

So he pass'd away—tho' his face was sweet
With a glory caught at the Saviour's feet.

II.

In a lowly cot he is standing now,
And his hand is laid on a woman's brow.

But his touch hath balm that no words can bring,
As the tears of love in her eyes upspring.

O! men ye have scorned in his high behest,
The Angel of Sorrow who giveth rest!

For the woman arose with a vict'ry won,
And a whisper low, "Thy will be done!"

And peace lay shining within her breast,
Like a dove at eve that hath found its nest.

THE MARTYR'S GRAVE.

Hid in the depths o' the muirlan' mists,
Unwatched on the slope o' the mountain green,
The Martyr's grave that we kent langsyne
Pleads wi' the heart in the wils unseen;