

Dominion Presbyterian

Devoted to the Interests of the Family and the Church.

\$1.50 per Annum.

OTTAWA, MONTREAL, TORONTO AND WINNIPEG.

Single Copies, 5 Cents

THE HILLS O' SKYE

WILLIAM MCLENNAN, IN HARPER'S MAGAZINE

There's a ship lies off Dunvegan,
 An' she longs to spread her wings,
 An' thr'ough a' the day she beckons,
 An' through a' the night she sings :—
 "Come awa', awa', my darlin',
 Come awa' wi' me and fly
 To a land that's fairer, kinder
 Than the moors and hills o' Skye."

Oh, my heart ! My weary heart !
 There's ne'er a day goes by
 But it turns hame to Dunvegan
 By the storm beat hills o' Skye.

I hae wandered miles fu' many,
 I hae marked fu' many a change,
 I hae won me gear in plenty
 In this land sae fair, but strange ;
 Yet at times a spell is on me,
 I'm a boy once again—to rin
 On the hills aboon Dunvegan,—
 An' the kind sea shuts me in

Oh, my heart ! My weary heart !
 There's ne'er a day goes by
 But it turns hame to Dunvegan
 By the storm beat hills o' Skye.
 Montreal.