

MY MITHER'S GRAVE.

I STAN' beside the cauld head-stane,
 An' wat it wi' my tears ;
 An' whisper, "*Mither, here's your wean*
You hav'na' seen for years !"
 Whan last I saw your dear, sweet face,
 An' heard your kindly tone,
 I little thought that this dread place
 So soon would claim its own.

I plann'd to tak' you ower the sea
 To comfort an' to ease,
 Whaur you could end your days wi' me,
 An' dae maist as you please ;
 But, ah ! the Lord had ither plans,
 An' sent for you Himsel' ;
 His ways are no' aye like to man's,
 Yet does He a' things well !

But, though you cannot come to me,
 I yet shall gang to you,
 When death shall set my spirit free
 I'll mount yon starry blue,
 Where grief an' partings are no more
 Nor Death, nor any pain,
 You'll welcome me on Canaan's shore,
 We'll never pairt again !

Farewell ! most sacred spot to me,
 My dear auld mither's grave,
 I'll think o' thee when ower the sea,
 Ayont Atlantic's wave ;
 Our graves may yet be far apart,
 Our spirits joined shall be,
 There's aye a green spot in my heart,
 My mither dear, for thee !

THE TOUCH OF THE DIVINE.

EACH grain of sand by sounding sea,
 Each trembling leaf on quivering tree,
 Each blade of grass on dewy lea,
 Speaks volumes of God's love to me !

The pearls that deep in ocean lie,
 The twinkling stars that gem the sky,
 The sunbeam, caught from noontide's eye,
 Direct my thoughts, oh God, to Thee !

The flowers that deck the fragrant dell,
 And o'er me cast their beauty-spell,
 I love them—for they seem to tell
 The story of God's love to me !