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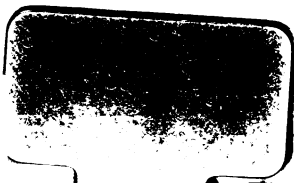
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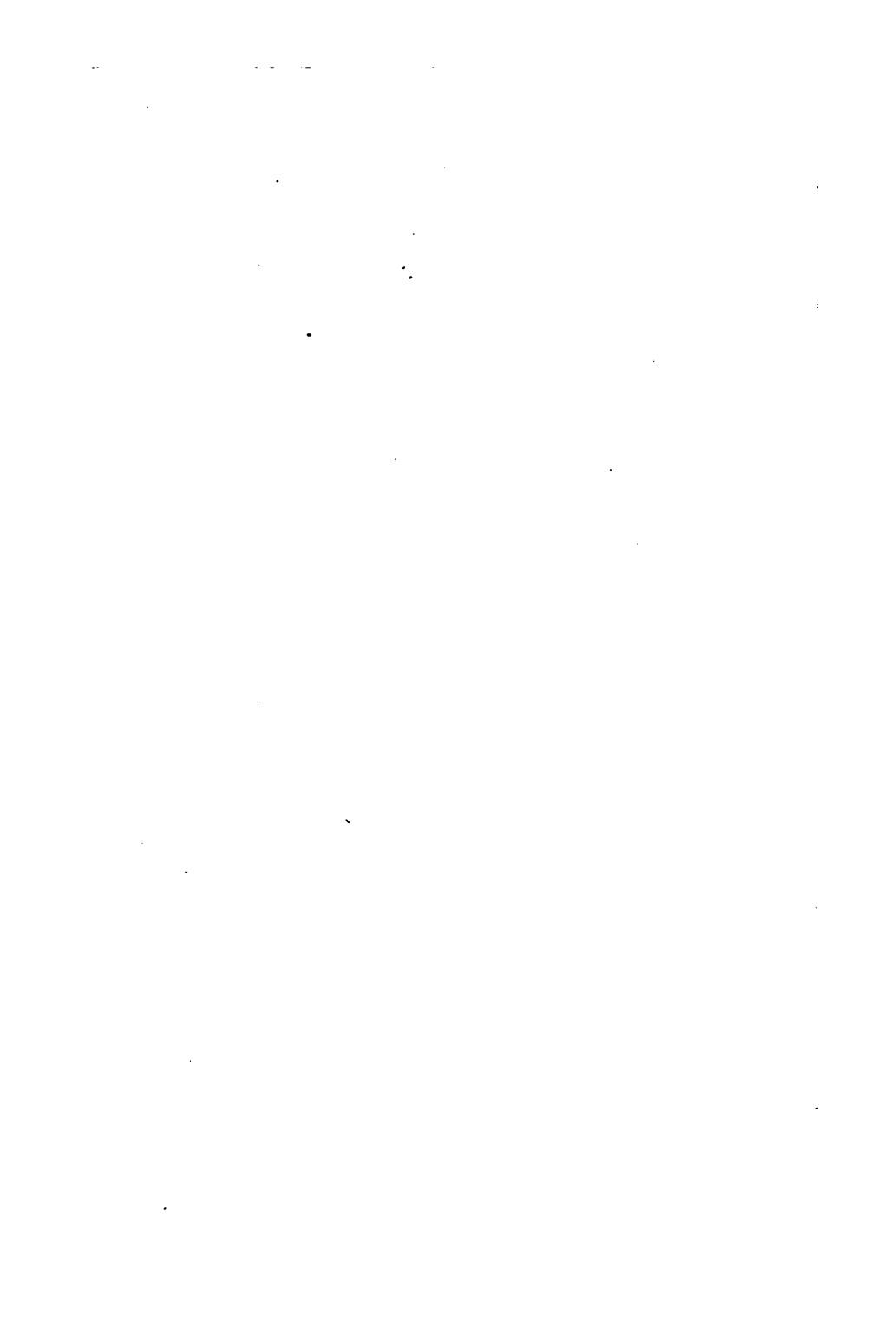
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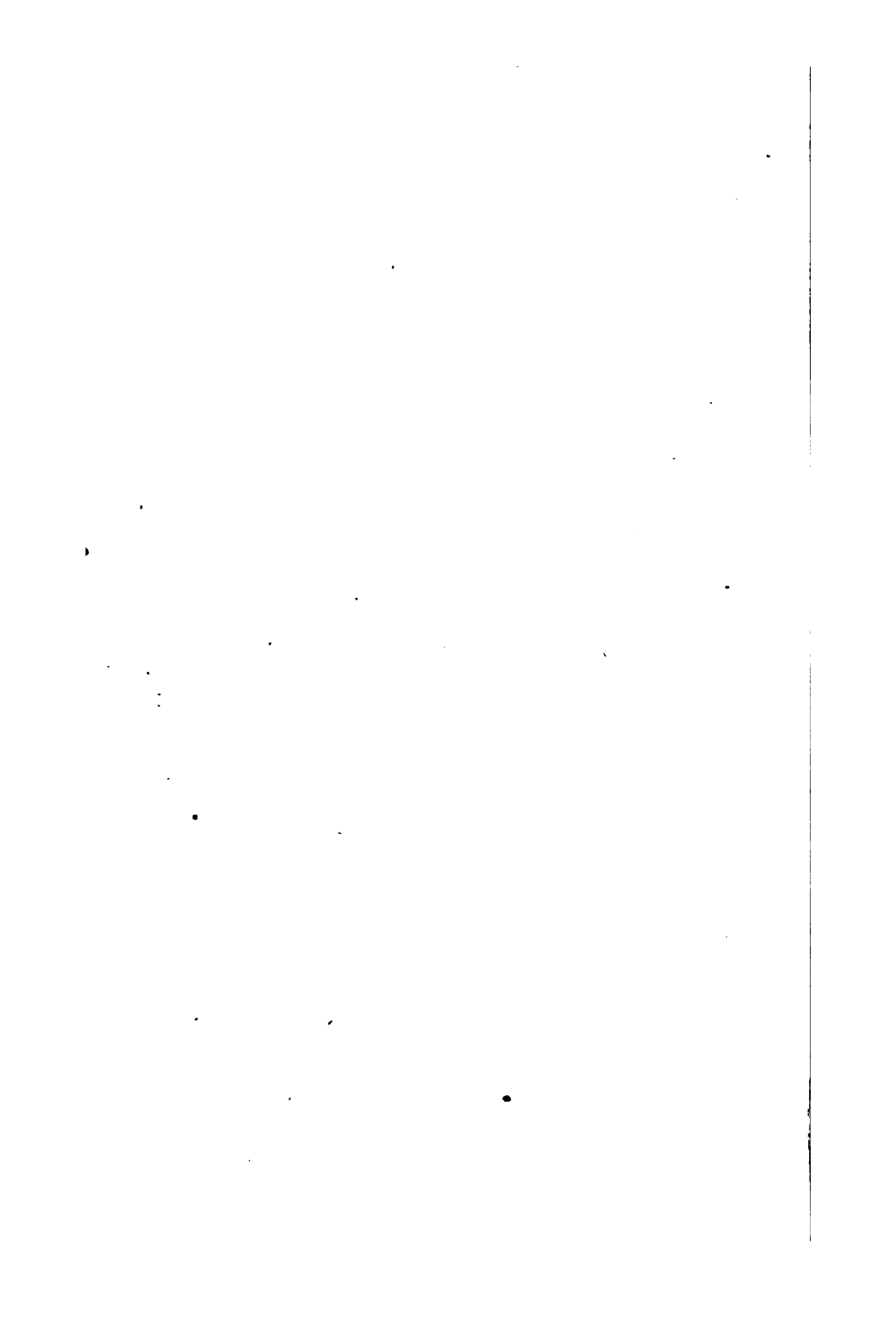




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D. B. HILL.

T.C.L.L.

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RAGGED SCHOOL RHYMES.

Dedicated to the Rev. Thomas Guthrie, D.D.

BY

ALEXANDER MACLAGAN.

WITH TWENTY-ONE ILLUSTRATIONS BY EMINENT ARTISTS.



JOHNSTONE AND HUNTER,
PRINCES STREET, EDINBURGH; AND
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INTRODUCTION.

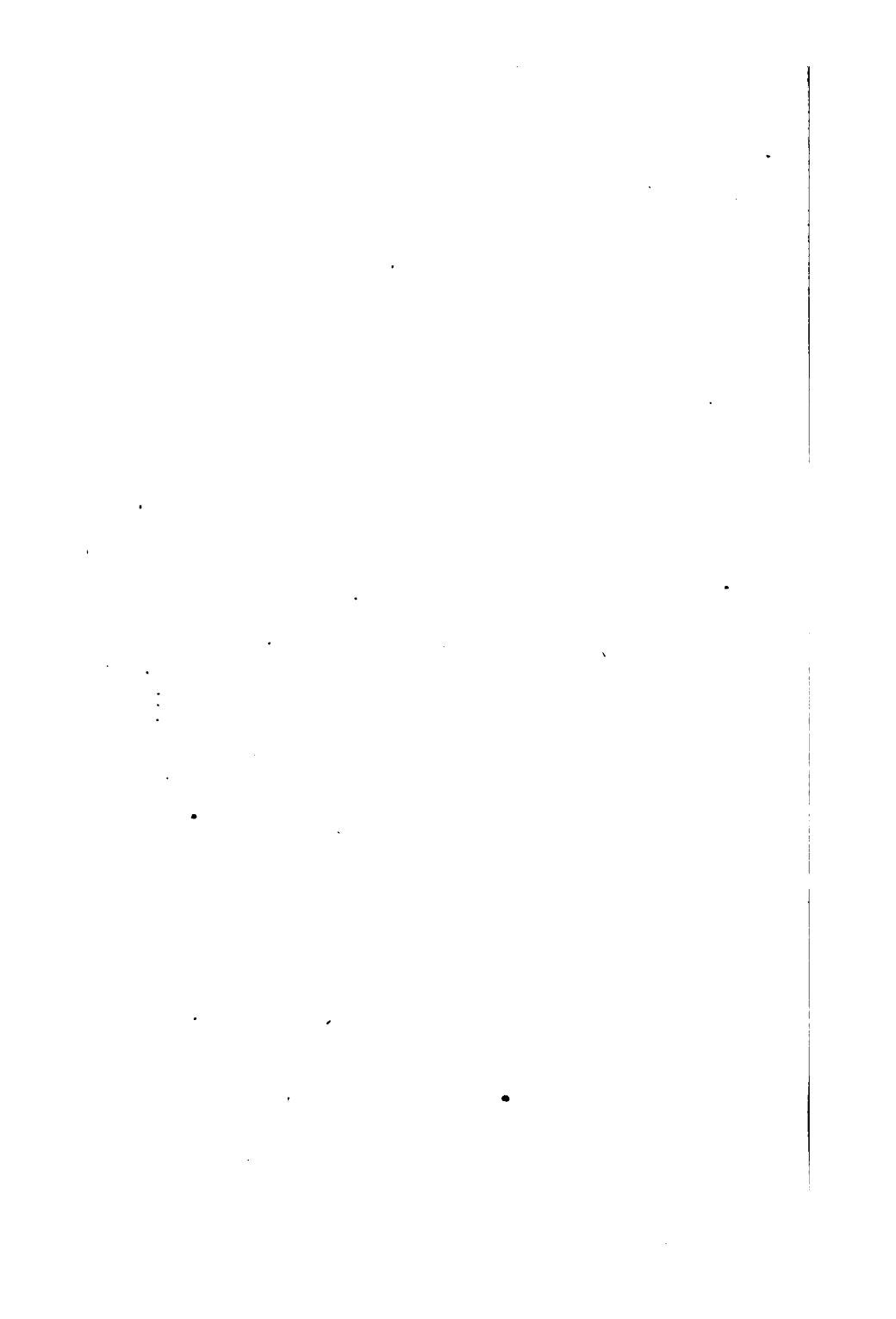
"They periah in the open streets, of cold and hunger, and of broken hearts."

BISHOP HORSLEY.

KIND READER—Did you ever sit, on a wild winter night, by a social, cheerful fire, gazing through the bright polished bars into the ruddy heart of what you deemed the "fairest flower in the garden"—dreaming of volcanoes, bright illuminations, and lanthron feasts? Congratulating yourself upon your safe keeping from the rude buffeting of the boreas'-blast, the selfish of the world at such a time become more or less tinged with the hue of idolatry; at least many in our northern clime are willing "fire-worshippers" at this season of the year. Whilst sitting in a position akin to the above, in the winter of 1849, as the wind blew fearfully o'er the "auld clay-biggin," shaking it to the foundation, whilst lashing rain and heavy hail beat wildly on the trembling window, "God help the houseless head!" I mentally exclaimed, in such a night as this—"God help the naked breast, the hungry heart, and tottering step, with nothing to rest upon but the slender reed of earthly charity!"

