

Then, gently scan your brother man,
 Still gentler sister woman ;
 Tho' they may gang a kennin wrang—
 To step aside is human :
 One point must still be greatly dark—
 The moving *why* they do it :
 And just as lamely can ye mark,
 How far perhaps they rue it.

Who made the heart, tis *He* alone
 Decidedly can try us,
 He knows each chord—its various tone,
 Each spring—its various bias :
 Then, at the balance, let's be mute,
 We never can adjust it ;
 What's *done* we partly may compute,
 But know not what's *resisted*.

HIGHLAND MARY.

Ye banks, and braes, and streams around
 The castle o' Montgomery,
 Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
 Your waters never drumlie !
 There summer first unfold her robes,
 And there the longest tarry ;
 For there I took the last farewell
 O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly blow'd the gay green birk,
 How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
 As, underneath their fragrant shade,
 I clasp'd her to my bosom !
 The golden hours, on angel' wings,
 Flew o'er me and my dearie ;
 For dear to me as light and life
 Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' mony a vow, and lock'd embrace
 Our parting was full tender :
 And pledging aft to meet again,
 We tore oursels asunder ;
 But Oh ! fell death's untimely frost
 That nipt my flower sae early.
 Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay
 That wraps my Highland Mary !

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips,
 I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly !
 And closel' for aye, the spark'ling glance
 That dwelt on me sae kindly !
 And mould'ring now, in silent dust
 That heart that lov'd me dearly !
 But still, within my bosom's core,
 Shall live my Highland Mary.