

A DAY ON LOCHNAGAR.

(To A. I. M. and A. C.—30th September, 1895.)

I AM come up from Egypt. It is well  
That I, whose birthright is the love of hills,  
Have left to poorer sons of Israel  
The endless tale of bricks and all the ills  
Of bondage, and am hither come, to stand  
On this predestined Pisgah-top and see  
The heights and hollows of the Promised Land  
Stretch at my feet in vast sufficiency.  
Yet, not unlike the prophet-seer of old,  
I must descend upon the hither side—  
Forsaking an untrodden land of gold  
For alien pots and strangers that deride—  
Yonder to dream within my prison walls  
That here for ever manna nightly falls.

W. A. M.