

# PIONEERS OF CEYLON.

**A Brief Record**  
**OF THE**  
**LIFE OF WILLIAM WALKER**

**THE BEDFORD PUBLISHING CO.**

**22, MILL STREET, BEDFORD**

**1897**



*Your sincere friend  
William Walker*

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Printed by Hazell, Watson, & Viney, Ltd., London and Aylesbury

1203027-190

to

"THE BEST OF MOTHERS"

THESE NOTES ARE DEDICATED

WITH MUCH LOVE

## NOTE.

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THIS brief record of the life of the late Mr. William Walker has been prepared at the request of Mr. John Ferguson, of the *Ceylon Observer*.

Believing that these Notes will be acceptable to the many relatives of the family, as a souvenir of one whom they all loved, I have extended them so as to include some of Mr. Walker's own writings.

I am deeply conscious of my inability to do justice to my subject, but feel confident all imperfections will be charitably overlooked.

This edition is printed for private circulation only.

# PIONEERS OF CEYLON.

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WILLIAM WALKER.

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## CHAPTER I.

IN the exceedingly interesting volume already published under the title of "Pioneers of the Planting Enterprise of Ceylon" the proprietors of the *Ceylon Observer* have been good enough to include a sketch of the life of the late John Walker, and it seems fitting that this should be followed by a brief outline of the life of his brother William, who for so many years was associated with him in developing the business known all over the colony as "Walker's." The two brothers, who for so long were united in business, were not long separated, John

being taken "Home" in October 1889 and William in June 1891.

William Walker was born in Doune, Perthshire, Scotland, in 1824, and attended the village school there. At an early age—for his parents were not in a position to keep him long at school—he entered the office of the Deanston Works, where he worked for a number of years, and was fortunate in having as his master the late Mr. James Smith, who did so much for the people of Doune, and whose name is still remembered affectionately by a few of the older people. During this time, being eagerly determined, like so many Scotch lads, to push his way in the world, he continued his education by attending evening classes and neglecting no opportunity for improving himself. He was fortunate in having the help of his schoolmaster, who was interested in the lad, evidently recognising that he was "a lad o' pairts," and might do the "dominie"

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credit yet. This insatiable thirst after knowledge followed him all through life, and we find him at fifty years of age learning French, and at sixty taking lessons on the violoncello, which he played with great taste and feeling, for his soul was full of music.

It was only natural that one of his ambitious spirit should soon begin to look beyond the horizon of his country village, for he was aye "biggin' castles in the air," and Doune did not seem to offer sufficient scope for his boundless energy. So in due time he consulted Mr. James Smith, and that good man gave him every encouragement, with the result that he went up to Glasgow to mix with the busy throng there. By-and-bye he got an appointment in the Calico Printing Mills, Thornliebank, near Glasgow, under the late Mr. Walter Crum. About this time, in the year 1842, the five brothers, Duncan, James, Ebenezer, John, and



William, all met together in Glasgow ; but that meeting was never repeated, and now they are all gone with the exception of Ebenezer, who, after thirty-eight years' faithful service in the great ship-building firm of Randolph Elder & Co. (now The Fairfield Ship-building Co.), Glasgow, retired in 1881, with remarkable expressions of goodwill from the heads of the Company, and is still hale and hearty, though now in his eighty-fourth year.

In June 1846, when only twenty-two years of age, William married Ellen Fortay, daughter of James Fortay, of Inverness, who for many years commanded the revenue cutter *Atalanta*, and was engaged in looking after smugglers on the west coast of Scotland. It was an early age at which to marry, and many people would say a very foolish thing to do for a young man who had yet to make his way in the world ! But William had confidence in himself, and felt that, given a

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chance, he would get on all right. Besides the wisdom or otherwise of such a step depends very largely on the choice the young man makes! The reverence and affection in which the widow is held to-day by all who know her, and most by those who know her best, testify to the fact that the choice in this case was a wise one.

The next important step in the life of William Walker was when he entered the firm of Messrs. Wilson, James & Kay, now Messrs. James Finlay & Co., of Glasgow, and Messrs. Finlay, Muir & Co., of Calcutta, Bombay, and Colombo. It is interesting to note that while in the service of this firm he worked alongside of Mr. John Muir, who afterwards became Lord Provost of Glasgow, and is now Sir John Muir, Bart. Both young men were fortunate in having as their master one of the kindest-hearted of men—Mr. Alex. Kay—who years ago retired from

the firm, and who, though now a very old man, still lives in his beautiful country seat at Biggar in Lanarkshire. When the call comes for *him* to go "Home," the world will be the poorer, for he belongs to those who are the very "salt of the earth." I shall have to refer to Mr. Kay again in connection with two incidents in the life we are considering, proving that he had formed a very high opinion as to the character of his young but earnest assistant. The story I am telling is another illustration of the priceless value of a good name. William Walker was building up his character, on which alone, coupled with hard, conscientious work, he depended for his success. He had no other capital, and no influence to secure advancement. It is good for us and our children to have such object-lessons as the record of this life affords us, in an age when we are inclined to think that no career is open to our young men

unless they are furnished with capital or influence.

The time had now come when William Walker thought he might start on his own account in the cotton-yarn trade, then one of the most flourishing trades in Glasgow, and the one for which his past training had specially fitted him. He received a fair measure of support, and would no doubt have prospered but for an unfortunate event—an event which was a sore trial to him at the time, though it was just one of those influences which made for the establishment of his character. Through the failure of Messrs. Blank & Co., cotton-yarn manufacturers, with whom William Walker had an account, he met with a great loss, and it became necessary for him to compound with his creditors. With one exception, he received great sympathy from those who suffered through him, and they did not hesitate to show it the day they met in

his office. Mr. Alex. Kay was at that meeting, and such was his estimate of the character of his former assistant that he ventured at the meeting to say, "I may not live to see it, but I feel sure of this, that if Mr. Walker is spared he will pay up this debt." And Mr. Kay's confidence was not misplaced, for from that date it became the life-work of William Walker to pay off everything due to his creditors. It was a long effort, requiring great patience and much self-denial, for the claims of a large family were pressing on him; but his wife nobly seconded him in his efforts, and was able, twenty-five years afterwards, to rejoice with him when in 1875 he made the last payment. By that year every creditor had been paid, with interest at five per cent. per annum in addition; and thus was preserved unsullied the only capital with which he started—his good name. The creditors were anxious that public

notice should be taken of an experience not too common in commercial life, and proposed to entertain Mr. Walker at a dinner, and have the proceedings published; but he begged them to take no such steps, as any public notice of what he regarded as merely the discharge of his duty would be exceedingly objectionable to him.

In 1854 William became the buying agent at home for his brother John, and established himself in Glasgow under the style of Walker Brothers. Later on, in 1862, he became partner with his brother in the Ceylon business, then known by the name of John Walker & Co. It was a small business in those days, but with the boom in coffee it was destined in due time to play a not unimportant part in connection with the history of Ceylon's planting industry.

The following extract from a letter written by John from Kandy, Ceylon,

to his brother William in Glasgow, gives a graphic account of the business in its early days. The letter must have been written somewhere about 1856.

“The buildings may be valued roughly at £400 sterling.

“The motive power for driving lathes, bellows, etc., is the Malabar cooly, as we have not water enough for the blacksmiths' troughs, and fuel is expensive! Our customers are among three hundred planters scattered over the Central Province. As a class I would call them good customers, but some are very long in paying. Our workmen begin work at 6 a.m. and stop from 10-30 to 12 noon, when they resume work until 5 p.m. I am usually in the place from 6 a.m. until 5 p.m., less three-quarters of an hour for breakfast, and same for dinner. We have generally employed twelve to sixteen carpenters, four blacksmiths, five or six fitters, three or four turners, four or five

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boys, and ten to twelve coolies. There is quite enough of opposition to us to ensure the planters fair terms. We have in Kandy another similar establishment, carrying on all our branches of business."

From the above it will be seen that the firm employed at that period from thirty-eight to forty-seven native workmen; and to-day the number is about twelve hundred, while other large concerns of a similar character have also been established in the colony. No wonder the brothers were a little proud of the business which they had seen grow up and develop in this remarkable fashion!

In 1864 William made his first visit to Ceylon, to take charge of the old business at Bogambra during the absence of his brother John on a trip home. While in Kandy his time was very fully occupied with business arrangements, and from a pencil diary which is in my possession I find that even then he recognised that



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Colombo must become the capital and centre of Ceylon's business, and proposed that the entire business should be removed to Colombo. But the time for this change had not yet come.

Estate after estate in the Central Province was being cleared and planted with coffee—preparing for the good time coming. "Mr. Turner has just sold his Hantanne crop for fifty-four shillings per hundred-weight—a splendid price." So wrote John to his brother William about 1857; but in later years coffee-planters received more than double that price for their produce. "The highest level of prosperity was reached in 1868, 1869, and 1870, in each of which years the total exports of coffee exceeded a million hundredweights, of a value in European markets of not less than four millions sterling."\* This "boom" in coffee kept all industries busy, and it became necessary to extend, not in

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\* From "Ceylon in 1883," by John Ferguson.

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Colombo, but throughout the leading planting districts. Branch establishments were started in Dimbula, Dickoya, Badulla, and Haldamulla. The life in these young districts was at first a rough one, and the assistant who was sent to take charge of the Dickoya branch, and who is now a director in the company, sometimes tells how his room above the store was furnished. His table consisted of a packing case, and his chair was a keg of blasting powder!

With this rapid extension of the Ceylon business, including heavy expenditure for stocks for the new branches, arose the necessity for a great deal more capital than the two brothers possessed; but the good name William had established in Glasgow, coupled with that of his brother John in Ceylon, enabled him to find all that was necessary. Satisfactory financial arrangements were made with Messrs. Blank & Co., and everything went on

well until 1874, when William's faith was again destined to be pretty severely tested. For the sake of those young men who may read this record, the story ought not to be omitted; and it is due to Mr. Kay, who proved so kind a friend to his old assistant during all these years and to the end of his life, to mention it.

One day in 1874, just at the very time when Walker Brothers' account with Messrs. Blank & Co. stood highest, in consequence of the large advances required in connection with the establishment of the up-country branches, the senior partner of the latter firm called. He then informed Mr. Walker that, being well advanced in years and anxious to curtail all outstandings, so as to simplify his financial arrangements as much as possible, he would like Walker Brothers not to draw any fresh drafts on his firm, and hoped they would be able to run off the debt by taking up existing bills

as they fell due. Mr. Walker, recognising how much he owed to these financial friends, could only reply that to the best of his ability he would endeavour to carry out Mr. Blank's wishes. Though not knowing at the time where help was to come from, yet, being a man of strong, simple, and devout faith, he felt that he would not be forsaken in this crisis. Days—  
anxious days—passed, but he felt certain the way would yet be made plain ; and so it was, in a very remarkable manner, illustrating the kindly Providence that surrounds “the children of God.”

When in his office one day at this juncture, Mr. Kay called, just to have a chat, and in a kindly way to inquire how his old friend Mr. Walker was getting on, though he knew nothing at the time of his trouble. Nor was the subject mentioned until, in course of conversation, Mr. Kay said, “I have been thinking I would like to help you, Mr. Walker, if there is any-

thing I can do that would be a personal benefit to you. Now, would it assist you to have the command of a little more capital than you at present possess?" Mr. Walker then, for the first time, told the position in which his firm was placed. As the result of that interview Mr. Kay—after satisfying himself that the business was perfectly sound, full of promise, and only in need of more capital, and having perfect confidence in Mr. Walker—went to a leading Scotch bank and opened a credit in favour of Walker Brothers for all that was required, at an expenditure of a penny postage stamp! Needless to say that the prosperity of the Ceylon business has long since enabled the proprietors to dispense with that credit, and placed both houses beyond the need of any such help.

As already stated, Mr. Walker, as far back as 1864, contemplated removal to Colombo; but so rapidly did the business

increase, both in Kandy and at the up-country branches, that further extension schemes had to be abandoned; and though in 1875 premises in Colombo were leased, and rent paid for three years, they were never occupied. By 1880, however, the collapse of King Coffee was placed beyond doubt, and it became necessary for the firm to turn their attention to other channels. At this time the grand breakwater for sheltering the Colombo harbour from the south-west monsoon was nearing completion, and circumstances all seemed to point at last to removal there. Accordingly, in 1881 the premises formerly occupied by the late Mr. Home, and known as "The Corner," were leased by the firm, and no time was lost in laying down new plant and getting the new workshops and stores ready. It required a great deal of faith to go on with this work, as the prospects of the colony at the time were about as black as could be. Planters of the highest stand-

ing up-country were being ruined, and the mercantile houses were coming down one after another, until the crisis culminated in August 1884 by the stoppage of the old Oriental Bank Corporation. It is, perhaps, not to be wondered at that amidst all this gloom, a Colombo merchant, when he saw in 1883 that, in addition to the workshops, a new foundry—the first in the colony—was being built, should exclaim, “Has Walker gone mad?” But every one was not of that opinion, for in July 1883 the *Observer* wrote:—

“It is well that when the time came for an era of new life to the port and trade of Colombo, the right men were ready to meet the crisis and provide its requirements. The names of Kyle, Grinlinton, and Walker & Co. will be honorably associated with the New Colombo which is rising as the result of the partial completion of the Breakwater, and the resort to Colombo of

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many lines of mail, passenger, and cargo steamers."

