

are managed with consummate art and taste. The pity of it is that Watson was so soon taken away from us. He was one of the few that were not born to die.

On my third visit to Canada, in 1865, I read one evening in the portico of the St. Lawrence Hall, in the Montreal *Telegraph*, now defunct, the following poem :—

“ Good night ! God bless thee, love, wherever thou art,
And keep thee, like an infant, in His arms !
And all good messengers that move unseen
By eye sin-darkened, and on noiseless wings
Carry glad tidings to the doors of sleep,
Touch all thy tears to pearls of heavenly joy.

Oh ! I am very lonely missing thee ;
Yet, morning, noon, and night, sweet memories
Are nestling round thy name within my heart,
Like summer birds in frozen winter woods.

Good night ! *Good night !* Oh, for the mutual word !
Oh, for the loving pressure of thy hand !
Oh, for the tender parting of thine eyes !
God keep thee, love, wherever thou art ! Good night !

“ Good night, my love ! Another day has brought
Its load of grief and stowed it in my heart,
So full already, Joy is crushed to death,
And Hope stands mute and shivering at the door,
Still Memory, kind angel, stays within,
And will not leave me with my grief alone,
But whispers of the happy days that were
Made glorious by the light of thy pure eyes.

Oh ! shall I ever see thee, love, again,
My own, my darling, my soul's best beloved,
Far more than I had ever hoped to find
Of true and good and beautiful on earth ?
Oh ! shall I *never* see thee, love, again ?
My treasure found and loved and lost, good night.

“ Good night, my love ! Without, the wintry winds
Make the night sadly vocal ; and within,
The hours that danced along so full of joy,
Like skeletons have come from out their graves,
And sit beside me at my lonely fire,—
Guests grim but welcome, which my fancy decks
In all the beauty that was theirs when thou
Didst look and breathe and whisper softly on them.