

Aye, dear Maclure! him maist o' a'  
 We lo'e, an' thro' the drifts o' sna'  
 Unmindfu' o' the north wind raw,  
     We tearfu' come;  
 Wi' a' the mournin' glen we draw  
     Near haun his tomb.

An' barin' there oor heids, we pray  
 That we may so live lika day  
 That when we come tae pass away  
     Frae a' things here,  
 Truth may the tribute tae us pay  
     O love-wrung tear!

—*Bengough.*

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“Warm summer sun,  
 Shine kindly here,  
 Warm southern wind,  
 Blow softly here.  
 Green sod above  
 Lie light, lie light.  
 Good night, dear heart;  
 Good night, good night!”

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“Now the laborer's task is o'er;  
 Now the battle day is past;  
 Now upon the farther shore  
 Lands the voyager at last,  
 Father, in Thy gracious keeping  
 Leave we now Thy servant sleeping.”

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“He rests from his labors and his works do follow him.”

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“Since we deserved the name of friends,  
 And thine effect so lives in me,” I hope,  
 “A part of mine may live in thee  
 And move thee on to noble ends.”—*In Memoriam.*

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“Each one of us is the daily beneficiary of a fund of blessings coming to us from other men and other days, and to which we have in no measure contributed. We are thus laid under a heavy obligation of debt which is growing day by day, and which demands some measure of discharge on our part. We cannot repay those of other days who have