Random Rhymes
FRAE
CULLYBACKEY.
:: BY ::
ADAM LYNN.

ILLUSTRATED.

PRICE ONE SHILLING NET.

Belfast:
Printed by W. & G. Baird, Ltd., Royal Avenue.
1911.
Biographical Notice.

Adam Lynn, the writer of the following verses, and of many prose sketches which have appeared from time to time in the local papers, was born in the village of Cullybackey, Co. Antrim, more years ago than with characteristic modesty he cares to disclose. Two local seminaries, “The Auld School at the Pun”—celebrated by a neighbouring poet—and the National School, Bridge End, divide the honour of having imparted to our future author the rudiments of education. I say rudiments advisedly, for, when only a boy of thirteen years, he entered the employment of Wm. Young, Esq., J.P., Fenaghy, then, as now, engaged in the linen industry. Here, in the same good firm, now immensely increased by the addition of the extensive works at Cullybackey, Adam pursues his daily toil, his many proud references to “The Maine Limited,” the present designation of the business, exhibiting a fine appreciation of its standing and importance.

Although a Covenanter by descent and a member of the Church of Ireland by choice, Mr. Lynn received much of his early religious training at the Sabbath School connected with the Presbyterian congregation, then ministered to by the late Rev. Dr. Buick. As a natural consequence, his views on religious matters are much freer from prejudice than those of most men of his class, whilst, at the same time, as apparent from his writings, of a decidedly evangelistic type.

Cullybackey has long been famed for the variety of its public life, so it need not be a surprise to find that two at least of its outstanding institutions, the Y.M.C.A.
and the Flower of the Maine Lodge of the B.O.A.F.G.,
find in our author a consistent and enthusiastic
supporter.

Of a retiring and thoughtful disposition, Mr. Lynn is
perhaps quite unknown personally to the majority of
those who read his book; but it is to be hoped that a
perusal of it may give them not only a fine impression
of the form and visage of the man, but also of the bent
and compass of his mind, as this notice may give a key
to the inspiration of many of his lines. He would be
the last to lay any claim to poetic rank, but the fact of
Mr. Lynn's undoubted ability to rhyme becomes very
apparent when we consider not only the meagreness of
his education but remember that most of his verses have
been written in the intervals of a somewhat distracting
occupation, and that there are, indeed, few subjects
affecting the daily life of his native village on which he,
either above his own name, or as "A. L. F.," "Young
Nummer," or "Bachelor," is not prepared to expatiate.

In recommending this little volume to the considera-
tion of the reading public, it is with the belief that
Cullybackey will still appreciate the literary talent in
its midst.

A new era of art and literature in Ireland seems to
have begun, and though the influence of Burns lingers
in this N.E. corner of the land, we trust that volumes
such as these "Random Rhymes" are but the pre-
cursors of many others in which the "blended blood of
Ulster" shall find native expression for its best and
loftiest thought.

JAS. LOUGHRIDGE.
TO MY READERS.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

In launching this frail barque "Random Rhymes" on the Irish sea of Public Opinion, a rather pessimistic feeling takes possession of me lest the human tide of wind and wave should prove adverse and strand her a total wreck on the critical shores of Time. Constructed, as she is, of sound, home-grown timber, her sails fully-set broadsheets of the "Ballymena Weekly Telegraph" and the "Ballymena Observer," "Tee-totally" manned by a Christian crew who neither object to games nor music, with experienced officers on the bridge; having Faith as her compass, Hope as her anchor, and Charity at her helm, I trust that you may all enjoy a pleasant and profitable cruise notwithstanding the shallowness of her build. With ladies and gentlemen aboard who possess the poetic abilities and capabilities of "Jeanie Braidy," "Rosette," "Jermy Sam," and "Bachelor," through whose bright and crystal spy-glasses you may have no difficulty in seeing the other side, I trust you will consider yourself travelling saloon.

I feel under a deep debt of gratitude to all my good subscribers and kind friends, who have so willingly assisted me by word and deed, notably, Mr. Joseph Laughlin and Mr. John Wier (Editors), Ballymena.

With apologies and thanks to you all,

I trust that these bit "Random Rhymes"
Frae Cullybackey on the Maine,
Will help life's journey at all times
An' land ye safely up abain.

Faithfully yours,

A. LYNN.

CULLYBACKEY, August, 1911.
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*A These pieces are not my own.—A.L.

A TESTIMONY.

I know I’m not just all I ought,
But this is plain to me;
I know I’m not what once I was,
Nor what I hope to be.
I see by your great paper, sir,
That paper widely spread,
A controversy is alive
I think, sir, should be dead.

No Christian man or woman can
Believe the Psalms sung out,
Although they often use a hymn,
Which some of course may doubt.

Religious liberty I hold
As taught me in my youth,
That God is worshipped from the heart
In spirit and in truth.
If one misquotes a sacred hymn,  
And makes it look like wrong,  
To me is shallow proof indeed  
Against a Gospel song.

Sir, once I heard a parody  
Made on Psalm Twenty-three,  
Yet notwithstanding, let me say,  
That Psalm is dear to me.

I ask what good has there been done  
By all that has been said?  
Or has the thing been from the heart,  
Or only from the head.

One says “I’m right; all else are wrong,”  
Then rushes to the Word,  
Begs and borrows, cuts and carves,  
Until the thing’s absurd.

We cannot all see eye to eye;  
Sure this need not be so,  
When God sees fit to bless a hymn,  
’Tis risky to say, “No.”

I trust that ere long we may see  
All following the Lamb,  
And think no sin, outside or in,  
To sing a hymn or Psalm.

Note.—This piece was written at the end of a long and strongly-worded discussion in the “Ballymena Weekly Telegraph” on the above subject, and is my initial attempt at verseology for publication. The other pieces appear in the order in which they were written.  
—A.L.

**Lines written in Loving Remembrance of JOHN WRIGHT,**
Who died in the Lord 1st January, 1890, aged 24 years.

“Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.”  
—Rev. xiv. 13.

“Blessed are they, and only they  
Who in the Lord do die,”  
Is what the Holy Bible saith,  
Which cannot tell a lie.

And with this truth upon our minds  
Let us recall that day  
When broken were our hearts and sad  
That John had passed away.

He bore the sickness patiently  
Which came from God’s own hand,  
But through the affliction had foretastes  
Of one bright happy land.

His Saviour’s presence was with him,  
It filled his soul with joy.  
A peace and joy unspeakable  
The world could not alloy.

And angels, they were with him too,  
He saw their curly hair;  
Pleasant and bright, and dressed in white  
From that good land so fair.

They come and minister to those  
Who here Christ’s image bear—  
Washed in the blood of Him who died—  
And made His chosen heir.

John rested on the finished work  
Of God’s Eternal Son,  
And now with Him he is above,  
His race on earth is run.
His pain and sorrows all are o'er,
Oh, why then do you weep?
Full well you know he is not dead
But only fallen asleep.

He rests so peacefully and calm
Within his narrow bed,
Our hope is sure he'll rise again,
And reign with Him who said—

"I am the resurrection, now
Life to the dead I give,
Whoever doth believe on me
He shall for ever live."

Dear friends, a word of comfort take,
You need not weep and sigh,
You'll meet him soon to part no more,
Where none can ever die.

June, 1891.

CULLYBACKEY.

Dear Pat, A hope that these few lines
'Ill reach ye safe an' soon,
An' fin' ye in the best o' health,
Frae yer feet tae yer croon.
A micht hae writ lang, lang ago,
Had A done whut A shud;
But then the thing wus aye pit aff,
Just as a budy wud,
Frae day tae day.

A'm thankfu' for tae hae tae say
My health is purty fair,
And as for a' the ither things
A think A get my share;
For this warl is a shiftin' place,
It's ever on the budge,
Whar yin goes up, sure ten goes doon,
If I am ony judge
O' folk this day.
Och, dae ye min' that jolly time,
Afore ye geed awa'
Whun best o' hooses o' this place
Wus called the "Miller's raw;"
The time we gethered nits an' slaes,
An' had nae cause tae murn,
As lang as there wur troots tae catch
In Jinney Wiley's burn,
   By nicht or day.

Bit if ye cud come hame, auld bhoys,
Ye widnae ken this noo,
For it's studded wae big hooses
Richt tae the water broo.
There's no a callin' ye cud name
That is nae roucht at here,
An' signs that we ir thrivin' strong
On ivery han' ir clear,
   Frae day tae day.

We turn cotton intae linenette,
   An' dyes it ivery shade,
An' that is jist the reason why
We do a rousin' trade;
An' we hae got as fine a school
As e'er wus big'd wae stanes,
An' them that maistly pit it up
Big'd it for ither's weans,
   This present day.

An' we hae got societies,
   Christian kinds and a',
An' nearly ivery yin has got
A snug an' trim big'd ha'.
Fine hooses for tae worship God,
An' graveyerds for the deed,
A place tae pit the bad folk in
Tae try an' mak them guid,
   Wae la' this day.

We're prood o' oor fine temp'rance ban'
That widnae miss a bar—
An' wha has niver hard aboot
The famous Risin' Star?
A cycling club, a young folks guild,
For winter and for simmer;
A think if we had got ye here
That we wid try yer timmer
On ony day.

For shaps ye cud nae see the place,
O' ivery kind ye'd name;
Bit A suppose that is the rule
In a' big toons the same.
So may this place still go aheed
Tae very best and better,
An' if ye canna come ye'll write
An' answer all this letter
Some early day.

November, 1891.

FENAGHY MEETINGS.

What can be wrong? the people throng,
In spite of clouds or rain;
They wend their way to spend a day,
Beside the River Maine.

I, (as you see) mean Fenaghy,
In month of last July,
When thousands came, in that great Name,
In Whom we all rely.

To hear the word of our dear Lord,
Expounded in their ears,
It was so plain, it will remain,
For very many years.

The people went, from every tent,
And crowded in the field;
To hear the jest, and all the rest,
From the great John McNeill.

I think I hear, that voice so dear,
As he went on to tell,
How Jesus sat and talked to that
Poor woman at the well.

—St. John iv.

Oh, do you mind the solemn time,
And the accusing band;
That Holy day when Christ did say:
"Stretch forth thy withered hand."
—St. Mark xii. 13.

Or when He spake, and said "Awake,
For it is past the night;"
And told us all, on God to call,
And Christ would give us light.
—Ephesians v. 14.

He ran down rum, but ran up "Come,"
And told us what it meant;
That every day, our lives should say,
Come, sinners and repent.
—Revelation xxii. 17.

And all the rest, they did their best,
To reach the people's souls,
What could exceed, what did proceed,
From the lips of Mr. Moules?

He showed us why that Christ did die
Upon the cruel tree,
To save the bad, downcast and sad,
All sinners such as we.

Redemption ready, Eternal life,
An absolution too;
Deliverance from the power of sin,
And yoke ready for you.

And oh, what prayer was answered there,
Eternity shall tell;
The saved were blest, the lost were saved,
From going down to hell.

Did all find rest, did all get blest,
That came on those two days?
If not, then why, since Christ did die,
Our debt for ever pays.

None comes in vain, He is still the same,
The needy sinners' friend;
Though we may fall, He'll help us all,
And keep us to the end.
Like those who came, we'll praise His name,
Through Eternity;
And work and pray, that others may,
Get blest at Fenaghy.

August, 1892.

NOTE.—These and other meetings were held at Fenaghy, Cullybackey, the picturesque residence of William Young, Esq., J.P., and were attended by upwards of twenty thousand people from all parts of Co. Antrim, who were suitably addressed by some of the leading preachers of the British Isles. These verses were written at that time and sent to friends in America.
—A.L.

"COME AND JOIN US."

Come and join the British Order
O' the Gerners, yin and a';
Weel registered it is noo,
And backed up by the la'.
So dae na be yin bit afeard
That you will lose yer share,
For the transactions ir compass
Accordin' tae the square.
Bit ye maun come and join us
F'r ae sixteen and abin,
For we can nae admit young men
Whun they ir forty-yin.
So whun yin o' oor doctors says
That ye ir really fit,
We'll make ye an apprentice boy
By true and ancient writ.
Then if ye ir attentive, boys,
And keep things weel on han',
Ye'll no hae very lang tae wait
Till ye ir a journey-man.
By this yin knowledge widens oot;
So if ye dae yer pert,
Yin knowledge tae show
Yer mester o' the ert.

Bit that is jest the theory side,
The practical is this—
That whun sickness visits oor hame,
Free Gernery is bliss.
No that we wish for sik a time,
But still its sure, ye ken,
So come and join this "ancient craft,"
An prove yourselves wise men.

December, 1897.

"THE FLOWER OF THE MAINE."

'Am no much o' a botanist,
Some folks may think 'am nane;
Yet still I hae some knowledge o'
"The Flower o' the Maine."
'Twas planted here some years ago—
A very tiny slip;
But 'am no goin' tae tell the way,
Lest ye might know the tip.
Its roots are bedded weel in love,
From which its branches grow;
Its language is "A help in need,"
As all Free Gardeners know.
Its bloom it is to trust in God,
Its fragrance, love to man;
To any of its sickly leaves
It gives a friendly han'.
Whut spoils some o' the sweet perfume
I do think shame to tell—
Its whun some o' the petals hae
An alcoholic smell.
There's nothing makes these flowers grow,
And keeps them good and true,
Like whun they're watered every day
Wae some o' Hermon's dew.
In North and South, in East and West,
Free Gardeners plant these flowers,
Until this world is fairly filled
With bright Edenic bowers.
Then with the compass and the square.  
The tape-line and the hook,  
Just keep the whole so beautiful  
That God or man may look.  

*September, 1898.*

**THROUGH THE BARS.**

The Gardeners are an ancient lot,  
Adorning every age,  
Until they have now, as you know,  
Become a perfect rage.

They work together, though in plots,  
Each lot called for some flower;  
Indeed, the whole would mind one of  
A well-kept Eden bower.

This garden, well enclosed, is made  
With fences, up-to-date,  
Yet here is what I saw one night  
Through solid five-bar'd gate.

I saw a lot of implements  
Which prove a mighty boon,  
For by these things, I understand,  
The place is kept in tune.

I saw a keen-edged pruning hook,  
A compass and a square,  
But they were mostly used by those  
Who have not long been there.

I saw a dibble, rake and spade,  
A tape-line and a hoe,  
And other emblematic things  
Which Master Gardeners know.

I saw some birds and plants and shrubs,  
And also many trees,  
An ancient ship, a sacrifice,  
And busy hive of bees.

A crown, a bow set in the cloud—  
To lift our thoughts on high;  
And over and above them all  
The ever-watchful eye.

Each of these things conveys great truths  
Which I dare not relate;  
But if you’re anxious more to know  
Just come in by the gate.

*December, 1898.*

**A COUNTRY LAD’S OBSERVATIONS AT THE HIRING FAIR IN BALLYMENA.**

Weel, freens, A gat me tae the toon,  
Although big clouds were hoverin’ roon,  
An whiles an odd yin did come doon  
Tae we got drack’d;

Yet mony a sinburnt-luckin’ croon  
Seem’d tae be cracked.

The hale toon seemed tae be aware  
That Sethurday was Hiring Fair,  
And that form-servants wud be there  
For a big day,

Who meant tae hae a treat sae rare  
Wae six months’ pay.

I made my way up Castle Street,  
But nearly was knocked off my feet,  
And for tae rowl on clabb’r sheet  
Like some A sa’

A wudna’ min’ for they lucked weet,  
An’ worse thae ir fa’.

A watched some games o’ trick an’ chance,  
Which I could see at merest glance,  
Meant jist a lesson in finance,  
So strange to me.

And boys wha nivir learnt tae prance  
Ta’en a bull’s e’e.
Here and there wus a wee ban',
The centre-piece a big ould man,
What mak's his leevin' off the lan'
Without a doot;
Bit see him view the horny han'
'Ere he spak' oot.

"Tell me, my man, noo can you sow,
And can you milk, and plough, and mow,
And build a load of hay or stro'
For market day?
If you can do these things, say so
I'll fix your pay."

Then some yins want a servant lass
That des nae use the luckin'-glass,
But can dress butter that will pass
And tak the badge,
And hae wrists strong enough to mass
A prata fadge.
Oor Britain's claims wur nae forgot,
A'm sure the Sergant got a lot,
As he marched roon neat as a groat
Sae spick an' span;
And toul o' battles that wur fought
On sea and lan'.
The toon assumed its usual gait,
Folk mashing roon at née rate,
Each luckin' for thir ain dear mate
In blank despair;
And so may I if I keep blate
To the next Fair.

November, 1899.

HALLOWEVE.

Haleve comes bit yince a year,
The auld folks used to say;
So Wully axed me ower yin eve
To drink a cup o' tae;
So ower goes I, and, boys a dear,
We had a despür't time,
O' which I wush tae gie some hints
In this bit simple rhyme
On Haleve Nicht.

The table sure it almaist groan'd
Wae everything you'd name;
If anything wus left ava
It was nane o' oor blame;
The tableclaiith was then fouled up,
The fun it did begin,
I hope the tricks the youngsters played
Wur tainted not wae sin
That Haleve Nicht.

"Bless me," said I, "what noise is that?"
The door it got some slaps;
Said I, "If this ere hoose wus mine
I'd go'ot an' choke them waps."
Jest then we all begun tae sneeze,
No' yin o' us could speak—
The hoose it was completely filled
Wae pepper and tow reek
That Haleve Nicht.

As soon as this had cleared awa'
The big tub wur brung in,
Then for a red-cheek'd epple, 'od,
The dookin' did begin;
Anither yin swung frae the roof,
Beside a lichted split,
And many a bluidy mooth was got
By hanching for a bit
That Haleve Nicht.

A turnip peelin' was hung up
Withoot a crack or fla'—
An' yin young lad he ' it ' a her'n,
The heed and banes and a'.
Some roucht at tricks wae luckin' glass,
An' ithers wae a plate,
The hale idea was tae ken
Wha'd likely be their mate
Some Haleve Nicht.

Bit naethin' bate the burnin' nits,
And hoo they bleezed thegither,
'Twas very seldom, I should think,
They seemed tae like each ither;
But is the cause no' at the heart,
As some o' them hes nane,
And some hes bad and some hes guid,
And weer we no' the same
This Haleve Nicht?

October, 1900.
COORTIN'

A wonder noo, 'tween me an' you,
Whut can A say that's richt;
A sort o' fear, there's some that's dear,
Wha' thinks A'm rether tich.
A'm sure ye see, as well as me,
Young fellows wae their gal,
Either at nicht, or braid daylicht,
Afore that they ir twal.
An' oh, whut scenes whun in the teens,
Yin very aften sees;
A'll say nae mair, lest ye despaIr,
or think A'm tellin' lees.
At twunty boys and girls will toy,
Aye, try and dae whut's richt,
Whun one goes wrang, it's no' sae lang
Tae it comes tae the licht.
At twunty-yin young men will rin
The shaes richt aff their feet,
Tae get a crack, perhaps a smack,
F'rae yin that's sma' an' neat.
An' sae on, freens, young men hae d r ea ms
O' whar they'll yit arrive;
Until some day th e y 're bound tae say,
We're nearly twenty-five.
Time rins awa', an' lees us a',
I say, young men, make haste,
Or if you don't, she'll say " she won't,"
Whut joys ye'll niver taste.
An' sure we read, " It is nae guid
Fur man tae lieve alane;"'
Wha scorns this rule, is jist a fool
An' ten times waur than none.
A think A should jist now conclude,
An' what A wish is this,
That coortin' shall be tae us al',
A source o' joy and bliss.

December, 1901.

REPLY TO "YOUNG NUMMER."

Young Nummer, now, I lift my pen,
Although it is all rust, sir,
For writing is not in my line,
'Tis picking up gold dust, sir,
So, as you did not sign your name,
Or give your new address, sir,
I'll do the very best I can
To reach you, through the Press, sir,
By night or day.

I must not use this language now,
It is so up-to-date, sir,
That shame a word, I ever hear,
But " guess and calculate," sir,
And I'm as bad at writing verse—
Well, nearly as yourself, sir,
And I do think, that means to say,
That we are on the shelf, sir,
Both night and day.

Bit, onywie, let me noo say
That me and my dear wife, sir,
An' al' my guid, obedient weans
Ir weel, an' fu' o' life, sir,
It makes my heart sae terrible gled
Tae hear frae the ou ld place, sir,
That A wid like tae see ye a1'
Afore A end my race, sir,
At nicht or day.

Och! yis, A min' the guid auld times
We had at Wuds's bank, sir,
Luckin' for nits an' jet blak slaes—
The waal frae which we drank, sir,
The times we ginneled in the burn,
An' catch'd wee strickle-bags, sir,
When al' the claes on oor twa backs
Wid hardly a made rags, sir,
In this, oor day.
'Am gled tae hear ye can turn oot,  
Al’ colours, black an’ white, sir,  
An’ that ye second ir tae nane;  
Yer finish is sae bright, sir.  
An’ here’s guid speed yer “Cycling Club,”  
Yer “Young Folks’ Guild,” an’ a’, sir,  
As weel as those wha choose the sward,  
For “cricket,” or “fit-ba’,” sir,  
By nicht or day.

May al’ yer guid societies,  
“Temperance Ludge,” and Ban’, sir,  
Still upward merch wae rapid strides  
An’ ’ornament the lan’, sir.  
An’ may yer kirks, each Sabbath day,  
Be filled quite tae the door, sir,  
Wae livin’ folk that can sing Psalms,  
Ur hymns as aft afore, sir,  
By nicht or day.

The place ye pit the bad folk in,  
Tae try and mak’ them guid, sir,  
A doot it is that dreaded place  
That is kept for the deed, sir,  
Without the shaps ye cud nae live,  
Except ye had a store, sir,  
Bit, then, that lets the people see  
That two and two ir four, sir,  
On ony day.

A micht a’ telt ye hoo A fared  
Since left I the dear Maine, sir,  
Had A no’ hopes tae see ye at  
The guid “Auld Nummer” again, sir,  
So, if I am a leevin’ man,  
An’ has got a’ my bein’ sir,  
A’ll hae a wag o’ yer auld pa’  
Afore the flegis ir fleein’, sir,  
On the Twelt Day.

January, 1902.

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ME AN’ PEGGY.

My Peggy is as guid a wife  
As is alive the day,  
For she has saved a bit of gould  
Since the hens began to lay.

She axed me for tae go wae hir  
Intae the toon a run,  
An’ thereby hangs this comic yarn,  
That ought tae tak the bun.

Sure, Mrs. Jones, she kep’ the weans  
A course, they ir nae bad;  
We promised for tae fetch them toys  
If they wur tae be had.

The day wis dry, the road wis wat,  
Tae say the least 0’ it,  
An’ when Peg sa’ the cycles bump  
She nearly tuk a fit.

The “jarvies” wid hae picked us up—  
Civil without a doot;  
Bit then we mint tae walk it in,  
An’ mabbie trevel oot.

Noo, Peggy she grew desper’ like,  
An’ said, “Whar ir the hakers,  
The shammels whar they used to kant,  
Sell beef, an’ dulse, an’ cra’kers?”

Says I, “A think they’re up the toon,  
Devid in kin’ o’ shares,  
Bekase this place wis rether lo’  
For want o’ an upstairs.”

Peggy wanted a pot, a pan,  
The weans’ wee sailors suits,  
An’ A wuz almaist on the grun  
Fur want o’ hab-nail’d boots.

Bit we wur puzzled whar tae go  
Tae mak’ the cheapest dale,  
As al’ the shaps that we cud see  
Had each on a “cheap sale.”
We wur nae through a terrible shaps,  
Tae my heed it got dizzy  
Tryin' tae fin' oot whut on earth  
Cud keep these folk sae bizzy.
'Twas "Mr." here an' "Mistress" there—  
This tae their praise be wrote—  
We hae nae sa' sic' kindness since  
The last time o' the vote.
The guids ir marked wae kericters  
We never learnt tae spell.  
"Caveat emptor." shud be stamp'd  
On ivery thing they sell.
Av' course, that is their ain affair,  
A only jist remark ;  
As it is nae a lichtsome thing  
Tae be kep' in the dark.
We bocht the waens a nice fitba',  
A horse an' gaudy car—  
We wint as far as means alood,  
A course that wis nae far.
We met a lot o' niebers tae,  
An' we renew'd oor pledge,  
Bit thin they ir T.T.'s ye ken,  
Except ahint the hedge.
We had tae rin tae catch the train,  
Which nearly caused a spill—  
The nixt time that we ir in toon,  
We'r gan tae the " Fair Hill."

February, 1902.

ON THE HILL.

Ye min, A promised no lang since,  
Whun wather wid come roon,  
That me and hir, in oor ain wye,  
Wud be ba'k in the toon.
Since then the broken wather slapp'd,  
Despite the frost an' sna',  
Which was sae ticht A fairly thocht  
Wis gan' tae tak' us a'.
My ither half is comin' roon,  
Altho' she wis near deed,  
Wae that complaint sae hard tae cure,  
Which auld folk ca' the " weed."  
The storm it hurt the fowl a bit,  
Bit noo they'r daein' fine,  
An' promises tae pie fur al'  
Whun Sol gits 'cross the line.
The roads ir gettin' better tae.  
An' lang may they abide,  
A think we'll get thin dry, at least  
Wae the sin on oor side.
We had nae much in han's that day,  
So she sed, " Come awa'  
An' let us hae a run Hill·ward,  
'Twill kill an oor or twa.
A'm no weel up in bizzness yit,  
Except in a wee wie—  
A doot its hard tae buy and sell  
An' niver tell a lie.
We hard an' sa' a lot that day,  
O' much we did nae ken,  
There ir sae mony tricks, ye see,  
Jist known tae bizzness men.
A wunder whar the country folk  
Picked up sae muckle craft ;  
It's no' sae terrible lang ago  
Since they wur coonted saft.
Bit if ye want tae test them richt  
Jist strek up a bit dale,  
Fur a hae niver seen a " moke "  
Ahint a dunky's tail.
An' as fur al' the city folk,  
They ir abin comment ;  
If yince ye had yer ain wae thim,  
Keep min, its only lent.
A cud hint at some ither sets,  
Wee tricks that A sa' wrocht,  
Bit thin there ir nae lessons, sure,  
Like lessons that ir bocht.
Mony a wat day's on the Hill,  
A'll no' say yin wurd mair,  
Save that she exed me goin' hame,  
" Why Fair Hill wis cal'd fair ? "
March, 1902.
ANGLIN'

Fishin' is o' an early date—
Hoo early wha can say?
Some folk they think auld Edim fish'd
Afore he gaed astray.
A niver wus much guid mesel',
Altho' A hardly min';
It is sae lang since A began
Tae use the hook an' line.
The first A min' wis in the waal,
Wae threed an' bendit pin;
Whun, if a pike had hookit me,
It wid hae pued me in.
It's no lang since A telt ye that
A ginnel'd in the burn;
Bit thin that is nae la'fu' noo,
So A had got tae turn.
Yer no supposed tae grup the fish—
The fish they maun grup you;
So pit this rule in yer "flee book,"
An' save yersels a stew.
There's monie wies o' temptin' fish
Tae swally aff the hook;
A lot mair wies, ye may be sure,
Than is in ony book.
Here ir some wies A see folk fish,
At least in Braid an' Maine,
Whun best the time is thocht tae be
Just efter locks o' rain.
Some cast the flees o' ivery kin',
Especially the dry;
Bit ye maun keep weel oot o' sicht,
Or ye'll no' git a fry.
Some try the bab whun warm's the nichts;
Some make the minna spin,
Or push wurms intae the eel-holes,
Tae see if they ir in.

"Stewart's" tackle noo is much in vogue,
Wae bramlin' wurms or pink;
It wid nae do tae haud a whale,
Bit still it pies, A think.
An' as fur the fresh-water sharks,
Why, wha hes ony doot
That there is onything ava
They relish like a troot?
The water is in a commotion,
The fish in a hubbub,
Since they hard aboot the startin' o'
This murderous "Anglin' Club."
Bit that is jist the theory side;
The practical is this—
Is that ye get some tackle an'
Come oot an' learn tae fish.
An' catch as monie as ye can,
Only bit, by the by.
Watch an' niver kill a salmon,
Nor touch their modest fry.

March, 1902.

THE BICYCLE.

Whun A landit in this 'ere world
'Twus a perfit disgrace
Tae see hoo lang it tuk the folk
Tae creep frae place tae place.
Here ir some wies A see folk fish,
At least in Braid an' Maine,
Whun best the time is thocht tae be
Just efter locks o' rain.
Some cast the flees o' ivery kin',
Especially the dry;
Bit ye maun keep weel oot o' sicht,
Or ye'll no' git a fry.
Some try the bab whun warm's the nichts;
Some make the minna spin,
Or push wurms intae the eel-holes,
Tae see if they ir in.

