

# Lays of St. Andrews

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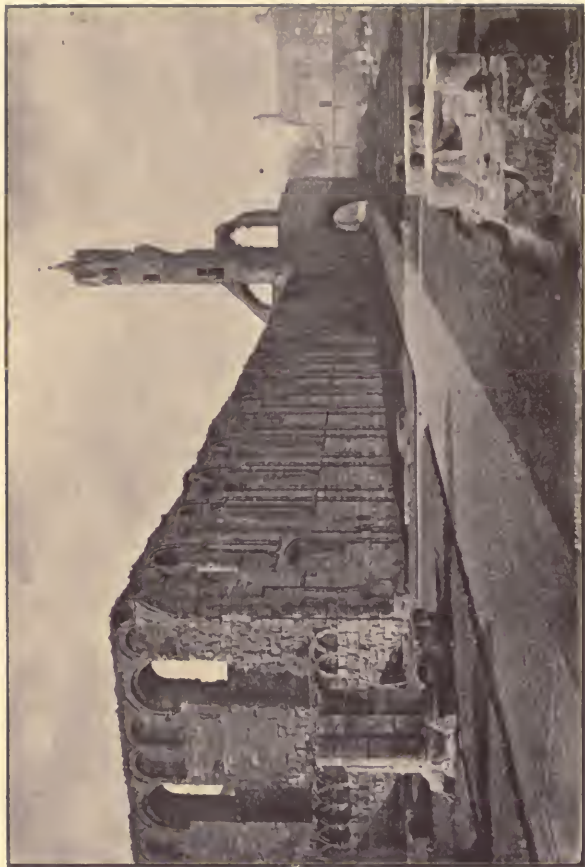
Lays of St. Andrews.

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**RUINS OF CATHEDRAL.**

[Valentine & Son, Dundee.



# LAYS OF ST. ANDREWS

BY

CLEMENT BRYCE GUNN,

M. D. (EDIN.),

EDITOR OF

“The Three Tales of the Three  
Priests of Peebles.”

ILLUSTRATED.

ST. ANDREWS : JOSEPH COOK & SON,  
17 and 18 Church Street, and 80 Market Street.

1894.

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MATRUM OPTIMÆ  
ITINERUM HORUM COMITI  
HÆC SOMNIA.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO  
DEPARTMENT OF CHEMISTRY  
5780 SOUTH CAMPUS DRIVE  
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60637

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I.

Saint Andrews by twilight, from  
the Pier.

O mystic City of the night !  
I view thee through the darkling eve  
Which wraps the harbour, where one fain  
Would sit and fitful fancies weave.

O ghostly town !

O past renown !

O City of the Martyr's Crown !

Westward a dull gold afterglow  
Lights up the Heav'n where set the sun,  
And in its radiance low'r the spires  
Still standing amid ruin done.

O fretted glade !

O pitying shade !

Concealing havoc wanton made.

B

The glory fills the oriel,  
And shines through darkness to the sea;  
As anciently at Vespertime  
The altar-lights shone cheerfullie.

O light now spent !

O Temple rent !

O service closed when Priestcraft went!

And doth Tintagil mirkly loom,  
That castle by the rocky strand,  
That with the city seems to sink  
Immerged amid the sodden sand?

O Lyonesse

That waves caress !

O Phantasy of Saintliness !

And thus one sits, and fancy flits  
From things to Shades which come and go;  
The air is peopled by their Ghosts,  
And Priests and Saints pass to and fro.

But hark that knell !

Saint Saviour's Bell

Bids them and me a soft Farewell !



## II.

## Stations of the Cross.

At Saint Salvator's lychgate hoar,  
 Within the sound of ocean's roar,  
     The Protomartyr Hamilton,  
 The Cross of pain first bravely bore.

Then Forrest by the Convent Wall  
 In turn obeyed the Master's call—  
     "Take up the Cross and follow Me,"  
 And cast a beacon-glare o'er all.—

It shone from Fife across the Bay,  
 Where Angus hills loom faraway,  
     And Forfar folks said Malison,  
 And recked not of the Dawning Day.

And Wishart at the Castle gate,  
 Where gazed the Cardinal in state,  
     In turn the Cross of Suffering bore,  
 And nobly *tholed* his fateful fate.

