them think how fast
they ran
Down Alma's sides when follow'd by the fearless High-
land clan ;
Tho' the Powers improve their navies, new warships
build and man,
“We dare the strongest two !” said England.

The first to grant our sympathy to all
When right's usurp'd, the first to clear the wall ;
Hearts leap, breasts heave at Home and duty's call—
One pulse beats thro' all England.

Youth seeks the triumphs the vet'ran's hand hath
gain'd ;
Veterans, fresh victories, akin to those attain'd ;
One aim spurs on the tried and the untrain'd—
The fame and honour of Old England.

IN MEMORY OF TEDDY.

He was only a dog,
But I loved him well,
And he loved me, too,
For I could tell
By his kindly looks
And winning ways
He lov'd to merit
Our words of praise.
No monument marks
His resting place,
But death, death alone
Can e'er efface
The remembrance from
My heart and mind
Of Teddy the faithful,
Teddy the kind.

R.I.P.

HEAVEN WILL HEAVEN NO LONGER BE.

Heaven will heaven no longer be
If Watty I. is there,
He'll never be content until
They put him in the "chair."
E'en then his dearest wish will be
Unsatisfied as yet,
Nor till he's put high heaven full
Ten thousand pounds in debt.

WHEN THE THISTLE NODS PROUDLY TO ME.

The sun had gane doon ower the sna'-cover'd hills,
And the clouds of gold gilt sea and shore,
The dew clung like diamonds to ilka green blade,
When I passed by an auld cottage door;
And I heard a man sing by the hamely fire en',
And I long for to hear him again,
I listen'd wi' pride 'neath the elm tree outside,
And this was the pleasing refrain:

The Rose of old England may just be as dear,
Or the Shamrock of Ireland to thee,
But my hert fills wi' pride when I roam the hillside,
And the thistle nods proudly tae me.

Tho' faur frae my hame in the bonnie green glen,
An' the scenes o' my youth aye sae dear,
There comes in the springtime across the deep tide,
The song of the lark, loud an' clear;
I can see the sweet daisies that spangl'd the hill,
An' the burnie that rins thro' the glen,
An' I long once again for to hear the refrain
That was sung by the hamely fire en'.

CHORUS—The Rose, etc.

LINES.

[Written in Miss Mabel Merton's autograph book.]

If all the gold in Oxford's banks
Were laid upon the table,
And I to choose, I'd say, "No thanks,
I'd rather far have 'Mabel.'"

IN SUNNY OCHILTREE.

Yestreen I heard a lassie sing
A sang sae soft an' sweet,
My heart was loupin' in my breist,
I thocht 'twould mak' me greet;
The sang was "Bonnie Jeanie Gray,"
Ane aye sae dear tae me,
For I heard it sung at hame langsyne,
In sunny Ochiltree.

The singer was a maiden fair,
Wi' een o' bonnie blue,
Her locks light broon, wi' golden tint,
An' sna'-white was her broo;
An' tho' I've wandered faur an' wide
O'er lands across the sea,
I ne'er forgot the voice that thrill'd
In sunny Ochiltree.

The faither's pride, the mither's love
Was manifest tae a',
A smile lit up each kindly face
At ilka rise an' fa';
The stars that shine, the birds that sing,
The flo'ers that deck the lea,
Aye mind me o' the singer sweet
In sunny Ochiltree.

What is't I wadna' gie tae hear
The singer sing again
Within the same auld cottage wa's
Sae faur across the main?
But the voice is hush'd, reflection brings
A teardrop tae my e'e,
She sleeps within the auld kirkyaird
In sunny Ochiltree.

INANGAHUA GOLDFIELDS JUBILEE.

Gather, Chieftains, gather,
From the land of purple heather,
The Shamrock and the bonny blooming rose;
With a Coaster's grip we'll greet you,
And a thousand welcomes meet you
On the banks where swift Inangahua flows.

From your creeks and camps and gullies,
Come on, Harrys, Jacks, and Wullies,
Give the world's care and toil a brief respite;
Tho' your locks are thin and hoary,
'Tis the bloom of early glory,
Early manhood, early vigour, will and might.

With the old-time fire and feeling,
Tell of fortune's varied dealing,
The strokes of luck, or knocks of chance or fate;
If the prospects have been cheering,
Or the "face" well worth the clearing,
And the dam filled up and flowing thro' the gate.

Tell of early pioneering,
Tramping, camping, climbing, clearing,
Crossing torrents with the bluey held on high;
Of the sluicing, panning, sinking,
Wild hilarity and drinking,
Sport and spending in the days now long gone by.

When you picked the blue clay bottom
For big specimens, and got 'em,
Stow'd them with the pile you planted in the ground,
Or strolled to the Casino,
Where the little flirt Christina
Took the lot to liquidate the shout all round.

When in red Crimean shirting,
Sash and moles you went a-flirting,
Nugget pins and pendants, taking to the eye,
When your dancing pumps were heavy,
And their nail-heads struck a levy
On the flooring that had scarcely time to dry.

When the fiddlers on the table
Played as long as they were able
To maintain an even balance to the view;
And the M.C. took an outing,
When the Sydney girl was shouting
For the stoney-brokes, as often she would do.

We anticipate the telling
Of the scarfing and the felling
Of the Matais and the giant Rimu pine,
The stumping of a section
For a shanty's swift erection,
The op'ning and the flow of beer and wine.

Where the pigeons bask'd on Monday,
There a shanty stood by Sunday,
No 42nd clause was rampant then;
The thought of such intention
Had a deadly risk to mention,
For the shammy strings were scarcely drawn till
ten.

The weather-boarded lock-up
Where they put unruly folk up
Had a hole in't to admit the morning sun;
'Twas a lucky thing for plenty,
For although they numbered twenty,
The accommodation suited only one.

Hard labour meant the splitting
Of the firewood, and the sitting
With the Sergeant till he told them they could go,
Gave them "sugar" for a "shandy,"
Or a broad three-fingered brandy,
And the casuals smiled, but never answered "no."

But, stop, I must not prate on
Or go at such a rate on
The darings and the doings of the free;
Some abler scribe may tell us
Of the hardy, handy fellows,
At Inangahua Goldfields Jubilee.

BONNIE LASSIE.

Meet me, bonnie lassie, meet me,
When the moon peeps o'er the hill,
I'll be list'ning for thy footsteps
In the meadow by the mill,
Waiting, as I've waited often,
For thy coming in the lane,
There in ecstacies to greet you,
Press you to my heart again.

Come, yes, come, I long to wander
Thro' the shadows with you near,
Whisper words of love and fondness
In the starlight, bright and clear,
Where the scented hawthorn's standing
By the ever rippling rill,
There I'll meet you, bonnie lassie,
When the moon peeps o'er the hill.

MRS. TODD DISNA' FASH HER HEID.

When you hear some people talk about
The ways of ither folk,
An' tell what Geordie said to Jean
Or Jennie did to Jock,
Or whisper secrets in your lug
That have nae truth indeed,
Tak' little notice o' their clash,
An' dinna fash your heid.

The ither nicht when oot I met
Oor nei'bour Mrs. Bell,
I wasna' in a hurry hame,
Till she began to tell
Some awfu' stories, fibs, nae doot,
Aboot auld Grannie Reid.
I said "guid-nicht," an' turn'd awa,
I couldna' fash ma heid.

The minister last Sunday spoke
Of Noah getting fu',
Of David dancing on a hoose,
An' Adam's doings, too.
To tell us sic-like things again
I think he'd little need;
I just look'd oot the window,
For I couldna' fash ma heid.

An' sometimes in the papers
There's the great surprisin' truth—
Some lordling had a headache,
Or his baby cut a tooth,
Some duchess changed her milliner,
Some silly fool his creed—
Wi' a' this stuff an' nonsense,
I canna fash ma heid.

Oor glib-tongued politicians
On the platform an' the flair,
Mak' promises tae get us—
A' we want an' muckle mair,
Big reductions, great constructions,
Less hard work an' cheaper breid—
I've heard a' this sae often, that
I canna fash ma heid.

An' Socialists try to mak' us
Cut oor last pound up in ten,
An' share it roon in florins
Tae as many lazy men;
I ken nane should be hungry,
An' nane should haud wi' greed,
But wi' their daft-like notions
I canna fash ma heid.

Some talk aboot invasion
As a probable event,
Of yellow danger looming,
And of foreign armament;
But we've got the men an' muscle,
Warships, airships, pluck an' speed
To face them, fight an' chase them,
So I dinna fash ma heid.

EPITAPH—ANTICIPATE.

Earth'd up, here lies a mean louse-skinning screw
Who'd rob a saint, and cheat the devil too.
Death stopped his lies, and Hornie flew from hell,
And grab'd the villain's curs't soul ere he fell.

WHAT WOULD YOU DO WITH THE KAISER?

What would you do with the Kaiser, Frank?

I'd crush the vile beast with an armoured tank,
Bare his neck for a block set on fair Calais green,
And smile at the fall of a sharp guillotine.

That's what I'd do with the Kaiser.

What would you do with the Kaiser, Pat?

Be gobs, it's not aisy to tell ye that,
It's little respect that I have for the baiste,
But of all he has done, shure, I'd give him a taste.

That's what I'd do with the Kaiser.

What would you do with the Kaiser, Scot?

I'd strip the black de'il on some sna'-cover'd spot,
I'd feed him on parritch, a spoonfu' each day,
Mak' his bed wi' Scotch thistles, they're brawer
than hay.

That's what I'd do with the Kaiser.

What would you do with the Kaiser, Don?

One great speculation I'd quickly take on,
I'd travel de world, north, south, west and east,
And charge all von guinea to see de king beast.

That's what I'd do with the Kaiser.

What would you do with the Kaiser, Sam?

I'd fatten him up on the string of a ham,
And just for to prove how desirous to please,
I'd give him a taste of his factory grease.

That's what I'd do with the Kaiser.

What would you do with the Kaiser, Maid?

A life for a life would be just, she said,
What the murderer did to my poor brother Jack,
Who fought for his country and never came back.

That's what I'd do with the Kaiser.

What would you do with the Kaiser, Lad?
I'd leave him alone to go raving mad
On an anchored derelict submarine,
Shun'd by humanity, dying unseen.
That's what I'd do with the Kaiser.

What would you do with the Kaiser, Jack?
I'd give him an hour every day on a rack,
I'd make the vile monster sit still on a shell,
While I warmed up the nipple and blew him to
—well—
That's what I'd do with the Kaiser.

OLD HORNIE.

Old Hornie, when yon goggled prig
In Hades trips his endless jig,
Assemble your imps from north and south,
To mock the twists of the villain's mouth.
Tho' your chambers are filled with shrieks and moans,
And every nook has a soul that groans,
'Twill be joy to all by a sidelong glance,
To see the wretch on your faggots dance.
And many would stay for an age in your power,
To hear him bellow and yell for an hour.
All self, av'ricious, all cant and deceit,
From his misshapen crown to his cumbersome feet.
In granting attentions, assiduous be,
And we'll pray that all like him may journey to thee.

ANZAC.

"Come on, New Zealanders," that was the cry
Of our Lieutenant of Anzac fame,
And we leapt from the ship with unrestrained rush
To glorious deeds that gilt our island name.

"On, lads, come on," rang again and again,
As we swept o'er the beach to the foe,
Eager to battle for honour and life,
Keen to avenge our brave comrades laid low.

Fearless we sprang up the rough, rugged cliffs,
Gripping the sniping Turk back in his den,
Roused in the struggle for freedom and right,
Wrestling and heaving to spring on again.

Faces were stern and hearts steel'd to the fray,
Teeth and lips tightened, and eyes on the foe,
Brave in the fight, all the world would tell
Of our daring, and dealing a blow for a blow.

Bullets found billets that April morn
In the breasts of young heroes who fought and
fell
For humanity's sake, for our homes and hearths,
Dared the hatred of tyrants, and havoc of shell.

Onward, lads, onward, and down the steep slopes
Ran foemen in terror and wild dismay;
And honour and glory was nobly won
By the lads of New Zealand at Anzac Bay.

DONAL' McTAVISH.