Meanwhile, Mr. John Walker, who, after more than thirty years of hard work in Ceylon, did not care to undertake the burden of further extensions, and had settled with his family in Stirling, decided to retire from the firm he founded, and an arrangement was come to whereby he agreed to take over the up-country places of business and carry them on under the style of Walker & Greig, leaving the Kandy and Colombo establishments to John Walker & Co. William Walker now became senior partner in the Ceylon business, as well as in that of Walker Brothers, who, after the opening of the Suez Canal, found it necessary to remove from Glasgow to London, and who, in addition to Ceylon, have now very large interests in South Africa. Although his home was in Glasgow, Mr. Walker frequently visited Ceylon, as he had no sympathy with



“absentee landlordism,” and desired to keep in touch with all, from his junior partners down to the office peons, who were engaged in the Company’s service. Sometimes his family felt that he was not sufficiently strong for these visits to Colombo, and when the last trip was made, in 1889, I can remember Captain Bayley, who was struck with his appearance, urging him not to return to Ceylon, and concluding his remark with, “Remember the fable of the pitcher that went once too often to the well.” But Mr. Walker loved Ceylon, and had a warm heart for the natives, to many of whom he was indeed a real friend. It is significant that it was after this trip he wrote the following verses :—

#### AT LAST.

##### AFTER MANY LONG JOURNEYS.

THIS last long journey ended!—now I ride  
No more o’er distant lands or stormy seas;  
But anchored in a haven fair I ’bide,  
Held fast by cords of loving ministries.

Here, O my Father, would I wait Thy will,  
Nor ever dream that all my work is past ;  
But, though with waning strength, would serve Thee  
still,  
And find my joy in serving to the last.

“ The last ! ”—when shall it come ?—of life below ;  
The last of all the ties which death shall rend :  
When shall it come ?—the life “ with Christ ” to know,  
The life without a longing for its end !

The last of sin and failure, and of grief  
For sin and failure, and for work undone ;  
The last of darkness and of unbelief,  
Of chances missed, of painful victories won.

The last of doubt : Lord, have I now a doubt  
Of the long-suffering love that ne'er would chide,  
But—though I knew not—girt me round about,  
And hedged my path, and quelled my rebel pride ?

The last of fruitless toil, of faithless fear,  
Of talents buried, and of powers misspent ;  
The last of earth-bound aims, of seeking here  
Rest for the soul, and ease, and soft content.

The last of earthly clouds athwart the light,  
Heaven's day unveiled, dim vision passed away  
The last lone struggle with the powers of night ;  
The last lone step from darkness into day.

The last, the tearful partings and farewells,  
The looks which tell that all of earth is past ;  
And then—like soft and far-off evening bells—  
The angel-songs,—and heaven,—and home,—at  
last !

## CHAPTER II.

THROUGHOUT his life William Walker was deeply interested in all schemes for the uplifting of those whom we describe as the "working classes." The term is very defective when we remember the number of masters, professional men, merchants, etc., etc., who work as hard as, if not harder than, the majority of our workmen. Still, it has its special meaning, and in that special sense I use it. He always deplored the struggles between masters and men, which have wrought so much mischief to trade and roused so much ill-feeling, destroying utterly the old kindly and personal relationship which used in many cases to exist between both. He had little faith in Trades Unions, which

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he regarded as in large measure involving the transfer of the men from one tyranny to another ; and when, as so often is the case, they deliberately go out of their way to sow discord between master and men, he considered their work diabolical. It was not in Trades Unions he saw hope for a better state of things, but in co-operation and profit-sharing, which in the later years of his life he advocated, in season and out of season. I cannot give a better exposition of Mr. Walker's views on this exceedingly interesting question than by quoting from a pamphlet called "Christianised Commerce," which he wrote and published in 1888, as follows :—

"I am for freedom, not socialism. I am for freedom in our dealings with other nations, in our manufactures, in our merchandising, in our contracts between employer and employed. Freedom for every man to do his best for his own truest

interest, and for the good of the community ; but freedom tempered and controlled by the teaching and example of Christ. I see no other solution of the pressing social troubles and difficulties of our day.

“ We cannot give up our freedom. It has given us the marvellous development of organised industry, and the equally marvellous accumulation of the means of well-being, which we have seen during the present century, and we cannot afford to give it up. Under what conceivable form of official direction and superintendence could such development and accumulation have taken place? But we are free to go further and do better still. The present state of things, in industrial arrangements, cannot be the ideal. We wait for something better. I believe that in profit-sharing, in one form or other, we have one of the best methods of Christianising business.”

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So earnestly did he believe in this as the right principle that he laid aside a portion of his own share in the business, the income from which was to be divided among those who contributed by their work to earn the profit. When on one of his visits to Ceylon in 1886 he was invited to meet some three hundred of the Company's employés, who presented him with a beautiful address, accompanied with a handsome desk made out of Ceylon native woods. In acknowledging the gift he said :—

“ I desire as much to be your friend as your master. I think that the firm with which I have been connected so long as its head has done good work for Ceylon. We have brought works to the Island that were never brought before. We have also paid large amounts in wages every month to the Sinhalese and Tamil workmen. But we think we can go on a step further and do better. The first

thing I will try to do for you will be to afford you medical aid in time of sickness. I wish also that some provision be made for any one who meets with any accident, or in cases of any protracted illness. The next thing I wish is that something be provided for our men when old age comes on and you are not able to work. If this is carried out, no old and steady worker in the Company's service will ever have to apply to the Friend in Need Society."

The scheme thus formulated was carried out, to the great benefit of the workmen.

In the year 1890 Mr. Walker was persuaded to agree to the conversion of the Ceylon business into a Limited Company. For some time he had great misgivings about this step, as he feared the elimination of the personal element and dreaded the possibility of the business becoming a mere instrument for grinding out dividends for shareholders who had

no interest in the concern beyond their shares. He was afraid that the government of the business by a "Board of Directors" would tend to blight personal responsibility, and was inclined to regard a "Board" in much the same way as Sydney Smith did corporations when he said "they had neither a body to be kicked nor a soul to be damned!" And so it was only under certain conditions he would agree to the change in the constitution of the business; and one of these conditions was that certain shares, the most of which he himself provided, should be set aside, and the income from the said shares be devoted to the formation of a "Provident Fund." This Provident Fund meets all expenses for the workmen when laid aside through ill health; finds them in medical advice and in medicines; and finally, when the men are too old to work, or permanently disabled, secures to them a small pension. From this fund



thousands of rupees are thus distributed every year among the men, in addition to their wages; and the members of the European staff also benefit by it.

These changes had scarcely been completed when, in the spring of the following year, a sudden and severe illness came upon him, which soon proved fatal. The family doctor recommended him to take a change, and so he went to the Isle of Bute, where, in the course of his life, he had spent many a happy day; but unfortunately he got rapidly worse. A few weeks before the end, when the doctor was no longer able to conceal the gravity of the illness, Mr. Walker wrote to one of his directors a letter strongly characteristic of his unselfishness. "Let me comfort you," he said, "by saying that I have no pain. I have severe headache at times, but no pain, only stiffness; and you will understand I am no longer the active and nimble little man that I have

been. I can say that I am at peace, and have not the slightest tendency to murmuring. Please say nothing particularly as to my illness; nothing more than that I have been rather poorly, and am resting at a Hydropathic. It would pain me very much to know that I was being talked about."

This letter is typical of the man—"let me comfort you by saying that I have no pain,"—so characteristic of his unselfish spirit. He was always thinking of others, and too forgetful of self. He returned from Bute to his home in Glasgow with just sufficient strength to bear the journey, and literally "fell asleep"; for, after a few days of unconsciousness, mercifully granted to save him feeling the terrible pain which he must otherwise have suffered, he "slippit awa'," as the Scotch say, on June 13th, 1891. "If ever there was a man ripe for one of the 'many mansions,' towards which his eye through

life was directed, it was William Walker." Thus wrote one who knew him for many years, and "we know that his testimony is true."

### CHAPTER III.

**I**N the preceding pages I have endeavoured to give some of the leading points in the business career of William Walker's life; but it is only one aspect of the life, and probably he himself would say it was the least important, except so far as it was a "means to an end." For mere worldly prosperity he had supreme contempt; but the joy of being in a position to "help lame dogs over stiles" was genuine, and many less fortunate ones have had cause to bless his name. He cared little for public subscription-lists, where people's names and contributions are advertised to the world. His belief was that if each member of the community, in a position to do so, were simply to attend to the cases that come across his

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or her path in life, then there would be a tremendous reduction in the sum total of human misery. Merely to give a subscription, or a donation, was not enough, for that alone often resembles the lazy, armchair kind of charity which so frequently does more harm than good, though it acts like an opiate on the conscience of the giver; but to make it his business to examine each case, to find out all its "ins and outs," and then take steps to give effective help—that was his plan. "He was a man who would put himself to a great deal of personal trouble to perform a kind action."

From his youth he was an earnest total abstainer from all intoxicating drink. When quite a lad at Deanston he saw the havoc done by the drinking customs of the country—saw that the drink wrecked homes and blasted many a promising career; and at that early period, when Temperance Societies were almost unknown, he vowed

that he would have nothing to do with it. It was not so easy then as it is now to be a total abstainer, and Scotland was a trying country in which to make a beginning; but the decision, taken entirely of his own accord, showed the kind of stuff of which he was made. Very heartily did he throw himself into the Temperance work in Glasgow, which presented then, as it still does, a splendid field for reform in this direction; and I cannot do better than quote from the obituary notice of the *League Journal* of June 20th, 1891, as follows:—

“ He joined the Scottish Temperance League shortly after its formation. His name appears in the first annual ‘Register’ published by the League in 1849, where it has stood continuously year after year ever since. From 1853 to 1856 he was a member of the Executive, and was for many years, and up to his lamented decease, an honorary director of the Insti-

tution. He was a most liberal subscriber to the funds of the League, and in many ways sought to extend its influence. In the furtherance of the Temperance cause he did not restrict himself to the platform. He contributed a series of pieces to the *Temperance Review*, entitled 'Black Bottle Lyrics,' which depicted in graphic style the evils arising from indulgence in drink. In the pages of the *Commonwealth*—a weekly newspaper projected in 1853 by Mr. Robert Rae, and carried on until 1862—appeared a number of articles from his pen under the *nom-de-plume* of 'Sandy McAlpine,' which treated of various topics, but more especially of the drinking system. These were remarkably clever productions, written in the 'Glesca' vernacular and redolent with genuine, pawky humour, which were very popular and much relished. There appeared also in the *Commonwealth* several poetical pieces, some of which—such as 'Dinna gi'e her drink, my laddie,

suggested by the sight of young lads treating young lassies to drink in the whisky-shops—are full of pathos, while pointing to the miseries that often follow indulgence in drink. The older Temperance reformers well remember the effect produced by the song, ‘O, wha’s at the whisky-shops?’ which was composed and sung by Mr. Walker at a time when one of the whisky-shops was transformed into a coffee-house, with the words ‘Reformed Dram-Shop’ painted over the door. Mr. Walker possessed the genuine poetic gift, as many of his sweet lyrics show.”