"Ik happing bird, wee helpless thing,
That in the merry months o' spring
Delighted me to hear thee sing,
What's come o' thee?
Where wilt thou cow'r thy chattering wing,
An' close thy e'e?"

Aye, and what will become of the little human minstrels—the







D. G. HILL.

T.C.L.I.

have been in her presence with the glad news! But his footfall is sad upon the ruined stair, and sounds like the heavy clod that falls upon the coffin-lid. He staggers into his dreary den. No words are uttered—all is known. No work—no work. He rests his heavy head upon the damp wall, whilst deep and stifled sobs are breaking his life strings. God of mercy! the throbbings of the earthquake are not more dreadful than the agony of that immortal soul!

Whilst mourning over the probable fate of the starving children of such unfortunate parents, a much respected friend put into my hands for the first time Dr Guthrie's "Plea for Ragged Schools." An incident in that "Plea" furnished the subject of the simple piece entitled "The Lost Found." A friend or two wishing me to write a few more Rhymes for the Schools, the following collection is the result.

It may here be stated, that it is erroneous to suppose, and criminal to assert, that *all* the wretchedness we see around us is the effect of idleness and dissipation. It is too true, and deeply to be deplored, in many cases, especially in large towns. Still, there are thousands of the labouring classes who perish for the want of work—the greatest evil the poor of this country have to contend against. Their average wage is from nine to twelve shillings a-week; and after a man has fed and clothed six or seven children, and kept a humble roof above his head, he cannot have a shilling to spare. If he be thrown out of employment for even a few weeks, he is at the mercy of the wide world. It is not the children of the drunkard or the hardened thief who fare the worst. The drunkard will not scruple to steal, and the thief will help himself. I have seen the child of a robber decked out as gaudily as a peacock, and as plump as a partridge. It is the children of the poor who are ashamed to beg—who can repeat the Lord's Prayer, and "Thou shalt not steal"—who are the first to starve!

The indulgent reader will readily see that I do not aim at what is termed "fine writing," or fanciful embellishment. The pieces are necessarily of a juvenile character, and were written to suit the capacity of the Children of the Ragged Schools. If, by publishing this little volume, I shall enlist the sympathy of a few warm hearts in this benevolent and truly Christian movement, the principal aim is attained of,

Your obedient Servant,

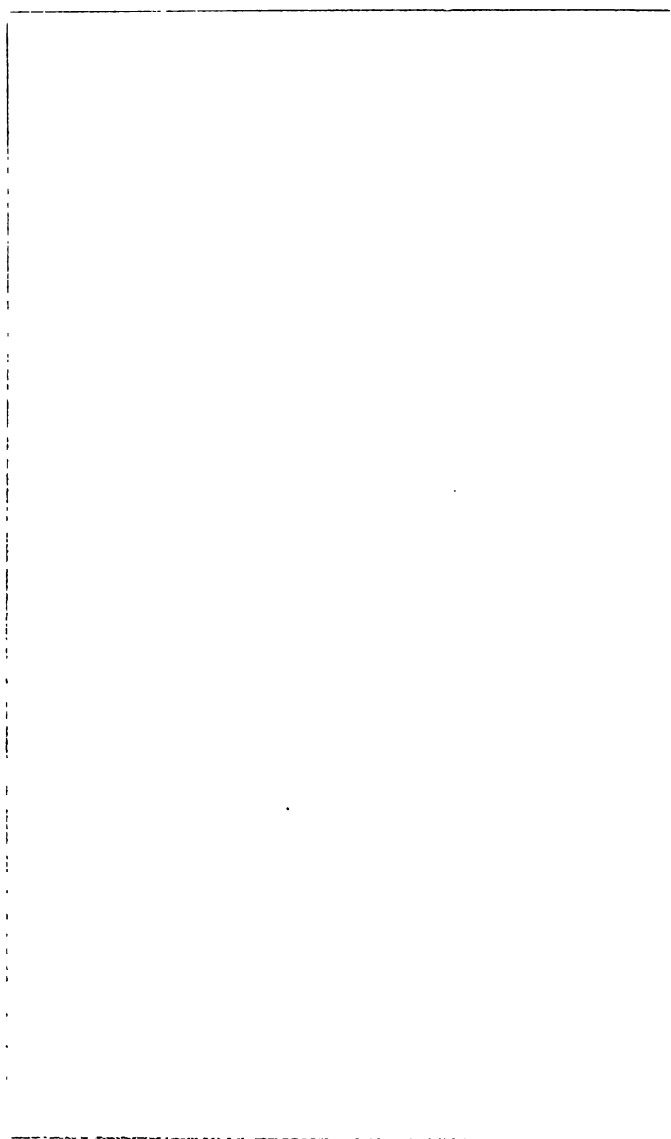
ALEX. MACLAGAN.

EDINBURGH, *January* 1851.



Part I.







The Lost Found.

Lo! a servant of the Lord,
Whilst wandering to and fro,
Feeding—clothing—teaching—blessing,
The helpless here below,
In a breadless, bedless hovel,
Not on a barren wild,
But in a wealthy city, found
A little starving child.

“Go, bring thy parents hither, boy,”
The good man cried—anon
The child turn’d up a face, to see
Would melt a heart of stone :
“Alas! I have no parents, sir,”
The little trembler cried;
“For my poor mother broke her heart
The day my father died.

“A fever fit came over him,
Which left him helpless, blind ;
Death took him, and my mother felt
She could not stay behind.
She kiss’d me, and she bless’d me,
Then went her heavenward way,
And left me in a friendless world,
To beg from day to day.”

Then said this servant of the Lord,
“Come from the cruel cold,
Poor little, shivering, shorn lamb,
Into our Christian fold.
We will feed thee—clothe thee—teach thee
To read, to work, to pray ;
And we will make thee sure, poor boy,
Of three good meals a-day.”

Oh! had you seen the flush of joy
That brighten'd o'er the cheek
Of that poor starving orphan boy,
When, with a painful shriek,
He shouted, "Tell me, do I dream—
Or did you really say,
Kind sir, that you would make me sure
Of three good meals a-day?"

"I care not how the winds may blow,
Or how the rains may beat;
I care not though the cruel frost
Should bite my naked feet;
Again upon the hard cold earth
My weary head I'll lay,
Unmurmuring, if you make me sure
Of three good meals a-day.

"No more heart-eating hunger
Shall tempt my hands to steal,
For leave to sit beside a fire,
Or eat a guilty meal.
No more I'll join poor orphan bands
Who break the laws, that they
May share a prison-bed, and get
Three hearty meals a-day."

Think, think of this, ye ladies fine—
Of this, brave gentlemen ;
I do not wish the gall of blame
To stain my humble pen.
But, oh! think of the poor, and know,
The treasures of the skies
Are Widows' mites, and Pity's tears,
And Mercy's gentle sighs.

When o'er the face of nature sweeps
The wintry winds so wild,
When ye are warmly clad, O think
Upon the Ragged Child!
When tables groan, then think upon
The heart that breaks for bread ;
And when the blazing fagots burn,
Think of the houseless head.



The Orphans.

DRAW near, my little sister,
Draw near my heart for heat ;—
Draw near, my love, that I may warm
Your little frozen feet.
Come, lay your trembling hand in mine ;
And on my aching breast,
Come, lay your weary, weary head,
And I will watch your rest.

This is a cruel cradle for
A child so wobegone—
A cruel pillow for so fair
A head to rest upon.
Oh! what would my poor mother think—
My mother, dead and gone—
To see the gentle head she loved
Hard pillow'd on a stone?

O why—O why—ye cruel winds,
Why do you wildly blow
Upon so young, so wan a cheek,
Already like the snow?
Have mercy on her orphan tears—
Have mercy on her sighs—
Have mercy on her tender years—
Have mercy, or she dies!

Thou cruel wind, if soft and kind
This night ye cannot be,
Blow, blow your wildest, keenest blast—
Heap all your drift on me :
For what would my poor mother think—
My mother, dead and gone—
To see the gentle head she loved
Hard pillow'd on a stone?



Childhood's Dream.

LEAVE, leave this horrid place, brother,
This cellar cold and damp;
It fills my heart with fear, brother,
My limbs with cruel cramp.
Come out and see the day, brother,
Come out and see the light;
I'll tell thee of a sweet, sweet dream,
That thrill'd me through the night.

Methought I wander'd through a wood
With many a thorny wound,
Where wild beasts mad with hunger
Were roaring all around;
At length there came a savage wolf—
A wolf in search of prey—
And, as he would a little lamb,
He bore me far away.

At length there came an eagle bold—
An eagle from the skies—
And flapp'd his pinions o'er the wolf,
And pluck'd out both his eyes;
Then up—then up he soar'd with me—
Up in the sun so bold!
Then laid me on a soft, soft cloud,
That glow'd like burning gold.

Then, like a pure and holy flame,
My mother came to me;
And, when she sweetly named my name,
I knew that it was she.
Her lovely form, so weak—so wan—
So wasted when she died;
How pure—how fair—how bright it glow'd
In God's love glorified!

And there were stars on her forehead,
Starlight on cheek and chin,
And stars upon her garments white,
Without a shade of sin ;
But all the stars that sparkling shone
In these unclouded skies,
Were nothing to the stars of love
That beam'd in her sweet eyes.

And then she took me on her knee,
As she was wont to do ;
And oh ! her looks of mother-love
Did sweetly thrill me through.
"Be comforted, my child !" she cried,
"When earthly cares are o'er,
I'll bring thee to this happy place,
To dwell for evermore."

Then from the kind, kind eagle's wing
That bore me in his flight,
She pluck'd a glowing golden pen,
And then began to write.
And oh ! the words that burning glow'd,
So bright, so beautiful—
Were, "Honour to the noble hearts
That framed the Ragged School !

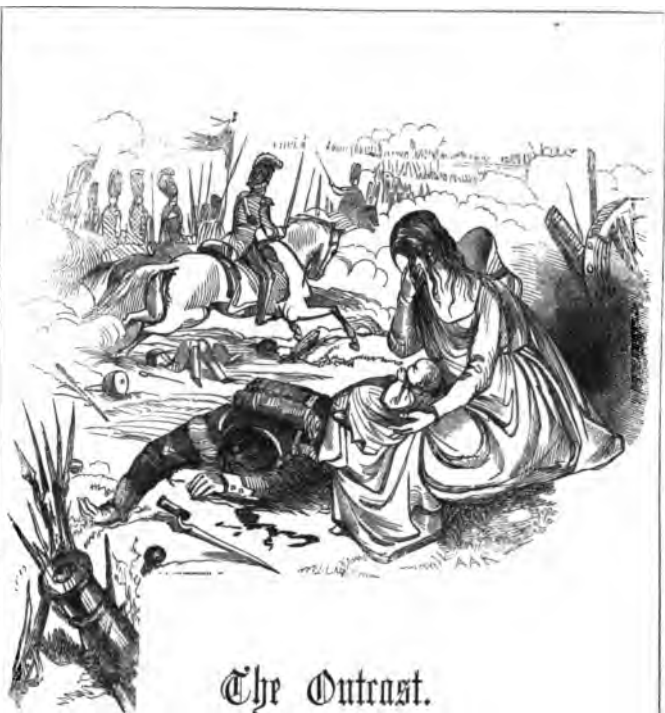
A Brother's Love.

CHEER up, my little sister,
Cheer up, my bonnie lass—
The summer days will soon be here,
The gowans and the grass.
Then for a hame, and for a bed,
We'll ne'er be at a loss ;
For we can sweetly sleep upon
The bonnie gowden moss.

The cellar or the cauld stair-foot
Is no a hame for us ;
But we will build a bonnie bower
Beneath the rowan-buss.
Then, when we look up to the stars,
And to the blossoms rare,
We'll think the bonnie queen hersel'
Has nae a house sae fair.

Ilk blyth wee bird will teach us
How it can sweetly sing,
Although it has nae gilded roof
Aboon its bonnie wing.
And then the little flowers will look,
And laugh us in the face,
And show us they can happy be,
Though low their dwelling-place.

Cheer up, my little sister,
And I will deck your hair
With sweet bluebells and rosebuds—
The fairest of the fair.
Then for a hame, and for a bed,
We'll ne'er be at a loss ;
For we can sweetly sleep upon
The bonnie gowden moss.



The Outcast.

AND did you pity me, kind sir?
Say, did you pity me?—
Then O how kind—and O how warm,
Your generous heart must be!
For I have fasted all the day—
Ay, nearly fasted three—
And slept upon the cold, hard earth,
And none to pity me—
And none to pity me, kind sir,
And none to pity me.