Donal' McTavish lay a' but deid
In an hospital in France,
An' to see his Heilan' hills again,
It seem'd a dootful chance.
"Give him all he wants," the doctor said,
"We may as well be kind,
And a little *Scotch* will do no harm,
If Donal' feels inclined.

"I'll call again this afternoon,
Some time 'tween three and four,
No doubt to hear the sad, sad news,
That Donal' is no more."
Full twenty patients—side by side—
Lay in the ward that day;
Some talked, some smiled, some thought of home,
In a cottage far away.

The kindly nurse took Donal's hand,
And asked what she could do
To cheer him up a little bit,
And comfort him gaun throo;
And he whispered softly to her,
As his thin, pale cheek she wipes,
"That nocht could please him better than
A skirl upon the pipes."

So Piper Davidson was brought,
An' blew wi' micht an' main,
An' Donal's knees began to move,
Affected by the strain;
The piper played a reel or twa
He knew that he would like,

An' Donal's feet went up an' doon,
As if he rode a bike.
The Piper played, an' Donal' hooched,
An' gied his thooms a crack,
An' he danced the Reel o' Tulloch,
Lying flat upon his back.

The Doctor came again at four,
But couldn't understand,
For everything seem'd queer,
As if the de'il had been at hand.
"Well, how are all the patients, nurse,"
The anxious doctor said;
"Oh, Donal's up an' gaun about,
But all the rest are dead."

A COMMUNITY'S VOICE.

[Miss Sophy Williams, of Reefton (late Mrs. S. Hedgman) one of the sweetest girls that ever looked upon a flower.—H.S.]

We miss thee, Sophy; yes, for thou wert kind
In all thy ways, with all thy heart and mind;
As thou wert earnest, noble, true to all,
We shed our tears and mourn thy early call.

We miss thee, Sophy; yes, and shall for long,
For thou wert happiest 'mid the social throng,
A bright'ning spirit, loving, sweet and fair,
Where'er God's throne is, Sophy, thou art there.

WEE TRICKY TAM.

What's wee Tammy daein' noo,
Mischief, there's nae doot?
A' day lang frae morn tae nicht,
Rinnin' roun' about.
Han's an' knees an' feet an' face
As black as ony craw,
I'm fairly driven aff my heid—
I think I'll rin awa'.

An' let y'r clever faither try
A while wi' ye himsel',
My word the happy time he'd hae
The neibours a' could tell.
The grun a' roun' is fairly white
Wi' broken cups an' fletts,
The mair I threip an' flyte an' skelp,
I'm shair the waur he gets.

The keyholes o' the gairden gates
Are fu' o' saun an' mud,
Wi' swingin' by their knobs an' snecks
They a' shut wi' a thud.
He fills his faither's Sunday boots
Fu' up wi' stanes an' coals,
An' pu's them by the laces
Thro' the dirty watter holes.

I hear his faither's step ootside,
I'm gled he's hame sae soon,
I'll juist clean up an' rin awa'
This very afternoon.

Na, na, I couldna' gang awa'
An' lea' ye here tae greet,
For a' ye're countless tricks an' pranks,
Ye're mammy's weanie sweet.

* * * *

Come here, my bairn, I've listen'd
Tae y'r mither's bleth'rin' talk,
The warst o' human tricks are played
Lang after we can walk;
An' bairns are bairns, nae maitter
Whither yellow, black or broon,
An' han's were meant for mair than wark,
An' feet for rinnin' roun'.

If men are born to play a part
Ordained a million years,
Why blame the bairn for breakin' things,
Or credit what he spares.
Wee Tam may be the best some day,
A truth I'm prood tae tell,
To mak' or mend some usefu' thing
That ye ha'e broke yersel'.

Wad ye ha'e Tammie sittin' like
A stookie by the fire,
Wi' ne'er a thocht like ither bairns,
Tae toddle thro' the mire?
I kent he'd be a sly wee rogue
The very nicht he cam',
But a' the same he mak's me prood,
God bless wee tricky Tam.

MARRIED TO A SCOTCHMAN.

The day was fine, when a man that hailed
From the land of heath and heather
Trudged wearily along the road,
Not caring twopence whither;
A good tuck-in was spuds and beef,
Or bacon, broth or porridge,
The slackness of his belt was proof
That he had ample storage.

And seeing in a shelter'd spot
A cottage neat and homely,
And standing on the concrete path,
A lady, fair and comely.
Approaching her respectfully,
He said, "I beg your pardon,
Can I see the boss?" "O yes," she said,
"You'll find him in the garden."

And there he saw a man who looked
In colour rather inky,
Who, to his great astonishment,
Turned out to be a "Chinkie."
"Me welly busy now," he said,
"You go—sit at the table,
My missus give you cup of tea,
You eaty all you able."

So in he went and had a feed
Of tarts, cream horns and kisses,
And chatted for a long time with
The Chinkie's pleasant missus.
At last he said, "Weel, I'm surprised"
(He'd learn'd her name was Dinah),
"That one like you—wed one like that,
Who's all the way from China."

"Oh, that's nothing," said the woman,
"My neighbour, Mrs. Blotchman,
That lives a little further on,
Is married to a Scotchman."

HIS AUTOGRAPH.

(My friend William Rae having informed me that the young Queen of the Carnival and Jubilee celebrations, held at Greymouth, desired his autograph, to be placed in an album which had been presented to her, I composed the following for insertion.—H.S.)

Who is't that seeks my autograph ?

The fair Queen of the West ?

I have no tongue to answer nay,

Young friend, to thy request ;

And did my years but equal thine,

In youth again to live,

No scrawlings of a moment, but

The hand itself I'd give.

Thou stood'st, a Queen, amidst the fair

And honour'd of our race—

Be still a Queen, endear'd to all

For virtue, love, and grace.

And when the hand lies dead that penn'd

This autograph to thee,

Fresh to thy memory the page

May bring the past and *Me*.

WAR REFLECTIONS.

Here, by the bright embers, gleaming and glowing,
I ponder on scenes of war, havoc and strife,
Of bombs, shells and shrapnel, the blood that is flow-
ing,
Of heroes defending home, beauty and life.

The roar of the guns from the far shore seems
sounding,
Big Lizzie, the queen, talks terrific and bold;
Australians, defiant, seem leaping and bounding
Up rough rugged cliffs, gouging Turks from their
hold.

And with them New Zealanders, eager for glory,
Fearless, impetuous, rush to the foe;
In letters of gold time will tell the great story
Of daring and death, where the heroes lie low.

The hymn of the Marseillaise, ever inspiring,
Comes over the seas from the brave lads of France,
In dugout and trench, thro' the long line of firing,
The lusty throats sing in heroic advance.

But other sounds come to my ear. 'Tis the shrieking
Of babes and of maidens, tho' shrieking in vain,
The Huns do their hell-work with bayonets reeking,
And red with the blood of sweet innocence slain.

Where is the Kultur, they boast far surpasses
The dreaming of nations allied 'gainst the Just,
Can it be in lie-factories, poisonous gasses,
Transfixing of babes, desecration and lust?

Call them not brutes—'tis a slur on the many
That roam through the jungles wild seeking for
prey.

Call them not men—they have few, if they've any
That merit the name of true soldiers to-day.

Canadian heroes unflinchingly face them,
The Russian fighters and Indian braves,
Shoulder to shoulder with Tommies shall chase them
Backwards in conquer'd, demoralised waves.

They may hiss out their hatred, hold high their red
flagons,
And drink to "The Day," but the toast is in vain;
The might of the Allies shall vanquish the dragons,
And an era of world-wide brotherhood reign.

I SEE A HAND.

I see a hand, far back in Heav'n's home,
Outstretched ; it points and beckons me to come
And live for aye where all is pure as snow,
With her I lov'd, and lost long, long ago.

I hear a voice amidst the white-robed throng
Sing as of old in seeming endless song ;
Its sweetness charmed my youth and woke the love
That never died for her that sings above.

I see a form draw near to Heaven's throne,
That oft in ecstasies I've called my own,
In raptures sweet and ling'ring fondly prest
Heart to heart and love-warm breast to breast,
Till swift the Giver's claim sped from afar—
Two souls must part, one soul to cross the bar.

WHERE INANGAHUA FLOWS.

I have wander'd far over other lands
Where the skies are ever blue,
Where the palm trees grow, and the flowers are kissed
By the early falling dew,
Where the eagle soars o'er his eerie cliffs,
And the nights bring sweet repose,
But, oh! there's a spot and a cot that I love,
Where Inangahua flows.

I have stood on a foreign shore and gazed
O'er the ever restless sea,
And my fancies flew far away and brought
The old home back to me;
Where the ivy clings to the lattice porch,
Entwined with the red, red rose,
And the "titri" blooms in the valley
Where Inangahua flows.

I have list to the nightingale at eve,
To the mocking-bird at dawn,
To the chatter of gay-plumed parakeets,
E'er the sun shone o'er the lawn;
But I longed for the notes of the bellbird,
Where the birch and broadleaf grows,
And the kaka's cry in the twilight,
Where Inangahua flows.

IF E'ER THROUGH LACK.

If e'er thro' lack of succour driven
To break the laws of earth or Heaven,
Or forc'd to beg thro' shire or city,
Lord, save me from a "Pavit's Pity."

IN THE VALE WHERE I WAS BORN.

Take me back, my heart is ever
Where Inangahua flows,
To the old home by the creek-side,
Where the lofty rimu grows,
Where the summer birds awake you
From repose ere morningtide,
And the rata blossom greets you
From the rugged mountainside.

Oh, to wander by the river,
'Mongst the yellow blossoming broom,
To see the ox-eye daisies,
And the bright manuka bloom,
To roam again at twilight,
When the winds are hush'd and still,
Through the clover and the Cape flowers,
By the streamlet's side at will.

I have watched Inangahua
Pour her floods deep, broad and brown,
I have watched her in the summer
Like a streamlet rippling down;
I have sported on its bush-banks,
Stem'd its wave in childish glee,
And mem'ry brings its bends and falls
And murm'rings back to me.

I have listened to the lark's song
In the early summer morn,
To the tui on the fuschia,
And the robin on the thorn,
To the linnet and the blackbird
In their leafy shelt'ring den,
And I love to hear their love-songs
In the springtime once again.

Take me back, I'm ever longing
For to see the red, red rose
That was planted on my birthday,
Where Inangahua flows;
Take me back to see the green fields,
And the yellow waving corn,
To the old home by the creekside,
In the vale where I was born.

OLD '96 IS DEAD.

(MIDNIGHT, DECEMBER 31, 1896.)

What means this merriment at midnight hour?
Bright rockets soaring high above the tower,
Lights shine from every window in the town,
And youth and age laugh passing up and down.
Bells ring, guns rattle, music fills the air,
Cheer answers cheer, and joy seems everywhere;
Doors swing, hands clasp, and friend to friend hath sped—
. . . The clock strikes twelve—Old '96 is dead!
Forever past, yet still remember'd well—
By some for joys they may not wish to tell;
By some for bending grief and wrinkling care,
Devotion, disaffection, and despair;
By some for lov'd ones lost or aims attain'd,
For hopes fulfilled, and highest honours gain'd.
But fill my cup, and fill it to the brim,
With beads like diamonds clinging to the rim;
For with a poet's fervour I would toast:
Prosperity to all upon the Coast;
With friendship's honest grasp 'tween song and jest,
Joy to all on fair Zealandia's breast!

THE LAND THAT I LONG FOR TO SEE.

There's an auld cottage stan's by the burnside at
hame,
'Mongst the bonnie bluebells in the vale,
Whaur the daisies bespangle the steep, sunny braes,
And the bloom o' the thorn scents the gale.
'Twas there when a bairnie I sported langsyne,
Wi' my playmates in innocent glee,
Whaur the lav'rock's sang hails the first glint o' the
morn,
Is the land that I long for to see.

Chorus.

You may talk of the land where the olive tree grows,
Of the palms and the plains dear to thee,
But the land of the mountain, the fern and the flood,
Is the land that I long for to see.