This last reference to the conversion of the whisky-shop into a coffee-tavern deserves special notice, and I therefore take the following quotation from a little pamphlet entitled “Selections from My Correspondence,” which Mr. Walker published in 1877 for private circulation:

“I add a few words here *à propos* of



the Bill of the Reformed Dram-Shop. More than twenty years ago—I think that 1854 was the year in which most was done—an attack was made upon the venerable institution called Glasgow Fair, which had till then been carried on, almost unquestioned, in all its glory. Its ‘glory’ consisted very much of ‘the Shows,’ penny theatres, waxwork exhibitions, the exhibition of living and dead monstrosities, shooting saloons, merry-go-rounds, etc., a large increase of drunkenness and its accompaniments, and a large addition, for the time, to our population, of wandering riff-raff and blackguardism. It was thought that the Fair was, upon the whole, a disgrace to the city, and an attempt was made to bring some of its more objectionable features into discredit and disuse. Sandy wrote a pamphlet on the subject, entitled ‘GLAISKA FAIR; Sum o’ its humours an’ sum o’ its horrors.’ It was sold at

'a bawbee,' and had a large and prompt sale. My good friend, Mr. Thomas Smith, resolved to attack the Fair in its very stronghold. He resolved to open a cheap Coffee-house and Refreshment Room in Jail Square. A front shop that had been occupied by a spirit-dealer was then empty, and the letting of it was in the hands of a gentleman disposed to favour the temperance enterprise. Mr. Smith leased this shop, and had it fitted up as a Coffee-house and Temperance Refreshment-room, in good time for the Fair. Sandy came to his help by writing the bill—a large poster—which has since become a little famous, and is now reproduced on a small scale, but as nearly as possible *in facsimile*."

[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

*A WONDER, A WONDER, A WONDER FOR TO SEE!  
A BRAW COFFEE-HOUSE WHAUR A DRAM-SHOP USED TO BE!*

## FREENS AN' FELLOW CEETIZENS IN GENERAL!

*AN' YOU FOKE ABOUT THE FUT O' THE SAUTMARKET IN PARTIK'LAR!  
WILL YE SPEAK A WORD WI' ME?*

I'm an auld WHISKY-SHOP; I'm an Interestin' relick o' anshient times, and mainners. Maybe sum o' ye dinna ken what a Whisky-Shop is. I'll tell ye.

In anshient times—lang before pair Workin' Foke were sae wise or weel daein' as they are noo-a-days the GLAISKA FOKE, an' partik'larly the FOKE about the fut o' the SAUT-MARKET, were awfu' fond o' WHISKY. This WHISKY was a sort o' DEEVIL'S DRINK, made out o' GOD'S gude BARLEY.

It robbit men o' their judgment; But they drank it.  
It robbit them o' their nat'ral affeckshun; But they drank it.  
It robbit them o' independence an' self-respeck; But they drank it.  
It made them mean, unmanly, disgustin' wretches; But they drank it.  
It made them savage an' quarrelsome; But they drank it.  
It cled them wi' rags; But they drank it.  
It made them live in low, filthy dens o' hoooses; But they drank it.  
It sent them in scores to the Poleece Office; But they drank it.  
It sent them to the Jail, the Hulks, an' the Gallows; But they drank it.  
Bailies an' Shirrifs, Judges an' Justices, deplored its effecks; But they drank it themsel's!  
Ministers preach'd about it; But they drank it themsel's!  
It blottit oot God's glorious image frae men's faces an' hearts; But they drank it.  
It made them beggars; But they drank it.  
It made them paupers; But they drank it.  
It made them idiots; But they drank it.

This WHISKY, then, wuz selt in Shops, an I wuz ane o' them,—that'll let ye ken what a Whisky-Shop wuz in anshient times.

**TIMES ARE CHANGED NOO.** Every body's a member o' the Scottish Temperance League; naebody drinks onything but Coffee; so I've taen up the Coffee-Hoose line mysel'!

Come and see me! Ye'll get Rowsin' Cups o' Coffee! Thumpin' Cups o' Tea! Thund'rin' dunts o' Bread! Whangs o' Cheese! Lots o' Ham an' Eggs, Stalks, Chops, an' a' 'ither kind o' Substanshials!

**FREENS AN' FELLOW-CEETIZENS.**—I'm no the Shop I ance wuz. I've a blythe heart an' a cheery face noo. Come an' see me!

THE REFORMED  
**DRAM SHOP,**  
20, JAIL SQUARE.

**OBSERVE.**—Nae Connexion wi' the JAIL owre the way.

“The bill, I am sorry to say, was a greater success than the shop. It was largely posted and *sold* in Glasgow, and, in a slightly altered form, it was made to do duty for a similar shop then opened in Edinburgh. And I have had reprints of it sent to me from the United States, from India, from Ceylon, and from Ireland. Once I met with it in an English provincial temperance journal, in which it appeared ‘translated’ into the English language! As for the shop, like many other good things, it was ‘before its time.’ The world wasn’t ready for it—particularly the world ‘about the fut o’ the Sautmarket.’ So long as the holidays lasted, and for a short time after, it was a success; but it soon began to fall off, and had to be closed before another Fair came round.”

Reference is made in the extract from the *League Journal* quoted above to one of the many little lyrics written by

Mr. Walker, called "Dinna gi'e her drink, my laddie," and I think the verses will bear repeating in full, along with the letter which accompanied them when they first appeared in the *Commonwealth* newspaper as far back as 1855; so I have included them among the pieces printed at the end of these notes.

Throughout his life Mr. Walker was always busy with his pen. As an illustration of the genuine humour of some of his articles, particularly those subscribed by "Sandy McAlpine," it is worth while quoting a letter written in 1890—the year before he died—to the *Christian Leader*. During the later years of his life he generally adopted the *nom-de-plume* of "Brown Palmer," but on this occasion he went back to his old love of the *Commonwealth* days, and in doing so seems to have caught again the old spirit. I ought to explain that Sandy is supposed to be in the cotton-yarn

trade, and to have his place of business in the "Cannelriggs"—one of the poorest districts in Glasgow. Here is the letter :

### SOME BURNING QUESTIONS.

#### A PRIVATE LETTER FRAE THE CANNELRIGGS.

DEAR MR. AEDITUR,—I wuz gaun to write a bit letter to ye, but ye're no to say onything about it. I'm gaun to be an agnostick. Maybe ye dinna ken what an agnostick is, Mr. Aeditur. It's a thing that wuz inventit by Mr. Huxley—the man that's aye standin' wi' a puir auld human skull in his haund—an' it's awfu' fashunable, an' they tell me that it just means "I dinna ken ; I'm no sure aboot it ; I dinna ken onything about it." It's just like the white neck-ties that yung chaps wear noo-a-days, to mak' themsels look like ministers: onybody that ca's himsel' an agnostick can never be taen for less than a poplar author, or a publick lectrer, or a Free Kirk minister, or a professor, or maybe a principle o' a colledge. An' so I've been thinkin' that it michtnae be a bad thing for even an auld cotton-yairn merchant to be an agnostick. It wud be awfu' respectable, an' I'm thinkin' it wud tak' the shine oot o' sum o' the Wast-End big hooses ; for ther's no ane o'

them yet—sae far as I ken—that huz ever said he wuz an agnostick. Ther's naething like keepin' up wi' the times, Mr. Aeditur.

Hooever it's naething about the yairn trade that I wuz gaun to rite the day ; I want to gang in for sum o' the poplar an' burnin' questuns o' the day ; an' on every ane o' them I huv to tell ye, Mr. Aeditur, that I'm a doonricht agnostick, —I'm no shure about onything or onybody. Always provided an' exceptin' auld James the porter an' mysel' : we're aye to the fore yet—tho' ye thocht I wuz dead—an' the only thing I'm shure about is that we're no daein' sae muckle bizness in the cotton yairn line as we wud like to dae. But I'm no shure about onything else.

I'm no shure, for instance, about the influenza. Sum o' the dockturs in Vienna an' Berlin an' ither far-awa places say that it comes frae things that they ca' microbes ; an' ithers say that it's the backillus that brings 't on, but what the microbes are, or what the backilluses are, nae mortle can tell ; for even the cleverest dockturs canna get a haud o' ane o' them. An' I dinna wonder at it. I see that ane o' my dicktionaries says that a backillus, or a bacillus (but in the Cannelriggs we spell 't wi' a *k*) means a staff or a stick, an' if that's the richt meanin', I'm no surprised to be telt that the dockturs "had not

yet succeeded in discoverin' the backillus in ony o' their patients." I'm thinkin' that if every paishent had to swallow a walkin'-stick before he wuz seized wi' the influenza, the dockturs could a-seen the backillus withoot a myroscope. Then ther's sum dockturs that say it's the want o' ozone that brings on the influenza, an' ither anes say that if ye huv owre muckle ozone ye'll be far waur. Noo, what am I to beleeve, Mr. Aeditur? The fack o' the maitter is I can beleeve naething, becuz I ken naething: I'm a puir pure agnostick. I wonder if Lord Salisbury swallowed a walkin'-stick? I wonder if Lord Hartington and Lord Tennyson swallowed a couple o' sticks atween them. I wud like to ken what I'm to beleeve. But ther's lots o' things forbye the influenza that I'm no shure about. I'm no shure about polliticks: I'm no shure about Mr. Gledstun himsel': I'm no shure about Mr. Parnell: I'm no shure about Arklow Pier: I'm no shure about Mr. Parnell's facks, nor about Irish facks generally. It seems to me that Irish facks, like Irish butter, are made chiefly for exportashun, an' that on the road across the facks get mixed up wi' the butter, an' the twa thegither mak up a nice sliddery mess. An' the facks are like the backillus in ae thing: they're awfu' ill to get a haud o'.

But I'm an agnostick about a lot o' ither



things as weel's polliticks. The fack o' the maitter is, I'm no shure about Dr. Dods, an' I'm no shure about Mr. Macaskill. "O, massa George," said poor Uncle Tom, as he lay in his hut wi' his back scarr'd wi' a hunder lashes—"O, Massa George, what a thing it is to be a Christian!" an' I wud like to think that baith Dr. Dods an' Mr. Macaskill think it's a great thing an' a grand thing to be a Christian. But I'm no shure about a' this noise about Dr. Dods an' Dr. Bruce. We maun wait an' see what the heads o' the hoose 'll say. In the meantime I'm an agnostick : I dinna ken.

But there's mair things yet, Mr. Aeditur. I'm no shure about Dr. Joseph Parker. I aye likit his Thursday mid-day sermons—an' mony a ane o' them I've heard; an' the only faut I have to the City Temple is that its awfu' far awa' frae the Cannelriggs. But the Docktur says an' does queer things noo an' then, an' sumtimes comes doon frae his great work to sma' retail bizness; it's that that mak's me no shure o' 'im. He mauna come doon, Mr. Aeditur: tell 'm that; he's a great teacher an' a great preacher, an' he maun bide on the very tap o' the wa'.

I'm no shure about Prof. Blackie an' his Drooko umberella. (Positive drooko, comperritive drookit, superlitive drookitest.) The wind

seems aye to be blawin' frae the ae airt, an' the rain blattrin' in his face, when the professor gangs oot, an' I'm no clear about that. An' I wud like to ken what way the kindly an' poetikle professor never gie's a share o' his umberella (or his plaid) to that puir wee lassie that's stannin' shivrin' behint 'im. To my certain knollidge she's been stannin' there for months an' months past, an' the professor huz never ance turned roon to look at her. An' so it's nae wonder if I'm no very shure o' Prof. Blackie. But what wuz I gaun to say next?

I'm no shure about a lot o' advertteezments, Mr. Aeditur, an' sum o' them are in yer ain paper. I'm no shure if Beecham's Pills are worth a guinea a box, an' I'm no shure if "the first dose will gie relief in twenty minutes." I'm no shure if Hudson's Soap reduces the 'oors o' labour; but I'm shure that if it does, the puir factkory workers o' Belgium an' Switzerland should gang in for a lot o't. In Scotland oor colliers have reduced the 'oors o' labour withoot ony soap, aither Hudson's or onybody else's. Then I'm no shure about Pears's soap aither. I ken that it's sold everywhere, an' that a great lot o' foke are never happy till they get it; but I'm no quite shure that "it produces fair white hands, soft healthful skin, an' a bright clear complexion." Auld James an' me huv tried

two haill tablets (unscented) at 6d. each, an' we think that oor complexions is no a bit the better o't, an' so we come to the concluzion that whatever it may dae in ither places it huz nae effeck in the Cannelriggs. An' so I'm an agnostick even aboot Pears's soap. I'm no quite shure aboot it.

The nixt thing to soap (we ca't sape in the Cannelriggs, but I'm tryin' to be genteel)—the nixt thing to soap, I wuz gaun to say, is coca; an' coca's anither thing that I'm no very shure aboot. I'm no shure if Cadbury's coca is absolutely pure. I beleeve it is, but I'm no shure. I'm no sure if Epps's is grateful an' comfortin', but very likely it is. Im no shure if Fry's is perfectly soluble in boilin' water. Maybe it is, but I dinna ken. I'm no shure if Van Houten's gangs farthest an' therefore is the cheapest. It's very likely, but I'm no shure. In the Cannelriggs noo the rule is to be shure o' everything before ye beleeve in onything, an' so I'm an agnostick pure an' simple; as simple an' innocent as a bairn.