And last of all, frail Henry Mill,  
Though fourscore years their measure fill,  
    Conveyed the Cross the final stage,  
And by the Pends fulfilled God's will.

The *Via Dolorosa* trod,  
Their souls returned again to God ;  
    Their words and testimony live,  
And still rolls on the ocean broad !

## III.

## Saint Mary's Provostry.

Saint Mary's Provostry, Kirkheugh,  
 An ancient ruined holy cell,  
 Whose chants are now the breezes' *sough*,  
 Diapasoned with ocean's swell.

Thy ruins stand—a book unsealed,  
 And in them lurks a mystery—  
 Sections of columns half concealed  
 Of long-forgotten history.

A Celtic Cross with carven scroll,  
 Imbedded lies in masonry;  
 The Altar occupies the knoll,  
 Long robbed of sacred blazonry.

A Nave and Chancel unstraight built,  
 Intent or error who can tell?  
 And 'gainst them lies the sandy silt  
 Of centuries that ages spell.

An Alma Mater is this Fane,  
To that Cathedral proud and high,  
Whose turrets rise in cold disdain,  
Unmindful of low ancestry.

For centuries in ages dark,  
Its Altar-light shone o'er the deep,  
And cheered the distant fishing-bark,  
Whose toilers work while others  
sleep.

On foreign fleets in war away,  
On embassies in times of peace,  
On wrecks half hid 'mid blinding spray,  
Those stones have gazed in scant  
surcease.

And now survives a ruined Nave,  
Dwarf Transepts, and a Chancel bent,  
Of Knight and Dame the erstwhile grave,  
Of bygone rites the Monument!

## IV.

## The Witches' Pool.

See the bairns rush out from School,  
Gather at the Witches' Pool!  
Work is over, now for play,  
'Tis the Witches' drowning day—  
Bairns must see the wicked lives  
Lived by five decrepit wives,  
Suffering the Doom in turn,—  
'Witches aye must drown or burn!'  
Scriptures plainly counsel give  
'Suffer not a Witch to live.'  
So the Minister and Kirk  
Damning Witches have hot work.  
Folks must never rove at night,  
Mutter threats nor bairnies fright,  
Throw a spell o'er sickly life,  
Labour cast on neighbour wife,  
Ride a broomstick through the air,  
To another's evil swear,  
Revels hold on no mirk muir,

Kicking up the Devil's *stour*,  
Charges such are those for which  
Doited wives are branded WITCH!  
Sessions, howe'er *unco guid*,  
Ne'er would tell a '*rousing whid*,'  
Ne'er a private spite to please  
Would condemn old wives like these?  
Sternly though their victims try,  
Kirks must *live* though Witches *die*.  
Proof at times the case may want,  
Doubt the mind at others haunt,  
Haul the wives then to the Pool,  
Test apply by Canon Rule—  
Right-hand thumb, to left-hand toe,  
Tie—and *vice versa* so.  
Now they have them firmly tied,  
Like crosses by th' waterside,  
Word is given—the tide is full,  
Heave all five into the Pool.  
Agèd, harmless, lonely wives,  
Fastly tied fight for their lives.

Think on't now in later times  
Shudder at these legal crimes—  
How the guiltless scaled the pyre,  
And "possessed" ones 'scaped the fire ;  
Th' guilt would now be reassessed,  
*We* pronounce the Court "possessed."  
Of the wives, some float, some sink,  
Pull all five into the brink.  
Three exhausted ones are dead,  
But o'er them Decree is said—  
"They have *sunk* so were good wives."  
Can these words bring back their lives ?  
Wae's me for the other two !  
Ah, they *floated* up to view.  
Th' true Witch drowns not in the Lake,  
Save and burn her at the stake !  
Loads of heather, lengths of chain,  
Old tar barrels, all are ta'en,  
One for each unto the Mound,  
Savage multitudes stand round :  
Pray'rs are said, of course 'tis fit,

- Ask God's Blessing down for it.  
Th' piles are fired, the old wives burn,  
See the end, then homeward turn.  
Smould'ring embers, faggots charred,  
Calcined bones, such wives burn hard!  
In our ears despairing cries,  
Shrieks of dying agonies!  
With Mosaic teaching fraught,  
What cared we what Jesus taught?



