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POEMS.

County Constabulary Office.

Silmarock, 3rd June 1914.

To The Duke of Wiltand

May it please your Grace to
accept this little book of my musings, which I
I offer in the name of the Yorkshire Constabulary,
on the occasion of your Silver Wedding and the
Coming of age of your noble son The Marquis
of Titchfield. I am sorry that I am so busy
that I cannot welcome this joyful occasion.

of your Golden Wedding and the coming of age
of your Grandson. I will be on the time
retired list and my muse will have the time
to rise to and celebrate that Great event.

I have the honor to be,

Your Grace's most obedient Servant.

Matthew Andersson.
Police Constable.



Yours faithfully,

Matthew Anderson.

POEMS.

BY

CONSTABLE ANDERSON.

PRICE 2s 6d.

KILMARNOCK :
THE STANDARD PRESS.

1912.

To my Daughter - Mary.

With love from Father.

Matthew Anderson.

Constabulary Station.

Symington.

Xmas. 1912.

TO MY BOOK

(ON COMPLETING THE PROOFS).

Farewell, my little book, farewell.
God bless the home wherein thou dwell
Whoever reads shall find in thee
The best and sweetest part of me.

PR
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A55A17
1912

CONSTABULARY STATION,
SYMINGTON, AYRSHIRE, 29th April, 1912.

MY BROTHER CONSTABLES AND SUBSCRIBERS,

I thank you heartily for your kindly appreciation of my poetical efforts, which has again tempted me to gather the fragments together and publish a new edition.

You who perform the same exacting and ever-increasing duties often wonder how I manage to find time for poetical composition. Therefore, I value your sympathy, which, by being founded on the knowledge of my difficulties, is genuine and sincere.

I am sure it must be as amusing to you as it is to me to hear or read the thoughts of the critics among the public, who think they know everything, but must necessarily know very little of the real life of a policeman, as they picture me spending my days walking alone and musing among the woods and quiet country lanes. It is a beautiful picture, but what a pity it is that it is not a true one.

And now, my readers, I commend my little volume to your care, and trust that you will find as much pleasure in your reading of the pieces as I found in composing them.

I have the honour to be,

Gentlemen,

Your obedient Servant,

MATTHEW ANDERSON,
P.C. No. 110.

942010

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POEMS.

WALLACE TOWER, CRAIGIE, AYRSHIRE.

Behold that Tower on Barnweil !
Behold it, and with reverence gaze ;
'Twill give your heart a glorious thrill
To think of those heroic days
When Scotland groaned beneath her foes,
And vile dissensions pierced her through.
The brave Sir William Wallace rose
And showed what one great man could do.

High up on that historic hill
'Gainst wild Atlantic storms it stands,
Strong emblem of that iron will
That burst the English tyrant's bands.
And now, when men for freedom yearn,
Or struggle 'neath a tyrant's yoke,
For strength of heart and mind they turn
To Wallace, and his shade invoke.

That night when fast from Ayr he fled,
And made his foes his vengeance feel,
He halted here, looked down and said,
" Ye Barns o' Ayr burn weel, burn weel."
What scenes those days of Wallace yields,
What blood and tears, and what despair,
Among these lovely fertile fields
Between Kilmarnock and auld Ayr !

Again behold that lofty Tower,
 And think of him who faltered not,
 Till o'er thy soul there falls a shower
 Of Scottish feelings, burning hot.
 Here stood the man who stemmed the flood
 (The purest patriot e'er drew breath),
 Who set on fire our fathers' blood,
 And sealed our freedom with his death.

VERSES

SUGGESTED AT THE FUNERAL OF CONSTABLE JOHN
 CRAIG, MARCH 24, 1910.

Guarded by many a grand old hill,
 And many a diamond-sparkling rill,
 Where River Doon, at her sweet will,
 Flows gently on,
 I see thee nestling calm and still,
 Dalmellington.

There's bold Ben Beoch's rugged scaur,
 And those great hills that stretch afar
 Behind the steep cliffs of "The Star,"
 Where I would climb,
 And muse on days of bloody war
 Mid scenes sublime.

Since I dwelt here long years have fled,
 And many a flower its bloom has shed,
 And many a lovely lass has wed
 Her darling one,
 Who now in thee lies cold and dead,
 Dalmellington.

Alas ! my dear old native home !
Apart from thee my footsteps roam,
But back with heavy heart I come
 This solemn day
To lay a comrade in the tomb,
 Then turn away.

O death, how strange a thing thou art !
Here was a young and hopeful heart
From whom we never thought to part
 For many years,
But now as swift as lightning's dart
 He disappears.

We bow beneath God's high behest,
Who gives dear life to every breast ;
Who gives to those He loves the best
 An early tomb,
And takes their souls away to rest
 In His sweet home.

THE YOUNG POLICEMAN AND THE PIG.

(WITH APOLOGIES TO EX-INSPECTOR STEVEN.)

In Prestwick toon there leaved an auld maid,
A wee grocer body ca'd auld Teuch Jean,
And on her mony a prank was played
 By the rollickin' boys on Hallowe'en.

They raided her gairden and pu'ed her kail runts,
They trampit her flowers and raised a great din,
And gave her frail door sic he'rt-startlin' dunts
 That the auld body maist lap oot o' her skin.

Quo' she, " I will stand these disturbers nae mair,
The law o' the land noo maun show them its
micht ;
I'll write doon to Captain M'Hardy in Ayr.
And he'll see that I'll get protection this nicht."

And so it fell oot that on this Hallowe'en
A big hardy-baned and determined young tyke
Cam' oot frae auld Ayr to do and to dare,
And hid in ahint the wee gairden dyke.

A go-ahead, gallant policeman was he,
Upon whose strong body was mony a scar
He got when away oot in wild Ashantee
Engaged in the terrible business o' war.

As yet he was only a fiery young brand,
Whose thochts day and nicht were hoo fast he
could slay,
And so wi' his baton grasped firm in his hand
He waited, prepared for the oncomin' fray.

The nicht was pitch dark, and the wild winds
were high,
The foam-crested waves crashed along the bleak
shore ;
It was ane o' those wild eerie nichts when a cry
Can thrill a' oor nerves to the hert's very core.

Young Jim had withstood the dread lion's deep
roar,
And waded through blood amid war's gruesome
scene,
But he never had stood a' unaided before
And faced the wild hooligan lads on Halle'en.

It happened that nicht that Jean's pig had broke
oot,
And through the wee gairden it wandered quite
free ;
Jim saw something movin' as white as a cloot,
And wondered on earth what the deuce it could
be.

He pondered, and pondered, until the great strain
Had strung his strong nerves up as ticht as a
fiddle,
And then wi' a do-or-die fire in his brain
He firmly resolved he would solve the strange
riddle.

As swift as a deer that leaps over the crags,
He sprang at the object and hit it a whack ;
It jumpt roon in terror among Jamie's legs,
And coupt him clean ower on the braid o' his
back.

Away flew his helmet among the braw flowers,
But up he sprang swiftly, and quietly he swore
That he would defy a' the Devil's dark powers,
But he would keel-mark a' that hooligan corps.

'Mang the gooseberry bushes the wee grunter ran,
While sair jaggit Jamie kept jinkin' about,
And shoutin', "Aha ! then, it's you, Jock M'Gran,
I ken ye, ye weed, by the shape o' yer snoot."

He jumpt ower the cabbage, and dashed thro' the
kail,
Until he fell crash ower a hummin' bee-hive,
When oot cam' the bees like a big shower o' hail,
And made Jamie sorry that he was alive.

'Twas an outrage the best tempered bees couldna stand,
 And soon their sharp spears played amang
 Jamie's gore,
 And roon that wee gairden distracted he ran
 As ne'er in his life he had e'er ran before.

Teugh Jean heard the noise as she lay in her bed,
 And thocht a' was richt and said to hersel',
 "Go on, my young polisman; eh, but I'm gled
 You're doin' just splendid." When lo, a wild
 yell,

An ear-piercin' squeak, an oot ran auld Jean,
 And fell wi' a clash ower a wet tattie rig,
 And shouted, "Great goodness, what, what can
 this mean?"

Oh, polis! ye deevil, ye're killin' my pig."

Alas! oor young hero was in a sad plicht,
 And oh! it was awfu' the rage o' auld Jean;
 But we will be merciful wi' them this nicht,
 And ring doon the curtain and hide the strange
 scene.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

TO MY ANONYMOUS FRIEND WHO SENT ME A
 BEAUTIFUL PIPE ON 15TH MARCH, 1910.

I've got a guid freen in Kilmarnock,
 But dinna ken wha he may be;
 He sends me a pipe frae Kilmarnock
 That's made wi' the foam o' the sea.
 He sends me a letter alang wi't
 Withoot an address or a name.
 Wi' sic a kind he'rt, he does wrang wi't
 To hide it as if he thocht shame.

When smoking my pipe frae Kilmarnock,
 Hoo jolly and nice it will be
 To ken I've a freen in Kilmarnock
 Wha's aye thinking kindly o' me !
 I'll bless my kind freen in Kilmarnock
 While I hae a pipe in my cheek ;
 My he'rt will aye warm to Kilmarnock
 As lang as I'm fit to draw reek.

LAMENT.

IN LOVING MEMORY OF MRS. IVO D. HENEAGE,
 OF UNDERWOOD, WHO DIED ON 12TH OCTOBER,
 1909.

The Pow Burn is rushing along like a flood
 Among the low meadows and through the dark
 wood,
 The wild winds are whirling the leaves through
 the air,
 While lonely I wander in silent despair.

The rain falls in torrents around Underwood,
 Where lie the remains of a sweet motherhood.
 The lady we loved has been called to her rest,
 At peace with the world, with her babe on her
 breast.

How cold is that bosom, how still is that form !
 She sees not the flood, and she hears not the storm ;
 We praise her, and fain would we kiss her cold
 brow,
 But she hears not nor feels our kindnesses now.

We've made her grave lovely with beautiful flowers,
 And though they shall fade with the wild Wintry
 showers,
 Her sweet deeds of kindness in old Symington
 Shall dwell in our bosoms till we too are gone.

Thou God of our fathers, Thou sweet Saviour dear,
 Oh, pour down Thy blessings on stricken ones here;
 To Underwood Valley sweet comfort bequeath,
 And soothe the sad bosoms in lovely Dankeith.

THE LASS THAT WAVED HER HAND TO ME.

In Ayrshire's grand commercial toon
 That's famed for gallant engineers,
 I saw one Autumn afternoon
 The brawest o' Eve's bonnie dears.
 She glanced at me as I gaed by,
 Wi' humour twinklin' in her e'e,
 And as her face lit up wi' joy
 She waved a witchin' hand to me.

I told my wife when I gaed hame.
 "Eh, man," quo' she, "ye've little guile
 To let your he'rt burst into flame
 At ony lassie's silly smile.
 You're forty-five, but I'll be bound,
 If it was sae that I should dee,
 You'd search Kilmarnock till you found
 The lass that waved her hand to thee."

"Tut, tuts," quo' I, "ye're haverin', wife,
 Your jealous love is speaking noo ;
 I'm sure ye've kent me a' my life,
 And I hae aye been leal and true.
 Come, gie's your hand, and chase away
 That spark o' anger frae your e'e ;
 It's only for a lark I sing
 'The lass that waved her hand to me.' "

SYMINGTON.

TO-CONSTABLE ANDERSON "FRAE A SCOT
ABROAD."

Symington! Ah, sweet lovely spot,
 How well you nestle 'midst the trees ;
 Thy memory dear to yonder Scot
 Whose die is cast beyond the seas.

Thy praises ring from year to year.
 Thou healthful, peaceful Symington ;
 Of pestilence thou hast no fear,
 But happiness thou feed'st upon.

Thy bard, the noted Anderson,
 Has spread thy fame the world abroad,
 Till had my heart been made of stone
 I'd turn to thee, beloved abode.

Ah! gently learn it from my pen,
 As oft my thoughts do turn as now,
 He's far behind wha disna ken
 The lovely valley of the "Pow."

All hail! to thee be peacefulness,
 All wanton cares and worries shun,
 And thus attain high blessedness,
 My hopes for thee, sweet Symington.

A. GRAY.

SYMINGTON.

DEDICATED TO A. GRAY, THE SCOT ABROAD,
WHOSE POEM APPEARED IN THE "STANDARD"
OF 21ST JANUARY, 1911.

O' sing to me of Symington,
Wi' a' its witchin' spells,
Of Coodham's calm, enchantin' woods,
And Rosemount's fairy dells,
Of Dankeith's bowers, wi' dazzlin' flowers
Of every shade and sheen ;
She's rich and rare beyond compare,
She's Nature's matchless Queen.

I fondly gaze on Symington,
Embowered amang her trees ;
Like some proud Queen upon her throne
She sits in stately ease.
By primrose knowe the dear wee Pow
Gaes wimplin' to the sea,
Where he'rts sae kind hae a' entwined
Their tender ties roon me.

O let me rove roon Symington
Amid the joys of June,
When a' the songsters of the woods
Are singing sweet in tune.
The millionaire is crushed wi' care,
The king suspects his throne,
While here am I wrapt roon wi' joy
In dear wee Symington.

THE NEW "STANDARD."

The "Standard" on the Irvine Braes
Is growin' big and bonnie.
For nearly fifty years o' days
It's been my faithfu' cronie ;
And still it grows in spite o' foes,
It's hailed wi' glee far o'er the sea ;
Hearts here and there and everywhere
A' lo'e the "Standard" dearly.

Kilmarnock noo may brag the shire,
And cut a canty caper,
For she can say wi' truth to-day,
She prints the premier paper.
And still it grows in spite o' foes,
It's hailed wi' glee far o'er the sea ;
Hearts here and there and everywhere
A' lo'e the "Standard" dearly.

LINES SUGGESTED ON VISITING COODHAM,

20TH SEPTEMBER, 1911.

The rhododendrons feel the breeze
As it goes rustling by,
While from the tall and stately trees
There comes a gentle sigh.
The dew is glistening on the lawn
Beneath a brilliant sun,
As here I stand, 'mid scenes so grand,
A soul-enraptured one.

And here I see the bride this morn,
 In all her winning grace,
 While something bright and newly born
 Lights up her lovely face.
 A something sacred, pure, and sweet,
 A something deep and strong,
 That makes this life on earth complete
 And fills the soul with song.

Oh, lovely is the Coodham lake,
 Where swans so sweetly glide,
 And birds sing love from every brake
 To cheer the winsome bride.
 Now she will leave this lovely place,
 But we shall ne'er forget
 The Christian grace that lights the face
 Of Lady Margaret.

VERSES (AFTER ILLNESS)

IN REPLY TO MR. TOM SMITH, IBROX COTTAGE,
 DARVEL, WHOSE POEM TO ME APPEARED IN
 THE "STANDARD" OF 3RD APRIL, 1909.

Yes, my poor old Muse got wandered,
 And I thought it had been slain,
 But your verses in the "Standard"
 Bring it back to me again—

Bring it back too weak for duty,
 Like the sun in early Spring,
 When it bursts forth in its beauty
 Cheating little birds to sing.

Well, I'll let it cheat me, brother,
If from care it sets me free,
Till I try to sing another
Simple little song to thee.

In my travels I have tasted
Joys that thrilled me to the core,
But alas ! what health I've wasted
In those years that are no more.

I've had joys that burst like bubbles,
Bubbles of all shapes and forms ;
I've had trials, I've had troubles,
I've had calms, and I've had storms.

From the heights of joy I've tumbled
When my pathway seemed most bright,
But, although I often stumbled,
I kept striving for the right.

Ah, dear Tom, your song of gladness
Makes me think of other times,
When my Muse was free from sadness,
While I weaved my early rhymes.

Tom, you have been very mindly,
And your words I must excuse,
Though you speak of me too kindly
And of my poor wandering Muse.

But when my poor health shall rally
And my Muse is free from care,
I will sing of Irvine Valley
And the kind hearts dwelling there.

AYRSHIRE POLICEMAN'S RHYMING
EPISTLE.

A LETTER TO MR. JOHN MACINTOSH, POLICE
CONSTABLE (AND BACHELOR), CROSSHOUSE,
KILMARNOCK, MARCH, 1901, WHEN I WAS
SUFFERING FROM INFLUENZA.

John, here am I, half dead, and sittin',
Shakin', shiverin', hoastin', spittin',
Wi' my puir voice like weasles squeakin',
And wi' my marrow banes a' creakin',
While melancholy clouds the spirit
O' your afflicted poet laureate.

Oh, John, I feel the time is comin'
When even warmth-diffusin' woman
Will no be fit to ease my pains,
And thaw my puir auld frozen banes.

Hoo bachelors' banes can haud thegither
In this blood-freezin', cruel weather,
Withoot an anxious wife's attention,
Is something past my comprehension.

I'm sure their pulses don't beat quicker ;
But then, their blood is maybe thicker,
And charmin', sweet anticipation
May kittle their imagination ;
But yet, puir men, I doot they'll weary,
For winter nights are lang and dreary.

Whene'er I felt mysel' real ill,
I ca'd in Doctor James M'Gill,
Wha's famous for uncommon merit,
And for his sweet and gentle spirit ;

Ane o' the noblest types o' men
Wha'd face a lion in his den,
And yet he has the mildest nature
I've ever seen in human creature.

Ye want to ken aboot John Marr ;
I canna say he's ony waur,
Nor can I say he's ony better ;
He's gaun aboot, but weak as water.
He's fairly stoppit makin' shoon,
And says himsel' he feels he's duue ;
But tho' he's worn to skin and bane,
He rarely ever speaks o' pain.
I'm sorry for the dear old cr'atur',
For he has sic a jolly natur'.
But och ! why should I idly fret ?
The blithe auld boy may rally yet,
And in his highest heights o' glory
Tell us mony a merry story.
Ye want to ken aboot young Joe*
Wha volunteered to face the foe ;
Puir lad ! he's fought gey brave and clever
Up and doon the Orange River.
He's chased that slippery eel, De Wet,
And sic a chase he'll ne'er forget—
Day and nicht for weeks thegither,
In maist severe and tryin' weather.
At times he's seen warm human blood
Flow doon the kopjes like a flood,
And great big rocks a' rent asunder
Hurled up thro' the air like thunder,
While on the Boers, thro' thick and thin,
He's seen the wild M'Cartney rin,

* Joseph Tinman, of Coynton, in Ayrshire Yeomanry in South Africa.

And heard him, 'mid the tumult, swear
He'd hae a lock o' De Wet's hair.

And Doctor Naismith, in his sark,
Sweatin' at his gory wark,
Tho' bullets fell amang his feet,
The deil o' him wad e'er retreat ;
And while he bandaged up a jaw
The same man's leg was blown awa'.
He shouted in his blithest tone—
“ Go on, my Ayrshire lads, go on.”

The sly Boer sees, where'er he turns,
A hero frae the Land o' Burns,
And swiftly shows his pony's tail
And gallops fast o'er hill and dale ;
In fact, the whole o' Ayrshire's Yeomen
Are terrors to our bitter foemen.

So are oor Ayrshire Volunteers
And far-famed regular Fusiliers ;
Indeed, for furious fight and skill,
Patience, pluck, and firm will,
They show us that they a' inherit
Their sires' unconquerable spirit ;
Wha on the hills and at the stake
Fought a great fight for conscience sake.

Of course, *we* don't fight wi' sic fury,
But still we're always in the worry :
I dinna mind sae much swine fever,
But stray dogs haunt my soul forever ;
I'd rather be amang a rabble
Quellin' some big pay nicht squabble.
It's wee things we're ashamed to mention
That mak's us sigh to see oor pension.

I see that Glasgow chiel, Caldwell,
Is up against oor Pension Bill :
May some kind body cool his passion,
And keep him silent for a session
Till Parliament—that queer hotch-potch
O' English, Irish, Welsh, and Scotch—
Brings oor new Pension Bill safe thro',
And gi'es the Scotch police their due.
Then frae my heart I'll gladly sing
God save our country and our King.

BRITAIN AND RUSSIA.

[The Russians at Tientsin have taken possession of the disputed siding, which is guarded by armed troops. General Barrow hesitates to act in the absence of Sir A. Gaselee, feeling sure that a serious collision would ensue if the British attempted to assert their rights. The Russians consider they have carried the day."]

Hands off now, Mr. Bruin,
Hands off now, Mr. Bear,
And let the British lion
Lie quietly in his lair.
Of poor, distracted China,
You've had your share, and more ;
Then don't disturb our lion,
Or you shall hear him roar.

The Czar cries, " Peace, ye nations,"
While his great blood-red car
Sweeps through the land triumphant,
'Mid horrid, hideous war.
And now he thinks to crush us
When we're engaged elsewhere ;
We warn him not to tempt us—
Come, hands off, Mr. Bear.

AN EPISTLE TO MY OLD COMRADE,

JOHN MACKINTOSH, POLICE CONSTABLE,
CROSSHOUSE, KILMARNOCK.

John, here I rest my weary banes
Upon a roadside bing o' stanes,
While big warm sweaty blobs o' dew
Are drappin' frae my meltin' broo.
My bike is lyin' by my side,
An' showin' up her sair-patched hide ;
She's gettin' auld an' worn, ye ken,
An' bikes are no' unlike puir men.
Their tyres are very tender things,
An' useless when the hawthorn stings ;
Like our poor lungs when some microbe
Gets settled at its cruel job,
It soon lets oot the pickle air
That keeps us in the world o' care.

On bike inspection day last week
I took her up rale snod and sleek
Before that true high-mettled Gael,
Whose glance can mak' a bully quail.
He scanned her weel frae stem tae stern,
An' my puir heart with doubt was torn,
While "Maggie"* stood wi' tremblin' tail
Beneath the eye of John M'Phail.
Says he, "Is she an old one, Mat?"
"Oh, no," says I, "she's hardly that,
Nor yet is she a fancy new ane,
But she's a guid auld tried and true ane,
An' tho' she's got some noble scars,
Like some auld veteran frae the wars,
They're but skin deep, where ance she fell,
At heart she is as sound's a bell."

* My bike's pet name.

“Quite so,” says he, “but still she’s torn,
And I will mark her doon half worn.”

Alas! my friend, ’tween me an’ you,
I ken his words are far owre true,
But still, tho’ she’s a kennin’ dour,
She yet can raise a cloud o’ stoor,
Especially when before a breeze.
By Jove! it’s then she fairly flees!
Then come wi’ a’ yer free-wheel bikes,
I’ll show you how to loup the dikes,
An’ tho’ the sweat is like to blind me,
An’ woods and fields fade fast behind me,
Till hedges, houses, hills, and streams
Get a’ mixed up like nightmare dreams—
I like it, for it makes my blood
Rush thro’ my veins like some great flood,
Until I feel the fierce wild joy
I felt when but a reckless boy,
While my’ whole soul and body cries,
“Oh, what a glorious exercise!”

Ta, ta, auld chum, believe me yours
While my auld hardy bike endures.

IN MEMORIAM.

MAJOR-GENERAL HECTOR MACDONALD.