My mother told me I was born
On a battle-field in Spain,
Where mighty men like lions fought,
Where blood ran down like rain ;—
And how she wept with bursting heart
My father's corse to see,
When I lay cradled 'mong the dead,
And none to pity me—
And none to pity me, kind sir,
And none to pity me.

At length there came a dreadful day—
My mother, too, lay dead—
And I was sent to England's shore
To beg my daily bread !—
To beg my bread ; but cruel men
Said, " Boy, this may not be ;"
So they lock'd me in a cold, cold cell,
And none to pity me—
And none to pity me, kind sir,
And none to pity me.

They whipt me—sent me hungry forth—
I saw a lovely field
Of fragrant beans—I pluck'd—I ate—
To hunger all must yield.

The farmer came—a cold, a stern,
A cruel man was he;
He sent me as a thief to jail,
And none to pity me—
And none to pity me, kind sir,
And none to pity me.

It was a blessed place for me,
For I had better fare ;—
It was a blessed place for me,
Sweet was the evening prayer.
At length they drew my prison-bolts,
And I again was free—
Poor, weak, and naked, in the street—
And none to pity me—
And none to pity me, kind sir,
And none to pity me.

I saw sweet children in the fields,
And fair ones in the street,
And some were eating tempting fruit,
And some got kisses sweet ;
And some were in their fathers' arms—
Some on their mothers' knee ;—
I thought my orphan heart would break,
For none did pity me—
For none did pity me, kind sir,
For none did pity me.

Then do you pity me, kind sir?
Then do you pity me!—
Then O how kind—and O how warm,
Your generous heart must be!
For I have fasted all the day—
Ay, nearly fasted three—
And slept upon the cold, hard earth,
And none to pity me—
And none to pity me, kind sir,
And none to pity me.



The Young Philosopher.

WHY do you weep, poor Ragged Boy?
Why sigh so sadly? say;
I thought your heart would leap with joy
To see these children play.
These children I love well, lady—
I love their games to see;
But there be things on this fair earth
That seem right strange to me, lady,
That seem right strange to me.

I heard a good man yesterday,
 Beneath the sun declare,
That God above was Sire of all—
 That we his children were.
Now, if these are my brothers,
 As brothers they should be—
That they have bread, and I have none,
 Seems rather strange to me, lady,
 Seems rather strange to me.

Even now I see two lovely boys,
 With hair like golden beams,
Both reading in the holy book
 From whence all knowledge streams.
Now, if they were my brothers,
 As brothers they should be—
That they can read, and I cannot,
 Seems very strange to me, lady,
 Seems very strange to me.

Rich lace doth trim their jackets fine,
 Bright shoes are on their feet;
Now, I confess I love to see
 These boys both trim and neat.
But if they are my brothers,
 As brothers they should be—

That they have shoes, and I have none,
Seems rather strange to me, lady,
Seems rather strange to me.

I heard one say, "Come, brother, come,
To where the roses blow—
To where the shady walks are sweet—
To where the fountains flow."
Now, if they were my brothers,
As brothers they should be—
That they *may* go, and I *dare* not,
Seems very strange to me, lady,
Seems very strange to me.

One brought a handsome pony,
With bit and stirrup bright—
One leapt upon its back, and soon
He gallop'd out of sight.
Now, if he were my brother,
As brother he should be—
That he should ride, and I should run,
Seems rather strange to me, lady,
Seems rather strange to me.

And as the sun was sinking low,
One to another said,—
"The veil of night is falling fast,
And we must go to bed."

Now, if they were my brothers,
As brothers they should be—
That they have beds, and I have none,
Seems rather strange to me, lady,
Seems rather strange to me.

Come, thoughtful boy,—come, let us view
Things in their proper light;
Bad men, we know, spread want and woe,
But God protects the right!
Yes; He who marks the sparrow's fall,
And aids the nestling's flight,
Hath said that all men brothers are
In His most holy sight, poor boy,
In His most holy sight.



The Wood-Seller.

KIND housewife, listen to my tale—
Hark how the winds do shout!
The wintry winds,—and oh! how fierce
The drift doth drive about!

The cruel frost doth nip my feet,
And winds do heap the snow
Upon my head; and through my rags
How bitter cold they blow!
I sell my wood
For fire and food—
My back is like to break.
I sell my wood
For fire and food,
Oh, buy for pity's sake!

Kind housewife, in a deep coal-mine
My sire was born and bred;
And, whilst his strong right arm could work,
We never wanted bread.
But oh! there came a fearful hour,
A day of woe and dread:
The wild fire-damp had caught his lamp,
And laid my father dead.
I sell my wood
For fire and food—
My back is like to break.
I sell my wood
For fire and food,
Oh, buy for pity's sake!

At midnight 'mong the ruins old,
I seek the crumbling halls,
And people call me "Bill the bold!"—
I climb the highest walls.

I climb the highest roofs I know,
When I fresh rafters meet;
Although the cruel nails full oft
Doth tear my naked feet.

I sell my wood
For fire and food—
My back is like to break.
I sell my wood
For fire and food,
Oh, buy for pity's sake!

Kind housewife, 'tis no wonder
That tears run down my cheeks;
My mother on a sad sick-bed,
Has lain for ten long weeks.
My little sister by her side
Weeps o'er her mother's pain;
Oh! sadly will she sigh and mourn
Till I return again.

I sell my wood
For fire and food—
My back is like to break.
I sell my wood
For fire and food,
Oh, buy for pity's sake!



The Houseless.

OH! do not pass me by, lady—

Oh! do not pass me by;

There is kindness in your looks, lady,

And pity in your eye.

I'll tell thee of the many woes,

And of the fearful sights

That we, poor Ragged Children, see

In the long wild winter nights.

I know, sweet lady, you would weep—

Would weep had you but seen us;

A lady and my mother poor,

And just a wall between us.

I look'd into a window once,
When begging in the street,
There sat a lady dress'd in silk,
Two babes play'd at her feet.
I look'd up in my mother's face,
With her helpless children three;
But ne'er will I forget the look
My mother cast on me.

I know that you would weep, lady—
Would weep had you but seen us;
That lady and my mother poor,
And just a wall between us.

“Come here, my darling daughter—
Come here, and sweetly sing,”
The lady said; the child arose,
And skilfully did fling
Her hands upon the ivory keys,
How heavenly were the tones
That blended with my heavy sighs,
And my poor mother's moans!

I know that you would weep, lady—
Would weep had you but seen us;
The lady and my mother poor,
And just a wall between us.

Then sweetly did the lady say,
“Come, children—come, to bed;
And I will lay a pillow soft
Below each gentle head.”

I weep to think of that sad night,
When all our hopes were fled;
They slept on down, and we on stone,
Beneath an old cart-shed.

I know that you would weep, lady—
Would weep had you but seen us;
The lady and my mother poor,
And just a wall between us.



The Wayworn.

DEAR mother! rest thee on this bank,
Your feet are bleeding sore;
And I am sure that we have walk'd
Full twenty miles, and more.
Then, mother, rest thee on this bank,
And I shall sit by thee ;
Go thou to sleep, and I will keep
All evil things from thee.

Oh ! cruel was the farmer's wife—
She taunted thee full sore;
Oh ! cruel was the wild watch-dog,
That bit me at the door.

But kind, kind was the farmer man—
He shed a tear for thee;
And kind, kind was the sweet milkmaid,
Who gave me pennies three.

They say, dear mother, thou wert once
A lady young and fair—
With rings of gold upon your hands,
And diamonds in your hair;
That my father was a captain brave,
And sail'd upon the sea—
And that there were in all the land
No braver man than he.

They told me that he sail'd away—
Away to a distant shore.
They told me that he sail'd away—
And you saw him never more.
And how a fearful tempest rose,
And how the lightnings flew;
And how the noble ship went down,
With all her gallant crew.

But the last blow that laid thee low—
Low in your latter years;
That struck the roses from your cheeks,
And fill'd your eyes with tears;

And fill'd your eyes with bitter tears,
Your heart with cruel woe—
You tell me, gentle mother dear,
“I am too young to know.”
Then rest thee on this bank, mother,
And I will sit by thee;
Go thou to sleep, and I will keep
All evil things from thee.



The City Arabs.

ARE all your matches sold, Tom?
Are all your matches done?—
Then let us to the flowery fields,
To warm us in the sun.
To warm us in the sweet, sweet sun—
To feel his heavenly glow;
For his kind looks are the only looks
Of kindness that we know.

We'll call the sun our father, Tom !
We'll call the sun our mother !—
We'll call each little charming beam
A sister or a brother !
He thinks no shame to kiss us,
Although we ragged go ;
For his kind looks are the only looks
Of kindness that we know.

We'll rest us on the grass, Tom !
We'll upward turn our face,—
We'll lock his heat within our arms,
Our arms in fond embrace.
We'll give him a sweet parting tear
When he is sinking low ;
For his kind looks are the only looks
Of kindness that we know.

We'll tell him all our sorrows, Tom !
We'll tell him all our care,—
We'll tell him where we sleep at night,
We'll tell him how we fare ;
And then—oh then !—to cheer us,
How sweetly he will glow !—
For his kind looks are the only looks
Of kindness that we know.



The Cinder-Gatherer.

“ WHY sit ye on these cold door-steps,
In these bleak early hours—
Poor girl! so wan and wasted—
Beneath the drenching showers?
Lo! through your scanty rags I see
Your trembling naked skin;
Why sit ye on these cold door-steps,
And blazing hearths within?”

“ I sit, kind sir, and watch—and watch
The areas round about.
I sit, and watch the servant-maids,
When they fling their ashes out.

I gather cinders—crusts of bread—
To break my fast anon;
Wild hungry dogs would bite me
If I dare touch a bone.

“ I do not fear the watchman, sir,
Though a rough, rough man is he ;
Although he whips the beggar-boys,
He never touches me!—
He sometimes says he loves me,
That he my father knew,
When, comrades in one corps, they fought
On the field of Waterloo !”—

No wonder death doth stalk about,
No wonder there is woe—
No wonder there is sin and crime,
When children starving go.
We must give these children bread—
We must give them bed and board;
Or call the hills to hide us
From the presence of the Lord.

The Friendless.

'Tis sair to feel the sting o' want,
'Tis sair to dream o' meat—
And then to wauken i' the cauld,
Wi' no a bite to eat.
'Tis sair to be without a friend,
My little trembling brither!
Beneath this dreary auld bridge arch,
In this cauld, cauld wintry weather!

They say the dove will mourn his mate,
Though summer sweets surround him—
They say the king who wears a crown,
Will mourn when sorrows wound him.
There is a voice that ever says,
"Be kind to ane anither!"—
Alas! how oft is this forgot,
In the cauld, cauld wintry weather!

Oh! wae's me for the wee, wee lamb,
Wha trembles on the hill!—
An' wae's me for the wee, wee bird,
Wi' sad and tuneless bill!
Oh! wae's me for the orphan bairn!
Wha has nae gentle mither
To gie it food, or hap its back,
In the cauld, cauld wintry weather!

The Food-Hunter.

OH! do not deem me rude, my lord!
Thus begging at your gate;
I would not harm one tender flower
On all your rich estate.
But I have wander'd three long days,
Barefooted, through the cold,
Without a home, without a friend—
'Tis hunger makes me bold!

Oh! do not think 'tis with my will
I beg my daily bread—
That I these tatter'd garments wear—
These bitter tears I shed.
Had you been left an orphan boy
When scarcely three years old—
An outcast on a heartless world—
Hunger would make you bold!

'Tis true I seek the sounding shore
At dawn of morn, to feed
Upon the little creeping crabs,
And on the wild seaweed.
And if the screaming seamaws' eggs
With bleeding hands I hold,
And climb the rugged black sea-rock—
'Tis hunger makes me bold!