March, 1902.
My wheels wur made wae saeson'd aesh,
Weel bun' wae iron straps;
An' all my ither perts wur strong,
An' proof aginst mishaps.

Bit intae iron soon A turned,
Grew intae yin big wheel,
Sae heich that those wha climbed me
Dismunted wae a squeal.

So thin A wus brocht doon a peg,
An' made a "cushion tyre,"
That those wha rid upon my baak
Their feet micht touch the mire.

Wae a' A did nae please the folk;
They murmured aboot the bump,
An' sed, "Ye micht as veel ride on
A three-legg'd ass's rump."

An' A got sae hard tae push,
Some folk thocht A wus slow;
So thin A wus transformed agin,
An' noo is al' the go.

A'm ivery bit a patentee,
Up frae the very grun',
Wae tangint spokes an' hollo' rims,
An' tyres filled wae win';

An' al' my bearin's rin in baals,
A'm geer'd tae yin-not-yin;
Bit thin they brake me ivery shape
Tae keep me oot o' sin.

A wud nae hae bin worth a fig,
Nor had sic' a guid name,
If th' ladies had nae fancied me
An' brocht me intae fame.

Yit still the folk they sit on me,
They tramp me left an' richt,
An' pit me ower these despirt roads,
Wae al' their well-trained micht.

A think my freen's micht pass a la',
Whun the roads ir sae bad,
An' let me go alang wae thin,
Whuriver there's a pad.

An' jumpy lines that hae nae pads,
Like those aboot the "Toors,"
Thin vote fur men tae pit yins doon.
Wha says they shall be oors.

Thin a'll tak' ye frae sweet Belfast,
Frac Carnlough, an' frae Lern',
Frac Cushendall an' fair Portrush,
An' dae ye little herm;

An' frae alang the great Bann shore,
Thin le'e ye safely bak',
Efter A warm yer jackets weel,
On Ireland's best track.

April, 1902.

We have been paid various compliments from time to
time in regard to the extensive local and general information with which we, to the best of our ability, en­deavour to supply our numerous readers week after week, but perhaps the following may be taken as the latest testimonial (in rhyme) to our earnest efforts in this direction.—(Note by Editor "B.E.T."

THE "BALLYMENA WEEKLY TELEGRAPH."

The wunter noo is deed an' gaun, its grave wae gress is green,
An' as far as the e'e can reach naethin' bit life is seen.
The farmes hes got in their craps, the seed was covered dry,
So noo wae thin we're waiting fur the reapin' by and by.
The roads ir bad fur cyclin' or traction ins tae,
But thin one evenin' wus sae fine A wunner'd whut A'd dae.
Jist thin the thocht occured tae me—no a' thegither new—
That A wud tak a stroul alang the nice Maine water broo,
So fur tae wile awa' the oors A taen my fishing rig,
Bit a' the roots A got that nicht they wur nae worth a fig,
Fur A sut doon upon the bink tae watch the sin retire,
When there arose in my min's e'e a Nymph in prett attire,
Wha flatter'd me a guid wee dale, an' sed A had a name,
Fur which A kindly thankit hir an' hop'd she had the same.

She led me off—an', dae ye hear, A nivver see'd hir match;
A think it is nae rang tae say tae hir all ither's scratch.
She taen me roon a' the big croons an' monarchs big an' wee,
An' interduced the biggest wigs o' all the poors that be.
She taen me intae Parliament, she had me at the bar,
An' brocht me tae South Africa tae see that Judas war.
Assizes, sessions, coorts o' la', she kens thin ivery yin,
An' all the Gerdians o' the Poor wae much their noise an' din.

In "Civil Service" she is first; the same wae jokes and yarnt.
She tells the fermer if he reads hoo he can fill his barns.
As weel as hoo the markets rate, an' hoo tae git a ferm.
She says there's naethin' like the truth, lit it dae guid or herm.
She kens whun folk comes tae this wurl', an' whun they go awa',
An' ony odd yins that gits wed according tae the la',
She gid me all the "fitba' notes," "hockey," "golf," an' "cricket."
An' sed whun "ping-pong" was richt play'd it was nae yin bit wickit.
She felt me aboot "cyclin' clubs," an' hoo tae git a bike,
An' that if A wud go be hir A wud git ocht A'd like.
There's no a thing she dis nae ken in this wide wurl' o' oors,
Although she still keeps weel in min' the folk about the "Toors."
A ventur'd fur tae ax hir name, bit she jist gaen a laugh,
An' sed she had a famous yin—"The Weekly Telegraph."

May, 1902.

PHRENOLOGY.

Phrenology, A understand,
Means science o' the heed,
An' if ye doot the truth o' it
Jist study up this scree.

'Tis strange A know that we can tell
Sae near jist whut yin is,
By simply strokin' doon the hair
Tae feel whut bumps ir riz.

These bumps ir placed in groups, A learn't,
A' over the human brain,
An' each o' thin's distinguished by
A big heich flowin' name;
The skull itsel' is in eicht bits,
Bit weel dove-tailed thegither,
An' it is by the shape they taak
That we ken yin inither.
An' it is by the skin an' hair
That we ken what's below it;
Bit thin it tak's ye a lang time
Afore that ye can know it.
A heavy brain means somethin', tae,
As weel as its guid shape,
The scales with which it is richt weigh'd
Ir jist a line o' tape.

Oor heed is like a honey-came
Wae twa-an'-forty cells,
Each section has an organ got
As tenant there he dwells.
We hae got tae lern wae patience
Whar each o' thin resides,
Fur they ir placed on front an' baak,
The tap an' baith the sides.

A' try an' mention some o' thin,
Commencing at the eyes.
"Calculation," "Order," "Colour,"
"Language," "Form," an' "Size,"
An' that which min's a face,
"Immediately," "Located," are
Sic things in a' the race.
A "Venerable," "Benevolence,"
Wae "Human Nature" fair,
"Agreeableness," "Causality,"
An' "Mirthfulness" compare.
An "Imitation," "Marvellous,"
A "Hope" that is "Sublime,"
A "Cautious," "Conscientiousness"
Of a "Destructive" crime.
A "Concentrative," "Self-esteem,"
"Firm" "Approbativeness,"
"Combative," "Philoprogenitiveness,"
"Friendship," "Secretiveness,"
"Acquire," "Alimentiveness,"
"Union," an' "Love of Life,"
"Inhabitive," "Amativeness,"
Gars some folk taak a wife.
So when ye git all these by heart,
An' bump wae bump compare,
Kens the effect they hae on folk,
A' thin gie ye some mair;
A hope we'll all be able freens
Tae read folk tae a T,
Afore we stap the study o'
This great phrenolo-gee.

June, 1902.

PADDY AT THE FRONT.

Friends, when the war broke out down South,
Which brewed for many years,
"I'm blessed," says Pat, "go as it may,
I'll join the Volunteers."
So off he goes, and let me say
Six feet of better stuff
Has never left our own green isle
Than Paddy dressed in "buff."

Now we'll let Paddy speak himself
In language learnt in youth,
I'm sure that he has altered far
If he tells aught but truth.

"A liked the trip tae the berriks;
But that soon flew aside,
Whun A wus pit on a horse's back
Tae see if A cud ride.

"A learnt tae stab wae a rifle,
An' tae cut wae a sword;
The wie tae paak up my ludgins,
An' hoo tae kerry my board.

"We marched aff tae Southampton big,
In military shape,
An' got aboard a great big ship,
That tuk us tae the Cape.

"The voyage it was glorious,
A think we had some fun;
These chaps ir up tae ivery game
Under the shinin' sun.

"Some sang o' love, an' some o' war;
Ithir yins drank a toast,
Bit A shouted in ecstasy—
' Kruger will pie the roast.'

"By all that's lovely, said I,
Here's tae ye ivery yin;
If this is whut the folk ca's war,
A'm sure A'l no gie in.

"Bit whun landed, things much altered,
An' we had got tae stap—
Some yin blundered; others wonder'd;
Bit we wur in the trap.

"Tae be shot by a Judas herd
That wus hid in a hole,
Wus mair than ony Britisher
Wus iver born tae thole.

"So whun we got thim ferrited,
We papped thim as they ran,
Until they lay like lumps o' clay
Upon the burnin' san'
"We galloped aff tae Kimberley,
An' brocht tae thin relief,
Least ony o' the 'Diamon' lads
Shud fin' thimens in grief.

"We thin relieved gallant Sir George
Frae Lady-Smith's embrace,
Bit he held on sae well tae hir
That sure he won the case.

"An' B.P.' o' manoeuvre fame,
So jist whun we were oot
We guid a cal', no that he cared,
While there wur Boers tae shoot.

"Through rivers, spruits, an' passes,
Ower veldts, an' heich kopgees,
We niver halted till we brocht
Auld Kruger tae his knees.

"Pray if iver he gits aff thim,
That he an' Mr. Steen,
Will be twa loyal subjects o'
His Majesty the King.

"The end has come, and peace we see—
We do not wish to craw—
We'll back get tae auld Ireland—
Three cheers : Hip, hip, harra !

"Tae see our bonnie Irish girls,
Wae their sweet smilin' faces,
An' dae the very best we can
Tae keep in their guid graces.

"A medal may be struck for some,
Bit some ir struck wae leid ;
'Tis true they fill a soldier's grave,
Bit a' the same they're deid.

"Whut lives micht there no hae been spared
Had he that is awa *
Made all these surly Southerners
Adhere to British la'.

"Noo, here's tae all oor officers,
Commissioned or no',
Wha's no afraid wae sword in han'
Tae lead against the foe.

*The late W. E. Gladstone.

"An here's tae the hale emny, boys,
The bravest e'er was seen ;
Ever at hand whun duty calls
Fur country and fur King.

"Bit let us pray fur that blest day
Which we see near at han',
When peace shall reign supremely
Both on the sea and lan'."

**June, 1902.**

These lines were written apropos of the cessation of hostilities in South Africa, which caused such universal joy over the land.—A.I.

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**A TRIP TAE PORTRUSH.**

"A say, ir ye fur the school trip?
Wae the local powers that be,
Doon tae the ' Northern Brighton '
That's big'd at the lip o' the sea ? "$
That was the question o' questions,
Sae current aboot this the year,
So noo if ye exercise patience
The answer A'll sure lit ye hear.

Ye ken that the tickets cum handy,
A think that is only bit fair,
As each manly kin o' a scholar
Is supposed tae buy just a pair;
The ban' led us up tae the station,
A think it wus nae a sin
The playing o' "Wait fur the waggon"
As oor train came rumblin' in.

The railway officials ir civil,
An' soon got us fixed tae a man
On a train that wur jist like a parlour
Wae carpets an' cushions sae gran'
My wurd bit the journey wur jolly,
Apparently far ower short,
Har'ly haein' time tae think ony
Til' landed all doon at the Port.
Frae whar some gid tae the "Cassy,"
Wha say that the place is nae sham;
An' niver enjoyed ocht afore
Like the ride on the 'lectric tram;
Some got a draucht at the wee waal,
An' wud thin wae giants compare;
Mabie its nae bizznes of mine
Whut the young yins wished in the chair.

A coorse the maist o' the scholars
Continted thimsel's at the Port,
An' tried the game o' tae-drinkin' twice—
Sure nae yin objects tae that sport;
The wee yins got prizes fur rinnin';
The bigger yins walk'd on the san';
A think we played at all the games
That was iver invinted by man.

"The Duke o' York's ten thousand men,
They wur nither up nor doon",
"Mair than the Miller made his grab
As the wheel wint roon an' roon",
"Mony a yin A sa' that day
Wus ie kep' the himmaist o' three";
'Twas rinnin' roon an' roon the ring
That went richt fur the likes o' me.

Some hung aboot wae the 'Minstrals,'
An' smil'd tae their sides wur baith sore;
Some ither's lay maist o' the day
On the beautiful hill, called "Ramore."
We had tae say "Guid-nicht, Portrush",
An' change frae the blue tae the green,
Bit as we did we heartily sang
"God save oor new King an' oor Queen."

Teachers an' superintindint
Sure whun ye git up above,
Ye'll all be amply rewarded,
Fur this your sweet labour o' love.
An' may all the Sunday school scholars
Leeve up tae the lessons laid doon,
Luck backward an' forward wae pleasure
Tae the "Trips" as they yearly come roon.

August, 1902.

On the evening of the 11th inst., a very interesting
function took place in Cullybackey, when the representa-
tives of the numerous friends and admirers of the Rev.
Andrew Fallon (who accepted a unanimous call recently
to Clapton Church, London—an important charge) made
him the recipient of a beautifully-illuminated address
and well-filled purse of sovereigns. Mr. Fallon, while
in Cullybackey, thraw himself heart and soul into any
movement connected with the advancement and welfare
of the neighbourhood, and the high respect and esteem
in which he and his amiable partner, Mrs. Fallon, are
held in the village and district, are testified to in the
following lines:—

TO THE REV. ANDREW FALLON (LATE OF
CULLYBACKEY), CLAPTON, LONDON.

Reverend an' dear sir, it wus
Wae sorrow deep an' true,
We heard the news the ither day
We wur for loosin' you.
'Tis true yer stie wae us wus brief,
Bit since we grupt yer han'
We aye in ye a real freen fun',
A minister, a man.

Whut guid caas hae ye no befreen'd
Aboot this strivin' place,
Far mair than ony mortal man
Is competent tae trace.

Wha iver wanted ony aid,
Ur sought fur clearer licht,
That ye did nae dae aI' ye cud
Tae try an' put thim richt.

Yer sermons, an' yer lect'rs, sir,
'Al' had the Gospel ring,
On the beautiful hill, called "Ramore."

Teachers an' superintindint
Sure whun ye git up above,
Ye'll all be amply rewarded,
Fur this your sweet labour o' love.
An' may all the Sunday school scholars
Leeve up tae the lessons laid doon,
Luck backward an' forward wae pleasure
Tae the "Trips" as they yearly come roon.

August, 1902.
Ye hae oor wishes best, an' prayers
Fur a lang, happy life;
An' whut we wish fur you, dear sir,
We wish your much-loved wife.
The little token o' esteem
We know ye will haud dear,
As it will keep fresh in yer minds
The times ye had up here.

Clapton, the fair favour'd, noo,
Oor loss great is theIr gam,
Yit, sir, we hope ye'll no' fursake
"The City on the Maine."

September, 1902.

HOO A LEARNT TAE FIDDLE.

Tae al' that read my simple screed
In this sae great a paper,*
A hope that ye will pardon me
Fur cuttin' sae much caper;
A try tae write an' mak it bright
Wae hamely illustration,
A want tae cherm an' dae nae herm,
In spite o' rank or station.
Fur music's cheer A had an ear
Since first A hard the rattle,
It drives awa bad sperits a',
An' helps yin fecht the battle;
Sure it hes cherms whun in its ems
Wae me hi did did diddle,
So lissen noo, A'll tell ye hoo
A learnt tae play the fiddle.

A fiddle shud be made o' wud,
An' shap'd jist like yin's sel'
Wae a' complete, save han's an' feet,
An' soon as ony bell;
A hard it say'd the first yin made—
Mabie A only read it—
That we shud al', baith great an' small,
Gae "Jubal" all the credit.

* Ballymena Weekly Telegraph.

September, 1902.
A LOVE LETTER.

Excuse me, please, fur sendin’ these
Few lines to you, my dear;
’Tween me an’ you that they ir true
Ye need nae hae a fear.

Some think it rang tae sing a sang,
Bit A maun sing o’ thee,
Where’er A go, ’mang high ur low
Yer equal A can’t see.

Wae form sae roon, an’ hair sae broon,
An’ pritty dimpled cheeks,
An’ e’en sae true, sparklin’ like dew,
That o’ yer virtue speaks.

An’ yer nice taak an Christyin waak
A’m sure they dae agree;
Bit yer sweet smile is sic’ in style
It flabbergasted me.

A hope tae see you, sweet machree,
Mair than A’ve heretacore;
A love tae hear the lauch, an’ cheer
Frae yer abundant store.

A need nae say aucht mair the day,
No kennin’ whit’s my fate;
Ur if A iver shall enjoy
That happy ” medium ” state.

October, 1902.

REPLY TO “A LOVE LETTER.”

“ Young Nummer,” dear, I’m glad to hear
You through the ” Telegraph,”
Although you write so impolite
It often makes me laugh.

Your last few lines so fit the times
And give me the ” go-by,”
’Tis only fair, and keeps us square,
To write you this reply.

At Hel’cons stream you fain would dream;
But dreams will not woo me;
”Tis acts sublime, and not mere rhyme,
We girls wish most to see.

My heart is new, my tongue is true,
Mine is the Christian walk—
Well, some I know, have greater show,
When all they do is talk.

My form is roun’, my hair is brown,
My eyes clear as the day—
Your hair, I fear, at least I hear,
Will soon be getting grey.

And my sweet smile is such in style
It flabbergasteth you.
You shall relate, if you keep blate,
” Obsquashilation” too.

You love to hear the laugh and cheer
From my abundant store,
If that is true, how strange that you
Can keep so far ashore.

You talk of fate and medium state;
Here’s what I say to this—
Don’t leave your state to cruel fate,
But change my name from Miss.

October, 1902.

UNPLEASANT BUSINESS.

Contiguous to the River Maine
Live three good farmer men,
The youngest one of whom has reach’d
Full three-score years and ten.

Quite recently their clergy called
Who knew them all his life,
He hinted that he thought it time
Some of them had a wife.

To which old Geordie made reply—
” He thocht he widna min’,
Bit that his younger brither micht
Dae somethin’ in that line.”
Bit thoughtful Sammy shook his head,
A man opposed to strife,
Suggested that young Alick cud
Tak tae himsel' a wife.

"Deed sang A'll no," Alick bal'd oot,
"I wud far rither dee;
Besides its odd unpleasant jabs
Ir al' shoved on tae me."

November, 1902.

CHRISTMAS.

Some poets sing o' gentle spring,
The primrose, an' the daisy,
Ithers will rhyme o' simmer time
Until they're almoist crazy;
A'tum' sae broon ithers will croon
As bein' the best sayson,
Bit wunter drear few haud it dear—
Perhaps they hae some rayson.

The sayson's al' baith het an' caul',
Each has got some attraction,
Thin as ye read this simple screed,
Och, exercise reflection;
Sure in the spring the birdies sing,
The cuckoo calls in simmer,
The a'tum's sin shud gar each yin
Prepare fur wunter's glimmer.

Wunter sae sad is nae sae bad,
Since we hae C'ris'mas in it,
Which mirry time, A wish in rhyme
Tae tell ye hoo we spin 'it;
The wurd A gess jist means heich mess
In mem'ry o' that guid Yin
What came doon here oor hearts tae cheer,
An' save us frae oor great sin.

On C'ris'mas eve oor weans believe
Thir faith shud ne'er be brockin',
That "Santa Claas despite him's flaas
Vul' tum an' fill each stockin'.'
An' the wee waens ir nae their lanes,
Fur bigger yins like money,
Though fancy kerds wae kin' regers
Will gar a heap feel funny.

In at the "Toors" fur sev'ral 'oors,
Afore the day gets lichtit,
The bells ir rung an' carols sung
Until the city's richtit:
Thin put we by the breakfast pie
Wae al' its fancy layers,
The auld yins then thir wye will wen'
Tae church tae say thir prayers.

But Jock an' Jim o' sturdy lim',
Wully, an' Hugh, an' Sammie,
Joseph, an' Ned, Alek, an' Fred,
Herry, an' George, an' Tammie.
Tae whussels toot we al' turn'd oot,
Conducted by M'Whinny,
An' had a while in proper style,
O' guid auld-fashion'd "shiny."

Thin hame we cum jist like a drum,
Emp'y an' jist as soonin',
The goosie squar'd whun it was shar'd,
An' shame a tooth wus stoonin' ;
Thin at a mark we shot tae dark
Wae rifles o' Queen Annies,
Whun got we baak we wur as blaak
As niggers—least as tawnies.

We spent the rest, which wur the best,
Amang the bonnie lasses,
So noo ye know, 'mid rain ur snow,
The wie oor C'ris'mas passes;
A hope this yin shant be ahin'
Wae joys galore an' hearty laff,
That the New Year may bring guid cheer
Tae al' that read " The Telegraph."

December, 1902.
It is almost needless to inform the perusers of the pages of this journal that Fenaghy is picturesquely situated on the river Maine, within easy distance of the now flourishing and progressive village of Cullybackey. This beautiful spot, richly endowed by nature’s charms, and forming in summer a picture and a sight once witnessed never to be forgotten, belongs to Mr. W. Young, J.P., who, with Mrs. Young and their greatly esteemed family, may be said to be known "both near and far" for marked benevolence, as well as for kindness and courtesy of the most genuine type. Mr. Young has done much in the interest and prosperity of the neighbourhood, and in this laudable object he has succeeded in a most eminent degree. His name is deeply honoured wherever it is spoken of, and by none is it more highly cherished and loved than by the people of Fenaghy and Cullybackey. These verses give the reader a fair idea of the incomparable beauties of this delightfully wooded and romantic-looking spot, which we are pleased to know as (Ed. B.W.T.)

FENAGHY.

The Indian loves the prairie wild,
The sailor loves the sea,
The Irish love their native sod,
Fur which we would all dee.

"Isle of the Saints," sae fresh an' fair,
"The first gem o' the sea"
Ye hae nae got anither place
That copes wae Fenaghy.

Contiguous flows the river Maine,
Wae gracefu' curve an' sweep;
An' dancin' ower its rocky bed
It hurries tae the deep.

It gars the wheels spin roon wae speed,
As diz its sister Braid,
Whun joined their han's al' ither streams
Ir swept intae the shade,
As strowl I aft alang the broo',
Tae fish, or maybe rhyme,
Thus spen' I mony pleasant days,
Whun warm's the simmer time.

On verdant bank, weel wuddit in,
By foliage bright an' green,
There Fenaghy Hoose majestic stands—
Fit mansion for a queen.

Fur hill an' mount, fur vale an' dell,
Fish-pon' an' shady nook,
Ye may fin' sic' anither place;
Bit printit in some book.

The road is rooff wae stately trees
Of beech, that shade the walk;
And mony a couple here have strayed
Tae hae sweet lovers' talk.

Nae tongue can tell, nae pen describe,
Nae mortal e'en can see,
A fairer place in all the world
Than dear, sweet Fenaghy.

January, 1903.

FOOTBALL.

Wha invintit fit-ba' kickin'
Is a thing A dae nae know
Tho' some blame auld Eddim fur it
In the gerdin lang ago,
When his wife gid him the eppil
That he kicked til' he was sore,
Efter which his e'en was apin'd,
An' A think ye ken the score.

So thin doon through al' the ages
Games hae aye been much in vogue,
An' hae bin as muckle pleasure
Tae the saint as tae the rogue.
Let us lave the ancient ' Grecian,'
An' the cruel sports o' Spain;
Try an' pit a bit mair sperit
In the yins we term "oor ain."
Since we've got oor gintle "hockey,"
   Even a young ladies' club,
An' a coortin' place fur "tinnis"
   Wae sweet "ping-pong" as a sub;
We hae plains fur linkin' "golfers,"
   An' green "cricket" fiel's for a',
Bit we pit these in a corner
   When we start tae kickin' ba'.

We pit on sae little clothin'  
That we much resemble ants
As we flee fra' "posts" tae pillar,
Drest in fancy shirt and pants;
Each team hes a name suggestive
   O' the sort o' men they are;
Still we hae nae hard much lately
   O' the famous "Risin' Star."

"Swift" as "Arrows" "Celtic" "Wander;"
"Rangers" "Strollin'" nixt the goal;
The "Crusaders" an' "Olympic"   
"De-fendin'" strong wae "Hearts" an' sole;"
Sure the muntin' "Hills" ir risin',
Noo the battle on the heights,
We ir watchin' wae some interest,
   As we say "Go on the 'Whites.'"

Some kick only on the freenly
   Fear will gar some ither scratch,
Ithers they ir aye protestin' 
   Shud they chance tae lose a match;
Ithers kick al' like true sportsmen,
   An' adhere tae orders la'
Which A wud jist say as "final"
   Is acknowledged guid fit-ba'.

_A gaed tae church the ither day, bit no tae doze an' nod,
Like monie ither that I've seen, wha say they worship God.
Whilst there A hard oor much-loved freen, whas weel-worn locks ir grey,*
Preach yin o' his guid sermons gran', wae truth clear as the day.
He sid: "Belov'd, lissen tae what happen'd lang ago,
As sut a blin' man exin' alms ootside o' Jericho,
Yin day he sut, as aft afore, wae trim'lin', oot-streech'd han',
Beseechin' al' wha past that wye tae help a poor blin' man;
Bit hark! a strange soon' met his ears, a soon' wae hope replete,
He knew a big crowd wus at han' by thud o' mony feet,
Whun fun' he oot whut caused the crowd, he got whut some thocht rude,
As there an' thin, wae faith an' hope, he shouted strong an' loud,
Bit this at first displeased some wha wanted nae fuss there,
An' sherply bid him haud his peace; but he cried oat the mair.
The words he used ir words indeed fur al' wha canie see—
'Oh David's iver-blissid Son, hae mercy thou on me.'
Jist thin oor blissid Lord stud still; O whut a change on al'
As He enjoined the people near on the blin' man tae cal',
Thin noo perhaps the self-same man wha tried tae stap his cries
Wur first tae say, 'Be o' guid cheer; He calleth thee. Arise.'
Wae speed aff wint his garment auld, which only wus a dud,
An' came to Christ jist on the spot the best wie that he cud,
   iso The late Rev. F. Buick, Ahoghill.
Wha sweetly said, in wondrous love, 'What can A dae fur thee?'
Replied the blin' man, eagerly, 'Dear Lord, that A micht see.'
Then Jesus sid, 'Go on thy way; thy faith hath made thee whole.'
He got his sight, an' followed Christ, anither guid saved soul.'

The moral draan was like tae this: "That those wha hae nae licht
Shud imitate that wise blin' man, an' cum' an' git thir sight;
An' follow Christ through sun an' shade, nur fail tae 'Watch an' pray,'
So that thir path may mair an' mair grow like the perfect day."

February, 1903.

LOVE.

A think love is the strangest thing
Inside ur oot the toon,
It makes mony a crafty man
Intae a doatin' loon.

It taaks awa' the wul' he had,
Rayson has thin nae la';
His heart is broken intae bits
If it is there, ava.

He canna sleep in bed at nicht
He goes bit fur tae dream;
He thinks he sees his darlin' yin,
An' wakes up wae a scream.

Thin lees him quite his appetite,
His health begins tae fail,
The cheeks that wur yince fat an' rid,
Ir gettin' thin an' pale.

The doctors thin ir called upon,
An' bitter bottles gee;
They order him a change o' air,
Ur otherwise he'll dee.

This seeknis' bates the doctor's skill,
Wae al' his pills an' drugs;
A hard a woman say yin time
"They wrocht this cherm wae hugs."

True love has mony substitutes,
Some o' thim hard tae test;
A think the yins that glitter maist
Ir only whiles the best.

A doot it is the clergymen
That brings this love tae licht;
He ties the knot, an' knots the tie
That seems a wee bit ticht.

The maist true lovin', happy pair
Hae thir wee squibs ye see;
Thin baith sides shud own up thir faults,
An' peety an' furgee.

When luck A roon' 'mang some A know,
Tae thir shame, be it said;
The love they had when they wur young
Took wing whun they got wed.

A know it is nae always thus,
Some stagger, others faal;
Bit ower few can truly say
We stan' an' hae din al'.

March, 1903.

THE TWALT O' JULY.

A wish, belov'd, jist at this time
Tae tell ye in a simple rhyme,
Altho' a har'ly see a styme,
Some folks may say;
A think tae write is nae a crime
On the Twalt Day.

A know mysel' A'm no' weel up,
Bit al' the same A ken the gruip,
An' drank oot o' the "mystic" cup,
Altho' in stealth.

Tae al' wha iver ta'en that sup,
Here's yer guid health.
Noo, if thro' hist'ry we wud dander,
An' lit oor simple min's jist wander,
It strecks me that we w u d nae squander
The wie we dae.

Bit, och, A'm aff intae a rander
On the Twalt Day.

Twa hunner years ago, ur mair,
This isle o' oors wus har'ly square,
Bit Wullie cam' an' made it fair
Wae guid, just laas.

Think o' the battles he foucht sair
Fur freedom's caas.

Few o' us min' the turn-oot fecht
That taen place here in ninety-eicht,
A wud nae like tae be ower strecht,
Bit ye al' ken
The civil side had nae the weicht
Fur soger men.

Parli'ment thin, some writers say,
Had ither jabs across the bay,
That wud be likely fur to pay,
So did they judge;
Thin started Bill wae Peep-o'-Day
An' Orange Ludge.

Whas rules hae naethir crook nur fla',
The Order is o' Scripture's la';
The men ir—weel, a need nae bla',
Some ither's may;
The women, sure they dae bate a'
On the Twalt Day.