Away, far away in the heart of the Highlands,
 Where eagles arise on the wings of the morn,
 There stands the wee cot of a poor, humble crofter,
 Where Scotland's great hero, young Hector, was
 born.

And there in the bright days of boyhood he
 wandered

Up on the mountain, and down through the
 glen,

While deeply and fondly the young hero pondered
 On Scotland's great soldiers and brave High-
 landmen.

The morning of youth with its bright visions bore
 him

Far from the home where so happy he'd been ;
 Inspired by the deeds of his fathers before him,

Resolved him to fight for his country and Queen ;
 And soon from the ranks of the Army he bounded,

For he was a true born soldier of war ;
 And when the fierce Afghans his small force
 surrounded,

He cleaved his way thro' on to wild Kandahar.

In countries far scattered we read his life's story,
 'Tis linked with the triumphs that Briton's can
 claim,

Omdurman's the gem in his great roll of glory,
 It added the crown to his world-wide fame.

And now the great soldier's brave soul has departed,
 His great lion heart is at rest in the grave,

Oh God, for to think that he died broken hearted :
 Oh sleep, noble hero, the sleep of the brave !

AFTER THE BATTLE.

Sore at heart I sit and gaze
On the awful battle plain,
While my comrade's head I raise
From a ghastly heap of slain.
Where's the soul that lit these eyes
Bright with love at break of day?
Hark! the moaning wind replies—
Far away, oh, far away!

Glory thrilled the heart so true
Of this noble Scottish boy,
When against his foes he flew
Filled with patriotic joy.
Now amid his silent foes
I resign his cold, cold clay,
While to realms of sweet repose
His brave soul doth soar away.

THE MURDER OF CONSTABLE KING,
NEAR NETHYBRIDGE, INVERNESS-SHIRE, SCOT-
LAND, ON 20TH DECEMBER, 1898.

Away in the heart of the Highlands, away
Where lovers of Nature delight for to stray,
Amid the great mountains whose summits so high
Appear to out-rival the clouds of the sky;

Far from the city so glaring and loud,
Far from its hurrying feverish crowd,
Far amid scenes rendered solemn to-day,
Close by the wide-rolling river of Spey:

There roamed MacCallum, ferocious and free,
A bold, law-defying, wild poacher was he,
Who roamed the dark forest and wild mossy heath,
And dared with his gun all the keepers with death.

Alone on the mountain, alone on the hill,
Alone through the valley he poached at his will ;
And felt not a joy, but a wild, savage pride
For the prey of his gun and the dog by his side.

MacCallum was summoned at Court to appear,
And then for his liberty sore did he fear ;
He viciously vowed that if Constable King
Would dare to arrest him, for him he would swing.

A warrant was granted MacCallum to bring :
The task to arrest fell on Constable King
Of Nethybridge Station, whose home was the pride
And pure admiration of all the Speyside.

He was a Constable true to his trust,
Fearless in duty, while faithful and just ;
His God he revered, bad men he defied,
A true British hero he lived and he died.

In the midst of the night when the stillness was
 deep,
And wearied out mothers had fallen asleep,
The Constable's wife had a dream that imprest
And deeply did trouble her sensitive breast.

There in her dream, oh how plainly she sees
MacCallum low crouching behind the dark trees,
And now there's her husband—her heart fills with
 pride—
He's marching MacCallum along the Speyside.

Again she can see them, and now they're afloat,
Crossing the Spey in a neat little boat ;
MacCallum is restless, he makes for to rise,
The fury of madness burns fierce in his eyes.

Her heart is now throbbing, MacCallum is spring-
ing,
Swift on her husband she hears the blows ringing ;
He rises, he staggers, he's tossed in the stream,
And then she awakes from her horrible dream.

Even that morning, impressed with the sight,
She told her fond husband her dream of the night,
And said—" With MacCallum be careful to-day,
And if you arrest him, oh, don't cross the Spey."

He promised, and faithful his promise he'd keep,
And though he said little, his thoughts they ran
deep ;
MacCallum had threatened to shoot him before,
And therefore he knew he might come back no
more.

He gathered his household, the Bible he took,
And earnestly read from that soul-soothing Book,
Then full of affection he bade them good-bye,
And went forth to duty—to do or to die.

Oh, scenes may be holy in church and in hall,
But here was the holiest scene of them all ;
Sacred to God is a household in prayer,
Angels of Jesus are hovering there.

Cold was the morning, and dull was the day,
As on through the valley King wended his way ;
Ah, well may he list to the waters that roar,
For, alas, he will hear their wild music no more !

Then P.C. MacNiven, the gallant and kind,
Joined in the duty MacCallum to find ;
They pressed to the poacher's poor dwelling that
stood
Lonely and wild by the edge of a wood.

But early that morning, with the rise of the sun,
MacCallum had left with his dog and his gun,
Then each of the Constables took his own way,
And searched the dark forest that dull Winter's
day.

And soon did MacNiven MacCallum espy,
He pointed his gun when MacNiven drew nigh
And swore he would shoot him down dead through
the heart
Before with his freedom that day he would part.

Then swift through the forest he vanished from
sight,
Like an owl when disturbed in the midst of the
night,
While on through the forest again and again
The Constables searched ; but they searched all in
vain.

Weary with searching they turn them for home,
And back by MacCallum's lone dwelling they come.
No sign of life there, nor one spark of light,
All is as dark as the fast falling night.

They enter the dwelling, they grope in the gloom,
King to the kitchen, MacNiven the room ;
While there in the kitchen, unseen in the dark,
MacCallum has taken his murderous mark.

The trigger is pulled, and the bullet has sped,
 The stillness is broken, the Constable's dead ;
 The murderer is flying, he hardly knows where,
 Tortured with terror and torn with despair.

Alas, for the home now of Constable King,
 Oh, sad are the tidings MacNiven must bring.
 Filled with forebodings his fond wife did yearn
 And wish all that day for her husband's return.

Cheered are the soldiers on wild fields of war
 To fight for their country in lands scattered far,
 But King needed nothing to cheer him to fight :
 He belonged to the hero brigade of the night.

Ye kind sympathisers who give of your store
 To keep the wild wolf from the poor widow's door,
 A something more precious, a sweet Saviour's love,
 Is waiting for you in the great home above.

NUMBER EIGHT.

BORN 26TH AUGUST, 1903.

My goodness, gracious, here's a ploy !
 Ye talk about big lumps o' joy !
 But here's a chiel that will annoy
 Us air and late ;
 My, what an armfu' o' a boy
 Is number eight !

And we have named him right away
 For old Sir John Dalrymple Hay,
 An Admiral wha was in his day
 As teuch as steel ;
 Whaever met him in a fray
 Was soon no' weel.

My son, you'll never need think shame
Of your godfather's glorious name,
For his illustrious deeds o' fame's
 On every tongue ;
He made the Chinese pirates tame
 When he was young.

And yet, tho' he has seen fourscore
Of bustling years on sea and shore,
Age has not made him dull or sour ;
 No, he's as canty
And hale and hearty at the core
 As yin and twenty.

May days and years light gently on
The snaw white pow o' brave Sir John,
And when his noble soul has gone
 'Yont things o' time,
May he be placed near God's white throne
 'Mang scenes sublime.

Like him, my son, whate'er ye do,
Aye be a Scotsman through and through,
And then a Briton leal and true
 In word and deed,
And ne'er in shame ye'll need to boo
 Your bonnie heid.

And wheresoe'er your lot be cast,
Fight like a man against life's blast ;
Don't let your temper rise too fast,
 Be kind and true,
And then the God of All at last
 Will comfort you.

THE LADS WHO WEAR THE BLUE COAT.

We love the land in which we live,
We love the rolling ocean,
We like to sing " God Save the King "
With loyal, deep devotion.
We love the tars who win our wars,
Our soldiers too, and why not ?
Give honour due to Britons true—
The lads who wear the blue coat.

We love the men of sword and pen
Who fought for their opinions,
And we have cause to bless the laws
They gave to our Dominions.
Still we require for our Empire
Some model men, and why not
Give love and praise and higher raise
The lads who wear the blue coat ?

When wars shall cease and all is peace
Through gentle arbitration,
And there shall be a jubilee
Of joy in every nation :
All sorts of men shall love us then,
And so improve our hard lot
That we shall cry, " O, what a joy "
It is to wear the blue coat !

POST CARD TO CONSTABLE FORSYTH,
STRAITON.

7TH OCTOBER, 1910.

Hullo, my young lad, are you only a myth,
Or are you a man they call Geordie Forsyth ;
I saw you last week with your purse full of pay,
And now, like a spirit, you've vanished away.
I feel you have played me a smart trick this time,
And if I was in humour to rattle off rhyme
I would take up my pen and go into the writing
And give you one hour of a good hearty flyting
For running away when you got me on leave ;
Oh, Geordie, ye rascal, no wonder I grieve.

THE WIND AT THE DOOR.

Do you hear the wild roar
Of that wind at the door ?
What groaning and growling,
What eeriesome howling,
Like sad spirits crying
“ We're lost, oh, we're lost ! ”
While away they are toss't
On the tops of the waves
Over thousands of graves
Unmarked and unknown
By memorial stone.

To-night it seems crying
“ Aha ! I'm defying
Proud man's puny powers—
I'll level his towers.
His great ship of war
I'll toss like a spar,
I'll root up his trees,
I'll do as I please ; ”

While I cry, oh, my God,
Stay this storm's mad glee,
And save the poor sailors
Upon the dark sea.

But it comes down again
On the strong window pane
With a whack like a flail
In great, wild bursts of hail,
As it dashes past
In a hurricane blast
O'er mountains, through valleys,
And cold city alleys ;
While I pray for the wanderer
Out on the wild,
And I pray for the shivering
Poor city child.

Oh, there's something profound
In this wind's eerie sound,
As it rises and falls
Like weird bugle calls.
My thoughts wander far
To wild scenes of war,
Till I hear and I see,
Triumphant and free,
War horses careering,
Great multitudes cheering,
Brave soldiers expiring,
While comrades are firing :
Now full of revenge,
Now solemn and strange,
Till weaker it grows
Like a man full of woes ;
And I pray for the soldier
Upon the cold heath,
Alone in the darkness
And bleeding to death.

Do you hear it once more
Shouting in at the door :
“ Ah ! what do I care
For cries of despair ;
Vain, vain is your muse,
Poor bard : when I choose
To rise in my wrath
I'll clear my own path,
And your soft-hearted wail
Will be lost in the gale ? ”
“ Ah ! yes, ” I reply,
“ But there's One up on high
Who laid thee before
On Galilee's shore,
And to-night He's the same.

If I call on His name
In whole-hearted faith
He'll still thy strong breath,
And amongst the bare trees
Thy loud screaming shall cease,
And all the wild seas
Shall be wrapt up in peace.”

TO ANNIE S. SWAN

IN HER SAD BEREAVEMENT, WHEN HER ONLY
SON WAS ACCIDENTALLY SHOT DEAD.

Dear God, this blow is hard to bear,
For no man e'er can know
The awful depth of this despair—
A tender mother's woe.

She gazed upon her darling boy,
So brilliant and so gay ;
Next moment, with a flash, her joy
Was swiftly swept away.

We know not why such things should be,
But oh, sweet authoress,
God gave *His* only Son that we
Be soothed in our distress.

We've read thy tales of tenderness
For many happy years,
And now, dear heart, in thy distress
We mingle our poor tears.

Now waft these feeble words away,
For oh, it gives relief
To sympathise with her to-day,
So overwhelmed in grief.

I received the following touching letter written
by the Authoress herself :—

ST. ANDREW STREET,
HERTFORD.

DEAR SIR,

Thank you very much for your beautiful
poem. Sympathy helps those in sorrow, but just
at present my heart is too sad to let me write
more.

Yours in trial,

A. BURNETT SMITH
(Annie Swan).

FAREWELL

SPOKEN AT PRESENTATION ON RETIREMENT OF
SUPERINTENDENT ROSS, 3RD AUGUST, 1909.

At this most solemn word "farewell"
Old memories move across the mind
Of busy years left far behind,
Wherein some noble deeds were done,
Some battles lost, some battles won,
Some old familiar faces gone
Into the vast and great unknown.

Believe me, Superintendent Ross,
Believe these words, for they are true ;
For years to come we'll feel the loss
Of such a gentleman as you.
You gave the Force a higher tone,
Your grand example, daily given,
Taught us on earth to struggle on
And keep our hearts in touch with heaven.
Your kindly ways, your looks of love,
And noble words to wayward men,
Are all recorded up above
By God's own everlasting pen.

You leave us with your record clean,
You leave us with your honour pure,
With your kind heart enshrined serene
Within our bosoms all secure.
May peace attend your evening time
Till angels ring the mystic bell,
And call your soul to joys sublime,
Farewell, dear Mr. Ross, farewell.

NUMBER TEN.

Oh, Nancy, what is this again,
Anither wean, anither wean ?
Nae wonder that I'm gettin' bald,
For Number Nine's no twa-year-auld ;
What I'm to do I dinna ken,
For here is noo wee Number Ten.

Eh, sirs, it is an awfu' state
For ony man to contemplate ;
Some folk wi' only twa or three
Are makin' gey puir mooths to me :
What they wad do I dinna ken
If they had got my steerin' ten.

Dear wean ! why should I talk like this ?
You've brocht wi' you a new-born bliss ;
You'll get a sup o' brose, nae doot,
An' oot o' some bit orra cloot
Your ma will mak' you up a dress
An' deck you like a wee Princess.

In your defence you canna speak ;
Oh, let me kiss your tender cheek.
My darlin' pet, my bonnie doo,
I'll never feel ashamed o' you ;
Tho' you were number three times ten,
You'd aye be my ain sweet wee hen.

Dear wean ! this world is fu' o' snares,
An' nae doot you will hae your cares ;
But always keep your inner eye
Steadfast on things beyond the sky ;
An' God His choicest gifts will sen'
To bless my dear wee Number Ten.

TO CONSTABLE ANDERSON
ON READING HIS POEM IN LAST WEEK'S
"STANDARD" TO "NUMBER TEN."

Hail once again, my poet brother !
A tender greeting, child and mother !
It would be wrong o' us to smother
 An' fail to sen'
A kindly word to one another
 On " Number Ten."

This morning as I rose from bed
My wife out of the " Standard " read
What you upon the " advent " said,
 And you may guess
My thochts to Symington fast sped
 Wi' gleesomeness.

When came the infant Prince o' Spain
(Was e'er sic fuss made o' a wean ?)
The prayers and blessings fell like rain
 For his behoof,
Yet he may prove their wishes vain
 And be a coof.

You call your child a " Princess," sir,
Nor do you claim too much for her,
For though the nations make no stir,
 No homage bring,
She is a Royal character,
 Child of a King.

A Poet's child ! How blest thy lot !
Offspring of Fancy, Wit, and Thought ;
Mere earthly " Royals " match thee not—
 : Can never know
The queenly heritage thou'st got
 Through life to go.

A Princess of true Royal blood,
Sweet perfumed and well-formed rosebud ;
As daddy says, if some odd dud
 But wrap thee round,
Though where thou walk'st be common mud,
 'Tis holy ground.

My blessing on this little child !
When sorrow comes, be't light and mild,
And may ill-luck and trouble wild
 Come not her way,
Nor aught by which she'd be defiled
 Beside her stay.

In coming days may this wee lass
Bring gladness where her footsteps pass ;
E'en may the flo'ers among the grass
 Luk up and greet,
And ilka loon say grace and mass
 To her sae sweet.

An enemy to all that's mean,
Her kindly heart be ever green,
And may the " love licht " in her een
 Shed round her mirth ;
Then she indeed will prove a Queen
 Upon the earth.

TOM SMITH.

Stoneyhall, Dec., 1907.

A SICK BED CRY.

Welcome, friend Matthew ! Where have you been this long time ? Sorry am I to learn that you have been suffering in body, but, man, the poetic soul soars as of yore and glides on posed wings of as pretty balance as the lover of poesy could desire. I love thy faith, Matthew, friend. Now, I'll let thee :—

Helpless, here in bed I lie,
 Smote with pains which make me sigh ;
 Oh ! how slow the hours crawl by
 When I'm distress't ;
 I wish to God that I could die,
 And be at rest.

Forgive the wish, Lord, I am wild,
 Old Satan has my sense beguiled ;
 Lord, treat me as a fretful child,
 Thou must forgive ;
 Caress me till I'm reconciled
 That I should live.

How differently my Saviour bore
 The cruel thorns which pierced and tore
 His glorious head ; O, see the gore
 Stream down His beard ;
 My God, I shudder to the core,
 I'm deeply stirred.

I pray for all my foes, oh Lord,
 Who speak the dark vendetta word ;
 Who my clear character have blurred,
 And vex't my breast ;
 Forgive them, oh forgive them, Lord,
 'Tis my request.

And if, oh Father, 'tis Thy will,
 That I should soon be cold and still,
 Prepare me, O my Saviour, till
 Thy face I see ;
 Then when I'm dead my soul shall thrill
 With ecstasy.

A SONG

COMPOSED AT GAILES CAMP, IRVINE, IN HONOUR
 OF PRIVATE GEORGE GRAY, 5TH SCOTTISH
 RIFLE TERRITORIALS, WHO WON THE KING'S
 PRIZE AT BISLEY ON 25TH JULY, 1908.

TUNE—" *Bonnie Dundee.*"

Ten thousand times ten you are welcome to Gailes,
 And proudly your Corps its great champion hails ;
 The sweet Summer wind and the waves of the sea
 All sing a glad chorus of welcome to thee.

Refrain.

Then hurrah, boys ! hurrah ! and hooray, boys !
 hooray !

Ten thousand grand welcomes to Champion Gray ;
 The hearts of your comrades are dancing with glee,
 And all gallant Scotsmen are proud, proud of thee.

From the ends of the Empire great riflemen came,
 All skilful in arms and all panting for fame ;
 Though there, there was many a champion shot,
 The greatest of all was this young Lowland Scot.

The fame of our hero has flashed far away,
 And strange tongues are telling his story to-day,
 But hame praise is best, and auld Scotia's the spot
 Where his glorious triumph will ne'er be forgot.

NOW AND THEN.

A SONG.

TUNE—" *Bonnie Dundee.*"

Was ever puir mortal tormented like me ?
 Was ever puir mortal tormented like me ?
 With a hot burning tongue, and the gout in my
 knee,
 Had ever puir mortal tae suffer like me ?
 In the battle of life our foes are unseen,
 They float in the air, and they lurk in the stream,
 And in spite of our science and medical skill
 They seem to attack us and strike us at will.

In the days of my youth I could rise wi' the lark,
 Gang oot tae the fields in my breeks and my sark ;
 Wi' a scythe in my han' I could slash doon the hay,
 And seldom feel tired at the close o' the day.
 But great is the change since the days o' lang syne,
 When free frae a trouble in body and min' ;
 It is guid tae luk back, and reflect on the truth,
 That life was a pleasure, at least in our youth.

Those men are lucky that's aye blest wi' health,
 And others are lucky aye rowin' in wealth ;
 I too have been lucky, though suff'rin wi' pain—
 I hae got a guid wife I can aye ca' my ain.
 Nae doot I am bad, but I micht hae been worse :
 How many poor mortals would covet my purse ;
 There is one consolation I'll lay to my breast,
 My troubles and trials will soon be at rest.

GAVIN LAWSON.

53 Jeffrey Place, Newmilns.

REPLY

TO AN EPISTLE FROM MR. GAVIN LAWSON, 53
JEFFREY PLACE, NEWMILNS, WHICH I
RECEIVED ON EVENING OF SATURDAY, IITH
JULY, 1908, AND WROTE THIS REPLY ON
SAME EVENING.

TUNE—" *Bonnie Dundee.*"

Cheer up, my dear Gavin, cheer up and be gay,
Sing tooral a looral and tooral a lay ;
Wi' iron resolves spring up to the flair,
And shout " to the mischief wi' sorrow and care."

Nae Bard can feel sorrow for mair than an hour,
His bright, sunny muse will dispel its dark power ;
Rheumatics are painfu', but laugh at the pain,
'Twill melt the bit marrow that's clagg'd in the
bane.

Then up ye get, Gavin, and gie's a bit spring,
And dear Mrs. Lawson will lovingly sing
That sweet sang o' yours on your ain wee gran'-
weans,
And away like a bird will flee sorrow and pains.

Noo, cheer up, dear Gavin, cheer up and be gay,
Sing tooral a looral and tooral a lay ;
The King may be killed, or the Clyde may run dry,
But auld Gavin Lawson will never say die.

A FEW LINES

ON MR. ARTHUR, USHER, AYR SHERIFF COURT.

Among old Sundrum's woods and streams
He dreamt his happy, boyhood dreams.
His future then seemed rosy red,
With fairies dancing round his head ;
The world to him seemed full of joy,
And oh ! he was a happy boy.

But years rolled on, till manhood saw
Him made an Usher of the Law,
And then, instead of Sundrum wood,
Within Ayr Sheriff Court he stood,
And with a firm, commanding air,
He shouted sternly " Silence there."

Each day, as regular as the clock,
And steadfast as old Ailsa Rock,
Beside the bench he took his stand
And kept the Court within command ;
And through both calm and stormy days
He did his duty well always.

And now, though he's grown old and grey,
He still commands there day by day ;
But now when on " The Square " he'll gaze,
He'll see " the Statues " in a haze :
His heart will be away in dreams
Among old Sundrum's woods and streams.

GRATITUDE.

Oh, what a glorious Summer day,
With singing birds on every spray !
The spreading trees, the lovely flowers,
And charming little fragrant bowers,
The Arran mountains and the sea
All make me think, my God, of Thee.

Dear scenes surround me. There beneath
Are those sweet gardens of Dankeith,
So beautiful and dazzling bright,
Which cheer my heart and charm my sight.
My God, what can I give to Thee
For all the joys Thou giv'st to me !

When all my friends did me forsake,
And my poor heart was like to break,
A stifled groan was all my cry,
Yet it was heard by Thee on high.
My God, what can I give to Thee
For all that Thou hast done for me !

'Mid dangers dire when touched with fear
Thou whispered in my trembling ear :
" Be brave, and should thy body fall
A sacrifice to Duty's call,
Thy soul shall have a pardon free,
And come at once and dwell with Me."

When ills and anxious cares arose,
And days were dark with bitter woes,
Thou healed my heart of all its pain
And made it leap with joy again.
My God, what can I give to Thee
For all that Thou hast done for me !

What can I give, Lord? I'm obscure,
 My hands are empty, I am poor.
 A heart that fain Thy love would win,
 A soul all crusted o'er with sin,
 Is all that I can give to Thee,
 My God, for all Thou'st done for me!

SYMPATHY

(WHEN SERIOUSLY ILL AND AWAY FROM HOME).

To thee, Sir William Houldsworth, Bart.,
 I would adjust my rhyming chart,
 And sail away with healing art
 Of rustic song,
 Until I touched thy noble heart
 And made thee strong.

Oh, had my single muse such power,
 Each day I'd spent one happy hour
 In some secluded little bower
 Of Coodham Wood,
 And there I'd weave a fairy flower
 Would do thee good.

