

UNTO THE HILLS.

Hail once again! Ye mountain monarchs of the glen!
All Hail! Whether as now ye stand
Sun-kissed, serene, in the soft evening light,
Or when the July morning, cold and bright,
Dispels the mist that wrapped you through the night.

I picture you upon another day,
Smitten by rain and wind and flying cloud
When, through the riven grey,
Your massive forms arise gaunt and severe yet still
unbowed,
I praise you, but my praise is tinged with fear.

So summer passes,
And winter's frosted hand about you throws
The long enduring mantle of his snows.
Hail to you then, ye mountain monarchs of the glen!
Hail while our swift Scotch summer comes and goes!

"E. W."

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