

## THE HILLS.

I will go into the hills

Where the breezes blow freely and pure,  
For the soul seems to wing where it wills  
In the wide-sweeping waste of the moor.

I will go into the hills

Where the lone-loving curlews are wailing  
To follow the brown burns and rills  
Till the long summer daylight be failing.  
Into the hills, for the hills are my home,  
Wherever I wander, wherever I roam.

I have looked up to the hills

Since the days of my being began,  
Where the wealth of the wilderness fills  
With wonder the mind of a man.

I have found up in the hills

The aid that the Psalmist proclaimeth  
Where the bee-beloved nectar distills,  
And the vice of the world never shameth.  
Up in the hills, for the hills are my home,  
Wherever I wander, wherever I roam.

I will come back to the hills

('Tis the Highlanders' hope and belief)  
Where the spirit of solitude stills  
The heart that is breaking with grief.

I will come back to the hills,

Though my bones in the desert be lying,  
To follow the brown burns and rills  
And hearken the heather folk crying—  
Back to the hills, for the hills are my home,  
Wherever I wander, wherever I roam.

ARTHUR F. LESLIE PATERSON.

BIRKWOOD, BANCHORY.

—*Aberdeen Daily Journal*, 7th Aug. 1918.