A love tae hear the drums rowled weel
Tae fifes' inspir'tin' tones—A feel
The ban's wud cherm the heart o' steel,
They're clear an' bright.

Tae see the gran' merch tae the fiel'
Is a fine sicht.

The colours ir o' ancient date,
Fur purple, blue, an' scarlet mate;  
The flags an' banners ir first-rate,
An' sashes tae;
A think we hae nae ocht can bate
A guid Twalt Day.

Bit nae odds whar a body skoors,
They fin' nae place like at the "Toors,"
Nur a district like this o' oors,
At tapmaist rung,
Beca's nae master has the poors
O' G. C. Young.

Bit efter that we're al' the same,
Altho' I think we ir the crame;
Ye love the folk at yer ain hame,
The same as me;
An' try tae bring thin intae fame,
So may it be.

Thin, as the Twalt Day diz come roon,
Aye watch an' dae nae crack yer croon;
Bit strive tae keep ill-feelin' doon,
Like men, A say;
We shall be then at the bricht noon
O' the Twalt Day.

So further noo a maunnae rin;
Bit if mair news ye want tae fin',
The "Telegraph" is no' ahin'—
Thin hear its say;
It gees maist news, baith oot an' in,
O' the Twalt Day.

July, 1903.

GLENARIFF GLEN.

When Nature's dame got lave tae frame
This earth, and maak it gran'
She wrocht some time hir ert sublime
Athoot the aid o' man.

Bit sad tae say, in this oor day
Rale nature is near deed;
'Tis somethin' fast that dis nae last
Which seems tae taak the lead.

A dae nae fau't, the mair o' that,
What great men hae fun' oot
That helps oor race tae go apace,
Which dis, A hae nae doot.
The wunders great ir sivin nate,
But that is har'ly strecht;
Glenariff Glen, by guid wise men,
Is coonted number eicht.
Thin come awa, come yin an',
Doon by the mines galore;
Come as ye like, by rail or bike,
Bit git ye tae Parkmore.
Show yer ticket at the wicket,
Or fork oot yer nate six-D—
A think that lasses shud get passes
Through this fairyland quite free.
Hurroo! How glad; we're on the pad
To view the splendid vale;
So luck about fur Patrick's troot,
Which noo shud be a whale.
The trees ir drest in a' thir best,
An' form a gorgeous shade,
Where we at least can tru ly feast
Oor een on each cascade.
Whar falls the water wae a splatter,
Awa' far doon alo';
The noise an' mist gar us feel blist
As merchin' on we go.
Ower rustic erch, which by the perch
Bespans from near tae far,
Keep min' A pray, all honour's tae
The B. an' N.C.R.
Bewildered noo, we come in view
O' that great hoose fur tay;
We hae a cup that cheers us up,
An' helps us on our way.
Gees strength tae clim' richt lithe o' lim'
The rugged muntins wil',
Wharfrae ye see, wae naked e'e
The valleys as they smile.
An' as ye glower, ponder ower,
Like weemen guid, an' men;
Ye'll see the handiwork o' God
In sweet Glenariff Glen.

Girls I Hae Met.

I hope, fair yins, ye'll pardon me,
Shud I say ocht bit richt
In this bit scribble o' a thing,
Which niver may see licht;
I want ye all in this tae keek
An' trust ye'll no' forget
Tae larn this day some lessons frae
The girls that I hae met.
I need nac wee yins mention
That's no yit in thir teens,
Altho' a yarn is aften spun
Aboot these little queens;
O' hoo each forms hir ain wee hoose,
Which she hauds dear as life;
"That points," one says, "to happy days
When she shall be a wife."
I met yin on a bicycle
That folk thocht had gid mad,
They sid "her modesty had fled;"
An' cal'd hir "desprit bad;"
Bit girls hae alter'd far since then,
Lit folk say what they like,
The girls I kno', baith heich an' lo',
Mann hae a free-wheel bike.
I mention nixt some dressy girls
Wha left this place o' ours,
An' learned tae dae nae yin knows what
Somewhar aboot the "Toors;"
I peety sic' wae al' my heart,
Nae metter what's thir creed;
That's better for a dress'd up "star"
Than bakin' soda breed.
I hae met yins cal'd "city-breds,"
As I hae strowl'd aroon',
An' thinks a gull has little share
Wae girls about a toon;
The shorter time they hae bin there
It maaks thim al' the waur,
Fur ivery yin in spite o' sin
Wul' be a shinin' star.

July, 1903.
The big-hoose servants that I've met,
Why, boys, they dae bate a',
An' gar the quality go plain
Or no' be kent ava;
They shift aboot frae place tae place
"'Tween Beersheba an' Dan,"
An' a' thir micht by day ur nicht,
Each strives tae won a man.

At thir ain hames I hae met some
Wha's no asham'd tae ferm;
The mair its no jist dainty work,
It daes them little herm;
An whun they goo't, as aft they dae,
They're no' the sort that spurn
Tae tak' a joke frae decent folk
An' gie yin in return.

An' factory girls o' ivery sort
Ir tae be met wae aft;
If them ye think a colour green,
Keep min' that they're nae saft.
I'm saft on yin I've lately seen,
She walked wae lovely grace,
And hir an' me ma' ye wedded be
An' walk through life's fair race.

September, 1903

REPLY TO "GIRLS I HAE MET."

I read, dear sir, some time ago
A rhyme in your great paper,
You know the author of it was
"A Bachelor of C-aper."
Who writes a sort of comic verse,
In semi-doric phrasy,
About some girls that he has met—
Which shows the man is crazy.

Since then I have been taking notes,
But dare not " kick the ' traces,'"
By promulgating what I've seen
In quite a lot of places.
A hint, I hope, will now suffice,
As I am bad at writing,
And hate to stir up spleen or strife
Or aught akin to fighting.

But do not like to hear " the sex"
To which I do belong, sir,
Caricatured and made the butt
For ribald jest and song, sir;
Small wonder, then, when I think on
What " Bachelor " related
My indignation knows no bounds—
I get " conflusterated."

One he met manipulated
Like a man a free-wheel bike;
He term'd some other ones as dressy,
Lazy, handless, and the like;
E'en the factory girls so famous
Draw from him an epithet;
And " city-breds " are designated
'Mong the girls that he has met!

How preposterous his effusion,
E'en a libel on the muse,
Bid him cease this inculcating
Of his misogamistic views,
Which, I think, are all concocted
Just to try to cause a fuss—
Could his " granny " be a woman
When he thus belittles us?

Lastly, now, let me remind him
Of the blinding beam and motes,
And to keep well in his cranium
'Tis not girls who sow wild oats;
Despite his " andante verba,"
All sarcastic as they are,
I hope some fair one will take pity
On this isolated star.

October, 1903.
FREE TRADERS VERSUS PROTECTION.

Yin nicht last week I taen a keek
Intae oor Young Men's Hall, sir,
Protection v. oor Trade sae Free—
'Twas thocht some yin wud fal', sir.

A. Dreen, J.P. I soon cud see,
In chair that's big resided;
He acted fair, yit made it bare
That he was quite decided.

Free Trade J. Keenan show'd the meanin'
O' a' that policy in words,
That fur hittin', wur beftinn',
For the Upper Hoos e Lords.

Sammy Fiskil crack'd h's pistil,
Which wur cherg'd wae tariff shell,
That exploded, an' reloaded
Far mair guns that I can tell.

Greenwud Ja'key, Cullyba'key,
Sid thin wae rhetoric power,
He clearly sa', without a thra',
That twice twa wuz only fower.

Some ither s spoke in jibe or joke,
Which wus baith guid an' funny;
Some wanted wheels, some wanted queels,
Bit "Bab" a bag o' money.

Thin Mister Sec. did vengeance 'reck
Upon Free Trade selections,
An' rul'd the roost by votes the most
In favour o' Protection.

Wae al' the licht we got that nicht,
E'en frae the best of thinkers;
Wae al' folks say day etter day,
Folks aye wull hae thir hinkers.

November, 1903.

THE RIVER MAINE.

Readers, often hae I spun ye,
Through the "Telegram" sae great,
Yarns baith simple an' amusin'
As they came intae my pate;
Thin, perhaps, ye wul' furgee me
Fur mista'ke that I ma'k noo,
As we dander, an' menander,
Richt alang the water broo
O' the auld Maine.

Which, regeirdin' some wud tell us
Wus yin o' the ancient fower,
An' in which auld Eddim fished
Whun he leev'd in Eden's bower;
Some think itherwise an' tell us
This yarn's naethin' bit a lark,
Fur it niver as a river
Kin till Noah left the Ark—
The purlin' Maine.

Up it starts amang the muntins,
Near romantic sweet Dunloy,
An' is join'd by other streamlets
As it dances on wae joy.
First I mention "Claggan" River,
Wae its al'maist levef fal',
Thin Haney's stream an' Cullyleme,
Which often help tae ma'k a swal'
In ragin' Maine.

It dribbles thin through boglan's mossy,
Washin' clean the "Foord-o'-glar."
Whar aboun' the pike in legions
Singin' " Touch me if ye dar."
Thin comes doon frae those caul' regions
Famous Clough sae apt tae freeze,
Al' comes rinnin' by Dunminnin'
'Neath the shade o' monie trees
The chermin' Maine.
It visits thin improv'd Dromona,  
Wae its "stick-o'-iron" brig,  
An' lingers lang at bizzy Hillmount,  
Sittin' there sae nate an' trig;  
Keeps doon dryness 'tween the meetins,  
Is a blessin' tae the toon;  
Gees work an' licht baith day an' nicht  
An' tae "Great Limited" a boon—  
Its namesake "Maine."  

Gracin' Lowpark an' Mount-Davys,  
Kissin' Fenaghy's lovely lan's;  
Thunderin' ower yon ancient carry  
Which was formed by Nature's han's.  
Wat'rin' far-famed Lisnafillan,  
Weel known as a bleachin' mill,  
Keepin' up a constant moisture  
'Tween the Castle an' Gracehill —  
The guid auld Maine.  

There it meets a dear companion  
In the form o' yin Miss Braid,  
Baith noo rin richt deep an' solid  
In close freenship gran'ly made.  
An' admired they ir by thoosan's,  
In the country roon an' roon,  
As on they go wae steady flow  
Fra' "meetin's" tae fair Ranle斯顿,—  
The Braid an' Maine.  

Tae Maine sure Lough Neagh owes its bein',  
As dis the mighty river Bann—  
Monie fish an' useful kettle  
Used its waters since they ran,  
It is fraught wae lessons fur us,  
Which, perhaps, we a' shud heed,  
As we muster facts and cluster  
Them wae this bit simple screed  
'Boot "River Maine."  

December, 1903.
EPITAPH FOR THE TOMBSTONE OF THE ACCURSED DRINK TRAFFIC.

"John Barley-corn—fell, mockin' fiend,
Fierce monster o' the De'il;
Foo many thousand hast thou crushed,
Beneath thy cruel heel;
At last thou'rt doon nae mair til' rise,
Tae curse this world again;
So noo wae unco thankfoo hearts,
We here erect this stane—
Foo gled this day.

December, 1903.

"TO EVERYTHING THERE IS A SEASON."

"A time to be born, and a time to die,
A time to rejoice, and a time to sigh,
A time to awake, and a time to sleep,
A time to dance, and a time to weep,
A time to come, and a time to go,
A time to reap, and a time to sow,
A time to empty, and a time to fill,
A time to heal, and a time to kill,
A time to borrow, and a time to pay,
A time to preach, and a time to pray,
A time to think, and a time to speak,
A time to hide, and a time to seek,
A time to sew, and a time to rend,
A time to receive, and a time to send,
A time to love, and a time to hate,
A time to be early, when oft we are late,
A time to lead, and a time to be led,
A time to court, and a time to wed,
A time to embrace, and a time to refrain,
A time to lose, and a time to gain,
A time to walk, and a time to run,
A time for everything under the sun."

January, 1904.

MY INAMORATA.

By Hel'cons bring some pose tae clink,
An' write verse by the mile;
Some ir rosy, some ir prosy,
Bit mark that doon as style.
Weel, at this time I fain wud rhyme
Aboot a girl I've seen,
Wha 'bin the rest, e'en at their best
Still reigns acknowledged queen.
Fur beauty rare, nane can compare
In al' the human race,
Fur virtue too hoo very few
Seem tae possess sic grace.

Hir eyes sae true, o' azure blue,
Ir like those o' the dove,
They sparkle bright baith day an' nicht,
Aye beamin' foo o' love.

Sure whun on me she lets thim be
They perforate my heart,
Hir comic wink aft gars me think
On fair young Cupid's dart.

She lucks sae meek, wae hair sae sleek,
That's like the raven's wing,
Which I wud say this frizzy day
Is nae a triflin' thing.

Hir skin is white, an' clear as light,
Hir lips weel cut, an' fine,
"Hir cheeks are red,"' some yin has said,
"As lilies dipt in wine."

Hir waist is smal', she's strecht an' tal',
Al' ither's ir beneath;
An' she has got whut some hae not,
Those priceless wisdom teeth.

Hir walk is neat, hir ta'k is sweet,
She's iverything in yin;
I'm proud tae tel' she's "nonpareil,"
'Neath stars, an' moon, an' sin.
She takes a part wae al' hir heart
In trainin' up the youth
Tae leev by faith, in view o' daith,
An' stick like burrs tae truth.
That man is blest above the rest
Wha wins hir as his bride,
Shud it be me then och-an-ee
Hoo sweetly life might glide.

*February, 1904.*

"FREATS."

I try, dear freens, despite dim licht,
Tae bring wee things intae yer sight—
Things that yin aften meets;
Thin pardon me fur proisy rhyme
E'en though ye think it is a crime
Tae write like this on freats.

Which things hae lang been in oor Isle,
An' seems tae me wul' yit awhile.
Believe it yis or no'.
Though education is advanced,
These "auld freats" ir sae wee enhanced
'Tis hard tae bid them go.

Though some at thim may smile an' nod,
Tae some they ir the wul' o' God;
An' inexpensiv guide.
Thin least, fursooth, I'd gee offence,
I'll act as though I was real dense,
An' lean tae neither side.

Whun yins ir born, an' whun they dee,
Ur launch oot on the merrit sea.
We hae freats fur thim a'.
By which some folks baith buy an' sell,
An' ither things I daur na tell
Fur fear o' British la'.

Bit, mind, spit oot soon as ye see
Yin magpie on ur aff a tree,
Ur somethin' may go wrang.
Twa by thimsel's mean lots o' joy,
Three mean a birth, an' fower a boy,
An' sae on like the sang.

Sure whun the cruck an' links go cra'k,
Ur a burnt peat fa's on its ba'k,
A stranger soon ye'll see;
Bit watch the wye ye big it up,
An' lissen weel the dreamin' " pup" 
That niver felt a lee.

At dusk the cock may cra' an' ba'l
Thin fin' if baith his feet ir ca'.
An' strengthin thus yer faith;
Whun " collie tak's oot bye tae fife"
The "freat" says that as sure as life
There's gaun tae be a daith.

May I be as a soncy fit
Tae al' wha read this treaty bit—
At which some folk may laugh;
I wish ye guid luck ivery day,
Keep min' an' work as well as pray,
An' read the "Telegraph."

*March, 1904.*

The North of Ireland people are said to have a good deal of Scotch in their nature, and are pronounced by some writers as being extremely superstitious. "Freatiness," as it is provincially styled, is said to be even more strongly imbued in their composition than in that of their brethren of the south of our Emerald Isle. Probably this trait of character exists more rusticwards than in the cities and towns. But it has conspicuously displayed itself in all places.—*Ed. B.W.T.*
Dear freens, aften hae I telt ye,
Through the Editors sae kind,
Yarns devoid o’ rhyme or rayson,
As they came intae my mind;
So this time let me remind ye,
Independent o’ a “squibs,”
O’ a man o’ my acquaintance,
Wha is designated “Quibs”
By folk this day.

My auld freen got little lernin’
Fur he wud nae go tae school;
At that time the guid committee
Had nae fra’m’d compulsion’s rule;
He preferr’d like monie ithers
Wha leved ninety years ago,
Rinnin’ wild, an’ alaist naked,
Independent o’ the snow
Ur ocht that day.

Soon passed he frae days o’ boyhood,
An’ became a sturdy man,
Whun he left the shores o’ Erin
In search o’ that promised lan’.
Which is like that fabled island
Aft seen in the golden West,
That say some wha hae got near it
Far awa’ it lucks the best.
On ony day.

Much he sa’ while on his travels,
If yin cud believe it a’,
Fur his yarns wae despirt daeins
Bate Banagher an’ his da;
He leev’d heich amang the wild folk,
An’ learn’d monie lessons there,
That he brocht tae dear auld Ireland,
Which hae got tae pie the fare
Tae this guid day.

He had whut some term’d a surg’ry,
Though he niver used a knife,
Fur, said he, “Hoo very aften
Sic’ things pit an end tae life.”
As I sa’ him soon’ his patients
Sure I nearly ta’en a fit,
Knowing weel that the auld body
Wus as deaf as a bad nit,
Ur ocht that day.

He cured nae yin by this Latin,
A’ wus rether plain wae him,
Though he wus nae a “Lorenzo”
He cud strecht a cruckit lim’.
He made all his ain compoundin’s
Frae the “yerbs” that grew aboot;
Peat-moss wus his favourite poultice,
An’ he made his pills wae soot—
Fresh ivery day.

He prepar’d a kind o’ balsam,
Labell’d somethin’ like “hog’s sa’,”
Which, he said, wud gar the birses
Grow upon a concrate wa’;
An’ also anither lotion,
Which wus used by ancient Greeks,
That wus patenteed tae ridden
Up a very mummy’s cheeks
Like paint this day.

He believ’d in fresh air tratement,
Bit aboot the briny sea,
An’ tae leeve as long as iver,
Yin anither yin cud see;
Bit, alas! tae hae tae say it
O’a dear auld usefu’ freen,
On that grave wharin he slumbers
Herbs ir growin’ fresh an’ green
This very day.

April, 1904.
LINES WRITTEN IN
LOVING REMEMBRANCE OF THE LATE REV.
DR. BUICK, CULLYBACKEY.

Who died at Damascus, April 19th, 1904.

A dirge for our dearest Doctor,
Who died so far away,
At famous old Damascus,
Where Paul first learned to pray.
Our Doctor was a man of sense,
Integrity, and truth;
Distinguished was his whole career—
E’en from his very youth.
For learning he was first of first,
In nature, science, art;
A preacher and a poet grand,
Who spoke right to the heart.
As oft we sat and heard him preach
The Gospel pure as gold—
"Oh, have a care; oh, have a care,"
He said to young and old.
The news, so sad, of his demise
Has rent our hearts in twain,
Because on earth we ne’er shall see
His genial face again.
Nor hear a word of counsel from
That tongue so free from guile;
Nor yet his hand-shake, warm and firm,
In friendship’s purest style.
The Church has lost a faithful son—
A loss she’ll long deplore—
And we have lost a father great,
For which our hearts are sore.
Oh, friends beloved, it’s hard, I know,
To part with one so dear;
But this, I think, should ease the pain,
And dry up every tear:
To realise in all our hearts
He is not really dead,
But in the Land of Promise he
Is just so far ahead.

May, 1904.
"Young Nummer" and his "better half" have been touring abroad recently, and in their perambulations have called in to have a look at the Poultry Farm at Cullybackey, and other noted places. With no sight on their excursion have they apparently been more charmed than the splendid new railway station at Ballymena. It is pleasing to know that they enjoyed themselves during their outing, and that they met agreeable friends "all along the line."—(Ed. B.W.T.)

NEW RAILWAY STATION, BALLYMENA.

Dear Cristyins al' throughoot this bal',
Merried as weel as single,
Wha try tae read my simple screed,  
Which savours much o' jingle.
I hope that ye may weel pied be
For labour thus expendit,
That blessin's great which lessons mate
Be yours just as intendit.

Whar tae begin had me near blin',
Bit just as I wus blinkin'
In drapt my wife, sweet end o' strife,
Wha sid she had been thinkin' 
That we shud hae a week some day
Doon at the salted waters,
Taken' the bairn say doon tae Lerne
Tae finish oot its tatters.

We left the Main e tae go by train,
I wanted hir tae bike it,
Whun turn'd she rid, an' sherply sid,
" By ' mortir ' if I like it."
At oor station the noration—
Bate—bit there I dar nae tell—
"By some new la' the train's awa,"
Sung oot my darlin' Nell.

The train's noo rin tae suit each yin,
Fleen' hither an' thither,
Whun late fur yin I aftin fin'
Yer early fur anither.
We kilt the time, which wus nae crime,  
The Poultry Creamery spying;  
If you go there you're boon tae swore  
Its equal bain denyin'.

At last an' lang by richt, nae wrang,  
We reach'd the "Towers" station,  
Which through an' through is best tae view  
An' bates a' in creation.

Naethin's the same except the name,  
Which soon in ancient ditty;  
We wish ye fame, e'en tae the crame,  
Sweet "Seven Tower'd City."

We knock'd aboot, baith in an' oot,  
An' charmed we wur completely,  
Till waens a waens, the nerra trains  
Tuk us a' up sae swately.

It made us laugh the pleasant chaff  
Folk made in fashion Paris,  
But bin them a' we felt a gra  
Fur Stationmaster Harris.

The kindly boys, in corduroys,  
An' some o' them strange faces;  
Officials al' baith lerge an' smal'  
Hae got intae oor graces.

Though Tam's awa thirs no a thra',  
Nivertheless we miss him;  
He wus a man, a mester gran',  
May Providence aye bliss him.

Sweet Galgorm line pits on the shine  
The int'rance there is chermin',  
The Jehuichts hae got mair richts,  
An' sure that's no alermin'.

Wae a dundre, like young thunder,  
O'er the brig came oor swift train;  
Al' wur bussle, thin a whussle,  
An' soon we made fur hame again.

June, 1904.

CONDOLENCE.

Pretty fair maid, I was hearing  
That your "sweetest man" had fled  
Off, and left you rather jilted—  
Least that's what the people said.

Thus deluded and forsaken,  
Little wonder that you sigh;  
Yours is such a lonely state that  
You might pine away, and—die.

As through lapse of years thoughts fly,  
You think what might have been,  
Had not dread fate then interpos'd  
And changed the happy scene.

But should one man so much affect you,  
If he has proved untrue?  
Why not leave off your mourning weeds,  
And pick up sweet number two.

The sea contains as splendid fish  
As ever yet were caught,  
And if you try another cast  
It might not be for naught.

Your case is not the only one  
Where love has been vain,  
And where sometimes what seemed great loss  
Proved later real gain.

"Dear boys" are like "dear girls," you know,  
Some "dear" at any cost,  
And thinking makes remembrance "dear,"  
When hearts are "let" and lost.

Awake from such a reverie,  
And make another start;  
Pray, do not let one false young man  
Make havoc with your heart.

Don't wander through some "lonely wood"  
Until your dying day—  
Bah! Nonsense! Be more hopeful that  
The next, perhaps, will stay.

June, 1904.
THE LINT PULLIN'.

By writin' freens I mean nae herm
Tae Sammy or his weel stock'd ferm,
Bit that ye al' may see in print
The wye this year he pul'd his lint.

He gid aboot the maist o' Sunday,
An' trysted us tae go on Monday;
Some folk may say this wus nae richt,
Thin pray that he may git mair licht.

Ur go ye may an' tel' him strecht
If you wud like a stan'-up ficht;
I trust whutiver course ye tak'
May hae effect upon the pa'k.

Monday arrived, an' promised weel,
Fur al' turned oot as true as steel;
Some o' thir names I dinna ken,
Bit let me mention nine ur ten—
Rose an' Vilet, frae the city,
Mally's Jane, an' young Miss Kitty,
Peggy's nice, sweet, winsome Annie,
Peter's Hugh, an' spankin' Dannie,
Sassy Jamie, an' big Wully,
Wha wud like tae be the bully,
If want ye micht tae follow suit,
I'll try an' fin' the ithers oot.

Wae rash-ban's tied roon ivery waist
We started aff tae pul' wae taste,
Each kempt, an' pu'd wae al' thir midst,
Fur wha cud dae the maist, an' richt
Jokes wint the roons, an' hermless chat,
Which winded up in tit fur tat;
It taen an oor fur us tae swamp
Efter the boil't-milk an' new champ,
Which micht hae had a waur effect
Had we no' got " contraraect ";
The ladies al' display'd much craft
By drinkin' somethin' kin' o' saft,
THE FAITH MISSION.
To the Editor Ballymena Observer.

In reading up your paper good,
I mean "Observer" great, sir—
Which keeps us posted up with news
So fresh and up-to-date, sir—
I see a controversy large,
In language fine arrayed, sir,
Anent a mission that was held
At famous old Parade, sir.
It springs from where our clergy met,
Which some say was a crime, sir;
While others who through charity
Call it a waste of time, sir.
The charge is false, I like to think;
But more I need not say, sir,
Than that much talent has been lost
Since that eventful day, sir.
I think there must be some mistake,
But where? that is the point, sir,
No Christian would condemn God's work,
Except one out of joint, sir,
Who works, you know, mysteriously,
Both in the calm and storm, sir,
One says that "this may be His way
To put things into form, sir."
Perhaps there's nothing new in this
Under the shining sun, sir,
For many who don't like to fight
Will start a row and run, sir.
If all the people hereabouts
Are now on the right side, sir,
Thank God for that, "let's shift the bab"
The field is broad and wide, sir.
Let's pray that God may bless the Church,
And all good missions too, sir,
That the sharp things which have been said
May bring out but the true, sir,
So that the lost may all get saved,
To work with heart and brain, sir,
That spleen and strife may soon depart,
And Christ supremely reign, sir.

September, 1904.

THE NORTH SEA OUTRAGE.

The "Gamecock" Fleet from Hull so sweet,
Full fifty trawlers "plus,"
Whose great nets sweep the mighty deep
In search of fish for us;
The news to hand made England stand,
And caused a fearful fuss.

In cold North Sea, which should be free
To those who do what's right,
The Baltic Fleet, so indiscreet,
Bore down with all their might
Upon our then defenceless men,
Regardless of their light.

Which caus'd alarm, and did much harm
To trawlers three or four,
Though it was bad and makes us sad,
Yet strange there were not more
Than two men kill'd and some blood spill'd
Of say about a score.

Was it pure fear, or was it beer,
Which is the worst to blame?
Or a "scratch set" who have to get
Something at which to aim?
We do not care one single hair,
The crime remains the same.

Though not the first, this is the worst
That yet has come to light;
As neutral power at this dread hour,
England is in a plight,
We don't court war nor love to jar,
Yet Briton's sons can fight.

'Tis joy to think, e'en on the brink
Of what meant war all round,
That in the East one man at least
With common sense was found
Who sav'd his race, now in disgrace,
Being humbled to the ground.

November, 1904.
A WELCOME

To the Rev. W. Corkey, on the occasion of his ordination to the Pastorate of the Cuningham Memorial Church, Cullybackey.

Jist lit me say at the outset,
Respectin' oor freen that's no' here,
We fondly cherish fur iver
His mem'ry sae sacred and dear.

Yit stil' tae you, Mr. Corkey,
A welcome richt hearty an' true
We gae tae you an' (anither)
Beneath the auld Banner o' Blue.

The first time, sir, that we hard you,
The impressions made wur sae gran',
That iwer since thin it was whisper'd
That you wur the guid God-sent man.

Believin' this, we receive ye,
A minister here frae this day,
Tae teach, tae preach, tae admonish,
An' lead us along the right way.

Trustin' yer stie may be lastin'
An' brimfoo' o' blissins tae al'
That monie may git grace tae travel
Wha noo ir nae able tae cra'I.

An' as we git mair acquainted,
May freenship cemented wae love,
Permeate al' o' oor actions,
Tae help one another above.

In you may the young find a father,
The older a friend and a guide,
And may the sick and the dying
Get comfort through you at their side.

So, noo, my dear Mr. Corkey,
Aloo' me tae say yince again
We gee ye a rale hearty welcome
Tae oor city bigged on the Maine.

December, 1904.

THE ERMY IN BELLAGENA.

I gaed tae toon the ither day,
Ur rether I wus sent,
Ye ken by that I wus nae jist
Upon sweet pleasure bent;
I dae nae pose tae tel' ye al'
That there I heard an' sa',
Ye know it is bad etticat
Tae keep naethin' ava.

I dander'd bit yince roon the square,
Which nae place dar defy,
Whun sed a lass in uniform—
"Please sir, do buy a 'Cry,'"
I reach'd the corner then quo' I—
"Whut's al' this crowd aboot?"
Whun telt wus I that it wus the
Salvation Ermy oot.

It struck me hard at first tae hear
The wye these sogers cra'k,
O' hoo they wur yince sinners vile,
An' o' the downward tra'k,
Bit noo that they wur turn'd aboot
An' gan the ither wye,
An' hop'd by faith an' works combin'd,
Upon that road tae stie.