Then Autumn winds might sigh and moan
 Through all the woods round Symington,
 Or Winter storms might burst upon
 My awestruck ear,
 Yet I would sing in joyful tone
 Thy heart to cheer.

Sir William ! all the people here
 Are just as anxious and sincere ;
 They ask in trembling hope and fear
 About thy pain,
 And wish that health and strength would steer
 Thee home again.

Thy gracious lady also shares
 In all our earnest hopes and prayers :
 We know her first and fondest cares
 Are all for thee ;
 Oh, for the gentle heart that bears
 There's blessings free.

Oh, Thou who dost our beings prime,
 Thou great mysterious Power sublime,
 God of Eternity and Time
 Whom I adore,
 Oh, grant this humble prayer in rhyme—
 I ask no more.

AN EPISTLE TO MR. JOHN MARR,
 BARLUESTON, COYLTON.

13TH APRIL, 1903.

Hoo's a' wi' you my brave John Marr,
 I hope guid health has you in keepin',
 I often wonder hoo you are
 When you, I hope, are soundly sleepin'.
 While I tramp o'er these roads sae steep,
 My thochts awa' in Coylton cruisin',
 And though my he'rt wad like to sleep,
 I keep it lively wi' my musin'.

But oh, man John, my raven locks
Hae turned as gray's a cadger's cuddy,
Wi' toothache and neuralgia shocks
That for some weeks near drove me wuddy.
At times I tore along the road,
And girmed, and growled, and sighed, and sabbit,
And roared, and prayed aloud to God
Till I fell down completely wabbit.

Sometimes I couldna eat a bite,
Except wee bits o' bread weel drookit,
At ither times sae helpless like,
Wee thimblefu's o' milk I sookit.
I tried a' kinds o' auld wife cures,
Sour vinegar an' boilin' toddy,
While wi' the awfu' agony
The sweat cam' bubblin' frae my body.

But, thank the Lord, I'm better noo,
And soon to health and strength I'll rally,
For those fierce pains that pierced me through
Have made me weak and peely-wally.
Tell Mr. Smith o' Coylton Schule
(A noble chiel wha is wi' you thick),
That his auld servant hopes he's weel,
And trusts he'll never tak' the toothache.

IN LOVING MEMORY OF ROBERT NEIL,
MAY, 1909.

Wrapped round with trees in foliage green
The little village sits serene,
Calm, majestic, like a Queen
 Upon her throne ;
Much has he missed who has not seen
 Sweet Symington.

Among these trees in early Spring
The birds in countless numbers sing,
And through the streets their voices ring
 In artless glee.
It is a sweet and soothing thing
 To hear and see.

But, ah ! to-day deep thoughts I feel,
More solemn than I can reveal,
For cold, cold death has stamped its seal
 In peace upon
The kindly heart of Mr. Neil
 Of Symington.

Alas ! no more will he be seen
Racing along the Bowling Green
With hand, and eye, and spirit keen,
 In joyful play,
Nor at the Kirk with reverent mien
 On Sabbath day.

On Coodham Lake he'll hear no more
The jolly curlers loudly roar
" Is she a hog ? Oh, soop her o'er,"
 " Oh, soop her up,"
Nor join the hearty, jovial corps
 Who win the cup.

Where scenes of loveliness abound,
And birds are singing all around,
We lay his body in the ground
 This Summer day,
And then with solemn thoughts profound
 We move away.

We turn away and leave his soul
With Him who makes the thunders roll,
Who keeps the planets in control,
 And who can bind
The broken spirit and console
 Those left behind.

FAR FROM HOME.

The way is long and weary,
 And I am far from home,
And o'er the hills so dreary
 I see the darkness come.
The wind blows hard against me,
 And I am drenched with rain,
While my poor heart doth weary sore
 To see my home again.

I'll plod along my journey,
 And though it may be long,
I'll try to change its sorrows
 Into a joyful song.
For while my hopes are centred
 On yon great home on high,
I know my soul will leap with joy
 When this long night creeps by.

GOOD WISHES.

Have you heard the happy tidings
That are flying through the air,
Darting in electric flashes
Everywhere, everywhere,
That the gallant Major Craufurd
Has in raptures rushed away
With the heart of our young lady—
Miss E. L. Dalrymple Hay ?

We were all put in a flutter
At the time, at the time,
We were all put in a flutter
At the time.
Now the marriage day is here,
We would like to dance and cheer,
While we're laughing through a tear
All the time, all the time.

For our hearts go out to Nelly,
Of Dunlop, of Dunlop,
For our hearts go out to Nelly
Of Dunlop.

I suppose I ought to say
"Miss E. L. Dalrymple Hay,"
But it's Nelly every day
At Dunlop, at Dunlop.

May their joys be void of thorns
All the way, all the way,
May their joys be void of thorns
All the way ;
And may happy fortunes spring
Round them in a merry ring,
Till their children's children sing
Happy day, happy day.

Heaven guide them on their journey
 Aye in love, aye in love,
 Heaven guide them on their journey
 Aye in love,
 Till, with heads as white as snow,
 Hand in hand they'll happy go,
 Like "John Anderson, my Jo,"
 Up above, up above.

TO MR. AND MRS. TOM SMITH, IBROX
 COTTAGE, DARVEL,
 ON HEARING OF THE BIRTH OF THEIR THIRD BABY
 ON 12TH FEBRUARY, 1910.

Aroon Drumclog, 'mid sleety shoo'rs,
 The storm-tossed birds are whirlin',
 And roon some wanderer on those moors
 The wild peeweeps are skirlin'.
 Bold Loudoun Hill, proud, grim, and still,
 Looks o'er those fields o' fame,
 While farther doon in Darvel toon
 Tom's number three comes hame.

While Irvine Water boils wi' rage,
 And rushes to the sea,
 Amid the storm God sends the form
 O' dear wee number three.
 While birds rejoice on Loudon's Braes,
 Where snawdrap's noo are peepin',
 The bairn lies on his mother's breast
 In sweet oblivion, sleepin'.

I pray that God shall guide this babe
 To bless his bonnie mother,
 And cheer his dad when he is sad,
 For he's my poet brother.
 And when his "curly pow" grows grey,
 And he feels melancholy,
 Then number three turn on your glee
 And mak' your daddy jolly.

A SMA' PETITION

ADDRESSED TO THE LATE CONSTABLE ' JOHN
 MACKINTOSH, OF CROSSHOUSE, ON 17TH
 OCTOBER, 1901.

John, let the reins o' law hing loose
 Among the colliers o' Crosshouse
 And Irvine Vale ;
 Wi' their bit failin's ca' a truce,
 And read my tale.

I had a braw wee penny whistle,
 On which was stamped a Scottish thistle,
 That grand design
 That withstood mony a famous tussle
 In days langsyne.

I bocht it when I was a boy,
 When to my mind the earth and sky
 Was wondrous fair,
 And I was sae wrapt up in joy
 I kent nae care.

What splendid days we spent thegither
 Amang North Beoch's bonnie heather
 And mossy rills,
 When life-revivin' simmer weather
 Het up the hills.

I roused my soul wi' "Scots wha hae,"
 Till my wild thochts flew far away
 To ither lands,
 And saw mysel' dash thro' the fray
 Wi' bluidy hands.

And when the sun in simmer pride
 Behind Ben-Beoch-Craig wad glide
 At close o' day,
 I'd stroll far doon the burnie side,
 Sweet tunes to play.

Because alane I liked to stroll
 Communin' wi' my buddin' soul
 In secret joy,
 Folk said I was an unco droll
 Auld-fashioned boy.

My whistle was my constant frien'
 In kitchen, barn, or village green,
 Or heath-clad hill;
 It stirred up many a glorious scene
 That haunts me still.

On Winter nichts, at some bit spree,
 It garred the lassocks loup wi' glee,
 While collier chiels
 Wad dance until the sparks wad flee
 Frae their hard heels.

When I got wed and settled doon,
 And bairns grew up and gathered roon',
 I liked to play
 That sweet, heart-meltin' Scottish tune,
 "Auld Robin Gray."

What high-strung thochts sweet music brings
 When some great Prima Donna sings,
 'Mid smiles and tears,
 Oor souls ascend on angel wings
 To higher spheres.

But noo nae touch o' joy I'll feel,
 Nor see the bairns in jig or reel
 Jump thro' the flair ;
 My whistle that I liked sae weel
 Will play nae mair.

Oor youngest bairn, oor darlin' Jim,
 A stoot wee sturdy cherubim,
 Wi' lauchin' e'en,
 Seized my auld whistle in a whim,
 And smashed it clean.

Thou generous soul, then hear my prayer
 That's wrung frae me in my despair
 In this epistle,
 If thou wad'st like to cure my care,
 Send me a whistle.

NOTE.—John granted my sma' petition and sent me a nice whistle.—M. A.

IN MEMORY OF CONSTABLE MACINTOSH,
LATE OF CROSSHOUSE, WHO DIED ON 6TH
JULY, 1903.

Roses are decking the hedgerows,
Their fragrance fills the breeze,
And birds are singing sweetly
Among the leafy trees.
The Summer sun is shining
O'er earth, and sky, and sea,
But my friend John is dead and gone,
So what are these things to me ?

I hear my comrades talking,
I try to catch the tale,
And when I hear them laughing
I try to laugh, but fail ;
These youthful hearts around me
Are running o'er with glee,
The atmosphere is full of cheer,
But what is it all to me ?

Amid these bright surroundings
I dare not half reveal
The secret depth of sorrow
That in my heart I feel.
I deem my tears too sacred
For any man to see ;
This grief of mine shall be divine
Between my God and me.

FAREWELL TO MY OLD HELMET.

CAPS ARE NOW TO BE WORN BY THE AYRSHIRE
CONSTABULARY, AND THE ORDER IS SAID TO
HAVE GIVEN GREAT SATISFACTION TO THE
YOUNG CONSTABLES. APRIL, 1912,

Farewell to thee, my good old friend,
No more shalt thou my head defend ;
From blazing sun, or hail, or rain,
Thou'lt never shield this head again ;
From bricks or bottles 'mid the strife
Thou ne'er again shalt save my life.
My dear old friend, no tongue can tell
How sad I feel to say farewell !

The young policeman, proud and vain,
Defies the sun, the hail, and rain ;
Despises bottles, stones, and bricks,
As if they were but midge's kicks ;
While, with his false, inflated pride
He casts his truest friend aside,
And when he gets to wear:instead,
Upon his oil anointed head,
This Anglo-German fancy:cap,
He'll think himself a mighty chap !
He'll strut along, so proud and vain,
And ogle every Mary Jane !

For all my worry and my care,
I've still a head of thick, black hair ;
But now, alas ! t'will soon be gone,
I've got a German jammer on.
Laugh not, my friends, at my despair,
A bard's great glory is his hair.

What memories sweet come back to me,
Old helmet, as I gaze on thee !
Thou mind'st me of my courting days,
When on thee Nan would fondly gaze ;
Or when, behind some friendly knowe,
She placed thee on her noble brow,
And I would say—I'd never seen
A grander type of British queen !

Farewell, farewell ! My heart is sore.
Old helmet ! I can say no more.

ON RETIREMENT OF WILLIAM FORRESTER,
POLICE CONSTABLE, CAPRINGTON.

Your pension milestone now is past,
The longed for day has come at last,
And it has come with honours bright,
For you have fought a splendid fight.
A fight of four and thirty years,
Where vice, its hardened head uprears ;
And never once did you retreat,
Nor ever suffer one defeat.

That man must be both brave and strong
To fight so well and fight so long ;
But you are one of massive mould,
Built like a warrior Scot of old.
Born in those days, now past away,
When men were made of good tough clay—
Men who cleaved their way straight through
At Bannockburn and Waterloo.
Oh ! how unlike this modern breed
That's made of cigs. and chickenweed,
We see at our street corners stand,
Sad blots upon our native land !

Far-reaching changes you have seen
Since you swore fealty to our Queen.
Words have been flashed without a wire
Three thousand miles through storms of fire.
The 'phone, the bike, the motor car,
The great steel ships and guns of war,
And those men of ingenious brains
Who fly like birds in aeroplanes.
And you have seen all forms of crime
Keep changing with the march of time.
The forms of fraud have multiplied
While sheep and pigs are glorified.
And as for dogs—we'll let them sleep—
The laws on them are strange and deep.
But never more you'll need to care,
With freedom now you'll breathe the air.
And, oh! we trust your days will flow
Apart from all vile scenes of woe ;
And ere you pass o'er life's dark brink,
Find calm and peaceful hours to think
Of things eternal and sunlime,
Where there is neither sin nor crime.
Farewell! old friend, where'er thou be,
We always will remember thee.

TO MY SON WILLIAM ON HIS MAJORITY.

All joys be thine this day, my son,
Thou art a man, thou'rt twenty:one.
I mind when thou wert but a mite,
As I would rock the crib at night.
And as I fondly gazed on thee
I'd wonder what thou yet would be.
Perhaps a minister of State,
Or some skilled doctor high and great.

But here thou art a soldier true,
 A trooper of the Horse Guards blue.
 Yet I'm as proud of thee, my son,
 As if thou had'st a kingdom won.
 My dearest wish (though far away)
 Is that thou'lt ne'er forget to pray
 To God to guide thee night and day.

A NEW YEAR WISH FOR 1912 TO MY
 DAUGHTER JEANIE.

Throughout this coming year of grace
 May pleasant thoughts light up thy face,
 And may the joy that is divine
 And all the other joys be thine.

IN MEMORY OF MY UNCLE, JAMES
 ANDERSON, ROSSBANK, PORT-GLASGOW.

We laid him down on yon high hill
 Which overlooks the noble Clyde,
 And there we left him lying still,
 Waiting for the sea's last tide.

But surely such a lovely soul
 Will not be kept awaiting there,
 But will have found a brighter goal
 In mansions sacred, sweet, and fair.

No more he'll help to swell the noise
 Where saws and hammers never cease,
 Which make the banks of Clyde rejoice
 In sweet prosperity and peace.

A bright religious mind had he,
Well versed in all the prophets' names,
While Jesus Christ of Galilee
Was all in all to Uncle James.

His soul defies the cruel grave,
A brighter, sweeter home it claims.
God help me die as good and brave
As my God-fearing Uncle James.

THE OLD PEDLAR'S TALE.

One day, while sitting deep in thought
Of passing life and death,
A poor old man my fireside sought,
And showed me what was faith.

In selling of his simple ware—
Notepaper, pens, and laces—
He seemed to me most just and fair
Of all the wandering species.

His wife? I kindly asked for her;
And were his family dead?
"Oh, no; I ne'er was married, sir,"
The dear old fellow said.

Then, in your wanderings day by day,
You'll feel yourself forlorn.
No one to help you on your way,
Nor cheer you when you mourn.

"Oh, no," the dear old fellow said,
"I never feel alone.
Ten years ago my soul got wed
To One who cheers me on

“ And, now, I feel my faith so strong,
 I have no doubts nor fears ;
 But humming at some sacred song,
 I tramp this world of tears.”

“ Oh, Lord,” I moaned within my soul,
 What wondrous faith is here !
 He seems to see the heavenly scroll
 With his name written clear.”

Oh, could I tell this simple tale
 Of deep, undying faith,
 How satisfied my soul would hail
 The darkening hour of death.

Brilliant sermons I have heard,
 But somehow they seemed stale.
 I felt far more in touch with God
 Through this old pedlar’s tale.

AUCHINCRUIVE, NEAR AYR.

Thy beauty spots, oh, Auchincruive,
 Are rich and rare ;
 My heart instinctive turns to love,
 ’Mid scenes so fair.

With Nancy ’neath thy boxwood bowers,
 Coy Auchincruive,
 How swift would pass the fleeting hours
 On wings of love.

Here large and wide the river flows
Thy woods between,
Where every flower in Nature grows
To grace the scene.

Among thy woods and by thy stream
For aye to rove—
Oh, life would be a lovely dream,
Sweet Auchincruive.

THE COIL'S LAMENT

ON THE DEATH OF EX-BAILIE JAMES M'LENNAN
OF GLASGOW (A NATIVE OF COYLTON, AYR-
SHIRE), WHO DIED ON 7TH FEBRUARY, 1899.

I am the far famed brawling Coil,
And though I'm old as all the years,
I've never seen my sons of toil
So steeped in tears.

As I was murmuring on my way,
Where birds sang blithely overhead
I heard my people moan to-day,
The Bailie's dead.

I knew the Bailie, when a boy
He ran among my flowery braes,
His heart was jumping full of joy
Those happy days.

He paidled in my shallow parts,
And bathed within that deeper pool,
With many other merry hearts,
At Coylton school.

Ah ! those were happy times with him,
New joys unfolding every day ;
But when he grew up strong of limb,
He went away.

Away among the city throng,
Where little streams are never heard,
And only the half-hearted song
Of some caged bird.

Full and prosperous were his days,
Still he loved me none the less
When, with a noble city's praise,
He found success.

Of nobler parts his mind was formed,
The poor and needy knew him best ;
A heart more generous never warmed
A human breast.

The poor old folks in Coylton vale
Will mourn his loss as all their own,
For they have many a generous tale
Of him who's gone.

And while I'm struggling on, still on
Through Winter storm or Summer sun,
I'll still remember thou art gone,
My darling son.

Oh ! could I soothe his weeping friends,
Who stand beside his silent bier,
Or ease the load of woe that bends
His mother dear.

But I have heard the children sing
Of One who dwells beyond the sky,
Who sends His angels down to bring
Good men on high.

If charity, and love, and grace,
Are passports for that land so fair,
Then he has gained that honoured place,
Yes, he is there.

REPLY TO HUGH MUIR, POET,
RUTHERGLEN, ON PROMOTION.

You wish me quick promotion, sir,
I thank you for the wish,
But 'neath gold lace my sober face
I doubt will never blush.
'Twould vex my heart had I to ban
Some brave but erring brother man.
Ah, no, my friend, I'd rather be
A poor, hard plodding, plain P.C.

You'll find in many forces, sir,
O'er all our country wide,
The silent man of solid worth
Is often squeezed aside.
While some conceited, clattering wight,
Who could not quell a wee dog fight,
Is raised up 'mong the favoured few,
To cackle cockadoodledoo.

One evil-minded super, sir,
Can spoil a splendid force.
To earnest hearted, honest men
He is an awful curse.

To please him you must blunt your soul,
 And ply him with the toddy bowl,
 Laugh when he'll laugh, sneer whom he'll sneer,
 You'll get promotion, never fear.

Thank God, we've other supers, sir,
 Bright models of humanity,
 Whose lives show forth the loveliness
 Of Christlike Christianity.
 Were all our supers like those few,
 Then every man would get his due,
 And scandalmongers, snobs, and fools,
 Would need to look for lab'ring tools.

THE OLD YEAR'S DYING.

The old year's dying, proudly dying,
 Slowly, surely, day by day.
 From our keeping
 While we're sleeping,
 Silently it slips away.

The old year's dying, sternly dying,
 While our glorious Empire stands
 Strong and steady,
 Ever ready
 To uphold our just demands.

The old year's passing, slowly passing
 Onwards to the silent shore,
 Where our near ones,
 And our dear ones,
 Trusting God, have gone before.

Men are dying, daily dying,
And the sorrows of the soul
That would bind them,
Fall behind them
As they near the silent goal.

The New Year's coming, swiftly coming,
Dancing o'er the hills of Time.
Let us meet it,
Let us greet it,
With a song that is sublime.

CHURCH MUSIC.

Sir, I like to go to worship,
And I like to hear the choir ;
But I often think the standard
Of the music might be higher.
When the hearers are retiring
It reminds me of a show,
For the music seems more suited
To the light fantastic toe.

When the mind is wrapt in reverence
Of a higher Power above,
And we feel how deep and tender
Is our Lord's immortal love,
Then the most divinest music
O'er the heart should gently roll,
Till we feel those aspirations
That announce we have a soul.

Yes, I like to go to worship,
 But I tell you, plump and plain,
 This assembling and retiring
 Sort of music gives me pain.
 I want no dancing chorus
 Like a hurdy-gurdy band,
 But music that will touch the soul,
 Majestic, solemn, grand.

IN MEMORY OF THE LATE WILLIAM
 M'KAY, CHIEF CONSTABLE OF AYR
 BURGH POLICE.

The brave old Chief all helpless lies,
 For death has claimed him at his post ;
 Oh, may the saints in Paradise
 Receive this soul that we have lost.

While here he stood serene and grand
 Amid the rabble's wildest roar,
 Like some great rock that guards the land,
 And beats the waves back from the shore.

He stood amid our changing times
 A constable for forty years ;
 Aye, stood amid vile drink and crimes,
 Which drenched his noble heart with tears.

His charities no man can tell,
 For they were all in secret given.
 Farewell, dear Captain, fare thee well !
 Thy noble deeds are known in heaven.

THE R.M.A.

Aboard of those great ironclads
That breast the wildest wave,
Those armoured homes, where British hearts
Are beating true and brave.
Where jolly tars all dangers scorn,
And laugh their cares away,
You'll find the finest corps on earth—
The R.M.A.

The R.M.A. my lads,
The R.M.A.
We'll sing the finest corps on earth—
The R.M.A.

O, leeze me on the Navy, lads,
To see the varied scenes,
With my jolly old companions
Of the Royal Red Marines.
In scenes of peace and pleasure
Or in battle's bright array,
You'll always find the Reds combined
With the R.M.A.

We boast of our torpedoes,
And of our powerful guns,
But old Britain's best defenders
Are her great undaunted sons.
When the storm of battle rages,
There amid the fiercest fray,
You will find the noble gunners
Of the R.M.A.

TO OUR GENERALS

(AFTER MANY REVERSES).

TUNE—"For a' that and a' that!"

(A LONG WAY AFTER BURNS).

Is this the time for Britons true
 To curse, revile, and a' that,
 Their generals fighting in the field
 For slight mistakes, and a' that?
 For a' that and a' that,
 Their want o' guns and a' that,
 Through thick and thin I'll stick to them,
 They'll beat the Boers for a' that.

Surrounded by a horde o' spies
 Wha tell their plans and a' that,
 And lead them in with cunning lies
 To hellish traps and a' that;
 For a' that and a' that,
 They're dear to me for a' that,
 They'll dare and do, they'll pull us through,
 And beat the Boers for a' that.

What tho' they make a wild mistake,
 With sad reverse and a' that,
 And hundreds fa' we dearly lo'e,
 Which pierce our hearts and a' that;
 For a' that and a' that,
 They're Britons true for a' that,
 Let us be men and bear the strain,
 They'll beat the Boers for a' that.

TO OUR BRITISH SOLDIERS

(ON THE EVE OF WAR).

If ye must fight the Boers, lads,
Then fight them with a will ;
Remember, lads, there's British blood
Beneath Majuba Hill.
The hour of grace and peace, lads,
Is slowly passing by,
When that grave hour shall cease, lads,
Be swift to do or die.

Your fight shall be a fight, lads,
Against tyrannic laws,
Your brothers' wrongs to right, lads,
Oh, what a noble cause !
We know that ye can fight, lads,
Your fame is world-wide,
Then fight with all your might, lads,
And God will be your guide.