But for a' I'm sae simple an' innocent, Mr. Aeditur, I'm no aboon takkin' a hint frae yer adverteezin' foke, an' before I close my letter I wuz gaun to tell ye o' sumthing in the adverteezin' line that I wuz thinkin' o' daein' for mysel' an' my lang-established bizness. This is what

I wuz thinkin' o' drawin' up; but ye're no to say onything aboot it to onybody :—

SANDY M'ALPINE'S COTTON YAIRN is absolutely pure : it is perfectly insoluble in bilin' water : it is grateful an' comfortin', an' mak's a delicious beverage if mixed wi' corn floure an' bilin' milk : it gangs farthest an' therefore is the cheapest : nae mannyfactrer is happy till he gets it : selt everywhere in 10-lb. bundles (unscented), price nae considerashun. The best Christmas present is a 10-lb. bundle o' Mr. M'Alpine's Turkey Red. When ye ask for't be shure that ye get it.

Noo, Mr. Aeditur, just anither word. Ye're no to let ony o' the big Wast-End hooses see this adverteezment, becuz they wud be shure to copy 't. Ye can see for yersel' that every word o't's oreeginal, an' so I think ye'd better proteck me, an' mark it "*A' richts reserved.*" But dinna forget that I'm an AGNOSTICK.—  
Yours respectkly,

SANDY M'ALPINE.

COTTON YAIRN EMPORYUM,  
(3 stairs up),  
THE CANNELRIGGS, 15th Febberwurry, 1890.

It will be admitted, I think, that there is a great deal of quiet humour in the above. The majority of his acquaintances did not know, as his intimate friends did, the keen sense of humour which he

possessed. When in the company of those who thoroughly understood him, and with whom he felt perfectly at home, he was the very life of the gathering, full of good stories, and able to sing with exquisite pathos our chief Scotch ballads.

As an illustration of the lighter side of his nature, I quote the following verses, written by him when on a voyage to Ceylon towards the end of 1888, in the P. & O. steamship *Coromandel*. These verses he sang to the passengers, greatly to their amusement; and those who have experienced the heat of the Red Sea will appreciate them, if not for their poetry, at any rate for their humour.

ON BOARD THE *COROMANDEL*.

AIR: "*So early in de morning.*"

O DE Red, Red Sea is a sultry clime  
 If you happen to be dere in de summer time;  
 De gen'lams 'neath de awning lay  
 And call for de punkah all de day,

On board de *Coromandel*,  
 On board de *Coromandel*,  
 On board de *Coromandel*,  
 All in de Red Red Sea!

'Tis a long, long way down de Red, Red Sea,  
 And de cloze is a burden wherever you be ;  
 Dem say dat pyjamas and necktie and fan,  
 Is de suit complete for de gentleman.

“ On board de *Coromandel*,” etc.

Den hey for pyjamas and necktie and fan !  
 Dey's de primitive suit for de gentleman.  
 And at dinner be sure hab de black necktie,  
 And mountains of ice, and de punkah fly,

“ On board de *Coromandel*,” etc.

And when you go for to sleep on deck  
 You will take off de necktie I expec' ;  
 And de fan keep going de long, long night,  
 Wid one eye open to see if all right,

“ On board de *Coromandel*,” etc.

But de longest voyage it stop some day,  
 And de lubliest friends dey go away,  
 Some to Calcutta, Hong Kong, Singapore,  
 And it break der hearts dat dey meet no more,

In de dear old *Coromandel*,  
 In de dear old *Coromandel*,  
 In de dear old *Coromandel*,  
 Or in de Red, Red Sea !

This reference to his singing leads naturally to a quotation from the most beautiful of all the printed notices published at the time of his death. It ap-

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peared in the *Ceylon Observer* of June 15th, 1891, and is greatly valued by the family. Between Mr. Walker and the proprietors of the *Observer*—the late Mr. A. M. Ferguson, C.M.G., together with his able partner and successor, Mr. John Ferguson—there existed a sincere and warm friendship. I quote from the article referred to as follows:—

“Mr. Walker’s love of music and song was intense, and those who heard his illustrated lecture in Colombo on Scottish Poetry, Music, and Song, will long cherish the memory of a great intellectual treat. His own performances as a singer were exquisite. Who that heard can ever forget his rendering of Lady Nairn’s pathetic ballad, ‘I’m wearin’ awa’, Jean,’ and George Macdonald’s Scotch version of the grand parable of the good Samaritan, ‘Wha’s ma neibor?’ Who that heard and saw can ever forget the expression of voice and features, and the

appropriate action, of the truly artistic singer?"

And Ceylon's "Grand Old Man," who himself penned the article from which the above is quoted, and which is too long to give in full, concluded it with the following kindly sentence:—

"In paying this tribute to the public and private virtues of one who did good over a wide circuit, but who as a business man was specially a benefactor to Ceylon, we perform, not merely a professional duty, but give expression to our own sense of loss of a personal and valued friend."

Mr. Walker was never happier than when using this gift of song in the Master's service, and it is certain he made no other use of it. One of the most beautiful things I have seen in this life was when I accompanied him to one of his many meetings in Glasgow. It was a raw, cold night, yet he left his comfortable home in the West End to go all the way to the



East End, that he might, if possible, bring a little sunshine into the lives of a few of our social outcasts. The meeting was held in an Industrial Home for unfortunate girls, and I fancy I can see now the expression on the faces of these poor girls as he sang some of their Scotch songs—songs which, no doubt, reminded them of better days, and filled them with a longing after better things. In work of this description Mr. Walker was actively engaged up to the very end, and it was work for which he was well qualified. For many years he engaged in this work in connection with the "Lochburn Home," Maryhill, Glasgow, and other similar institutions. He was most careful never to preach *at* these poor women, and no one who heard him speak to them would gather that their case was special. His message was always the good wish of St. Paul: "May the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing"

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—*i.e.*, trusting ; and he would try to give these poor girls a new interest in life by teaching them to sing bright, pure and elevating songs as well as hymns.

## CHAPTER IV.

**I**N his youthful days William Walker must have worshipped in the parish church before the Disruption in 1843; and there is more than one reference, in articles written by him, to the Bridge of Teith Church, near Doune. In July 1890 he attended the Ter-Jubilee (150 years) services held in the church, and, writing of this occasion, remarks, "I have a dim recollection of the Auld Kirk, the predecessor of the present building. It was of the 'Auld Licht' order of architecture, and one of the recollections that clung to me about it was that it had a fearful pyramid-shaped apparatus suspended over the pulpit! It was supposed to have something to do with the acoustics of the



*To face p. 60.]*

**DOUNE CASTLE, FROM THE BRIDGE OF TEITH.**

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house ; but the awful thought that sometimes occurred to my juvenile mind was, What was to become of the minister's head if that huge affair should come down upon it ? ”

But at an early period in his life he joined the Baptist Church, and for many years attended the Blackfriars Street Church in Glasgow, where he greatly appreciated the thoughtful and devout ministry of Dr. R. Glover, then a young man, but now one of the leaders in the Baptist community. During the later years of his life he attended the Hillhead Baptist Church, where the Rev. F. R. Robarts still carries on a most successful ministry. Though a Baptist by conviction, yet in religion, as in all other departments of life, he claimed for himself, as he allowed to all others, the utmost freedom ; and so we find him equally at home among Non-conformists of different denominations, and Evangelical Churchmen. An article which

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he wrote for the *Christian Leader* best illustrates the truly catholic and Christian spirit which he possessed, especially in later years, in so large a measure. It contains many good points, and is worth reproducing. The heading is taken from an expression in George Macdonald's Scotch translation in verse of the parable of the Good Samaritan, to which reference has already been made.

#### AT "THE WRANG KIRK."

THE BURN FISHER AT CALLANDER AND IN IRELAND.

Do Christians know each other as they might?  
Do they *try* to know each other as they ought?  
I am to-day—Sunday, 15th June—at Callander,  
and I find myself worshipping in the parish  
church. I have been courteously shown into a  
comfortable pew, and have been provided with  
a copy of the Scottish Hymnal, of which there  
is a good supply for the use of visitors. But  
I am not a Churchman. I am, and always  
have been, a Nonconformist. In Scotland and  
in England I have been associated with  
Presbyterians, Congregationalists, and Baptists;  
and in other lands I have found room in my

heart for Episcopal and Wesleyan missionaries ; and it gives me great pleasure to think that in all the sections named I have found loving and lovable brethren. And so I find myself asking, Would it not be profitable for many Christians if they tried to know each other a little more than they do? I was some years ago present in London at the baptism of a young friend, and there was with me, as a spectator, the minister of a large and influential Congregational church. He had been in that position for forty years ; he was evidently greatly interested in this baptismal service ; but he told me after it was over that he had never before witnessed baptism by immersion! . And are there not many middle-aged Presbyterians in Scotland to-day who could say the same thing? Churchmen in England, we know, are not expected to know anything of the services in Nonconformist churches. I was greatly amused by an instance of this which came under my notice a few years ago, when staying for a short time with a family of church people in the south of England. The lady of the house was good enough to volunteer to go with me to an evening service in a near Wesleyan "chapel"—the word is not mine, and as a Scotsman I object to it—at which an address was to be given in which we were interested. After the

service was over, and the good Wesleyans were retiring, some of them actually paused and stared at my companion—who was not only well known but greatly liked by her neighbours—and could scarcely believe that she was actually there in a Wesleyan place of worship. The lady herself was highly amused, and said to me that she didn't in the least wonder, for she had to confess that never before had she been "in a Nonconformist Chapel"! This, as I have said, is what we expect in benighted England; but I think we might do better in Scotland. At all events, I am willing to try, and so here I am in the Callander parish church; and at the very outset I can't say that I find myself far from home. We make a good beginning; for although the hymnal is lying before us, we start with one of the grand old psalms—

“Ye gates, lift up your heads on high,”

and we sing the four triumphant stanzas with spirit. After prayer we have also the strong and trustful one hundred and twenty-first psalm; the one that so often did duty in the Covenanting days, and which was read by David Livingstone on the morning on which he left Blantyre to begin his great missionary career; and my heart was glad when I found that in Callander the good people still sing it, and sing



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it vigorously, to the old tune, *French*, to which in Scotland it has for generations been lovingly linked. The text was from 2 Cor. and the carefully prepared and impressive sermon had for its theme the temporary and fleeting character of all earthly possessions, pursuits, tastes, pleasures. Every prophet of God had bewailed the constant tendency to prefer the present, and often the merely seeming, good to the real and imperishable, though unseen blessing which God by his Spirit reveals to the open-hearted. The acceptable gospel of to-day is but too often to get hold of as much as possible of material good, even if it be by revolution and confiscation. But other voices speak in man all over the world. Hardly a race exists, however benighted, but has behind its idols the idea of God and the unseen. And the unseen blessing for us all is not future only, but present. God, Christ, the Holy Spirit, Heaven, are here. Eternity is with us now. The kingdom of heaven is nigh—it is within every one who in his heart accepts Christ, and believes in the things as yet unseen, but which are the aim and motive for all true living.

I felt taught and stimulated by the sermon, and, radical Nonconformist as I am, surely it is right that I should say so, though I heard it in a parish church, and from a young parish

minister! I understand that he has been "placed" in Callander about three years, and that he is much esteemed by his people. He is evidently a student, and he will not be displeased with me, I hope, if I say that perhaps he studies too much, and takes to the hills too seldom. He is an earnest preacher, but for a Callander man his face is too pale, and his voice wants a little more of the ring of health in it. Let him keep in mind the psalm that we sang with so much spirit to-day, and let him not only lift his eyes to the hills, but often roam over them. Help and health—bodily, mental, and spiritual—are to be found on the hills.

After sermon we sang "Lead, kindly light"—a beautiful and fitting sequel. What a wealth to the great Christian world is such a hymn!

A few weeks ago I had another pleasant opportunity of worshipping with friends who, to use George MacDonald's phrase, "gaed to the wrang kirk." And note here, dear friends, that "the wrang kirk" is always the kirk that you and I *don't* go to. I was staying for a few days with friends in the north of Ireland, and on Sunday morning I went with the family to worship for the first time with Christians belonging to "the Church of Ireland." It didn't occur to me to ask whether I might find Irish Christians different from others; but, no doubt, if it

had occurred to me I might have asked myself the question. We had a short drive to the parish church, and I think that the beauty of our morning drive—the sweet incense of the hawthorn blossom floating about us everywhere—helped to prepare us to join heartily and thankfully in the morning service. It was Whit-Sunday, and the service, all through, as in the Church of England, was appropriate to the day. And here again, in this church, nestling among the trees in a little Irish village, I did not feel away from home. I was in “the Father’s House,” and around me were brothers and sisters. Here again, also—as at Callander—after the prayers and the psalms were over, I was refreshed and instructed by a sermon that had heart as well as thought in it. The subject was the Holy Spirit as a spirit of unity. Where there is unity in the church there is happiness and there is prosperity. The preacher at once drew my heart to him by likening the church to the home, and quoting with evident relish the words from one of our children’s hymns:—

“ There is beauty all around,  
When there’s love at home ;  
There is peace in every sound,  
When there’s love at home.”