## V.

## The Tower of Saint Regulus.

Massive windswept ancient Tow'r,  
Grimly conscious of thy pow'r,  
Standing firm when tempests low'r,  
Saint Regulus.

Relic of an unknown age,  
Haply planned by Culdee sage,  
Writ upon an unsealed page,  
Saint Regulus.

Abernethy's column stern,  
Reared beside the winding Earn,  
Kinship claims with thee we learn,  
Saint Regulus.

Cradled in the murky haze,  
Shrouding prehistoric ways,  
Middle-aged in Romish days,  
Saint Regulus.

When the proud Cathedral reared  
Its first turrets—age had seared  
Thy grim features—made them weird,  
                    Saint Regulus.

And throughout the haughty reign,  
Lived by the majestic Fane,  
Coldly gazed thou in disdain,  
                    Saint Regulus.

Then when Rome began to fall,  
Witnessed thou thy rival's fall,  
Standing calm above it all,  
                    Saint Regulus.

Surged iconoclastic crowd.  
Round thy base in fury loud,  
To the dust the Abbey bowed,  
                    Saint Regulus.

Well for thee that taste severe  
Graven images kept clear,  
Off thy walls unniched and sheer,  
                    Saint Regulus.

This enabled thee to stand,  
Free from harm from raging band,  
Saved a monument so grand,  
    Saint Regulus.

The Armada timbers gave,—  
Rescued from the wrecking wave,  
To thy care 'gainst time to save,  
    Saint Regulus.

And we scale thy hoary crown,  
Scan the academic town,  
Thoughtlessly then clamber down,  
    Saint Regulus.

And a grim sardonic smile,  
Seems to hover o'er the pile,  
Seize the day, then—rest awhile,  
    Says Regulus.

Men may come and men may go,  
Toward the grave they're wending, though  
Ages pass—still stand I so,  
    Saint Regulus.

## VI.

## The Terebinth of Tears:

PREACHED BY THE VERY REVD. DR. BOYD,  
SEP. 17TH, 1893. GENESIS XXXV., 8.

They bury worn Devòrah,  
Nurse whom a tribe reveres,  
Beneath a mighty Oak called  
The Terebinth of Tears.

The wailing stirred the foliage  
Of th' Oak of ancient years,  
And christened with their weeping  
The Terebinth of Tears.

In sure anticipation,  
Until the Christ appears,  
They leave her in thy keeping,  
O Terebinth of Tears.

Far from thy childhood's country,  
'Mid scenes of hopes and fears ;  
But thou art guarded well by  
Thy Terebinth of Tears.

A Monument of Sorrow,  
In majesty uprears  
A leafy crown of verdure,  
The Terebinth of Tears.

The Tree, by far, more ancient  
Than thou, of six score years,  
O aged nurse now nursed by  
This Terebinth of Tears.

Of other two handmaidens  
In history one hears:  
But grows for Naaman's Captive  
No Terebinth of Tears.

Saint Kieran's Housemaid\* slumbers  
From prehistoric years:  
Her grave marked by a Boulder;  
No Terebinth of Tears.

And pilgrims wander thither,  
Each maid her worth reveres  
'Mid Irish scenes; though shades it  
No Terebinth of Tears.

Thus Housemaid, Nurse, and Captive,  
Of old or tender years,  
May earn undying mem'ry  
Their Terebinth of Tears.

\* “On our way to the Nunnery (Devorguilla's, near the Shannon), we noticed a large stone apparently cut for a Font at the place which, in Dr. Healy's plan, is marked by the quaint title ‘Grave of St. Kierau's Housemaid.’” — *A Pilgrimage on the Anniversary of Saint Kieran, Sep. 8, 1893.*

## VII.

## The Cemetery, Saint Andrews.

God's Rood within the Convent wall,  
 Encircled by the sounding sea,  
 A blest abode of sunlit peace;  
 A smiling land it seems to me.

No dread of death its beauty haunts,  
 No spectral phantom of the grave ;  
 But God's own glory lights the Garth,  
 And gilds the wrecked Cathedral Nave.

The peace of God broods o'er the scene,  
 Broke only by the murm'ring sea ;  
 In drowsy monotone that breaks  
 But mars not Heaven's harmony.