If ye must fight the Boers, lads,
Britannia, be your cry ;
And never flinch one little inch,
Though every man should die.
The world is looking on, lads,
Oh, fight with iron will.
Remember, lads, there's British blood
Beneath Majuba Hill.

DISLOYAL IRISHMEN.

[Messrs. Davitt, O'Brien, and Sullivan, M.P.'s, trust that the Boers will be victorious, and wish success to the Irishmen in the Transvaal who are going to assist the Boers.]

Is the honour of old Ireland
 To be trodden in the dust?
 Are her sons out in the Transvaal
 Soon to fill us with disgust?
 If they fight against the British,
 Fight against their kindred race,
 Then the honour of old Ireland
 Will be tarnished with disgrace.

'Tis a lovely land, old Erin,
 Ay, and loyal hearts are there,
 Who for dear old Britain's honour
 Would be swift to do or dare.
 When the storm of battle rages,
 Who can form the swiftest file?
 You can see from history's pages
 'Tis the lads from Erin's Isle.

Then, ye loyal sons of Erin,
 Never mind those foolish few—
 Boasting M.P.'s like O'Brien,
 Who would try to poison you;
 Take the hand of John and Sandy,
 Be a Briton to the core,
 And the glory and the honour
 Will be yours for evermore.

THE BRITISH MARINES.

[The Marines bore the brunt of the battle at Graspan. They charged up the rugged hills amid a terrific storm of bullets, and drove the Boers from their position at the point of the bayonet.]

It cheers my heart, my good old corps,
To hear your praises ringing ;
Every tongue from shore to shore
Your gallant deeds are singing.
'Twas on the road to Kimberley
You gave the Boers their beans,
O'er rugged kopje you made them hop—
Hurrah for the Marines !

Hurrah for the Marines, boys !
Hurrah for the Marines !
For since Graspan there's not a man
But's proud of our Marines.

To fancy I am by your side,
And hear the wild cheers ringing,
Does fill my heart so full of pride
I cannot keep from singing.
The Boers have challenged Britain, lads,
Ye'll teach them what that means,
While with the steel ye make them feel
The force of the Marines.

PAUL KRUGER.

Air—*John Grumlie.*

Paul Kruger swore by the length o' his pipe,
 And a great lang pipe had he,
 That he would drive our soldier boys,
 And drown them in the sea.
 His wife, she was a wise auld wife,
 "Tak' my advice," quo' she,
 "Paul Kruger, bide at hame, Paul,
 And tend the hens wi' me"

Singing—

Fal de lal de ral lal,
 Fal lal lal la lal la, &c.

But Paul was in an angry mood,
 "My mind's made up," quo' he,
 "I'll no sit still and let John Bull
 Dictate his laws to me."
 Then Paul rose up wi' his army,
 And o'er the hills gaed he,
 Until he met auld Lady-Smith,
 Wha made him bide a wee.

Then Britain sent wee hardy "Bobs"
 To look for slippy Paul,
 And very soon "Bobs" made him run
 Back to his dear old gal.
 "I told you so," says Mrs. Paul,
 "I told you so," says she,
 "We'll better trek, or this rooinek,
 Will have us o'er the sea."

BOBBY BADEN POWELL.

[General Baden Powell has accepted the appointment of Commander of the Transvaal Police Force.]

Hip, hip, hurrah, my hearty chiel,
I scarce can tell you hoo I feel,
But I'm as proud as if I'd got
An unexpected five pound note.
My brither noo in occupation,
Tho' far abune my humble station,
I welcome you wi' heart and soul,
My brither bobby—Baden Powell.

Lang may you live to laugh and fatten,
And wi' fine wisdom wield your baton ;
But you'll do that, for you are clever,
And soon you'll make the sly Boer shiver.
When Kruger heard o' your command,
By Jove, he soon threw up his hand,
He o'er the border wi' a howl,
Roarin'—" Mercy, Mr. Powell."

Oh, hoo unfit am I to sing
Thy grand defence o' Mafeking ;
By Jove, it made our British blood
Rush proudly as a mighty flood.
And in the far-off future age
'Twill be a glorious heritage,
When all has mouldered but the soul
Of our immortal Baden Powell.

THE BONNIE BRAES O' COYLTON.

I dauner't doon by Sandy's Mill,
As Sol was sinking o'er the hill,
An' a' was wondrous calm an' still
 Amang the braes o' Coylton.
I met a lass whose charm outshone
The fairest queen upon her throne,
An' syne I sat her doon upon
 The bonnie braes o' Coylton.

We watched the stream gae slidin' by,
Reflectin' sweet the simmer sky,
Until oor he'rts ran o'er wi' joy,
 Amang the braes o' Coylton.
Her smilin' face was faultless fair ;
Her lips were sweet beyond compare ;
Oh, I will mind for evermair
 The bonnie braes o' Coylton.

I won her he'rt, an' hand in hand,
We wandered to a foreign land,
Where cruel death did her command—
 Far, far awa' frae Coylton.
An' ere my loved one breathed her last,
She laid her head upon my breast,
An' whispered—"Oh, that I could rest
 Amang the braes o' Coylton."

THE HIGHLAND BRIGADE.

The horror of war has come hame to us now,
 The blood's on the plume and the plaid ;
 Dear Scotland again weeps over her slain
 Of the glorious Highland Brigade.

The Highlandman fears not the face of his foe,
 Though ambushes thick may be laid ;
 Sound the charge, and he'll rush with the speed of
 the roe ;
 Oh, God bless our Highland Brigade.

Beneath the rough boulders at Magersfontein,
 Ah ! many a brave hero is laid,
 Who gave his dear life for his country and Queen
 In the ranks of the Highland Brigade.

We mourn for brave Wauchope* and his gallant
 men
 Who died, but were never dismayed ;
 The sons of the mountain, the hill, and the glen,
 The world renowned Highland Brigade.

We mourn for our Matthews,† we knew him so
 well,
 On whose face a smile ever played ;
 A brave young policeman and soldier he fell,
 In the front of the Highland Brigade.

Ye officers brave, God guide ye aright,
 Forget not to ask His great aid,
 And victory will crown every soul-stirring fight
 Of Scotland's brave Highland Brigade.

*General Wauchope, killed leading the Highland
 Brigade at Magersfontein.

†William Matthews, an Ayrshire Policeman and
 Reservist, killed in same battle.

TO JEAN M'FARLANE,
 WHA NEARLY SHAVED THE FACE AFF HER AULD
 MAN.

Oh Jean, oh Jean! ye cruel cratur,
 Wild flytin' wife, an' husband beater;
 It mak's me 'maist a woman hater
 Your crimes to read;
 For puir auld John, wi' bluidy feature,
 I'm vexed indeed.

Oh! barbarous barber, bouncin' Jean!
 To slice your man frae mouth to e'en;
 Guid help us a'! ye maun hae been
 Half drunk or wuddie;
 Sic hashed-up features ye hae gi'en
 The puir auld buddie.

Oh, Jean! oh, Jean! gang to soirees,
 An' fitba' matches, as ye please;
 But don't touch John, or I will seize
 Ye in my grup;
 An' gie your hot bluid time to freeze
 In the lock-up.

THE AYRSHIRE YEOMANRY.

Before the war we used to sneer
 Whene'er a Yeoman wad appear,
 And say that he wad fa' wi' fear
 If he should meet a foeman.
 His country walk we used to mock,
 And say, "There goes a soor milk Jock,"
 But noo, a royal fechtin' cock
 Is oor braw Ayrshire Yeoman.

For Bobs, wha kens guid fechtin' ware—
 Bobs, oor hero evermair—
 Says, "The honest men o' Ayr
 Are worthy o' brave foemen."
 By Jove! they've gi'en us a' a cheat,
 They've made the wily Boers retreat.
 Feth! kittle customers to meet
 Are oor braw Ayrshire Yeomen.

But war brings sorrows in its train,
 Some hearts are like to burst wi' pain,
 For they will never see again
 Their ain dear Ayrshire Yeoman.
 Never mair shall we deride
 The lads whose fame is world-wide.
 Oh! we will welcome hame wi' pride
 Oor brave young Ayrshire Yeomen.

A MITHER'S LAMENT.

(IN MEMORY OF WEE JOHN MOSSIE.)

I hear the bairns oot on the street;
 I hear their shouts o' joy;
 But oh, it's like to mak' me greet,
 Since I hae lost my boy;
 I hear a voice amang the rest
 That's very like his tone;
 But oh! I ken it canna be
 My ain Wee John.

A clever boy was my first born,
 And blithe as blithe could be;
 He rose up early every morn
 And brocht the milk for me.

O' stormy days he had nae fear,
 Wi' his wee coatie on ;
 He ran my errands everywhere,
 My ain Wee John.

And on the Sunday afternoons,
 Wi' his wee brither, Jim,
 He gaed to Joppa Sabbath School,
 And learned the Gospel hymn.
 Ah ! little did I think hoo sune
 He'd see the heavenly throne,
 And hear the Lord say, " Come to me,
 My ain Wee John."

He'll rin my errands noo nae mair,
 To Joppa or the Glen ;
 Oh ! but his father's he'rt is sair,
 For weel he lo'ed his wean ;
 But noo we ken he's free frae pain,
 And as we struggle on,
 We'll hope in heaven to meet again,
 Oor ain Wee John.

A DREAM.

The Winter nicht was wearin' late,
 An' a' the hoose was nice an' quate ;
 The fire had on its rakin' cap,
 An' Nannie slept as soun's a tap.
 While tired wi' racin' up an' doon,
 The bairns, puir things, were sleepin soun' ;
 When aff the creepy stool I raise
 An' slippit in amang the claes.

Then drums micht beat, an' cannons roar,
But, all unconscious, I wad snore ;
The stars micht smother oot the moon,
Yet I wad sleep as sweet an' soun'.
Heaven an' earth micht get attached,
When my heid's doon my hoose is thatched.
Blissfu' unconscious thus I lay,
While dreams of fancy held their sway.

I dreamt a happy man was I,
Sae fu' o' life an' single.
Nae solemn, ceremonial tie
To haud me by the ingle ;
But free o' care as mountain air,
An' bent on ha'ein' fine fun,
I took the train an' aff I gaed
To see the sights o' London.

The iron horse frae Stevenston
Gaed whizzin' owre the Garnock,
Haltin' whiles, syne hurryin' on
Until it reached Kilmarnock.
I stept oot there, refreshed mysel',
Then joined the Carlisle filly,
Which gave a wild, ear-splittin' yell,
An' bouft awa' frae Killie.

On, on she gaed wi' a' her micht,
The carriages were shakin' ;
While frae the roof a tremblin' licht
Twixt life an' death kept quakin'.
Bang thro' below a tunnelled hill
The fearless beast gaed plungin',
While lowes an' sparks flew frae the lum,
An' glared amid the dungeon.

But syne it stopt, and in there stept
A fine, young, lively hizzie,
Wi' cheeks an' lips sae rosy ripe,
An' yellow hair sae frizzy.
Then yelp an' bouf, an' cross the Tweed
The big steam horse did wind us,
An' very soon ilk Scottish toon
Was left far back behind us.

I marked her open, marble broo,
An' weel developed bosom.
An' oh, her rosy, ripe wee mou'
Was like a burstin' blossom.
I says, "Young lassie should I dare
To speak, wad you resent it?
I ken na hoo I'm ta'en wi' you;
But losh! I'd like acquainted."

I glinted shyly for a wee
To mark her every feature.
A tear rose to her bonnie e'e,
I sighed, "Sweet timorous creature."
Somehoo there's no anither sicht
That mak's me feel sae human,
As when I see a heart wrung tear
Drop silent frae a woman.

Then in a voice sae low and sweet,
An' tremblin' wi' emotion,
Says she, "The lad I held sae dear
Has ta'en anither notion."
"Hoots, lassie, never fash your thoom,
You've lost but you ha'e found one;
Sae gie's your hand an' come wi' me
An' see the sights o' London."

I'll ne'er forget her gladsome gaze,
An' blushin' sweet confusion ;
Nor hoo my breast flew in a bleeze
An' heid swam in delusion.
E'en yet upon my finger tips
Methinks I feel her presses,
As accidentally oor lips
Collided in caresses.

Ah ! little, little did I think
To feel the tender passion,
To whumble heids ower heels in love
In sic a speedy fashion.
For maidens' he'rts are slippery things,
Gey changeable an' chancy ;
Yet my delight's a bonnie lass
That kittles up my fancy.

But och, I needna here relate
The number o' caresses,
Nor hoo unconsciously my hand
Slipt 'mang her golden tresses.
Nor hoo I pledged eternal love
That never wad be undone,
For mony a hundred love-sick swains
Fa' thro' their vows in London.

Sae, while the engine tore alang,
An' owre the hills gaed sweepin',
We doodled whiles, an' whiles we sang
To keep oorsel's frae sleepin'.
Wi singing Burns's " Banks and braes,"
An' Robin's " Ain Kind Dearie, O,"
An' tellin' tales o' youthfu' days,
The time gaed by rale cheery, O.

But noo the city's drawin' near,
 Sic whistlin', boufin', duntin' ;
 What mighty traffic maun be here,
 For oh ! what endless shuntin'.
 'Tis thus this mornin' raw and cauld,
 Wi' mony a mixed sensation,
 The train stops still an' I behold
 The great St. Pancras Station.

When oot I stept, I stood and stared,
 Tongue-tied wi' very wonder.
 Thinks I, oh dear ! can this be where
 They manufacture thunder ?
 For if this never-ceasin' noise,
 This mighty, mad confusion,
 Goes on like this, 'twill very soon
 Gie me the brain delusion.

Then turnin' roon, my he'rt stood still,
 Nae lass was by my side.
 Oh ! hoo I burned, an' hoo I stormed,
 An' rushin' on I cried,
 " I've lost my lass ! I've lost my lass !
 Oh, surely none will harm her !
 Police ! police ! with all your powers,
 Protect my lovely charmer."

" Protect her," cries my injured wife,
 Her danger signals gleamin'.
 " Losh ! what can be your wakin' thochts,
 When siclike dreams you're dreamin' ?"
 I raise an' glowered a' roun' the hoose,
 An' sighed, an' said, " I'm done ;"
 Then lit my pipe an' had a smoke
 Five hundred miles frae London.

REPLY EPISTLE TO MR. THOMAS MURRAY,
AUTHOR OF "FRAE THE HEATHER."

Dear shepherd bard, wi' snaw-white locks,
Wha 'mang the mountains tend your flocks,
And wend your way o'er sharp-edged rocks,
 Wi' weary feet ;

I thank you for your pawky jokes,
 And poem sae sweet.

Losh, hoo my heart gaed pitter-patter,
As every line grew brighter, better ;
I felt my lang, lean sides grow fatter
 Wi' readin' o't ;

The very bairns cried, " That's a letter
 Frae a poet."

Brave mountain bard, sae frank and free,
I'm awfu' glad and proud to see,
That you are sae ta'en on wi' me
 And wi' my art,

And that my book has ta'en your e'e
 And won your heart.

I'm like yòursel', my canty carle—
Wild, stormy winds around me swirl,
But, yet, I dinna sit and snarl ;

 But, wi' a sang,
I laugh at this poor, pride-struck warl,
 And jog alang.

You'll find my rhymes a kennin' rude,
But, being jostled wi' the crood,
I canna write sae goody-good
 As ane wha strays

Apart, in calm, sweet, pensive mood
 'Mang flowery braes.

Oh, sir, when 'mang the passes deep,
 Wi' nae companions but your sheep,
 The mountain muse will o'er thee creep,
 Without control,
 Till Heaven-inspired thoughts will sweep
 Across thy soul.

Oh, for those grand old Cumnock hills,
 And fond remembered mountain rills,
 Nae ither scene o' Nature thrills
 My heart sae strong ;
 To feel their glorious freedom fills
 My soul with song.

Thy sweet epistle mak's me feel
 Thou art an honest hearted chiel,
 Sae I will ever wish thee weel,
 And trust, ere lang,
 We'll meet some day, and firmly seal
 Oor frien'ship wi' a sang.

EXTEMPORE LINES.

Recited by me at presentation to Mr. Donald M'Farlane,
 Police Constable, on the occasion of his leaving the Ayr-
 shire Constabulary to join His Majesty's gallant regiment
 of Scottish Horse in South Africa, 6th November, 1901.

Donald, I don't know what to say,
 I'm so surprised to hear to-day
 That you have left the Ayrshire force,
 And joined the gallant Scottish Horse.
 Yet I am proud to witness you
 A comrade of the Royal Blue,
 Spring to the front in Britain's need,
 It shews you are a man indeed.

Fair weather and a sunlit sea,
 My Highland lad, I wish to thee.
 Of one thing, Donald, we are sure,
 With thee our honour is secure.
 Our world famous British Isle,
 And that dear spot in sweet Argyle,
 That claims thee as thy place of birth,
 Will yet feel honoured in thy worth.
 When thou return safe home from war
 With thy breast glittering with a star,
 That will to all the world declare
 The noble heart that's throbbing there.

Donald, farewell, let Scottish pride,
 And God and goodness be thy guide.

IN MEMORY OF THE LATE DONALD
 M'INTOSH,

POLICE CONSTABLE IN THE AYRSHIRE CON-
 STABULARY, WHO DIED AT DUNLOP, ON
 SATURDAY, 18TH JANUARY, 1902.

And Donald's dead? Yes, Donald's dead,
 We'll see his face no more.
 The long last penalty is paid,
 His weary warfare's o'er.
 And oh! but he did suffer sore,
 Ere God's great hand did come
 And open wide death's secret door,
 And call our brother home.

He was a man of thought refined
 Who stooped to no mean thing.
 He had the true born poet mind,
 Although he did not sing.
 His speech was always keen and bright,
 And wisdom clothed each word,
 And when there was a wrong to right
 Then Donald's voice was heard.

He struggled hard against the strife
 With heart both true and brave.
 But oh! this rude and wrestling life
 Has crushed him to the grave.
 And now his wife and helpless weans
 On this cold world are cast.
 Oh, Son of God, stretch forth Thine hand,
 And shield them from the blast.

IN LOVING MEMORY OF CHARLES BLYTH,

WHO DIED AT MAIN STREET MUIRKIRK, ON
 1ST APRIL, 1902, AGED 80 YEARS.

Muirkirk, to me thou'lt now seem tame,
 Thy hillsides bleak and bare ;
 Oh! nothing now will seem the same,
 Because he'll not be there.

That man in whom I saw so plain
 Those heroes in the Lord
 Who braved a king and all his men,
 And fought for God's pure word.

Stern, soldier-featured like his sires,
Who at the burning stake
Stood undismayed amid its fires,
And died for conscience sake.

And now he rests where first he ran
In boyhood's hearty glee ;
Oh ! I will miss the dear old man,
For he was kind to me.

We bore him to his resting place,
With mournful step and slow,
And thought, some day 'twill be our case,
For thus we've all to go.

But there's a dear immortal part,
And unobserved it lies
Deep down within the human heart,
Until the body dies.

And then it flutters from its nest,
Unseen it takes the road,
And flies away among the blest
To give account to God.

Oh ! what a solemn thought is this ;
No wonder strong men cry,
When gazing down death's dark abyss,
" Lord, make me fit to die."

How calm death found my dear old friend,
Whose heart did never cease
To pray to God ; and at the end
He died in perfect peace.

Now in the old churchyard he lies,
Beneath the cold, green sod ;
While far away in Paradise
His soul's at home with God.

GOOD WISHES.

To all my chums in royal blue
From Shetland Isles to Timbuctoo,
From London's lively, crowded street
To Canada's rich plains of wheat,
From Kimberley to far Khartoum,
Where'er my chums in blue may roam,
God send them all good Christmas cheer,
Besides a glorious, grand New Year.

From all their trials, cares, and toils,
From all their battles and their broils,
With rowdy men by day or night,
May they emerge with honour bright ;
And when beneath the midnight sky,
When hidden foes are lurking nigh,
May God be with them in that hour,
And shield them with His saving power.

Through all this coming year of grace
May joy shine forth from every face ;
Come fortune with increase of wealth,
Along with glorious, robust health.
Above all else, may God be near
Each heart and home throughout the year.
Then, come what may, prepared they'll be,
For time and for eternity.

AN INCIDENT OF THE ROYAL TOUR.

The Royal yacht Victoria and Albert dropped anchor in Uig Bay, Skye, at 5.30 p.m. The King landed at the pier. No people were about at the time except the local constable, with whom the King entered into conversation about the people and scenery.

Oh, it was a lovely evening
Of a lovely Autumn day,
When the king of all the Britons
Glided into old Uig Bay.
Not a sound disturbed the stillness,
No one knew the king was near,
But by chance a lone policeman
Met our monarch at the pier.

Oh, it was a scene so charming,
Oh, so rare, and yet so grand,
And so very sweet and simple
That a child might understand.
Nothing but the joyful seagulls,
Screaming "Ho, he's here! he's here,"
When the King of all the Britons
Stepped ashore at old Uig pier.

Oh, how nice to see the monarch
And the Scots policeman meet,
All alone on that wild island,
And each other kindly greet.
Now the joyful people gather
Round the P.C. of Uig Bay,
While they plead with him to tell them
What their noble king did say.

J.P. JUSTICE.

One day, being down
 In the county town,
 I went to the Courthouse and saw
 Sleek lawyers with pleas,
 Three old, fat J.P.'s,
 And some solid limbs of the law.
 Admiring the sight
 Of the law and its might,
 You may guess the disgust that I felt,
 When I heard a case
 Of bruising a face
 That was clearly proved to the hilt.
 And a fat judge arose
 With a red, flaming nose,
 And a belly as big as an oven,
 And said to accused—
 "This man you have bruised,
 But I find that the charge is not proven."
 Then he stammered, stopt dead,
 Scratched his bald, bullet head,
 Which seemed like to burst with the strain,
 As he spluttered, and sighed,
 Shook his fat fist and cried,
 "Now see you don't do it again."

OH, SING THAT HYMN AGAIN TO ME.

Oh, sing that hymn again to me,
 Oh, sing it o'er again ;
 It soothed me on my mither's knee
 When I was but a wean ;
 It makes me hear her voice ance mair,
 And her sweet face to see,
 It brings a joy that pains me sair,
 Yet, sing it o'er to me.

Amid my wildest flights o' sin,
 When Satan held control,
 I couldna keep that dear auld hymn
 Frae humming thro' my soul ;
 It cheers me on my dreary road
 When fortune frowns on me ;
 It soothes my soul, and oh, my God,
 It draws me nearer Thee.

THE OLD VAGRANT.

On the afternoon of 21st March, 1912, an old man of the vagrant class was accidentally killed by a motor car at the foot of Rosemount Brae, parish of Symington. He was buried in Symington Churchyard on the evening of Saturday, without his identity having been established. Mrs. Arthur, of Montgomerie Castle, Tarbolton, attended the funeral and placed a lovely wreath upon the coffin. It was a beautiful Christian touch of kindness, which welded all hearts into one.