I have roam'd far away from the land of my birth,
Trode the pathways 'neath alien skies,
Watch'd the red sun gang doon in the glow o' the
west,
And the gold o' the morn fill'd mine eyes.
But the land o' the heather, the burn an' the brae,
Of the hills an' the howes dear tae me,
Whaur the auld cottage stan's 'mongst the bluebells
at hame,
Is the land that I long for to see.

Chorus—You may, etc., etc.

PEACE.

Ring the bells merrily, loudly and long,
Blow your trumpets, and beat every drum,
Make the welkin ring with a mighty cheer—
A message of Peace has come.

Let your banners fly from their shiv'ring shafts,
Your pennons and flags be unfurl'd;
The might of the ruthless foe is crushed,
Bringing hope to a wounded world.

Proclaim from the housetops, the hills and the halls
The tidings to every soul,
That a new day dawns, a message of Peace
Is flying from pole to pole.

For this we have prayed, yet knowing the while
'Twas as sure as the stars of the night,
That tyrants must fall when the battle is waged
For freedom, for justice and right.

'Twas for this that our bravest and best have fought
On the shell-riven fields of France,
That they rush'd thro' the surf to Gallipoli's strand,
In fearless, resistless advance.

For this our unconquerable lads of blue
Have watch'd o'er and swept every sea,
Kept the decks cleared for action, the guns poised and
sure,
Our homes and our hearths ever free.

And but for the boys of the bulldog breed—
The fighting sons of the waves—
The millions rejoicing in heaven-born cheers
To-day would be voiceless slaves.

Let us make every lad from the front our care,
For each was his country's stay,
While we slept, they fought, dared a soldier's death
On the hillsides far away.

Then ring the bells merrily, loudly and long,
Blow your trumpets and beat every drum,
Make the welkin ring with a mighty cheer—
A message of Peace has come.

TURKISH ATROCITIES.

Borne by the breeze there come Armenian shrieks ;
The blood of a thousand hearts o'er Kharput reeks
Of butcher'd Christians, hack'd mothers, men and maids,
By bestial Turkish hordes in murd'rous raids.
Why sit the Powers in apathy and ease
When cries for help come wafted o'er the seas ?
They are our brothers ; why should we be dumb
When mangl'd Christians cry, "O England, come !"
They pray for succour ; heed despair's requests,
And stir the fires that fill'd our fathers' breasts.
They turn to *us*—let it be not in vain ;
They look across for England's val'rous train.
How oft has war, with all its strife and blood,
Been waged o'er trifles barely understood !
A king's defacement of a coin hath brought
The clash of arms, and gory havoc wrought.
But there, Armenians, helpless, hack'd, and slain
By butch'ring hordes ransacking o'er the plain.
Arise, ye Powers ! Let not the future tell
How Britons slept when poor Armenians fell.
If e'er from Heaven stern justice earthward flies,
May it be swift and stay Armenians' cries.

TO HIS HIGHNESS THE PRINCE.

[The Prince of Wales gratefully and pleasingly acknowledged receipt of the following.—H. S.]

He's coming! He's come! The Prince is here!
And the people in Mars might have heard the cheer,
And so might the man in the moon that night,
But he hadn't got over the ranges quite.
Hip, hip, hooray! and the cheers arose,
And we lengthened our necks and stood on our toes,
And there 'midst the gay decorations of green,
Stood His Highness the Prince, calm, erect and serene,
With a smile on his face, captivating and sweet,
In manner as modest as any you'd meet,
Attractive in movement, alert in his look,
And reading each face as if reading a book,
Quite unostentatious and brimful of tact,
Young, eager, and always quite matter-of-fact,
And proud of our welcome, he went as he came,
A man built by nature, a Prince just in name;
And we clasp'd his soft fingers with thrills of delight,
And smiling, and smiled on, passed into the night.

"What do I care for a Prince," said one,
"Would he lend me a fiver when this one is done?"
"Don't try," said a sailor, "he makes it a rule,
To keep well away from each silly brain'd fool."
"What I want to know is—" "I say, mate, take care,
The Prince is not near, so your style is unfair;
But I'm here, a middy, just off the 'Renown,'
With a liking for knocking insulting cads down.
The Prince is a man and a soldier, who fought
For some that were cowards and shirkers of note;
Done his bit in the trenches with Tommies and Jacks,

With Aussies and New Zee's that ne'er turned their
backs,
And give him a rope and a big bucking colt,
And he'll handle him so that he's done his last bolt,
And give him an axe and he'll soon show you how
To split up an oak or a tough knotty bough,
Or give him a loco.—your biggest—to drive
Down your steepest inclines, and you'll find him alive,
Or give him a ship and he'll sail every sea,
With the flag of the foremost, the brave and the free,
Or give him a skiff and he'll dash thro' the surf,
Or a fleet-footed nag and he'll skim o'er the turf,
Or give him the chance of a kind act to do,
And his heart's in the work, e'en tho' it were you.
That is the kind of a Prince you have met,
That is the kind of a King you will get;
A man and a democrat, born to convince
All the world we're the mightiest—God save the
Prince!"

BRITISH EMPIRE.

Challenged to write four lines on the "British Empire" in a given time (ten minutes) I wrote the following:—

Vell, I vill tell you quickly vat ish true,
Of mighty Empires dere has been a few;
But dere is von by far de best, and it ish
Undeniably ze mighty British.
Please put de crown in dis vest pocket,
'Twill buy mine Judith von new locket.

KAISER BILL.

[*At the beginning of the War, and—LATER.*]

Dis contemptible leetle army,
Vy, a sight of it vood charm me,
I could crush it mit my thumb some afternoon;
I vill chase it to de Channel,
I vill snuff it like a can'le,
Dey shall run for home before anodder moon.

It vood make me laugh quite hearty
Just to see dis leetle party
Come along to shoot mine noble militaire;
Dey vood string dem on der neetles,
Like so many yellow beetles,
And mine gas vood schoke dem quickly if dey dare.

Dose cheeky puppy bulldogs,
Dey vill leap like silly fool-frogs,
Ven dey hear mine monster guns and cannon roar;
Ven ve spring up from de trenches,
Dey vill scream just like der wenchies,
Ven dey see de leetle mouse upon de floor.

Der British fleet, by tunder,
Ven it meets mine, vill go under,
I vill sweep it off de face of every sea;
I vill blow it up and sink it,
And although you mightn't tink it,
Dey shall have no mercy from de likes o' me.

Ven dis mighty var is over,
And mine army's camped at Dover,
Dey shall have full freedom, liberty and sway;
To sit on, spit on, spurn dem,
Dey shall bayonet and burn dem,
Dat is how we'll treat de English every day.

Ven mine factory's completed,
And der carcasses are treated,
By mine scientific process for de oil;
'Twill be fuel for mine steamers,
Utilise dose labour screamers,
De residue vill help de English soil.

All dose propaganda brokers,
Strikers, and sedition croakers,
Vill be useful in annoder sort of vay;
Dey vill lubricate mine motors,
And dose agitating rotters,
Dey vill fertilise de Faderland some day.

LATER.

I tink mine calculations
Of de fighting allied nations
Was a leetle—just a leetle— bit astray;
De leetle army spurns me,
Every bully pup returns me
Shell for shell, and now mine soldiers run away.

Dose Australians—brave and civil—
Dey vood fight de very divil,
De New Zealanders vood drive him out of—Well!
Were de Austrians and Bulgarians
Like dose Bluegums and Agrarians,
All de vorld vood have anoder tale to tell.

Sometimes mine head seems reeling,
And a kind of ropey feeling
Comes around mine neck ven all is calm and still;
In de darkness ven I'm dreaming,
I can hear de children screaming,
And de cries of maidens which mine soldiers kill.

Lonely islands rise before me,
Fears of heaven and hell come o'er me,
Galling fetters seem to hold me to a rock;
Red Cross ships I've sunk seem drifting,
White forms float and seem uplifting
Hands for help, and crews draw near to hiss and
mock.

But by mine submarining
I vill have a mighty cleaning
Up of every scrap of paper dat I see;
I'll be Emperor of Europe,
And vill organise a tour-up,
On a scale befitting goot and great like me.

HYPOCRISY.

Hypocrisy went searching
For a habitation gran',
And found a ready haven,
So it entered into D—;
And ruled him morn, noon, e'en, and night,
Brain, body, heart and soul,
And prompted prayers, schemes, tricks and hopes
Of Heaven as his goal.

HUBBY AND THE COW.

I was sleeping in the front room
Of our bungalow last night,
And I had a dream, the like of which
I never had before.

Two ugly, mighty monsters seem'd
To take a great delight
In promenading up and down
The front verandah floor.

They seemed to be rhinoceros,
Or something greater still,
By the creaking of the flooring
And the thumping on the wall.

Whatever they were doing
They were doing with a will;
"Great Scot! What's that? I thought I heard
The front room chimney fall."

Little Billy woke up then and cried:
"Oh, Dada, Dada, Dad;
There's a cow's head through the window,
And it cannot get it back."

I was outside in a jiffey,
Jumping, raging, nearly mad,
And I broke the shovel handle
In a wild avenging whack.

It's the unexpected happens,
So, in this case, just instead
Of bolting down the pathway,
The old beast jumped right inside,
Smash'd the window, toss'd the table,
And got right on to the bed,
Broke all the fancy ware and things
That were the household pride.

Put a horn right thro' the mirror,
And a hoof right thro' the door,
Rush'd the cupboard, tried an exit
 Thro' the open corner press;
With furniture and flower-pots,
Why, you couldn't see the floor,
And she never gave me half a chance
 To get my pants to dress.

Just then she heard the roaring
Of her thieving mate outside,
And she leaped out thro' the op'ning
 Where the window just had been.
I followed quickly after,
Throwing boulders far and wide,
And I chased her all down Broadway,
 Making quite a lively scene.

Ran round the Phoenix Brewery,
And half-way up the Strand,
Woke the sleepers with the screaming
 Of a flock of frightened geese;
Met a "Lady" at a corner
Who didn't understand,
And she said, "Go home, ye spalpeen,
 Or I'll sind for the police."

Well, I did. And when I got there,
Goodness, gracious, what a wreck!
Some cauliflower and cabbage stumps
 Was all that could be seen,
The fences smashed, the window broke,
I wish'd it was her neck!
There was nothing left in all the plot
 That had a shade of green.

So I've pack'd up all my toggery,
And given Reefton best;
To all the roaming, thieving cows
 I say, good-bye, good-bye.
I'm off to-morrow morning
To our old home in the west.
Don't ask me to come back again—
 No, no! Not I! Not I!

NO SHANNANIKIN.

(A correspondent using the above words so tickled my fancy that the following is the result):—

Come on, now ; no shannanikin !
Fill up your pewter pannikin,
And toast the true and trusting, young and gay.
 May cankering care ne'er bend them,
 May all happiness attend them,
And joy be with them all along the way.

No shannanikin ! Sincerity
Of friendship, guilt with verity—
A word, a smile may brighten and may cheer ;
 So fill your pewter pannikin
 And drain it—no shannanikin !—
To hearts that are loving, faithful, and sincere.

TO DRAUGHTS-PLAYERS

THE FOLLOWING IS DEDICATED.

Ye social hearts, of every clime and name,
Who war in thought, whose aspirations aim
At local worth or universal fame,

Let's mourn our loss :

Death "downed" our worthy vet'ran o'er a game,
The fateful "Cross."

While the roofing shook with the surly blast
He sat by his hearth, brooding o'er the past,
And little suspecting the hour his last ;

He dreamed of yore,

When the bolt flew back, and a shadow was cast
Across the floor.

And, usher'd as if by a nation's groans,
Mingling with sighs, shrieks, yells, and moans,
A gruesome figure, in ghastly bones,

Approaching near,

Thus spoke, in hollow, sepulchral tones :

"Thy soul prepare !

"Swift as the bolt of the cloud I have sped
O'er magnate and sage, the fat and the fed,
Who quake at the sound of my name, who dread

My clammy form.

I relish a thrust at a heart, instead,

That's large and warm.

"While music and mirth filled the bright-lit hall,
And folly in fashions hung round the wall,
A maiden was there, the admired of all

The throng yestreen ;

I touched her breast and awaited the fall

That closed the scene.