Wellnigh in love with 'easeful death' ;  
 This sacred soil enamours one  
 To yield the fevered fretful life,  
 And slumber here when all is done.

24 *The Cemetery, Saint Andrews.*

Beneath the ruined Abbey Wall  
In company with saintly men,  
One's dust might rest—the Spirit flit,  
And visit this' sweet scene again.

And in the gloaming dusk, the note  
Of sweet Saint Saviour's bell would peal,  
And permeate with melody,  
And o'er the spirit softly steal.

God's acre this in very truth,  
The pride of intellect lies here ;  
The learned, the good, the brave, the strong,  
Without reproach, withouten fear.

And yet methinks the heart is touched,  
By one lone spot of strangers' graves,  
Where rest at last the sailors done  
To death, amid the raging waves.

But not to-day are storm-tossed seas,  
The ocean smiles blue and serene,  
And gently laps the rocky coast,  
And sparkles in the sunny sheen.



*The Cemetery, Saint Andrews.* 25

And stern Saint Regulus stands grim  
Amid the fastly filling sward ;  
Men come, men go, the ages roll,  
His tower o'er all keeps watch and ward.

## VIII.

## Alone upon Saint Regulus Tower.

Around me on the bartizan God's living  
Presence lies,  
His Æther breathing life and love diffus-  
ing to the skies ;  
And at one's feet the Academic City  
westward trends,  
Each ancient street convergingly to the  
Cathedral wends—  
The apex of the city life—all paths lead  
to the Grave—  
Hard bye the ruined pillared arcades of  
the roofless nave.  
Afar, the azure ocean scintillates in  
morning light  
And rumbling murmurs from its waters  
vibrate in the height ;  
And through the murmur run the chimes  
from many a city spire,  
Each gleaming through the seaborne haze  
like pinnacles of fire.



From Photograph by]

**ST ANDREWS FROM ST REGULUS**

[Valentine & Son, Dundee.



*Alone upon Saint Regulus Tower.* 27

At once in circling sweep, with voice  
untuned, wild seafowl sped,

Like tortured spirits blindly flying rising  
from the dead ;

But through their cry a burst of song  
wafts on the fitful breeze,

Ascending from the Priory Choir lodged  
amid the trees ;

Then on the seafowl whirled and vanished  
on their devious ways,

While still uprose the warbled hymn—a  
melody of praise.

And thus methought 'tis so with man,  
misfortunes may come fleet,

Yet fleetly pass and leave to rise God's  
music full and sweet.

Alone with God I hold this tower and  
gaze upon the earth,

One's worries vanish, hope revives, ideals  
have their birth,

Would that they lived to fructify, alas for  
man is weak,

28 *Alone upon Saint Regulus Tower.*

Our heavenly glimpses weaker grow as  
earth one's footsteps seek.  
But still these meditative moments serve  
to feed the fire,  
Of love divine which glows in each and  
force one to aspire.

## IX.

## Quaedam Umbrae, St. Andrews.

A city of deep mystery,

    This Classic town of Academic lore,  
Which Souls who once made history  
    As Shades pervade though clothed in  
    flesh no more.

Their Presence fills the atmosphere,  
    When night benignant mother darkles  
    deep,

And no sound stirreth save the moan  
    Of melancholy waves which never sleep.

And Belfries Aëreal pour  
    Soft hourly chimes upon the list'ning  
    night ;

'Tis then the ghostly Shadows throng,  
    Assuming phantom outlines to the sight.

Faint strains of heavenly music swell,  
    A glimm'ring flicker lights the mid-  
    night hour,

30 *Quaedem Umbrae, St. Andrews.*

And shows a Form in shadow wrapt ;  
Saint Regulus is hov'ring o'er his tower.

Dim will-o-wisps light up the nave,  
Whose ruined walls rise gaunt against  
the sky,  
And in their feeble sparks one sees  
A crowd of Ghosts stripped of mortality.

Churchmen and Laymen jostle close,  
As fleeting clouds upon an autumn  
breeze ;  
And many a Form of high degree  
And low, are what the awestruck gazer  
sees.

The Martyred and the Slayers here  
Are mingled, and have long since  
found the right ;  
And some who struck and some who  
*tholed,*  
Their small selves view in the Eternal  
Sight.



