

A HOLIDAY ON THE HILLS.

Away from the din and the dust to the heather !
Away with the roe to the Moor and the Ben !
Where freedom and freemen cradle together
As ever they will while mountains remain.

Away to the hills clad in heather and beauty,
Where the struggles for freedom were won by our sires ;
The sons like their sires weigh life less than duty,
With courage that only the freeborn inspires.

The evergreen pine with perfume will greet you,
And barking of deer from corries and glen,
In their haunts the modest-plumed ptarmigan meet you
Afar from the strife and the turmoil of men.

'Tis there on the hills you may gather fresh roses
To blush in your cheek while a heart beat remains ;
'Tis there 'mid her fountains Hygeia disposes
New life-giving draughts to course through the veins.

J. REID, M.A.

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