“ But a chance remains for a short respite.
Spread thy board and men for a game to-night.
Rumour proclaims thee a deep, shrewd wight,
With skill and force.
‘ Traps,’ ‘ takes,’ and ‘ strokes ’ are my delight,
Without remorse.”

Then on their knees the board and men are placed,
And spiteful cunning worth and merit faced ;
No play of books—the various checks were traced
With schemes deep-laid
Watchful and keen, nor thoughtless touch or haste
Or “ slip ” was made.

Each studied long positions to attain,
Or circumvent, when from our vet’ran’s brain
A “ win ” evolved. His grim foe tried in vain
To wreck the “ plan ”—
Hedg’d in and jamm’d complete ; besides, ’twas plain
He lost a *man*.

Revenge assum’d and played another part :
Swift o’er the board there flew a hidden dart,
That pierced the core of Jim’s warm, gen’rous heart,
While none were near ;
And Death, remorseless, sped to ply his art
Around the sphere.

BURY THE HATCHET.

Bury the hatchet, yes, and lay it deep ;
From sight and mem'ry let its keen edge lie.
Is reason scrimp, that men their grudges keep,
And friends of yesterday pass coldly by ?
To me 'tis plain, and surely so to you,
That we must differ—'tis the right of all,
And leads to progress. But why bring to view
Some new-born hates when your contentions fall ?

Bury the hatchet—load your conscience not
With some revengeful scheme or base design.
The strife of noon at night is best forgot—
My grief *to-day*, *to-morrow* may be thine.
Too oft 'tis vanity averts the face,
And minds resentful gen'rous deeds forget ;
In night's sweet dreams we feel some past embrace,
In day's bright hours we meet as strangers yet.

Bury the hatchet ! The intelligence
Stored up within the chambers of your brain
Is current coin of Nature's kingdom ; hence
It follows each should give to each again.
But where the hatchet hangs besmear'd with hate,
All fond and friendly intercourse is barr'd,
And some who have befriended must await
In vain the simplest token of reward.

Bury the hatchet ! 'Tis a hateful sight
That keeps apart the truest and the best.
Hearts bleed and break tho' tongues have spoken right
In candour, argument, advice, or jest.
In friendship's grip let hands be clasp'd again,
And every hatchet buried from our view.
Let crimson cords be offer'd not in vain,
And love shall warm and laughter ring anew.

I'M FAIRLY WROCHT OOT.

"Weel, Jamie, my frien', man, what mak's ye sae glum,
Wi' ye're head hanging ower like a stack aff the plumb?
Set your heel on the grun' wi' a firmness o' foot."

"Na, na, honest Robin; I'm fairly wrocht oot."

"Twice twenty-five summers hae gane ower my head
Since frien's were assembled to wish me God-speed;
Straight, sturdy, and strong then—nae feckless galoot—
But noo I am bent, Rab, an' fairly wrocht oot.

"I've rough'd it thro' mony a gully an' swamp,
Dows'd doon for the nicht on ferns green an' damp,
Lay coil'd in my rug, for my pillow a root,
An' slept, Rab; but noo, man, I'm fairly wrocht cot.

O'er mountain an' range, over terrace and plain,
Thro' dense trackless bush I have swagg'd it alane;
Pitch'd tent on the snaw, tossed the mullock about
For the yellow stuff, Robin; but noo I'm wrocht oot.

"I've breasted the torrent nane dared to go thro';
Watch'd the rifted rocks leap from the high mountain
broo

To rest with their kindred, piled o'er, as na doot
I'll be resting soon, Robin, juist fairly wrocht oot.

"Far back in the past fond memories turn
To my hame in the glen an' the clear wimplin' burn;
To childhood and manhood, to fleetness of foot
An' firmness of limbs that's noo fairly wrocht oot.

"O'er my heather broon braes I have roam'd free at will,
Turn'd the stag in his flight o'er the whin-covered hill;
Swam the Esk, climb'd its rugged steeps sturdy an'
stoot;

But my bluid's turning cauld, Rab—I'm fairly wrocht
oot.

"If yet thro' the valley ance mair I may go,
'Twill be to the grave, to be hap't deep an' low.
I've seen my last summer's sun, birds, buds, an' fruit ;
Like a dry leaf I'll fa', Rab, juist fairly wrocht oot."

MAN'S INHUMANITY TO MAN.

(WHAT ABOUT "TO WOMAN" ?)

Suggested on reading a notice of eviction served on a
person struggling for an honest existence.

Inhuman wretch, whose stony heart could tell
A weeping woman to go forth his crib ;
Whose shrivell'd, nut-like soul would dare compel
The weak to face the piercing wind and drib.

'Tis but a kennel, yet a woman's care
And needs' enforcements patch'd up shelter brought ;
Tho' oft recurring pinch and strait was there,
"Go forth !" is the mandate, and the place may rot.

To-night, while lightnings flash and thunders roll,
And woods are rifted by the surly blast,
A form is shiv'ring round a troubled soul ;
The key is turn'd, a door is bolted fast.

If there's a Power returns in kind for deeds,
Or compensates in part for want and woe,
Adjust the balance so that human needs
Its griefs assuage, time may give blow for blow.

ADDRESS TO MY FIDDLE.

Friend of my changeful moods, I fain
Would draw from thy wells of tone again ;
In joy or grief 'tis ne'er in vain
 I turn to thee ;
Thy power comes in some soothing strain,
 Graceful and free.

When sland'rer's tale has fir'd my breast,
And falsehood stung in friendship dress'd,
When malice pain'd or wrongs opprest,
 Still, then as now,
Thou need'st no oily-tongued request
 To smooth my brow.

When friends have gather'd round my hearth
From lands rever'd for home and birth,
The brown'd and bronz'd join in the mirth
 That's due alone
To thee ; thou prov'st thy matchless worth
 In cheering tone.

The aged and grey resistless take
The hand of bashful youth and make
The flooring spring and ceiling shake ;
 I've trembled lest
By leap and thud the joists would break
 When at their best.

And to thy sounds, soft, sweet, and clear,
I've watch'd the answer fall—a tear ;
Some theme awaken'd memories dear
 Of old to rise,
Affecting, touching, fill the ear
 And dim the eyes.

Thy tones bring joy to old and young ;
Thy notes, more sweet than e'er were sung,
Oft mocks the utterance of tongue.

When drawn with grace,
Thou sit'st above and not among
Thy tuneful race.

Possess'd of all the power of gold,
Possess'd of titles, new or old,
Or literally in riches roll'd,
I'd give them free
But to retain the power to hold
A friend like thee.

LINES TO JOHN ROSS

ON HIS PRESENTING ME WITH THE COMPLETE WORKS OF
ROBERT BURNS, IN TWO VOLUMES.

Prized more than gifts of lucre or of lands
Shall be the volumes from thy friendly hands ;
Not solely for thy sterling qualities or worth,
Nor e'en the heath-brown moorlands of our birth ;
But for sweet Coila's ploughman-poet's sake,
Who would that he some plan or book should make
For Scotland dear, with sparks of Nature's fire
Aglow in every line his chief desire.
Wha sang o' Scotlan's mountains, plains, an' fells ;
Her moors red-broon wi' bonnie heather-bells ;
Of early rosebuds, sweet wi' mornin' dew,
An' lasses' lovely een o' bonnie blue ;
While to the fore, e'en tho' I canna see,
I'll think o' Scotlan', Rovin' Rab, an' thee.

MY BONNIE LASSIE.

I weary for to see my lassie's een o' bonnie blue,
An' tae hear her voice sae lovely, rich an' rare,
And juist tae be beside her by the ingle for a wee,
I would face the wintry blast and murky mair.

What happy hours we twa hae spent beneath the
scented thorn,
Or by the crystal streamlet rippling near,
When han' in han' we linger'd, whispering words of
love, until
The moon shone high and stars were bright and
clear.

When I hear the lavrock singing ere the sun peeps o'er
the hill,
And the mavis at the closing of the day,
They mind me o' the bonnie lass that sings sae saft
an' sweet,
In the hamely cosy cottage on the brae.

An' ower the mair I'll tak' me when the sun is sinking
doon,
An' dewdrops cling to ilka verdant blade,
To meet my bonnie lassie 'neath the bloss'ming haw-
thorn tree,
That scents the breeze adoon the flowery glade.

EPISTLE TO SAMUEL MURDOCH.

My auld an' much respected frien',
I got your kindly note yestreen,
I had a'maist began tae fear
You had forgotten a' doon here,
An' a' the friendships o' langsyne
Obliterated frae your min';
But prood was I tae hear you speak
O' pleasures by oor ingle cheek,
O' social joys, o' humour bright,
That whiled awa the winter night,
An' mony a friendly crack an' sang,
That sent the cares o' life along.

I'm glad tae see you're hale an' weel,
Altho' nae doot you lanely feel,
Sae isolated as you've been,
Sae faur apart frae ilka frien',
Wi' nane the weary oors tae while,
E'en shunn'd by fickle Fortune's smile,
Wi' endless toil an' moil harassed,
Wi' grunts an' groans the nichts a' passed,
Wi' weary limbs an' aching banes,
Sma' hopes, nae pleasures an' nae gains.
But lift your head, croon some auld sang,
Dame Fortune yet may smile ere lang;
Let cares ne'er settle on your back,
Wi' mirth an' humour droon the pack.
Wha frets at Fortune's frowns or care,
Sma' heart has he life's ills tae bear.

O' news, I've little here tae state,
This place has been sae dull of late.
"Auld Ned" still quaffs his pint of ale,

That is, when a' his efforts fail
 Tae get him something o' the strongest,
 Tho' brandy's best, the ale's the longest.
 "Auld Joe" still minces, saws an' cuts,
 "Bill Day's" enlarging roon the G—,
 His breeks are fitted tae his B—,
 His belly's tightened like a drum.
 "Scotch Jock" still steeks the sole an' heel,
 "Auld Reid" is thrang wi' saw an' wheel.
 The "Auld Campaigner's" fast in gaol,
 An' "Phillips," he's just on the trail
 Of Chinese withoot miners' rights.
 An' "Barry" still struts in his tights.
 The "Auld Greek" lately has been bad,
 An' as for "Burrows," he's still mad.
 "Auld James" still brews the best o' beer,
 That's hoo the worthies are a' here.
 As to oorselves, I'm glad tae state
 We've had the best o' health o' late.

O' worl's sweets we've had a few,
 Nae doot we've had its bitters too;
 But while thro' life we trudge alang,
 We lilt awa' at some auld sang,
 An' whiles I tak' the fiddle doon,
 An' scrape awa' at some new tune.
 When tired o' her, I turn aboot
 An' blaw awa' upon the flute,
 While Evelyn sings some auld Scotch lays,
 At which the nei'bours gi'e her praise.
 Nae doot when Scotlan' is the theme,
 Her "Auld Scotch Sangs" or "Jessie's
 Dream,"
 Her "Banks an' Braes" or "Memories
 Dear"

Is well worth gaun a mile tae hear.
Wi' scenes like these we while the oor,
An' keep a' cares ootside the door.

To state—I mauna here forget—
I've been presented wi' a pet,
Which nei'bours say is like mysel',
But as for that I canna tell.
Tho' Heaven bless the sweet wee doo,
Nae doot she has her daddy's broo.

An' while she sits on mammy's knee,
I think she has her daddy's e'e.
I ken she has her mammy's hair,
Which is mair red than it is fair,
She has a cheerfu' bright wee face,
We've named oor blessing "Little Grace."

O' news, I've naething mair tae send,
Wi' present duties tae attend,
I e'en maun close my scribble here,
Remaining still your frien' sincere.

THE NIGHT WITHOOT IS CAULD AN' WAT.

The nicht withoot is cauld an' wat,
The win's blaw fierce oot ower the flat,
The rivers pour their rising floods,
An' frae the distant groaning woods,
Borne on the bitter wintry breeze,
'There comes the crash o' rifted trees.
Wi' angry scud the sleet an' rain
Is rattlin' on the window pane.
Owerhead the thunders clap an' clash,
The lightning's vivid gleam an' flash,
While lonely, by my ingle cheek,
I watch the rising, curlin' reek,
An' mem'ry, heedless o' the blast,
On sportive wings, review the past,
An' flit o'er mountain, sea an' shore,
Tae lang-remember'd scenes of yore,
Where oft in childhood's happy glee,
I roam'd among the heather free,
Or pu'd the gowans in the glen,
Tae gi'e tae some wee lover then,
Or twin'd wi' flo'ers o' mony a hue,
A wreath tae place on some wee broo,
Or wander'd ower the knowes an' braes,
Tae gather berries, haws, an' slaes.

