

the best ballads. She liked especially those of Scotland. The poetry of common life was in her case no mere figure of speech. Through all the changes of daily duty there ran a vein of fancy, which enabled her to brighten the real with the pleasant phantasies of the ideal, and support the dark cares of the mind on the white wings of the imagination.

‘ Oh whar hae you been a’ the day
My boy Tammie ! ’

were the words with which she usually greeted and welcomed her favorite child. In common with her contemporaries, the mothers of her day, we suspect she had a special liking for Home's tragedy of Douglas ; and we may perhaps more easily imagine than describe her sense of pride as she listened to " Tammie's " earliest lesson in elocution. It is not difficult to see the curly-headed urchin standing on a table, and in melo-dramatic guiso, with precocious effrontery informing his mother, who knew better, and his mother's friends who did not believe him, that

“ My name is Norval.”

His mother, as we have said, was early removed from him by death. We will not speak of, since we cannot describe, grief. We may, however, conjecture, since their natures and intellectual tastes were identical, that her death was like a severance of himself from himself.

The great tears, however, which no doubt fell upon her grave, were neither idle nor unavailing tears, for they became as it were so many cameras through which were reflected the duties, the incidents, and the obligations of his future life. Thus at the age of seventeen we find D'Arcy McGee had passed the shallows where timid youths bathe and shiver, and had boldly struck out into the deep sea of duty. We have no data which will enable us to bridge the time between his mother's death and his arrival on this continent : but it is not difficult to suppose that it was filled up in the manner usual to youth, with the difference only of a greater amount of application and a higher range of study. On arriving at Boston, he became almost immediately connected with the press of that city. Kind fortune seemed to befriend him ; for his lot appeared to be cast in, what was at that time, as perhaps it still is, the intellectual capital