And Betoun, the proud Cardinal,  
With Norman Leslie's Shadow standing  
by,  
In dread no longer, for is sealed  
The doom of every mortal as they die.

And One—far-seeing in his age,  
Who guided Scotland in her darksome  
day,  
And founded Saint Salvator's, strode  
With golden mace—good Bishop  
Kennedy.

The Shades of Prelates muster well  
Their ghostly phantom Hierarchy  
round,  
And all the names in history,  
With scores unnoted, here as Shades  
are found.

And Sharpe, first Presbyter, then Priest,  
In blood-stained cassock shuffles dimly  
by ;  
Two Churches showed him how to live,  
And yet the murdered prelate had to die.

And Chastelar perfervid soul,  
The luckless lover of a lovely Queen,  
A headless Shade pervades the night  
Alone in grim and solitary mien.

And clanking chains a group reveal,  
George Wishart, Forrest, saintly  
Hamilton,  
And Henry Mill—the old and last  
To burn as martyrs 'mid priests' malison.

And in the witches' neuk old dames,  
The tortured martyrs of Kirk Session  
Rule,  
Sit cow'ring, chatt'ring by themselves,  
In bitter memory of former dule.

But night advances, and the *sough*  
Of rising breezes tells of coming dawn ;  
Light streams in pencils from the east,  
And all the ghostly Shades have ghostly  
gone!

## X.

## The Last Saint.

There stands upon the Abbey Wall  
Without restraint,  
Sole relic of its statues all—  
A broken Saint!

A stone Madonna and the Child,  
In mute complaint,  
Wrecked remnant of the shrines defiled—  
A lonely Saint!

Why spared the mob this statue lone?  
Did rage grow faint?  
And late repentance pity own,  
For one poor Saint?

Or haply the Iconoclast,  
With reason quaint,  
Spared her as symbol of the past—  
A sample Saint!

And now the Virgin holds the gate,  
In stony plaint !

A vain appealing against fate—  
From one last Saint !

Nor need we for a ritual dead,  
Of grief make feint,  
The time was full, the day had sped—  
For Priest and Saint !

But later days will hail a creed  
Withouten taint ;  
Eternal truth from error freed—  
Replace the Saint.

## XI.

## A Summer Sea—From the Castle.

The scintillating silent sea  
Here stilly slumbers in the sun,  
Encurtained by a misty haze,  
And hushed its deep diapason.

The faintest streak of lightest foam,  
A tiny ripple on the shore,  
Alone betoken slumb'ring force,  
The whisper of a giant's roar.

The wavelets roll the fragile shells;—  
Intact sea urchins up the sand,  
But those same waters wrecked brave  
    barks,  
Whose ribs loom gauntly on the strand.

The offing lowers hazily  
Around the circle of the sea,  
And veils from curious scrutiny  
A depth of secret mystery.

Perchance then this the reason why  
Beyond the grave no sea exist,  
Its secrets, partings, depths, and storms,  
With boundless bliss may not consist.

And by these Colleges and Towers,  
And ruins of a mighty past,  
Its waves have rolled for aeons long,  
And roll they will while time shall last.

Then muse no more upon a theme  
Whose ancientness scorns vain essay ;  
No voice can tell its mighty spell,  
Its poesy and mystery.





From Photograph by]

**RUINS OF CATHEDRAL.**

[Valentine & Son, Dundee.



## XII.

## The Passing of the Principal.

*The Very Rev Principal Cunningham, D.D.  
buried Sep. 6, 1893.*

Under the Limes 'mid sonorous chimes,  
That sadden the afternoon ;  
With mournful tone 'neath leaves russet  
grown,  
That fall to the breezes' *croon*.

With measured beat up the ancient street,  
*Furth* of the College they go ;  
And leaves rustling fall on the funeral  
pall,  
Whispering gently and slow.

They bear to his grave, past the ruined  
nave,  
The aged and worn Principal,  
A Schoolman of thought from the School  
where he taught,  
To his grave by the convent wall.

And there within sound of sea and in  
ground

Holy and peacefully fair,  
Ashes and earth to their kind in the Garth  
They leave to commingle there.

Safe *happd* 'neath the sod, and the soul  
to God

Has returned and truth discerned ;  
How vain are the Schools, and the wisest  
fools,  
In light of verity learned.

