

with us, and we crave the forbearance of a generous public.

“Come hither, Evan Cameron ; come stand beside my knee,
I hear the river roaring down towards the wintry sea.
There's shouting on the mountain side, there's war within
the blast—
Old faces look upon me now, old forms go trooping past ;
I hear the pibroch wailing amidst the din of fight,
And my spirit wakes again upon the verge of night.”

END.