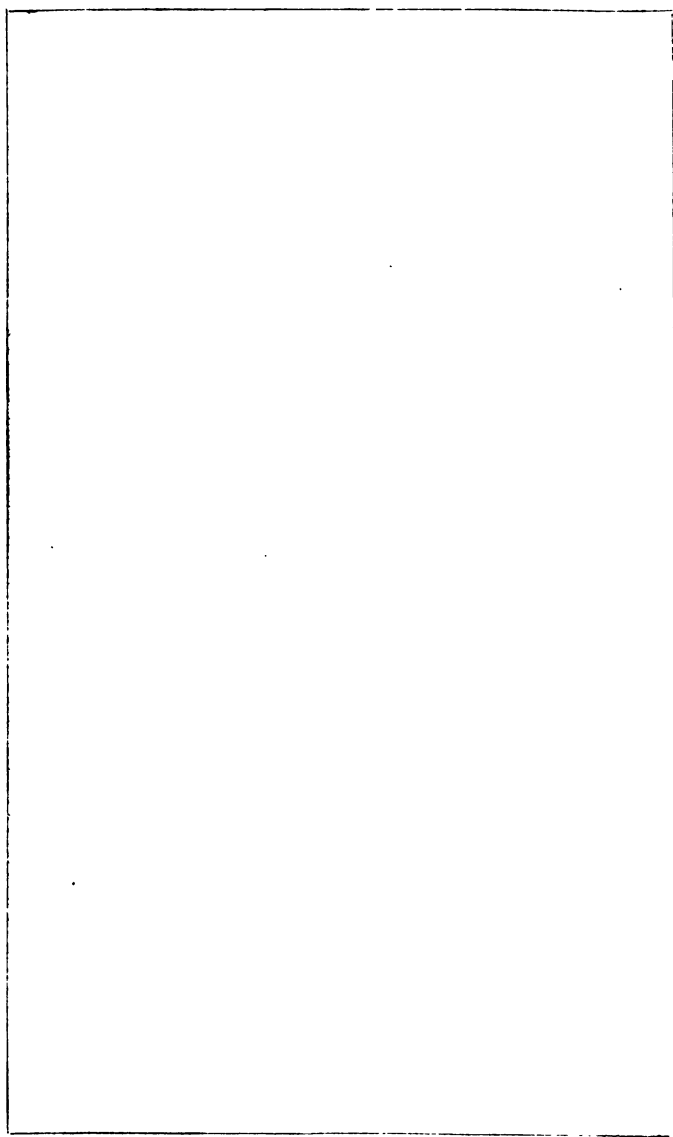
'Tis true I swim the deepest lakes,
And climb the highest trees ;
And where the wild-goat trembles
I seem to sit at ease.
'Tis true I spend the dreary night
'Mong ruins grim and old ;
And, if no midnight ghost I fear—
'Tis hunger makes me bold!

Then do not hate me for my rags,
Nor for my dusky skin—
'Tis God's own gift, the blood that flows
My trembling veins within.
Thanks for thy gift!—for this the Lord
Will give a thousand-fold ;
And if I sought your stately hall—
'Twas hunger made me bold!



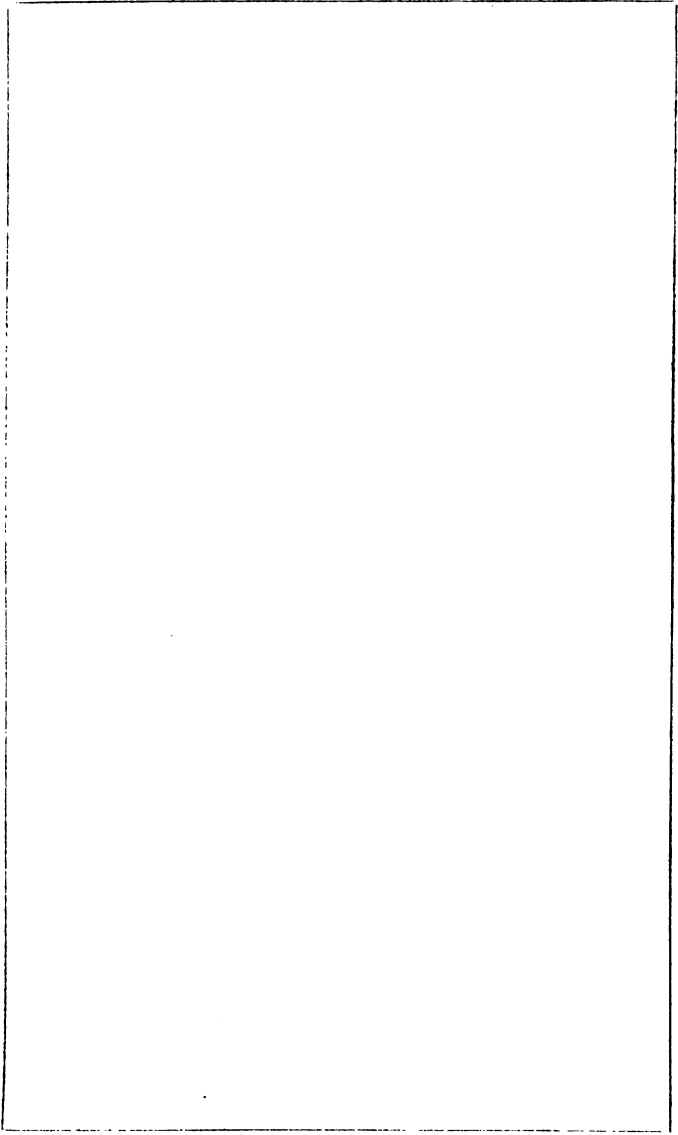
Part II.





Let Christian men with gentle voice
Stamp on each youthful mind,
The truth that—"As the twig is bent,
So is the tree inclined."





SONGS

SUPPOSED TO BE SUNG BY THE

CHILDREN IN THE RAGGED SCHOOLS.

Come, let us all Rejoice!

COME, let us all rejoice!—
Singing, Blessed be the day,
That dawn'd upon the darkness
Of grief and misery.
To the noble hearts who saved us
Our song of praise shall flow ;
We will learn to be grateful men
As on through life we go.
 As on through life we go—
 As on through life we go ;
 We will learn to be grateful men
 As on through life we go.

If we should see a brother
Who fasteth while we sup,
We will halve our loaf with him—
With him we'll share our cup.
We will lift his drooping head,
When misfortune lays him low;
We will learn to be generous men
As on through life we go.
 As on through life we go—
 As on through life we go;
 We will learn to be generous men
 As on through life we go.

Mental Working Song.

WE are a' reading, read, read, reading—
We are a' reading in the Ragged School;
We are reading in a Book far brighter than the sun,
Which promises a crown when our earthly race is run!
We are a' reading, read, read, reading—
We are a' reading in the Ragged School.

We are a' writing, write, write, writing—
We are a' writing in the Ragged School;
Oh! some are writing prose, and some are writing
rhyme—
Some of it is so-so, and some of it sublime!
We are a' writing, write, write, writing—
We are a' writing in the Ragged School.

We are a' learning, learn, learn, learning—
We are a' learning, at the Ragged School,
Geography and history ;—some little ragged chaps
Are turning the world round and round, and running
o'er the maps!
We are a' learning, learn, learn, learning—
We are a' learning in the Ragged School.

We are a' singing, sing, sing, singing—
We are a' singing, in the Ragged School;
We are singing glorious music, that soul-refining art—
We are singing from Beethoven, from Handel, and
Mozart!

We are a' singing, sing, sing, singing—
We are a' singing in the Ragged School.

We are a' thinking, think, think, thinking—
We are a' thinking in the Ragged School;
Each working head and heart is thinking of a plan
How best to work his part when he grows to be a man!
We are a' thinking, think, think, thinking—
We are a' thinking in the Ragged School.



Oh! I will be a Builder.

CHORUS—OH! I will be a builder—
Hurrah for square and rule!—
Oh! I will be a builder
Of many a Ragged School.

We will build up Schools of Arts,
And Churches to the Lord,
Where poor, sad, broken hearts
May hear His holy Word.

CHORUS—Oh! I will be a builder, &c.

We will build the martyr's tomb,
For lo! the soul to save,
They shrank not from the gloom
And terror of the grave.

CHORUS—Oh! I will be a builder, &c.

We will build the patriot's pillar,
We will build it firm and sure;
And we will build up houses,
Warm houses, for the poor.

CHORUS—Oh! I will be a builder—
Hurrah for square and rule!—
Oh! I will be a builder
Of many a Ragged School.



Oh! I will be a Shoemaker.

Oh! I will be a shoemaker,
A shoemaker so brave;
Oh! I will be a shoemaker—
Your work pray let me have.

With my rap, rap, rap, and chap, chap, chap,
Such work as I shall do;
With my rap, rap, rap, and chap, chap, chap,
And the making of my shoe.

I will make fine shoes for ladies—
While I bless their gentle feet ;
They often come to visit us,
So I'll make them well and neat.

With my rap, rap, rap, and chap, chap, chap,
Such work as I will do ;
With my rap, rap, rap, and chap, chap, chap,
And the making of my shoe.

I will make strong boots for gentlemen ;
Their steps shall all be sure,
Who weareth out the first strong pair
In visiting the poor.

With my rap, rap, rap, and chap, chap, chap,
Such work as I will do ;
With my rap, rap, rap, and chap, chap, chap,
And the making of my shoe.

And he who laughs at Ragged Schools,
And my shoemaking scorns,
I'll make a pair for him—but I
Won't answer for his corns!

With my rap, rap, rap, and chap, chap, chap,
Such work as I will do ;
With my rap, rap, rap, and chap, chap, chap,
And the making of my shoe.



The Sailor Boy.

A SAILOR BOY—a sailor boy—
A sailor boy I'll be ;
For it has ever been my joy
To sail upon the sea !
My first ship shall be freighted,
To cross the stormy wave,
With books for the benighted,
With freedom to the slave !

A sailor boy—a sailor boy—
A sailor boy for me ;
For it has ever been my joy
To sail upon the sea !

The coral and the pearl bright
I'll bring from India's shore—
The ivory from Africa—
From Peru a golden store.
The little silver flying-fish
I'll catch in Biscay Bay ;
And bring from icy Greenland
The mighty whale away.
A sailor boy—a sailor boy, &c.

When o'er the glorious ocean,
From wave to wave I leap,
My soul will rise to God, who made
The wonders of the deep !
O, where'er I steer or tack,
It will ever be my pride,
To bring the weary wand'rer back
To his "ain fireside !"
A sailor boy—a sailor boy—
A sailor boy for me ;
For it has ever been my joy
To sail upon the sea !

The Printer.

HURRAH for the mighty Press !
Hurrah for the printed page !
Hurrah for the powerful Press,
The glory of the age !
The mighty minds of old,
Like to a golden shower,
Will fill my humble soul
With beauty and with power !
Hurrah for the mighty Press !

Now Newton, Locke, and Bacon,
Shall be at my finger-ends—
Johnson, Watt, and Chalmers,
They too shall be my friends.
Then merrily—how merrily
The hours will rush along,
When printing friendly Franklin,
Or Milton's mighty song !
Hurrah for the mighty Press !

Lo! Goldsmith, Cowper, Bloomfield,
Shall all pass through my hands!
With the mighty master minds
Who wrote in other lands.
How merrily—how merrily
The hours will run for me,
When printing Ashley's "Speeches"
Or Guthrie's powerful "Plea!"
Hurrah for the mighty Press!
Hurrah for the printed page!
Hurrah for the powerful Press,
The glory of the age!



The Blacksmith.

A BLACKSMITH—a blacksmith—
A blacksmith I shall be ;
The anvil and the hammer,
And the blazing forge for me—Hurrah !
The blazing forge for me !
I will sing a merry song
Whilst sparks around me fly ;
From a needle to an anchor,
Lo ! my fiery trade I ply.

O the steam-ship on the sea,
And the engine on the land,
The chariot, plough, and harrow,
All need my strong right hand!
Then let the bellows blow!
The red sparks upward fly—
I will sing a merry song
Whilst my useful trade I ply.

A blacksmith—a blacksmith—
A blacksmith I shall be;
The anvil and the hammer,
And the blazing forge for me—Hurrah!
The blazing forge for me!

The Young Economist.

WHEN life is full of health and glee,
Work thou as busy as a bee !
And take this gentle hint from me,—
Be careful of your money !
Be careful of your money, boys,—
Be careful of your money ;
You'll find it true, that friends are few
When ye are short of money !

The single grain cast in the mould
May spring, and give a hundred-fold
More precious than its weight in gold !
Be careful of your money !
Be careful of your money, boys,—
Be careful of your money ;
The grain you sow to stacks may grow :
Be careful of your money !

But do not shut sweet Mercy's doors
When Sorrow pleads, or Want implores;
To help to heal Misfortune's sores

Be careful of your money !

Be careful of your money, boys,—

Be careful of your money ;

To help the poor who seek your door

Be careful of your money !

Would'st thou escape the beggar's lot,
The deathbed of the tippling sot,
And live in sweet contentment's cot?—

Be careful of your money !

Be careful of your money, boys,—

Be careful of your money ;

And if ye need a friend indeed,

Be careful of your money !



The Ploughboy.

SOME love to dig for golden ore,
Some love to plough the sea ;
But to plough fair Nature's fertile breast
Is the ploughing-match for me.
From Nature up to Nature's God
Mine eyes will turn away.
How happy is the ploughboy—
How happy is the ploughboy
All the summer day !