We laid him down gently ; we knew not his name,
 One of earth's wanderers no one would claim ;
 His old limbs were weary, his bruised feet were
 sore,
 But earth's tribulations he'll feel nevermore.

He once had a mother whose heart filled with joy
 When first she beheld the sweet face of her boy ;
 She blessed him and kissed him and stroked his
 fair brow.
 But who was that mother and where is she now ?

He once had a father, so happy and strong,
 Who toiled for his little one all the day long,
 Perhaps in the church took the deep, solemn vow ;
 But who was that father and where is he now ?

Where are the chums of his boyhood—all gone ?
 Was he the last comrade left sad and alone ?
 Where is his wife (if he ever was wed),
 And where are his children (is every one dead) ?

Now aged and wounded, now weary and worn,
 His clothing all dirty and tattered and torn ;
 Down to the grave in these garments he goes,
 And what was his history nobody knows.

Was he a brave sailor who sailed the wild seas,
 Or was he a miner who toiled on his knees,
 Or was he a soldier who fought our fierce foes ?—
 Alas ! it's a secret which nobody knows.

We turn from the grave where the shattered old
 form
 Reposes in peace from the wild Winter storm.
 What matter though no one his name can disclose?
 We leave him to Jesus, who everything knows.

SYMPATHY.

Oh, Jean M'Farlane, had we met
 When we were baith sweet seventeen,
 You wad ha'e been my charmin' pet,
 My bonnie do'e, my darling queen.

Amang your Hieland hills sae braw,
 Where Nature undefiled is seen,
 We wad ha'e strolled at e'enin fa'
 Wrapt up in ane anither, Jean.

While you my buddin' whiskers shaved
 (And you can dae it neat and clean),
 And on your face I fondly gazed,
 What speechless bliss that wad hae been.

I'm vexed for you wi' drucken John,
 That auld torment o' yours, my queen;
 To think o' him aye mak's me groan
 For your sweet sake, my darlin' Jean.

OUR BAZAAR.

Did you see our grand bazaar
 At Dunlop, at Dunlop?
 Did you see our grand bazaar
 At Dunlop?
 Were you here on Saturday,
 When the flags were flying gay,
 And the charming band did play,
 At Dunlop, at Dunlop?

Did you see the goosy gander
 At Dunlop, at Dunlop?
 Did you see the goosy gander
 At Dunlop?
 Every word the Major spoke,
 Goosy gander gave a croak;
 Oh! it was a funny joke,
 At Dunlop, at Dunlop.

Did you see the little donkey
 At Dunlop, at Dunlop?
 Did you see the little donkey
 At Dunlop?

Oh! the hairy little hero,
 He was just the very marrow
 For a chip potato barrow,
 At Dunlop, at Dunlop.

Did you see the charming ladies
 Of Dunlop, of Dunlop?
 Oh, the sweet, bewitching ladies
 Of Dunlop.

Let them only catch your e'e,
 They would never let you free
 Till you left your last bawbee
 In Dunlop, in Dunlop.

Ah! they know the way to do it
 At Dunlop, at Dunlop.

Ah! they know the way to do it
 At Dunlop.

Even grumblers must confess
 'Twas a glorious success,
 And we're filled with happiness
 At Dunlop, at Dunlop.

AYR RACES.

17TH, 18TH, AND 19TH SEPTEMBER, 1902.

The Royal toon is busy noo,
 The whisky shops are ringing,
 Where flashy men are getting fu',
 And fancy jades are singing.
 The human chaff, the vile riff-raff
 From all the lowest places,
 Assemble here aye once a year
 To fatten on the races.

There's bookie Bill, from Birmingham,
 As fat's a Lowland stottie ;
 And here are tipsters by the score,
 Including one-eyed Scottie.
 And thieves and sharks—a keen-eyed band,
 With language fine and phrasey ;
 And beggar loons on every hand,
 The blind, deaf, lame, and lazy.
 Here lairds, with ladies by their side
 In silks and satins bonnie,
 Here sonsie wives and blushing brides
 With lips as sweet as honey.
 And oh, what swarms of silly fools,
 What crowds of crime-stained faces,
 What wealth, and oh ! what misery
 Rub shoulders at Ayr Races.

IN MEMORIAM OF PRESIDENT M'KINLEY.

SHOT ON THE 6TH AND DIED ON 14TH
 SEPTEMBER, 1901.

Within a high and brilliant hall
 The noble-souled M'Kinley stood ;
 And freely gave his hand to all
 The great, admiring multitude.
 But, ah ! amid that scene so grand,
 Where all was joy, and peace, and rest,
 A fiend stretched forth his muffled hand
 And shot M'Kinley in the breast.

Oh ! what a foul, inhuman thirst
 Is this that I in sorrow ban ;
 Oh ! anarchy ! your deeds are curst
 By every law of God and man ;

In this fair land of truth and light,
 Why should ye find a dwelling place?
 Ye must be banished out of sight,
 Ye reptiles of the human race.

Hour after hour, day after day,
 With hearts high strung with hopes and fears,
 We waited anxious, and did pray
 That God would spare him yet for years;
 But He has called him to the skies,
 And, as we realise the stroke,
 Our pent-up tears gush from our eyes,
 While all the world thrills with the shock.

America, we mourn with thee;
 Thou'rt old Britannia's noble son;
 Blood leaps to blood across the sea,
 And sorrow blends us both in one.
 And, oh! to-day, may our dear God
 Place His dear hand upon thy brow,
 And take away the awful load
 That bears thee down in sorrow now.

NOT POPULAR, YOU KNOW.

Only a common constable
 Who o'er life's brink was hurled,
 And left a wife and eight wee weans
 To battle with the world.
 Only a homely constable,
 And nothing more, was he,
 Who one dark Winter night did save
 A woman from the sea.

And when he died his comrades felt
Their hearts with pity yearn
For his poor, sorrow-stricken wife,
And each wee helpless bairn.
They gathered up among themselves,
And did the best they could,
But they were few, and poor, altho'
Their sympathy was good.

One comrade thought he'd try a few
Who had great wealth to spare,
And told a parish minister
The tale of dark despair,
And asked him if he'd kindly show
A sheet to his rich flock ;
But ah ! he found that parson's heart
Was hard as whinstone rock.

The parson said, " I knew him well
A year or two ago,
But ugh ! he was a meddling man,
Not popular, you know.
Pray me excuse, I must refuse
To show my flock your sheet :
He was not popular, you know,
When he was on this beat."

The poor, insulted constable
Turned from that parson's door,
And as he went the cruel words
Made life look sad and sour ;
And let him wander where he may,
Through storm of rain or snow,
He always hears that parson say
" Not popular, you know."

Alas ! I've known policemen
 (Who has not known these same)
Who stood upon the highest peak
 Of popular acclaim ;
But one false step and down they came
 From their exalted world :
Down into utter darkness deep
 Their vanity was hurled.

A faithful, fearless constable
 Who cringes unto none,
But with a just and firm will
 Does right by every one ;
That man may have a soul as pure
 And white as heaven's snow,
But never shall, with one and all,
 Be popular, you know.

Oh ! pity this poor parson,
 And treat him not with scorn,
Tho' he has pierced the dead man's side
 And made the widow mourn.
If he forgets sweet charity,
 Don't let us do the same ;
Remember Christ upon the Cross
 And how He bore the shame.

A STREET INCIDENT.

A'e cauld Winter nicht in the auld Toon o' Ayr,
When wearied in body and worried wi' care,
I paused in my duty of huntin' up crimes
To watch a wee boy sell the "Evening Times."

See hoo he rins doon the hard causey street,
Spurnin' the rain wi' his wee rosy feet ;
He stops noo to sell ane, he's aff noo again,
When sellin' his papers he ne'er feels a pain.

See yon auld body gaun hame to her farm ;
Her basket hangs heavy upon her lean arm ;
She signs for a paper ; the boy's quick to see,
But slow is the auld wife to find the bawbee.

She gie's him the bawbee, then slips him ane mair,
He thanks her, syne spits on't, and loupes in the air,
Then skips o'er the causey as swift as a roe ;
Oh, Guid guide the laddie where'er he may go.

But what ails the auld wife, she seems fu' o' fears,
Sad thochts maun be roused, for her eyes fill wi'
tears ;
Ah ! she'll hae a son in the midst o' the fray
Fightin' the Boers in that land far away.

And when she gets hame, and the household is
still,
She'll search the war news for the name o' her
Will ;
In Honour's bright page may she find his sweet
name,
Oh, God bless the puir sodgers' mithers at hame.

JOHN HOWIE.

'Twas a dismal night in Winter,
Not a star was seen to peep,
Far across the plains of Ayrshire
Weary folks were sound asleep,
While among the dread explosives,
With no mate to cheer him on,
Worked that dauntless man John Howie
In an eerie hut alone.

When that hut rose to the heavens
In a flash of fire so bright,
Men mere stupified with horror
At the wild, unearthly sight.
Cities, towns and hamlets trembled,
And the people, half awake,
Rushed about in fearful terror
Shouting "Oh, the wild earthquake."

Fifty miles away, in wonder,
From their houses men did rush,
Shouting "That was not like thunder,
Yet I saw a lightning flash."
But in Irvine and Kilwinning,
And in Stevenston more near,
People knew too well the meaning
Of such thunder at Ardeer.

In old Irvine houses quivered,
And the windows broke and fell
Thick as forest leaves in Autumn
When it blows a sturdy gale;
Streets of lamps were smashed completely,
E'en the great strong harbour light—
Long will Irvine folks remember
All the horrors of that night.

All this time, oh, where was Howie ;
 Was he in that hut so drear,
 By the lonely Bay of Irvine,
 'Mid the sand dunes of Ardeer ?
 No ! poor Howie's form was scattered
 Far away from human sight,
 But the loving eye of Jesus
 Saw John Howie's soul all right.

RISE, BRITONS, RISE.

Rise, Britons, rise,
 Strong in your youth,
 Stamp out the lies
 That would strangle the truth ;
 Rise in your might,
 There's work for you all,
 Strike for the right :
 'Tis your country's call.

Chorus.

Rise, Britons, rise,
 Face every foe,
 God's in the skies
 I know, I know.

Rise, Britons, rise,
 Right every wrong,
 Sow noble seeds
 While you're marching along ;
 Laugh at the fears
 Your foes would devise,
 And think of the cheers
 That'll ring through the skies.

A CALL TO THE CHRISTIAN NATIONS,
CHRISTMAS, 1911.

Christmas morn will soon be here,
Angels will be hov'ring near.
Let us make them welcome guests,
Let us take them to our breasts ;
Let all strife and envy cease,
Show the world the way to peace.

Will the fatness of this earth
Be the depth of all our mirth ?
Will no sparks of heavenly grace
Find in us a dwelling place ?
Or will hypocrites increase,
Making war and shouting peace ?

Hear the heathens laugh and tell
How we love the arts of hell,
How we train our sons to kill
Those who dare oppose our will,
And while armaments increase
How we cry we're wanting peace.

" Give us peace !" Great Britain cries ;
" Bless you !" Germany replies.
" Give us peace !" cries Russia's Czar,
While on Persia he makes war.
It'ly cries " Let this war cease ;
Give us Tripoli and peace !"

Christians of all lands to-day,
What to thee will Jesus say
When thy war-stained souls have gone
Up before His great White Throne ?
Think of this, and make wars cease ;
Think of this, and be at peace.

VERSES

ON THE MURDER OF ERNEST THOMSON, POLICE
CONSTABLE, LONDON, DECEMBER, 1900.

Oh, London, in thy mighty heart
There lurks a suppurating sore
That bursts betimes and makes us start
To see the poison at thy core.
A gang of men, or rather beasts,
Who roam thy streets with poisoned breath,
And glory in the hellish feasts
Of riot, robbery, and death.

Their latest victim one of those
Who guard the weak against the strong,
Who bear the brunt of savage blows
Defending right, correcting wrong.
While walking o'er his lonely beat
This constable was stabbed to death ;
He pinned his murderer to the ground
And held him with his dying breath.

“ It's but a blooming copper, Jim,”
That's what the rowdy public say ;
We've plenty more as good as him
At six and forty pence per day ;
While unto men from foreign lands
He seems a Union Jack unfurled,
As there on London's streets he stands
The admiration of the world.

A real true British heart was thine,
Brave Ernest Thomson, plain P.C. ;
God grant thy soul a life divine
Along with Him of Galilee.

IN MEMORY OF SHERIFF ORR PATERSON.

I saw the Sheriff last in life,
 Upon a lovely Sabbath day,
I met him with his dear, young wife,
 Where fields were green and birds were gay.

He seemed to me supremely blest,
 With youth and beauty by his side ;
His eyes, that on her face did rest,
 Were glowing full of love and pride.

Ah ! little, little did I think
 That was the last swift glance for me ;
That he so soon would cross the brink
 Into the vast Eternity.

But ere another month had passed,
 Away upon a foreign shore,
He laid him down, and breathed his last,
 And we will never see him more.

But his remains, with dear regard,
 Were brought back home across the sea,
And laid in Coylton old churchyard
 With honour and solemnity.

And now when at the dead of night
 I patrol pass his resting place,
Again in memory's vivid light
 I see his patriarchal face.

I see him as a judge again,
 And hear the voice I've often heard
Saying, " Come, come now, speak out plain,"
 Then see him stroke his long white beard.

Ah! he was good and generous soul'd,
Yet modest to a great degree ;
He would not have himself extolled,
But hid his hand of charity.:

And now the children's eyes are dim,
Their fond wee hearts are filled with pain ;
For they will never get from him
Those charming Summer trips again.

His fond young widow feels her loss—
So swiftly were they torn apart—
Assist her, Lord, to bear her cross,
For Thou alone can know the heart.

His body rests within the tomb,
Where Coil goes tinkling softly by ;
And, oh ! I trust his soul's at home
With our dear Saviour up on high.

THE CHIEF CONSTABLESHIP OF GLASGOW,

MARCH, 1902.

When Captain Boyd resigned his post
As Chief of Glasgow's polis,
Ten thousand tongues with jaggy prongs
Raked up his faults and follies.
And long and loud the Council crowd
Held forth in wild contention,
Where stalwarts bold strove to withhold
The Captain's lawful pension.

A rabble forty thousand strong
One Sabbath Day assembled,
And bounced and blew what they would do,
Till timid people trembled.
One fiery soul, without control,
Held forth in language glowing
A man of clay who floats the way
The popular tide is flowing.

And now they want a braw new Chief,
A bright, angelic pure one
With wondrous skill and iron will,
A doughty and a dour one.
And right away the wage per day
Is four and forty bob, sir :
Men rub their eyes in great surprise
And rush in for the job, sir.

The half-starved, paper collared clerk,
With three and six per diem,
Says in his mind they'll never find
A better man than I am.
School teachers say we know the way
To rule this generation,
And strive and strain and think they'll gain
This glorious situation.

Poor, simple souls, they cannot know
The roads a Chief must travel,
The dark, foul spots and deep-laid plots
He's called on to unravel.
I'd rather have one crown per day
To push about pit trollies,
Than with one thousand pounds per year
Be Chief of Glasgow's polis.

NUMBER NINE.

Wee tender thing, thou art sae fine
Compared wi' this rough form o' mine,
Fresh frae the hands o' the Divine
 Thou com'st to me ;
Then welcome hame, wee number nine,
 I'm prood o' thee.

On mother's breast thou'rt snug and warm
(And thou hast gi'en her back youth's charm),
Then roar awa', ye bitter storm
 O' sleety rain,
Mother will shield the lovely form
 O' her wee wean.

The ither bairns were maist struck dumb,
And some looked glad, and some looked glum,
But syne they asked, " Hoo did he come ?
 Is he for keepin' ?
Did Santy bring him doon the lum
 When we were sleepin' ?"

Ye smart staticians, wha declare
That Scottish births are gettin' rare,
Ye'll no say but I've got my share
 O' these wee tots,
For I hae noo nine deil-ma-care,
 Wee sturdy Scots.

And though my wage can hardly stan'
To keep anither wee bit man,
I'll do the very best I can
 To get him brose,
And that will gi'e him strength o' bran
 To face his foes.

For here he'll find baith foes and freens,
 And lots o' ither go-betweens,
 Wha'll stick to him while he has means
 And a' is gay ;
 But should misfortune change his scenes,
 They'll melt away.

But och, why should I rhyme or rave,
 Or shake my heid, and look sae grave ?
 For wi' a crust amang the lave,
 And guid pease brose in plenty,
 He'll maybe grow up good and brave,
 A blessing to his country.

LONG SUFFERING SANDY.

Blow wilder yet ye roaring wind,
 Ye harmonise with my hot mind,
 Scream through the wood, roar down the glen,
 Frighten the souls of wicked men.
 Blow till the earth looks desolate,
 And nothing stands to mock my state.
 Alas, what words are these I say,
 And yet it was but yesterday
 No cloud obscured the lovely sky,
 And in my heart sweet hopes beat high,
 Because our Pension Bill was then
 Alive within the hearts of men.
 But now, with one man's blighting breath,
 Our Bill has died a sudden death.
 When Pease arose to make the speech
 Which sucked the heart's blood like a leech,
 Oh, had a swarm of angry bees
 But lighted on the tongue of Pease,

And made him jump, and squirm, and squeal,
 And dance a lively Scottish reel
 Across the House of Commons floor,
 Then haply 'mid the Members' roar
 Our Bill would have gone gliding by,
 And left us full of hope and joy.

Oh come, ye leaders of our State,
 Oh, do not say it's yet too late
 To pass our little Pension Bill,
 And give our hearts a joyful thrill.
 Long weary years we've cried in vain,
 Oh, do not let us cry again.

RETIREMENT OF CONSTABLE JAMES

M'CULLOCH, 31ST OCTOBER, 1899.

The Ayrshire force is changing fast,
 Ilk Winter, wi' its biting blast,
 Aye sees some rare auld worthy cast
 Before the wind,
 Till nocht but memories o' the past
 Are left behind.

For noo, when oor auld polismen
 Get slow and shaky wi' the pen,
 They ha'e to leeve the force ye ken,
 To please the law,
 And coorie doon in some wee glen
 In Gallowa'.

Frae Gallowa' M'Culloch sprung,
 And by my sangs, when he was young,
 Oot owre his heid he can ha'e flung
 Wi' ease and honour,
 The stoutest tramp that ever hung
 Roon Darnconner.

He isna what is reckoned tall,
But awfu' stout, and strong, and bawl;
And aye when duty gave the call
 In tryin' times,
The wildest ruffians he would haul
 Hot frae their crimes.

When he was but a striplin' youth,
Wi' no a hair aboot his mooth,
A maddened bull broke frae a booth
 And dashed upon him.
He held it by the horns, in sooth,
 Till it fell groanin'.

Many a story I micht tell
Of hoo he focht, and sometimes fell,
But rose again as by a spell
 Wi' stronger life,
To dash among the crowd pell-mell,
 And stay the strife.

Sic men as he are Britain's pride,
They've stretched her Empire world wide,
When firm resolved, ranked side by side,
 Swift, sure, and strong;
They've turned the battle's waverin' tide
 And strode along.

Long life to thee, my brave auld chiel,
Auld Ayrshire aye will wish thee weel;
We hope and trust you'll never feel
 Your comforts scanty,
But aye ha'e cabbage, beef, and meal
 In glorious plenty.

OH, PITY ME.

To think, oh, Lord, of my dark shame,
 And that my sins Thou see ;
 I tremble, Lord, to breathe Thy Name,
 And fain would hide from Thee.
 Oh, pity me.

My sweetheart, Lord, did wrong me sore,
 My shame I could not bear ;
 I drifted down the dark abyss
 That leads to lost despair.
 Oh, pity me.

I once was guileless as the lamb
 That frolics o'er the lea,
 And I have lisped the solemn psalm
 Beside my mother's knee.
 Oh, pity me.

Since I have seen my sins at last
 I know not where to flee.
 Oh, tender Saviour, let me cast
 My weeping soul on Thee.
 Oh, pity me.

EX-P.C. ROLLS,

Who was believed to have been wrongfully convicted and sentenced to five years' imprisonment for alleged perjury, and in whose behalf the Editor of "The Police Review" strove hard to gain a fresh trial.

I stand amid the traffic's roar,
 The vans and carts go rattling by ;
 Wrecks lounge about the beerhouse door,
 While through the streets the coalmen cry.

And happy bairns in artless joy
 Romp round about in sportive glee,
 These are reflected in my eye ;
 But in my heart, where none can see,
 Poor Rolls, my thoughts are fixed on thee.

I see him in the convict cell
 Bowed down with sorrows, all forlorn,
 Musing o'er the grief that fell
 On his poor wife, when he was torn
 From her dear arms, and rudely shorn
 Of honour, liberty, and love.
 Against him men have falsely sworn ;
 And now I cry, oh, God above,
 Help us Rolls' innocence to prove.

A FRAGMENT.

I meant it to be a poem, but was disturbed at the first verse.

Whatsoever ye find to do,
 Do it, boys, with all your might.
 Let your slightest thought be true,
 And your smallest action right.
 Trifles even lead to heaven,
 Trifles make the life of man ;
 So in all things, great and small things,
 Be as thorough as you can.

BY THE GLAIZART BURN, DUNLOP.

By Glaizart Burn I like to stray,
When o'er its banks it throws the spray,
It nerves my spirit for the fray

That lies before me.

The ferns that bend before the breeze,
The roaring stream, the sighing trees,
All help my troubled heart to ease
And to restore me.

How glorious is the distant scene,
The lovely plain that lies between,
With fields in grey, and red, and green,
Far off and near me.

The Alpine peaks of Bute so high,
That guard the Clyde, which just peeps by
Those grand old hills above Dalry,
To soothe and cheer me.

When flowers are nodding on the braes,
And wee birds sing their Maker's praise,
I like to stand and fondly gaze
Till I am feeling ;

The music of the murmuring stream,
The mystery of the hand supreme,
The radiant glory and the dream
Through my soul stealing.

THE RUSSO-JAPANESE WAR.

The Japanese said, "If you please,
Take off your paws old fellow;"
But Mr. Bear just gave a stare,
And such an angry bellow,
That statesmen here began to fear,
And mild words recommended,
While Mr. Jap said, "Dear old chap,
I hope you're not offended."

"Offended, sir? why, learn my laws,
And you'll have cause to shiver;
For where the Bear doth fix his claws
There they remain for ever.
And if you dare disturb his lair,
No Britons, no, nor Yankees,
Will save your head, we'll crush ye dead,
Ye little yellow monkeys."

But, ochanee! what do we see?
The great big, bouncing fellow
Is made to run before "The Sun,"
And sad reflections swallow.
He's got a rap from Mr. Jap,
And now he's plunged in sorrow;
He counts his woes, and never knows
What kicks he'll get to-morrow.

NUMBER ELEVEN.

Of the word of a woman I noo will feel shy,
For Nancy has told me a beautiful lie,
She said she would never, no, never again,
Present to my arms anither wee wean,
And here, noo, as gay as a lark she has given
To my tremblin' arms wee number eleven.