Where there is love there will be unity, and where there is unity there must be love. Look

a little below the surface. How large the amount of our substantial agreement! There is the grand popular confession of faith—the Apostle's Creed; and how much is in it! And isn't it a sign that Christians are getting more disposed to draw together, that in the synod of the English Presbyterian Church it has been proposed that the Apostle's Creed should in all their churches be repeated aloud by the people, standing? But in the church, as in nature, there is variety in unity. "I do protest against the little causes of division. The Spirit of God is a spirit of unity, and it falls like dew upon the heart of Christians in all sections of the church. The three hymns which we have sung together are surely proof of this. One spirit of beauty and devotion breathes upon us through the hymns of Wesley, and Toplady, and Bonar, and Watts, and Faber; and the flavour of our favourite isms is lost in the unity of the spirit."

After the sermon there was the Communion, and I felt that I was included in the kindly invitation to join in it. I am aware that in the English Church the proper thing is to say "receive" it; but my Nonconformist stiffness sticks at that word. It seems to me that I cannot "receive" the Holy Communion. It is the bread and the wine that I receive; and

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through these I am helped to communion with the unseen Saviour, and with brother and sister believers. But I am deeply sensible of the beauty of the Communion service of the Church of England ; and now it was engaged in with great devoutness, but at the same time with a homeliness that quite touched me. And how could I but be touched when these beautiful and comforting words were repeated to me : "The body of our Lord Jesus Christ, which was given for *thee*, preserve thy body and soul unto everlasting life. Take and eat this, in remembrance that Christ died for thee, and feed on Him in thy heart by faith with thanksgiving" ? And though these words were repeated to each communicant kneeling beside me, it was done with great tenderness, and certainly did not suggest the thought of "vain repetitions." And it was the same when the other words were repeated : "The blood of our Lord Jesus Christ, which was shed for *thee*, preserve thy body and soul unto everlasting life. Drink this in remembrance that Christ's blood was shed for thee, and be thankful." Twice before in the course of my life have I joined in the Communion after this fashion ; but on those two occasions I was in a far-distant land, and the whole surroundings gave impressiveness to the service. Here I was in a homely church in an Irish village ; but the

effect was the same. It was a time of spiritual joy and quickening ; the Saviour was very near ; and once more the old lesson was vividly brought home, that believers are one in Christ even now, divided as we are, and that when the morning comes and the shadows flee away, our little mudwall divisions will for ever disappear.

But let me close my simple homily with a story from Dean Ramsay. "There is an anecdote," says the Dean, "of Rev. John Skinner which should endear his memory to every generous and loving heart. On one occasion he was passing a small dissenting place of worship at the time when the congregation were engaged in singing. On passing the door—old-fashioned Scottish Episcopalian as he was—he reverently took off his hat. His companion said to him, 'What!—do you feel so much sympathy with this Anti-Burgher congregation?' 'No,' said Mr. Skinner, 'but I respect and love any of my fellow-Christians who are engaged in singing to the glory of the Lord Jesus Christ.'" And the genial Dean concludes with a "Well done, old Tullochgorum!" in which I heartily join ; and I trust that some of my readers will do the same.

BROWN PALMER.

## CHAPTER V.

**N**OT only was Mr. Walker actively engaged in Church work at home, but he took a great interest in missionary work abroad. He never visited Ceylon without devoting a great deal of time to this work, going right round the Island on one occasion, in order that he might see what was being done at the different mission stations along the coast. In 1886 he made a special trip to Bombay and the north of India to get some knowledge of the missionary work carried on there, especially in connection with mission schools and colleges. At Bombay he was the guest of Dr. McKichan of the Free Church College and the High School in that city—a man whose splendid

work has been greatly appreciated. From Bombay he travelled to Ahmednagar, Poona, etc., visiting the schools belonging to different Missionary Societies with the special object of studying the education question in relation to purely missionary and evangelistic work.

Just as it was the fashion a few years ago for well-to-do people to go "slumming" in the East End of London, so about the same time quite a number of our more or less public men began to go out to India for a few weeks in the cool season, to see for themselves something of that vastly interesting country, with its teeming millions. It is most desirable that Englishmen, especially our public men, should visit India, but it is not desirable that, after a few weeks spent in rushing about from one city to another, they should commit themselves to any very decided opinions either as to the country or its varied peoples. Still less desirable is it that they



should take upon themselves the responsibility of criticising the government of the country and the great work that is being carried on by Christian missionaries. How best to work our missions and utilise the consecrated energies of our missionaries must always give anxious thought to all who are truly interested in the work, but anything like dogmatic assertion on these points must be left as the "prerogative of the passing tourist," to use the delightfully sarcastic phrase of Dr. Coplestone, the devoted and able Bishop of Colombo. A few years ago a very worthy member of parliament visited India for a month or two in the cool season, and then came home to publish a work, charging our missionaries with living in luxury, etc. This was both unfair and unkind. It was unfair, because he should have stayed, not merely one cool season, but many hot seasons, before judging ; and it was unkind, because these very missionaries, with true

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Oriental hospitality, had given him of their very best. Mr. Walker wrote a number of very interesting letters to the *Ceylon Observer*, giving an account of his trip to India, and we may well contrast his calm and judicial remarks with the extravagant utterances too often made by the "passing tourist." I quote by way of illustration the following sentences:—

"Questions are coming up, and *will* come up, whether we wish it or not. In our efforts to Christianise India, are we on the right track? Much money is, with a great effort, being collected for missions in India; are we getting the best possible return for it? Are the large educational establishments, such as I have seen—almost entirely dissociated from direct evangelistic effort—the most effective agency for making known Christ, and turning Buddhists and Hindus to Christianity? Is it an unquestionable benefit to have so many of our mission schools

largely dependent upon the Government grant for their support?

“ But do not misunderstand my questions. I know that we *must* educate the youth of India. It is our glory that we are educating them freely, and with an embarrassing success, Lord Dufferin himself being witness.

“ I am impressed with the thought that a great work is being done here (Bombay) in the way of waking up from the torpor of centuries the mind of Western India. The walls of the old religions are being slowly but systematically battered down ; and we may take it as certain that the educated Indian youth of the present day can never believe what their fathers have believed ; but for all that the direct and manifest result of our teaching, if attempted to be measured by figures, is as yet remarkably small. Dr. McKichan does not believe that over five per cent. of the students in all the colleges in Western

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India are Christians. Another missionary named to me two per cent. as the more likely figure. The evangelisation of India is a great and perplexing problem. We have as yet only reached units in its vast populations, and these, as a rule, the least instructed, the poorest, and most dependent and helpless. And in some cases we have had to feed about as many as we have converted. The work that we desire to see accomplished is not, I think, to be done in *that* way ; but who shall set us in a way 'more excellent than the way in which we have already been going' ?”

I commend these words to the “passing tourist,” and especially to those who are really interested in mission work. For the missionary Mr. Walker had always genuine sympathy, as he knew sufficient to understand something of the awful difficulties of their work. How true a friend he was to them may be gathered from a few extracts taken from letters received

after the announcement of his death. One missionary (Baptist) wrote as follows :—

“ It is many years since I first came to know your good father in Kandy, and well do I remember his Sunday visits and his enthusiasm for music and psalmody then. And in the intervening years how kind he has been, how generous, how helpful in the Master’s work ! Well I know that the very goodness of those we love makes parting more painful ; but then, it may well enhance our thankfulness for the gift taken by the Giver to be nearer Himself. It cannot be that such a life dies out ! It does live and live on among the spirits of the ‘ just made perfect.’ ”

Another missionary (Wesleyan) wrote :—

“ I must write you at once to tell you that you and your family have our very deepest sympathy in your great trial. We are all very sad about it, for your beloved father was a very good friend to us and

our work, as he was indeed to all mission and philanthropic enterprise. Heaven will be all the richer for his removal, but it will be a terrible loss to good work on earth."

Another missionary (American) wrote :—

"We are very sorry to see by the papers that your father has been called 'home.' He seemed so full of life when we saw him in Jaffna in 1886 that it is difficult to realise his death. But it is not death to him, but only the beginning of a fuller life. His kindly spirit and the great interest he took in mission work, added to his personal friendship, endeared him to us, and we mourn his loss as a dear friend."

Thoughtful men cannot but realise that our missions in India and China, where the people are steeped in elaborate religious systems older than our own, present many a "great and perplexing problem"; but Mr. Walker felt very strongly that

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it was most unjust to abuse the missionary. Let those who sneer at the results of their work and the apparently slow progress that is being made, devise a more excellent way, and prove their earnestness by paying for the experiment.

## CHAPTER VI.

**I**N politics he was a staunch Liberal until April 8th, 1886, when Mr. Gladstone introduced his Home Rule Bill and broke up the grand old Liberal party that included such men as Bright, Chamberlain, Lord Hartington, Foster, Goschen, and many others. Bright and Foster are no longer with us, but the others are among the men who are to-day making this country's history, and many old Liberals feel it is a pity they had to go to the other side of the House to do it. For the whole of his life, Mr. Walker, like many others, almost worshipped Gladstone, and when the crisis of 1886 arose, he felt as if he had lost a personal friend. He had taken



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his share in fighting for the different Liberal measures of a whole generation, but I do not think he even voted after 1886.

In Temperance legislation Mr. Walker took an active interest, as one would naturally expect him to do, owing to his strong convictions on this subject. But he was very far from attaching the same importance to special legislation that many of the Temperance party do, and I fancy his high sense of justice and fair play must have caused a difference of opinion sometimes between him and many of the Temperance leaders with whom he associated. When, for instance, in 1890 Mr. Goschen, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, set aside £350,000, for the purpose of "buying up licences by the local authorities, introducing at same time a compensatory measure of a temporary character, to prevent the issue of further licences,"\* and

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\* Cassell's "History of England."

the Temperance party in the House "pronounced against all compromise in the principle of compensation," Mr. Walker had no sympathy with them. He felt the Government proposals to be just, and did not think the Temperance cause would suffer by doing what was just and right, even to publicans! In the same way he often protested against the language used by Temperance reformers towards the "millionaire brewer," and publicans in general, and did not hesitate to pull up such famous men as Dr. Parker, the late Cardinal Manning, etc., for so speaking. But let Mr. Walker speak for himself, as he does far better than I can do, in an article written by him, and which I find among my papers:—

#### DR. PARKER'S DELUSIONS ABOUT DRINK.

SOME ODD NOTES BY THE BURN FISHER.

IN the *Temperance Record* of last week I find this paragraph:—

## THE CHURCH AND THE TRAFFICKERS.

"How to Reach Unreached London" was the subject of a conference held on Tuesday week by the London Congregational Union. Several speakers referred to the "drink curse," and Dr. Parker, who presided, delivered a vigorous address, in the course of which he said: "Who can shut up the public-houses? Not the magistrates. Not the police. But there is a force that could close all the public-houses in six months from this time. The churches of Christ can do it if they please. If the churches of Christ will not do it, nothing can permanently stand in their way. But have we not found millionaire brewers presiding over the annual meetings in Exeter Hall of religious societies? Have not the millionaire brewers been received with great deference in the committee-room, and with great applause in the hall? They ought to have been received with hissing, and hooting, and denunciation, even the very best of them. I say out upon such practical blasphemy! Out upon the hypocrisy that welcomes such brewers, and then professes to be interested in the question how to reach the unreached masses of London! The millionaire brewer talks piety and acts blasphemy."

It is a very interesting paragraph, for Dr. Parker is always interesting. But he is not always wise, and not always logical; and I do not wonder. The wonder would be if any mortal could be found who could preach or lecture three times, four times, sometimes six times, a week, and be either wise, or logical, or fairly sensible. And then there is another point to be considered. Great men have sometimes their weaknesses as

well as men of smaller mould. It is not permitted to small men to talk nonsense in public ; but great men often do so, and do it with great dignity, and, be it said, with great acceptance. The *ad captandum vulgus*, too, is dear to the heart of your practised orator ; and it is that fact, I think, that explains and accounts for this paragraph. It reminds me of a statement made some years ago at a great Temperance congress by his Eminence Cardinal Manning ; and of course it was just the thing to bring down the house. "I will say in one word," said his Eminence, "that the great drink traffic, and the habits of our people arising from that traffic, in my belief, are the sin, the shame, and the scandal of the English-speaking race."