The echoes hae nae dee'd awa',
An' jist afore ye know,
They sing in earnest that auld sang—
"Puir sinners wul' ye go."
Anither brither has a word,
An' sae on roon the ring,
Sometimes ye hear yin testify,
Next moment pray or sing.

They form in ranks tae hae a merch,
Effer invitin' al'
Tae go wae thim an' hae a while
In Albert Street wee hal';
It reaches there heich concert pitch,
Yea, attentimes quite breezy,
Which tae yin country rear'd like me
Is neither 'free' nur 'easy.'
Some churches hae thir chermin' bells,
Ithers thir organs gran',
Bit noo these folk o' which I write
Hae got a guid bress ban';
I own on Sunday it soons lood
Tae hear the great big drum,
'Tis very far frae the auld style,
Although it may mean 'Come.'

They like collections, I cud hear,
Bit noo that's naethin' odd,
As factors o' importance sure
They mark the Church o' God;
Ye kno' richt weel that e'en a saint
Can't leev alane on licht,
Thin reader act wae common sense,
An' gee tae each whut's richt.

January, 1905.

ARTHUR'S FA'.

Aboot Port Arthur in the East,
An' hoo it stud its fa',
Although my vision is impair'd,
I'll write a line or twa.

By quotin' hist'ry dry an' stale,
I need nae waste yer time,
Bit tae Port Arthur as it stan's
I will devote this rhyme.

Yin year amaist has past awa
Since this great siege began,
Which terminated recently
In favour o' Japan.

Port Arthur was weel fortified,
At least so Pressmen tell,
An' kept by monie thousand troops
Commanded by Stoessel.

Brave Nogi led the little Japs,
Men foo o' pluck an' dare,
Wha noo ir gettin' much appla's
Fur knockin' oot the bear.

Admiral Togo an' his fleet
Hae noo sailed intae fame,
Whereas the Baltic squadron
Hes quite anither name.
The garrison held nobly oot,
In spite o' smile an' froon,
An' seein' clearer ivery day
That Arthur must come doon.

As come it did at last an' lang,
Bit think hoo much that means
O' carnage, murder, sufferin',
Foo up o' ghastly scenes.
An' also women noo in weeds,
An' orphans wha ir left,
Besides monie a faithfoo lass
O' hir true-love bereft.

Whut wunner then we lang tae see,
Wae hearts baith sic' an' sair,
Whun nations al' shall love tae learn
The ert o' war nae mair.
An' whun each yin shal' learn tae love
Each ither as thir sel',
In view o' whut Port Arthur stud
Afore it really fell.

January, 1905.

RETROSPECTIVE TWIST.

I sat yin nicht the iither day,
And watch'd the peats turn red an' grey;
Then fell intae a waukin' sleep,
An' intae shell as very deep.

My min' at rest was wurkin' hard,
Although quite prosy like a bard;
My thocht's they trevel'd as they ran
An' clos'd thir e'en, an' thus did scan,
The time whun I wus wee, yit big,
An' play'd at parly, which wus tig;
Ur wint tae school, an' did nae go,
Bit clam heich trees, which thin wur lo',
An' rubb'd the kookoo o' hir nest,
Like ither birds she cal's tae pest.
An' likewise whun I used tae sweem
Wae claes al on, no' near the stream;
An' soor sweethearts I alsa sa',
Aye near at han', though far awa;
Like merrit folk, single an' free,
That niver leev until they dee.
An' solid chums foo up o' quiffin,
Al' deid lang syne, but wud nae stiffin,
An' monie ithers doon above,
Wha hated naethin' mair nor love;
They mis'd thir hit an' hit thir Miss,
An' noo ir bored wae single bliss.
Wae this I stap as I proceed,
Tae help the leevin' wha ir deid;
I got this up as doon I sat,
Fur you tae read " Towers Chat."

February, 1905.

" INFLICT-NANCY."

I write ye, freens, this line or twa,
No jist beca's I like tae bla',
Nur yit tae mock the things ava
Call'd Inflict-nancy.
Ye kno' it starts aff like a coul',
Bit my word whun it gits a houl',
It gars its victims think they're soul',
Tae Inflict-nancy.
Wae pains the heed becomes sae bad,
That little mair wud knock folk mad;
It bates ocht mortals iver had
This Inflict-nancy.
The twisted banes feel oot o' place,
An' feeble legs refuse tae pace,
Depicted seekness dulls the face
In Inflict-nancy.
In cases ten oot o' each nine,
The caul' sweet trickles doon the spine,
An' unshed tears ir saut as brine
Wae Inflict-nancy.

It seems tae niver mak' a hitch,
An' hoults intae baith poor an' rich;
It's got noo tae a dreadfoo pitch
Bad Inflict-nancy.
Fur which some tak' the bitter pill,
Ur rum, ur, mabie, pure " wee still,"
Tae try an' ease the doctor's bill
Fur Inflict-nancy.
Anither still an' safer path,
Which gars the auld dame sweet wae wrath—
I mean, av course, poor " Larry's bath "
Fur Inflict-nancy.
When yince ye git it under cha'k,
Watch fur yer life an' no fa' ba'k,
Ur death may be upon yer tra'k
Like Inflict-nancy.

February, 1905.

SAINT PATRICK.

I doot, dear freens, I'm in a wad
Tae know jist what tae say
Arent this dear auld Irish Saint,
Who drank sae little tay.
Ur trevell'd by an ironclad.
Ur train, ur free-wheel bike,
Ur steer'd a fleelin' motor car,
Ur thocht upon the like.
Ur yarned tae any telephone,
Ur sent a note through space,
Ur iver got his photo taen,
As far as I can trace.
Sae much aboot him has bin sed
In prose, as well as rhyme,
'Tis hard fur yin tae say oucht new,
Wha barely sees a styme.
Yit, weel I min' yin simmer's day
On Slemish as I sat,
An' hard that " Big-gun " frae Broughshane,
Dilate upon Saint Pat.
He spoke o' hoo he came, an' whun,
An hoo he guid awa',
An' things he did whun ba'k he came
A Saint foo fledg'd an' bra'.
I sa' the waal frae which he drank,
Sat on his rocky chair,
Whun fancy led me tae believe
I hard his mid-nicht pray'r.
I luck'd at whar auld Milkoo leev'd,
O' which some folk wud swear
They sa' the glimmer o' the breeze
At set times o' the year.
As fur the record Skirry stride,
An' ither yarns akin,
It goes, I think, ahoot a word
I niver let thim in.
The mair o' that he did much guid
By miracles galore,
Fur which his name emblazon'd shall
Aye shine in Irish lore.

On folk an' beasts o' vicious wyes
He laid his righteous pa',
Thin lock'd the auld snake in a kist,
An' threw the key awa.
He preach'd the Gospel pure an' free
Tae folk baith oot an' in,
An' wrocht like ocht tae clean this Isle
Frae thin existin' sin.
He poo'd a Shamrock near the Maine
An' liken'd it tae God;
Though aft it has been "droon'd" since thin,
It creeps abun the sod.
Thin weer it up, my Irish freens,
Its meanin' gruin' display,
An' lit its triple leaves be seen
Upon yer breests this day.
In honour o' oor Patron Saint
That leev'd here lang ago,
Who's grave is like his ancient creed—
Sae hard tae really know.

I dreamt I lay by Hel'con's brink,
An' thir an' thin commenced tae clink,
I tried rayson wae rhyme tae link,
Whun I awoke.
Since thin aft hae I tried a wink,
Bit shame a snake.
Fur want o' which some think I'm blin',
An' say that I'm noo far ahin'
E'en cherge me wae committin' sin,
In language terse,
Beca's my thochts sae lichtsome rin
In kin' o' verse.

Ithers enjoy my simple style,
An' see in it nae herm, nur guile,
Bit somethin' tae create a smile,
An' whiles a laugh,
As read they best news by the mile
In "Telegraph."

I want, dear freens, tae change the'tune,
An' write fur yince strecht up an' doon,
Frae twa nate feet richt tae the croon
O' humans al',
What leeve in this great world al' roon
Ur iver shall.

Hoo wonderfoo the human frame,
In al' creation nane the same,
Though aft it is much marr'd an' lame,
Stunted an' spare;
Fur folk hae thimselfs tae blame
Wha hae nae care.
The skin itsel', though three plies thick,
Is foo o' pores as it can stick,
Tae keep it white monie a lick
'Tis subject tae;
It gits monie an ugly nick
Frae day tae day.
The heed sustains, some yin declares,  
Abun a hunner thousan' hairs;  
Whuther or no sure nae yin cares,  
Bit if some micht,  
Thin let thin pert thin intae squares,  
An' coont thin richt.

Two hunner foo an' forty banes,  
An' twice that muscles, hard as stanes,  
Which help the human wa'k thir lanes,  
Through heats and couls;  
Commencin' whun they ir wee weans  
Tae go by houls.

Thin there's the bluid which is made pure,  
An' tested fifteen times each oor;  
It weight's near thurty pun, I'm sure,  
Whun yins no' fat;  
Is much the same in rich an' poor—  
Jist think o' that!

Consider weel the human min',  
An' organism intestine;  
Sae intricate, they far ootshine  
The erts o' man,  
Which prove we came frae the Divine,  
An' Mester han'.

O' the five senses lit me tell,  
No' bit ye ken richt weel yersel',  
Ir jist tae see, tae hear, tae smell,  
Tae touch, an' taste.  
Which mak' this world a heav'n ur hell,  
But I maun haste.

I hope, dear freens, that this effusion  
Won't savour oucht o' a delusion,  
Yea, daub me rather wae exclusion  
Tae dee in stealth.  
I wish ye al' noo in conclusion  
Lang life an' health.

May, 1905.

ACROSTIC.

The " Ballymena Weekly Tel "  
Has reach'd tae fame nane can excel,  
Especially whar' workers dwell.  
Brimfoo' news on ivery page,  
An' noo it's quite the perfect rage;  
Lettin' us see wae learn'd grace  
Life lee'v'd throughout the human race,  
Young an' auld, jolly an' sad,  
Men an' wemen, baith guid an' bad.  
Everything, tae, is dealt wae fair,  
Nae odds upon wha it is sair;  
Aye roon as roon, an' square as square.

When ferm or ocht is tae be selt,  
E'en then it mak's its presence felt,  
" Evergreen Jottings," " Towers Chat,"  
Keepin' folk laughin' till they're fat;  
Love an' murder, richt an' wrang,  
Ye'll fin' set forth in prose an' sang.

The Boords o' Gerdians, och-a-nee,  
Ever an' anon reported free;  
La' coorts also ir bookit through,  
Especially whut oor pleecemen do—  
Generally al' civil yins too.  
Royal paper, sae much read,  
All I can say is " Go ahead "—  
Praise lood kind editor an' staff,  
Hand ticht tae " Towers Telegraph."

July, 1905.

BALLYMENA A HUNDRED YEARS FROM NOW.

I read a column no lang since whas language went tae show  
Whut oor beloved toon wus like a century ago;  
Although I love tae read sic things I yearn fur somethin' new,  
Thus fancy whut this place wul be a hunner years frae noo.

May, 1905.

78
The toon improv'd since we al' min', wul sae much better be,
As inland toon tae heed the list o' Ireland the free,
Embracin' 'Hoghill an' Gracehill, Kells City an' Brough-shane,
An' niver haltin' til' it weds that famous yin "Miss Maine."
Steam ingins wull be oot o' date, e'en motors be ahin',
Tae ride a bike wae 'setle e'n lamp wul then be thocht a sin;
The 'lectric licht we glory in wul be bit as a spark,
An' gas wae its bit blinkin' bleeze wud only mak' it dark.
The folk wul travel then by ship awa' up in the air;
I think the harbour o' this toon wul be aboot The Square;
Each lovin' pair in aerial car wul sail richt tae the moon,
An' this big jaunt up there an' ba'k wul cost bit half-a-croon.
There'll be no Gerdians o' the Poor, nor any kindred breed,
Becas' ye ken as weel as me they'll al' hae lost their heid;
An' al' oor guid Commissioners wul tae great heights arise,
In chambers they'll hae chairs apiece far, far abane the skies;
John Barleycorns wul droothy be—the fact A needna cloke;
The fragrant weed sae much burned noo wul then turn a' tae smoke;
The pleecemen sae much needed noo wul al' be chang'd gin then,
An' hae tae be like al' the rest—guid solid merrit men.
Games then wul be sae much impro'd, an' no' like noo, ava;
Nae need tae get yer life insur'd at cricket or fit-ba';
Golf links wul reach up tae the clouds, an' tennis play'd on sea,
An' crowds o' ither nice new sports tae suit the folk that be.
But what must int'rest every-yin, wae its foremost general staff,
Wul be the paper sae weel kent—"The Weekly Telegraph."

September, 1905.

THE PARTS OF SPEECH.
I guess an' calculate, dear freens,
That much I can nae teach;
Thin pardon this bit simple rhyme
On the nine parts o' speech.
Instead o' bein' at the school,
I wrocht tae help the rest,
Which lees me that al' I can dae
Is jist my very best.
An "Article" precedes a noun,
An' shows it up tae sense,
Thus savin' those wha read ur hear
Frae seemin' awfoo dense.
A "Noun" is jist a place, a thing,
A person, up, ur doon,
Is common, bit no' proper in
A man, a book, a toon.
An "Adjective" aye qualifies
A noun that's hid ur seen;
Whun "eulogistically" employ'd,
Tak's weel wae a guid wheen.
A "Pronoun" is a usefoo word,
An' mak's us yern wae grace;
Though aft it pits the nouns aside
An' steps intae thir place.
A "Verb" a' active little word,
An' means tae yin an' at',
Tue love, tae hate, tae sleep, tae dream,
Tae rise, ur else tae fal'.
An "Adverb" qualifies a verb,
An' mak's it understood,
An' shows hoo it is very bad,
Ur else extremely good.
"Prepositions" and "Conjunctions"—
Neither cud be done without;
Baith work hard to sweel thegither
Stragg'l'd items al' aboot.
"Interjections" jist express
The impulses as they pass,
An' gar some o' yer love-struck readers
Use sic words as "Oh!" "A-lass!"
GENERAL BOOTH'S PRAYER PARAPHRASED.

O' al' the leaders ivir born,
Few hae a better name,
Than Booth the mighty general o'
Salvation Ermy fame.
'Tis scarce a lifetime since he stud
Alane at Mile-end waste,
Bit noo the Ermy merches forth
Tae save the wurl' in haste.
He consecrates the motor car,
As aft by it he skoors ;
May that great "Chaffeur" wha he trusts
Soon steer him tae the "Toors."
Bit pleas'd, indeed, am I tae say,
Wae al' this veteran's cares,
He bears aloft that noble race,
The Pressman, in his prayers.
"Oh, bless reporters, Lord," he cried,
An' thir an' thin confessed,
Thir nimble pens caught up the words,
Almost before express'd.
"They're omnipresent like Thyself,
Go where we will they're there,
An' sow broadcast oor inmost thocht's,
Hooivir roon ur square."
"If tak' we dae the mornin' wings,
An' try wae thim tae flee,
E'en at earth's very utmost ends,
These men behold we see."
"They meet us in the jungles rough,
Waylay us on the deep,
They catch us on the prairies wild ;
It seems they niver sleep."
"May guidness an' the licht they hae
Be equal tae thir power,
An' grant thim al' a place abune,
Gin the decisive hour."
Thus pray'd the dear old general,
As trac'd by an auld pen ;
I ask ye, readers, frae yer hearts,
Tae say fur yince, AMEN.

October, 1905.

TEN COMMANDMENTS FOR CYCLISTS.

The ten commands which went tae mak'
That ancient moral la',
Ir jest as bindin' on us noo
As whun they wur let fa'.
Bit cyclin' was nae thin in vogue,
An' I am far taen in,
If somethin' had nae thir bin wrote
Anent the folk wha spin.
So wae sic' thocht's in my auld pate,
Which now is gettin' grey ;
I'll draft ye this new code o' rules,
Tae keep ye strecht each day.
Thou shalt not have a bike at al',
Except a freewheel yin ;
Tae ride ought else, nae odds hoo guid,
Is little short o' sin.
Thou shalt not worship a machine,
Nur bow tae it at al',
Least generations yit unborn,
May suffer through yer fal'.
Thou shalt not take a run in rain,
Neither by day or nicht;
But tak' ye aye a guid oot-fit,
An' lamp tae gee ye licht.
Thou shalt not bike on Sabbath days,
I mean on pleasure bent;
Except whun it's a case o' need ;
An' guid yer hale intent.
Honour yer parents, young an' auld,
By learin' thim tae bike,
So wul yer days be lang on earth,
An' monie as ye like.
Thou shalt not kill a cat or dog,
Nur ony leevin' thing
That's got the wit tae lee the road,
Soon as the bell ye ring.
Thou shalt luck weel tae al' yer brakes,
An' keep oot o' the dirt,
Thus steer alang life's slippy pad,
An' niver yince git hurt.
Thou shalt not steal, no' e'en a kiss,  
Theft brings bit little gain,  
Save punctured tyres, bumpy roads,  
An' aft a broken chain.

Thou shalt not bear false witness, freens,  
'Ginst niebors wha don't ride,  
Mak' it the purpose o' yer lives  
Tae keep on yer ain side.

Thou shalt not covet the fit-pad,  
At least near ony toon,  
Fur, min' should p'lecemen catch ye on,  
It means a boul half-croon.

Please frame these rules and hing thim up  
In chambers o' yer heid,  
They'll help ye on life's ruggid road,  
Lang efter I am deid.

October, 1905.

GLOWERS FRAE THE SEVEN TOWERS.

Dear sir, an' readers ivery yin,  
Tae skime aboot ye is nae sin,  
Or else my name it is nae Lynn,  
Nur Young, nur Aul';  
Fur which some micht nae gee a pin,  
Nur ocht at al'.

Hooiver, be that as it may,  
Folk aye wul hae thir wee bit say;  
So therefore I frae day tae day  
Aft tak a keek;

I like tae watch as weil as pray,  
Afore I speak.

I notice in an' oot the toon,  
Whun folk want up they hurkle doon,  
An' tae be wise aft ape the loon,  
Baith day an' nicht,  
An' lauch sae hearty, though they froon,  
Whun oot o' sight.

My observations teach me this—  
That poverty is no aye bliss,  
Since rich folk rarely dae amiss,  
Tak' thim a' room';  
The poor receive sma' favour's kiss,  
'Cept frae aboon.

I keek'd intae the poorhouse bra',  
An' watch'd oor gerdians poo' an' thra',  
Regerdin' water, roads, an' a',  
Taxes an' pye;  
On which I sa' they had their pa'—  
Lang may it stie.

I gazed intae the chambers fair,  
An' sa' fine cooncil busy there,  
Wha's work some folk wud clabber sair  
Richt indiscreet;  
Shud Quolie dry they'd git thir share  
O' gas, wae heat.

I viewed also the coorts o' la',  
An' hard a lot o' legal ja',  
Bit my advice is keep awa',  
Baith smal' an' large;  
An' dinna mak' yersels a ba'  
Fur thim tae blarge.

I see fitba' which used tae lead,  
Like cricket, almaist tae a threed,  
A prophet says—"They wul be deid,  
An' that 'fore lang"—

Wud al' wha ir nae o' that creed  
Show him he's wrang?

Larnin' I see has reach'd Z,  
Releegin', tae, is oot o' bed,  
Arous'd by what the " trampers " said  
Regerdin' oors;

Societies al' go ahead  
"Boot " Sivin Toors."  
Naethin' I see the 'oors beguile  
Like boys an' girls whun oot they file  
Tae yarn an' flirt in lovers' style;  
An' hit ur miss,

I hope ye'll al' enjoy the smile  
O' merrit bliss.

It makes me sorry whun I see  
Ur hear o' freens tak seek an' dee,  
But then, in course, that's got tae be—  
'Tis Nature's fare;  
Tae pye it yin day you an' me  
Should aye prepare.

December, 1905.

85
A STRAY LEAF.

Only a leaf, a tiny leaf,
On the Christian Young Men’s tree,
Whose branches spread from pole to pole,
And its roots from sea to sea.
Holy and good are its blossoms fair,
Its fruit, its blessed aim,
Which is to try and win young men
To love the Saviour’s name.
Sir George the Great, who planted it
Some fifty years ago,
Wrought much, and pray’d with all his heart
That God might make it grow;
And now beneath its sacred shade
Our good friend lies at rest,
Whilst thousands of young men to-day
Rise up and call him blest.

On gossamer wings some leaves are blown,
In fancy far away,
But kick’d about where I have grown,
I thus attune my lay;
To tell you all I’ve heard and seen
Since I became a leaf,
Would prove that I was soft and green,
And cause me bitter grief.

Leaving the night, now wet and cold,
I drop into our hall;
Please pardon, though you may not like,
My “fissle” as I fall.
I curl and twist with thankful glee,
To find you always here,
Despite those storms that round you wage
As year succeeds each year.
The noise I make should sound like this,
’Twixt common sense and grace,
How is it that there is not kept
More fire in this place?
To “draught” young members from the streets
At “teedle-winks” to play.
Or “domonate,” “ludo,” or “chess,”
To read, or speak, or pray.

How is it that the dear “ping-pong,”
Once lov’d by every one,
Is never mentioned, good nor bad?
I fear its race is run.
The “table-billiards” up-to-date,
That Mr. Keenan gave,
Died young, and now is under-board,
No “cue” its life would save.
I “gun” about another club,
Which “darted” into fame;
I cannot “sight” the “bull’s eye” now,
It takes some other “aim.”
A yellow sear’d and dying leaf,
I say to each and all.
Be careful now whilst on life’s tree,
Lest great may be thy fall.

January, 1906.

NOTE.—This piece is descriptive of the Y.M.C.A. Hall at Cullybackey, and the games played therein.

ADDRESSSED TO MY BICYCLE LAMP.

Dear little thing, if I cud sing,
I wud attune my lay,
An’ mak’ yer name, sae like yer flame,
Tae shine clear as the day;
Bit thin, ye see, wae yer bull’s-e’e
I’m only bit a spark,
An’ what I say, this learned day,
May mak ye seem as dark
An’ black as nicht.

Licht though we ken guid scientied men,
Wha pose tae mak’ it plain,
Like life an’ love is far above
Poor mortals tae explain:
Bit thankfoo I will pass this by
An’ tak things as they ir,
As noo I think o’ the wee blink
That came frae split-up fir
Yon ancient day.
Wha fun' ye oot, without a doot,
Hae saved the human race,
An' thousands ten, wemen an' men,
Bin brocht intae disgrace,
But fur yersel' I micht hae fell
An' mabie split my skull.
Ur run intae some in the way,
Jist like a stickin' bull
Oot efter nicht.

Complicated an' related
Tae King Sol, wha rules the day,
Ye mak' al' year, e'en wunter drear,
Like the shinin' month o' May;
Yer e'e is bricht, yer waist is ticht,
Yer breath is strong an' "sweet,"
Yer water feed an' springs ir guid,
Thus makin' ye complete
On ony nicht.

Yer triumph's scor'd, fur yer ador'd
By rich an' poor alike,
Thir's nae abuse when yer is use
Tae ether folk or bike;
I hope tae see yer glencin' e'e
Soon used by ivery yin;
So that yer licht may keep us richt
As through this world we spin
On bikes by nicht.

May, 1906.

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TEETOTALISM.

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Dear freens, if wae me ye wul bear
I'll tel' ye in a rhyme
Somethin' anent this cruel drink
Sae prev'ent in oor time.
That aft is made wae grain an' stuff
Which shud be used as food
Instead o' wastin' it in drink
Whereby comes little good.

Some think when cold its guid tae warm,
Some when they're het it cools,
Some folk ir wise whun it is oot
But whun it's in are fools.
'Tis wunderfoo in its effects,
Fur hoo ir gars yins think
That they can either sing or fecht
Ur ocht, whun foo o' drink.

Which taks noo shapes an' forms galore,
An' shades o' fancy hue,
Some heathen call it "fire-water,"
Some Christians "muntin-dew."

Tae think whut monie is misspent
E'en in yin single year,
Almaist two hunner million pun'
Sunk in this cursed beer.

Behold the poor inebriates
An' see whut is tae charm,
Since those wha touch it bad or guid
Ir bound tae get some harm.

Wha thinks whun young an' pure an' free,
Sae beautifoo an' brave,
That soon, alas, they wul lie in
A hopeless drunkard's grave.

Whun came the tempter first an' said
"A little won't inflame,"
This yielded tae is jist the wedge
That soon is driven hame.

On, on they go, frae bad tae worse,
As observation shows,
Until on every blotched face
Is seen the whiskey nose.

Sure yince they used tae don fine claes,
Had money an' tae spare,
Bit luck at thir auld tatters noo,
They micht as weil be bare.

We know some folk wha wur weel aff,
Had wealth on ivery han',
Until they let this thief get in
Which 'stole thir gear an' lan'.

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Ah! fools tae spend yer money thus,  
An' labour so in vain,  
When al' the recompense ye get  
Is shame, remorse an' pain.

Jist luck intae the auld blank hoose  
Which bears that hallow'd name,  
There see the awfoo fruits o' drink  
An' blush fur very shame.

If there's a hell upon this earth  
I think it is nae sin  
Tae say it is in sic a place  
Whun parents tumble in.

Though aft it is vice-versa freens,  
Its no' the parents spree,  
Bit sins an' daughters brave an' fair,  
A sorry sight tae see.

Hoo aften weans wha wur weel rear'd  
Gee wye tae this auld knave,  
An' bring thir parents sorrowing  
Wae grey hairs tae the grave.

Drink fills the workhooses wae folk,  
It mak's asylums thrang,  
An' prisons ir the hame  
O' those Whun drink is in whut daes come out.

Drink robs its victims o' thir health,  
That greatest blessin' far;  
It tak's mair precious lives on earth  
Than famine, plague an' war.

I know that's sad, bit sadder still,  
As endless years will roll,  
That awfoo fate which does await  
The drunkard's poor lost soul.

In spite o' al' these stubborn facts,  
Attested day by day,  
Thir ir some people wha we meet  
Hae got the cheek tae say,

"That guid strong drink is no' as bad  
As aft we try tae mak' it;"  
"This drug," they say, "has done much guid,  
Thin why forbid folk tak' it?"

Some say "thir's nae herm in a gless,  
Nur in a pint o' stout,  
It is nae whut goes in defiles  
Bit only what comes out."

"An' Paul telt guid young Timothy  
A little wine tae take  
Fur some infirmity he had  
An' for his stomach's sake."

"An' furthermair, oor Lord whun at  
That marriage supper fine  
Did change six pots o' water cauld  
Intae guid sparklin' wine."

This sort o' yarn may dae fur those  
Dry folk wha want tae drink,  
Bit hear the ither side, dear freens,  
And set yersels tae think.

Some prove the Bible is T.T.,  
Though ithers say its no',  
Bit keep the side that's safe an' soun',  
Which side I mean tae show.

"It's no whut's in, it's whut comes oot,“  
They say "defiles a man."  
Whun drink is in what daes come out,  
You bet it is nae gran'.

Paul wrote direct tae Timothy,  
Wha's noo in his lang hame;  
So dae nae tamper wae his drugs  
Ur soon you'll be the same.

Suppose a doctor has yin drug,  
O' which he gees tae a',  
Hoo very soon we'ed gee him up  
An' say "He's nane ava."

They cherge oor Lord wae makin' wine  
Bit wha wud daur tae tell  
That it wus like the kind we fear,  
Which drags its dupes tae hell.

Oh, no, its inconsistent freens,  
Sure at that place an' time  
The governor wha tested it  
Said there that it was prime.
Please read yer Bibles through an’ through, 
Nae compromisin’ there, 
Fur al’ wha wa’k the drunkard’s road 
Hae got tae pye the fare.

‘Then look not on the wine whun rid
An’ moves itself aright,
It stings at last with adder’s sting,
An’ bites with serpent’s bite.’

‘Woe tae al’ those wha drink strong drink
Ur use fermented wine,
Ur gee thim tae a neighbour’s wean—
Woes al’ alang the line.

‘Taste not, touch not, nur handle it,
Death lurks within the cup.’
Although ye tak’ it in “wee nips,”
Fur al’ sakes gee it up.

Yer inconsistency may seal
Some weaker brither’s fate;
O have a care, O have a care,
Ur iver its too late.

Christ Jesus is the Rock frae whence
There flows that livin’ stream,
Which al’ may freely drink an’ live
Nae odds hoo bad they seem.

Come start to-day, an’ drink fur aye,
An’ God will bring ye hame,
Bit gee Him thanks an’ swell the ranks
By pittin’ doon yer name.

Yer talents gee, an’ leeeve an’ dee
Tae lift those who are down,
An’ ye shall wear furever there
A fadeless starry crown.