And the Scarlet Gown has marched back  
to town,

And Presbyter gone—and Priest,  
And noble by birth<sup>1</sup> and noble of earth<sup>2</sup>  
Have left their chief to his rest.

And the grey old stones in their  
monotones,

Look dim now the robes have gone,  
That varied the view in diversified hue,  
'Gainst tombs on the grassy lawn.

So the pageant hath passed that cometh  
at last,  
Though humbler to you and me ;  
But that sad band had environment  
grand,  
In the city by the sea.

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1. The Most Noble the Marquess of BUTE,  
Lord Rector.
2. Very Rev. Principal CAIRD, D.D.

## XIII.

**The Stone Christ on St. Salvators.**

Saint Saviour's Tow'r looks on the town,  
Saint Saviour's Face upon the street ;  
A Christ of stone, placed high alone  
Above the tread of hurrying feet.  
And thus for ages has Christ watched,  
Amid the rush and change of time,  
With th' steady gaze of ancient days,  
'Mid storms that vex the northern clime.

The tender lad from boyhood's home,  
With the home-glint still in his eye,  
As he donned th' gown and marched  
adown

The Northgait in new dignity,  
A passing glance might cast on Thee  
And heedless hurry through the Pend ;  
He crossed the porch—passed on the  
torch,  
He passed in turn—Thou saw'st the  
end.

Argyle, Montrose, and men whose lives  
Lay hidden in the scroll of fate ;  
Men of the hour, when perils low'r,  
Have passed Thee by the ancient gate.  
And One upheld the might of Rome,  
Another came and smashed her keys,  
And th' Elder grim succeeded him,  
And all the time Thou studied these.

For all swore by the name of Christ,  
And in His name the others burned  
Priest, and Witch, and Heretic—such  
As dogmas of the others spurned.  
And centuries rolled swiftly on,  
And rampant ruin raged throughout ;  
But 'mid the strife, the truth had life,  
And flickered feebly—well nigh out.

And so the Christ survived the wreck  
Of Abbey and Cathedral grand ;

42 *The Stone Christ on St. Salvators.*

An Augur good that never should  
The truth pass wholly from the land.  
So on Saint Saviour's Church still stands  
The Saviour from His niche unhurled  
What change betides, He still abides,  
The Saviour of a fallen world.



## XIV.

## The Well Deserted.

Abandoned is the Holy Well,  
Gone all the devotees,  
Who erstwhile crowded round its font  
To seek health in disease.

Soul-heal, as well as body-cure,  
Its Holy Waters wrought ;  
Indulgence too, for favoured sin,  
Might e'en at times be bought.

A plan of high convenience this  
From sin the *soul* to thrive,  
Then quaff in faith the holy draught,  
And cause the *body* thrive.

Then with Indulgence in the pouch  
The homeward way begin,  
And well absolved for all the past,  
Resume the dear loved sin.

No saintly name adorns the font,  
It stands—a god unknown—  
Amid the tombs, itself a tomb,  
Unworshipped and alone!

The grave of superstition deep,  
The end of long-nursed hope,  
When faith unbounded failed to cure,  
And left the mind to grope—

In spiritual darkness deep,  
And hopeless as of Hell;  
Till dawned the light, and as of old,  
Truth lurked within a well!

“Drinkers of Saint Leonard’s Well,”  
The Priests the New School term,  
Unconscious that *their* well is doomed  
And truth has sprung its germ.

And now a muddy pool stagnates  
Where limped waters flowed,  
A shrine abandoned—virtue lost—  
A darksome dank abode.



Round it shines Heaven's glorious light,  
Its pencils kiss the green ;  
The Well is but a relic now  
Of systems that have been.



## XV.

## The Bottle Dungeon.

Forth of the Bottle Dungeon  
The immured Shadows go,  
As the Geni of the Arabian Tale  
From his Bottle long ago.

Upon the mirk mirk midnight  
The trooping columns pour,  
And their gathering march is the mono-  
tone  
Of the surf upon the shore.

Far down below th' Castle wall  
The waves break now, as then,  
When the Shadows inhabited flesh and  
blood  
In that dark and loathsome den.

