

He spak' o' makin' mansions,
 An' dootless He kens best
 But in some lowly biggin
 I'd gladly tak' ma rest.

For I've ne'er been used to riches,
 E'en comforts hae been sma';
 An' I dreed in costly palaces,
 I'd get nae rest ava.

An' I'm sair, sair tired an' weary,
 For the fecht's been unco lang:
 Sae whan the Maister's willin',
 I'll be richt glad to gang.

—AGNES TYTLER.

THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

Even in youngest baby-days
 The dark shade hovers nigh,
 As oft we are reminded
 There is none too young to die.

And still it broods above us,
 While we wander through the vale,
 Where oft our footsteps falter,
 As we hear the mourners' wail.

Then the Shepherd kindly leads us,
 Where the pleasant waters flow,
 Till we forget the shadow—
 Forget the pain and woe.

But soon, alas! it lowereth,
 That shade so dark and drear;
 In bitter care and sorrow,
 Wells out the falling tear.