

TO THE HILLS.

To the hills! to the hills come tramping go,
O'er the springy heath or the sparkling snow,
Where breezes kiss greetings of welcome good
From out of the realms of solitude.

Chorus—Then away to the hills! the heather hills!
Where heart-beats respond to the dancing rills
As newborn they well from their fountains free,
All homeward bound to the blue rolling sea.

To the hills! whose treasures may all enjoy;
To the hills! with pleasures without alloy,
Where the soul looks out till it seems to be
Wrapt up in a fringe of eternity.

A new life is pulsing in every vein,
For years fall away bringing youth again;
Youth, gleesome youth, with its gladsomeness,
Gay youth in its careless happiness.

To the bee and bird haunted hills let us hie,
For strength to the limbs and sight to the eye,
And health to the mind and dreams that remain
Through life's lower heights to be dreamed o'er again.

JAMES REID, M.A.

BACKHILL,
CASTLE FRASER.