By jings ; married life has led me a fine dance.
I wish, oh, I wish I was leevin' in France.
Wi' big baby premiums I'd ne'er ha'e a care,
But drive in my motor like some millionaire,
Wi' my chaffeur sae gaudy, and motor sae gay,
And eleven wee youngsters a' shoutin' " Hooray."

The French and the Scotch are both vanishing
races,
So Germans come over and fill the blank places.
Our young men and women are fond o' their ease,
And limit their families just as they please.
They'll soon mak' the birth o' a baby a crime ;
Eh, sirs ! but we leeve in an awfu' queer time.
I wonder, indeed, whaur our country would be,
If it wasna for family fellows like me ?

But, oh ! my wee bairnie, we'll warsle along
Wi' a brose, and a bite, and an auld Scottish
sang ;
The fears o' misfortune we'll gi'e the go-by—
We'll keep oorsels cheery and never say die.
You'll cuddle in to me and gi'e me a smile,
And thus a' the cares o' my heart you'll beguile.

 AN INCIDENT OF THE BOER WAR.

Lord Kitchener, wiring from Pretoria on 25th March, 1901, says :—" Whenever the Boers attempted to make a stand the ' Greys ' rode them down and gave them no chance. Guns, waggons, stores, and many prisoners were captured."

At Waterloo Napoleon saw
 With admiration and with awe
 The grand Scots Greys' volcanic power
 In battle's dread, decisive hour.
 They charged, and with the mighty shock
 Napoleon's iron spirit broke.
 He fled distracted from the plain,
 Never more to fight again.

And now Delary (wily Boer)
 Has felt their far famed charging power,
 They gave his men no time to form,
 But, like a dread, resistless storm,
 The gallant Greys rode faster still
 And chased the Boers from hill to hill,
 And left the ground o'er which they sped
 Strewn with the dying and the dead.
 Though war doth grieve my spirit sore,
 Yet it can thrill me to the core,
 And I am proud to read the praise
 That Kitchener gives our grand Scots Greys.

 DEATH OF QUEEN VICTORIA, 22ND
 JANUARY, 1901.

Alas ! our Christ-like Queen is dead,
 And all her people's plunged in woe.
 Bowed down is every British head
 Beneath the great soul-stunning blow.

Our hearts with deep emotions swell,
Life seems to-day to make a pause ;
We try to, but we cannot tell,
How great, and good, and kind she was.

Thou greatest of a grand old race,
Thou noblest type of womanhood,
Whose throne was like a throne of grace,
Whose soul was so divinely good.

Whose words of Christian love serene
Did'st cheer us through the changing years.
Oh, thou beloved Mother Queen,
Thou'st left thy people steeped in tears.

Thy soldiers, 'mid the battle scene,
Will feel a choking at their breath,
When they are told they've lost their Queen,
And that she's lying cold in death.

Away upon our farthest shore
Our dusky brethren will be seen
Grief-stricken to the very core,
All mourning for their great white Queen.

What reverence deep her death reveals.
The birds sit silent on the bush ;
While all our mighty Empire feels
Death's strange, awe-striking, solemn hush.

While far away to brighter spheres
Victoria's soul serenely flies,
Look up, proud race, and through your tears,
See yonder new-born star arise.

Look up, and with your whole hearts pray
For our King Edward (her dear son),
And try (though it seems hard to say),
Dear, blessed Lord, Thy will be done.

CORONATION OF KING EDWARD.

Oh, thou great King whose Empire spreads
 Half o'er the habitable world,
 And proud and free the poor man treads
 Where'er thy noble flag's unfurled.
 Through fields drenched red with reeking blood,
 In Freedom's cause our fathers trod,
 Like them, Oh King, be brave and good,
 And trust in God.

Amid the grand and glorious scene
 Surrounding thee this gladsome day,
 May thou and thy most gracious Queen
 With earnest hearts to Jesus pray
 That He may guide thy feet alway
 Along the paths thy mother trod,
 And 'mid the people's cheers to-day
 Remember God.

IN MEMORIAM.

EDWARD VII.

The author sent a copy of "In Memoriam" verses to Queen Alexandra, and received the following reply:—

BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

Miss Knollys is commanded by Queen Alexandra to thank Mr. Anderson most sincerely for his kind expressions of sympathy in Her Majesty's irreparable loss.

11th May, 1910.

Dear God, Thy summons from above
 Hast made an Empire weep,
 Our great, wise King, whom we did love,
 Thou'st hushed in death's dark sleep.

He was with us but yesterday,
And we felt no grave fears ;
But now Thou'st taken him away,
And left us steeped in tears.

Kind was the heart and broad the mind
Of our great British King,
This warring world he tried to bind
In one grand, peaceful ring.

Oh, comfort our bereaved Queen
With gracious hopes from high ;
Oh, sad to her is this death scene,
Methinks I hear her cry—

“ Oh, lonely, lonely do I feel,
No ray of joy in sight ;
Oh, Edward, love, come back and heal
My broken heart to-night.”

Oh, gracious lady, Mother Queen,
On God's sweet grace rely,
Thy loved one's soul shall dwell serene
With angels up on high.

And while his soul is soaring higher
Above all land and sea,
Kind hearts o'er all Thy great Empire
Are mourning deep with thee.

 FAREWELL TO COYLTON.

Sweet vale of Coil, I feel it hard
 To tear myself from thee.
 Thy lovely church, thy old churchyard,
 And Burns's trysting tree,
 And every stream and flowery lea
 That decks thy fertile soil,
 Have all become endeared to me,
 Sweet vale of Coil.

Oh, Sundrum, thou enchanting place!
 Though I must part from thee,
 The memory of thy loveliness
 Will linger long with me.
 Thy birds will sing as full of glee,
 Thy maids as sweetly smile,
 But never, never more for me,
 Sweet vale of Coil.

 CONSTABLE M'KAY.

Oh, but the night was dark and cold,
 And o'er the moor the wind was moaning,
 When passing by a small sheep fold
 I thought I heard some creature groaning.
 And with my beating heart strung high,
 I looked around, and there found lying
 Our village Constable, "M'Kay,"
 A bleeding mass, and he was dying.

I dragged him somehow to my home,
 Across that dark and dreary moor;
 And when at last I laid him down,
 And propped his head up off the floor,

And wet his clay-white lips with wine
And with a steaming cup of tea,
He fixed his death-like eyes on mine,
And spoke these last sad words to me :

“ When coming o’er the moor to-night,
I met two sheep thieves near the fold ;
I seized on them with all my might,
And struggled hard, but lost my hold ;
And then they threw me on the road,
And battered me about the head,
And kicked me as they would a clod
Until they thought that I was dead.

“ Oh, I am old and feeble now,
But, ah ! my friend, I’ve seen the day
When I could hold two ruffians bold
Or quieten down the rowdy fray.
But now for three and thirty years
I’ve fought with wild, degraded men ;
I’ve struggled on through hopes and fears
In many a dark and dangerous den.

“ All honour to the soldier bold
Who, on the blood-red battle plain,
Springs out and saves a comrade’s life
And joins the cheering ranks again ;
But with his regiment in the rear,
And noble captains standing by,
Oh, where’s the man in such an hour
Who would not dare to do or die ?

The P.C. finds his foes at night,
When human snakes begin to creep
Where there is only some small light,
Which makes the darkness seem more deep.

In such an hour he hears a creak,
 And thieves with pistols he doth spy ;
 He might pass on and never speak,
 But, no, he'll capture them or die !

“ Lord Kitchener of Khartoum once said—
 ‘ No other men beneath the skies
 Have got so good a heart and head
 A savage race to civilise.
 Just give to me our home police,
 True-hearted Britons every man,
 They'll ornament the name of peace
 And soothe and bless the wild Soudan.’

“ Oh, life was like a Summer dream
 In those sweet years when I was young,
 Then hope's bright star outrivalled far
 The feeble language of the tongue.
 But, oh ! what changes come with time,
 All earthly joys have long since fled,
 And many a time when pressed with crime
 I've wished to God that I was dead.

“ My country and my King, this night
 I cry to thee in my despair,
 *Amend our Pension Act aright,
 And grant a poor man's dying prayer.
 Scotch M.P.'s, where's your promised aid ?
 Oh, hear ye not the agony
 That daily speaks in stifled cries
 From long, long suffering hearts and lives ?”

*An English policeman retires after 26 years' service with a pension equal to two-thirds of his annual pay, while a Scotch policeman has to serve 34 years before he can claim a similar pension. Yet the Scotch and English policemen contribute the same amount per year to their respective pension funds. No wonder, then, that the dying constable makes a last appeal for an amendment of the Scotch Police Pension Act.—M. A.

And then a light lit up his face,
 A light from angels hovering nigh,
 While with a groan of anguish deep,
 And one long, weary-laden sigh,
 His big heart broke, and he lay dead.
 Lured by a pension to his doom,
 On angel wings his soul had fled
 Away to its eternal home.

THE LAMENT OF THE OLD SCOTS
 POLICEMAN.

I battle on, tho' far frae weel,
 My limbs are fu' o' sairness, O ;
 I'm gettin' frail, and noo I feel
 Oor Pension Act's unfairness, O.

Refrain.

Lang, lang o' comin', O,
 Lang, lang o' comin', O ;
 Oor wee amendment Pension Act
 Is lang, lang o' comin', O.

With pension full my friend John Bull
 Retires eight years more early, O ;
 I'm flesh and blood, and just as good—
 Why treat me so unfairly, O.

When thro' the streets on stormy nights
 The rowdy boys are bummin', O,
 I feel quite sick o' stemmin' fights
 And weary for your comin', O.

Ye Scottish Pension Committee,
 In M.P.'s ears keep bummin', O,
 Until the tardy powers that be
 Cry, "Stop, your rights are comin', O."

I DREAM OF THE CZAR.

Reading one night about Vladimir's day
I fell asleep, and was wafted away
To a Russian Palace where sat the Czar
Thinking deep of the Far East War.
And when I entered he cried aloud,
"Guards, guards," and instantly a crowd
Of giants dressed in colours gay
Came rushing in to tear me away,
But with my baton I laid on
Until around the blood-smear'd throne
The wounded guards lay in a heap,
And the cowed Czar began to weep.
"Weep on, you cur, weep on," I said,
"And think upon your murdered dead
Whose souls were bent beneath your heel,
Whose bleeding hearts were made to feel
A fearful agony, because
You crushed them 'neath tyrannic laws,
Until they thought the pent-up strain
Must surely burst their hearts in twain
If they did not arise and throw
Your tyrants down with one great blow.
Yet for their wives' and families' sake
They bore it all and never spake,
But prayed to the Almighty Power
To guide them through the evil hour.
And when in peace they sought your throne
You let your soldiers shoot them down ;
Now I arrest you, take care what you say,
You're charged with murder on Vladimir's day."
With that he gave such a horrible scream
That I awoke and found 'twas a dream.

When "The Recorder" (a monthly record of the proceedings of the Ayrshire Constabulary Mutual Improvement Society) was started, Inspector Steven, the Editor, asked me to furnish him with a short poem on the person whose photo. and sketch of career was to appear on the front page. I did so up till three years ago, when I had a long illness. The following are the poems referred to :—

P. FRASER MACKENNA, LL.B.,
 PROCURATOR FISCAL, SHERIFF COURT, AYR.

Aye, here's a face we all admire,
 A face among great faces,
 Whose look can make the boldest liar
 Break down and fall to pieces ;
 Whose classic head contains the laws
 Of this and all past ages,
 And clears up every cloudy clause
 In "The Recorder's" pages.

There's something noble in this face,
 There's something sweet and winning,
 There's wit and humour, sense and grace,
 And there is higher meaning ;
 There's something here beyond my ken
 Which frightens every rascal ;
 He's one of Nature's gentlemen,
 Our Procurator-Fiscal.

MR. WILLIAM ROSS,

DEPUTY CHIEF CONSTABLE OF THE AYRSHIRE
CONSTABULARY (NOW RETIRED).

This sturdy hero in the strife
 (Hedged round with work and worry)
 Stands calm amid the storms of life
 And's never in a flurry.
 A Highlander so brave and kind,
 Square built on Nature's plan ;
 Ah ! yes, in Mr. Ross we find
 Our true, ideal man.

This model of our human race
 Doth wield a magic wand ;
 One feels a pleasure in a place
 When under his command.
 He never scolds when he rebukes,
 Yet sinners he can move ;
 Ah ! give me one of Ross's looks,
 For in his look there's love.

MR. JOHN M'PHAIL,

SUPERINTENDENT (NOW DEPUTY CHIEF CON-
STABLE), AYRSHIRE CONSTABULARY, KILMAR-
NOCK.

Where duty calls, where crimes abound,
 There, in the front, M'Phail is found.
 Enthusiastic in the fight,
 He crushes wrong with all his might,
 And with the spirit of his clan
 Undauntingly he plays the man ;
 While with a keen, far-seeing eye,
 And sense of duty pure and high,
 Through all the storms of life he goes
 Beloved by friends, admired by foes.

SUPERINTENDENT SMITH.

(NOW RETIRED.)

Who could think an evil thought
 Of this kind, couthy, Lowland Scot,
 Whose sony form and noble features
 Show he's one of those good creatures
 Whose great large-heartedness bestows
 A blessing (even unto foes) ?
 Who by his native wit and sense
 Has climbed to his high eminence ;
 And, like a father 'mong his weans,
 In Irvine's Royal Toon he reigns,
 Where both the rich and poor revere
 The face that's represented here.

 SUPERINTENDENT JOHN M'CREATH,
 DALRY.

Born and bred among the streams
 Where the young Bruce dreamt freedom's dreams,
 Great dreams that led to deeds sublime
 And freed our country for all time ;
 And those who fought with their last breath
 Were the brave forbears of John M'Creath.

A born detective, keen and true
 To trace a man or find a clue,
 Or go and bring a man of crime
 Back safely from a far-off clime.
 Eager and earnest in the fray,
 Most nobly he has climbed his way
 With fearless heart and commonsense
 Up to his present eminence.

SUPERINTENDENT CUNNINGHAM,
CUMNOCK.

Descendant of that noble band
 Who marked out freedom's sacred road,
 And made these hills a martyrland
 For ever sacred unto God,
 And whose immortal voices still
 Seem mingled with the wind that blows
 Among the glens and heather hills
 By which the Afton Water flows.

Near unto God he takes his stand,
 Firm planted in the faith that gave
 The Christlike martyrs of our land
 Their glorious victory o'er the grave.
 His Christlike life has gone to show
 That Christian constables can rise
 In their profession here below
 While linked to Christ in Paradise.

SUPERINTENDENT FORBES, AYR,
ON HIS ELECTION AS PRESIDENT OF MUTUAL
IMPROVEMENT SOCIETY.

This is a man to fill a chair
 Of wide and deep dimensions,
 This is a man whose genial air
 Reveals his good intentions;
 This is a man we all admire
 For his obliging nature,
 And for his wisdom, wit, and fire,
 And strong and splendid stature.

“ All hail our jolly President !”
We shout in one glad chorus,
Whose wisdom bright will lead us right
Through all that lies before us
And as the sun dispels the mist
From hill, and plain, and valley,
Our Chairman’s face will likewise chase
Away all melancholy.

SUPERINTENDENT DAVID HAPPELL,
IRVINE.

Although I cannot rise myself,
I do not look with envious eyes
On other men of sterling worth
Who by their greater merits rise,
If in their rising they take care
The heels of pride don’t deal a blow
On some poor climber on life’s stair,
And wound him sore, and lay him low.

Happell is one who rose by worth,
And climbed the way to where we see ;
A hardy Carrick chiel by birth,
He overflows with energy.
No narrow, cankered soul has he,
No tongue for ever spitting pain,
But broad and blithe, frank and free,
He makes old men feel young again.

INSPECTOR ADAM,
STATIONED AT NEWMILNS.

“ The deeper the water the smoother it flows,”
Is an old Scottish proverb that every one knows,
And here in this photo. we all recognise
A man who by nature is smooth, deep, and wise.
No old Acts, or new Acts, will e'er wander him,
His storehouse of knowledge is full to the brim.
He's not of a boisterous nature, you know,
He hides his best self 'neath a lining of snow,
But if you can melt it, ah ! then you will find
A bright, warm heart that beats true to his kind.
In the long, long ago, when the world was new
made,
His forefather “ Adam ” was wielding the spade
In that noble county that borders the North,
That county far famed for its soldiers of worth :
The home of the Gordons, whose deeds so sublime
Shall throb through the ages and beat “ Father
Time.”

INSPECTOR STEVEN,
EDITOR OF “ THE RECORDER ” (NOW RETIRED).

In him you see a soldier
Who fought in Ashantee,
Also a grand policeman
Wha kens his ABC ;
And if you're in a flounder
And don't ken where you are,
Just drop a note to Steven,
“ The Recorder's ” Editor.

With his good natured humour
 The coldest he'rt he thaws,
 And makes the doourest gloomer
 Burst forth in loud guffaws.
 I've laughed at his queer stories
 Till my poor he'rt was sair,
 And till I got that helpless
 I maist fell aff my chair.

There's no a move in Nature,
 There's no a quirk in law,
 There's no a rule or feature
 In cricket or fitba'
 But Steven kens the meanin'—
 He is our guiding star ;
 We canna help but like him,
 " The Recorder's " Editor.

INSPECTOR BELL.

(NOW RETIRED.)

Strong and firm, like Ailsa Rock,
 He stands prepared for every shock ;
 For every adverse breeze that blows,
 For all the craft of cunning foes,
 And all the latest class of crimes
 That spring up with our modern times ;
 For moucher's sneer, or rowdy's yell :
 Nothing excites Inspector Bell.
 While 'neath his stern appearance lies
 A touch of humour in disguise
 That makes the jolting wheels of life
 Run smoother through the storm and strife
 'Mid which the constable is whirled,
 While battling onward through the world.

INSPECTER M'ILWRICK, ARDROSSAN.

What changes time doth bring about !
 This handy man we know
 Came under me a raw recruit
 Some sixteen years ago.
 But he was keen to grasp the laws
 Which governed his employ ;
 Indeed, to learn his duties was
 His one absorbing joy.

And see him now, full in his prime,
 His knowledge so refined,
 With endless laws, clause after clause,
 All marshalled in his mind.
 And something more he has in store
 Which plays a noble part,
 That precious skill the heart can feel—
 The glorious ambulance art.

SERGEANT SMITH, CUMNOCK.

(NOW RETIRED.)

AND NOW BAILIE SMITH, CUMNOCK.

Calm as the hills from which he came,
 With strength of limb we rarely see,
 Erect he stands, each day the same,
 Strong in his own integrity.

To catch this fickle world's applause
 He makes no flashes in the pan ;
 No thirst for praise disturbs the days
 Of this straight-forward, honest man.

A bleating lamb his bosom thrills
With something of the same sweet joy
He felt when climbing o'er the hills
When he was but a shepherd boy.

And now his pension day draws near,
And every man who knows him says
"I wish him all this world's cheer,
With many years of happy days."

CONSTABLE M'KAY, TARBOLTON.

(NOW IN WHITLETTS.)

Hard is the lot of him who has to stand
Full in the public gaze from day to day,
And bring to justice with a gentle hand
The reckless Briton, when he goes astray.

Target for silly jibe and serious wound,
When whisky sets men's wicked passions free,
There in the crowd our village guardian's found,
Like a small rock standing in an angry sea.

And in M'Kay a model one we see,
Whose quick intelligence and eager will
Can find a clue where no clue seemed to be—
A smart detective and true constable.

Though I should search the land from sea to sea,
From London City to the Isle of Skye,
I'd find no man of nobler parts than thee,
Plain, persevering Constable M'Kay.

FROM "THE RECORDER" OF JANUARY,
1906.

No one will deny the right of Constable Matthew Anderson to the place of honour in "The Recorder." With the exception of the first number, his poetic contributions have appeared regularly on our first page.

The deity of poetry is never coy to Matthew's call, and while he "writes to please myself," his verses show two dominant characteristics of the man, as he is known to those of his acquaintance, a warm sympathetic heart, which many think foreign to the constitution of a policeman, and a high conception of his adopted calling. In his contributions to this page he has shown himself possessed of a necessary police qualification—the power to read character, and also the power (not necessarily a police requisite) of depicting character without making any of us wince. A native of Waterside, Dalmellington, Constable Anderson, who has previously served in the Royal Marine Artillery in H.M.S. "Devastation," joined the Ayrshire Constabulary in August, 1887.

VERSES ON HIS OWN PHOTO.

And so you want my photo., frien',
To print it in your pages,
So that my features may be seen
By men in future ages.
Then, come, ye photographic chiel,
And do your work wi' merit;
Your cunnin' art may show the form—
It canna show the spirit.

This face has been a constant frien'
And guide to my puir form;
It stuck to me by land and sea,
In sunshine and in storm.
It's no the sweetest lookin' face
When toothache gi'es't a thraw,
But when that pain lets it alane
Looks no sae bad ava.

But, sirs, ye should hae seen this face
When it was fresh and new ;
'Twas bonnier than a buddin' rose
Just newly wat wi' dew.
It thrilled the lasses through and through,
And set them mad to pree it,
But mony years and mony cares
Has made it as you see it.

POETS WANTED.

* It is announced that the Russian war authorities are sending poets and ballad singers to the front to inspire their soldiers on to victory over the Japanese.

Oh, here is a chance for the boys of the pen,
The bards who make heroes of weak-hearted men ;
Come, pack up your trunks, lads, and hie ye away
To the banks of the Yalu or Korea Bay.

We don't know your worth in this dull land of ours,
We scoff and we sneer at your soul-stirring powers,
But in Russia ye'll never have cause to complain :
Ye are dear to the soul of the Czar and his men.

Oh, give them a lilt that will cheer them along,
A guid he'rty screed o' a real Scottish sang ;
Tell them of Wallace, of Bruce, and the lave,
Teach them to fight and to die like the brave.

TO GOSSIP AND GRUMBLES OF "EVENING
TIMES," GLASGOW.

(ON MEETING HIS WEATHER PROPHET.)

A man of five feet seven or eight,
And well developed, smart, and straight,
One arm awanting, but the other
Has hired the strength of its lost brother.
Light as a roe upon his feet,
And dressed respectably and neat ;
A man about the middle age,
With all the wisdom of a sage,
But not like what we picture sages
When reading their mysterious pages.
John's face is so lit up with smiles,
The dullest heart it soon beguiles,
And all its cares and sorrows flee
Before his fascinating glee.
I met him here by chance yestreen,
And yet you don't know who I mean ;
Well, seize your hat, and smartly doff it,
'Twas John Houston, your weather prophet.

REPLY TO AN INVITATION

FROM CONSTABLE SMELLIE TO ATTEND THE
ANNUAL SUPPER AND BALL OF THE AYRSHIRE
CONSTABULARY, 1905.

Dear Smellie, I ha'e your invite
To our grand ball in Ayr,
To spend another happy night
Entirely free o' care ;
Whaur a' the lasses are sae bright
And sae enchantin' fair ;
Eh ! sirs, it is a glorious sight—
I wish I could be there.