Before me wimples tae the view
The burnie whaur we paidl'd thro',
The limpid streamlets sparklin' rin,
The lintie warbles on the whin,
The mavis sings his mellow sang,
The fragrant leafy bowers amang,
The blackbird's notes, sae lood an' clear,

Fa's sweetly on my anxious ear.
I hear the craik amang the corn,
I see the blossom on the thorn,
That aye will be held dear by me,
For aft 'twas made oor trysting tree.
I see Cairntable's lofty broo,
The woodlands wide, we wander'd thro',
Conspicuous amid the scene,
The schoolhouse stan's whitewashed an' clean;
But wha can tell what heavin' tide,
What mountains high, what oceans wide,
Does pairt those youthfu' playmates noo,
Faur scatter'd wide, we meet but few
That sported roon the playground then,
Or grassy lea, or dale, or den.

Dark Lugar, Doon, an' classic Ayr,
Flows on thro' meadow, moss an' muir;
Sweet Irvine, wi' its banks sae green,
Glides seaward, glist'ning in the scene.
Enraptur'd wi' the view I gaze,
An' Loudoun's bonnie woods an' braes.
While mem'ry lasts, while reason guide,
Till death the threads of life divide,
Till auld and bald, an' canna see,
Those scenes will aye be dear tae me.

A' THAT'S LEFT O' MAMMY NOO.

The tears fell frae wee Jeanie's ee,
While sitting on her daddy's knee;
Wi' grief her wee warm heart was fu',
When told she had nae mammy noo.

Death's unrelenting cruel dart
Has pierced thy dear fond mammy's heart.
That lifeless form, wi' cauld, cauld broo',
Is a' that's left o' mammy noo.

Nae mair she'll fondle her wee pet,
That dear kind face we'll ne'er forget,
And lips that kiss'd wee Jeanie's mou',
That's a' that's left o' mammy noo.

Your mammy's hert was true an' kin',
An' fill'd wi' love this breast o' mine.
Aye dear tae me, her faults were few,
That's a' that's left o' mammy noo.

Nae mair will Jeanie mammy kiss,
Nae mair her bonnie bairnie bless,
Nae longer clasp her sweet wee doo,
That's a' that's left o' mammy noo.

Soon in the narrow silent bed,
The form o' mammy will be laid.
To fairer scenes her spirit flew,
That's a' that's left o' mammy noo.

Noo high in heaven's brighter sphere,
In angel robes, your mammy's there,
An' ever watchful, smiles on you,
That's a' that's left o' mammy noo.

EPISTLE TO GEORGE HYLAND.

Ah, Geordie, frien', that hint o' yours
Tae write an' print a book,
I hae considered weel for oors
Within my hamely nook.
Wad ye hae critics thrash my back,
An' cry my want o' sense,
Or stretch Sir Bardie on the rack
O' folly an' pretence?

The mair I scan each simple lay,
Each rustic rhyme review,
I feel unworthy o' the bay
Ye'd place upon my broo.
Upon Parnassus, stern an' steep,
I, musing, upward gaze;
While poets on the summit sleep,
I rhyme aroon the base.

Content to cheer my fellow man,
Or touch the feeling heart,
Tae measure metre, set an' plan,
An' fill my simple part.
When thoosan's fail, that's college bred,
Tae climb, yet still aspire,
Hoo can a rustic bardie, clad
In hodden grey attire?

Obscure, I'll sing my hamely lays,
Or sang or sonnet croon,
Nor care for flattery, puff or praise
That aff loof some gie roon.

I'll sing Zealandia's mountains gran',
Her streams an' roarin' floods,
Her snaw-cap't peaks that tow'rin' stan',
Her lakes, her falls, an' woods.

I'll sing oor bonnie lassies here,
Oor men o' pith an' worth;
Yet ne'er forget Auld Scotlan' dear,
The lov'd land o' my birth.
There first I saw the licht o' day,
The bud upon the tree,
An' climbed the gowan-spangled brae,
In childhood's happy glee.

Oh, Irvine, Lugar, Doon an' Ayr,
What mem'ries sweet ye bring;
Near thee I won a bride as fair
As ony flo'er in spring.
Those transcient joys, those swift wing'd hours
We passed in glade an' glen,
The raptures felt in shady bowers
Will ne'er return again.

Nae mair I'll climb the mountain side,
Or trace the wimplin' burn,
Or watch the crystal streamlets glide
Wi' mony a leap an' turn;
Nor wander ower the broomy braes,
Or chase the laden bee;
Those happy scenes o' bygone days
Will aye be dear tae me.

I MET AN AULD FRIEN'.

I met an auld frien', creepin' just like a snail
O'er the path, and I heard his monotonous wail
Of long sleepless nights, and I reckon'd it out,
That his voice was as slow as his legs, without doubt.
And I thought that the time and the place was just
nice,

To give the old chap some good straight-out advice.
It might be advantageous to him in bed,

So I put my hand firm on his shoulder, and said:—

"Now how can you sleep when you go like a slug
Just the length of yourself from your cosy fire-lug?

There is plenty of life in your legs, if you like

To take a long run on a good spinning bike.

What's the good of a face like the edge of a bat?

All the beef in the world would not make it fat.

If you think that to laugh would make cracks in your
face,

There's plenty good vaseline sold in the place.

If you think that insomnia is driving you mad,

Run and roll on the sand, as you did when a lad;

Climb a sixty-foot bluegum five times every day,

And you'll soon drive the ghost of insomnia away.

Play leap-frog, and skip now and then with delight,

And you'll sleep like a top on the boards every night.

Do something to weary your bones, and I'll bet

You'll lie till it's lunch-time next day, if you're let.

A bar of bright steel without use will corrode,

And moss grows on stones undisturbed on the road."

I called a few days after this, just to see

If he took the advice that was tendered by me.

The clock in the tower show'd 'twas long after ten,

But he hadn't got out from the sheets even then.

The fall of a tray on the floor woke him up—

He had slept fourteen hours, like a little blind pup.

TO THE MEMORY OF C. J. O'REGAN.

Zealandia may mourn for her young bard that's dead,
And hear with grief the poet's soul has fled ;
And o'er our cheek a tear for him may fall,
Whose sweet effusions taught and touch'd us all.
Inspir'd by themes that sprang from Nature's face,
He penn'd his muse with all a master's grace ;
Tho' yet, himself, a 'prentice in the art,
His tuneful sonnets sank into the heart.
In various moods he cull'd from mem'ries' store,
And sought to gild his humble name—no more ;
Nor failed. Though in life's morn, Fame wreathed the
brow
That in the silent grave lies resting now ;
And sons and grey-hair'd sires will long regard
His name with pride—Inangahua's bard.

[ENCORE RECITATION.]

A TRAGEDY—IN ONE ACT.

Alone in a darken'd room he stood,
And his face was ghastly white,
Not a soul was near to prevent the deed
From being done that night.

His looks were wild, and his trembling voice
Had a harsh and husky tone,
And a neighbour said that he heard him say,
“ Will they miss me when I'm gone?”

The fateful cup to his lips he brought,
And never a moment halts ;
A shudder—a gasp—and the deed is done,
And down—went a dose of salts !

OUR WEE KATE.

A wonnerfu' bairn is oor wee Kate,
It's naething but roon' an' roon',
Frae the time that her faither gangs oot tae his wark,
Till we kiss her an' cuddle her down;
She's only a wee thing—juist gaun on for three—
But her notions are big for wark,
When I'm washin' the claes she comes up to the tub,
An' I gie her her ain wee sark.

An' she dips it an' rubs it wi' soap, juist the same
As she sees me doin' mysel',
And at times she'll look up in my face wi' a smile,
Saying, "Tan't I do it well?"
The broom, that's completely worn down to a stump,
Is a costly thing indeed,
For basins an' bowls often come to grief,
Wi' the end that's aboon her heid.

She plays the piano an' sings a' the time,
Tho' the music is upside down,
But that disna' maitter a flea, for the words
Are her ain, aye, an' so is the tune.
She sweeps an' she sews, an' she sings an' she plays,
Till she's sleepy at bedtime again,
Then we wrap her an' hap her an' cuddle her down,
An' kiss oor wee wonnerfu' wean.

BY INANGAHUA.

Who e'er may linger near this spot,
Perchance may think of he,
Who play'd, who sang, who mused, who wrote
Beneath this fronded tree.
From every branch the warblers sweet
Have hail'd the summer morn,
And shelter'd in each dark retreat,
When tempest-toss'd and torn.
I've heard the tui singing,
From within its sombre shade,
And the robin's love songs ringing
From its branches thro' the glade.
I've stood beneath its spreading boughs
When Sol shone high and bright,
And listen'd to the bleating yowes
Within their shades at night.
Then spare, oh, spare this stately stem
From ruthless hands for long,
And every branch that shelter'd them
For springtime's sweetest song.
Here oft my dearest fancies brought
Fond memories back to me—
The rippling stream, the rustic cot—
Far o'er the deep blue sea.

YESTREEN I MET.

Yestreen I met a winsome lass,
Her name they say was Annie,
Nae glistening stars aboon surpass
Her een sae bright an' bonnie.

Wi' form sae neat, an' smile sae sweet,
An' face sae kind an' cheery,
Faur ower the mair, tae ane sae fair,
I'd go, tho' dark an' dreary.

At evening when the sparkling dew
To ilka blade is clinging,
An' when the birds, the woodlands thro',
Their evening songs are singing,

Again I'll meet the lass sae sweet,
Sae neat, sae kind, an' bonnie;
For ower the lea, tho' fair tae see,
There blooms nae flo'er like Annie.

OOR WEE MAGGIE.

Ye birdies singing on the tree,
Ye warblers a' aroon,
Again ye welcome in the day
We laid wee Maggie doon.
Bereft of that sweet face and form,
The gift that Heaven gave,
While lood ye sang, we laid her in
The cauld an' silent grave.

In fancy I can see her noo,
And hear her voice sae sweet,
And mem'ry brings the soun' again
O' her wee pattering feet.
And oft at twilight's silent oor,
Beneath unclouded skies,
I deck wi' flo'ers the hallow'd spot,
Where oor wee Maggie lies.

ON BEING THREATENED WITH AN ACTION FOR TRESPASS OF SOME PIGS.

Stay not, old friend, have your rushes protected
In whatever fashion you may have elected,
I rarely forget the kind actions of others,
And will pay for the faults of your curly-tail'd
brothers.

When Cape-weed and fern-roots are all nigh uprooted,
And the rights of your breed to the hillside disputed,
Some day when the tribe are assembled indoors,
I shall wring all their snouts, and perhaps I'll wring
yours.

If by chance you escape the knife, pole-axe, and rope,
And down in some old shaft or swamp hole you drop,
In loving remembrance a slab I'll uprig,
With the honest inscription, "Here lieth a Pig."

But hold, 'twas instinct brought the young ones about,
Backed up by a lengthy and keen-scenting snout;
No great fault is theirs, they simply came rather
Too near, and encroached on the runs of their father.

NANNIE.

Meet me by moonlight, Nannie dear,
I weary thy smiles to see,
By the crystal streamlet rippling clear,
There, love, I'll wait for thee.

To whisper endless tales of love,
Sweet as the sparkling dew,
To stray unseen through each fragrant grove,
With hearts sincere and true.

What raptures fill each love-warm breast,
Clasped in a fond embrace,
Pure unaffected love confess'd,
Joy beaming in each face.

Then meet me Nannie, ever dear,
I'll wait near the trysting spot,
By the crystal streamlet, rippling clear,
Adieu, love, forget me not.

O "IRVINE," DOON THY BANKS SAE GREEN.