May, 1906.

THE JULY DAY.

Hip, hip, hurrah! the July Day
Is here anither time,
O’ which I write, though impolite,
An’ string my thochts in rhyme;
Why it is hel’ ye ken yersel’,
Wae thankfoo hearts thin join,
Since Willie foucht, an’ dearly boucht,
Oor freedom at the Boyne—
Yin July Day.

Thin “Billy” Pitt, guid crafty wit,
If I am ony judge,
Lichted a spark whun al’ wus dark,
The first guid Orange Ludge,
Which frae that time has grew sublime,
Although there is a split,
Yit stil’ some think we’re on the brink
O’ bein’ closer knit
Some July Day.

The secrets great I won’t relate,
That’s no’ hoo they ir had;
Bit follow me on bendit knee
Alang the “Mystic” pad,
An’ dae nae fear fur oucht ye hear,
An’ by an’ by ye’ll see;
Thin here’s my han’, Erch Purple man,
We’re brithers that wud dee
Fur July Day.

Bit, by the way, lit me noo say
An’ lit folk know, baith heich an’ low,
That Orangemen ir nae daft;
Leeve tae the square, the five points bare,
Be brithers roon an’ roon,
Fear God, love man, wae heart an’ han’,
Thin victory wull croon
The July Day.

The drum an’ fife impart new life
Intae baith young an’ oul’,
The ban’s sae trig gar yins feel big
Tae hear thim floot an’ rowl;
The banners braid, an' flags first-grade, 
An' sashes up-tae-date, 
Bricht swords an' powls tae keep doon houls 
Play'd by men strong an' great 
On July Day.

This presint year at Parks, sae dear, 
The "Sivin Towers" men, 
Wae brave Drumra', an' 'Hoghill bra', 
Wul meet in thousands ten, 
An' wemen fair, as monie mair, 
Nane absent wha can cral', 
Each frae thir heart tae dae thir part 
In apein' that hal' 
On July Day.

I trust an' pray that this Twalt day 
I'll no hae oucht tae mar, 
O brethren think, an' shun strong drink, 
Which lees a horrid scar. 
Dae keep the Blue, an' Purple, too, 
The Orange an' Black an' White 
Frae bein' spoil'd ur even soil'd— 
Wa'k in yer triple light 
Each July Day.

July, 1906.

LINT.

I cam frae lan's far, far awa, 
A tiny seed, slippy an' bra', 
I'm grun' tae meal, second tae nane 
Fur bossin' ivery ache an' pain; 
Ur intae soil prepar'd fur me 
I'm buried up tae leeve or dee; 
I'm wed an' watch'd wae skill an' care 
Tae see hoo I am gaun tae fare, 
Anent the prize that's offered free 
Tae those wha grow the best o' me; 
I'm poo'd, then rotted in a hole 
Until my breath is hard tae thole, 
I'm spread oot nixt upon a hill, 
Whun dry I'm kerted tae the mill; 
There rowl'd, an' scutch'd, an' dusted sore, 
An' tied in bundles fur the store, 
What I am bought up per the stane 
An' hoisted tae a mill again; 
What I am heckl'd, reel'd, an' spun 
Intae threads that wud reach the sun. 
I save the sodger in the strife, 
The sailor holds me dear as life, 
Tae weevin' factory thin I pass 
An' git a dressin' frae some lass, 
Wha rins me through her loom like thunner 
An' cal's me a fine twunty-hunner; 
Thin tae the bleachworks I repair, 
Alas fur me I suffer there; 
I'm burn'd tae daith an' roasted leevin' 
Thin kicked an' rubb'd til' mak me even, 
I'm sterch'd an' blued an' battered up 
Tae try an' help my shade an' grup; 
I'm beetled till I'm almaist saft, 
Thin git a skinnin' on the laft, 
Jist like a book sae spick an' span 
I'm foulded by the lapper man, 
Wha bran's me midst the noise an' dinnin' 
"Real Manufactured Irish Linen," 
Thin shap yins wae thir keen-edged tongue 
Cut me in bits fur auld an' young, 
I dress folk frae thir croon tae feet 
That answers either cauld or heat, 
I mak an' keep al' nate an' clean 
Frae poorest subject tae guid Queen; 
When weans ir born I tak the lead, 
As weel as shroud the blissed deid, 
Emblim o' purity an love 
I even dress the saints above, 
Al' those I am an' monic more, 
Above, beneath, behind, before, 
An' whuther I am white ur green 
I ask ye al' please keep me clean.

August, 1906.
IN LOVING MEMORY
OF THE LATE CULLYBACKEY CYCLING CLUB

Och, och-a-nee, like auld Ben-shee,
I cry like yin distrest,
That folk may know, baith heich an' low,
Some yins hae got tae rest;
Anither time, in simple rhyme,
I'll try an' dae my best.

In Springtime here, this dra'key year,
Was form'd a cyclin' club,
Wae Capt. Keenan, o' guid meanin',
A. Kennedy as sub.
An' gentlemen, some nine or ten,
Wha vouch'd tae stan' the grub.'

The openin' run, which taen the bun,
Was roon tae fair Kilrea,
By Portglenone, second to none,
Fur makin' mair nor tay,
Alang the gran' majestic Bann
Wus spint a pleesint day.

Things luck'd sae weel we al' cud feel
This club wud be a cra'k,
Whun soon, alas, it came tae pass,
Grim death wus on its tra'k,
Which noo has taen oor darlin' wean
An' winnie gee it ba'k.

Although oor sec, wroucht hard tae bre'k
That power Pluvius had,
An' yit again a poster plain
Wint up till folk grew mad;
Fur sure as nine this wus a sign
The wather wud be bad.

A mix'd run then 'twas thoucht wud men'
This awfoo sorry state,
Which started aff, midst jest an' laugh,
Tae meet its cruel fate;
'Tween "Towers" grey, an' Carnlough Bay
Upon a recent date.

At Broughshane toon the rain came doon
In torrents, hard an' saft,
Frea which fur shame some wud be hame,
An' cherged the rest as daft
Wha on wud go, blow heich or low,
Displaying little craft.

On, on, they sped, captain ahead,
A scorcher in his way,
Til' Skirry's tap, St. Paddy's hap,
Near in the distance lay,
Which place I link wae truth I think
Received the club that day.

Some freens micht raise yin o' these days
A monument tae it,
An' pit al' roun' that it was "foun'"
Droon'd at the Skirry fit";
Strange though awa by Nature's la'
The weather's bruckle yit.

I hope the Maine may sune again,
Wae resurrections glee,
Hae ba'k its club, an' yince mair rub
Wae a' the "bikes" that be;
That nivermair, through rain ur fair,
'Twill know whut 'tis tae dee.

August, 1906.

MOLLY ON THE MOTIFF KER.

"Whun I wus young," said Irish Molly,
Folk did nae go sae fast in folly,
Weans run tae school through frost an' sna'
Wae naethin' on thir feet ava;
The yung yins strowled through the fiel's,
Ur gaed tae church on asses' creels;
Those wha had got a larger share
Aft sail'd upon an auld wheel ker,
Bit noo folk maun ha'e rubber heels,
Rubber claes, an' rubber wheels,
Balloons, air-ships, an' al' these things
'Ill yit gee place tae rubber wings.

"Yin day as I gid tae the toon
A motiff ker near pit me doon,
I thir an’ thin commenc’d tae greet,
Whun ‘kaffir’ offer’d me a seat;
No wantin’ my auld frame abus’d
I used nae menner, bit refus’d;
Whun sed the lady, foo o’ glee,
‘Madam, come up an’ sit wae me.’
Wae fear an’ trimlin’ I declare
I crept upon the lightifier;
He touched a spring; wae lichtenin’ speed
She derted aff; I lost my heid,
An’ in that absent-minded state
This little story I relate.

“She clear’d the road o’ guid an’ bad,
Naethin’ wus safe aff the fit-pad;
She gorr’d intae a big white coo,
An’ cut the tail aff an auld soo;
She tuck the heich rump o’ a heck,
An’ almaist broke a ‘ginny’s’ neck,
She left an ass minus the lugs,
An’ kilt a pile o’ cats an’ dugs,
Hens an’ turkeys, game ducks, an’ geese,
Wur crush’d tae mummy by the piece;
 Civilians wha wur rether brave,
Like pleecemen had a nerra shave;
She skoor’d the country far an’ near,
Ten times as fast as onv de e r,
As cut she through the cities bra’
They jist luck’d like a hose or twa;
Even oor ain weel towr’d yin
Wus in a jiffy left ahin’;
I niver riz aff my auld loin
Until she cross’d the famous Boyne,
Ower the muntin through the dale,
Hir ‘spirits’ niv er seem’d tae fall;
The cloud ahin’ reminded me
O’ yin which wint tae the Red Sea;
The hale thing seem’d jist like a drame
Whun I wus safely landit hame;
O’ al’ the jarvies I hae had,
Motifin’ is my ‘dearest’ fad
Lang as I leive, an’ whun I dee,
The motif is the ker fur me;
I hope whun I arrive abain
Tae hae a motif o’ my ain.”

BY-WORDS OF ULSTER.

As strowl I aft through Ulster cities,
An’ thir districts roon an’ roon,
I hear droll an’ comic sayin’s,
Monie o’ which I’ve noted doon.
The bulk o’ which I get reported
In the papers far an’ near,
Which bear guid an’ usefoo lessons
Tae al’ those wha lend an ear.
I detest yarns low an’ vulgar
Even though I simply rhyme,
Noo tae by-words I aft hear, freens,
I’ll devote a little time.

“Semi-curses” some folk call thin,
Ithers think that they ir richt,
Bit I’ll leave that till my readers,
Maist o’ whom hae got much licht.

“I declare, indeed an’ doubles,
Crossin’ thir throats if they lie;
E’en as sure as they ir livin’,
Ur that iver they shall die.”

“By gub, by gum, by Jove, by George,”
To the forefront many bring;
While by hedges, some yin pledges,
“By my word, I wull, by ging.”

“By dod, by dad, an’ by jappers,
By the life ur daith o’ Pat;
Gorry guide, an’ guid preserve us,
May I niver this ur that.”

“Heggs, daz the bit noo, by the bye,
Jakers O, an’ I in heth;
Boys o’ boys, in sang I’m blissed,
By my stars, an’ by my feth.”

“Fur which some wud nae gee a ’make,“
A rap, a strae, a spittle,
A fig, a grot, a pin, a hair.
An’ ither things as little.”
"Which is a bar, a stave, a reel,
A dab, a rub, a poser,
A tip, a set, a patent gran',
A wrinkle an' a closer."
"It bates the deuce, this bloomin' rot,
Like Banagher aye 'bummin';
I'll cal' a halt, dear Christian freens
For conscience, waur is comin'."

November, 1906.

A LOCAL LEGEND.

Ur iver you ur I wur born,
Fur so the yarn begins,
Thir wus a famous wit leved here,
An' thus the legend rins.
It may be true ur partly false;
I niver knew the man;
So tak it wae the pinch o' saut,
As it is second han'—
Foo stale this day.

Hooiver, at ye olden time,
This Mister Colvin thought
He'd hae a hoose an' garden fine,
If it wus tae be got.
His granted wish wus on these terms:
That he wud big a wa'
Foo six feet heich right roon the place
Tae mak' it his by la'—
Foo foul that day.

His capital wus smal' indeed,
His credit also bad,
Which pit him in an awfoo plight,
An' made him kin' o' mad.
Jist thin relief appeared in sicht,
In person o' that yin
Wha gars folk dae sic wickit things
E'en al' that's brandit sin—
Foo bad this day.

Quoth he, "It's Mister Colvin, dear,
I'm sorry noo fur thee,
Whut wurl' ye tak an' gee yersel'
Furevermair tae me?"

"It's risky work," Colvin replied,
"An' monie hae ye fool'd;
Bit lit it be if you fill me
This boot wae guinea goold"—

Foo bricht this day.

The boot wus placed on the laft flair,
A hole bin cut richt through,
Thus Satan had tae fill the room
Before the boot wus foo,
Fur which he had tae rab the seas
An' steal a farmer's rent,
Bekase, ye ken, his majesty
Wus niver wurth a cent—
His richest day.

Wurk went apace, mile after mile
The famous wa' stud up,
Guid masons had yin D per day,
An' nither bit nur sup.
This wud nae please the Union now,
Nur ony here o' us,
These dear auld times, these good auld times,
O' which some mak' sic fuss—
Foo lood this day.

Bit by an' by the buyer came
Tae tak his ain below;
The sould yin made this firm resolve
That there he wud nae go.
Therefore, he wroucht a crafty dodge,
At least so people say,
By rushin' tae the guid auld Book,
Posin' tae read an' pray—
Foo hard that day.

He said, "I'll go wae thee auld freen,
An' that without a doot,
Whuniver this wee bit o' licht
Is burnt completely oot."

Thin lock'd al' in an iron kist,
As straightway oot he stole,
An' threw it intae that nice place,
Aye known as Colvin's hole—
Foo deep this day.

January, 1907.
TO THE REV. FREDERICK BUICK.

The revered pastor of Second Presbyterian Church, Ahoghill, on being permitted to honourably and peacefully enter into his ninety-eighth year.

Beloved, believe me, reverend sir,
I but express in rhyme,
Greetings galore from friends sincere,
In almost every clime.
Though far and near thy name is known
And honoured more each year,
'Tis those alone who know thee best
Whose love is most sincere.
As father, venerable, revered,
At home, at church, at school,
You made that good paternal grace
Your blessed golden rule.
As preacher of revival fame,
You proved sin by the law,
You taught the old theology
Without a crack or flaw.
A shepherd with good sense and pluck,
You led your willing flock
To gospel pastures pure and sweet,
And to the Living Rock.
As friend of the most loving type,
Alike to rich an' poor,
No one will be without a friend
Who tries Rose Cottage, sure.
What though your hearing may be bad,
Impaired like your sight,
When all your other faculties
Are healthy, strong, and bright?
Some say according to thy strength
Thy days will surely be,
The Word, according to thy days,
Strength shall be given thee.
Thus may it be from all our hearts
We hope and trust and pray,
So that the crowning years in store
May brighter grow each day.

The late REV. F. BUICK, Ahoghill.
You verify the promises
Set forth in sacred page
That those who find the Lord in youth
Shall have Him in old age.
When God sees fit to take you home
A longer term to run,
May you hear the Master saying—
"Well done, my child, well done."

March, 1907.

THE "NEW DEPARTURE" AT BALLYMENA UNION.

Dear sir, an' readers ivery yin,
A simple yarn I wish tae spin—
Simple, bit only in sense,
At least tae those inside this fence;
So if ye want tae "tramp" aboot
Yer only plan is jist keep oot.
The "Union" is a dreaded place
By almos' al' the human race;
Though monie a guid soul jist lees here
Without the sheddin' o' yin tear;
An' fins its wye without a hitch
Tae whar the people ir al' rich.
Bit some o' us hae freens, though poor,
Wha like tae see us aft, I'm sure;
An' sure we like tae see thim tae
Wae thir wee pr ese nts day by day;
Fie on the men wha noo wud try
Tae close the gate an' sen' thim by;
We dae nae care sae much fur Monday,
Bit gee us Setherday an' Sunday,
That weel kent freens far oot o' toon
On market day can jist drap roon,
An' also on the Day o' Rest;
Al' han's can come an' dae thir best
Tae lift the lade aft hard tae bear,
An' blissins be thine iverywhere.

—Yours, kind sir, till time's nae mair.

April, 1907.
MATRIMONIAL MATCHES.

A marriage register yin time
Contained the purport o' this rhyme,
By gien names an' day an' date
O' those who joined the marriage state.
First Mr. King wed Miss M'Queen,
An' Billy Orange took Biddy Green;
Mr. Rid, a manly fellow,
Made a wife o' yin Miss Yellow;
Auld Mr. Gray merrit Miss Broon,
An' the stars got splic'd till Tillie Moon;
Dear Mr. White wed young Miss Black,
An' Mr. Hay took Mistress Stack;
Mr. Penny merrit Miss Gold,
Although he was not half as old;
Mr. Fife wed old Miss Drummers,
An' Mr. Frost yin fair Miss Summers;
Mr. Wood merrit Miss Steel
An' Mr. Heart a Maggie Peel;
Mr. Hill merrit Miss Dell,
An' Mr. Standal weeda Fell;
Mr. Lions merrit Miss Bull,
An' Mr. Wise a gigglin' fool.
Bit dae nae tell this fur yer life—
A woman dis nae make an husband,
Nur man a husband, though thir wed,
An' ir baith weel pit on an' fed;
Bit whither honey ur soor gal',
The clergy merries yin an' al',
Bit only those wha wed fur love
Can hope tae be blist from above;
Thin dae nae min' sae much the name
Bit get yer mate an' mak' a hame.

April, 1907.

CLERICAL CULLINS FRAE CULLYBACKEY.

I min' whun I wus younger, freens,
Awa ba'k in the jolly teens,
Times fraught wae monie happy scenes
Fur me an' you.
Oh! had the half those "micht hae been"
Became rale true.

Alas, hoo apt whun we ir bate
We lee the blame on cruel fate,
Instead o' on oor ain auld pate,
Senseless an' licht;
Wae heavy heart an' oot o' date
We pye it tich.
Still ither yins wha dae nae care,
An' niver try tae dae an' dare,
Can plunner aff an' ample share,
An' aye content,
While ither work thir auld bones bare
Withoot a cent.

Bit leein' these things tae the side,
Alang wae al' oor emp'y pride,
In ither pads we'll gently slide,
Though short's oor time;
An' monie gutters I maun hide
In this bit rhyme.

Yin person sa's, anither reaps,
Anither laughs, anither weeps,
Anither goes, anither keeps
Baith bad an' guid;
Anither works, anither sleeps,
Leavin' ur dead.

Which gars me think on Mr. Fleemin'
Free frae al' sloth an' idle dreamin',
A clergieman aye soon an' reemin'
Wae Gospel truth;
Wha's face we hope tae lang see beamin'
Wae wonted youth.
An' Mr. A. T. K. o' Church fame,
Wha made the Craigs his parish hame,
I need na mention his dear name,
Ye ken him well;
An' Mr. Weir, wha weil cud lame
An' oust the deil.
An' Mr. Moody, o' the Pun,
Wha's preachin' signified "weel done,"
Has got his race wae patience run
An' noo is blest;
An' laurels Mr. Fallon won;
He geen his best.
An' Dr. Buick 'bin thim a',
Fur whom we had that special gra',
Lies at Damascus far awa—
   But God him keeps.
So noo yer tears I maunie dra',
   Behold, he sleeps.

Fren's, at this present time I see
Four stalwart clergy as cud be,
Wha fill thir pulps tae a T
   Wae muckle grace;
An' al' sae handy, nice, an' free
   In ony place.

Mr. Lyons is second tae nane;
Mr. Corkey's prized, that's plain;
Mr. Townsend he'll explain
   Weel what he'll preach;
Mr. Salmond cud melt a stane
   Wae cliver speech.

We hope til' see thir words tak root,
An' bud an' blossom an' bear fruit,
Tae testify bith in an' oot,
   By nicht an' day.
That they ir richt withoot a doot
   Noo an' fur aye.

May, 1907.

THE TEN VIRGINS.
(Thoughts suggested on hearing the Rev. H. W. Boyd,
First Presbyterian Church, Ahoghill, preach an eloquent
sermon on "The Parable of the Ten Virgins" (Matt. 25)
in the Cunningham Memorial Church, Cullybackey.)

Oor guid freen, Mr. Henry Boyd,
   Preach'd here the ither day,
An' wae his words sweet in my mind
   I thus attune my lay:—
An Eastern marriage he portray'd,
   In language quite sublime;
I hope he'll kindly pardon me
   Fur touchin' it in rhyme.
Miss "Indolence," a careless "coof,"  
Jist like the other four,  
Alas, too late, and unprepared,  
She reach'd the bolted door.  

Thin Mr. Boyd applied the hale,  
Which yit shall bear much fruit  
In oil galore, an' weel trim'd lamps,  
Which cannie be pit oot.

June, 1907.

LOCAL LIMERICKS.

This "Limerick" craze, och, och-a-nee,  
Has made nae gentleman o' me,  
Although nae bard  
I wrocht rale hard,  
Thin lost my heid an' bowld six-D.

Like monie mair aboot this toon,  
Success I thocht wud yin day croon  
My efforts fine  
Fur best last line,  
Bit luck has niver yit cam doon.

Some say that "Limericks" is a fraud,  
An' shud be threshed by legal rod,  
Though men o' la',  
An' stocks sae bra'  
Hae made the thing a kind o' god.

Sae much fur that, noo gettin' tame,  
Lets "Limerick" on wee things at hame;  
Furgee the pun,  
Join in the fun,  
Although we niver may see fame.

Twa lovers o' the better class  
Hae brocht a plesant thing tae pass,  
Fur they ir wed,  
An' we ir gled—  
'Tis single yins wha dae the ass.

Fur monie ither that I ken  
Ir hardly worth the name o' men;  
They flirt aboot,  
Baith in an' oot—  
Like lasses, maun hae nine or ten.

Hooiver, freens, I'm glad tae state  
The braw nicht-school is up-tae-date;  
The teachers baith  
Ir foo' faith,  
An' like thir scholars, hard tae bate.

The schools sae fine the doctor rear'd,  
Noo bear that name, honoured, revered;  
Though frae each heart  
Shall ne'er depart  
The name o' Buick, sae endear'd.

The Sabbath-school, well nigh complete,  
Shall "set" that Church upon its feet;  
May hir o' grace,  
Wha helps this place,  
Aye spen' hir money as discreet.

The churches noo ir much the same,  
The clergy guid wae zeal proclaim  
The Gospel news  
The weel fill'd pews,  
O' folk—that legion is their name.

The Y.M.C.A. o' this toon  
Bids fair tae knock al' records doon;  
The hal' sae neat  
Is fill'd complete—  
May success ivery effort croon.

Thir lately has come tae my sicht  
A tiny glimmer o' new licht;  
Ratepayers please  
Keep up the bleeze,  
Thy cause is guid, dispel the nicht.

At pleecemen some wud tak a "pink"  
Becas they'r "pittin' doon" strong drink,  
Ur licht a spark  
Whun it is dark,  
Thir boundin' duty, guid folk think.
Ye need nae rack yer tired brains
Anent a place tae rest yer banes—
In graveyard new,
If lies ir true,
They'll hap ye up among the Danes.

So noo tak this advice frae me,
It may be dear without a fee,
Jist dee each day,
An', strange tae say,
Ye'll live as though ye'll niver dee.

November, 1907.

JEANIE.

Thir's not a lass in my mind's e'e
Who's graces al' appeal tae me,
Go whar I wul' thir's name I see
Like Jeanie.

Dear freens anent this buxom belle,
Some things o' worth I fain wud tell,
Although I'm har'ly fit tae spell,
Dear Jeanie.

I sa' hir whan she wus nae big
Gaun tae school baith nate an' trig,
An' had nae in hir mooth a cig,
Young Jeanie.

I watch'd hir as she grew apace
Tae tak' amang hir sex first place,
An' thus adorn the human race,
Sweet Jeanie.

I mean tae tell hir whut I think,
If words wud only come an' clink,
Tae which we cud some raeson link
Tae Jeanie.

She is nae roon, nur is she square,
Nur is she bla'k, nur is she fair,
Bit jist perfection, wha is mair,
Than Jeanie.

She trevels on hir ain twa feet
Across the moss, ur up the street,
On bike she tak's a splendid seat,
Diz Jeanie.

Inside she kens what she's aboot,
She cuts a figure whan she's oot,
She is a "peach" without a doot,
This Jeanie.

Hir e'en ir like the cloudless sky,
With lilies white hir skin wud vie,
Hir cheeks oo trival Turkey dye,
Fine Jeanie.

Thir's no a virtue that I know
Fun either in the heigh ur low
This saintly woman diz nae show—
Guid Jeanie.

Hir words sae sweet aft me beguile
Whun back'd up by hir wunson smile.
The company mak's short a mile
Wae Jeanie.

Smal' wunder that sae monie boys,
Wae white mazels tae curduroy,
Wud clean throw up al' ither joys
Fur Jeanie.

A michty fal's awaitin' me,
If thir han's oot I dae nae see,
Becaas I'll leive, ur else I'll dee,
By Jeanie.

January, 1908.
WEE MISS BRAIDY.

"Sae I canna sit bairth dumb an' deaf
Tae the flatterin' words o' A. L. F.,
Wud catch a troot (yon subtle gef)
Like wee Miss Braidy.

A' for the love o' this sweet maid
Fae Cullybackey haes he stray'd?
He's welcome tae the bonny Braid,
An' wee Miss Braidy.

Oor Jock's a chiel bairth blithe an' true,
Lo'es gassy girls wae eyes o' blue,
But's no confin'd tae one or two
Sweet wee Miss Braidys.

But's jist the fellow that can part
Wae ony sweet wee smilin' tart,
Since A. L. F. loves frae his heart
A wee Miss Braidy.

Sweet A. L. F.'s a winnin' bard
I'd listen tae wae kind regard,
Methinks he'll hunt some fellows hard
For wee Miss Braidy.

I hope tae see him some nicht soon,
Hat cock'd on three hairs on his croon,
Upon his bike, gan af tae spoon
Wae wee Miss Braidy.

He isna bold, he isna blate,
Nor peevish, nor effeminate,
My word, he'll fairly wipe the slate
For wee Miss Braidy.

I hear he's got a pile o' mung;
I'm sure he's got an oily tongue,
As sweet a voice as iver sung
Tae wee Miss Braidy.

He kent this dear wee buxom maid
Lang syne whun tae the school she ga'ed,
He'll wun hir yit I'm no' dismay'd,
His dear Miss Braidy.

For she's the sweet, wee, coaxing thing
Wud ne'er refuse a 'gagement ring,
That kens tae clip a fellow's wing,
This wee Braidy.

Shud A. L. F. then tak' his stan'
Beside the lassie like a man,
I'd ne'er misdoot he'll tie the ban'
Wae wee Miss Braidy.

Methinks I hear the marriage chime
Peal gladly o'er the Braidlan' clime,
As A. L. F. in a' his prime
Weds wee Miss Braidy.

Guid speed the day o' muckle cheer,
May fortune shine thro' a' the year,
On ivery time he comes tae see'r,
Till he gets Braidy.

A NIGHT WALKER.

"Tae reply tae yer dear correspondent
Tae tell ye the truth, sir, I'd fain,
For my nature was always respondent,
Tho' my words ir but simple an' plain;
Sae in this silly rhyme that I'm writing
A sweet sicht o' hissel' he micht see,
In his night-walking tour o'er dreamland
Whun he scribbled yon sonnet on me.
As the black wintry clouds were weepin'
 Sadly over the rural Braid,
He sits by the fire half sleepin'
In a dream o' a winsome maid.
See him climb up the steeps o' Parnassus,
Arm'd with a red arrow an' bow,
Playin' clink wae his pink at us lasses,
Ridin' bikes in the valley below.
Now he dons his topcoat in a hurry,
He's in almost hysterical distress,
Pray what is the cause o' this flurry,
Oh, he wants tae be soon for the Press,
An' jist as he roam'd round the corner,
A great walkin' stick in his han',
I very well knew the suborner
As he stalk’d like a great police-man.
Sure he disna seem much like a green man,
If he isn’t a hard nut to crack;
From his night-walking rambles o’er dreamlan’,
Ah, who can tell when he came back.
But a woman lay scoldin’ an’ scornin’
An exception, of course, to the rule,
And a sorry man wakened next mornin’
A bit later than usual for school;
Now I hope this dear freen’ll excuse me
For singin’ these two or three lines,
Tho’ I’m no’ an expert lass at music,
Nor number’d amang superfines;
Frae a ills may he aye be defend’d,
An’ mony dear days may he see,
An’ a micht sometime be his intended,
Provided he’s sing le an’ free;
But the nixt time he speels up Parnassus
May his red arrow no’ whiz sae sly,
For I dinna like lovely Braid lasses
Bespattered wae yon turkey dye,
Oor Jock (weel tae say what I think, sir)
Is the king 0’ the flirts 0’ the lan’,
An’ in fact, sir, I canna be bother’d
Wae this rhymin’ fool, Jermy Sam.
O’ guid taste the loon neer has a glimm’rin’,
Tae blend wae the base an’ the bane,
O’ guid sense, o’ niver a whim’rin’,
Escapes thro’ his mouth frae his brain,
He’s saft as the big mangel wurzel,
Sappy, green like, oor auld native saugh,
An’ the biggest bombastic bamboozle
Iver wrote in this dear “Telegraph,”
Tae conclude then, in lieu o’ oor sex, sir,
Yin word I wud drap frae my pen,
Can virtue help being offended
Wae cruel, dissembling men?
Yours affectedly,
JENNIE BRAIDY.”