When the beauteous morn is breaking
Soft mists of silver through,
When, each gentle flower awaking,
Finds its bosom gemm'd with dew!
When bird, and bee, and mountain stream,
Send forth a thrilling lay,
How happy is the ploughboy—
How happy is the ploughboy
All the summer day!

I'll dig and plough, and sow and reap--
A lusty sack of grain
I'll send to every Ragged School,
With two to Ramsay Lane!
I'll put my trust in Providence,
His staff shall be my stay.
How happy is the ploughboy—
How happy is the ploughboy
All the summer day!

To know each day is wisely spent
A joy doth ever yield;
I know a flower they call "Content"
That grows in every field!
To nurse that flower with godly care,
I'll ever watch and pray.
How happy is the ploughboy—
How happy is the ploughboy
All the summer day!

A Song shall Flow to Guthrie!

HAIL, GUTHRIE! no lyre of gold
To sound thy praise want we;
We know our glowing hearts can hold
Far sweeter melody!
Pure as our bosoms' simple glee,
As gratitude's soft tear,
The heartfelt song we sing shall be
To prove our love sincere.
 A song shall flow to Guthrie!
 The friend we hold so dear—
 A song shall flow to Guthrie,
 To prove our love sincere!

Kind guardian of the tender plants
That thick around you grow—
Kind watcher o'er their many wants,
Thy love is to bestow!
And when each blossom to the Lord
Brings forth its glorious fruit;
How it will bless the hand that pour'd
Glad waters round each root!
 A song shall flow to Guthrie, &c.

Lo ! fame and worth may on us smile
Though low be our estate ;
And we may wisely learn the while
The good alone are great !
Let wisdom point the course to flow,
Cheer'd by thy friendly voice,
We yet may make our valleys low
And mighty hills rejoice !

A song shall flow to Guthrie !
The friend we hold so dear—
A song shall flow to Guthrie,
To prove our love sincere !

Our song shall flow to Guthrie !
He pulls a mighty oar
In Truth's soul-saving boat, that brings
The shipwreck'd to the shore.
Dear friend ! throughout our riper years,
Whate'er our fate may be—
We'll still look back through warmest tears
Of gratitude to thee !

A song shall flow to Guthrie !
The friend we hold so dear—
A song shall flow to Guthrie,
To prove our love sincere !

The Young Argyle!

HAD all Earth's lords as free a hand,
As warm a heart as thine;
How few in this, our native land,
In poverty would pine!
To give for love—for virtue's sake—
Is sure a heavenly sign;
A generous soul doth ever make
The mortal more divine!
Let us sing the YOUNG ARGYLE,
Let us sing a song of praise—
And wish him peace, and joy, and love,
And length of happy days.

The selfish aim, the hoarded store,
Doth turn the heart to stone;
We pity those who can adore
The golden god alone.

But we will sing a song to thee,
Whose noble, generous mind,
Hath taught thee by its works to be
Benevolent and kind !

Let us sing the Young Argyle,
Let us sing a song of praise—
And wish him peace, and joy, and love,
And length of happy days.

We'll Sing a Song to Bell!

Lo! youthful minds, like mountain streams,
May through dark valleys run;
And mist and weeds shut out the beams
Of the all-cheering sun.
But when some kindly clearing hand
Lets in the light of day!
How joyously throughout the land
It bounds upon its way!

We will sing a song to BELL,
We will sing a grateful lay;
For in this good and glorious cause
He worketh "Night and Day!"

So groan'd our souls in want and shame,
In cellars where we lay;
Where death, and sin, and sorrow came
Between us and the day!

Oh! how our grateful hearts did ope,
And beam our sad eyes through;
Drinking the words of peace and hope,
Like drops of honey dew!

We will sing a song to Bell,
We will sing a grateful lay;
For in our good and glorious cause
He worketh "Night and Day!"

Lo! summer with its fragrant flowers,
Cold winter, hail, and frost,
The tempest and the sunny hours,
Still find him at his post.
Heaven will reward the deed so pure—
So pleasing in its sight!
When mercy seeketh out the poor
In the dead hour of the night!

We will sing a song to Bell!
We will sing a grateful lay;
For in our good and glorious cause
He worketh "Night and Day!"

We will Sing of Noble Ashley!

WE were houseless in the streets,
We were naked and alone;—
We cried aloud for bread,
And the world gave a stone.
But a nobleman came forth,
Who gave us bed and board;
For he knew, who giveth to the poor
Doth lend unto the Lord!
Then sing our love to ASHLEY!
Then sing long life to Ashley!
Then sing our love to Ashley!
Who lendeth to the Lord!

We were weary—we were worn—
With want, and shame, and sin;
Our flesh was sore without,
Our souls were sad within.

But a nobleman came forth,
Our hopes again restored ;
For he knew, who giveth to the poor
Doth lend unto the Lord !

Then sing our love to Ashley !
Then sing long life to Ashley !
Then sing our love to Ashley !
Who lendeth to the Lord !

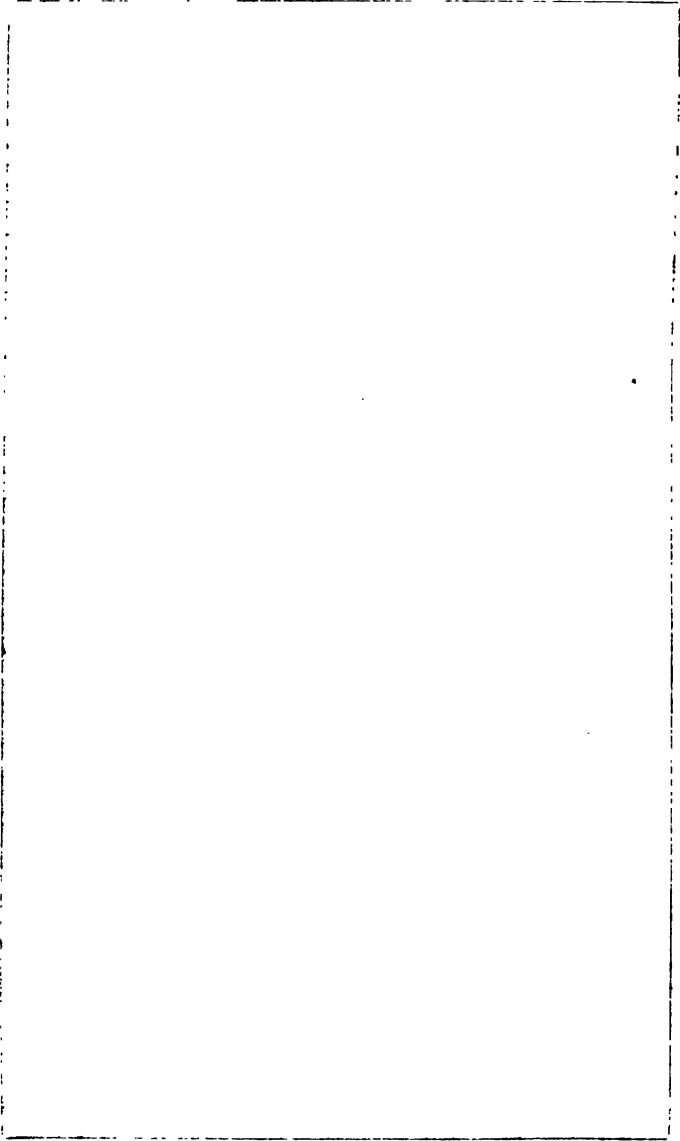
Lo! our dreary souls were dark,
All dark as dismal night—
Like the dove unto the ark,
He came with hope and light;
With peace and joy and love—
With clothing, bed, and board ;
For he knew, who giveth to the poor
Doth lend unto the Lord !

Then sing our love to Ashley !
Then sing long life to Ashley !
Then sing our love to Ashley !
Who lendeth to the Lord !



Part III.





SONGS

OR

BRIGHTER DAYS.

Sing Glory to the Lord of Hosts!

SING glory to the Lord of hosts!

Let men and angels praise His name;
Sun, moon, and seasons—all may change,
But God's great power is still the same!

Eternal is His font of love!

Eternal is His source of light!

Eternal is His crown for those
Who labour for the orphan's right!

Sing glory to the Lord of hosts!

Give thanks for boundless mercy here!
How sweetly blooms the human flower,
When wet with Pity's gentle tear!

Then onward in the glorious cause!
The star of Hope in heaven we see;
Lo! Error, like the empty chaff
Before the mighty winds, shall flee!

Sing glory to the Lord of hosts!
His love let heavenly worship claim;
Sun, moon, and seasons—all may change,
But God's great power is still the same!
May peace, and love, and gladness bless
Each human bosom beating here!
Rejoicing, till we meet in heaven,
To prove how sweet is Pity's tear!

Hail, Music! Nature's varied Charms.

HAIL, Music! Nature's varied charms—
The hills, the glorious sea,
The woods, the winds, the starry skies,
Are full of God and thee!
Hail, Music! favoured gift of Heaven!
Hail! soul of peace and love!
Hail! spirit of the joy that fills
The angel choirs above!

Come, let us sing a song of praise—
Our grateful feelings show,
The noble hearts who brought us forth
From sorrow, sin, and wo.
Our throbbing hearts will ope, like flowers
When morning's sunny song
Thrills sweet within their dewy hearts,
Or sighs their leaves among!

Lo! when our prayers break forth in song
For all the human race,
The Father of the fatherless
Shall have a loving place!
We'll bless Him, when we lift our voice
In harmony to Him
Who tuned the strings of David's harp,
And wing'd the seraphim.

Sweet Voices, like to Summer Birds.

SWEET voices, like to summer birds,
Ring through the sunny air—
Sweet faces, like to summer flowers,
Are smiling, fresh and fair!
Now ye who love the flower and fruit
Of Truth's unfading tree,
Come and behold its golden store,
And praise the Lord with me!

Come, let us gaze upon the earth,
And on the starry skies—
Whilst we may deem those wondrous fires
Are loving angels' eyes.
Come, let us look upon the fields,
And on the fruitful tree—
On ocean, and the mighty hills,
And praise the Lord with me!

Now high in holy anthems
Our voices we will raise—
All sweetly tuned to peace and joy,
To sing our Maker's praise!
Here, on the flowers' fair fragrant bed,
Bend, bend the humble knee—
Come, let us look upon the Cross,
And praise the Lord with me!



The Flower Feast.

How beautiful the dawn of day
Comes dancing o'er its ocean way!
How beautiful! as fresh and gay
As Childhood in the month of May!
Rejoicing in glad summer hours!
Rejoicing in their Feast of Flowers!
Hail, lovely world! Hail, beauteous ball,
Hail, holy Love, upholding all!

Hail, lovely earth! in glory hung,
With order crowned—from nothing sprung!
God spoke, and, lo! from dismal night,
And utter darkness, leapt the light!
God spoke! and lightning rent the cloud!
God spoke! then rold the thunder loud!
God breathed upon it! odours rare,
Of heavenly fragrance, filled the air!
God breathed upon it! holy Love
Flew to its bosom like a dove!
God looked upon it! from that gaze
The stars for evermore shall blaze!
God touched it! with a heavenly thrill,
Lo! life leapt forth to do His will!
God spoke! dread Ocean kiss'd the sky!
God spoke! Hills heaved their heads on high!
God spoke! and his Almighty voice
Bade every living thing rejoice!

FIRST VOICE.

Gather, gather, we are going
To the fair fields, one and all,
Where the butter-cups are growing,
Where the fragrant winds are blowing,
Near the streamlet sweetly flowing,
We will hold a flowery ball,
We will hold a flowery ball.

But before our songs begin,
 Our harmless mirth, our happy din,
 Heart and soul come let us raise
 In a song of holy praise
 To Him who tuned the gentle breeze—
 Who hung such glory o'er the trees,
 Who deck'd with flowers the fruitful plain,
 And sent us sunshine, dew, and rain!

SECOND VOICE.

Dearly, dearly must He love us!
 See, how beautiful the skies!
 See the bow He bends above us,
 Glittering with a thousand dyes!
 All so beautiful to see!
 Happy, happy creatures we!
 Happy, happy creatures we!

THIRD VOICE.

A flowery bank with dewy breast,
 By the lark's wing newly press'd!
 A flowery bank with daisies dress'd!
 Come, let us rest, come, let us rest,
 And sing the flowers that we love best!

FIRST VOICE.

Give me the flower that sweetly blows,
 Give me, give me, the red, red rose!

For in its bursting buds we see
The types of happy infancy!
And when its leaves are fuller blown,
The bounty of our God is shown!
The magic of the Hand is there,
That made us all so fresh and fair.
Give me the flower that sweetly blows,
Give me, give me, the red, red rose!

SECOND VOICE.