O "Irvine," doon thy banks sae green,
Nae mair I'll roam wi' Maggie,
Or view the far extending scene,
Frae off the hill o' "Craigie."
Death's cauld han' claspt my bonnie flower,
I gaze far ower the main,
An' sigh farewell tae Scotland's shore
I ne'er may see again.

O Ballochmyle, O classic Ayr,
Sweet haunts of youth an' love,
Thy verdant banks, sae fresh an' fair,
Still tempt my feet to rove
Ye dens an' dells, sae dear tae me,
Ye bonnie birds that sing,
To thee, when far across the sea,
Will fancy oft take wing.

KATHLEEN.

Long years have gone by, Kathleen dear,
Since I left old Erin's Isle,
And far o'er distant lands, Kathleen,
I've wandered many a mile.
Yet oft back to the dear old home
The tide of mem'ry flows,
Then I long to see old Ireland,
Where the little Shamrock grows.

It seems but yesterday, Kathleen,
When we parted on the shore,
And fond hearts bade good-bye, Kathleen,
Perhaps to meet no more.
Tho' far away from thee I roam,
Until life's evening close,
I will ne'er forget old Ireland,
Where the little Shamrock grows.

OFTEN IN THE GLOAMIN'.

Oft, often in the gloamin' I have stood upon the shore,
And listen'd to the surf's song and the crested
breakers' roar,
Or watch'd the red sun sinking in the golden west
again,
Or a lone ship fade away from sight for a port faur
ower the main.

Then I've look'd across the ocean and I fancied I
could see
The cot where I was born in, 'mongst the bluebells
on the lea,
The hawthorns by the burnside, and the heather on
the plain,
And my heart went back to Scotlan's bonnie hills an'
dales again.

I have listen'd to the lav'rock singing 'neath the fleecy
cloud,
To the love-song of the tui, on the green bush, sweet
and loud,
To the bleatin' o' the lambkins an' the ewes upon the
brae,
An' the lone cry o' the kaka at the closing o' the day.

Then I've look'd across the ocean, and I fancied I
could see
The bluebells an' the snowdrops noddin' on the grassy
lea,
The rowan an' the rose-trees in the fragrant flo'ery
dales,
An' my hert went back to Scotlan's bonnie heather
hills an' dales.

I LOVE A LASSIE.

I love a bonnie lassie,
She's the brawest in the toon,
She's a sweet wee rosy posy,
And they ca' her Jeanie Broom.
She's as neat as ony daisy,
And has such a winning way,
When I think about my dearie,
This is what I sing and say:—

CHORUS.

Jeanie Broom's my lassie, she's the sweetest o' them a',
I'm to meet her in the gloamin', an' I'll soon be gaun
awa',
I'm aye sae prood to meet her, for it's nice to be
roamin' roon
Amang the purple heather, wi' my bonnie Jeanie
Broom.

When the moon is shining brightly,
An' the dew begins to fa',
I row her in my plaidie,
There is plenty room for twa.
I weary for to meet her
'Mong the heather in the dell,
And aye when I think o' Jeanie,
I keep sayin' tae masel:—

CHORUS.

When we're roamin' in the gloamin',
Up an' doon the burnie's side,
I tell her I've a braw wee hoose
At hame for a braw wee bride.

There is only ane in a' the toon,
And Jeanie Broon's her name,
An' when the nichts are lang an' cauld,
I'm gaun tae tak' her hame.

TWO LITTLE BOOTS.

There's two little boots in that old brown chest,
The first pair my little boy wore;
And oft I have raised up the lid and kiss'd
Their little brown tops o'er and o'er.

Oh, say not 'tis foolish, ye callous and hard,
Ye know not a mother's great joy,
As she turns o'er again with a fond regard,
The first boots of her dear little boy.

Those two little boots that have scarcely a heel,
And little holes peep thro' each toe,
Have a place set apart in that old chest still,
To follow where'er I may go.

They remind again of a day long past,
When in sorrow I bade adieu
To the land of my birth, while the tears fell fast,
When parting with friends kind and true.

In fancy I see my little boy yet,
With his blue eyes and golden hair,
His innocent glee I shall never forget,
As he sat in his little arm-chair.

May heaven watch o'er my darling so sweet,
Implant in his mind wisdom's roots,
Till in some fond hour when in joy we meet,
I will show him his two little boots.

STUMP, STUMP.

Stump, stump, across the floor,
Wi' his bare feet,
Hidin' in behind the door,
Mammy's weanie sweet.

Laughin' as he rins aboot,
Bless his sweet face,
Has he knocked his wee foot,
Mammy kiss the place.

Bring his hammer an' a nail,
Save us, sic a wark,
Dip him in the big pail,
Dinna lift his sark.

Mammy will put on his claes,
An' his bonnie shoes,
Let me kiss his wee taes,
Bairnie won't refuse.

Bring him milk in his ain cup,
Fetch his parritch too,
Mammy's pet will sup them up,
Fill his belly fou.

Hear my bairnie singin' noo,
As he rins awa',
Heaven bless my wee doo,
The sweetest o' them a'.

DOWN THE NEW SOUTH ROAD.

One starry night near "Hatters," as I took a quiet stroll,

I heard a sound just like a hoof drawn from a swampy hole,

And I saw a love couple close by Geordie Hill's abode,
They were kissing while a-cuddling, down the new South Road.

I paus'd as if unconscious of their presence in the shade

(I hate to be disturb'd myself when wooing some fair maid);

The joys are sweet while sitting on a daisy-spangl'd sod,

With a maid to kiss and cuddle down the new South Road.

Too early to retire and seek the night's sweet, calm repose,

I wander'd on. When, hark! again, strange lengthen'd chirps arose;

I fancied neighbour Healy's mob of heiffers were abroad,

By the sounds like hoofs a-pulling down the new South Road.

Oh, happy hours, when storms are hush'd and stars are shining bright,

When maidens lean on manly breasts with truth, trust, and delight,

Fore-knowing heaven's happiness, forgetting care's dull load,

While kissing 'mongst the titri, down the new South Road.

While musing thus, a form approach'd, I knew the
Frenchman's swing,
"Goot evening, sare, joost now I hear't some very
funny ting,
Two peoples sitting on a log were holding round te
troat,
And vas kissing mooch as effer down the new Sout
Roat."

WHY THUS AFFRIGHTED?

[In one of my Sunday evening rambles I was startled in the darkness by the screaming of a kaka which I had disturbed. I immediately wrote these lines.]

Why thus affrighted at my lone approach,
And for a safer leavs't thy chosen perch,
Dost fears pervade thy trembling heart, lest I
For such as thee with cruel purpose search?

Hast thou beheld thy mate's untimely end,
Or saw thy brother ruthlessly slain,
Or heard thy tender sister's dying scream,
As someone's murd'rous art repeats again?

Nay, upon the shelt'ring branch of fronded pine,
Securely sit till dawns another day;
Calm thy frightened heart, and cease thy fears,
I ne'er could take such spotless lives away.

THAT'S WHAT MAKES ME PROUD.

Talk not of nations arming, or of boastings deemed
alarming,

Of Powers combined or enmity avowed;
As of yore, in racy chorus, we'll sweep land and sea
before us,

For we're British, boys, and that's what makes me
proud.

Tho' vengeful Powers in numbers, scheme, while
England seeming slumbers,

And timid threats may wake the peaceful crowd;
When the Lion answers Bruin, with a voice fore-
warning ruin,

Or annihilation.—That's what makes me proud.

Tho' down at heel and hatless, when I look upon the
atlas,

At the little speck called England, so endowed
With might that is peace-making, and with power
that sets a-shaking

Every vaunting foe.—'Tis that which makes me
proud.

When innocence and purity sleep sound in full se-
curity,

While serfs are lashed, whose cries are vain and
loud,

When English tongues can utter what her foemen
dare not mutter—

Where spydom reigns—'tis that what makes me
proud.

When the ship is sinking, shattered, down thro' seas
with wreckage scatter'd,
And the red bolt leaps from out the inky cloud;
'Tis then that British seamen battle first to save our
women,
Themselves, the last.—'Tis that which makes me
proud.

When the flames burst from the building, and their red
tongues lick the gilding,
Round some helpless form, who prays to Heaven
aloud,
British firemen, scorning danger, dash thro' flames
to save a stranger,
While cheers are ringing.—That's what makes me
proud.

At honour's call, and duty, for our country, home and
beauty,
We are ready for Bazouk, or turban-browed;
Where our foemen are, we'll face them, aye, we'll
charge, defeat, and chase them,
For we're British, boys, and that's what makes me
proud.

LINES WRITTEN ON A DOOR IN MUIRKIRK, SCOTLAND.

Here lives auld "Bell,"
A waefu' sinner,
She'll gang tae hell,
And little wonner.

IS WEE HUGHIE WEARY NOO.

Is wee Hughie weary noo,
Rinnin' a' the day?
Sleepy is my wee doo,
Nae langer can he play?

Paidlin' thro' the wee dam,
Swingin' on the gate,
Weary 's mammy's pet lamb,
An' it's gettin' late.

Sleepy wi' sae muckle wark,
Tired wi' his sport,
Bring my pet a clean sark,
Losh, it's rather short.

Put his wee feet in the tub,
Black as ony craw,
Mammy will gie them a rub,
Mak' them white as snaw.

Lay my bairnie doon tae rest
In his wee bed,
Cuddle close tae mammy's breast,
When his prayer is said.

I maun kiss his wee broo,
Wrap him weel aroon.
Heaven bless my wee doo,
Noo he's sleepin' soun'.

KEEP A CLEAN RECORD, LAD.

Screen'd by the hedge, I beheld them in tears,
A father and son were parting for years;
I ne'er will forget his words, measured and slow:—
"Keep a clean record, lad, wherever you go."

Life's pathways are oftentimes steep, rugged, and long,
But all are surmountable when you are strong.
If usurers tempt thee, spurn them all, answer "No."
"Keep a clean record, lad, wherever you go."

In all climates and countries, where'er you locate,
Tho' you move 'midst the humble, or sit 'mongst the
great,
Tho' honour'd or slander'd, you may, who can know,
"Keep a clean record, lad, wherever you go."

Some maiden, perchance, with thy mother's fair
charms,
May cling to and trust in your heart and your arms;
If aught separates, leave her still pure as snow,
"Keep a clean record, lad, wherever you go."

If wealth is acquired, or power granted to thee,
Remember the homeless, ever generous be,
All favours and kindness's freely bestow,
"Keep a clean record, lad, wherever you go."

Set thy face against tyranny, avarice, and greed,
In power or position, ne'er break a bruised reed,
Be false to no man, avoid glitter and show,
"Keep a clean record, lad, wherever you go."

In all trusts and transactions be just and upright,
From life's morn till evening, from evening till night;
When mourners assemble to lay you down low,
"Have a clean record, lad, whenever you go."

DON'T YOU FORGET IT.

Don't you forget it, for that is the point
That costs you full many a savoury joint,
You pay through the nose, the pan, and the pot
For the paltry excuses, "I really forgot."

If you're rich, and have promised to wed Polly Leech,
Stick to it, or Polly will stick to the breach,
The irate old buffer will show what you wrote
On letters and missives that you have forgot.

If your barn door's unhing'd, or your gates without
locks,
Your fodder may fatten your next neighbour's flocks,
You may swear and consign the whole family to pot,
But they'll all come again, when you have forgot.

When Shylocks present your accounts when they're
due,
And smiling serenely, they settle with you,
A voucher pray get for the victuals you bought,
They may dun you again when you have forgot.

If Peter should ask you, aside at the gate,
If you've been a Christian, early and late,
In prayer and devotion, in word, deed, and thought,
Be careful, don't tell him, that you have forgot.

If old Jones has served you a gen'rous turn
By lending a fiver, make that your concern,
Don't tell Mr. Brown such humbug and rot
That you meant to return it, but you had forgot.

If you have arranged for a meeting in town,
Don't drive to the country to dine with a clown,
Though it's nice ruralising round some rustic cot,
He's unworthy of trust who has always forgot.

Don't hang round street corners or dally at home,
If one at a distance expects you to come,
Be true to your promise, the time and the spot,
The slight is increased when you say you forgot.

OCH, HEY, MY BONNIE LASS!

