

Leal their faith in Him they trusted,
Bauldly frae the buched glen,
In the stillness o' the gloamin',
Gather'd still the muirlan' men;
Signed the Solemn League an' Covenant,
Wi' their blude it micht hae been,
'Mang the blooms o' wavin' heather,
And the breckan dells sae green.

THE ANGEL OF SORROW.

(Luke xxii., 43 and 44.)

He came from a far-off land of light,
The Angel of Sorrow in garments white.

And with heavenly pity he stirred again,
The *water of life* in the hearts of men.

But the multitude cried as he held his way,
"The *shadow of Death* on his forehead lay."

"He shall not dwell in our valley here
When the blossoming vine doth crown the year."