

## " MY AIN COUNTRIE. "

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" I am far frae my hame, an' I'm weary aftenwhiles  
For the langed-for hame-bringin', an' my Father's welcome smiles;  
I'll ne'er be fu' content until my e'en do see  
The gowden gates o' heaven, an' my ain countrie.

The earth is flecked wi' flow'rs, mony-tinted, fresh an' gay,  
The birdies warble blithely, for my Father made them sae;  
But thae sights an' thae soun's will as naething be to me  
When I hear the angels singing in my ain countrie.


I've His gude word o' promise that, some gladsome day, the King,  
To His ain royal palace, His banished hame will bring;  
Wi' e'en an' wi' heart running owre we shall see  
' The King in His beauty,' an' our ain countrie.

My sins hae been mony, an' my sorrows hae been sair,  
But there they'll never vex me, nor be remembered mair;  
His bluid hath made me white, His hand shall wipe mine e'e  
When he brings me hame at last to my ain countrie.

Like a bairn to its mither, a wee birdie to its nest,  
I wad fain be gangin' noo unto my Saviour's breast,  
For He gathers in His bosom, witless, worthless lambs like me,  
An' carries them Himsel' to His ain countrie.

He's faithfu' that hath promised—He'll surely come again—  
He'll keep his tryst wi' me, at what hour I diinna ken;  
But He bids me still to watch, an' ready aye to be  
To gang at ony moment to my ain countrie.

So I'm watching, aye, an' singing o' my hame, as I wait,  
For the soun'ing o' His footfa' this side the gowden gate;  
God gi'e His grace to ilka ane wha listens noo to me,  
That we may a' gang in gladness to our ain countrie."

 We republish the above exquisite lyric by special request. We do not know by whom it was written. We find it set to appropriate music in Inglis and Gall's new Hymn Book, now very largely used in our Sabbath Schools, and probably the best collection extant.—ED.