Is it then the fact, your Eminence, that the drinking habits of the English-speaking peoples arise out of the drink traffic? I have been accustomed to think that the facts went all the other way, and that it was the habit of drinking that necessitated our great drink traffic. But to state a prosy, economical truth like that would never bring down the house. To do so you must denounce somebody or something, and it does not matter much, for immediate effect, whether the body or thing which you denounce be the right or the wrong one. Denunciation at large—like swearing in the same manner—has an

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enormous effect : it is very impressive. In these modern times, we have had a great number of offenders after this fashion, and I am sorry to think that Dr. Parker has joined them. Dr. Parker knows right well that there would be no millionaire brewers either in Exeter Hall or elsewhere unless there were millions of "English-speaking people" who wanted the drink and were willing to pay handsomely for it. But that again is only a plain, economical truth ; and it would never do for Dr. Joseph Parker to talk plain, economical truths at a conference of the London Congregational Union. Any poor teetotal deacon could do that ; but what then would have become of the Doctor and his "vigorous address" ? I don't know.

Sir Wilfrid Lawson has long been the chief of sinners in this particular direction ; and, with all the wit at his command, his example has been very catching, and he has been followed by a multitude to do evil and talk rubbish. But he has made a great catch when he has got Dr. Parker to go over to him ; and it is because I have some regard for the Doctor that I wish to stop him at once and tell him that he is on the wrong track.

It is because the people want "the drink," Doctor, that the drink traffic exists and—pays. The men who drink are, as a rule, honest men :

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they pay their way, and it pays somebody—a large number of bodies, unfortunately—to supply them with what they want. And if you want to shut up the whole of the public-houses, and to extirpate the race of millionaire brewers and eminent distillers, the thing that you have got to do is to get your countrymen to give up drinking. It is the drinking, dear Doctor, and not the traffic, that you and I have got to fight against. And this is a fight which, like charity, begins, and ought to begin, at home. We must have clean hands ourselves before we begin to cleanse our neighbours. You say that the churches of Christ can do the work. No doubt they can, provided they stick to common-sense, and don't get led away by eloquent speeches at Congregational Unions or elsewhere. The churches are made up of units, and if the units—men and women, with the minister to lead in each case—were just to give up the drink, they would want no public-houses, and the poor publicans, without occupation and without compensation, would straightway shut up their shops and steal away as noiselessly as a set of Arabs. As for the millionaire brewers, they would automatically collapse, and nevermore would they be seen or heard “at the annual meetings in Exeter Hall.”

This, then, dear Doctor, is the simple way,

and the only way, of shutting up the public-houses. Stop the drinking. It is the only way to abolish the millionaire brewer. Stop the drinking.

This rant about the public-houses, the brewers, and the distillers, is a little tiresome. And it is a very persistent piece of claptrap.

It is now more than forty years since the late worthy Robert Kettle of Glasgow had to meet it ; and he met in a very characteristic style. One of his friends was one day talking after the Dr. Parker pattern, and most eloquently demanding that Parliament should shut up the public-houses. "Oh, man," said Mr. Kettle, "I've a far better plan than that, and a great deal simpler. Let the folks just shut their mouths, and the shops will soon shut themselves."

Mr. Kettle's short and simple method has now reached England, and it may be heard of by-and-bye at the City Temple or at some conference of the Congregational Union. This is how it comes to me from Cheshire :—

There is a little public-house  
Which every one may close  
And that's the little public-house  
That's just below one's nose.

The simple plan proposed by Mr. Kettle and now enshrined in this bright little touch of

genius from Cheshire, put into practice, will shut up every public-house in the United Kingdom, and Mr. Ritchie—much-abused man—will have no trouble about compensation. Tons of talk such as Dr. Parker's and Cardinal Manning's will never shut one house.

BROWN PALMER.



## CHAPTER VII.

**A** LIFE so full of active, restless energy found little time for recreation. Those who loved him most felt that he allowed himself too little leisure, and a letter written to him by one of his sons at the time resident in Ceylon, gives expression to this feeling. The letter is dated June 3rd, 1891, and was written immediately after hearing that his father had been ordered by the doctor to Bute Hydropathic :—

“It is not like you to have to visit Hydropathics for your own health; but now, for the sake of us all, you really must begin to take more care of yourself. All your lifetime you have been think-

ing about others. Try now to be just a little more selfish, and think more about yourself. Or let me put it another way, and ask you for the sake of your own family to take more rest. What is the use of calling yourself 'Brown Palmer' unless you live the life of a 'Brown Palmer,' and spend more time among the Highland hills and burns?"

Before that letter reached home Mr. Walker had entered into the rest that is eternal.

But when he did take a holiday his great pastime was burn-fishing, of which he was enthusiastically fond; and then he was like a boy just let loose from school. His whole soul responded to the beauties of nature, and he seemed to find and see God everywhere.

On one of these occasions, when in his native county, which had always special attractions for him, he wrote: "I am having my holiday in one of the glens

of Western Perthshire. It is not one of the wild and grand sort in which Professor Wilson used to delight ; it is as beautiful and peaceful as the Vale of Avoca, of which Tom Moore sang so sweetly. It has of course its loch, and equally of course its river, and its half-dozen wimplin' burns. But the loch that is here I look upon and admire. I see it gleaming in the distance, and I think it is very lovely ; but it isn't a *burn*, and it's the *burns* that hold my heart."

Again, when taking a holiday in Strathspey, we find him at his favourite and only sport, and moralising thus :—

"The burns which I have fished here don't rush down at all ; they creep along the little valleys they have formed for themselves. They recalled to me two lines from the 104th Psalm—surely the grandest hymn that we have to God as the great and bountiful Creator. But these lines are not of the grand sort ;

they are simple and homely, and speak to the heart :—

“‘He sendeth springs into the valleys ;  
They run among the hills.’

“Or, as is said in one of the amended versions,—

“‘They flow between the mountains.’

“It is so with these burns : ‘they run *among* the hills.’ One day I walked by the side of the stream for two miles, but it was a walk inwards, not upwards ; a walk ‘between the mountains,’ not up the hill side. But the silence was as impressive, and the solitude as perfect, as in the deep ravines of some other mountain streams.

“I see that the *Spectator* has been writing on the ‘Poetry of Angling’ as follows :—

“‘Anglers are accustomed to think that in pursuit of their sport they have fine, imaginative visions of the light that never was on sea or land ; but they are mistaken. If they dream at their pastime they catch

no fish ; if they are catching fish they do not dream. You cannot be an angler and a poet at the same time.' Which latter sentence I take to be about as sensible as to say that a man cannot eat his breakfast and be a poet at the same time. The one thing neither overrides nor interferes with the other. A man will not catch fish *because* he is a poet ; but I feel certain that if he take to fishing in mountain streams, he takes one step to develop, or perhaps awaken, any poetry that is in his nature. I speak for what I know best—the burns and their surroundings. Let others speak for the loch and the river. You cannot fish mountain streams without getting under the influence of the stillness and the solitude of mountain scenery ; and I say that the natural effect, on most men, of such scenery, and its stillness and solitude, is to touch the emotional and poetic susceptibilities of our nature, to get us away for the moment

from cotton, and iron, and bank discounts, and telegrams, and to give us eyes to—

“ ‘See gleaming on high  
Diviner things.’ ”

As a further comment on the extract from the *Spectator* referred to above, and as a fitting close to this chapter, I may appropriately quote the following article, contributed by Mr. Walker to the *Christian Leader*, on “The Philosophy of a Burn-Fisher.”

#### THE PHILOSOPHY OF A BURN-FISHER.

I'm a burn-fisher. My first lesson in the art took place when I was six years old—away back about a half-century ago—and I have not forgotten it to-day. Every burn-fisher is a bit of an enthusiast. It was to him, I believe, that that old classical remark was first applied—that he was born, not made. He believes that he, and he alone, gets into the finest nooks and corners of our mountain scenery; he stumbles upon the rarest of our ferns and wildflowers; the morning sun has for him, as he climbs up the mountain-side into one of his glens, a

peculiar glory, unseen by common mortals; the very whirr of the disturbed grouse on the moor, and the pitiful wail of the plover, bring a joy to his heart which no man may share. For he is rather a lonely individual, the burn-fisher; and whatever old Izaak Walton may have said or sung of the art, I don't think it can be called a social enjoyment. It's the business of the burn-fisher, in fact, to get away from the busy haunts of men, and to get into some secluded glen, there to indulge in his gentle sport, to meditate much, and to find sermons in slab-rocks, tongues in the running brook, trouts in the pools, and good in everything.

With this I give two scraps from my burn-fishing philosophy. Two weeks ago I found myself crooning them over as I wandered through the heather and up the glens, not far from the Braes of Balquhiddy, and I wonder whether any of the readers of the *Christian Leader* might care to see them. The first gives an experience not quite peculiar to burn-fishers. I have often tested "the poor sheep-track," and found that it did not fail me. Here it is:—

He that's content to climb the stubborn hill  
By poor sheep-track;  
O'er bog, through heather, or by brawling rill,  
Need ne'er turn back.  
By humble paths God leads the humble mind:  
Who seeks to know His Way shall surely find.

The second tells a true story, more than once repeated in my own experience ; and, like many true stories, it has " an application " :

One day I hooked a pretty little fish,  
A silly thing ;  
Once, twice, and thrice, he caught the hook and  
missed ;  
But the fourth fling  
Caught him full well, and laid him on the sward :  
He *would* be hook'd, and that was his reward.

O foolish fish ! to catch and catch again  
The barbèd bait ;  
Too eager for a gulp of seeming good  
To think or wait.  
Sad is thy fate, my silly little fish,  
To leave the crystal stream and fill a dish.

O strong young men, O maidens fair, be taught  
By silly fishes ;  
Not twice or thrice you need to bite the hooks  
That fill devil's dishes.  
Only one gulp ! 'tis but a little thing ;  
Only one gulp ! life poisoned at its spring,  
" The white flower of a blameless life " gone, gone !  
The fish is caught, and Heaven's fair work undone.

BROWN PALMER.

*July, 1889.*



## CHAPTER VIII.

SUCH is a brief and all too imperfect record of the career of one who, beginning life in a small Scotch village, sought to live to some purpose, and with good effect, to make the most of whatever talents he possessed. He humbly but earnestly believed that for those who seek to do what is right "God shapes the fitness of us all, and gives to every man his meaning."

Life for him was full of meaning, and the meaning of his life to those who come after him becomes the richer and more beautiful as the years pass by. It is something to make the little corner of the world in which a man lives the better for his being in it; and that is what Mr. Walker managed to do.

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A few months after his death the clerks and native employés presented the Company with a very good and handsome oil painting of their late master to be hung in the office. After the presentation the manager, astonished at the costly character of the work, expressed to the chief clerk, who headed the movement, his fear that the cost must have been more than the men could well afford from their pay. It was then explained to him that at first it was proposed to levy a percentage from the pay of each of the workmen and staff. "But we thought," said the clerk (who was and is a splendid type of the genuine native Christian), "that Mr. Walker would not like that, as it would seem like forcing contributions. So last pay day we placed a box at the gate for the men to put in it whatever they felt inclined to give; and we got more than was required."

Nothing could have been more in harmony with the spirit of him who was

so long their master, and it shows that even the native clerks had caught something of the spirit of his teaching.

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There is a little thatched cottage occupied by a small farmer or crofter in the West Highlands of Scotland. A merchant from Glasgow one summer, when on a holiday, visited the cottage, and on looking round the parlour was surprised to see on the mantelpiece a photograph of Mr. Walker.

“Do you know Mr. Walker?” asked the merchant.

“O yess,” replied the farmer’s wife, with the sweet Highland accent; “he used to bring his family here for the holidays when the children were young. He *is* a goot man.”

“Yes,” said the merchant, as he looked again at the photograph, “there is no better man walks the streets of Glasgow.”

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“When I die, put near me something that has loved the light, and had the sky above it always.” These words express exactly the feeling of Mr. Walker, for though death had no terror for him he often said that he hoped he would never be buried in a city cemetery—like the Glasgow Necropolis—where flowers cannot grow and Heaven’s light is for the most part of the year made dim with the dark canopy of smoke overhead. And so, on June 16th, 1891, he was laid to rest in the little country grave-yard belonging to the parish church at Cathcart, “until the day break, and the shadows flee away.”

# VERSES

BY

"BROWN PALMER" AND "SANDY M'ALPINE"

## THE WIMPLIN' BURN.

AIR: "*He's owre the hills.*"

"He sendeth springs into the valleys;  
They run among the hills."