Och, hey, my bonnie lass,
You're no sae kind's ye should hae been;
Och, hey, my winsome lass,
Ye didna keep your tryst yestreen.
I waited lang in rain an' win',
An' wearied for my lovely queen;
But och, hey, my bonnie lass,
Ye didna keep your tryst yestreen.

The wintry winds blew wild and fierce,
When in the wood, the cauld to screen,
But och, hey, my bonnie lass,
Ye didna keep your tryst yestreen;
I lo'e thee yet, my winsome lass,
I lo'e thy form sae neat an' clean,
But och, hey, my bonnie lass,
Ye didna keep your tryst yestreen.

NOW.

We stood at eve beneath an old oak tree,
And hand in hand, we spoke of constancy,
While Luna shone on rustling leaf and bough,
I kiss'd her cheek, my heart and love said—Now!

Within the ranks we marched, my mate and I,
O'er India's plains, to conquer or to die;
A savage rush'd, my bullet met his brow.
He fell; for England, home, and Queen said—Now!

Between the rails a bright-eyed boy had played
For long, till down the straight steep grade
The engine dash'd, I clutch'd, but can't say how,
And saved; within my breast a voice said—Now!

Upon the bridge, at noon, a frail form stood,
Nor halted long, but dropp'd into the flood;
Won by a villain, deceived by his vow,
Scorn'd by sisterhood, despair said—Now!

A coward would have struck a poor old man,
Dim-eyed, and past the long allotted span;
I watch'd a youth approach, and smiled, I trow,
To see his blow when heart and soul said—Now!

A wail of hunger comes from Cuba's Isle.
Strife, fire and pillage dominate the while;
But seas are cleft with many a warlike prow,
And peace must come, a nation's voice says—Now!

PADDY CONNOR'S YARN.

Come on, Paddy, spin a yarn now, tell us of the
stirring time

When big shanties and casinos were in vogue,
When the old un's that are dropping toss'd the mul-
lock in their prime,

Or their whiskies, with a true-blue or a rogue.

Well, boys, it's truth I'll tell ye'ze, tho' it happened
long ago,

Somewhere in fifty-wan or fifty-two;

My mate was Mick Maloney, that's just camped down
here below,

And the divil a row, but Mick would see it thro'.

We were over in Victoria, an' sure 'twould do you
good

To see the lumps of gold in ivory dish,
There were dance rooms all around us, where the
rough, refin'd, and rude

Had all the fun the heart av man cud wish.

And on the field, I'm sure there were a thousand
tints an' more,

Of every soize an' shape, stuck here and there.

In one of thim lived Tim Muldoon, who kept Long
Barney's store,

Close to the tint av Kate from County Clare.

Well, Tim two purty daughters had; their mother,
she was dead;

An', och, sure, it was grand to hear them sing;

We like and love them both, is what nigh every man-
Jack said,

And many a gift would bearded miners bring.

One night, boys, at a party, when the fun was at its
height,
“Fill up,” says Mick, “I’m going to give a toast—
Muldoon’s two purty daughters”—sure, we drank wid
delight,
When all at once we heard the cry—*They’re lost!*
With lightning speed we hurried, every digger left
his tint,
From shanty and casino fast they ran;
Met in mobs, appointed leaders, and in all directions
wint,
With not a thought of death when we began.
We search’d deserted tunnels, and we grappl’d in the
creek,
Down gullies, races, ditches, dam, and drain,
Thro’ the bush with blazing torches, someone said he
heard them speak,
But we found them not, and all wint home again.
An’ every man had fears that night he did not like to
name,
Poor Timothy felt sure that they were dead,
An’ the tears were streaming down his cheeks when
Mick Maloney came,
An’ tould us they were all the time *in bed*.

ON RETURNING A BOOK.

Your book, sir, I took, sir,
And read it thro’ and thro’;
You lent it, I’ve sent it
Thankfully to you.

DON'T FORGET.

When you're laughing in hilarity,
And a set-back's quite a rarity,
With luxuries enough, and fine array;
When you deem life well worth living,
In your banking, spending, giving,
Don't forget the boys that're fighting far away.

When you're raking in the "yellows,"
To be piled on other fellows,
That for long have seldom seen the light of day,
When you know the column's rising,
You'll excuse the plain advising—
Don't forget the boys that're fighting far away.

When you bet your bottom dollar
On a win you're tipp'd to collar,
Or on the tote your bunch of flaffors lay;
Ere you pass them, think a minute,
When you do and chance to win it—
Don't forget the boys that're fighting far away.

When you're in the bright hall dancing,
Promenading, whirling, prancing,
Till the Brahmas warn the breaking of the day,
At times reflect and ponder
On the trenches over yonder—
Don't forget the boys that're fighting far away.

When you watch the football struggle,
And the strong one jink and juggle
With the ball firm in his armpit, running gay;
And you know there's lads that's bolder
Getting some right through the shoulder—
Don't forget the boys that're fighting far away.

By fires, with prattling purity,
Far from the bursting shells and gory fray,
And you chat with friend or stranger,
Quite oblivious of danger—
Don't forget the boys that're fighting far away.

When you're snug between the sheeting,
After hours of social greeting,
And your mem'ry has a kind of silent play,
Raking up the pokes, and thinking
Of the laughter, toasts, and drinking—
Don't forget the boys that're fighting far away.

Don't forget them, for they merit
Our remembrance, and inherit
All the bravery their sires have shown before;
Let us do our best to cheer them,
For they've made their foemen fear them
In the dug-outs, in the trenches, on the sea, and
on the shore.

TO MARY CAMPBELL.

Come pleasure, come treasure,
Wi' speedy doonfa',
Come fortune, come sportin',
To Mary awa'.

Come plenty, come dainty,
Misfortunes aye sma',
Come health, aye, come wealth, aye,
To Mary awa'.

TO WHOM THE CAP FITS.

Are you man enough, brave enough, fit for the fray,
With the lads who are fighting the foe?

Or is there no spark in your bosom at all,

To urge or invite you to go?

Understand there's a power and pleasure to come,

That will alter the taste of your stew;

Then be off to the front and play havoc with Huns,

Or the Huns will play havoc with you.

Is your mother worth fighting for? Have you no
shame

When you look in a girl's sweet face,

And know that the hour may yet come when the Huns

May approach to the foulest embrace?

Do you fear that the name of a coward or cur

May be yours when you loiter in view?

Then be off to the front and play havoc with Huns,

Or the Huns will play havoc with you.

Could you look at your King with a conscience un-
pricked,

Or at a babe at your passing along,

That may be transfixed by a butchering Hun

In his revelry, laughter, and song?

Do you value the freedom we've wrested of yore,

Our national dignity, too?

Then be off to the front and play havoc with Huns,

Or the Huns will play havoc with you.

Can you smile when you meet the lads home from the
trenches,

Where they've fought, aye, and fought for us well,

And wish to go back when they're patch'd up and fit

To the din of bombs, shrapnel, and shell?

Then don the brown suit, buckle on the broad belt,
Make your cartridges count for a few;
Be a man at the front and play havoc with Huns,
Or the Huns will play havoc with you.

Dare you say to your comrade, good-bye, and remain
Still a shirker, in safety and ease,
While he battles for you, and your freedom and rights,
Takes war's risks, wounds, death and disease?
Do you choose to be lick'd, curs'd, and kick'd every
day,
Live a life worse than slaves ever knew?
Be assured, if we fail to play havoc with Huns,
The Huns will play havoc with you.

INGRATITUDE.

If there is aught in Nature I detest,
That sets aflame the fires within my breast,
Sears gen'rous hearts, brings care with all her brood,
For kindly deeds,—'tis base ingratitude.

For soft light touches of a gentle hand,
For tender sympathies all understand,
For favours shown, let no friend's bosom burn,
An' 'twere but small, at least show some return.

Life has duties incumbent on us all,
To raise the weak or stay another's fall,
With kindly speech, to act a kindly part,
To tend, to soothe, or cheer a troubled heart.
Yet oft 'tis seen, the lauded, seeming good
Repay it all with base ingratitude.

MUSINGS.

"Absence makes the heart grow fonder,"
"Distance lends enchantment to the view."
On these old "saws" I sit alone and ponder--
The last, by far, is truest of the two.

Far o'er the range, across the restless seas,
Are some we lov'd with all our heart and soul,
Forgetful and forgotten in the whirl,
And thus the short'ning seasons onward roll.

The happy hours, the laughter and the glee,
The mirth and music, merriment and song,
The tender sympathies and words of cheer
Are scarce remember'd 'midst the distant throng.

And mem'ry brings to view the rustic stile
Where last we stood, a maiden fair and I,
In fond embrace. My fancy hears the sobs
And parting words—"Good-bye, be true, good-
bye."

And thus we parted, long, long years ago,
With love confess'd and constancy avowed,
But other whispers fill'd her list'ning ear,
As dead, she seems, yet lives 'mongst yon gay
crowd.

A chum that I've defended with a will,
And dare to lay a bragging bully low,
Scarce recollects the hour, the friend, the hand,
That saved the sinner from the threaten'd blow.

"Absence" does make hearts grow fonder,
But hearts like these are true as steel,
The cords that bind can not be broken,
Nor distance chill the love they feel.

OH, MAMMY, TAK' ME ON YOUR KNEE.

A Recitation for Two (Son and Mother).

Oh, Mammy, tak' me on your knee,
I want to hear you tell
Of the kilties and the pipers,
On the plains where Daddy fell.
Was it on a winter mornin',
Or a summer afternoon,
When the kilties in the battle
Saw my Daddy fa'in doon?

Oh, no, 'twas in the gloamin',
When the guns and cannon roar'd,
That the kilties crossed the river,
Just a bit above the ford,
And the enemy were hiding
In a sheltering wood near by,
When the kilty lads rush'd onward,
For to dare, and do, or die.

Was my Daddy with the foremost,
Did he have a rifle, too?
And why was it he left us,
For to go and dare and do?
Is he sleeping over yonder,
Out upon a grassy plain?
I loved my soldier Daddy,
And I want him back again.

Yes, your Daddy was the Captain
Of the Highlanders that day,
And he led them in the battle,
Thro' the fiercest o' the fray;

'Twas a hiding sniper's bullet
Found a billet in his breast,
And he's sleeping "over yonder,"
With the lads he lov'd the best.

Oh, I want to be a soldier,
For to go and fight like Dad,
Sound the pibroch on the hillside,
Buckle on my belt and plaid,
March to battle with the foremost,
In the ranks to dare and do,
For the sake of Bonnie Scotlan',
For my hame and Mammy, too.

FOR BOTH.

Oh, I love the land of heather,
'Twas your Daddy's hame and mine,
Where we sported doon the burnside,
In the days of auld langsyne;
And I long to hear the lav'rock
In the early summer morn,
And to see the auld thatch'd cottage
Where your sodger Dad was born.

NATURE'S CREATOR.

The trees, the buds, the bloom, the leaves,
Their million varied forms,
The insect's wing, the web it weaves,
The zephyrs' sighs, and storms,
The germ minute, the perfum'd flower,
The sun, stars, sea, and land,
Proclaim th' omnipotence and power
Of an Almighty Hand.

TO THE REV. MR. HONEYWELL ON HIS
LEAVING NEW ZEALAND FOR ENGLAND.

Good-bye, kind sir, may every gift
That's gi'en tae man frae 'yont the lift
Be thine; the frien's o' thee bereft
 Will min' you weel,
An' pray that leeward ye may drift
 Clear o' the de'il.

Lang may ye live to guide an' teach
The Gospel truths, to pray and preach,
The hearts o' hardened sinners reach
 Wi' saving grace;
An' wi' thy wisdom, worth, and speech,
 Instil the race.

Where'er ye don the holy gown,
In hamlet, city, or in town,
May aye success your efforts croon
 Wi' word an' deed;
Until in tears, frien's lay ye doon
 An' hap ye're head.

We'll miss thee frae the social throng,
An' doobly for thy joke an' song
That sent the cares o' life along
 As winds do chaff;
We'll think o' thee where'er ye gang,
 Whene'er we quaff.

Then fare ye weel, the powers will pairt,
Tho' deep's the wound gi'en tae the heart,
O'er mony a cheek a tear will start,
 Or dim the ee;
May Heaven grant ye'll lang be spairt,
 An' grey-hair'd dee.

