

and came to this country during the year 1854. In Paisley, and for some time in St. John, he followed the calling of a shoemaker, as Whittier, the Quaker Bard, once did, but his poetic soul towered above the soles of boots and shoes, and he soon sought an occupation more congenial to his literary tastes. He has since filled various positions on the staff of city newspapers and is still connected in some way with the press of the land. As a newspaper man, thrown into daily contact with every phase of human nature, he has had ample scope to exercise his peculiar talents, and these labours of his mind and pen will leave imprinted on Canadian literature a lasting impression. When the history of the literature of this country comes to be written Mr. Murdoch's name will be very intimately associated with it, though he has written little, if anything, of a purely Canadian tone. His thoughts are home thoughts; not Canadian.

Several new poems, many of which remaining to this time unpublished in any form, have been added to this collection, and in scope, power and pathos, in melodious diction and in musical expression, are fully equal to the bard's other productions. There is a fine touching bit of elegiac rhyme on the first page, full of thought and replete with melancholy surroundings. We heard this poem many years ago recited at one of our Public Schools, and were considerably impressed with it at the time. The "City of the Dead" is very beautiful and can only be appreciated by those who have lost friends sleeping in the quiet Burial Ground. These musings lose none of their charm by age, and we have, many a time, found ourselves unconsciously repeating portions of the poem while slowly traversing the silent pathways to and from the sad narrow houses of the dead.

" Alone, like exile far remote
From country, friends and home,
I seek thy mazy Cedar walks,
In musing mood to roam;
Or awe-struck, gaze with silent grief
Upon each narrow bed,
Which holds for thee, my kindred's dust—
Lone City of the Dead.

I see within thy solemn gloom
The ghosts of other years;
Their love notes come on every wind—
Their hopes, their joys, their tears;
But soon, too soon, the transient dream
Which rapt my soul is sped,
And left alone thy spectral spires—
Dark City of the Dead.

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Beneath this lowly, humble board,
Reclines the stalwart form
Of him who braved the billow's rage,
And dared the demon storm;
No tender mother seal'd his eyes,
Or watch'd his dying bed;
No sister mourns him in thy shades—
Drear City of the Dead.