

HYMN

[I conclude Part II. of "Echoes from the Solitudes" by quoting my father's hymn, which was inserted in a Glasgow hymn-book called "Hymns and Anthems."]

MYSTERIOUS soul ! thou wondrous power,
Not compassed by the passing hour,
But boundless, unconfined and free ;
This earth is not a home for thee.

No orb's thy home ; thou soar'st away
Beyond light's farthest piercing ray ;
On through the boundless realms of space,
Immensity's thy dwelling-place !

Mysterious soul ! thy course sublime
Not fettered is by years of time ;
Nor past nor future limits thee—
Thou livest in eternity !