These two pieces are not my own, being introduced here merely to explain what precedes and follows.—A.L.

Dear “Argus II.”—In last week’s issue o’ yer magnificent “B.W. Telegraph,” ye published in weel-read “Towers Chat” a poetic effusion o’er the noo famous name o’ “Jeanie Braidy.” I wud like tae inform hir, if hir she be, that “A.L.F.” means “A Lonely Fella,” rather than “a lazy fermer.” Av coarse, she can ex Joe Hamill, the “Braidwy” shaver, what can either pit hair on ur tak’ it aff while she waits, irrespective o’ the dearness o’ wigs.—A.L.F.

REPLY TO MISS J. BRAIDY.

In globin’ ower yer paper, sir, which noo is at the tap, I came across a lengthy rhyme which almaist made me drap;
There Jennie Braidy, o’ somewhar, makes bare hir ‘pren­tice han’,
An’ tries tae mak’ yer readers think she wud nae wed a man.
If true, this hizzie is rale odd by ony ’bout the Maine, Fur al’, without exception, own ’tis daith tae lieve alane; Bit, thin, perhaps, Jennie is young, an’ free frae toil an’ care,
An’ speaks wae unadvised lips, becas she kens nae malr.
Bit let me whusper in hir ear, through medium 0’ yer Press,
Fur which she says I hae a gra’ e’en hysteri~ distress.
Dear Jennie, mark this doon, my lass, please,
If ye wnte again,
An’ wants tae gain yer point wae ease aye stroke folk by the grain,
’Tis frank, I know, tae tel ye this, an’ mak’s me kind o’ vex’d,
Bit watch an’ niver blunt refuse till efter ye ir ex’d.
Whuther ye speel Parnassus heights, ur drink o’ Hel’con’s stream,
Ur stand upon fair Slemish tap, ur by the Braid ye dream,
No’ that I mind fur my poor sel’, hurl what ye like at me, I hae bin lach’d at aft afore, an’ yit I did nae dee.
Bit let guid “Jermy Sam” alane, keep min’ he is oor freen,
O’ lunacy he shows nae sign, nur is he saft ur green;
He's nae "bamboozle" like ye state, wae "bombastic" auld ja',
I think I'll niver be content until I wag his pa'.
"Your Jock" is jist yer makin', dear, ye need nae faut him noo,
If king, fursooth, ye ken a queen wha did nae play him true.
A L-azy F-ermer diz nae work, nur nicht-walker apply,
Nur hae I got a wife tae barge on this ye may rely.
A nut shud nae be hard tae cra'k whuniver it is green,
Nur can my erras dae much herm whun yince the "bo" is seem;
It wuz nae my ain picture, Miss, I wanted ye tae gee,
Bit yin o' yer wee "stickie-backs" I langed much til' see;
The Turkey dye sae deep an' rid is only fur auld maids,
An' no fur bloomin', strappin' "belles" like al' the young Miss Braid,
So if ye wish tae correspond jist dae it nice, my dear,
An', please, keep weel afore yer min' we hae fine lasses here;
Why I hae wandered tae the Braid in public I can't tell,
Fur that is jist a secret, love, between you an' mysel',
As finis, I reciprocate yer wishes kind fur me,
An' send ye fifty X's sweet, that yin day ye may pree.

February, 1908.

ACROSTIC.

CULLYBACKEY ON THE MAINE.

C ome al' ye ivery yin, I say,
U nChristian though ye think my lay,
L earn frae it; simple though it be
L ove is the greatest o' the three.
Y OUNG is the name we al' revere,
B cas' through thim this place is here,
A lthough some ither's roon aboot
C ud claim a share without a doot,
K ind Mr. Frazer an' his mate
E nrich an' mak' the suburbs great,
Y ieldin' much fruit al' up till date.

O n al' oor clergymen o' fame
N aethin' but praise can we acclaim.
T ill the fair city let us stroll,
H ere view the people as a whole,
E ach love the place wae "heart an' soul."
M any an' fine the hooses noo
A dormin' great Maine water broo,
I nside an' oot the stan's alone-
"NE PLUS ULTRA it has got none-
E xquisite city on the Maine.

May, 1908.

In Loving Remembrance of
MISS JANE CUNNINGHAM,
Ardvern, Cullybackey,
Who died on March 14th, 1908, in her 94th year.

Death, solemn death, here in our midst,
Hath made its presence felt;
And, notwithstanding care and skill,
A heavy blow hath dealt.

Death comes to each and all in turn—
The great, the high, the low;
The young, the old, the good, the bad,
Are bound with it to go.

"God works in a mysterious way,"
Yet deals with all in love;
He took His child in His good time,
To fairer worlds above.

Although we hope to follow her,
We shed a parting tear;
She was so good, so well beloved,
So great in her own sphere.
She hath not left in all our ranks
One who her place can fill,
Amongst the many, good and wise,
We must lament her still.

Though blessed with riches very great
She was so free from pride,
That folly and vain-glory sank
As nothing by her side.

Pious, thoughtful, gentle, kind,
Religious without show—
A real help in time of need,
As all who knew her know.

Her sympathy was practical,
She gave on every hand;
The Church so fine, and Lecture Hall,
As great memorials stand.

She walked this earth from youth to age
Unscath'd by slander's breath;
She lived a Christian's holy life,
And died a Christian's death.

Which turns earth's sorrows into joy,
And helps believers sing—
"O grave, where is thy victory,
O death, where is thy sting."

Let every mourner now be cheered,
And every eye be dry,
In hope of that great meeting with
Our loved ones by and by.

When sin and sorrow, pain and grief,
And partings are all o'er,
Where all who die in Christ the Lord,
Shall live for evermore.

March, 1908.

ADDRESSED TO THE CUNINGHAM MEMORIAL
NEW LECTURE HALL, CULLYBACKEY.

Gigantic Hall, thy presence here
Me backward bears to tell
Of those old schools which served their day
And generation well.

Where Hamilton and Buick great
Declared the Gospel truth,
When everlasting blessings fell
On age and erring youth.

Where teachers filled with holy zeal
Us taught in faith and love,
Many of whom have joined the host
Of Christ's redeemed above.

Yet many are with us to-day,
Good teachers and well taught,
Who march with joy into thy courts,
And bless our happy lot.

The glory of the former house
Is clean eclipsed by thee,
Thy architecture is so neat,
A sight thou art to see.

Thy stately walls, well pebble dashed,
Thy windows something grand,
Thy outward style is not surpassed
In dear old Ireland.

When thy interior I view
I must with joy confess
Thy grandeur and magnificence
Words fail me to express.

You are a hall of which the church
And village now are proud,
Who cannot but with heart and voice
Sing out thy praises loud.
To her whose honoured name you bear
We turn our thoughts again,
And thank God for her kindness to
The "City on the Maine."

To Mr. Corkey in whose charge
We trust you long shall be
A factor great in time's good work
Done for eternity.

May generations yet unborn
Find peace within thy walls,
And may you ever stand above
All other lecture halls.

June, 1908.

ADDRESSED TO THE REV. JAMES SALMOND,
the esteemed minister of the U.F. Church, Cullybackey,
who, after a brief stay, accepted a unanimous call to
minister to an important congregation in Scotland.

Dear sur, an' riverent gentleman,
Wae grief thy freens noo hear
Ye hope till kerry on God's work
Soon in anither sphere.

We kannie let ye lee oor midst,
Though short has been yer stie,
Without expressin' hoo we feel,
Though wurds ir bit puir pye.

Ye came an' filled a clergy's shoes—
Wha is a saint indeed—
He preach'd that we ir saved by faith
Yit kent nae lazy creed.

Sur, thus ye came an' lifted up
The truths that he laid doon,
An' proved yersel' a man o' worth
Baith in an' oot this toon.

Yer first example wus tae bring
A helpmeet tae yer hame,
Wha his indear'd hirsel' tae us
Under her merit name.

The "soup kitchen," that venture bold,
Ye started in this toon,
Which 'mangst the folk you patronised,
Wus a decided boon.

Yer male-oor yarns wae us wha work
In famous, thrivin' Maine,
Shall sure bear fruit a hundred fold
In richest golden grain.

The Y.M.C.A. wull miss ye sore
Their ca'as lay near yer heart,
Wha's thanks an' prayers shall follow ye
Fur playin' sic a part.

A temperance advocate, an' great,
Wha's lectures wur geen free;
Sur, all guid works aboot this place,
A true freen lose in thee.

Bit nane mair than the U.F. Church,
Weel serv'd since first you came,
By haein' kept afore her mind
"Thir is nae ither Name."

Tae ye, sur, an' yer better-half
We say "Guid-bye" wae pain;
God bless ye baith; best wishes frae
The City on the Maine.

August, 1908.

SHIPS.

Dear freens, yince again I'm tryin',
In a simple bit o' rhyme,
Steerin' ships intae yer harbours,
Which ha'e sailed the seas o' time.

Noah's Ark, the first big vesel
That we ken o' ony note;
Oor existance owe we tae hir,
Though a clumsy wudden boat.
The Gre't Eastern, yince proverbial
  Fur hir special build an' size,
Yit sae wieldless, an' sae hulkv,
  Niver wull she reach the skies.

City o' Rome, fair flo'tin' palace,
  Let the wun' bla' heich ur low,
Frae stem till stern she had nae equals
  For prowess ur for finest show.

Want o' space keeps me frae namin'
Coontless veshils, great an' sma';
Morra-taen-ya an' hir sister
Ir, the noo, the special twa.

Air-ships ha'e bit little substance,
  Though thir tryin' hard tae flee;
Soon I hope tae see us soarin'
   Whar we wish, bin lan' an' sea.

Tae some ships jist quite as real
  I requist a mental view;
Though they ha'e nae wings o' kenvis,
  Nor propell'd by triple screw.

Editor-ship, a michty schooner,
Paper sails baith fore an' aft,
Which catch e'en the faintest cypher—
  Speed alang, O usefoo craft!

Elder-ship's a holy veshel;
  Chairman-ship shud ha'e the lead;
Lord-ship's aft a ya't fur pleasure;
  Lady-ship's no far aheed.

Coort-ship is the largest veshel
  On the sea o' changin' time;
Has aboard o' ivery station,
   Ivery age, an' ivery clime.

Some start on this voyage early,
  Pree the sweets o' love's young drame;
Mebbe flirtin' wae a dizzen,
   Wha perhaps ir jist the same.

Some set sail, say, aboot twunty,
Thirty, forty, fifty-five—
Years in this we dae nae reckon
  If, forsooth, ye ir alive.

Some folk ir foo' late embarkin' ;
Circumstances did nae suit.
Late thrive knocks oot those wha niver—
  Though some ha'e a "single" doot.

Odd yins—odd as three wuz iver,
  Niver sailed across this Maine;
Aft I wunder ir sic human?
   Readers, brand thim waur than nane.

Coort-ship is nae aye smooth sailin' ;
Better whun she stands the breeze,
Provin' that she is wave-worthy
  Fur deep Metrimonial Seas.

Seas I trust we a' shall enter,
  Sailin' on a pleesint ya't,
Aye enjoyin' best o' papers,
   An' its famous "Towers Chat."

November, 1908.

OLD-AGE PENSIONS.

Dear freens tae those yit in thir teens,
Wha's future is al' pleesint scenes,
Perhaps it's weel a curtain screens
  What is aheid,
Fur auld age an' al' that it means
  Comes soon indeed.

Some enter young the merrit state,
Bit ony odd yins wha ir bate,
Jist shove the blame on cruel fate
  For bein' daft
An' no thimsel's fur bein' blate
  Ur green ur saft.
Bit age, alas, comes creepin' in,
An' fin's maist folk wae little tin,
Wha knock'd life oot tae keep it in,
Wae nought tae spare;
Though poverty is no a sin,
'Tis afoore bare.
The workhouse is a dreaded place
By al'maist al' the human race,
Although it is nae a disgrace,
As some noo think;
An' ither's say wae wrinkled face
'Tis near the brink.
Lift up yer hearts, this fear is past,
Hip, hip, hurray! the die is cast;
'Tis settled noo baith firm an' fast
An' sure decree
Tae stand while this nice world shall last
So may it be.
Oor Parliament though some cal' oot
Has done some guid withoot a doot,
Much o' the seed is takin' root,
Afore the spring.
Six hunner thousan' ir made stoot
An' caus'd till sing.
The traffic an' ither bills,
Which colf the rich Exchequer's tills,
Ir swallow'd like some bitter pills
Which won't stie doon
Becas' they hae thir train o' ills
Tae al' aroon.
Bit whut ken I aboot sic things,
Whither they wa'k ur go on wings,
Ur whether honey ur mabie stings?
'Tis hard tae know,
As misure efter misure rings
The bells foo slow.
Oor Parliament can boast o' men
Fit till orate ur use the pen,
Although yin woman micht chase ten,
If gein a chance;
Bit woman shud keep thir ain den
Ur go tae France.

Guid Sur George Wales noo tak's the lead
Fur Work performed fur those in need,
Quite irrespective o' thir creed
If jist the age;
An' niver pit a blot indeed
On British page.
Dear readers o' sweet "Towers Chat,"
I think wae you that I shud quat,
Trusting we al' shall lieve till that
Three score an' ten;
Receive the pension an' grow fat
An' young—Amen.

December, 1908.

In loving remembrance of the late
MR. JAMES IRWIN,
Ballyclose, Cullybackey,
Who departed this life January 20, 1910, aged 19 years.

"In the midst of life we are in death."

Ah, yes, how true those solemn words,
How real they appear,
Since e'en in youth, and health, and strength
Death may be very near.
As in the case of our young friend
We knew and loved so well,
Whose demise makes us feel more sad—
Than tongue or pen can tell.
We knew him at our village schools,
Intelligent and bright,
A quiet, honest, civil lad
Who tried to do the right.
We knew him well as day or night
We had him for a mate,
And worked together some short years
In "Maine Works" now so great.
An inoffensive, good young man,
Social, shrewd, and kind,
Whose sudden call should warn us all
Who still remain behind.

A stalwart youth, with rosy hopes,
So his ambitions ran,
That in the fine R.I.C. force
He'd nobly play the man.

But God did not permit it thus,
For why we cannot tell,
He rules supreme as Sovereign Lord,
And doeth all things well.

The Murray Club Apprentice Boys
Will miss young brother "Jim,"
Also the Workers' Union shall
Think much regarding him.

The Orange Order at Galgorm
Loses a loyal son,
Transferr'd to the Celestial Lodge
To hear those words "Well done."

The broken cords, the severed ties,
Which caused his loved ones pain,
Shall all be bound together soon
Never to part again.

'Tis true in our most lively times
Disease and death are rife,
'Tis also true in midst of death
We have eternal life.

February, 1910.
Dame Rumour has it rife, dear sur,
Yer gaun till lee us soon,
An' sever yer connection wae
This noo important toon;
Words fail me, sur, till half express
Oor feelin's at this time,
Bit kindly read atween the lines
O' this bit simple rhyme,
Foo poor this day.

Fower years agone intae oor midst
A clergy young ye came,
Tae fill the shoes o' him we loo'd,
Wha deid sae far frae hame;
Yer comin' cheer'd us in oor grief,
An' sort o' soothe'd the pain,
Bit noo till think yer leevin' us
Jist probes the wound again,
Foo sore this day.

Yer first go-aff as pastor here
Wus preach'd wae grace an' truth,
Regardless o' the big foo church,
An' you a perfect youth;
Yer theme wus Christ the Crucified,
An' this yer yin desire
To know not else, nor rich nor poor,
Which set oor hearts on fire,
Foo gled that day.

Since thin ye niver chang'd the tune,
But play'd it near an' far,
Which practice, sur, has made ye noo
A famous shinin' star;
The radiance o' whas brightest gleams
Hae shone intae each heart,
Which mak's unbearable the thocht
That soon we ir tae part,
Foo sad this day.
The young will miss yer genial smile,
The oulder yins yer word,
The seik, the aged, an' infirm
Yer pointin' tae the Lord;
In chair, in pulpit, an' in street
Yer object aye the same,
Hoo much ye cud bring honour tae
The all prevailin' Name,
Foo guid this day.

Although a Presbyterian true
In heart as well as heid,
Yit yer ambition wus nae, sur,
Tae tramp on ony creed;
As yin o' the Y.M.C.A.
Ye wrocht wae heart an' brain,
I fear they'll miss ye badly whun
The session comes again,
Foo bare some day.

Whun special efforts wur pit forth,
Ootside or in this town,
Yer presence an' guid preachin', sur,
Aye proved a blessed boon;
The "Seven Towers City" folk
Esteem you much 'tis plain,
Which mak's thim like thir cousins here
In famous "City Maine."
Foo sad this day.

Sur, tae yer better half an' weans
True freenship's die is cast,
So may ye all dae noble work
Fur Jesus in Belfast;
Adieux, guid-byes, an' aurovoys,
Gar tears fa' doon like rain,
Bit still by Faith we hope to meet
An' niver part again,
Foo bright some day.

May, 1909.
The Gospel was his chief, bright theme,  
One ever kept in view;  
With him religion was not rest,  
But rather work to do.

In prayer, I think, he most prevailed,  
When at a Throne of Grace,  
He made the careless ever feel  
It was a holy place.

The Church will miss him; and the world,  
That's poorer far to-day,  
Could ill afford to lose our friend  
Who now has passed away.

We wonder why such things are so—  
That good and true men die,  
While cumberers live on and on—  
Small wonder we ask why.

But God, our Father, rules supreme,  
He knows what's best for all;  
Like children good, before His will  
Let us submissive fall.

To those so sadly now bereaved  
Our sympathy extends;  
The God who wounds the human heart  
The Balm of Gilead sends.

March, 1909.

WANTED A WIFE.

Dear Sir, in yer paper, sae pop'lar,  
Ye had it reported last week  
Regerdin' that lass in Fermanagh  
That through Gerdians a partner wud seek.

Ten inches five fut in hir stockin's,  
A partner supposed tae be snug,  
Cud rise late ur sit up early,  
I wunder has she a bad dug.

But, Sir, tae come tae the "Towers,"  
Wha's Gerdians ir al' a quare sort,  
Sae kind whun a man seeks fur cooncil,  
They turn the hale thing intae sport.

I'm thinkin' o' him frae the Gloonan,  
A bachelor al' his free life,  
Wha noo wants tae help the big Union  
By takin' frae thence a guid wife.

Thus ending his weary meanderings,  
By takin' a hoose in the toon,  
Fur which the rint may be heavy,  
Bit whut when it proves a great boon.

He toves o' his job as a guid yin,  
At which he can mak' a fair pye,  
Considerin' al' he is able  
Tae keep the sweet lass that wull stie.

Smert Booard, tae his wishes accedin',  
Ye'll change yer room intae a fair,  
Earnin' join'd blissin's furiver,  
By makin' twa intae a pair.

The "Gerdianess" has the best wishes  
Fur peety express'd fur this man,  
Hir sister, too, had she bin presint,  
I'm sur e wud hae gid hir a han'.

The worthy member fur 'Hoghill,  
Sae famous fur daein' the richt,  
His qualifications and likeness  
Hae brocht him wee I oot ta e th e licht.

Bit whut says puir Mary Tamson  
Fur no' gettin' mair o' a chance;  
She micht hae got readin' the letter,  
Whuther posted in Ireland or France.

I'm vex'd tae think that this venture  
Has met wae sae little success,  
An' set on sae monie folk lauchin'  
Wha ir in aboot the same mess.

Before we need luck fur improvement,  
An' merriag' la's treate d rale fair,  
The Boord maun be made up o' women,  
Wae yin as a "Queen" in the chair.

April, 1909.
TAXIN' BACHELORS.

I'm thinkin' hard this moment, sur,
A spinster by the way,
Who niver yit wus axed tae wed,
Till noo my hair is grey.

Although a match fur ony man
Wha wanted a guid mate,
The figure I had on was heich,
Till noo, alas, I'm bate.

The market fur the likes o' me
Is ower years ago;
'Mang young yins wae thir flowin' locks
I niver get a show.

Dear sisters, tak' a civil hint,
Ur you'll remain a Miss;
Think twice before that you
Say" No,"
When you shud answer," Yes."

Sae much fur us, let's change the tune,
An' get richt tae the ca's
O' all the single misery
Opposed tae Nature's la's.

Auld Eddim had a wife tae boot,
A helpmeet o' his ain;
An' iver since "it is nae guid
Fur man tae be alane."

Bit some men ir nae men ava,
Though cal'd by some great name;
I wish that I cud gar thim think
An' blush fur very shame.

Hooiver, those wha winna wed
We'll tax thim fur thir life,
An' mak' thim afoo sorry men
They did nae tak' a wife.

Also, we'll tak' aff bachelors
Whut pye they dae nae need,
An' gee it tae poor merrit men
Wae mone weans tae feed.

An' year by year each wean that comes,
Gee him anither "bob";
That bachelors shall merriage see
A metter-o'-money job.

Gee bachelors nae privilege,
Wae some 'tis the keynote;
Bit iver keep thim "oot at sea"
In their auld "single" boat.

Thin soon shall usher in that age
In this an' ivery lan',
Whun each true woman shall be wed
Tae some guid honest man.

We read wae joy each Friday nicht
Tae weans baith foo an' fat,
Yer yarns and cullin's up-tae-date
In"Seven Towers Chat."

May, 1909.

With all apologies to my clever correspondents,
"Auld Bachelor," and "Rosette."—A.L.

"A BACHELOR BY THE WAY."

I'm thinkin' hard this moment, sur,
A bachelor by the way,
Wha niver niver thocht o' merryin',
Till noo my hair is grey.

Those lines by that "auld spinner,"
Hae touched my safest spot;
I, tae, like hir, am auld an' done,
An' lonely is my lot.

I sympathise wi' ivery word
That she has got tae say;
Although a bachelor mysel',
Wha disna want tae pay.
It is an awful sorry thing
Tae lead a single life;
If I could believe it ower again,
I'd surely tak' a wife.

There is nae sense in bachelordom,
Wi' "Spinster" I agree;
An' either some hard thinkin' sur,
Think ye wud she tak' me?

If you, sur, wud pit in a word
The next time she calls in;
Just say an auld chap wants tae ken
If her heart's quait takin' in.

An auld chap that has read her lines
Wi' interest a' through,
Wha's very heart went oot tae hir,
An' hope revived anew.

She just can rin across the street,
An' get her sticky taen,
An' the first time I'm in the toon
I'll hae mine tuk alane.

An' the sooner done the better,
For there's nae time tae lose;
An' when she sees my photo, sur,
I'm sure she'll no' refuse.

My pension wull be usefu' noo,
In gettin' wee things fixed,
I thank ye, sur, an' hope tae see
My answer in yer nixt.

" AULD BACHELOR."

May, 1909.

REPLY TO BACHELOR.

Och, Argus dear, guid civil man,
My blessin' rest on ye,
Fur gettin' me a "single" chance
Tae en' my misery.

Yer correspondent, auld an' grey,
Who thinks niver sae hard,
Fills noo my heart wae joy this day,
Tae think he is a bard.

I'm proud tae know my last few lines
Went richt tae his auld heart,
The first time that it e'er wus jagged
By Cupid's awfu' dart.

True sympathy is very kind,
Bit love is what I crave;
I widna wed a bachelor
His taxin' jist tae save.

He's foo o" "sweet" remorse, 'tis plain,
Fur hoo he leev'd his life;
So noo whun he is auld an' done
He wants me fur a wife.

Hard thinkin', sur, in very truth,
That spurr'd him up tae this,
Although I fear that his auld wife
Wull aye remain a—Miss.

In judging him by some I know,
Wha niver seem tae rest,
They winna wed nur let us be,
Which mak's thim just a pest.

Wha seem tae think if they bit wink
Each can be oor best man;
Sur, all they want tae tak' o' us
Is merely jist a hain'.

I trust my suitor is nae such,
He promises rale fair,
An' wants the knot weel tied at yince,
That mak's twa yins a pair.
Sur, lit me hae his sticky-face,
An' I'll gae him anither,
Thin mabie after a wee while
We'll git him stuck thegither.
The penshun usefoo that he names
Av coorse is very guid,
Bit I maun hae it so arrang'd
Tae dra' it when he's deid.

So noo I'm waitin' fur the worst,
Still hopin' fur the best,
While intae yer guid "matchless" han's
I'm leein' al' the rest.

May, 1909.

TO OLD BACHELOR.

I've been thinkin' fu' hard
Wha ye might be, the bard,
Old bachelor lone by the way,
Wha a wife niver sought,
Or till noo had a thought,
O' a lass, an' yer hair gettin' grey.
Ye prate 'bout a pension,
Wud ye please to mention
Cud the weekly amount which ye dra'
Support a young carlin',
For I'll be yer starlin',
If ye'll be my dandy jack-da'.

Like the lily my neck,
An' my een are coal black,
An' my cheeks clean outrival the rose,
An' my hair, hangin' down,
Is a bonny dark brown,
An' I've got an aquiline nose.

By the lonely wayside
Ye no longer need bide
In a dull gloomy mood sittin' sighin',
For I'm the weel posy
Wha'll fain be yer Rosy,
If ye'll be my dear dandy-lion.

I don't mind 'bout yer age,
Since yer settled an' sage,
If yer eighty I'm sweet sixteen,
An' ye needn't feel sad,
Tho' yer old as gran'-dad,
For I'll be yer bloomin' coal-een.

Ne'er mind the old spinner,
Try a new beginner,
Such are ever light-hearted an' gay;
Old maidens are null,
An' of course rather dull,
For a lonely old chap "by the way."

Old spinster's too good
For to quit maidenhood,
At the call of any old beau,
But I seek married life,
An' I'll be yer wife,
If ye'll be my dandy old jo.

I'm sure you'll feel vexed
Shud ye chance tae be taxed,
Ere ye part with the brass ye'll marry;
Leave the lonely way-side,
An' I'll be yer bride-
Fell dreamer! Ah, why did ye tarry?

Tho' ye've slept a long snore
On lone bachelor shore,
Yer time enough yet, my old sonny,
Ye may sail right away
In sweet courtship to-day,
To the land o' Matter-o-money.

So I'll bid ye adieu,
My old friend for the noo,
Expectin' to hear from ye soon;
In yer next please propose,
An' I'll sing "Off she goes"
Hurra for the sweet honeymoon,

"ROSETTE."

June, 1909.
"OBSQUASHALATED."

Your famous "Telegraph," dear sur, last week wint strecht fur me,
By crushin' al' my fandest hopes that mabie sang they'll dee.
I dae nae faut ye in the least because ye dae things square,
By rich, ur poor, ur young, ur auld, be broon ur grey the hair.
Dear sur, I hop'd in "Towers Chat" some word frae my auld man,
Instead o' a big cliver pome tae pit oot my auld han';
Sma' wunder if I'm daft jist noo regerdin' hoo I'm done,
Efter bein' manly on the eve of my fair settin' sun.
By a "scaldy" o' the stirlin' tribe wha tries foo hard til' cra',
Tak' note o' hoo she chirps the tune tae cherm my auld jack-da',
Hir neck an' e'en ir black as coal, hir cheeks as rid as paint,
Hir hair, rale broon, gits flowin' room, to boot she is a saint;
She flouts an' toves anent hir youth, excels by cliver tryin'
Tae transplant al' hir rosey-ness beside auld dandy-lion,
Although she may be fresh an' green, an' no like the "auld spinner,"
Wha wishes hir til' bear in min' she's jist a young beginner;
Auld, an' dull, an' odd I'm noo, bit like hir yince wus "skeich."
Bit fin', alas, that best o' men ir al' extremely dreich;
The taxin' may ha'e some effect, accordin' tae the souch,
If that is why some yins wull wed, it is nae jist enouch;
That green-e'ed monster, Jealousy, is gnawin' at my heart,
Which makes me that I am nae freens wae Miss Rosette M' Smart;
W hun things is jist aboot thir worst a change is near at han',

I leive in hope that soon I'll hear frae my sore-tempted man,
That he'll no min' this sweet sixteen wha cal's him "dear grand-dad,"
Bit that he'll tak' a seasoned lass whun yin is tae be had.

June, 1909.

This and the following piece are not mine.—A.L.

REPLY TO "AU LD SPINSTE R."

Och, Argus dear, be o' guid cheer,
Altho' I cause some strife,
Methinks I am a fittin' lass,
Tae be an auld man's wife.
An' sae I write ye these few lines,
Tho' I can hardly spell,
In hopes that ye'll no turn yer back
Upon wee Rosy Belle,
This tryin' day.

In last week's Chat I saw some lines
By a poetic queen,
Nae doot a saint, bit better kent
As yer auld spinnin' freen;
I maun confess I've scarcely h'ard
Magniloquence sae bra',
A witless wench like me's nae match
For such auld-farrant ja'.
Oo ony day.