An' when the gloamin' gathers roon
Thy hoary, patriarchal croon,
An' 'mang thy kith an' kin laid doon,
May ye arise
To bliss, eternal, far aboon
Ethereal skies.

ONE MAN, ONE VOTE.

One man, one vote!—be this our nation's cry,
Nor heed the frown that shades the greedy eye;
'Tis brains should speak, and fearless, free and bold,
Not titles, acres, halls or hoarded gold.
One man, one vote!—let every nation see
That no man justly holds a right to three.
Tho' some assume the right from lands and wealth,
How was't acquired?—by means akin to stealth.
See yonder maiden, wearied, pinch'd and cold,
Yet strives to earn the meagre pittance doled,
Tho' born to human rights, usurped by rank,
Her share of food lies in some guarded bank.
Yon parent miner, lifeless, homeward brought,
His health and strength gave rank the triple vote,
His life and labour, straits and pinches, gave
To wealth the steed that's hurried past his grave.
The city waifs, that, roofless, sleep o' nights,
Are landlords all if each attain'd his rights.
One man, one vote!—the twain or triple keep
The homeless urchins on our steps asleep,
Whose sires for England's home and beauty fought,
And fame, and victories gain'd deny them not.
Let human rights be free as sun and wind,
The earth is but the garden of mankind.

HEARTS UPON THE COAST.

(Suggested on hearing the Rev. Mr. Honeywell state
that he found true "Hearts upon the Coast.")

There's hearts upon the Coast, my boy,
There's hearts upon the Coast,
And that's a truth you'll find out as you go;
We're a horny-handed lot,
But the stamina we've got,
And the hearts that feel human want and woe.

There's a feeling that exists,
And a welcome that insists,
Indigenous to every Coaster's breast;
The tale of grief or pain
Is never told in vain
By maim'd or lamed, the crippled or opprest.

Thro' muddy, mucky tracks,
By turns upon their backs,
The miners bear their injured brother man;
You may trot the Islands thro',
But for the real true blue,
'Tis the weilders of the shovel, pick and pan.

The Coasters ne'er neglect
To pay their last respect,
When some poor mate is lower'd with the dead;
From gullies, flats, an' hills,
Come Harry's, Jack's, and Bill's,
To linger while the solemn prayer is said.

There's friendship in the clasp
Of the Coaster's manly grasp,
As you travel you will find it is no boast;
You'll remember what I say
From the Straits to Jackson's Bay—
There's genuine, genial hearts upon the Coast.

A SWEET FLOWER BLOOMS.

A sweet flower blooms by Marnock's side,
A flower sae sweet an' bonnie,
An' high its scent does sweetly glide
Beyond the scent of ony.

I'll cross the muir, I'll thro' glen,
Whaur birdies sweet are singing,
To view the spot, to view the den,
Whaur sweet the flower is springing

There's bonnie flowers in yon green shaw,
Admiring them I wander;
But there is ane, tho' faur awa',
Can match their sweetest splendour.

'Tis when gethrin' gloamin's nigh,
When far frae ane or ither,
I sit beside my flower and sigh
To think it soon shall wither.

Gie lordlings great what they adore,
A high and wealthy dearie;
But gie to me my bonnie flower,
Then I'll be ever cheerie.

TO AGNES DENHARD.

(The Sweet Singer of Brunnerton).

When friends are gather'd, with abated breath,
Around my couch, to watch impartial death
Dry up the floods that rush thro' every vein,
Then sing to me that sweet old song again.

E'er yet my spirit takes its unknown flight
Thro' endless day or to eternal night,
Tho' hearts are sad and tears may fall, draw near
And let thy sweet voice reach my anxious ear.

And e'en when death has quench'd the flickering spark,
Tho' kindred weep, and all to me is dark,
Sing on, fair friend, the sev'rance will be light
When thy sweet song ends with the spirit's flight.

WHY SITS THE SMILE.

Why sits the smile on Johnnie's lip,
The twinkle in his eye?
Why so lightly is his step
As he passes by?
Why sings he such a merry song
From early morn till night?
Why the happiest in the throng—
So cheerful, gay and bright?
Why so sportive on the green,
Or by the burnie's side?—
Because young Jeanie vow'd yestreen
To be his bonnie bride.

WHEN I'M FAR AWA'.

Adoon the sweet banks o' the clear, winding Ayr,
The wild flo'ers o' summer are blooming so fair,
Their scents thro' the valleys the soft breezes blaw,
But naething delights me when I'm faur awa'.

The bluebells sae sweetly the braes a' adorn,
The lav'rock lood welcomes the gay, sunny morn;
But I weary welcome the gath'ring nicht-fa',
There's naething delights me when I'm faur awa'.

How lofty and wide spreads yon heather-broon braes,
Where crystal streams ripple and sportive lamb plays,
Tho' cheerie to gaze on, the pleasure is sma',
There's naething delights me when I'm faur awa'.

WEE BOBBIE.

Again the weary day comes roun',
When they laid my bonnie Bobbie doon,
His sweet wee face I ne'er forget,
I think I hear him speakin' yet.
I look ower at his wee airmchair,
But, oh, there's nae wee Bobbie there;
Still, oft in night's sweet dreams, alane,
His airms gang roun' my neck again.
And till the sun peeps frae the east,
His heid lies cuddl'd tae my breast;
I wake, to shed a tear, and sigh,
For Bobbie whispers: "Mum, good-bye."

FOR HUMANITY'S SAKE—REMEMBER THE MAINE.

Remember the Maine, lads, remember the Maine!
Was the war-cry that rang in the hearing of Spain;
And fired by the signal, bomb, bullet and shell
Spread havoc and death, each remember'd it well.

From bunker to gun-breach, from front line to rear,
Remember the Maine! rang out lusty and clear.
The warships of Spain, fore and aft wreck'd with
shot,
And, sinking ablaze, prov'd the Maine unforgot.

'Tis a battle for freedom to hunger'd and chain'd,
A blow for the weak—Cuban peace must be gain'd;
Base treach'ry and tyranny paid back in full,
Tho' a monarchy fall, let sweet liberty rule.

The first on the seas for humanity's sake,
The first on the shore, bonds and fetters to break;
Americans rise in their might, not in "prayer,"
But with war vessels answer the cry of despair.

Spain's merciless raids and oppression must cease,
And the fair Isle of Cuba be govern'd in peace,
American guns shall not rattle in vain,
When the signal is flash'd—"Lads, remember the
Maine!"

Old England, source of liberty and right,
Thy cousin plucks a feather in thy sight,
With aims which Cubans and Spanish fear—
Redress and succour, sympathy and cheer.

Must butcher'd races turn their eyes from thee
To look for help from heroes o'er the sea?
Warm'd by the blood that once leap'd thro' thy veins,
And grown in strength to burst tyrannic chains,
There is an embryonic power that will
To all belligerents say, "Peace, be still";
In coming ages—fear'd, revered, and sung—
Destin'd to speak the Anglo-Saxon tongue.

A QUESTION.

Canst thou leave thy heather hills,
Thy flower glades and meadows grassy,
Canst thou leave auld Scotlan's shore,
And come wi' me, my bonnie lassie?

THE ANSWER.

Yes, I can leave my heather hills,
And ilka glade and glen sae gaudy,
And ower the restless, stormy seas,
I'll gang wi' thee, my bonnie laddie.

ON ONE NOTED FOR BOASTING OF HIS DESCENT.

Talk not of your ancestors bold,
And of how they chose to rule;
Reflect upon the fact when told—
Their product is a fool.

TO W. CRESSEY, ON HIS LEAVING FOR FRESH FIELDS AND PASTURES NEW.

Farewell, dear brother of the "clef" and "bar,"
May every "grace" attend you near or far;
Where'er you "turn" or take a "run" or "rest,"
Still may you with all happiness be blest.
Tho' fate may lead you to "double bars" and "clots,"
May chance ne'er fail to show a "brace of notes."
In youth or age, no matter in what clime,
Tell "treble" truth, watch "signatures" and "time."

MY FATHER—DEAD.

My father—dead! And I so far away.
O could I but behold life's latest day,
O why has fate thus held us so apart,
When death for ever chill'd his gen'rous heart.
No kind word could I utter in his ear,
So far away, so anxious still to hear.
Methinks I hear him whisp'ring of his son,
He hoped to meet ere life's sands had run;
His dearest wish but to gaze upon,
With ling'ring look, his son, long gone;
To clasp, ere the vital spark had fled,
His offspring, ere he slumbered with the dead.
O could I but have cool'd his fevered brow,
Or held the toil-worn hand that now
Lies in the narrow grave to rest
From life's hard struggle, never ceasing, lest
His infant train should e'er with want be press'd.

My father—dead! A loss 'tis sad to bear,
A trial added to this world's care.
When death's cold hand lays low some friend,
We mourn the trying, bitter end;
But when a kind and loving parent's heart
Is pierced by death's sure, unsparing dart,
'Tis sad to know the breath of life has fled,
And that our parent lies enrolled among the dead.
No longer feel his just, paternal care,
But ever turn to view the vacant chair,
Reminding oft our careworn parent rested there.

My father—dead! "Nay, 'tis false; he lives"!
Who asks in faith, the God above forgives.
Though gone from those he ever held so dear,
His soul now rests within a brighter sphere
'Mong kindred spirits, joyfully to wait
And welcome all who enter at the gate,
Though poor the penitent, though rich the late.

TO A YOUNG LADY WHO PRESENTED ME WITH A SCARF KNITTED BY HERSELF.

Aroon my neck your gift I'll wind,
Defying frosts sae snell,*
And while a single thread will last,
I'll mind thy bonnie sel'.†

* Keen.

† Maggie Broon.

A TRIBUTE.

Come, lend me a listening ear, and let
Me tell you of something I'll ne'er forget—
That one of the best of all I've met
Is Mrs. Milne, of "Granity."

No breast ever held a warmer heart,
No human soul more devoid of art,
And none could play a kindlier part
Than Mrs. Milne, of "Granity."

Her's is a heart that is true and light,
Her's is a soul that is pure and bright,
Tears cease to fall from their founts at sight
Of Mrs. Milne, of "Granity."

I've watch'd the spreading, lingering smile,
The look of love and the lack of guile,
The gentle touch and the homely style
Of Mrs. Milne, of "Granity."

My dearest wish and earnest prayer
Unite in this—May wrinkling care
Or sorrow never shelter where
There's Mrs. Milne, of "Granity."

And may her silver tresses rest
Upon her honour'd husband's breast,
And heart to heart for long be prest
In lovely, flowery "Granity."

TO MARGARET BROWN.

[Lines enclosed in a Letter.]

Go, loving missive, with thy tidings sweet,
The warm devotion of my heart unfold,
For anxious eyes await thy welcome page,
To lingering gaze on love sincerely told.

What pleasure fills the young expectant heart,
While poring o'er each love-engrossing line,
The brightening smile proclaim the raptures felt,
The hopes fulfilled make vestal beauty shine.

O would that I were with thee on thy way,
To me so dear, affectionate, and kind;
What joys unbounded, what ecstatic bliss,
To clasp the faithful maid I left behind.

LINES WRITTEN IN THE "ANGEL" INN, KILMARNOCK.

Here aft the friendly meet to chat,
Or sing a sang tae pass time,
Sae we hae met noo for that—
Perhaps it is the last time.

WHO STEALS MY PURSE.

Who steals my purse steals trash. 'Tis so;
Yet still by trash we live where'er we go.
You may trot the world's various climes
Without a name, but not without the dimes.
At glittering trash or filthy lucre's show,
Th' exalted fawn and even the virtues bow.
Possess'd of trash you'll find the carpet laid
For hobnail'd boots, detested by the maid;
Or note the dowerless oggle, smirk and smile,
Yet scan your purse's bulging sides the while.
And oft in wedlock, 'tis no idle tale,
We find the purse chief factor in the deal.
For trash men dare the dangers of the sea,
'Twas British trash that set the black slaves free.
'Tis trash upholds our Churches, Law, and State,
And priests and parsons love the clink o't in the
plate.

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