I saw it once, and still I see
The dear, the brilliant scene,
Braw lasses bubblin' owre wi' glee,
Love sparklin' in their e'en ;
Young constables, like boys let loose
To join in happy ploys,
And married men and wives sae douce
Recallin' youthfu' joys.

My memory o't still makes me glad,
As on through life I trace
My thorny way frae day to day
And run life's slippery race.
Though duty's path this night I trig
Far frae the brilliant hall,
On some dark road I'll dance a jig
In honour o' the ball.

BEITH PRIZE SILVER BAND VISIT
DUNLOP.

I felt the powerful music,
With all its sweet control,
Soothe down my wilder passions
And vibrate through my soul,
Until my thoughts got blended
With Christ's great thoughts of love,
And felt myself ascended
To sweeter realms above.

I'm glad I'm not so hardened
 But yet my heart can feel
 The gentle power of music
 Some tender thoughts reveal.
 Thank God it still can move me
 And rouse old memories dear,
 Till loved ones long departed
 Back to my mind appear.

O, Music, glorious Music,
 Something within me thrills
 Wherever I may hear it
 Among the glens or hills.
 When sung by birds of Nature,
 Or played by men of art,
 It never fails to move me
 And elevate my heart.

IN DUNLOP CHURCH.

A REVERIE.

In Dunlop Church I sit to-night,
 And it is very snug and cheery ;
 The sacred place is full of light,
 But, oh ! outside it's dark and dreary.

I hear God's faithful servant pray
 For all the sinful, sick, and weary,
 While my poor thoughts drift far away,
 For, oh ! outside the wind blows eerie.

Ah, yes, the eerie, whistling wind
 Doth set my musing thoughts in motion.
 Till vividly before my mind
 I see ships on an angry ocean.

And one of them is sinking fast,
I see the awful consternation ;
Men shudder for their life's black past
And cry to God in desperation.

Oh ! merciful, Almighty God,
I ask in my imagination,
Take these poor men to Thy abode,
And wash them with Thy sweet salvation.

Just then God's servant's prayer was done,
And I looked up and saw bright faces ;
But some I used to see were gone
And left behind their empty places.

I think they grasped the Hand that saves,
If so, to-night their souls are cheery,
Although outside around their graves
The wind is screaming wild and eerie.

Oh, sirs ! without God's Hand to guide,
Our souls on earth are sad and weary,
And angry winds on every side
Are always screaming loud and eerie.

But if we place our hands in His
He'll guide us safe through all temptation,
Right upward to the realms of bliss—
Oh ! isn't that a grand salvation ?

A WELCOME HOME

TO THE FIRST-BORN SON OF MR. AND MRS. CARSWELL, OF ROSEHOLM COTTAGE, DUNLOP, 11TH MAY, 1906.

Good luck to thee, young Carswell !
Dunlop is glad to-day
To hail thy birth to this old earth,
And hope that thou shalt stay
To cheer us when we're weary
Of all this world's guile,
To make us bright and cheery
With thy angelic smile.

Thy mother, oh ! thy mother,
What magic's in that name !
Our language has no other
Dear word that means the same.
It thrills the hardest bosom,
Though lost to God's control,
While memories rise which wet the eyes
And melt the hardened soul.

I hope to see thee yet, bairn,
Romping at thy will
In Summer days, among the braes
Around the Old Mill hill.
God bless thee and thy parents,
And may their only tears
Be tears of joy for their sweet boy,
Through all the coming years.

LINES

RECITED BY ME IN PUBLIC HALL, DUNLOP, ON
3RD JULY, 1906, ON THE OCCASION OF A
PRESENTATION TO DR. CUNNINGHAM, J.P.,
STEWARTON.

Ladies and Gentlemen, I rise
To flatter not, nor eulogise,
But only in a word or two
Give honour to whom honour's due.
For what is flattery but sweet lies
Dressed in the language of disguise?
But it requires no tricks of art
To speak the language of the heart,
For when the heart with truth is stirred
The tongue will find the fitting word.

In Dr. Cunningham we find
A man of noble heart and mind
Who has, without financial fee,
And from his heart spontaneously,
Instructed us with skill to dress
Our wounded brethren in distress;
To render aid in breaks and sprains,
In bleeding arteries and veins,
In burns, scalds, bites, and stings,
And all the other various things
That whiles afflict these frames of ours
And render useless all their powers.

In our good doctor we all feel
We have a friend as true as steel,
Whose fame for skill is growing fast,
Whose latest honour's not the last;
For I am sure we yet shall see
Him made an honoured LL.D.

THE LATE EX-SERGEANT CAMPBELL.

Lines suggested to my mind when on my way to Dalrymple on 12th December, 1906, to attend the funeral of ex-Sergeant Campbell, 99½ years of age.

Oh, why did he go from this valley of tears
Before he'd completed his one hundred years ?
If he had but lived till the month of July,
Beneath our blue tunics there would have been joy.
Yes, had he been spared that great day to see,
Then he would have had such a grand jubilee ;
For such a rare story has seldom been told
Of a soldier-policeman one hundred years old.
But now, 'mid a wild Winter storm, we go
To lay his remains 'neath a mantle of snow.

Then lay him down gently, ye comrades in blue,
For he had a heart that was faithful and true ;
A fine Scottish spirit, and strong, wiry form
That battled and triumphed o'er many a storm.

What thoughts and what trials, what grief and
what joy,
Would thrill his strong bosom since he was a boy.
He'd mind of Napoleon and those throbbing years
When Nations were cast down in sorrow and tears.
And he would remember the day " Bony " flew
From the wrath of our soldiers at red Waterloo.

What changes have come o'er the world since then,
In commerce, in customs, in women and men.
What great strides in guns and in tactics of war ;
The steam-boat, the train, and the gay, sparky car ;
The handy wee cycle, the mad motor fiend,
The submarine boat, and the flying machine,

And many another invention and plan
 Contrived from the brain of mysterious man.

Now turn from his grave, lads, and leave him to
 rest ;
 His soul's in God's hands, and He knows what is
 best.

NEW YEAR COMPETITIONS.

On Saturday night the members of the Bowling Club and Reading Room engaged in a competition for a New Year bun and a jam cake, kindly presented for competition by Mr. Currie, schoolmaster. The room was crowded, and after a keen contest the bun (first prize) was won by James M'Ghee, the oldest member, and the jam cake (second prize) by Peter Sheddon. But the event is too good and rare for cold prose, so tune the harp, please, to the air of " Bonnie Dundee " :—

Ye domino players, wherever ye be,
 At hame in oor island or over the sea,
 Gi'e vent to your feelings in cheers—yin, twa,
 three—
 For your champion player, auld Jamie M'Ghee.

This nicht in the Club Room, O, great was the
 fun
 When the members a' played for the dominie's
 bun ;
 They lauched in their he'rts as they chuckled
 " Hee, hee ;
 We'll no hae much trouble wi' Jamie M'Ghee."

But alas ! altho' Jamie is noo seventy-four,
 And looks a wee withered, he's fresh at the core,
 And when he got started he soon let them see
 The life that lay dormant in Jamie M'Ghee.

Then hurrah for auld Jamie, the domino player,
And anither hurrah for this champion slayer ;
I feel like to shout in my excess o' glee,
For I'm jist that weel pleased wi' auld Jamie
M'Ghee.

ON LOOKING AT OUR TUG-OF-WAR
TEAM, 1907.

Behold these giants of our land,
A mass of bone and muscle,
All of the good old British brand
Who glory in a tussle ;
Whose spirits rise and brighter glow
The more the opposition,
Till they have vanquished every foe
And conquered the position.

But while we keep these men in view,
We should remember others
To whom a meed of praise is due ;
I mean their virtuous mothers,
Who gave to them, instead of wealth,
In which they might have wallowed,
Strong bodies full of glowing health—
Great blessings to be hallowed.

DOONSIDE, AYR,

ON 17TH JUNE, 1910, WHEN THE ANNUAL PIC-NIC
AND SPORTS OF THE AYRSHIRE CONSTABULARY
WERE HELD THERE.

River of memories, river of tears,
Growing more lovely with cycles of years ;
River of melody, river of joy,
Flowing the same as when I was a boy.

Joyous thou art, but where is the joy
That hides not a something in secret to cloy ;
On thee I was born, and on thee I was bred,
And beside thee my God-fearing Mother lies dead.

I wander beside thee and gaze on thy stream,
I hear the pipes play, but I hear in a dream ;
Back to my childhood my thoughts are all cast ;
I move in the present, but live in the past.

I see our strong athletes fly over the sward,
But my thoughts stray away to old Scotia's great
Bard,
How rough in and through and from life he was
hurled,
And now how he's honoured all over the world.

I thank the kind laird for allowing us here,
And thank his kind lady who could not appear ;
Dear God, give her health, and soon let her again
Enjoy the sweet beauties of her dear domain.

VERSES

IN LOVING MEMORY OF MAJOR J. F. DALRYMPLE
HAY OF DUNLOP, 1ST MAY, 1908.

My God, I cannot get my mind
To grasp the awful tale
That Major Hay, the good and kind,
Is now in death's dark vale ;
That never more I'll look upon
His manly form and face,
That he, the poor man's friend, has gone
To his last resting place.

I've known few men like Major Hay,
Few hearts so free from guile ;
Our worthless thoughts were chased away
With his engaging smile.
His every thought seemed how to please
Or further some good plan,
While on his manners, words, and deeds,
Was stamped the gentleman.

Alas, what solemn thoughts arise
When contemplating death !
Compared with the eternal skies
Man's life seems but a breath.
That form so grand, that friendly hand
Which any man could trust,
That heart so kind, that noble mind
Is nothing now but dust.*

Ye birds that haunt the lonely hills,
Ye warblers of the grove,
Oh, soothe his friends in their distress
And tell them of our love.

*His remains were cremated.

Oh, tell them that to God we pray
To give them fortitude ;
That Ayrshire mourns with them to-day
The loss of one so good.

The waves of Time are rolling on,
And soon the time will come
When we must go from friend and foe
To our eternal home.
And if to heaven our spirits glide
On that eventful day,
We'll see, all pure and sanctified,
The soul of Major Hay.

VERSES

ON HEARING THAT THE REV. MR. HAMILTON, U.F.
MINISTER, SYMINGTON, WAS RESIGNING OWING
TO FAILING HEALTH, JANUARY, 1909.

This servant of our Saviour
In Jesus' footsteps trod ;
He wrenched the soul from sin's control
And drew men unto God.

He showed a grand example
Of Him who reigns above,
By kindly words and noble deeds
He showed us " God is love."

His creed was pure and simple,
He knelt at Jesus' feet,
And breathed o'er all in cot and hall
Christ's spirit calm and sweet.

Where'er he found hearts stricken
He never asked what creed ;
His work was there that grief to share
And prove a friend in need.

And oh, sweet Mrs. Hamilton,
If this sad news is true
We'll miss thy face, where heavenly grace
Is sweetly shining through.

When troubles they come near us,
As come they will some day,
Whose loving voice will cheer us
When thou art far away ?

That day thy pony stumbled,
And wildest rumours spread,
Our hearts with grief were humbled
To hear thou wast near dead.

We cried, " Oh, God, have mercy !
See how our hearts are riven ;
We need this angel here on earth—
Oh, take her not to heaven !"

Oh, God, smile sweetly on them,
And soothe their every pain ;
Oh, guide them safe where'er they go,
And bring them back again.

REPLY.

OF MRS. HAMILTON, U.F. MANSE, SYMINGTON,
TO MY EPISTLE OF JANUARY, 1909.

We feel your gracious verses
Are more than we deserve ;
Our duty and our happiness
Was how that we could serve
In any way that Master true,
That guided us in what to do.

We thank the noble impulse
That prompted you to say
Those kindly words, to carry
With us when far away ;
But be assured, my worthy friend,
Your words have the desired end.

This village will be ever dear ;
While memory lasts it will be near,
A picture still of earthly bliss,
And who can wish for more than this ;
And when the tide of life's well run,
Our hearts will turn to Symington.

THE SONG OF THE AYRSHIRE EXILE.

O, my sweet imagination, mingle with the mountain
breeze
Till it wafts me back to Ayrshire, far across the
Western seas ;
Till I see the fields of daisies, and I hear the birds
in tune,
On the bonnie braes o' Newark and the lovely
banks o' Doon.

Let me wander by the cottage where our greatest
bard was born,
Who has cheered the hearts of thousands, though
himself was made to mourn ;
Let me wander 'mong the woodlands, dressed in
russet, gold, and green,
And live one day of rapture 'mid the soul-enchant-
ing scene.

Waft me back to bonnie Ayrshire, waft me o'er
the ocean wide,
Till I see the peaks of Arran, and the sun set on
the Clyde ;
Till I see old Greenan Castle, that is fading fast
with time,
And Carrick Hill, and Ailsa Craig, and all the
scene sublime.

O, I'd like to be in Ayrshire in the joyful month
of June,
Till I see the sands of Prestwick and the lovely
shores of Troon ;
Till I see dear old Kilmarnock, and with throbbing
heart I speil
To the proudest spot in Ayrshire—Wallace Tower
on Barnweil.

To the land of Bruce and Wallace, to the land of
Robert Burns,
To the land of Scott, the Wizard, my home-yearn-
ing heart returns
To the land of woods and waters, to the mountain
and the glen,
To the land of bonnie lasses and the land of gallant
men.

O, waft me back to Ayrshire, to its lonely hill and
 heath,
 Where the noble hearted martyrs showed the
 world the power of faith ;
 Let me wander o'er the muirlands when the heather
 is in bloom,
 And recall the martyrs' glory and their persecutors'
 doom.

Waft me back to dear old Ayrshire and the friends
 o' auld lang syne,
 Till I see their kindly faces, and I clasp their hands
 in mine ;
 Till I spend one glorious evening wrapt in soul
 abandoned glee,
 Then waft me back to exile, back across the
 Western sea.

THE SENTIMENTS OF A FATHER OF TWELVE.

Often since number eleven was born,
 Wi' deep meditations my he'rt has been torn
 To ken hoo we'd feed them a' noon, nicht, and
 morn,
 And cleed them secure ;
 Ah ! that is the he'rt breakin', cankerin' corn
 That crushes the poor.

And then to oor village Nurse Beveridge came
 (And tho' I'll no say that the Nurse is to blame),
 Yet up in a garden, beside a flower frame,
 Oor weans saw her delve,
 And close at her heels wha cam' toddlin' hame
 But wee number twelve.

Oor weans clap their hands in their excess o' glee,
 For "Emelia Gairdner" her name is to be.
 To baby's God-mother, sae charmin' and free,
 O Father above,
 Send some of these blessings Thou sendest to me,
 And crown her sweet love.

Some ignorant snobs an encumbrance ca' thee ;
 They wadna alloo their wee pet dogs to paw thee,
 Nor care tho' misfortunes in thousands befa' thee,
 Wi' sorrow and pain,
 But love thrilled my bosom the moment I saw thee,
 My bonnie wee wean.

If I was in France, eh ! that wad be fine,
 Wi' bounties for babies and presents o' wine ;
 I'd sit like a lord underneath my ain vine
 And count up my gains,
 While nobles wad deem it an honour to dine
 Wi' my twelve braw weans.

But why should I harbour one spark of regret,
 The sun of God's goodness was ne'er known to set.
 Forgive me, O Lord, if at times I should fret
 At what I receive ;
 Thy Hand hath sustained me, and sae will it yet ;
 O Lord, I believe.

When Christ was on earth and men's homage was
 given,
 And close to His side the dear lambs wad ha'e
 striven,
 Awa' frae His presence they wad ha'e been driven
 Wi' sair he'rts and banes,
 But Christ said, "Of such is the kingdom of
 heaven"—
 Come, kiss me, dear weans.

THE SENTIMENTS OF A MOTHER OF
TWELVE.

There's Willie and Jeanie, and Matthew and Nan,
Nell, Jim, and Charlie, and John, the wee man,
Alick, May, and Ettie (wha noo we maun shelve),
For here comes anither yin—wee number twelve.

I hear the wee tots crawlin' up the steep stair,
My he'rt's at my mouth a' the time, I declare
I'm feart that they tumble and break their wee
banes :
O, what will I do wi' sae mony wee weans.

And when they've seen baby awa' they a' rin ;
Eh, sirs ! but these boys mak' a terrible din ;
It's Jim's doin' this, then it's John's doin' that,
And " Mither, come quick, Charlie's droonin' the
cat."

Was e'er a puir mither tormented like me ;
Sometimes I jist feel I could lie doon and dee ;
But wha wad then soothe their wee sorrows and
pains
If I was awa' frae my bonnie wee weans.

Ah ! yes, they were bonnie wee babies when born,
But noo the wee deils are a' scartit and torn ;
Their rosy wee faces are covered wi' scars
Wi' wrastlin', and fechtin', and playin' at wars.

But noo they're leg-wearied, and nicht has come
doon,
The rompin' wee rascals are a' sleepin' soun' ;
The hoose is sae eerie, the calm is sae deep,
I feel mysel' wishin' they werna asleep.

Dear Saviour, I pray, keep my bairnies in view,
And guide them in ways that are honest and true ;
Protect them frae evil where'er they may roam,
And bring them at last to Thy beautiful home.

LINES

ON A POMPOUS PERSON PASSING ME IN HIS
MOTOR CAR.

Though round this world, a howling swell,
In your swift car you're driven,
The question's no wha's first in hell,
But wha is first in heaven.

CAPTAIN BELTON.

THE WRECK OF THE STEAMSHIP "THE CITY OF
DUNDEE," AS NARRATED BY A SURVIVOR.

A TRUE TALE.

This is not a legend hoary
I'm about to tell to you ;
'Tis a plain, unvarnished story,
Every word of which is true.
Listen then, for truth is precious
In these fictionary days,
And I'll tell ye of a hero
Who deserves your greatest praise.

Thirteen passengers, just thirteen,
Yet we felt no idle fears
Of that superstitious number
When we sailed for old Algiers ;
When we left Manchester City
Trusting Fortune would prove kind,
And we sailed away in sorrow
For the friends we left behind.

Captain Belton, who commanded,
Was a sailor tried and true,
With his mates and quartermasters
And a gallant little crew.
We went skimming o'er the billows
Like the spirit of the sea,
For a strong and splendid steamer
Was the "City of Dundee."

Kind and gentle was the Captain,
Most obliging were the crew,
For our happiness and comfort
Each and everything they'd do.
Bright and cosy were our cabins,
We had nothing to annoy,
And our hearts grew light within us
In that atmosphere of joy.

But, alas ! on fourth October,
In the year nineteen and eight :
How can I forget that morning ?
How can I forget that date ?
On that solemn Sabbath morning
We were lying sound asleep,
And the ship was moving slowly,
For the fog was dense and deep,

When the syren horn awoke us,
Shrieking wild with all its might,
And our hearts they almost bounded
From our bosoms with the fright ;
And we thought, oh ! is it telling
Of some dreadful danger near,
For a strangeness in its yelling
Smote us with an awful fear.

From our cosy little cabins
We were just about to dash
When the good ship bounded backwards,
And oh, God ! there came a crash,
And the cold and cruel waters
Screamed and roared through every deck.
Thus in one brief, painful moment,
Our good ship became a wreck.

Up on deck we scrambled wildly,
Up on deck among the crew,
Then we saw that our good steamship
Had been almost cut in two
By a ship called " The Matina "
Which was standing by her side.
All was terror and confusion
Till our noble Captain cried :

" Ladies first, boys, save the ladies
Pass them over, one and all,"
And the noble-hearted sailors
All obeyed the Captain's call.
Quick as thought the work proceeded,
But a heart-throb seemed a day,
And before they all were rescued
" The Matina " moved away.

Moved away and left the Captain,
Left that hero tried and true,
With a mate and quartermaster
Of that gallant little crew ;
Left them on that sinking steamer,
Oh, it wrung my heart to see
Those three heroes left to perish
After they had rescued me.

Then a voice on " The Matina "
Cried out from a breaking heart,
Oh, my baby! save my baby,
From it I can never part!
That poor mother's cry of anguish
Almost rent my heart in twain,
And I pray to God I'll never
Hear a cry like it again.

On the wreck they found the baby,
Sobbing sore and crying wild
For that mother who in terror
Left behind her darling child.
Captain Belton seized it fondly,
But he could not keep it there ;
Further off moved " The Matina "
With that mother in despair.

Straight and strong the Captain threw it
(While we breathed a silent prayer),
And you might have heard our hearts beat
As that child whirled through the air.
One of " The Matina's " sailors
Caught it safely, then the cheers
And the scenes of joy that followed
Bathed me in a flood of tears.

Still one passenger was missing,
Still one lady on the wreck,
Then brave Captain Belton shouted
“Throw that life-line on your deck.”
It was thrown, and soon the Captain
Bound the lady firm and fast ;
Through the sea we safely pulled her—
Passengers all saved at last.

Saved, aye saved were all the ladies,
But 'twas then too late to save
Captain Belton and his comrades
From a cold and cruel grave.
Raising up his hands towards heaven,
“Good-bye, boys,” the Captain cried,
Then he sank beneath the billows,
His two comrades by his side.

Oh ! my sisters and my brothers,
Greater love no man can show
Than to give his life for others
In this vale of tears below.
While there's life within my bosom,
That sad shipwreck I shall see,
And that great, heroic Captain
Of the “City of Dundee.”

AN UNPUBLISHED BURNS POEM.

At the September Ayr Races of 1909 I received a copy of the following lines from Sergeant Whyte, Ayrshire Constabulary, Galston, and as anything relating to Robert Burns is deeply interesting, I insert them here for the benefit of my readers.

OCTOBER, 1904.

COPY OF THE ORIGINAL BELONGING TO KIRKPATRICK BRIDGES, SLATER, DUMFRIES, TO MR. WILLIAM YOUNG, SLATER, ETC., GALSTON.

Robert Burns was invited to dine with a party of noblemen, but instead of dining with them, he was put into the hall with the servants, and after the noblemen had dined he was invited up to the dining-hall and offered a chair by the lord of the mansion, and then spoke to them in the following lines :—

My Lord, I would not fill your chair
To be the proudest noble's heir ;
I came this night to join your feast
An equal to the best at least.
'Tis true the cash we save is scant,
And little trifles that I want.
The Kirk has never made me kneel
To stamp my manhood with her seal ;
But what o' that ? The King on high,
Who took less pains wi' you than I,
Has filled my bosom and my mind
With something better of its kind :
A something which
I cannot well translate to speech,
But by its impulse I can know
'Tis deeds, not birth, that make men low.
But mine, thank heaven, is all my own ;
A peasant 'tis my pride to be ;
Look round and round your hall and see
Who boasts a higher pedigree.

I was not fit, it seems, to dine .
 With such foxhunting heroes fine,
 But only came to play the fool
 Among your lordship's hopeful school.
 There must be here some sad mistake ;
 I would not play for such a stake ;
 Be a buffoon for drink and meat,
 And at a poor earl's tax-paid seat.
 May die, my heart, e'er such a stain
 Descend on Robert Burns' name.

After speaking these verses he walked out of the room.

THE HOUNDSDITCH POLICE MURDERS.