At my jack-da' I'll gee a cra';
Ain't he a darlin' bird,
Mark hoo auld goosey-woosey, sir,
Is nibblin' at my words;
Methocht she wus a guidy lass,
Bit, gor, she's pert an' sly,
A reg'lar novice auld an' done,
Wha disna ken the wye
Tae spoon this day.
She prates aboot my roseyness,
Excels by cliver tryin’
Tae transform a’ my roseyness
Intae some sort o’ dyin’,
She threeps my neck as black as coal,
Cal’s me Rosette M’Smart,
She’s queen o’ a’ transposyness,
This auld Jinette M’Pert,
I vow this day.

She is nae freens wae me the noo,
Which is a sartin’ token
That love has tickled hir auld heart
Until hir temper’s broken;
Sir, wha wud think that this auld minx
Cud e’er be reinstated,
An’ hir sae done, sae auld, sae grey,
An’ sae obsquashalated,
Ha! good-a-day.

What’s my auld man the noo, kine sir,
Dae ye ken his address?
Tho’ I’ve been thinkin’ very hard,
I vow I canna guess;
If ye can glean some bits o’ news
Ye’ll please tae print thim doon,
An’ I’ll cal’ in an’ thank ye, sir,
Whane’er I’m in the toon,
Some comin’ day.

Mayhap ye’ll write a line or two,
An’ ax him if he’s well,
An’ speir if he’s got gold eneuch
Tae keep wee Rosy Belle;
Whan yinst he spies my rog’ish e’en
I’ll bet my golden guinea
He’ll breathe nae mair sweet words o’ love
Tae that auld Spinnin’ Ginney,
Sae stale this day.

Ower heed an’ ears in love he’ll be,
An’ sae besmeared wae Rosy,
Wae his two crins aroon my neck,
Dear man, bit he’ll be cosy;

He’ll bet his breeks my glowin’ cheeks
Can vie with most he’s met;
Och, bit he’ll be the proud auld man
Whun I’m his wee Rosette,
That glorious day.

Pure as the mornin air my breath,
My cherry lips like honey,
By my sweet word I’ll be his death,
‘Or thir’ll be matrimony;
Sae whut his wealth an’ how’s his health,
I hope he’s feelin’ lonely,
Bye-bye, kine sur, write soon, soon, soon,
An’ mind ye I’m his only
Wee lass this day.

June, 1909.

Proposal to “Auld Spinster.”

“Auld Spinster,” dear, ye needna fear
Because o’ this young stirlin’;
Och, if I had hir here the noo
But I’d gie hir a birlin’,
The cheeky, proud, upsettin’ thing,
Tae daar tae step intae the ring,
Tae chirp an’ dae hir dirty best
Tae strut afore ye tae the nest.

Aboot hir rare guid qualities
She gies hirsel’ a soapin’,
An’ uses all hir bloomin’ art
Tae rouse me frae my mopin’;
Hir lily neck an’ coal-blak e’e,
Dear Spinster, hae nae cherm for me,
An’ though she’s fair an’ very young,
It micht be hard tae stan’ hir tongue.

Hir bloomin’ cheeks an’ tresses broon
May coloured be by nathur,
But twice I’d think before I’d wink
At this upsettin’ craythur.
Juist efther a' had been prepared,  
An' you an' me had got things squared,  
She tried tae rob ye o' yer ain,  
An' brek the peace o' hame, sweet hame.

She didna richtly guess my age—  
I want a bit aff eighty;  
But when A wus as young as hir  
A wus nae sae consaity.

An' when A think upon it noo,  
The lasses then wur sober too;  
She's surely anxious fur a man  
Wha tries sae hard for my auld han'.

That you fell oot wae Miss M'Smart  
It isnae muckle wunder;  
My ain auld dear, keep up yer heart,  
'O' you I'm growin' fonder.

I'd rither hae yin silver hair  
As a' sweet Rosette's beauty fair.  
Bye-bye the noo, my wife-tae-be,  
I'm waitin' till ye come tae me.

"AULD BACHELOR."

June, 1909.

CONGLOMERATED.

Dear sur, yer "Towers Chat" last week,  
If I'm allowed yince mair till speak,  
Geen up an awfoo lot o' cheek  
Frae Rosy Bell,

Regerdin' which I'm fairly seik,  
If I can spell.

She's cliver, that I maun admit,  
An' fur hir years seems very fit,  
Tae sling big words that sorely hit  
The "Spinstar" free;

But wait, forsooth, she'll hae tae sit  
As lang as me.

Hir qualities which she wull soun'  
Anent hir locks sae clean an' broon,  
Hir pluffy cheeks sae rid an' roon,  
An' roish e'en,  
Which gar hir think that she can spoon Ower al' as queen.

Wae my auld goosey-woosey ways  
I nibble at hir words, she says  
Tae mak' like ought my silly lays  
Fur famous "Chat."

She samples some o' my auld praise—  
Bit whut fur that?

I'm auld an' done, rale odd an' quaint,  
An' worthless o' the name o' saint,  
Which monie colours she wud paint,  
I think, and cud;

Bit thin she almaist gars me faint  
Splashin' the mud.

She's young an' skeich wae little care,  
The world afore hir seems rale fair;  
But if she lieses till hae grey hair,  
An' me awa,

She'll ken whuther the world is square  
Ur like a ba'.

I wish hir weel wae aI' my hert,  
Though fur the present we maun pert;  
I hope she'll try an' no be tert,  
Bit fin' a youth,

An' use wae skill young Cupid's dert,  
In deed an' truth.

I pardon hir fur al' she wrote,  
Fur young as weel as old can dote—  
Furget the beam, an' see the mote  
In ithers' e'e;

But cherity alone wull float  
O'er time's rough sea.
Celibacy frae sweet Kilrea,
Wha sends a cullin' mortual splay,
An' wants till ken whut I wud say
Aboot Miss Jane—
You widna wed, sur, then I pray
Palaver nane.

Bit, sur, I'm no in little sweet,
Fur hope wae joy is weil replete;
I think I hear twa solid feet
Merchin' nixt me,
Wha lovin' stan's ready tae greet
My Jock! He! he!

Only he needna wait on me,
Since I'm as ready as can be,
Tell him till come alang an' see
It's no my fa'lt,
Wha thinks a guid day fur the spree
Wud be the "Twalt."

I thank him in my simple wye,
Fur fine eulogiums lood an' high,
Whuch, whun we marrit I shall pye
Wae interest sure—
A time I trust is very nigh—
E'en at the door.

Bit whuther we git wed or no',
Ye gid us baith a perfect show,
Fur which oor praise shal' iver flow,
Dear Argus twa;
An' may yer "Chat" aye hae that go
Which mak's it bra'.

June, 1909.
Anxious sae aft till git a home tae manage o' thir ain,
Why daent they try an' keep it thin instead o' gettin' vain;
The rich although they dae nae toil has lots at home till mind
If they wud rin the show correct an' niver get behind,
Thir poorer sisters wud dae weel if they wud follow suit,
By takin' int'rest in thir hame an' let the men git oot,
Tae dern, tae patch, tae wash, tae cook, tae tend the weans in need,
This mak's a woman noble, great, a heroine indeed,
The jilted ur the crossed in love maun hae some kin' o' fad,
Bit you wha hae had better luck why rin ye tae the bad?
Luck tae yer hame, yer man, yer weans, though mony women dote,
Ye may fulfil yer mission here an' niver hae a vote;
I trust my wife may read these lines an' write thim in hir heart;
An' hurry back tae hir ain hame, an' dae a woman's part;
If so, I'll bless ye while I lieve without a single doot,
An' thank ye in anither rhyme fur bringin' this aboot.

August, 1909.

IRELAND FOR ME.

Each yin loves dear thir native lan',
Despite the heat or cauld,
Ur whither big, ur whither wee,
Ur whither young ur auld;
Ur whither rich, ur whither poor,
In it A'll wish tae dee,
I think nae shame, I'm jist the same,
Dear Ireland fur me.

Lan' o' my birth, Erin-go-bra',
Place o' my boyhood days,
"Maine City" war, in etter years,
I tried mair manly ways,
Yit o' a' truth, my dreams o' youth
Fulfilment did nae see,
Though grey my hair, though poor an' spare,
Rich Ireland fur me.

'Twas auld whun ancient history,
Tradition, did begin,
It had its shapes an' features lang
Afore the year o' yin,
Ye know, dear freens, it aye has been
"The first gem of the sea."
So in ur oot—without a doot—
Auld Ireland fur me.

See the cassie o' the giants,
Visit smilin' Bantry Bay,
Sail the Lakes o' sweet Killarney,
Stappin' sure at fresh Lough Neagh,
Stroll richt through the glens o' Erin,
View hir weel frae sea till sea,
An' thus ye'll fin if yer no blin'—
Why Ireland's fur me.

Nae heichts can touch the hills o' Erin,
Tinged weel wae purest green,
Yit abune the best an' biggest,
Slemish verily is queen;
There Hibernia's great apostle
Pray'd aft that she micht be free,
So in that light I boldly write—
Guid Ireland fur me.

The rivers o' the Emerald Island
Use and beauty grandly join,
The deep an' gracefu' windin' Shannon,
An' the Orange historic Boyne,
The Braid, the Bann, Lagan an' Liffey,
Floodin' maist the ragin' sea,
Bit thir is nane like famous Maine
In Ireland fur me.

Entrim is my favourite coonty,
"Saevin Towers" is its hub,
Cullybackey mair nor second,
If Belfast wul' stan' the rub;
Ivery coonty has attractions,
Better yins thir cud nae be,
Nae sin till say, wae joy this day—
Sweet Ireland fur me.
Sons o' Erin, brave an' loyal,
Lovers o' the Shamrock scra'l,
Some forsooth wud try tae droon it,
Ither yins wud "Catch-my-pal,"
Ae' kind an' true, race guid an' foo'
O' wut an' repartee,
Gi'e me yer pa, an' rise ur fa',
Bould Ireland fur me.

Hir colleens, fine and noble daughters,
Acknowledged passin' fair,
Thirs nae yins in the hale wide wurl'
Yin moment wud compare,
Nur language cud thim half describe,
For thim we'd dar till dee;
An Irish gel, the "Weekly Tel."—
An' Ireland fur me.

_February, 1910._

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**CATCH-MY-PAL.**

"'Catch-my-pal,' sur, whut's its meanin' ?
Last week wus pit strecht till me
By a catchy nice young woman
Jist as iver I did see.

Flabbergasted an' dumbfounded
Hoo best till meet hir queer,
At once in my ain simple style
I spake anent the theery.

A clergieman frae auld Armagh,
Young Patterson by name,
Has started aft a temperance move,
Which brings thim baith great fame.

He pictures sin an' sufferin' sore,
The lack o' food an' clothes,
In homes o' brither Irishmen
Whuriver strong drink flows.

Tae stem this awfoo tide o' woe
Oor freen has struck a plan,
The virtue is—each member keeps
His brither like a man.

An' those ootside this mighty move
Are houlted an' broucht in;
Thus wul' the wurk go on an' on
Until we al' are yin.

Freens think this movement jist a babe,
Yit Ulster noo can boast
O' foorty-thousan' members strong—
Success thou temperance host!

A thoosan' guid that stan' the test
On "Saevin Towers" roll,
Wha hope by faith an' love combined
To "totally" head the poll.

Addin', although in "City Maine"
The drunkards are but few,
If led tae cal' this wye some nicht
We grab oucht that is new.

The purport o' my yarn is yours,
I need nae tel' ye al',
Fur whun I had thus spoken, freens,
Sure then I "catch'd-my-pal."

_February, 1910._
IMPRESSIONS.

On hearing the Rev. W. R. Megaw, B.A., the newly ordained minister of Trinity Presbyterian Church, Ahoghill, preach his first sermon after his ordination to his congregation on Sunday, April 10th, 1910. Text, 1 Cor. ii. 2.

First impressions aft arelastin' 
Whither bad, ur whither guid.
Pardon, an' I'll tell ye my yins 
In a simple bit o' scree'd:
Born an' broucht up in the district, 
Niver bein' far frae hame, 
Sma' wunner that my words are common, 
An' ideas awfoo tame—

Hooiver, freens, this peacefoo fixture 
Minds me o' lang years ago, 
Whun the church wus mair auld-farrant 
Baith inside an' oot, ye know; 
Whar the venerable F. Buick 
Preached the World tae rich an' poor; 
Sacred be his name fur iver 
Fur flingin' wide the Gospel door.

Whas sturdy henchman an' assistant, 
Mr. Maconachie o' fame; 
A fearless, faithfoo Gospel preacher, 
Regerdin' whom we think nae shame, 
Assisted an' succeeded later 
By him wha cud "catch-his-pals"; 
Bit Mr. Pyper soon surrendered 
Tae the folk o' "Derry's Wal's"—

Revertin' mair till present moments, 
Wae expectations reemin', 
Anent Trin-it-y Church o' hope, 
Whar "Love" an' faith are beamin', 
Becas his Mester sent alang 
His servant, young Mega', 
Noo weil ordain'd as pastor here 
By Presbyterian la'.

Son o' the Manse, wae bright career, 
He comes, we trust, fur guid, 
Provin' himsel' baith in an' oot
A clergiean indeed; 
We wish tae see the "B" degree 
Knock'd oot by Cupid's darts, 
An' like the sang replaced 'fore lang 
By "M"-atrimonial "A"-rts—

The prayers an' expositions, freens, 
O' Young Mr. Mega'
Did me a world o' lastin' guid 
Afore he preached ava', 
Although his sermon, weel got up, 
Wus jist as weil laid doon, 
He hurl'd the darts right at our hearts, 
An' no' up at the moon.

His theme wus Christ the Crucified, 
Nane else he wants till know, 
Nur preach till plase himsel' alane, 
Nur heich, middle, ur low; 
Yit varied as the rainbow's hues 
He show'd this theme till be 
Heich as the sky, wide as the earth, 
An' like the mighty sea.

The la', the Prophets, big an' wee, 
An' Gospels wur the same, 
Epistles sweet, all pointed tae 
The Crucified's dear name; 
Wae sic' a theme an' sic a place, 
An' sic' a time as this, 
An' sic' a school, an' sic' a church? 
The hale thing jist means bliss.

April, 1910.
In loving remembrance of
THE LATE MISS ESTHER DUNLOP,
Broughdone, Cullybackey.
Who died on board the S.S. Parisian, on March 15th, 1910, aged 6 years.

"For of such is the Kingdom."

Words fail to half express the grief
Felt in our hearts to-day,
Caused by the unexpected news—
"Essie has passed away!"

Young Essie was a child beloved,
Old far beyond her years,
Proving she was not for this world,
With all its sins and tears.

Too good for earth, more fit for Heaven,
But lent us here a while,
To cheer us with her tender ways,
And quiet, winning smile.

Lovely and wise, gentle and good,
She came and shed a light,
Of Heaven's own radiance round our path,
Then homeward took her flight.

She prided much in seven curls
Of splendid golden hair,
Which shall adorn her gloried head
In heaven, bright and fair.

No one e'er dreamt when leaving port,
A few short hours before,
That Essie would be first to reach
The ever-shining shore.

Listen, dear friends, what Jesus says:
"Although you suffer much,
Forbid her not, but realise
The Kingdom is of such."

Yea, think of that good time and place
Where Essie waits for thee;
No danger then, nor parting there,
Because "there's no more sea."

As sailing o'er life's troubled sea,
Though high or low the tide,
With Christ aboard we're sure to reach
At last the other side.

The passage may be rough or smooth,
The journey short or long;
But God knows best—we trust in Him,
And sing the victor's song.

April, 1910.

CULLYBACKEY.

Dear Sur, an' freens, "Cully" jist means
A "doug" some people think,
An "backey" fair is naethin' mair
Nor "leep"—which disnae clink.

Ithers wul say fur truth this day—
Although they dae nae preach—
That Cullybackie, dry or drackie,
Means "land o' guid white beech."

At corner here monie a year,
Whun fewer wur the trades,
Without a doot, a forge turn'd oot
The best o' hemmer'd spades.

Frae which the name, formist in fame,
That fills us wae consate,
Is handed doon wae this great toon,
Acknowledged up-tae-date.

History's page, age after age,
Had we bit time an' space
Oor pen tae ply we cud defy
Better in ony place.
Wemen an' men within oor ken,
Wha's loss we sorely feel
By Nature's la' all pas'd awa'
Tae land o' silent leal.

Kilpatrick, Moody, Buick,
Wha brok' the Gospel breid;
Frazer, Young, an' Patrick,
An' Cunningham the guid.

Ithers we know as guid an' true,
Though mabie no' as tal',
Yit sav'd by grace, an' in that place,
Winnie be nixt the wal'.

Mr. Fleemin', guid an' beamin',
Though he is retired noo,
We wish him best o' peace an' rest
Richt up tae the water broo.

His successor, sketch professor,
Clergy o' "United Free,"
A "Catch-my-pal" social wae al',
Mr. Townsley for me.

Noo strife shall cease fur he o' peace,
Young Hutchinson the brave
Has raised his voice in Ruth's guid choice
The meetin'-house tae save.

At dear auld Pun' the biggest gun
Dis service in an' oot;
King ower al', baith large an' smal',
Mr. Lyons is nae doot.

The ither shade o' heicher grade
Is minister'd weel tae;
Mr. Townsend great cud not be bate
In Ireland's Church the day.

Tae ither creeds whas words an' deeds
Condemn all kinds o' sin,
I wish ye weel, becas' I feel
It tak's al' tae mak' yin.

Bit nixt the place please turn yer face,
Prosperity here see,
In hooses big, al' nate an' trig,
As ony yins cud be.

Fine usefoo' hal's whar brither pals
In social love aft meet
Tae spen' a while, apert frae guile,
In "mystic" gran' an' sweet.

The week-day schools, wae best o' rules
Fur educatin' weans,
An' Sunday yins, whar youthfoo' sins
Are crucified wae pains.

The churches fine noo far ootshine
Al' ither that I know;
That it is due, barrin' a few,
Tae works known as "The Maine."

Regardin' which I think too much
Could hardly jist be said,
Whun we are sure hoo mony poor
An' rich by thim are fed.

I daurna say al' they can dae
In thi' big, famous green,
Bit let this pass, they mak' "spun glass"
Intae finest "lineen."

They bleach an' dye, they wat an' dry,
Use liquid much like milk;
The cotton grey is turn'd intae
"Fine Cullybackey silk."

This first-rate place still goes apace,
Ithers are runners-up;
In truth I say way joy this day,
Lang may they haud the cup.

My yarn is spun, my cotton's done,
Yit still I wish tae say,
Fur "Cully" shout, fur "backey" out,
Three cheers—hip! hip! hurray!

May, 1910.
CEAD MILE FAILTE

To Dunnygarron, Cullybackey, on July the 12th, 1910.

Hurra, freens, the Twalt is approachin'—
The biggest big day o' the year;
Although some folk hae bin poachin'
Bit nane o' thin lieve aboot here.

Perhaps we shud cal' each a brither,
Though wanderer's frae the "good old";
Wae cherity help those wha slither,
An' welcome thim ba'k till the fold.

Hooiver, my mind is noo dwellin'
On glorious times at the Maine,
The yin half o' whic' I'm noo tellin',
The ither I'll spin ye again.

I'm no an adept at predictions,
Bit this much I'll venture tae spay,
Regardless o' monie restrictions,
This Twalt wul' be mentioned fur aye.

Becas' o' the place o' the meetin'
Tae which al' uthers are nil,
Tae whar we extend an Orange greetin'
Fae auld Dinny-gerrin Green hill.

An' mairsae becas' o' the people,
Sae social, sae loyal an' true,
"Catch-my-Pals," wha wud nae seeple
Although the "wee buttons" are few.

The Brithers frae Clough are al' comin',
Drumra' wull be here if they can;
The 'Hoghill True Blue's will be welcome,
And Loyal Orange bhoys frae the Bann.

The famous district o' the "Towers,"
Wha's ljudges are truly first-rate,
Are al' turnin' oot in fine flowers,
Thus bringin' the Twalt up-tae-date.

Bit freens, whilst ye welcome "made" brithers,
Who, like us have trevelled each part,
We are jist as gled tae see uthers,
Who mabie are Orange at heart.

Bit nae yins wull be half sae welcome
As Wullie's fair daughters that day;
Please tak' this invite as a special
An' come in yer thousands. Hurray!

Abune al', mind weel the collection
Fur Protestant Orphans in need,
Be assur'd that in this connection
The Lord He wull bliss you indeed.

June, 1910.

LINES WRITTEN IN LOVING REMEMBRANCE
OF THE LATE MR. JOHN MAILEY,

Who departed this life at his residence, Cullybackey,
Co. Antrim, on July 23, 1910, aged 63 years, and was
respectfully buried in the Old Churchyard, Ahoghill,
with Orange Honours.

"Et quisquis vivit et credit in me, non mortieux in
aeternum."

Death, solemn death, here in our midst,
Hath made its mark again,
Selecting our beloved friend
And workmate in the "Maine."

A quiet, honest, moral man,
We knew him day by day,
Are confident where he has gone,
Because he knew the way.

O'er sixty years he trod this earth,
Unscathed by slander's breath;
He lived a humble Christian's life,
And died a Christian's death.
A Presbyterian firm and true,
    He gave offence to none,
Nor did he let his left hand know
    The good his right had done.

We knew him as a man all round,
    Who ever stood four-square;
We loved him as a brother “made,”
    To which I now refer.

John has not left in all our ranks
    One truer to the cause,
Or stauncher for the Union great
    And Constitution’s laws.

A member of Two-thirty-nine
    For over forty years,
He never missed a Twelfth but two,
    A record which endears.

If language “mystic” I may use,
    His “walking” is all o’er,
For Jordan now is crossed in truth,
    He rests on Canaan’s shore.

The desert journey, rough and smooth,
    Traversed as in the night,
Sublime with mysteries profound,
    He sees in triune light.

The “ladder” Jacob only saw,
    That reached to heaven above,
With grace our brother now hath climbed,
    By “Faith,” and “Hope,” and “Love.”

From dear Galgorm, his lodge beloved,
    By God’s supreme decree,
Transferred to one for evermore
    Celestial in degree.

Good wife bereaved, brethren, and friends,
    Think on the other side,
And like John Mailey ever take
    “Jehovah as your guide.”

July, 1910.

In loving remembrance of the late
    MRS. JANE FARAGHAN,
Who died at Lowpark, Fenaghry, Cullybackey, on July the 15th, 1910.

    “De morteus nil nisi bonum.”

A mother in our Israel
    Has passed from us to-day;
We know the place where she has gone,
    And thither know the way.

She was a woman good and kind,
    A friend to those in need,
A neighbour in the truest sense,
    To equal, hard indeed.

A faithful and devoted wife;
    A mother, ah! how fond,
Whose heart to nature’s tenderest calls
    Most warmly did respond.

In her good home she leaves a space
    Which none on earth can fill;
Her husband and her children dear
    Lament her absence still.

On eve of three score years and ten
    The Master said in love—
“To mansions now prepared for thee,
    My child, come up above.”

She lived by faith, she died in hope,
    Her love for Christ was strong,
She knew the joy of being saved,
    She sings the Glory song.

This is our source of comfort now,
    None other peace can give;
She hath a crown upon her brow,
    And doth for ever live.

July, 1910.
FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY.

(I. Corinthians, xiii. 13.)

Dear freens, my mind reverts jist noo
Tae hallow’d times lang past,
Whun Mr. Moody, o’ the ‘Pun’,
Saw’d Gospel seed braid-cast.

A humble, faithfoo, godly man,
Without yin blot ur stain;
His memory sacred in oor hearts
Fur iver shall remain.

His acts o’ charity endear’d
Him tae a’ those in need;
His demise is a loss keen felt,
By this an’ ivery creed.

In fancy I can hear him still
Proclaimin’ lood the truth,
An’ see his face an’ manly form,
Sae fresh an’ foo o’ youth.

Especially I mind rael weel,
Yin Sabbath mornin’ guid,
Whun in the Covenantin’ Church
He bro’k th e leivin’ breid.

Selectin’ the abidin’ gifts
He led us al’ above,
Through “Faith” by “Hope” in “Charity,”
The greatest being “Love.”

He cal’d each grace a nice young girl,
An’ usin’ language great,
Instructin’ us in sic’ a style
Nae man on earth cud bate.

“Miss Faith,” said he, reads aft God’s word,
Believes what she sees there,
Rests on the finished work alone,
Becomes exceedin’ fair.

“Miss Hope” beholds the settin’ sun,
Resplendent with bright rays,
And sees beyond the mists o’ time
Those endless, happy days.

“Miss Charity,” the greatest far,
Furgets aboot hersel’,
An’ daes mair guid throughoot this wurl’
Than mortal tongue can tell.

She suffers lang yit envies nane,
Nur vaunts wae puff’d up pride;
Rejoices only in the truth
That iver shall abide.

Exhortin’ us tae covet gifts,
Especially those three,
An’ iver realise in full
Faith, Hope, an’ Charity.

August, 1910.

METTERIMONIAL METTERS.

Dear sur, an’ readers yin an’ al’,
Yer sympathy I crave,
An’ beg the help that ye can gee
A brither young tae save.

A country lad baith born an’ bred
Some miles frae oor great toon,
Which lees me that I cannie “dish”—
Much worse I cannie “spoon.”

A dra-bak sure tae ony lad
Whun he becomes o’ age,
Has reach’d at last brave man’s estate,
The metterimonial stage.

Freens thus alone I sadly eat
The fruits o’ bein’ blate,
Yit hopes that tae a garden fair,
This is the golden gate.
I want some lass tae correspond—
  Sixty-six inches neat;
Bit inches wud nae reckon, sur,
  Provided she had feet.

I wud nae want yin ower aul',
  Nur ower young an' gay;
Although young yins as a blessed rule
  Improve o' that each day.

I dae nae min' if hir ain hair
  Is licht, ur dark, ur broon,
Ur if hir cheeks are white ur red,
  If she's no faced a' roon.

If she has money, very weel,
  Ur prospect o' a ferm,
Though whiles sic things dae little guid,
  They rarely dae much herm.

An honest lass is niver poor,
  Nae odds whut folk may say,
If she wull keep the water warm,
  I'd see aboot the tay.

If some guid lassie "wae a view"
  Noo corresponds wae me,
Perhaps before a desert time
  My wifie dear she'll be.

**September, 1910.**

ADDRESSED TO MR. WILLIAM SHAW, Solicitor,
Cullybackey, Co. Antrim.

Dear Sir, I beg ye grant yer grace
Shud I say yin word oot o' place,
Ye know this age has rapid pace,
  Rale hard tae gain,
That al' wha try tae rin the race
  Dae nae obtain.

Though run by sea, ur run by lan',
Ur run by woman, ur run by man,
Ur only run by helpin' han'
  On favour's road;
Bit here's tae those wha riz an' ran
  Despite the load.

Some in the Emy mak' a stride,
In civil service some wull pride,
As clergiemen some wud us guide,
  Ur scar the deil;
As doctors some wud try, if pied,
  Tae mak us weel.

Some rin apace drivin' a queel,
Ur some guid trade by which they speel,
Ur manual labour 'neath some heel,
  As bein' blin',
Yit lazy folk work fur the deil
  Far, far ahin.

I mind ye, sir, a tiny boy,
A father's pride, a mother's joy,
An' whin at school ye pit the doy
  On ivory gun,
Fur lessons seem'd bit as a toy,
  An' tae ye fun.

An' later at Y.M.C.A.,
Whar aft we met tae work an' pray,
Tae help each ither up the way,
  In council sweet,
Whin love as brithers had full sway
  At Jesus' feet.

In ancient Pun' Church o' yer sires,
A zealous son she weel admires,
Hir faithfoo scribe wha niver tires
  In deed an' truth;
In school a teacher that inspires
  The godly youth.
Wae ladies, weel-tae-dae an' fair,
Ye are a favourite, I declare,
Though ivery couple's no' a pair
Ye need nae fret;
I hope some day ye'll dae an' dare
An' no regret.

Since ye, dear sur, hae taen tae la',
Ye sway the coorts wae legal ja',
An' proffer weel tae lead them a',
Baith young an' aul',
Fur those on whom ye lee yer pa'
Ye fairly spal'.

A credit tae great "Towers" toon,
Fair "City Maine" an' district roon,
Wha place on ye the legal croon
Sae nobly won;
May naethin' iver poo it doon
Till the "Well done."

I pass this on without a grudge,
That if frae richt ye niver budge,
Although some jealous folk may smudge,
An' think I lee,
Nae doot some day ye'll be a judge—
Sae may it be.

September, 1910.

JEALOUSY.

The dictionary makes it clear
That jealousy is just a fear
Of losing something we hold dear.