Of all the flowers that deck the lea,
The lily fair give me, give me,
The lily fair give me!
For when into its face we look,
When it bends to kiss the brook,
It seemeth to the charmed sight
A holy saint all clothed in white;
And it ever teacheth me
To live in virtuous purity!
Of all the flowers that deck the lea,
The lily fair give me, give me!

THIRD VOICE.

I love a flower you all know well,
It is the merry Scotch blue bell!
The merry, merry Scotch blue bell!
It is the colour of the skies,
And of my gentle mother's eyes!

Though rocky, rough its dwelling-place,
It ever wears a smiling face!
It teacheth me there is no spot
That God's great bounty visits not,
And that we all may merry be
Even in adversity.
Of all the flowers that deck the dell,
Give me, give me, the Scotch blue bell!

FOURTH VOICE.

A little modest flower I sing,
The daisy, fair-hair'd child of Spring,
For when its dewy heart I see,
I think how pure my own should be!
And when I see it lift its head,
So happy, from its humble bed,
I think, whilst gazing on its breast,
With morning's glory richly dress'd,
That love and beauty may adorn
The human flower, though lowly born!

FIRST VOICE.

Away! ye merry elves away,
To deep greenwood and mountain grey;
Bring the daisy from the mountain,
Bring the lily from the fountain—
Bring the merry Scotch blue bell,
Bring it from the rocky dell,
Where the lightning loves to dwell!—

Bring the blooming young moss-rose
That by the ruined abbey grows,
And where the sunbeams sweetly shine,
Your summer wreathes go twine, go twine!
Oh! let your songs for ever flow
To Him who can such gifts bestow!
Praise God! who pours the living showers,
Praise God! who builds the fragrant bowers,
Praise God! who sent the sunny hours,
And spreads for all a Feast of Flowers!





The Seaside.

CHORUS.

Waters, waters, lift your voice—
Ocean, in Nature's joy rejoice!
Sing, sing, ye winds! sing, sing with glee—
Echo, ye rocks, that highest be!
Dance, dance, ye waves! dance, dance, that we
May sing a song to the mighty sea!—
The mighty, mighty sea—
The glorious, glorious sea,
The loud God-praising sea,
The loud God-praising sea!

FIRST VOICE.

See, see the sun!
See, see the sun!
See, see the sun in beauty breaking—
O'er the ocean how he glows!
Oh! feel ye not our hearts partaking
Of the glory that he throws
O'er the waters,
O'er the waters,
O'er the waters just awaking,
From a summer night's repose—
A happy night's repose,
A holy night's repose?

SECOND VOICE.

Hail, lovely sea! Hail, lovely sky!
Hail, sweet, fresh sea-breeze rushing by!
I feel, I feel thy gentle wing
Upon my brow, upon my cheek;
I know full well the songs ye sing—
With music's words the winds do speak!—
The winds do speak!
How great, how good the Power must be,
That gave such music to the sea!

THIRD VOICE.

Hark! hear ye not the glad waves sing—
Come forth, come forth, a happy band!—
Come forth to a dance on the sunny sand!—
 The sunny, sunny sand,
 The sunny, sunny sand!
See, like soft velvet, fold on fold,
 It glitters along the shining shore,
Like a rich carpet of fine gold,
 With silver spangles sprinkled o'er—
 With silver spangles sprinkled o'er!
How great, how good the Power must be,
That with such beauty bound the sea!

FOURTH VOICE.

Hail, mighty rocks,
Hail, mighty rocks,
Where the wild tangle waves at will!
Hail, limpets white, that feed like flocks
 Of sheep upon a sunny hill!
Near your caves I love to creep,
To catch the little crab asleep,
The little creeping, creeping crab,
With pincing toes and coat of drab;

To watch the merry bounds and wheels
Of leaping prawns and silver eels.
How great and good the Power must be,
That gives such wonders to the sea!

FIRST VOICE.

Come, gather, gather the ocean shells!
Lovely gems I ween they be—
And oft I think within them dwells,
Like golden imps in silver cells,
The fairies of the sea!
The fairies,
The fairies,
The fairies of the sea!
Come, pick and choose,
Come, pick and choose,
Here they are of a thousand hues,
That shine, and glitter, and glance, and glow,
With all the tints of the rich rainbow.
Here are the orange, the blue, the green,
The cherry red, and the snowy white,
And a brightness around their beds, I ween,
Like the glance of the sky in a starry night.
How great, how good the Power must be,
That gave such jewels to the sea!

SECOND VOICE.

Here is one that seems to be
The merry minstrel of the sea ;
Hold it to your list'ning ear,
And you will quickly deem you hear
The merry mermaid sing a song,
Within her coral chamber fair,
While she twines rich pearls among
The golden wavelets of her hair!
How great, how good the Power must be,
That gave such wonders to the sea !

CHORUS—Waters, waters, lift your voice, &c.

FOURTH VOICE.

Lovers of nature, tell to me,
What mood of the mighty sea
Is most pleasant unto thee.

FIRST VOICE.

I love the ocean in repose,
When it slumbers calm and deep,
Murmuring softly, like to those
Who sing love ditties in their sleep!
Give me, give me
The mighty sea,
When cradled in tranquillity!

Oh! that our hearts of dust one hour could prove
The holy breathings of immortal love!
The sin-stain'd soul for one bright moment free,
To kiss the garment-hem of Deity!
Or mortal eye could unconfounded trace
The burning glory of a Saviour's face;
Who took the crown of glory from his head,
The starlight from his feet, the earth to tread;
Who to the Godhead cried, "Forgive! forgive!
Great Father, let me die, that man may live!"
Who made the moon, who made the sun to shine,
Types of eternal power and love divine!
Who to the tempest saith, "It is my will,
Winds, and ye waters wild, that ye be still;"
Who by green pastures leads his gentle flock;
Whose power, whose goodness, struck the stubborn
rock;
Who saw the sons of men in dire distress,
Who fed them in the dreary wilderness;
Who, loving man, did bow his holy head,
Who cried on Calvary, "It is finished!"
Who lighted up the stars of Galilee;
Who made the dumb mouth speak—the sightless see;
Who walked the waters wild; who spoke and rent
The temple of the godless with a breath;
Who cried unto the dead, "Come forth!"—who bent
The bow of Hope, and took the sting from Death!

Speak of the Lord, thou lightning-crested cloud!
Speak of the Lord, ye thunders deep and loud!
Ye mighty waters sounding on the shore,
Speak of the Lord!—the Lord for evermore!
Speak of the Lord, ye mighty hills! and ye
Far-flashing lightnings, as ye fiercely flee,
Speak of the Lord—speak of the Lord to me.
Thou glorious eagle, with thy wings of might,
Breathing of heaven, and drinking holy light!
Ye things that creep, ye monsters of the sea,
Speak of the Lord! speak of the Lord to me.
Thou son of man lift up thy kingly brow,
Clothed in the form of God thou breathest now!
Lo! standing on thy land-mark great and free,
Speak of the Lord! speak of the Lord to me.
Woman! sweet type of harmony and grace!
Woman! sweet smile upon creation's face!
Thou flower! thou star! thou ever fruitful tree!
Speak of the Lord! speak of the Lord to me.
Ye little children! with glad sunny eyes—
Gems of the earth—heirs of the sinless skies—
The hosts of heaven are likened unto thee—
Speak of the Lord! speak of the Lord to me.
All gentle things—pure heart of opening flower—
Sweet fragrant breathings from the hawthorn bower—
Soft down on breast of gentle mother dove—
Speak of the Lord! speak of the Lord of love!

Ye mountain flowers that morning loves to deck
With dewy jewels round each fragrant neck !
Ye streams, when singing Nature's summer glee,
Speak of the Lord ! speak of the Lord to me.
Ye mighty oaks that on the mountains grow,
Ye trees, that rich and heavy laden bow
Your heads with fruits, where living waters flow,
So sweet to taste, so passing fair to see,
Speak of the Lord ! speak of the Lord to me.
Ye flocks and herds, that on green pastures feed,
Ye milk white roes, limbed with the lightning's speed,
Ye deers that dash the dark deep forest through,
Bees, birds, and herbs, and drops of gentle dew,
Children of love, and mirth, and melody,
Speak of the Lord ! speak of the Lord to me.
Ye ocean waters, rocks, and barren ground,
Ye mighty tempests, make a joyful sound ;
Ye roaring winds, that worship as ye flee,
Speak of the Lord ! speak of the Lord to me.
Ye stars of heaven ! when whispering to your light,
" Watchmen ! what of the night ? what of the night ?"
Bright lamps for ever trimmed, by virgins lit ;
Letters of God ! with which His love is writ ;
Dust of His feet ; smiles of eternity !
Speak of the Lord ! speak of the Lord to me .
Yea, ye have spoken with a mighty voice !
Yea, ye have spoken, let the earth rejoice !

Yea, ye have spoken ! Lord, upon my face
I thank Thee for the soul's dwelling-place
Upon the earth, and for its hopes divine !
The work is of Thy hands—the glory all be Thine !



NOTES

TO

Ragged School Rhymes.

The Lost Found.

NOTE 1.

“Lo ! a servant of the Lord.”

I HAVE already stated, in the Dedication of the “Ragged School Rhymes” to the Rev. Dr Guthrie, that it was after having read his first heart-rending plea, that the simple lyric of “The Lost Found” was written. These soul-harrowing scenes, alas! are but too common in wealthy cities. I shall here present the reader with one which lately come under my own notice—tending to show that poor wretches are sometimes obliged, against their inclinations, to leave their hungry offspring to the mercy of the world, trusting to the sympathy of Christian benevolence. Visiting one of those poor lodging-houses in the Grassmarket, after having groped my way up three flats of a dark and dismal staircase—the crumbling walls of which, like the far famed iron-shroud, threatened to crush one to powder—I found myself on a very suspicious-looking landing, the flooring of which had been torn up, and when looking down you could not resist the idea of gazing into a deep dark pit. Stepping over this dangerous trap, in an enclosure of about ten feet square, I saw about eight or nine wretched beds. When

people talk about beds, they generally associate them with posts ; but here the beds had deserted their posts, or the posts them, I cannot say which, but they were spread out in true Arab-style. A beam from beneath had given way, so that the mouldering floor had sunk in the centre, forming a kind of gutter for all disagreeables. A few broken plates, a solitary stool, with two old chairs—one of them bottomless—was all the furniture in this wretched place. Looking around for the object of my visit, I saw a little boy about seven or eight years of age stretched on a couch of straw, without even the luxury of a covering. He looked pale and sickly. I found that his father, a labourer, had left him about three weeks, with nobody to care for him, his mother being dead. The poor little fellow had scarcely strength enough to lift his heavy eyelids, to look upon the person who addressed him. He answered all my questions clearly and distinctly. It is sometimes painful to listen to the sage-like answers of those early-obliged-to-shift-about starvings. It is actually fearful to see before you a mere child talking to you like an old man ! One is prepared to meet in childhood the romping carelessness, and blushing blunders of sunny youth ; but the premature wisdom of these poor ragged children makes one shudder. While expressing my indignation at the father's hard-heartedness, in thus leaving his child breadless, and amongst strangers, I heard a rustling in the darkest corner of the room. Turning round, I saw the head and shoulders of a young female slowly emerging from a tattered and many-coloured coverlet. The tears fell fast from her eyes, while she put herself in an imploring attitude, saying, " Oh ! sir, do not say such hard things of the poor man ; he loves his boy, and I am sure that he will come back as soon as he can get work ; had you seen him, as I did, the morning he went away, you would have pitied him ; they were all asleep, sir, but myself when he got up." Thinking that she was going to inflict a long useless story upon me, and having but little time to spare, I remarked, that of course he felt ashamed of his conduct, and wished to steal out when you were all asleep. " Oh ! hear me out, sir ! for the child's—for God's sake, hear me out ! He thought, as I said before, that we

were all asleep, and as he went to the corner where his child lay, I heard him sigh heavily. He then lifted him up in his arms, kissed him tenderly, muttering to himself, whilst tears streamed from his eyes, 'Farewell, my poor boy, I have no bread to give you this morning; I must go somewhere and seek work; perhaps some good Christian will be kind to you till I return.' Oh! sir, I am sure that he will come back—I am sure he will come back!" This was all confirmed by the lodging-house keeper. Here I must state, that I received from one of the managers of the poorhouse, Forrest-road, a good character of this woman, who is herself a widow. A good character in such a place! Think of this, ye who can hardly maintain one for Christian charity, even when surrounded with every luxury which good fortune has showered upon you! In short, the boy is now in the Ragged School, doing well, and may truly be termed one of the "Lost Found."

The Orphans.

NOTE 2.

"Draw near, my little sister."