THE wimplin' burn, the wimplin' burn,  
It sings its sang at ilka turn ;  
By moor an' glen, by heath an' fern,  
It slides an' glides among the hills.

It kens nae ill, it does nae wrang ;  
To heaven it looks the hail day lang,  
An' meekly, sweetly, sings its sang,  
An' praises God among the hills.

The wimplin' burn, the wimplin' burn,  
It sings its sang at ilka turn ;  
By moor an' glen, by heath an' fern,  
It leaps an' creeps among the hills.

It tells nae lees,\* it doesna steal  
Oor health an' stren'th, but keeps us weel ;

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\* "*Honest water.*"—*Shakespeare.*

Its work is aye to clean an' heal,  
While praisin' God amang the hills.  
    The wimplin' burn, the wimplin' burn,  
    It sings its sang at ilka turn ;  
    By moor an' glen, by heath an' fern,  
    It streams an' gleams amang the hills.

It gi'es the bonny lambs their drink,  
It feeds the daisy on its brink,  
An' though it canna speak or think,  
It praises God amang the hills.  
    The wimplin' burn, the wimplin' burn,  
    It sings its sang at ilka turn ;  
    By moor an' glen, by heath an' fern,  
    It slides an' glides amang the hills.

Life has its hills an' vales, O burn !  
My face, like thine, to heaven I'd turn,  
An' busk my life wi' flower an' fern,  
An' praise my God amang the hills.  
    O wimplin' burn, O wimplin' burn !  
    That sings thy sang at ilka turn,  
    Let me stoop doun and from thee learn  
    To praise my God amang the hills !

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# WE'LL HAE NAE KING BUT JESUS.

## A COVENANTER'S HYMN.

"The chief priests answered: 'We have no king but Caesar!'"

WE'LL hae nae King but Jesus!  
We waited for Him lang;  
We've throned Him in oor very hearts,  
An' canna let Him gang.

Oor Jesus is Creator;  
He made the mountains high;  
He made the clouds that float owre-head,  
An' grandly drape the sky.  
He made the woods, the towerin' pines;  
He made the nameless rills  
That gently creep through a' oor glens,  
An' sing amang the hills.

We'll hae nae King but Jesus!  
We waited for Him lang;  
We've throned Him in oor very hearts,  
An' canna let Him gang.



Oor Jesus is Redeemer ;  
He died for you, for me ;  
His heart was pierced, His blood was shed,  
Eternal life to gi'e.  
And this eternal life is oors ;  
It's wi' us, in us here ;  
We ken the Faither an' the Son,  
An' heav'n itsel' keeps near.  
We'll hae nae King but Jesus !  
We waited for Him lang :  
We've throned Him in oor very hearts,  
An' canna let Him gang.

Oor Jesus is oor Brither ;  
He likes oor very bairns ;  
He put His hands upon their heads ;  
He took them in His airms.  
An' Jesus had a Mither ;—  
He was a bairn Himsel'—  
But oh ! the joy, the grief o' her  
Nae woman's tongue can tell !  
We'll hae nae King but Jesus !  
We waited for Him lang ;  
We've throned Him in oor very hearts,  
An' canna let Him gang.

Ay ! Jesus is oor Kith an' Kin ;  
He draws us a' thegither :  
He says we're a' His Faither's bairns,  
An' sib to ane anither.

He bids us say "Our Faither"—  
Just like the weans at hame—  
An' strive to mak' His will be done  
In earth an' heav'n the same.  
We'll hae nae King but Jesus !  
We waited for Him lang ;  
We've throned Him in oor very hearts,  
An' canna let Him gang.

King Jesus is a Gentle Man—  
Gentle in word an' deed ;  
His words fa' like the early dew ;  
He breaks nae bruised reed.  
He didna scorn the sinfu' lass  
That lang'd for peace wi' Heav'n :  
He saw her tears, He read her heart,  
An' sent her hame forgiv'n.  
We'll hae nae King but Jesus !  
We waited for Him lang :  
We've throned Him in oor very hearts,  
An' canna let Him gang.

An' Jesus is oor Saviour ;  
He saves us ane an' a' ;  
He kens oor sorrows, bears oor sins,  
An's never far awa'.  
For tho' in heav'n He has His hame,  
Wi' saint an' seraphim,  
His Kingdom is in human hearts ;  
We'll hae nae King but HIM.

We'll hae nae King but Jesus !  
We waited for Him lang ;  
He hauds oor heart ; we maunna pairt ;  
We canna let Him gang.

We'll hae nae King but Jesus !  
We've made our Holy Tryste ;  
God help us, noo, to keep it true :  
NAE KING, NAE KING BUT CHRIST !

## THE MASTER AND THE GIVERS.

“ And He sat down over against the treasury, and beheld. . . . ”

THE rich march'd up with their golden gifts,  
And O, but their looks were high !  
The people that stood by the temple door  
With wonder gazed as they saw the wealth pour  
Into God's chest from the hoarded store :  
And the Master was sitting by.

And “ also a certain poor widow ” came up,  
And O, but her looks were shy !  
Two mites—two mites were her all that day,  
Carefully wrapped in her cloth they lay ;  
She dropped them in, and she went her way :  
And the Master was sitting by.

What did the Master think, as He sat ?  
And what did the Master say ?  
He saw the gold from the full hands fall ;  
Saw the two mites, so poor and small,  
And He said that the widow gave more than  
they all,  
As He sat right over the way.

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The stately temple has passed away ;  
The temple givers are gone ;  
But the rich, in crowds, are with us to-day,  
And spenders and givers, in costly array,  
Pass up to new temples to give and to pray :  
And the Master is looking on.

And some of them give, but would rather not  
give,  
And some—at bazaars—give for fun :  
Some give,—because riches are “fashious to  
keep,”  
And they're weary of piling and watching their  
heap :  
Some give,—Christ has spoken, and made their  
hearts leap,  
And they give for the help of the poor souls  
that weep :  
And the Master sees all that is done.

Over against the treasury He sits,  
Witnessing, watching, all day ;  
Over against the rich man's store,  
Over against the pence of the poor ;  
Over against the workers who toil,  
And weave others' webs, and till others' soil,  
And sail others' ships, and bring them the spoil ;  
Over against the wealth heap'd in mounds ; \*

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\* “In mounded heaps.”—*Tennyson*.

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Over against the million of pounds ;  
Ay, millions and millions—how oddly it sounds !  
Where want is abounding wealth much more  
    abounds,  
And meek Christian men are “ worth ” millions  
    of pounds,  
    While the Master sits over the way !

My brothers, I covet not aught of your wealth :  
    It is yours ; 'tis not mine ; but I say,  
Let us, all of us, see that we get our wealth rightly,  
And see we don't hold it and hug it too tightly,  
Nor in our hearts worship it daily and nightly.  
Let the sense of God's love keep our hearts  
    always sprightly,  
And the sense of man's need keep our gold  
    spinning brightly ;  
We hold it in trust—can we deal with it  
    lightly?—  
    The Master sits over the way !

## A SCOTTISH EVENING HYMN.

“Abide with us, for it is towards evening, and the day is far spent.”—LUKE xxiv. 29.

BIDE wi' me, O my Saviour !  
The nicht begins to fa' ;  
Come in, come in an' bide a wee ;  
Ye maunna gang awa' :  
Bide wi' me when the nicht is fa'in' ;  
Be near me when the day is daw'in'.

Bide wi' me, O my Saviour !  
I canna let ye gang ;  
My heart has burn'd within me,  
The while we cam' along :  
Bide wi' me when the nicht is fa'in' ;  
Be near me when the day is daw'in'.

Bide wi' me, O my Saviour !  
Thy words are wells o' life ;  
They peacefu' come, as evenin' comes,  
An' bid an end o' strife.  
Bide wi' me when the nicht is fa'in' ;  
Be near me when the day is daw'in'.

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Bide wi' me, O my Saviour !  
Life's day is nearly done ;  
The evenin' shades are gatherin' roun' ;  
The last long nicht draws on.  
Be near when earthly nicht is fa'in' ;  
An' be Thysel' my heav'nly daw'in'.



## THE BLESSED ENOUGH.

A SERMON BY THE BURN FISHER.

“And Esau said, ‘I have enough, my brother.’”

“And Jacob said, ‘Take, I pray thee, my blessing that is brought to thee because God has dealt graciously with me, and because I have enough.’”

THERE is a little circumstance,  
Which I should like to mention,  
It is a little circumstance,  
Which, when I modestly advance,  
Does not get much attention.

We're getting richer, Giffen says ;  
Our comforts are augmented ;  
Our gold and silver, goods and gear,  
Grow day by day and year by year—  
But no one is contented.

The cry is still for more and more :  
The rich, the poor present it ;  
The rich have all that wealth can buy,  
And bread is cheap and wages high—  
But nobody's contented.

When I say this to working men,  
It's sure to be resented :  
'Tis nought to them that sugar's cheap,  
That tea and coffee downward creep,  
That Goschen made an awful leap,  
And took off tuppence at a sweep :  
They scoff, and make me almost weep—  
Not one of them's contented.

And when I mention other things,  
Such as Pears' soap, "unscented,"  
Sardines, tinn'd meats, Almeria grapes,  
Wax vestas, penny measuring tapes,  
And chocolate in different shapes—  
They still are discontented.

I thought that we were going to get  
Society cemented ;  
So many gracious things we've had,  
So much to make us good and glad ;  
So much to keep us from the bad ;

So much to draw us all together  
In sunshine and in stormy weather ;

Our big school boards and grand board schools,  
Our youths all taught by learned rules—  
Who now would say we're "mostly fools" ?

Our penny papers, morning teachers,  
Our ha'penny ditto, evening preachers ;

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Our correspondents near and far,  
With all the news from Zanzibar ;  
Where'er a row is on, or many,  
The world's before us for a penny !  
Our graphic *View of all Reviews*,  
*Olla podrida*, brew of others' brews ;  
Our switchbacks, Civil Service stores,  
And ginger beer brought to our doors ;  
Our safety matches made at Stepney,  
And Gladstone's Life for fourpence ha'penny ;  
Our penny postage, sixp'ny photos,\*  
And monograms with tender mottoes.  
Oxford and Cambridge working at their best  
In the Dark East, and Wesleyans in the West ;

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\* Edward Denison was one of the first—if not the first—of the Oxford men who have given themselves to work among the poorest in the East of London ; and to that work he gave his life. In a beautiful sketch of him by his friend John Richard Green, I find a passage which I am tempted to copy here : " Any one who knows what the worth of family affection is among the lower classes, and who has seen the array of little portraits stuck over a labourer's fireplace, still gathering into one the 'home' that life is always parting—the boy that has 'gone to Canada,' the girl 'out at service,' the little one with the golden hair that sleeps under the daisies, the old grandfather in the country—will perhaps feel with me that in counteracting the tendencies, social and industrial, which are every day sapping the healthier family affections, the six-penny photograph is doing more for the poor than all the philanthropists in the world."

---

The good so busy, evil gets no rest—  
And yet we're not contented.

Ah me ! it seems this woful discontent  
Can no way be prevented ;  
I think the Old Word surely must be true,—  
That we must all be made entirely new ;  
Not here a nut made fast and there a screw ;  
But stock and lock and barrel made good and  
true ;  
And that's the thing no man himself can do ;  
And so we're not contented.

O for the grace that must by grace be given,  
And cannot be invented !  
O for the heart to cease our weary cares,  
And own God's constant love, and in our prayers  
To ask from Him the grace of sweet content !  
It is the only rent  
He asks of us. Let's give it without stent !  
So closed St. Paul his term of holy strife :  
With grateful heart he traced his bygone life,  
And, full of faith, look'd forward unconcerned  
For future needs, and said that he "had learn'd"—  
"Had learn'd"—had got the grace to say,  
"Enough :  
Whate'er to me may hap, tender or tough,  
I therewith am contented."

O rare old man ! teach me to say, "Enough."  
Whatever be the stuff

---

That girds my life, or be it smooth or rough,  
Let me have grace to say, "I have enough  
And something more; something for brother  
Gruff—

Something for those who have not quantum suff."  
And when such brother haps to come my way,  
I'd take the patriarch's words, and blithely say,  
"Take it, I pray—

The blessing that is brought to thee :  
God hath dealt graciously with me—  
I HAVE ENOUGH, MY BROTHER."