Its origin, so hard to trace,
In Cain the first show'd up its face,
Some hold it, but perhaps not all,
That jealousy caused Safan's fall.
However, down through all the ages

Its hand has dirtied many pages,
Grim monster, with the greenish eye;
No peace or joy when it is nigh.
In almost every walk of life
Its presence is the cause of strife,
Sure at the crown-head over all
Its subjects rise, murdered to fall,
From kings down to the poorest waif;
Whilst in the world no one is safe.
In mildest words that I can spell,
It makes this earth a very hell.
We're not long in this world, I say,
Till its behests we do obey;
At school, how jealous should one pass,
And we remain to fool the class.
As we grow older, this the curse,
That jealousy gets worse and worse,
Whose thoughts and words no one could paint,
Indeed it would provoke a saint.
A demon, full of bitter spleen,
Whose equal never yet was seen.
When once it comes, this much one knows,
It leaves sore hearts before it goes.
Many true lovers it makes part,
Leaving each with a broken heart.
What havoc it has often made
'Mong lovers young who never stray'd.
It makes the "guid-wife" doubt her man,
And loving husband lift his han'.
The kindest and most loving pair
It brings to ruin, I declare.
O! keep it outside in the cold,
Or sure as life you're badly sold.
In pulpit and in every pew
This jealousy is there to view.
By this we see it's not a "fad,"
But dwells in good as well as bad.
Now, in conclusion let me say
Ever and anon "Watch and pray,"
Lord, make us good, and truly zealous,
Instead of being bad and jealous.

October, 1910.
THOUGHTS.

Suggested on hearin’ the Rev. John M. M’Quitty, B.A., very eloquently preach a suitable sermon in Heich Kirk, Bellamain, on Sabbath evening last tae the public generally, bit mair particularly tae the “Sevin Towers Royal Lilies,”’ noo sae weel an’ fragrantlly known in the sweet wurl’ o’ botany as bein’ adorners o’ that guid auld freenly society, “The British Order o’ Ancient Free Gerners.” Text: Romans xiv. 7: “For none of us liveth unto himself.”

Dear sur an’ freens, “Free Gerner” means
A man ur woman guid,
Wha kens the truth ‘bout health an’ youth,
An’ therefore lucks aheid.

By layin’ past ere shadows cast
A gloom across the way,
Thin like the ant they’ll feel nae want
Whun comes the rainy day.

Which comes, alas, tae class an’ mass,
Sae tak’ this hint frae me,
Provide in time, it’s no a’ crime
Whun yins fa’ seick ur dee.

Anither thougt sincere as ought,
Wae pride I write it doon,
I like the rest, bit love “John” best
As native o’ oor toon.

We aften read o’ prophets guid
No’ honoured much at hame;
Bit he’s a star that near an’ far
Is shinin’ guid in fame.

Bit frae the man tae message gran’,
Freens, please a moment turn;
An’ as we think may it jist sink
Intae each heart, an’ burn.

“Nane fur himsel’ on earth can dwell,”
A text o’ Scripture plain,
That frae each heart shud ne’er depart
Until we reach abane.

“The hame,” said he, “is whar that we
Get bended wrang ur richt;
Companions nixt oor future fixt
Accordin’ tae thir licht.

“Nane need despair, fur Christ, the fair,
If let within us dwell,
Wud move us so, speakin’ ur no’,
Influensin’ tae tell.

“Which wull lieve on whun we are gone;
Therefore al’ ought tae see
That whut we say an’ whut we dae
Is fur eternity.”

The sermon bricht, wus like the nicht,
No’ dry, av coarse, like some;
May it tak’ root an’ bear much fruit
In days that are to come.

October, 1910.

HARVEST FESTIVAL.

AHOGHILL LIGHTED FREE OF COST.

In the beautifoo, solid, an’ sacred edifice known as Ahoghill Parish Church, on Friday evenin’, 12th inst., thir was a rale suitable an’ appropriate thanksgieein’ service acknowledgin’ the guidness o’ the Geer o’ al’ guid. The very special preacher on the great occasion was the Rev. R. Walker, LL.D., rector o’ St. Barnabas, Belfast (formerly of St. Patrick’s, Bellamena, who selected his text from Galatians vi. 10—

“OPPORTUNITY.”

Nae doot I’m awfoo Church mysel’,
An’ haud shé is soon as a bell;
That yin’s Church shud hae prior claim,
An’ bigotry’s a sin an’ shame.

The Congress in Belfast last week,
If at the “Telegraph” we’ed keek,
Goes far tae fetch us near as near
Tae ither sects o’ Christians dear.
Bit tae the subject proper, freens—
Lit us revert wae al’ oor means—
An’ thank the Lord in rhyme an’ reason
Fur this guid fruitfoo harvest season.

Tae “’Hoghill’” Church last Friday nicht
I made my wye—the streets had licht;
Thanks tae hir ladyship, the moon,
Which did “free gratis” licht the toon.

The church inside luck’d simply gran’,
Fur taste ootrival’d Nature’s plan,
The choir’s chant, an’ organ’s peal
Wud touch the heart o’ hardest steel.

The service auld aye seems its worst
Tae ony stranger at the first;
Whun tae the Book we strictly keep,
It gees nae time tae doze ur sleep.

The sermon wus a rale trate,
On “chances” pictured up-tae-date;
I love sincerely Mr. Wa’ker,
Becas he is sae plain a ta’ker.

“ He taen an’ threshed weel his first ‘heid’,
Portryin’ ‘chances,’ murdered deid,
Minteenin’ that this crime wus rife
In almoist ivery walk o’ life.

“ Those fussie folk, fur iver late,
Tae second ‘heid’ he then did mate,
Implyin’ that it was a sin,
Aye in a hurry, aye ahin.

“ Under ‘heid three,’ in words sublime,
He urged us al’ tae be in time,
Each ‘opportunity’ tae seize,
No’ only that bit tae it freeze.

“ An’ lastly, though nae ‘chances’ came
Tae rise an’ mak’ thim al’ the same,
An’ niver yince bate a retreat,
Bit move alang in Christ complete.”

The service an’ the lessons taught
Winnie be likely soon furgot,
So whun the Gerner reaps each yin,
May we be ripe an’ free frae sin;
I wish sincerely—Yours, A. LYNN.

October, 1910.

ANNIVERSARY O’ GUNPOWDER PLOT AT GALKORM, 1910.

Unner the auspices o’ the flourishing an’ go-ahead
Loyal Orange Ludge at Galgorm (No. 239), wha’s best
interests are seen tae by the energetic an’ esteemed
Wurshipfoo Mester, Bro. Thomas Lynn, Sandy Row, a
suitable service wus held on Sunday evening, which wuz
conscientiously conducted in a clerickal menner by the
cliver young clergiem an’ Trinity Church, Ahoghill,
favourably known as the Rev. W. R. Megaw, B.A.
The indefatigable Distrect Mester, Bro. G. C. G. Young,
Galgorm Castle, an’ monie o’ the brethren wore the
bricht regalia o’ the Order. Text: Galatians v. 1
—“ Stand fast therefore in the liberty wherewith Christ
hath made us free.”

LIBERTY.
Apologies, Mr. Mega’
Fur touchin’ yer discoorse ava
Wae my simple auld-farrant ja’,
In Doric rouch,
Furgee, although ye think it ra’,
An’ awfoo chouch.

The service wus a proper yin,
Gun-powder plot wus cruel sin,
Though Guy Fawkes did nae care a pin
What riz ur fell,
Lang as he got the dirty tin
An’ saved hisel’.

I liked the sermon despirt weel,
Becas yince mair you made us feel
That slavery wus o’ the deil
By ony name,
Tae which nae Protestant shud kneel.
No e’en fur fame.
The Reformation you show'd oot,
Erasmus niver brocht aboot,
Bit Luther that brave German sproot,
Wha fear'd nae yin,
Tae Worms wud go, without a doot,
An' thresh thir sin.

The great Armada you made plain,
That left the shores o' sinny Spain
Tae force us intae sin again,
Came little speed
On Erin's shore, drooned in the Maine,
They landed deid.

Wullie the Third you weel portray'd,
Unlike us though he wus nae made—
Staunch Protestant wha niver stray'd
By day ur nicht,
A Christian King wha always pray'd
An' focht fur richt.

Your application at the last
Wuz—"Brethren stan' fur iver fast,
Nail freedom's colours on the mast,
Whom Christ mak's free;
Houl, nae odds whar yer lot is cast—
Sweet LIBERTY."

December, 1910.

### THE CARPENTER OF NAZARETH.

Lines suggested on hearing the Rev. Lancelot H. Becher, M.A., esteemed rector of the important parish of Ahoghill, Co. Antrim, preach a magnificent sermon on Sunday morning, 8th January, selecting as his text—"Is not this the carpenter?"—Mark vi. 3:—

I gaed tae 'Hoghill Church, dear freens,
Yin Sunday no lang syne,
Tae whar, av coarse, my spirit leans
An' body diz incline,
Bit efter that I'm naewise stiff
Consarrin' whar folk go,
Only I dae nae like a quiff
Wha "tramps" aboot fur show,
Foo fast this day.

Some folk wull act jist as they feel,
But let us dae whut's richt,
An' help each ither upwards speel
Wae al' oor Christian mich,
The service in the church wuz fine
Tae those weel in the know;
I think its beauty diz nae shine
In "heich" as well as "low,"
Foo nice this day.

Bit let us tae the sermon turn,
Though simple is my wye,
I pray that ivery heart may burn,
An' iver burnin' stie;
An orator can ba' ur screech,
Use language cauld or het,
Bit, freens, although I cannie preach,
Furgee my sermonette—
Foo short this day.

The preacher's voice rings in my ear,
Weel-kent, an' firm, an' sweet,
As he declar'd without a fear
The Gospel story neat,

December, 1910.
Based on that question ax’d in taunt,  
"The carpenter is this?"
Tae show his powers wur bit scant,  
Bit ah, it wuz a miss.
Foo gran’ that day.

"Eighteen lang years, his riverence sid,  
An' nane tae breck thir breath,  
Anent whut oor dear Saviour did  
At hame in Nazareth,
Save whut this query lets us hae  
As legends aft mislead,  
Though faseable an’ clear as day  
Aft dae mair herm than guid—  
Foo false this day.

"This text portrays a workin’ man  
Toilin’ week in week oot  
Wae sweaty broo an’ blis’t er’d han’,  
We need nae hae a doot;  
In fancy watch Him in the shade  
‘Mang shavins, chips an’ dust,  
Thir see Him work at his ain trade,  
Tae mak’ an honest crust—  
Foo hard that day.

"Thus He is oor example great,  
An’ sanctifies fur aye,  
Guid honest work in ony state,  
Whuther by nicht ur day,  
Ur mental toil, ur muscles strain,  
Ur craft known by a few,  
Ur rich, ur poor, ur loss, ur gain,  
In pulpit ur in pew,  
Foo stiff this day.

"The summin’ up brocht us much licht,  
Fur truth wus nae made dim  
That wurk wuz sacred in His sicht,  
An’ shud be dane fur Him.  
Though only pyed in pert doon here,  
‘Twas golden if we’d mate  
Faith an’ hope, an’ love an’ cheer,  
An’ dae oor best an’ wait—  
Foo gled this day."

January, 1911.

SWEATING.

In fancy’s flight, beloved freens,  
Alang sweet muse’s pad,  
I sped forsooth the ither day,  
Although a workin’ lad,  
Wha’s eddication is nae guid,  
An’ mental vision bad.

Hooiver, drest in print attire,  
A fair nymph thir I sa’,  
Whas coontinance wore nae sweet smile  
Nur pleesint luck ava,  
The raeson if ye wish tae ken  
Please read this line ur twa.

"Frae my bricht hame,” sid she, “I came,  
Inquiries tae mak  
Anent a system much in vogue;  
An’ noo I’m goin’ bak  
Tae foo report my finnin’ sad,”  
So thus an’ thus she spak’.

"I fun the country thinly sawn  
The poor ir poor indeed,  
Yit those wha cannie toil ur dig  
Can beg fur daily breid  
Inhalin’ free fresh atmosphere,  
Ridin’ on Shanks’ steed.

"Bit in the toons an’ cities gran’  
Things painfoo did I see,  
Which I’ll depict in mildest form,  
Leastwise ye think I le e,  
Ur wish tae cast a slur on those,  
The movin’ powers that be.

"Intemperance, waste, an’ want o’ thrift  
Bring heich yins tae the grun’,  
Wha blarge awa, yit miss the mark,  
An’ hae tae pert thir gun,  
Thin realise that life is mair  
Than juist a bit o’ fun.
"Bit o' the low wha'ne'er wuz heich
I sa' a michty pile,
Which had I time I surely wud
Merch past in single file,
As they wud reach alang this road
Monie an' Irish mile.

"The furriners can dump ye here
Wae naethin' worth tae spen',
An' wurk fur' little mair than nil
In some auld stuffy den,
Thus cuttin' doon baith work an' pye
O' wemen guid, an' men.

"Makin' brave British poor white slaves
Wha brag o' freedom's lan',
Despite thir spare an' croolgy form
Pale face sae worn an' wan,
Wae little they dar cal' thir ain,
That is nae in the pawn.

"I fun some public works nae guid,
Yit no as much tae blame,
As that sad system which is wrocht
By servin' poor at hame;
Which in this Christian lan' an' age
Is bad ayont a name.

"Wae achin' han's an' heid an' heart,
Rub'd o' sweet balmy sleep,
Thus struggle through the lee lang nicht
A paltry coin tae reap,
Which cas sae monie loudly cry,
An' angels fair tae weep.

"Some faut the big employers much
Fur' bring it a' tae me,'
Ithers the yins wha ir employed,
Becas they let this be;
Some blame the class bit lit the mass
Behold an' clearly see.

"While ye demand the dirt cheap things,
Regardless hoo they'r there,
In sweetin' system ye detest
Ye hae a despirit share,
Concernin' which I hope, dear sir,
The truth I hae made bare.

"Owe nae yin ouch't' the preacher shouts,
"Bit love wae al' yer mich,
Provide things plenty oot an' in,
Be honest in folks sicht";
'Tis hard tae reach this godly goal
Whun pinches ir sae ticht.

"Yit no'withstandin' I hae fun
'Mang this class some disdain,
Rael Christian folk in heart an' life,
Wha stan' second tae none,
An' bear thir valde defiendum lot
Knowin' they're gan abain.'

March, 1911.

ADDRESS TO THE MOST REV. HIS GRACE
THE LORD PRIMATE OF IRELAND,
DR. CROZIER.

Dear Sir,—Juist noo, tae auld Armagh
We turn oor mental e'en,
An' think wae joy hoo lang it has
Adorned this Isle sae green,
Tae which the ither coontie guid
Wae riverance bow the knee,
Becas in it there still remains
Yer ancient Holy See.

Which monie centuries ago
Wuz dedicated there
Tae be the Primate's residence
Till time wud be nae mair.
Since whun the maist-learn'd godly men
Ha'e steer'd the Church at hame,
Proclaimin' Christ hir lievin' heid,
O' whom nane need think shame.
Anither link in Primate's chain,
Sae lang, an' guid, an' true,
Ye mak' wae honour, noble sur,
That only comes tae few;
Oor wishes best, an' prayers ascend
That God may grant ye licht,
An' help ye kerry on the work,
Weel-pleasin' in His sicht.
The little cloud that some noo see,
Nae bigger than a hand,
We trust wull niver spread tae hurt
Oor dear auld Ireland;
Bit that releegin an' guid times
May on the Irish fal';
That yours be a lang, fruitfoo reign
As Primate ower al'.

March, 1911.

MEMORIAL MEMORIES.

Thocht's suggested on attending divine service in the
Cunningham Memorial Church, Cullybackey. a sacred
structure which not only adorns the famous "City on
the Maine," but is an ornament tae the Presbyterian
Church in Ireland. The large an' very important con­
gregation is noo ben' maist acceptably ministered tae
by the Rev. W. H. Hutchinson, B.A., a promising young
Christian clergyman, who on this, as well as on all other
occasions, preached a very practical an' helpfoo sermon
frae the weel-known publican's prayer:—"God be
merciful to me a sinner."—Luke xviii. 14.

REPENTANCE.

"I joy'd whun tae the hoose o' God"
At six last Sunday nicht,
I wuz permitted tae "go up,"
And worship God aricht.

In fancy's flight my mind soar'd ba'k
Tae hallow'd days o' yore,
Whun Dr. Buick made us rich,
Frac his abundant store.

Ur later whun the truth wuz preached
By Mr. Corkey here,
Which penetrated al' oor hearts,
Wharin he is held dear.

An' later still, the present time,
Whun yin an' al' rejoice,
Becas' dear Mr. Hutchinson
Is aye the people's choice.

Wha cud nae be oucht than a hit,
A clergyman complete,
Since brought up as we know he wuz,
At Mr. Davey's feet.

Wha's name is stil' a household word
In famous "Sevin Towers,"
Though Fisherwick, in great Belfast,
Enjoys his preachin' powers.

The text, although a printed prayer,
Wuz suitable fur a',
Knowin' that we had miss'd the mark,
An' brok' God's holy la'.

"Repentance sorrow meant fur sin,
Which faith hae brought aboot,
The godly sort that turns us roon,
By cuttin' at the root.

"Drawin' confessions frae oor hearts
That folks can hear an' see,
Prayin' as sinners most sincere,
' Hae mercy, God, on me.'

"Repent, hae faith, work much fur God,
In hope and perfect love,
Thus may ye bear yer cross doon here,
Then wear yer crown above."

April, 1911.
DAME NATURE.

Much time an' talents, my dear freens,
Hae been used day an' nicht
In tryin' tae git folk tae learn
Tae use Nature aricht.
But lit me interduce this lass,
Sweet Nature's lovely dame,
Which I wud like "Chat" readers al'
Tae woo an' wun at hame.
Fresh frae auld "mother earth" she came,
Wha nurs'd hir wean wae care,
An' in the "cradle o' the deep"
Rock'd weel hir baby fair.
Hir "heid " is heich doon in the "glen,"
Hir "broo " that "o' the hill."
Hir "face " is seen on ilka "brae,"
Go wharsoe'er ye will.
Hir "mooth " is whar the rivers end,
Ur whar the caves begin,
Hir "shoulders" ir o' massive "rock,"
Defyin' waves an' win'.
Hir "breest," the "dam," an' "reservoir,"
Adorns wae solid grace,
Hir "bowels" deep doon "in the earth"
Hae thir a hidin' place.
Hir "erms" the sinews "o' the sea,"
Streeched inlan' as ye know,
Hir "elbows" cruck the strechtest "road,"
Whuther its heich ur low.
Hir stately "lims" o' giant "trees"
Ir strong an' firmly knit,
She glides alang wae silent tread
Upon the "muntin fit."
She "lies" at nicht, bit niver sleeps,
Within the "ocean's bed"
Ur some great "river" like the "Maine,"
Whar "lichtenin' sheets" ir spread.

I'm sure, dear freens, ye'll say wae me,
Although that I hae stray'd,
"Dame Nature" is a fearfoo lass,
An' wonderfully made;
Woo, an' wun, an' love hir weel,
Bit dinnie fur yer life
Git tied tae hir in wedlock ban's
She wud nae mak' a wife.

May, 1911.

CRAIGS.
CULLYBACKEY.

Up in the North o' fair Entrim,
A beauty-spot in oor Isle,
Whar Nature's charms ir enchantin',
Beamin' wae her sweetest smile,
Wae whom let us join the meander,
An' linger aboot fur a while.
The place simply beggars description,
Sae fertile, tidy, an' neat,
Beautified by its fine woodlan',
Enriched by acres o' peat,
Bit pittin' al' intae a nutshell,
It stan's a toonlan' complete.
Bit tae its residents loyal
I wud noo like tae refer,
Wha al' ir brave sons o' brave fethers,
Wha's honor'd names th ey wee 1 bear,
An' dochters just like their mothers,
Virtuous, noble, an' fair.
Bit, freens, tae take up the by-past,
Wae thankfoo heart I can say
That my paternal ancestors
Lived thir fur monie a day,
As staunch an' true Covenanters
Wha wint tae glory that way.
Ye see why the Craigs is sae sacred,
Ye know my dear kith an' kin,
Chips o' the auld blocks lang depart'd,
Wha fecht an' march on ahim'
May we al' endure tae the finish,
An' meet oor lov'd yins abin.

This thocht leads us tae the church noo,
Nigh hid by big giant yews,
That mak' the place sae befittin'
A subject on which tae muse,
Reflections sae hallow'd an' holy
Nae child o' God cud abuse.

Tae think o' the silent "God's acre,"
Whar lo'd yins tak' thir last sleep,
Fethers an' mothers an' children,
Whas memory sacred we keep,
Hopin' that they ir al' happy
Cheers us, although we aft weep.

The church at the Craigs is adapted
Fur worship an' praise tae oor God,
An' no set apart as a "comifie,"
What folk may sit doon an' nod;
I think its no' superseded
By ony on the "green sod."

Respectfoo we mention the clergy,
Alas, some in thir lang hame,
Wha like the yins that noo follow
Guid preachers o' Gospel fame,
Baith in an' oot o' the pulpit
Declare "thir's nae ither name."

May we all tak' heid tae the message,
An' luck tae this thing in time,
Becas it's just the neglectin'
That seems tae be the great crime;
Wae wishes best tae my readers
Conclude I this simple rhyme.

May, 1911.

THE TWELFTH.
LINES SUGGESTED ON HEARING THE REV.
THOMAS HASLETT, M.A.

The esteemed pastor of the First Presbyterian Church,
Ballymena, preach a very appropriate and thoughtful
sermon in that beautiful church, on Sabbath evening,
9th inst., to a large and respectable church parade of
the Loyal Orangemen of the Ballymena district, under
the able command of Bro. G. C. G. Young, D.M.,
Galgorm Castle. Text—Joshua xxii. 28.

THE WITNESS ALTAR.

Brithers an' freens, last Sunday nicht
I gaed intae the toon,
An' whut I sa' prov'd tae th' hilt
The Twalt was comin' roon.

King Sol, bricht orb, wha rules the day,
Seem'd in the best o' form;
Perhaps, becas the leadin' star
Came loyal frae Galgorm.

The church, sae spacious an' sae gran',
O' which I'll say nae mair,
Than on this great occasion, freens,
It had nae room tae spare.

The music an' the singin', sure
Wus a rale trate till hear,
'Tis odd that some within th' pale
Fur sic things hae nae ear.

Anent the famous clergyman
Wha breks the Gospel breid,
Words fail tae half express his worth
He is sae very guid.

Bit tae his weel-preach'd sermon turn
In faith yer mental e'en,
Becas I'm sure, like mine, dear freens,
Better they hae nae seen.
He pictur'd in artistic style
The land o' promise rich,
The famous Jordan east an' west
Withoot a single hitch.

Thin liken'd Britain tae that place,
Jordan, the Irish Sea—
He made us juist twa-an'-a-half,
An' England three times three.

Explain'd the altar on this side,
Same as oor fethers made,
Awa' ba'k in ye olden time
Which reformation laid.

That stan's there as a witness seen,
An' iver shall remain,
That civil an' releegis richts
True Orangemen will maintain.

Shame on the traitor wha wud "split"
Ur poo this altar doon,
Which tae the Irish Protestants
Has prov'd sae great a boon.

He sid Orangemen shud see God's hoose
Mair than juist yince a year,
An' that the great "teetotal" cause
Each "made man" shud haud dear.

That "fear God" shud hae prior claim,
Thin honour tae the King,
An' love tae al' the britherhood
Within the "mystic" ring.

Bit 'specially till those without
Lit cherity abide,
An' by oor guid consistent lives
Win thim tae the richt side.

Wishin' us al' a glorious day,
Enjoyment o' guid health,
Aroon the witness altar "Ed"
Upon the comin' Twelth.

BY THE BROOK CHERITH.

These lines were suggested on hearing Rev. W. H. A. Lee, M.A., the newly-appointed Rector of Ahoghill, preach a very instructive sermon to a large congregation on Sunday morning, the 20th inst. Text—

I. Kings, xvii. 5.

Dear freens, again an' yit again,
Though I provoke yer smile,
I'll try an' string some thochts in rhyme
In my auld farrant style;
Fur genius, learnin', an' sic like
I lay nae claim ava,
Bit in a simple country wyre
Send on a line ur twa.

I'm no sae very much concerned
Whut name ye cal' yer church,
Bit wud like weel tae pit tae shame
Those careless folk wha lurch
An' desecrate the Sabbath Day,
Though sons o' Paddy's sod,
Wha wurship at fair Nature's shrine
Bit lee oot Nature's God.

Wae this prelude I think I should
Wae caution slither on
An' git at what I want til say
Afore the thochts ir gone.
The clergyma'n known in Belfast,
A stranger though tae me,
Yit verrily the laurels belong
Tae dear W. H. A. Lee.

In language rich he taen us ba'k
Tae guid Elijah's time,
Whun, at the brook o' Cherith hid,
He lessons learnt sublime;
That hoo, alas! the famous brook
Its music ceased to play,
Though aft it charmed the prophet's heart
An' led his soul away.
Mount Carmel is a famous hill
By what the prophet did,
But that fine picture is eclipsed
Whun by the brook he hid.
His reverence then applied the truth,
  Which lit up big an’ wee,
In that all needed faith tae lieve
  As well as faith tae dee.

He seem’d tae think some “prophets” now
  Wud dae mair guid tae hide,
An’ tak’ yin step just at the time,
  An’ at that pace abide.

Although the brook becomes quite dry,
  Remember, God had said
No matter how, or what, or when,
  That there we shall be fed.

An’ shall come forth, in God’s own time,
  That’s neither soon nor late,
Tae dae exploits in His great name
  An’ niver yince bate.

Tae God the Father, God the Son,
  An’ Spirit, one in three,
Ascribe we a’l glory noo
  An’ in eternity.

August, 1911.

NATIONAL.

God bless our noble King and Queen,
  And grant them both a happy reign,
Long life, good health, and may no spleen
  Molest, nor evil cause them pain.

Grant wisdom and that righteous rule
  Which makes our nation great and free,
And at Thy perfect holy school
  May they learn mercy, Lord of Thee.

May all their subjects loyal stay
  As Ulster in this Island green,
While from our inmost hearts we pray
  God bless our noble King and Queen.

June, 1911.

FINIS.
LIEUT. P. KERR-SMILEY, M.P. North Antrim.
CAUGHT. J. PATRICK, J.P., C.C., Dunminning.
MR. A. PARKER, J.P., Ballymena.
MR. A. KENNEDY, J.P., C.C., Glarryford.
MR. J. MCLENAHAN, R.D.C., Cullybackey.
MR. W. SHAW, Solicitor, Cullybackey.
MR. J. CLARKE, Solicitor, Ballymena.
MR. N. C. CARUTH, C.C., Solicitor, Ballymena.
MR. H. BOAL, Solicitor, Ballymena.
MR. W. YOUNG, JUN., Fenaghy.
MR. J. SIMPSON, Fenaghy.
Mr. J. SMITH, Fenaghy.
MR. W. STEWART, Fenaghy.
MR. A. ENGLISH, Fenaghy.
MR. J. KEENAN, Cullybackey.
MR. J. M'GOGAN, Cullybackey.
MR. S. MARSHALL, Cullybackey.
MR. T. GIVEN (Author), Cullybackey.
MR. R. M. SIMPSON, Cullybackey.
MR. J. A. EVANS, Cullybackey.
MR. A. HARIBSON, Cullybackey.
MR. T. J. M'WHIRTER, N.S., Cullybackey.
MR. P. PAUL, Cullybackey.
MR. J. ROBINSON, Cullybackey.
MR. W. M'KENNY, Cullybackey.
MR. R. WATTERSON, Cullybackey.
MR. R. HUNTER, Cullybackey.
MR. T. HORTON, Cullybackey.
MR. G. C. G. YOUNG, Galgorm Castle.
MR. A. RAPHAEL, P.S.C., Galgorm.
MR. S. SMITH, N.S., Galgorm.
MR. J. EDMONSDON, Galgorm Parks.
MR. P. HAIRE, Galgorm Parks.
MR. R. BARKLEY, Galgorm Parks.
MR. S. WALLACE, Galgorm Parks.
MR. J. DICEY, Galgorm Parks.
MR. W. KYLE, Galgorm Parks.
MR. T. W. DOUGHERTY, Galgorm Parks.
MR. J. WRIGHT, Galgorm Parks.
MR. J. THOMPSON, B.S., Corbally.
MR. M. LYNN, Corbally.
MR. W. MOORE, Corbally.
MR. K. M'CORD, Corbally.
MR. R. MOORE, Corbally.
MR. D. DUNCAN, Whitepark.
MR. R. DAVISON, Ballymena.
MR. M. GAULT, Ballymena.
MR. J. DINSMORE, Ballymena.
MR. A. BUCHANAN, Ballymena.
MR. R. TINSDALE, Ballymena.
MR. T. W. HAUGHTON, Hillmount.
MR. K. J. FRAZER, Hillmount.