THE following anecdotes are explanatory of some sad scenes which passed before my own eyes, long before those glorious institutions called Ragged Schools were known in Edinburgh. They are truly sketches from life; the remembrance of some of them has often haunted me like early sorrow, and fallen like dark clouds over my brightest hours.

The morning to which I wish to draw the attention of the reader was a wild one in the dead of winter; the street was covered with ice; the east wind, armed with cutting hail, rushed furiously from the steep narrow closes or wynds leading down from the hill-side-looking street called the Canongate; the drift was whirling

wildly around, covering up the faint lights that trembled in the dreary lamps, and heaping snow-hills in a circular piece of ground which formed the entrance to the Canongate Churchyard. This space, in the sunny hours of summer, was used as a play-ground for the children of the Burgh School, in winter the servant girls used this break from the street for beating their carpets, &c. Wheeling round to avoid one of the many blinding blasts of snow, I saw on the low wall of the churchyard what I supposed to be a bundle of carpets which the gossiping maids had forgot to take home with them on the preceding evening. Curiosity led me to the spot. Think, kind reader, of my surprise, when, on lifting the corner of an old tattered shawl, I beheld, locked in each other's arms, two children fast asleep!—the one, a boy about eight; the other, a girl about five years of age. The boy was in rags; his naked limbs were bitten nearly black with the frost; his feet were actually bleeding. The little girl, who had buried her head in the bosom of her brother, sat trembling convulsively on his knee. Hailing the night watchman, who fortunately passed at the moment, we lifted the poor things up and carried them to the watch-house. We were glad to find a large fire blazing in the grate, forming a bright contrast to the storm that raged without. The kind old watchman laid the children on a form before the fire, and began to rub their frostbitten limbs. This worthy person was well known in the Canongate, a great favourite with the children, and of enormous bulk; his portly dimensions, however, was not composed of solid flesh and bone; the truth was, that in his younger days he was successful in capturing a few well-known house-breakers, and as he grew old, and naturally more weak in mind, he was in constant terror of assassination! and as a shield to protect him from the arms of his enemies, he had clothed himself with shirts, coats, waistcoats, &c., ten times more than was necessary for the comfort of the inner man. I felt something like the "joy of grief" glowing within me, when I saw the kind-hearted man, like the grave-digger in Hamlet, divesting himself of four or five waistcoats, and covering the bodies of the poor little tremblers before him. The following is the substance of

the poor boy's story:—His father had worked in an iron-foundry at the back of the Canongate. A break had taken place while the workmen were casting. Four or five were dreadfully scorched. The boy's father died in the Infirmary a few weeks after the accident, leaving the two children orphans, their mother having then been only three weeks buried. They were left in charge of an old aunt, but she being unable to pay the house-rent, the door was locked against them by the hard-hearted landlord. The boy's story of last night's adventure ran thus:—"When we found the door locked, sir, we sat doon on the cauld door-steps. Wee Jeenie grat sair, sair, sir, crying 'Oh! whar's my mother, whar's my mother, she is lang, lang a comin'; tak' me, tak' me to my mother.' We never told her that her mother was dead. We just said, sir, that she was awa' in the country, or sic' like; but last nicht I told her that my mother was in the Canongate Kirkyard, but she aye grat the mair, sir; so to please her, I carried her on my back to the Kirkyard gate, where she sat on my knee, aye crying for her mother, till she fell asleep, and so did I. I dinna mind ony mair, sir, till I found myself at the watch-house fire." These poor things were taken to the Orphan Hospital; and I record with much pleasure the kind-hearted conduct of the Canongate watchmen, hoping that their brethren of the present day will take an example from them, to be kind to the poor naked outcasts they too often find sleeping in the streets.

The Outcast.

NOTE 3.

“ And did you pity me, kind sir ? ”

THOSE passing the prison of Edinburgh between the hours of eight and ten, may have observed strange-looking groups of human beings waiting impatiently the liberation of their associates in misery and

crime, with features, forms, and habiliments as many-coloured as the rainbow. Wishing, like most people, to learn all I could from human nature, I watched nearly an hour the gipsy-looking group before me. The first person who arrested my attention was an old woman wrapt in an old tattered red cloak, the widow's black band bound her hoary locks and torn cap, with her pointed chin resting on the skeleton-like palms of her trembling hands—how fearfully piercing were the looks she ever and anon sent to the little wicket door that opened and shut like the iron mouth of the prison. Farther up on the steps leading to the Calton-Hill were gathered together a string of thoughtless girls singing loudly the ditties of the convict ship—fearful mirth!—theirs were the forms and hearts moulded by God and nature to adorn and bless the human race; but hunger and sin had blighted the charms of the one, and chilled the warm virtues of the other. Alas! for the early lost. Near to them, but not of them, wrapt in deep thought, sat a young woman—her dress and looks went to prove that she had seen better days—a child, wrapped in a gaudy silk shawl, lay sleeping upon her knee, over which she bent her fair head in deep sorrow. On the middle of the carriageway were a crowd of young pickpockets playing at pitch-and-toss; their early history—their present career—the future fate of these outcasts of society are gloomy outlines of a sad picture. A few well-dressed persons of both sexes were walking about, who seemed inclined rather to “bide their time” at a respectable distance. At length the bell struck ten—the little wicket opened—all eyes were eagerly turned to the spot. when out stepped a young woman dressed in the first style of fashion—the next moment she was locked in the withered arms of the old woman with the tattered cloak and widow's band; they both wept aloud, and as they passed me, I heard the old woman say, “Come home, come home, my child, oh! come home, never again go near that den of destruction, or you will bring my grey hairs with sorrow to the dust.” “I will, I will,” cried the repentant girl. Let us hope that she soon threw aside the gaudy trappings of sin and shame, and clothed herself in the humble garb of industry, and returned with a bleeding heart to the home of virtue! Again the little wicket opened, and out came,

or rather rushed, another young woman with beautiful features; she looked wildly around, and catching a glance of the modest young woman already mentioned, clasped her in her arms, crying, "My sister—my child!" Pressing the little sleeper to her bosom, she turned her beautiful eyes to heaven, exclaiming, "Come, dear sister, no power on earth shall part us again;" then away she bounded with the elastic step of one who has found a treasure, and who may not rest until a place of safety is found. Again the little wicket opened, and out came two lads about fourteen years of age, laughing and joking with the turnkey who drew their prison-bolts; the pitch-and-toss gentry soon surrounded them, hailing them as heroes. Never shall I forget the blackguard Dick Turpin and Jack Sheppard airs assumed by these poor lads as their companions in crime carried them off in mock triumph. Again the little wicket opened, and out came another young sickly-looking lad. Reader, did you ever watch the motions of a wild pigeon when let loose from a close trap at a shooting-match—have you observed it wheeling round and round, uncertain which way to take, stunned and bewildered by the sudden blaze of the sun? or seen a deer turned out to the hunters and panting dogs? Such trembling emotions seemed to thrill the frame of this young lad as he looked wildly east and west, wondering which way to go. Stepping up to him, I accosted him with—"Well, my poor boy, why is there no father, mother, sister, or brother here to welcome you from chains and bolts to sweet, sunny liberty?" The boy looked up in my face and said, "Sir, I have neither father nor mother, sister nor brother, in this wide world!" "What were you put in prison for?" He hung his head and answered, "For stealing beans, sir, from a field near Portobello." "Were you so hungry?" I asked. "Yes, sir, 'twas hunger made me do it." "Have you no relations in Edinburgh?" "A person in my father's regiment told me that I had an aunt in town, but I could not find her." "In your father's regiment, you say,—then your father was in the army?" "In Don Carlos's army, sir,—in the Spanish Legion. He was killed in one of his battles." I requested the youth to tell me his history as far as he knew. He began by saying "that the soldier's wife who nursed him and brought him to

England, told him that his father was a young man from the west country, a shawl-weaver by trade, but being a long time out of employment, he had enlisted in the Spanish Legion; that he was then about to marry his cousin, a young woman belonging to Paisley; she would not stay behind him—got some money from her friends to pay her passage, and so joined her young husband in Spain; she followed the army wherever it went; my father was soon made corporal; but alas! in one of their dreadful midnight attacks, my father was killed. That same night I was born on the battle-field! My poor mother never recovered after my father's death; she died on her passage home to England, and I was left without a friend in the world except the soldier's wife, who brought me to Chatham. Hearing that I had an aunt in Edinburgh, I travelled all the way on foot to Scotland; sometimes I slept in the open fields, sometimes in old barns, cart sheds, &c., and when I arrived in Edinburgh I knew nobody. I wandered about the streets dying of hunger—then I thought of going to the seaside to gather shell-fish or any thing I could get to eat. I went to Portobello; I passed a field of ripe beans; another boy and I filled our pockets—we were caught and sent to the police-office—then to the prison for a month." "Come with me," I said, "I will try and find your friends." I kept the boy three weeks. His aunt in Edinburgh could not be found; but shortly after we were successful in tracing out his mother's relatives, and the boy was sent to Glasgow.

It is a beautiful sight to see, when the tempest is lashing the terrified shore, the kind and strong-hearted straining every nerve to save the poor shipwrecked wretches which the wild sea ever and anon is flinging to the beach; and would it not be as glorious a sight to see the noble-hearted of our land striving to save the shipwrecked of the prison-house—to save them again from falling into their guilty habits, and the company of their vile associates? I have thrown out this hint for the notice of those who really wish to do good, and hope soon to see a society organized for this benevolent purpose.

The Young Philosopher.

• NOTE 4.

“Why do you weep, poor ragged boy?”

It is truly surprising how soon the young Arabs of the city begin to study “cause and effect.” We know that the hunted fox shows wonderful wisdom in its efforts to escape from its tormentors. The little squirrel of the forest, when he wants to cross a river—to him, no doubt, a world of mighty waters—very skilfully strips from a tree a piece of bark, to serve as a boat—not too big, for it would catch too much of the current—not too small, else there was a chance of it sinking; but just suited every way for his voyage! Dragging his tiny bark to the shore, he gets on board; then, turning up his long bushy tail for canvass, away he goes, “tacking and veering” with all the skill of the most experienced seaman. Is it to be wondered at, then, that these Arabs of the city should show both tact and wisdom in their every movement in the battle of life, when sagacity is so prominent in the “beasts that perish?” Not long ago I had a painful proof of the early thinking powers of poor begging children. One day, passing the Edinburgh Academy in the New Town, I saw one of those boys who live by selling firewood looking very earnestly through the iron railing, with a heavy load on his back, at about a hundred boys amusing themselves in the play-ground. Sometimes he laughed aloud—at other times he looked sad and sorrowful. Stepping up to him I said—“Well, my boy, you seem to enjoy the fun very much; but why don’t you lay down your load of sticks? You would then look upon their games with more ease.” “I wasna thinking about the burden—I wasna thinking about the sticks ava’, sir.” “And may I ask what you were thinking about, my little man?” “Ou, I was just thinking about what the good missionary said the other day. Ye ken, sir, I dinna gang to the kirk, for I hae nae claes; but ane o’ the missionaries comes every week to our stair, and ha’ds a meeting. He was

preaching to us last week, and among other things he said—'Although there be rich fock and poor fock in this world, yet we were a' brithers.' Noo, sir, just look at a' thae laddies—every ane o' them has fine jackets, fine caps, with warm shoes and stockings, but I hae nane;—sae I was just thinking if these were my brithers, it didna look like it, sir—it didna look like it. See, sir, they are a' fleein' kites, while I am fleein' in rags—they are runnin' about at kick-ba' an' cricket; but I maun climb the lang, lang stairs, w' a heavy load and an empty stammock, whilst my back is like to break. It dinna look like it, sir—it dinna look like it." Now this, though in a sense natural, is very dangerous reasoning for a young mind not capable of distinguishing between physical evil and moral equality. I much fear that such reasoning powers, if not directed in a right channel, may tell with withering effect upon society.

The above recalled to my recollection another anecdote of a young beggar's reasoning powers. A gentleman, standing one day at his hall door, was accosted by a little barefooted urchin, in piteous tones soliciting charity. The gentleman took the child into his dining-room, where a splendid dinner was just being spread upon the table. "Can you read?" said the gentleman. "No, sir," was the reply. "Can you repeat the Lord's Prayer?" "No, sir," again answered the child. "Come here and I will teach you," said the rich man, handing the boy at the same time a crust of bread his little teeth could hardly penetrate. "Repeat—'Our Father who art in Heaven.'" The boy went through the prayer, and then asked, with real wonder, if God was both their Fathers? "Certainly, child," replied his teacher. "Then," said the little boy, "you must be my brother, sir?" "No doubt about that." "Then, oh! sir," said the child, "why did you give me so hard a crust? If I was you, I would give my poor little brother a piece of beef to it—aye, and a pair of shoes to the bargain." I know not what the gentleman thought at the moment. I hope that he took a lesson from rude human nature, and gave up the practice too many have, of striving to earn a good name for Christian charity by giving the poor too often their hardest crust, and doling out widows' mites from overflowing coffers.

