

III.

man will not readily come forward and support the Minstrel who chants not only "the loved songs of his own native land" so sweetly, but songs having reference to the land of his adoption, and in which let us hope he will remain for many years to come, to aid in keeping alive in us the true spirit of poetry and make us feel indeed that—

"—— to know and love each other,  
Heaven in pity sent us song."

CHARLES SANGSTER.

Mr. M'Lachlan appears before the Canadian public as a singer of no mean powers. True, it may be that "Caelum non animus mutant qui transmare currunt." Yet to poetic fledglings it is surely matter of encouragement to know that beneath our northern skies some Olympic eagles have trimmed their wings for aerial journeys. We are ever ready at the sight of the poetic spark to say, "Alas!" when we behold the fire to proclaim our warmth. At sight of "Benlomond," who does not recognize the verdant giant over whose shoulders the morning light chases the misty ghosts to the regions of the cloud and the storm.

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