

PSALMS.

lyve some form, that links the past, eld wi' the snaws
 o' age,
 n' heart lit wi' the fire o' youth, bends owre the Doric
 page.
 ut ane by ane frae mem'ry's grip, the grand auld
 psalms sae true,
 o Scotia aince as dear as life, are fadin' sairly noo.
 l in lanesome clea

tap—the sentry o

THE PROMISE.

(Sonnet addressed to the late Mrs. William Drysdale, Montreal.)

Beuk, his richt the The grand old world spins onward, and the light
 el' aneath the la Broadens and deepens in the Orient sky;
 sang are sair forg The western shadows lengthen, and the Night
 aich doon on mos Braids her dark locks with jewelled hand to fly.
 that floated owre A blossom-dream is flowering in the breast
 Of mother Earth upon her couch of snow,
 The coming glory broods above her rest,
 The haunting sweetness will not let her go.
 The promise holds: the promise yet shall hold,
 Dear lady, garner'd in such hearts as thine,
 That bear throughout the bitter blight and cold
 The olden beauty of the Light Divine:
 Blessings be on them! and on thee and thine,—
 A starry host that thro' the ages shine.