The Friendless.

NOTE 5.

“Tis sair to be without a friend.”

In the year “o’ the fever”—as the season was called, when hundreds were swept away every week by the infectious and deadly typhus—being on the committee of a youths’ friendly society, it was my duty, along with others, to pay the weekly sick-money. Discharging this painful duty one day, I had to climb one of those break-neck, day’s-journey stairs in the Canongate. Most of them are well lighted, but this one was as dark as midnight; to use an Irishism, one was forced to think that he was ascending into a cellar. Gaining the top at length, I thought I distinguished a faint light, or rather a “dead light,” at the end of a long *passage*, as they are termed. Having some idea of the deceptive powers of Will-o’-the-wisps, spunkies, Jack-o’-lanthrons, &c., I stept on, feeling with my feet for pit-falls, and knocking on dead walls instead of doors. I reached at length the end of this dangerous garret-landing. Again I knocked, when I heard a tiny voice, which cried, or rather screamed, “Wha’s there?” I demanded admittance, but was answered by another question, “What do ye want?” How early, thought I, does Scotch caution display itself! Having explained my mission, I heard the little urchin dragging a chair to the door, indicating that she was not high enough to reach the latch. “Why did you not open sooner?” said I to the little girl, who stood trembling before me. “I was afraid o’ the ghost, sir!” “A ghost, silly girl; and who’s ghost were you afraid of, pray?” “Wee Nelly’s, sir—wee Nelly who sleepit a’ winter i’ the hole below the skylight, an’ naebody kent ony thing about it. Gang doon, sir, to the widow woman wha lives i’ the door below, an’ she will explain a’, sir.” With some difficulty I found out the “widow woman,” and a sad story indeed she had to tell about “wee Nelly.” “Ye maun ken, sir,” she began, “that a poor widow like mysel’, wha

lived in the garret aboon, took very ill one nicht. I sat a lang time beside her, and as she seemed to be gettin' better, I thought I wad just gang to my ain bed for two or three hours. Sae I lichted the lamp to let me see doon the stair. In the middle o' the passage I heard a rustling amang a pickle straw that was heapit in a wee hole beneath the skylight. I thought it was a cat; and as my ain was amissin', I just went on to see whether it nichtna be my ain Tam, when, lo and behold! what do ye think I saw instead o' a cat? I saw a puir wee lassie, wi' her face as white's the sna', lying huddled up in a corner. It was a stormy nicht, sir, and the puir thing's claes were sae wat that ye nicht hae wrung them! God help me, said I to mysel', ye hae but puir uppitten, my bairn! Sae I lifted her up in my arms, and took her doon to my ain fireside. When she opened her een, she looked wild-like, and cried, 'O forgive me! Dinna be angry wi' me for sleepin' in your stair—I'll never do it again. I'm fatherless and mitherless, and had nae hame to gang to. O forgive me!' 'Yes,' quo' I, 'I'm very angry wi' ye—ye ought to hae come to me, an' I wad hae given ye the share o' my ain bed.' 'I was afraid to tell,' said the girl; 'I thought that the fock i' the stair nicht think that I wasna guid because I had nae hame.' The truth is, sir, the puir thing went about begging through the day, and when the dark nicht came on, and she thought that a' body were sleepin' i' their beds, she crap up the stair, and lay doon in the wretched place where I fand her." "And where is the poor girl now?" I inquired. "Alas! after bein' wi' me three or four weeks, she took the fever and died. I never found out any of her relations."—Think of this, ye who make yourselves miserable if your shoe pinches you, or a ribbon goes wrong on your ball dress. And ye who groan if your pillow be not as soft as down, think of the hard bed of poor Nelly!

Hard-hearted world, thought I, how will it fare with you when these poor outcasts, clothed in the bright robes of the Lamb, shall denounce those who knowingly allowed the poor to go naked when they had garments and to spare—who allowed the houseless to sleep beside the empty palace—and saw them perish where the God of love had showered abundance!

**Songs supposed to be sung by the Children in the
Ragged Schools.**

NOTE 6.

“Come let us all rejoice.”

I HAVE introduced a few lyrics supposed to be sung by the young men while learning their several handicrafts. This method of cheering them while at labour has been widely and ably advocated. Take Germany, for example, see what music and song has done to elevate the minds of youth; tradesmen of every kind have their appropriate songs. The very children in the streets, whilst engaged in their harmless games, fall naturally into harmony, and blend their young voices in parts correctly! I hope it may not be deemed necessary to apologize for introducing two or three well-known names into these simple verses. We deem it right to familiarise the young mind with the benefactors of the human family. ASHLEY and GUTHRIE are household words with the virtuous and benevolent. The young Duke of ARGYLE is promising to be one of his country's brightest ornaments. I am proud to know there are many rather than few putting their shoulders to the wheel; among these I may mention, Dr GEORGE BELL, who has written manfully, and works earnestly in the cause. Praying “God speed the work,” and wishing great success to all Ragged Schools, I bid my indulgent readers, in the meantime, farewell.

THE END.

IN THE PRESS,

Sketches from Nature, and other Poems.

BY ALEXANDER MACLAGAN.

SECOND EDITION.

Copy of a Letter, written by the Right Honourable Lord FRANCIS JEFFREY, two weeks before his Lordship's much lamented death.

“24 MORAY PLACE, Friday, January 4, 1850.

“DEAR SIR,—I am very much obliged to you for the Poems and the kind letter you have sent me, and am glad to find that you are meditating an enlarged Edition of your Poems. I have already read all those in the slips, and I think them, on the whole, fully equal to those in the former volume. I am most pleased, I believe, with that which you have entitled ‘Sister’s Love,’ which is at once very touching, very graphic, and very elegant. Your ‘Summer Sketches’ have beautiful passages in all of them, and a pervading joyousness and kindness of feeling as well as a vein of grateful devotion which must recommend them to all good minds. ‘The Scorched Flowers,’ I think the most picturesque. Your Muse seems to have been unusually fertile this last summer.

“It will always be a pleasure to me to hear of your well-being, or to be able to do you any service. If you publish by subscription, you may set me down for five or six copies, and do not scruple to apply to me for any further aid you may think I can lend you. Meantime, believe me, with all good wishes, your obliged and faithful friend,

“F. JEFFREY.

“TO MR ALEX. MACLAGAN.”

Extract of a Letter from LORD JEFFREY.

“24 MORAY PLACE, Monday, July 14, 1849.

“DEAR SIR,—I am much obliged to you for your volume of Poems, the greater part of which I have perused with singular gratification. I can remember when the appearance of such a work would have produced a great sensation, and secured to its author both distinction and more solid advan-

tages. If there be any way in which you think I can be of any service, I can sincerely say it would be a pleasure to me to be so. In the meantime, I am very faithfully yours,

“ F. JEFFREY.”

Letters from the Rev. GEORGE GILFILLAN, Author of “ Literary Portraits,” &c.

“ DUNDEE, April 13, 1850.

“ MY DEAR SIR,—I beg to thank you sincerely for your volume, which you was so kind as present to me. I have already read the greater part of it, and with much pleasure. I like the bold, dashing, unfettered freedom of your poems, and particularly your songs. You avoid, I think successfully, the extreme of carelessness on the one hand, and of a tame and creeping conventionalism on the other. You have much of the fancy and feeling of a true poet. Your ‘Jenny’s First Love-Letter,’ is a masterpiece. Go on and prosper. It will give me much pleasure to hear of the continued activity and prosperity of your Muse.—I am, Dear Sir, yours very truly,

“ GEO. GILFILLAN.”

“ DUNDEE, April 19, 1850.

“ DEAR SIR,—I have no objections, if you think it can do you the least service, that you print my opinion of your Poems, which has always been very favourable. I think you possess a genuine native vein, have looked at nature with a poet’s eye—have noticed with keenness, and recorded with beauty and effect, many aspects, especially of *Scottish* life and manners. The merit of your poems—very marked in itself—is enhanced by your own modest, manly bearing.

“ I am happy to hear of the ‘New Edition,’ and beg you will set me down for two copies.—I am, Dear Sir, yours very truly,

“ GEO. GILFILLAN.”

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

From the Scotsman.

“ So much of the poetry which issues now-a-days from the press is but an echo of what has been much better written before, that there is something refreshing and delightful in meeting with a volume like the present, possessing indubitable

evidence of an original and creative fancy. . . . The grace, the freshness, the fine fancy and breezy feeling, which marked these occasional effusions, impressed us with a high idea of his poetical talents, and a deliberate perusal of his collected writings has raised him still higher in our estimation. . . . Mr Maclagan's pieces afford evidence of poetic talents of a high order. . . . The following beautiful song will do more to recommend Mr Maclagan's volume to the public than any eulogium of ours; we shall quote it without adding a word. It is of a serious cast, but the author is equally happy in the comic vein."

From the Edinburgh Chronicle.

"We congratulate Mr Maclagan that in his case it is our pleasing duty to deal out praise instead of censure. We have perused his volume with unmingled satisfaction. It is the production of a gifted mind, richly endowed with poetic imagination, and, as such, entitles its author to the respect which genius at all times can demand from a stern impartiality. . . . There is a rapidity and compression of thought in many of the pieces of this volume, an earnestness and energy of language; and an instant appreciation of striking and appropriate imagery, sometimes startling—always pleasing. And if the English pieces in the volume exhibit imaginative writing of no common order, those in the Scottish language are no less worthy of commendation. They have the fire, the characteristic bluntness, the sweetness and simplicity of which our native tongue is susceptible. In the hands of a true minstrel like our author, our dialect is at once stripped of all its vulgarity; and whether we go along with him in his description of New-Year's-day morning in our own city, or listen to the breathings of a gentler and more tender aspiration—it is with but one opinion of the author's powers. We trust that many of the Songs may be married to immortal music.

From "A Second Bundle of Books," in Hogg's Instructor.

BY THE REV. G. GILFILLAN.

"Alexander Maclagan sends us his volume of 'Poems.' They are in all points creditable to his intellect, taste, and heart. His has been the 'pursuit of knowledge under difficulties;' but he has nobly and successfully overcome them. His 'First Love-Letter' is one of the nicest and most genial little morsels in the Language. Maclagan himself is a modest, simple, unaffected, and intelligent person, who has risen from the ranks by his merit, and who deserves his rise doubly from his modesty."

From "A Fifth Bundle of Books," in Hogg's Instructor.

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"Mr Alexander Maclagan sends us his 'Summer Sketches.' We have already spoken favourably of this author. He has unquestionably an eye of his own, both for Scottish nature and Scottish life. Those recent Sketches are equal or superior to his former. We have been delighted especially with his 'Mountain Spring,' and his 'Sunrise from Arthur's Seat.' The former is sweet, natural, cool, and refreshing as its subject. The second is bold, animated, and copes worthily with the fine theme."

From Chambers's Journal.

"The Poems and Songs are not merely refined in sentiment, but exhibit throughout an easy elegance of composition. . . . We can afford only one other specimen, but we think it enough in itself to justify the praise we have bestowed upon this small unpretending volume."

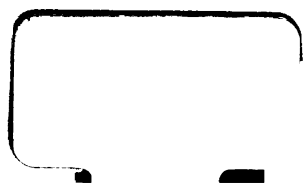
From the "Book of Scottish Song."

"This and the following pieces are from a volume by Alex. MacLagan, which contains much genuine and vigorous poetry."

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the 1990s, the number of people who have been employed in the public sector has increased in all countries. The increase in public sector employment has been particularly rapid in the United Kingdom, where the public sector has grown from 10.5% of the total labour force in 1980 to 16.5% in 1995.

The increase in public sector employment has been driven by a number of factors. One of the main factors is the increasing demand for public services, particularly in the areas of health care and education. Another factor is the increasing need for public services to be financed, which has led to an increase in public sector borrowing.

The increase in public sector employment has also been driven by the increasing need for public services to be provided in a more efficient and cost-effective manner. This has led to a number of reforms in the public sector, including the introduction of competition and the restructuring of public sector organisations.

The increase in public sector employment has also been driven by the increasing need for public services to be provided in a more equitable manner. This has led to a number of reforms in the public sector, including the introduction of social insurance and the restructuring of public sector organisations.

The increase in public sector employment has also been driven by the increasing need for public services to be provided in a more sustainable manner. This has led to a number of reforms in the public sector, including the introduction of social insurance and the restructuring of public sector organisations.

The increase in public sector employment has also been driven by the increasing need for public services to be provided in a more transparent manner. This has led to a number of reforms in the public sector, including the introduction of social insurance and the restructuring of public sector organisations.

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