When Wishart lay 'mid darkness  
But Light within Heav'nsent,  
He bravely administered forth of that hell  
The Protestant Sacrament.



From Photograph by]

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**ST ANDREWS CASTLE**

[Valentine & Son, Dundee.



And later there lay th' body  
Of th' slaughtered Cardinal.  
"All is lost"! on his lips as th' spirit  
    escaped  
From the burdened body's thrall.

And many nameless pris'ners  
    Within it ebbed out life  
By hunger's dread pangs, or more merci-  
    ful rope,  
Or the hired assassin's knife.

Whose hell-born mind designed it,  
    And who the rock explored,  
And who was the judge who a fellowman  
    bade  
Into its depths be lowered ?

Alack ! that Cave holds secrets  
    Vast as the ocean deep :  
The sickness of hope deferred, ravings  
    and shrieks,  
And th' tears that pris'ners weep.

And above, God's sunlight smiles,  
The earth lies fair around,  
And the summer seas sing the low  
lullabies  
Of the wretches underground.

Providence spells mystery :  
Inscrutable His ways ;  
Though a purpose Divine lurked amid  
the depths  
Of this Cave of ancient days.

Thank God we live in the light.  
I dream, but while I sit,  
Their spirits excarnate have gone to their  
rest ;  
'Twas fancy that made them flit.

And this darksome hole remains  
A show for aged carles  
Which they prate all about to an awe-  
struck crowd,  
And then ? They pocket their arles !

## XVI.

## The Hospice of Saint Regulus.

A Garden of fair women is Saint Rule's,—  
A posy of the choicest from the Schools  
Which Academic titles maidens give,  
And here these Damosels of learning live  
Who form the Sources of Saint Leonard's  
Well,

Whence maidens drink in knowledge, and  
excel

In all that makes sound body and sound  
mind,

Nor spurn the Course's cope—a Soul  
refined.

Here then the Mistresses reside, and they  
Live 'neath their Prioress's gentle sway,  
And many maids of *high degree* dwell  
here—

The Wrangler of her College and her  
year.

50 *The Hospice of Saint Regulus.*

The B.A., B.Sc., and L.L.A.

Of old Saint Andrews, *titled dames* are  
they.

And Creeds of diverse Churches too  
abound,

And maids who own but small beliefs are  
found

Within this charmed Retreat—a Nun's  
abode,

For all who seek by straight or devious  
road

Eternal Truth. These Vestals keep  
alight

The Sacred Fire, and hand their torches  
bright

On down the years. And Happiness  
dwells here,

Because their lives are full from year to  
year—

A harmony of chords—a tuneful School,  
Where Life and Home and Thought are  
beautiful.



I muse upon this Hospice and its Head,  
The brown-eyed gentle ladye who hath  
fled,

The Border and the Country Manse to be  
Head of this Women's Hospice by the  
sea,

And from her windows, southward to the  
Braes,

I see again the golden yellow haze  
That broods upon the bending Autumn  
corn

And promises a beauteous Harvest morn.  
And through the vision peal the Sunday  
bells

That jangle on the air, ev'n to the cells,  
Where each Recluse her private study  
holds,

And to her special taste its features  
moulds:

—The High Church devotee, a crucifix,  
Or sketch ecclesiastic will affix  
On wall. Diana's Votaress o'erhead  
A hunting-crop and iron shoe instead :

52 *The Hospice of Saint Regulus.*

The Wrangler, Gallio-like, doth not care  
For trifles such, so leaves her walls all  
bare.

The maid aesthetic, with a well-lined  
purse,  
Adorns her cell in Art, good, bad, or  
worse.

And thus these rooms their tenants in-  
dicate

As pious, learned, cultured, or sedate.

But every maiden feels that home is here  
With love and comfort and the best of  
cheer,

And happiness throughout, because con-  
tent,

And thus in busy usefulness the golden  
hours are spent.

## XVII.

## On the Tower—An Autumn Eve.

I stood on the Tow'r and pondered,  
While ocean sang below,  
And the winds were sweeping by me,  
And I watched th' waters flow.

And round me the leaves were falling  
Consumed by th' Autumn Fire  
And their dirge the wind was wailing  
On th' chords of Nature's Lyre.

And the heart within grew sadder  
As I saw th' Summer die ;  
Perchance then too one remembered  
Old friends who lifeless lie.

