

Here Silence must have built her court,
 Her throne that lofty mountain peak;
 While Echo* waits upon her sport
 With many an airy freak.

O stillest moonlight! blessed calm!
 Which seems almost to breathe with life:
 I feel upon my heart thy balm
 Amid abounding strife.

I feel thy calm, thy potent sway,
 Thy more than tranquilizing power;
 O! that it e'er should pass away,
 The trance of such an hour.

And these the scenes which classic pen
 Could hardly more enchanting make;
 Yet, can we e'er forget that strain,
 The "Lady of the Lake?"

Aye, this is Scott's own haunted ground,
 And his the more than magic light,
 That pours on every object round,
 And makes serenest night.

*"Jocosa imago."

PEN PHOTOGRAPHS.

By DANIEL CLARK, M. D., Princeton, Ontario.

CAIRD.

It will be remembered by many that Mr. Caird—once of Errol, Scotland, now of Glasgow—preached before the Royal Family at Craithie, Balmoral, some thirteen years ago, and that his sermon, "The Religion of common life," was published by the request of the late Prince Consort, while at Balmoral in the year 1857, where the writer had the pleasure of hearing him preach the second time before Her Majesty. Since then, he has acquired a world-wide reputation as one of Scotland's most eloquent divines. He was at that time spare in body and of medium height. His hair was coal black and straight. His temperament is what "bumpologists" would term nervobilious. A narrow, long face with high cheek-bones—thin lips and large sunken eyes, was nature's stamp of his Doric Origin. His text was "All are yours, &c." When he rose to read the Psalm he was visibly agitated. His voice trembled a little, but it was sufficiently firm to give distinctness to his syllabic utterances. His reading was not good; it partook too much of that nasal dolorous monotony—without emphasis, without vivacity and *vim*—so orthodox among a certain class of pseudo-pulpit orators. It was plain that he read after the style of some antiquated defective model and yet lacked not taste nor had he any apparent impediment in the vocal organs. He read the chapter more like the semi-chant of a cloistered monk, than like the elastic and distinct reading models of to-day, and were it not for the mournful cadences of a fine tenor voice, superlatively soft, though somewhat muffled, the soporific effects would have been overpowering. His prayers were full of faithful extracts from the Episcopal prayer book. He stooped somewhat at first, but as he warmed to the work he unbent himself and stood straight