## FAR OWRE THE SEA.

*(Written on a voyage to the East in 1879).*

FAR owre the sea the boatie rows,  
Far frae my hame, far owre the sea ;  
And as it rows, aye langer grows  
The road atween my hame an' me.  
For I hae walth o' love at hame,  
A wife and bonnie bairnies three ;  
And oh ! to pairt, it breaks my heart,  
When I maun gang far owre the sea ;  
Far owre the sea the boatie rows,  
Far frae my hame, far owre the sea ;  
And as it rows, aye langer grows  
The road atween my hame an' me.

Oh cruel sea ! rough rowin' deep,  
That ruthless sunders mine an' me ;  
Thy waves sae blue but mock my rue—  
Hoo can I gang far owre the sea ?  
Far owre the sea the boatie rows,  
Far frae my hame, far owre the sea ;  
And as it rows, aye langer grows  
The road atween my hame an' me.

But far or near, on sea or land,  
God keeps us a' whaur'er we be :  
I rest me here ; I canna fear ;  
He guides my steps far owre the sea.

Far owre the sea the boatie rows,  
 Far frae my hame, far owre the sea ;  
 And as it rows, aye stronger grows  
 The tie that binds my hame to me.

Oh kindly sea ! far-stretchin' wave,  
 That grandly mak's a path for me ;  
 God's ain great road, sae lang, sae broad ;—  
 Wha wudna gang far owre the sea ?  
 Far owre the sea the boatie rows,  
 Far frae my hame, far owre the sea ;  
 And as it rows, aye stronger grows  
 The love that hallows hame to me.

Oh love ! Heav'n's " guid an' perfect gift,"  
 The heart's true hame for big an' wee ;  
 It brings us rest and a' things blest,  
 An' gangs wi' me far owre the sea.  
 Far owre the sea the boatie rows,  
 Far frae my hame, far owre the sea ;  
 And as it rows, aye stronger grows  
 The love that hallows hame to me.

For love is like the sea itsel',  
 It girds us roun' whaur'er we be ;  
 It blesses them that bide at hame,  
 An' sends me singin' owre the sea !  
 Still owre the sea the boatie rows,  
 Far frae my hame, far owre the sea,  
 But far or near, at hame or here,  
 It's love that hallows hame to me.

## GAUN HAME.

(*Homeward Voyage*, 1880.)

My heart gangs dancin' owre the sea,  
For I'm gaun hame, for I'm gaun hame ;  
An' merrily dance the waves wi' me,  
For I'm gaun hame, gaun hame.  
I've wandered lang an' far awa',  
'Mang bonnie scenes an' hooses braw,  
But ne'er could see among them a'  
A place to ca' my hame.

My heart gangs dancin' owre the sea,  
For I'm gaun hame, for I'm gaun hame ;  
An' merrily dance the waves wi' me,  
For I'm gaun hame, gaun hame.

In a cosy neuk in the auld countrie,  
My wife bides wi' our bairnies three,  
An' weel I ken they're prayin' for me  
When I am far frae hame.

So my heart gangs dancin' owre the sea,  
For I'm gaun hame, for I'm gaun hame ;  
An' whaur my wife an' bairnies be,  
O that's my hame, my hame !



Nae warldly gear that e'er I kent  
 Can fill the heart wi' sweet content ;  
 But heavenly love to earth was lent  
 To hallow earthly hame.

An' my heart gangs dancin' owre the sea,  
 For I'm gaun hame, for I'm gaun hame ;  
 An' it's love that plays the melodie  
 When I gang dancin' hame.

O love ! it lichtens darksome care,  
 An' love, it sweetens hamely fare,  
 An' love, it heals the heart that's sair  
 Wi' weary thochts o' hame.

My heart gangs dancin' owre the sea,  
 For I'm gaun hame, for I'm gaun hame ;  
 An' wife an' bairns will dance wi' me,  
 When I gang hame, gang hame.

O earthly hame ! sae sweet to me,  
 Hoo dear the heav'nly hame maun be,  
 When, earth's sad pairtin's owre, we'll see  
 God's wanderers a' gaun hame !

Frae hill an' dale, frae land an' sea,  
 We'll a' gang hame, we'll a' gang hame,  
 And angels' sangs our welcome be,  
 When we gang hame, gang hame !

## SUSIE AND MURRAY'S LETTER WITH THE ALBUM.

LINES WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM PRESENTED TO THE  
CHILDREN OF THE GLASGOW ROYAL INFIRMARY,  
ON JANUARY 1ST, 1874.

SUSIE and I are a little girl and boy,  
And we've plump and healthy faces ;  
And we gathered these pictures and cut them  
all out,  
And stuck them all right in their places.

And we thought of the children in hospital  
beds,  
That are lying all sickly and weary,  
With faces so pale and perhaps hearts so sad,  
And little to make them look cheery.

And we thought we would send them our album  
so nice,  
With its pictures to set them a-talking,  
For there they will see, if they like to look  
through,  
How the three bears all went out a-walking.

---

And how the sleek cats, like their mistress  
upstairs,  
Resolved to have *their* Christmas party ;  
How they drank all the tea, and fiddled and sang,  
And otherwise made themselves hearty.

And how Mister Pig, with his swellish blue coat,  
Thought he'd go to the market, so knowing !  
And how little pig that sat quietly at home  
Got all the good things that were going.

But I can't tell you half of the pictures, I'm sure—  
Some from *Fun*, some from *Punch*, some from  
*Judy* ;  
Some are clever and queer, and will give you  
a laugh,  
When, perhaps, you'd be moping and moody.

So good-bye, dear children ; though sickly or poor  
You needn't be cast down with sadness :  
The sick and the poor were Christ's special care,  
And *that* thought should fill you with gladness.

For Christ is the same that He was when on  
earth ;  
He still is our Friend and our Brother ;  
And His love is so good, if we only love Him  
We are sure then to love one another.

---

Now we wish we could go  
To the New-Year's Day show,  
Just to see you get quite in a flurry ;  
With your books and your toys,  
Some for girls, some for boys,  
What a shouting and noise !  
But amidst all your joys,  
Don't forget, girls and boys,  
That this album's from SUSIE and MURRAY.

## DINNA GI'E HER DRINK, MY LADDIE.

THEER's ae sicht, Mr. Aeditur, that's sumtimes to be seen in the streets o' Glaiska (I dinna mean to say it's no' to be seen in *ither* places as weel), partiklarly on the Saturday nichts; an' often, often has that sicht gi'en me a waefu' heart. It's to see young lauds, takin' in bonny young lasses into whisky-shops to gi'e them drink—sumtimes whisky itsel', I'm fear'd. Mony's the time that I've said to mysel'—O that they wud think for just ae minnit, an' that they wud gi'e them just onything but drink! Onything—sweeties, or gingerbread, or tairts, or ribbons, or bracelets, or a parrisol, or a braw dress, or onything that ther heart wuz set on—onything, onything but whisky! It wuz aifter seein' sumthing o' this sort that I gaed hame the ither nicht, an' jotted doon a verse or twa, that I'm sendin' ye to print if ye like. But maybe I shou'dna hae set them to sic a cheerfu' air: maybe it wud a-been mair in keepin' if they'd been set to auld Mairtyrs, or St. Mary's. Of coorse, an auld stupit body like me couldna rite or spell sae weel as the sang's ritten. I got it polished aff a wee by ane o' my acquaintances that's up to that kin' o' thing.

AIR: "*Dinna ask me gin I lo'e ye.*"

Dinna gi'e her drink, my laddie,  
Gin your lo'e be true;  
Dinna gi'e her drink, my laddie,  
Gin she's true to you.

And dinna ask her gin she likes it—  
 Troth, she daurna tell !  
 The day may come, when, with sair heart,  
 Ye'll answer that yersel' !  
 Dinna gi'e her drink, my laddie,  
 Gin your lo'e be true ;  
 Dinna gi'e her drink, my laddie,  
 Gin she's true to you.

The day may come—it may be near—  
 She'll aiblins be your wife ;  
 She'll aiblins mak' some house *your* hame,  
 An' gi'e *your* bairnies life !  
 Then, oh ! gin ye wud lo'e your wife,  
 An' keep her pure and fair,  
 An' bless your hame, an' bless your bairns,  
 Oh, gi'e her drink nae mair !  
 Dinna gi'e her drink, my laddie,  
 Gin your lo'e be true ;  
 Dinna gi'e her drink, my laddie,  
 Gin she's true to you.

But, gin ye'd wither a' her love,  
 An' burn her heart awa',  
 An' gin ye'd curse your blythesome hame,  
 An' bonny bairns an' a' !  
 An' when sic waefu' wark was wrocht,  
 Gin ye wud wish to think  
 That your ain hand the deed had done,  
 Then gi'e her, gi'e her drink !

But *dinna* gi'e her drink, my laddie,  
Gin your lo'e be true ;  
Dinna gi'e her drink, my laddie,  
Gin she's true to you.

Oh ! tak' her to your bosom's love,  
An' guide an' guard her well ;  
An' try to keep her pure in heart,  
By being pure yoursel' !  
Gi'e her your manhood's heart, that ne'er  
From duty's hour would shrink ;  
Gi'e her your love, your life, your all,  
But *dinna* gi'e her drink !  
Oh, *dinna* gi'e her drink, my laddie,  
Gin your lo'e be true ;  
Dinna gi'e her drink, my laddie,  
Gin she's true to you.

## THE RIGHT SHEEP IN THE WRANG PLACE.

*(To the Aeditur o' the Commonwealth.)*

It's mair than a month, Mr. Aeditur, since I saw a queer sicht as I wuz takkin' my mornin' walk. I saw a Pet Lamb in about the last place I wad expeck to see sic a pet—in a Whisky-shop. Hoo or for what raeson it wuz keepit there I canna tell; hoo a publican abune a' ither men, shou'd chuse sic a pet, I canna tell. I'm no gaun to say it could only be for an ill raeson; I wud rather say that I hope it's becuz the man's better than his bizness'll let him be lang. If he raelly likes a pet lamb, he shou'dna be sellin' whisky; he has a heart; he's no' clean hopeless yet. In the hope that this is the correck view, I daedicate thae humble lines to 'im. Sum o' them wer ritten just a minit or twa aifter I saw the lamb, but I didna get them polished up till the noo. Aifter the mainner o' the big poets I ca' them

### LINES ADDRESSED TO A PET LAMB THAT WUZ KEEPIT IN A WHISKY-SHOP.

An' do they gi'e ye drink, my lammie?

Do they gar ye "taste"?

An' do they fill ye stagg'rin' fou

Just like a "perfect baest"?

An' do they laugh at you, my lammie?

Do they laugh at you,

When ye have fa'n an' fa'n again,

An' are baith black an' blue?



---

An' do they mak' ye sing a sang,  
When ye can scarcely maie,  
Far less can sing " O Willie brew'd,"  
" Blythe, blythe," or " Duncan Gray " ?

An' do they send ye hame, my pet,  
To fright yer weans an' wife,  
An' maybe thresh them wi' a stick,  
Or stick them wi' a knife ?

An' do they tak' ye to the office—  
Cairried like a trunk—  
An' do they put ye in the books,  
" Disorderly an' drunk " ?

Dinna tak' offence, my lammie,  
Dinna scool yer broo ;  
It's just what they dae to themsel's,  
They'se no' dae less to you !

But a' that shame an' sin ye're spared ;  
An' if ye could ye'd say,  
" They're no sae cruel as dae that  
To puir wee sheepie-maie."

But hoo do they spare *you*, my pet,  
Oh, tell me if ye can !  
Is it that ye were born a sheep—  
A sheep, an' no' a man ?

---

Waes me ! man spares the puir dumb beast,  
The dog, the sheep, he spares ;  
Waes me ! he cares far mair for them  
Than for himsel' he cares !

I'm wae to see ye, my wee pet,  
In sic a cheerless place ;  
My heart is touch'd when I look in  
Yer wee grey guileless face.

It's no' for you to live, my pet,  
Mid whisky's filth and din ;  
Ye shou'd be whaur the green grass grows,  
An' whaur the burnies rin.

My bonny pet, my heart is fain  
To tak' ye hame wi' me,  
Whaur pure air blaws an' gowans grow,  
An' birds sing cheerilie.

On bonny brae before our door  
Ye'd blythely frisk an' play ;  
An' there, in purity an' peace,  
Ye'd spend the lee-lang day.

Waes me ! it's but the same sad tale  
Since e'er the world began ;  
If ye wud gang frae strife an' din,  
If ye wud gang frae filth an' sin,  
Ye maun gae 'wa frae man !

But fare-ye-weel, my bonnie pet,  
Ye canna come wi' me ;  
The green brae side, the gowan fair,  
I'm fear'd ye ne'er can see.

Ye maun stay in the whisky-shop,  
An' I maun gang my way ;  
Tho' far frae hame, ye're no' to blame,  
My puir wee sheepie-maie !