Death's mystery, who can fathom,  
Or who hath th' secret read ;  
The Bowl is broke, and loosed the Cord,  
Th' animate Form lies dead.

54 *On the Tower—An Autumn Eve.*

Oh, hard 'tis to die in Summer,  
When th' fields are all aglow  
With living sheen and lovely green  
That naught of fading know.

And the radiant sunsets leading  
Th' thoughts to another land,  
That seems to bound th' Horizon's edge,  
Outside of th' golden band.

And oh, if a Land there lieth  
Of th' lovely and the brave,  
Mayhap a man might yield this life  
And enter th' darksome grave.

But winds must howl and dead leaves fall,  
And beauty lifeless lie,  
Ere hope grows cold and life grows old,  
And I lie down to die!

## XVIII.

## The Lade Braes—Autumn.

Alas for the happy harvest fields  
And the pleasure now gone for aye,  
And the friends of yore now seen no more  
On the bonnie bright Summer day ;  
And the laughing breeze swept through  
the trees,  
And the corn heaps kissed as it went,  
Then on careered and the weary cheered  
With the fragrance the fields had lent.

And merrily trickled th' silver burn,  
And how gaily the long corn waved,  
And the gentle beams in glowing streams  
With gold liquid the full ears laved ;  
And the winds still sweep and dews still  
weep  
For the death of the Autumn day,  
While weary and worn alone I mourn  
For the old time now gone away.

And still they bury the golden seed  
And then reap it in golden grain,  
But the wild oats sown are quickly grown  
And yield but wild harvest again;  
And many one sighs and broken dies  
For the chances of youth long lost  
And seedtime gone; but mem'ry alone  
Aye reminds of the bitter cost.



## XIX.

## Divine Service in the Town Church.

We entered Holy Trinity,  
   Doctor Boyd,  
 And hearkened to thy Divinity,  
   Overjoyed ;  
 For here was no Service bald  
 Nor a preacher dry and *cauld*,  
 But Priest and Presbyter in one,  
   Doctor Boyd.

And the Service had a Ritual,  
   Doctor Boyd,  
 And potency Spiritual  
   Unalloyed ;  
 And we readily " responded "  
 From our corner snug esconsed,  
 And thus did *our own* devotions,  
   Doctor Boyd.





*Divine Service in the Town Church. 59*

Folks such actually feel,  
As the anthems o'er them steal,  
Quite forgetting that's the *old* way,  
Doctor Boyd.

*Their* ways have lasted over long,  
Doctor Boyd,  
We want a fuller praise of Song,  
Well employed  
In praising God divinely,  
Not weakly and supinely,  
Giving Him the best and sweetest,  
Doctor Boyd.

We need no more a "praying-wheel,"  
Doctor Boyd,  
But with a Book of Prayer to kneel,  
And we "joyed  
When to the House of God they said  
Go up," and have God's Blessing shed  
On a Service chaste and holy,  
Doctor Boyd.

## XX.

## The last Walk--Sunday Evening.

Mere words alone can never tell,  
Nor art of painter fancy please,  
To sing or paint the magic spell,  
The glory of these Autumn Seas.

That farewell walk, could we forego?  
Around the Convent Wall at eve,  
We sauntered in the afterglow  
That gave the night a brief reprieve.

The stilly twilight lay around,  
Above gleamed bright the turret light,  
The gentle breeze conveyed the sound  
Of tiny ripples hid from sight.

Within the Cloister-garth lies still  
The peopled city of the dead,  
Cleric and Layman, good and ill,  
At peace within their sea-girt bed.

*The last Walk—Sunday Evening.* 61

And round the Walls and by the Quay  
We musing strolled ; and on the Pier  
We sat and listened to the sea,  
And sought its message deep to hear.

The City lurked in ghostly shade,  
Begemmed with many a twinkling light,  
Its spires and tow'rs and crowsteps fade  
Even as we gaze and all is night !

And passing Kirkheugh's ruined walls  
We skirt the spot where Forrest burned,  
The stars peep forth as darkness falls  
Upon our way now homeward turned.

The moated Keep looms eerily,  
Saint Saviour tolls the curfew low,  
We wake from fancy cheerilie,  
Again into the glare we go.







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