When Sergeants Bentley and Tucker and Constable Choate were shot dead, and Sergeant Bryant and Constable Woodhanes were wounded by foreigners who were breaking into a jeweller's shop.

Away up in London, that place of renown,
 The home of the Lords and the Commons and
 Crown,
 Where round pleasure circles sweet ladies are
 whirled,
 The home of the wealthy, the hub of the world.

Away up in London, that wonderful place,
 Where dwells the vile riddlings of our human race :
 The fierce foreign fiends, and the anarchist band,
 The horror and terror of ev'ry fair land.

With wide open arms John Bull lets them in,
 Their hearts full of hatred, their souls full of sin ;
 A hearty old host is our friend Mr. Bull,
 But alas ! with these guests I'm afraid he's a fool.

They come to our Island, they rob and they slay,
They shoot our policemen, then vanish away ;
But justice shall track them where'er they may go,
And the end of these monsters shall be bitter woe.

Thou God of all goodness ! O keep Thou in mind
The wives and the orphans left mourning behind ;
The fathers and mothers who mourn a dear son,
Oh, be Thou their comfort, Thou Beautiful One.

At our brave policeman sneer if thou'rt a fool,
But he's the true emblem of honest John Bull ;
With only a small wooden staff in his hand
He fights armed robbers at duty's command.

In all the bright annals of soldiers in war
O'er all our great Empire, on fields scattered far,
There's nothing more worthy, more brave in God's
sight,
Than a British policeman alone in the night.

Oh, give him thy sympathy, give him thy hand,
Thou good, law-abiding, brave sons of our land ;
His heart is stirred deeply, his eyes are still wet ;
A kind word to-day he shall never forget.

SCOTLAND'S MARTYRS.

Who scoffs at Scotland's martyrs ?
Tell me the scoffer's name ;
But tell me not that he's a Scot
Or I shall blush for shame.
The hills would burst in protest,
The streams would boil and hiss,
The very dust would feel accurst
To claim a Scot like this.

We're proud of our great heroes,
 And their detractors spurn ;
 We cherish Bruce and Wallace
 And boast of Bannockburn.
 And while I also glory
 In those great men, I feel
 That my glory in the martyrs
 Is a grander glory still.

Oh, for the hills of Scotland,
 Where loud the lapwing calls ;
 Oh, for a day 'mid Scotland's
 Wild woods and waterfalls.
 For there the soil is sacred :
 Each Lowland hill and glen
 Has drank the blood that like a flood
 Flowed from these God-like men.

Don't scoff at Scotland's martyrs,
 For they were men indeed
 Who bled and died and still defied
 A king and his vile creed ;
 Who flashed the truth in triumph
 Back from death's dark abode,
 And gave our race an honoured place
 Beside the throne of God.

Refrain.

All the Scottish martyrs
 Deserve our songs of praise ;
 They held the Word against the sword
 In those dark days.

NOTE.—This poem or hymn, "Scotland's Martyrs," may be sung to the tune which is usually sung to hymn 297 in "The Scottish Hymnary," beginning "We plough the fields and scatter." It can also be used as a recitation by omitting the refrain.

THERE IS A CITY IN THE WEST.

There is a city in the west of Scotland's lovely isle
That stands the foremost and the best for busy
scenes of toil ;
Her daughters are most charming, her sons are
good and wise,
They show the way to all the world in grand
emprise.

Chorus.

Then here's to the city so grand and so free,
The big-hearted city that's dear, dear to me,
And still it is growing, though ancient as Tyre,
This grand Second City of our great Empire.

This lovely city of the West is known both near
and far
For brilliant men in arts of peace and gallant men
in war ;
Her noble ships plough through the seas with
Freedom's flag unfurled,
The model and the envy of the whole wide world.

Let Glasgow city flourish like the blossom on the
tree,
And let her ships be aye the best that glide across
the sea,
And let her darling sons of toil raise higher still
and higher
This noble-hearted city of our great Empire.

REPLY TO AN EPISTLE FROM MR. TOM
SMITH, STONEYHALL, GALSTON.

Dear Smith, I'd like to mak' reply
To your epistle, but oh, my,
I'm dootin' sair if I should try
I'd spoil the page,
For, like a bull kept frae the kye,
I groan wi' rage.

Last nicht, when a' was still as death
Frae lovely Coodham to Corraith,
The very air seemed oot o' breath
Or hushed wi' fear,
When some vile creature, like a wraith,
Cam' crawlin' here.

I think I see the sneakin' wretch,
His eyes and ears keen on the watch,
And a' his nerves upon the stretch
And features grim ;
Eh, man ! it mak's my fingers itch
To think o' him.

He entered oor wee school sae snod,
Whase spire keeks owre Kilmarnock Road,
Burst every lockit drawer and throwed
A' things abreid,
Then tried to draw on the black brod
A pony's heid.

For books or pens he didna care ;
He wanted money (naething mair),
But deil a penny he got there
For a' his worry ;
Clean beat, he grat in black despair
And cursed James Currie.*

*James Currie, the Schoolmaster.

Then wat wi' sweat he made a pause
 And glowered wi' vengeance roun' the wa's,
 When there he spied the maister's taws.

In great delight
 He cut the lang tails into sma's
 For bitter spite.

The deevil tak' the impish owl,
 And if sic creatures ha'e a soul
 In purgatory may he prow—

I dinna care ;
 There let him crunch his teeth and howl
 For evermair.

Your hamely poem is jist sublime,
 But oh, dear Tom, I'm prest for time ;
 This horrid, hardened son o' crime

I'd like to wrestle,
 Sae please accept this jumble rhyme
 For an epistle.

A TRUE TALE.

Jamie Todd, a braw big miner
 Up amang the Cumnock hills,
 Fell in love wi' Mary Murdoch,
 Eldest dochter o' Shieldmills.

Farmer Jock fair hated Jamie,
 Jist because Jim howket coals,
 An' declared their social status
 Differed widely as the Poles.

Jock was Mary's surly faither,
An' she daredna say a cheep,
But she often saw her Jamie
When auld Jock was soun' asleep.

Hallowe'en, wi' a' its glamour,
A' its wild an' wanton noise,
Saw young Jamie an' some ithers
Busy at their reckless ploys.

On the tap o' Shieldmills midden
They stuck up an auld scarecrow,
Then they struck Jock's door wi' vengeance
An' slipt roun' the stable wa'.

Jock, whase temper was like powder,
Sprang up frae his easy chair,
Seized his heavy muzzle loader,
Ragin' like an angry bear.

Swift the kitchen door he opened,
Oot into the darkness peered,
Shoutin' "Hey, ye noted blackguards,
Do ye think that I am feared?"

Seeing some ane on the midden,
"Stand!" cries Jock, "or doon ye'll ta',"
When ane o' the fellows shouted
"Ye auld duffer, fire awa'."

Then the auld scarecrow was riddled;
Then an awfu' scene ensued,
For nae sooner had Jock fired
Than the hale affair he rued.

Thro' the hoose he wandered wildy
 Wi' a sad an' guilty soul,
 While young Jamie thro' a window
 Into Mary's bedroom stole.

A' that nicht, while Jock was groanin'
 In the throes o' dark despair,
 Jamie and his bonnie Mary
 Courted canty up the stair.

At the first pale streak o' daybreak,
 Worn wi' grief an' want o' sleep,
 Jock gaed oot and saw the scarecrow
 Lying on the midden heap.

Tho' he saw the trick they'd played him,
 Yet it eased his awfu' pain,
 An' he swore that he wad never
 Fire anither shot again.

TAM AND MEG ON THE PARISH COUNCIL ELECTION.

There dwells in Beith as fine a pair
 As graces this sweet shire o' Ayr;
 They hae leev'd a noble life
 As father, husband, mother, wife.
 Tam's ane o' thae hot social chiels,
 While Meg is Tory to the heels.
 Thus o'er their years o' wedlock bliss
 Has cam' a'e blight o' bitterness,
 A' thro' discussin' o' the fates
 O' the Parish Council candidates.
 Eight seats were a' that could be gi'en,
 While sixteen candidates were keen,
 Eight Liberal and eight Tory chiels
 Wha tugged and focht like verra deils.

“ Eh, Meg,” quo’ Tam, “ thae Tory crew
 Will find it hard to struggle thro’,
 They’ll no’ gang sweepin’ in sae fine
 As what they did in days langsyne ;
 Men are mair enlichtened noo,
 An’ mean to swamp this Tory crew.

Sic words as these Meg couldna bide.
 Quo’ she, “ You’re fu’ o’ stinkin pride
 For you an’ a’ your Liberal crew ;
 What Liberal actions do ye do
 When times are hard an’ money scarce,
 An’ cauld, bleak winds are blawin’ fierce ?
 Where are your Liberal spirits then ?
 What do they do for starvin’ men ?
 They’ll creep into some cosy nook
 An’ read some Socialistic book,
 While Tories that ye sair misca’
 Gi’e pounds on pounds to feed ye a’.

Tam’s temper noo was boilin’ hot.
 Quo’ he, “ That lie should burn your throat ;
 To men o’ sense it’s perfect plain
 They only gi’e us back oor ain ;
 If things were as they ought to be
 We wadna need their charity.”
 Then, feart that words micht lead to blows,
 Tam slipt awa’ to his repose.

’Twas near the witchin’ midnight ’oor,
 When baith were sleepin’ snug,
 Tam happened jist to turn oot owre
 An’ snore in Maggie’s lug.

Meg wakened up in sic a fricht
 To see what caused the din,
 An’ heard Tam roarin’ a’ his micht
 “ They’re in, oor eight are in.”

The words na sooner left his lips
 Than like a ragin' storm
 Meg stelled her back against the wa'
 An' feet against Tam's form,

While wi' a strong, determined push,
 An' yellin' "ye auld bear,"
 She tumbled puir, unconscious Tam,
 Plump naked on the flair.

But Tam slept on, an' dreamt he stood
 'Mang a' the busy din,
 An' noo an' then wad roar oot lood
 "They're in, oor eight are in."

ON THE DEATH OF MY FATHER.

Do not tell me, oh ye preachers, that this death
 has got no sting,
 For it stings me very deeply, stings me that I
 cannot sing.
 Though the birds are singing sweetly all around
 me in my tears,
 They but help to raise the memories of the long
 past happy years.
 Oh, my father and companion, oh, my tried and
 truest friend,
 In the days when danger threatened thou wert
 ready to defend ;
 Oh, thy love was deep and silent when my world
 with beauty smiled,
 But a tempest of affection when the storms of life
 blew wild.

Oh, my father, with deep sorrow and regrets my
heart is wrung,
For to think that thou hast left me ere my sweetest
songs are sung ;
And the hills around the Beoch I will visit never-
more,
For the sight of them would stab me and would
grieve me to the core.
Oh, my father, when my footsteps through this
world hath ceas'd to roam,
I will hope to meet and know thee in our blest
Redeemer's home.

REPLY TO AN EPISTLE FROM TOM SMITH,
DARVEL.

Oh, count your blessings, Tom, my boy,
Oh, count your blessings, Tom ;
Sum up every source of joy
Within your happy home.
As sweet a wife as one could see,
Whose heart's entwined in love round thee,
And bonnie bairns so full of glee ;
Oh, count your blessings, Tom.

God has been good to thee, Tom,
Yes, very good and kind ;
He did not send thee to this world
Feeble, deaf, nor blind.
He gave thy life a splendid start
A frame complete in every part,
And put a song within thy heart ;
Oh, count your blessings, Tom.

POEMS OF A POLICEMAN.

Lochgilthead, 30th March, 1899.

Dear Sir,

Allow me to congratulate you on your splendid book which, indeed, is very much appreciated, and, as you state, it contains more than one thing that appeals to the heart. The enclosed few congratulatory verses are composed by a lady friend of mine on the book, and at her request I take the liberty of transmitting the same to you.

Yours faithfully,

JOHN MACKENZIE, Sergeant
(now Superintendent).

Your book indeed deserves much praise,
Congratulations you do merit,
And I will live to see you raised
By this rare gift which you inherit.

'Tis wondrous power I in thee find,
Each verse doth plainly show it,
The natural beauty of the mind
Reveals the true born poet.

Burns and Shakespeare I may quote—
These great men are away—
And splendid poems which they wrote
Have also had their day.

The world is fond of new designs,
It's strife is never stilled,
And if a man his post resigns
How quickly it is filled.

But hark! the news, news which I prize,
 News which I mean to share,
 That Burns' successor doth arise
 In the bonnie shire of Ayr.

And 'mongst the famous men your name
 Will long remembered be,
 And wishing you success and fame
 I'll bid farewell to thee.

REPLY TO AN UNKNOWN POETESS.

Sweet Highland lass, or lady fair,
 Whate'er you be, a maid or mother,
 You have not shown what name you bear,
 But you're a bard, so I'm your brother.

Thou may be of a high degree
 Yet feel thyself not far above me ;
 It matters not a fig to me—
 I'm married, and I dare not love thee.

Thou may be dressed in plain apparel,
 Trig and neat, and blithe and bonnie,
 A clever, sonsie servant girl
 With rosy lips as sweet as honey.

It matters not, as I have said,
 What rank you hold or occupation ;
 A sweet, kind-hearted poem you've made
 (Though full of flattering approbation).

O woman, thou art nobler souled,
 Thy joyful heart makes thee a jewel,
 While man is critical and cold—
 Cold and critical and cruel.

The poems of Shakespeare and of Burns
 Are far above my humble standard,
 Though to be like them I have yearned
 As o'er their charming works I've pondered.

But to my heart and to my mind
 Burns is far before all others,
 And though I follow far behind
 I feel in some points we are brothers

Accept my thanks, my lady friend,
 For thy sweet poem of approbation ;
 I also to the Sergeant send
 My thanks for his congratulation.

NOTE.—I afterwards learned that the name of this
 sweet poetess was Annie B. Munro, South Knapdale,
 Argyleshire.

IN MEMORY OF ALEXANDER KINDNESS.

Police Constable, of Clinton, Vancouver, B.C., Canada,
 and ex-Police Constable of Ayrshire, who was shot
 through the heart by an Indian desperado wanted for
 murder, when P.C. Kindness was searching for him
 in a wood.

In memory I can see him yet
 On Alton Bridge by Lugton Braes,
 Where oft on duty's path we met
 And talked of life and all its ways.
 And there at that conferring place
 I marked his manner calm and still,
 And read upon his pleasant face
 The true heroic heart and will.

In fancy next I see him stand
Upon the steamer's deck at sea
And gaze upon our glorious strand,
So dear to Scots where'er they be.
Oh, Alick, Alick, did'st thou think,
As thou gazed back on Scotia's shore,
That Fate had snapt life's last, fond link,
And Scotland thou wouldst see no more.

Oh, Canada, thou wondrous land,
What noble hearts go out to thee!
There in Vancouver he did stand
As fine a form as eyes could see.
There Fortune smiled upon his face,
But even as it laughed and smiled
He kept his soul in God's sweet grace,
And all within was calm and mild.

But always eager to repel
Vile deeds of crime by field or flood,
Strong in the prime of life he fell,
And dyed the bush with his heart's blood.
An Indian, ambushed in a wood,
Did speed the ball to Alick's breast,
And now the noble, brave, and good
Young warrior takes his long, last rest.

Sleep on, young warrior, take thy rest,
Though we would wake thee if we could,
But well we know God's ways are best,
And His decrees are wise and good.
And so with humble hearts to-day
We bow beneath His sovereign will,
While our sad thoughts are far away
Where Alick's lying cold and still.

THOUGHTS

Suggested when on duty at Montgomery Castle, Tarbolton, on 1st June, 1912, on the occasion of a marriage reception when Miss Vernon, of Craigowan, Symington, and Captain Black, were married.

This is the glorious first of June,
And that's Montgomery Castle there ;
It puts my troubled heart in tune
To gaze upon a scene so fair.
So sweet, soul-ravishing, and rare
When o'er it all the sun doth shine ;
The woods, the glens, and all the air
Throb with a melody divine.

And that's the sweet, bewitching Fail
I see meandering down the glen,
Where Highland Mary breathed the tale
To one of Scotland's greatest men.
What glowing raptures Burns would feel
As here with Mary he would stroll,
And to her throbbing heart reveal
The glorious transports of his soul.

Sweet haunt of love, I come to-day
To see two hearts made one in thee.
I hear the Annbank pipers play,
Which stirs the Highland blood in me.
And as the lovely bride I see
So happy 'neath the Summer sun,
I cry, "Oh, God, where'er they be,
Keep Thou these two hearts now made one."

SABBATH MORN.

A FRAGMENT.

Thank God, each week there comes a morn
 With healing balm for bosoms torn ;
 Oh, my poor Muse can't half reveal
 The deep, sweet something that I feel
 When stilled is all the hellish roar
 And riot of the night before.
 When drouths lie groaning in their beds
 With poisoned hearts and painful heads ;
 While up the road I quietly stroll
 Till Nature soothes my outraged soul.
 Oh, hallowed morn, too deep for rhyme,
 Sweet, soothing touch of joys sublime.

LINES

 SUGGESTED ON LOOKING UPON THE QUARRELSOME-
 NESS OF MAN.

Why is it thus, why dost thou quarrel so ?
 Oh, stubborn man, thyself art thy worst foe.
 Respect thy conscience and thy precious soul,
 And such will keep thy passions in control ;
 Think but one moment of thy coming grave,
 Then turn to Jesus and forgiveness crave.
 Gaze up toward yon far-off boundless sky
 Where angels sweet bow down their heads and
 sigh ;
 Yes, sigh to see such sorrowing souls on earth
 When all might dwell in sweet, harmonious mirth.
 Go, man, and seek some lonely, sheltering wood—
 There sit and think of thine eternal good ;

For life to him must be a weary load
Who never feels his soul in touch with God.
Oh, man, for one brief moment try to soar
On fancy's wings to yon eternal shore.
Look, here am I, a sinner through and through,
With worldly passions just the same as you,
But I've a will, and with it I'll control
The wilder passions that would crush my soul.

BURNFOOTHILL, DALMELLINGTON.

All hail, ye noble hills,
Dear objects of my dreams,
And all your queer, wee, mossy drains
In which we fished when we were weans,
And thought them splendid streams.

Wild, woodless Lethanhill,
Long years have slipt away
Since last across thy heath I sped,
And gazed upon this bold drumhead,
Still standing here to-day.

Yes, still it stands the same
Through wind and rain and snow,
And gazes o'er the valley deep
Where river Doon, in drowsy sleep,
Glides on far down below.

Good-bye, bare Burnfoothill,
Home of a hardy race,
But I'll come back and see thy rills
And those great, rugged, Loch Doon hills
That stare thee in the face.

 TRIBUTE FROM SCOTLAND.

Dedicated to John Kempster, Esq., J.P., Editor, on the
 "Police Review" attaining its 1000th issue.

Our faithful friend for twenty years,
 We hail you with three Scottish cheers !
 For when on the "Review" we gaze
 And feel inclined to sing its praise,
 Instinctively we think of you,
 The heart and soul of the "Review!"
 One thousand issues now we've seen,
 And what great changes there have been
 Since first it burst upon our sight—
 A brilliant, searching, piercing light,
 Which showed us many a quirk and clause
 That lay unseen amongst our laws.
 No high authority had we,
 Fine points of law to let us see ;
 But now, when we're in doubt, we feel
 That we in safety can appeal
 To our old friend, so sound and true,
 Who guides the gallant wee "Review ;"
 And every week its pages show
 The things that Scotsmen want to know.

Some people stagger 'neath the storm
 That follows on the word "Reform ;"
 But you were never one of those
 Who feared the foolish rage of foes,
 For when you deemed the matter right,
 Undauntedly you faced the fight !
 Such high-souled men we seldom see,
 Old England should feel proud of thee.
 Indeed, such merit thou hast got,
 We'd like to claim thee as a Scot !

Our Pension Act has often been
Brought by your pen upon the scene,
And though we've got a small amend
We trust you'll yet assistance lend,
Until we get it safe and sound
Upon a fairer, firmer ground,
So that when we've served thirty years,
No matter what our age appears,
We'll not require a doctor's line
Before our posts we can resign,
But leave and claim full pension then,
Free, honest, and unfettered men.

In Scotland some good Chiefs we've got
Whose deeds shall never be forgot :
Real gentlemen, who truly love
Their men's conditions to improve ;
Who shorten hours and wages raise,
Brave Chiefs whose only fear is praise !

Let us respond to all that's true,
And honour give where honour's due.
Let us be just to great and small,
Let loyal bonds bind one and all,
While from our hearts we gladly sing—
God bless our country and our King.

POST CARD

TO SUPERINTENDENT FORBES, AYR, ON RECEIVING
FROM HIM THE FIRST LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS
FOR THIS BOOK.

Your card dispels my brooding care
And raises hopes of bliss ;
Old Mat will be a millionaire
If things go on like this.

POST CARD

TO TOM SMITH, WHO WAS LONG IN RETURNING
THE CORRECTED PROOF OF HIS POEM WHEN
THIS BOOK WAS BEING PRINTED.

The "Printer's Deil" ca's me a coof,
And's roarin' like to raise the roof,
And swearin' if he lifts his hoof
Some bumps I'll feel;
Then, guidsakes, Tom, return the proof
And soothe the "Deil."

POST CARD

TO MY SON, MATTHEW ANDERSON, JUN.,
JOURNALIST, SELKIRK, JUNE, 1912

I have read your prose productions,
And they make me proud of you;
They are full of hope and promise
Of the things you've yet to do.
When your mind gets stored with knowledge,
And your heart grows ripe with time,
Then your articles and sketches
Will get more and more sublime.

Practice makes the mind proficient
And inspires it still to climb
To the distant heights of glory
All serene and all sublime.
While you climb, my son, keep steady,
As a noble Scotsman should;
It is splendid to be clever
And it's glorious to be good.

SYMINGTON AND CRAIGIE.

They boast about the Thames and Tyne,
The Paris Seine and German Rhine,
Whar silly buddies sip their wine
And mak' theirsel's sae baggy,
While here's the wee Pow Burn sae braw,
For health and strength fair beats them a'.
Then gentlemen, shout hip, hurrah,
For Symington and Craigie,

The greatest place beneath the sky
For Clydesdale horse and Ayrshire kye.
In all the bliss of perfect joy
They roam the fields sae lovely.
There's Craigie Mains and Laigh Langside,
In them we feel a special pride,
Their name and fame are world wide.
Then hip, hurrah for Craigie !

Its beauty spots are rich and rare,
Wi' which nocht foreign can compare.
In Coodham and Dankeith sae fair
There's naething mean or scraggy.
While up on Barnweil sae high
The Wallace Tower points to the sky,
And thrills wi' patriotic joy
Sweet Symington and Craigie.

ERRATA.

Page 55, line 21, for sunlime read sublime.



To the Wife of Portland,
On the Occasion of his Silver
Wedding and the coming of age
of his noble son -
The Marquis of Bitchfield.

June, 1714.

With the Compliments and
best wishes of the Author
and the Yorkshire Constabulary

Matthew Anderson.
176. 110.

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