

tiful scene: y which surrounds my native town, and which I loved all the more from the consciousness that my eyes might so soon close upon it forever. "It is a pleasant thing to behold the sun." Among my manuscripts,—useless scraps of paper, to which, however, in their character as fossils of the past epochs of my life, I cannot help attaching an interest not at all in themselves,—I find the mood represented by only a few almost infantile verses, addressed to a docile little girl of five years, my eldest sister by my mother's second marriage, and my frequent companion, during my illness, in my short walks.

TO JEANIE.

Sister Jeanie, haste, we'll go
To where the white-starr'd gowans grow,
Wi' the puddock-flower o' gowden hue,
The snaw-drap white and the bonny vi'let blue.

Sister Jeanie, haste, we'll go
To where the blossom'd lilacs grow,—
To where the pine-tree, dark an' high,
Is pointing its tap at the cludless sky.

Jeanie, mony a merry lay
Is sung in the young-leav'd woods to-day;
Flits on light wing the dragon-flec,
An' hums on the flowrie the big red-bec.

Down the burnie wirks its way
Aneath the bending birken spray,
An' wimples roun' the green moss stane,
An' mourns, I kenna why, wi' a ceaseless mane

Jeanie, come; thy days o' play
Wi' autumn tide shall pass away;
Sune shall these scenes, in darkness cast,
Be ravaged wild by the wild winter blast.

Though to thee a spring shall rise,
An' scenes as fair salute thine eyes;
An' though, through many a cludless day,
My winsome Jean shall be heartsome and gay

He wha grasps thy little hand
Nae langer at thy side shall stand,
Nor o'er the flower-besprinkled brae
Lead thee the lown'est an' the bonniest way.