

'Malcolm,' 'Colin,' 'Margery,' 'The Wine of Song,' 'The Plains of Abraham,' 'The Death of Wolfe,' 'Brock,' 'The Song for Canada,' 'I'd be a Fairy King,' 'The Rapid,' 'Young Again,' and 'The Comet,' are all Poems of rare beauty. Mr. Sangster also celebrates the genius of the Ottawa whom he pictures to us as dwelling in the rain-bowed mansions of the Chaudière. He penetrates further still along the picturesque banks of the great Ottawa, and arriving at the remote Rapids called 'The Snows,' he breaks out in the following strain:

Over the snows  
Buoyantly goes  
The lumberers' bark canoe;  
Lightly they sweep,  
Wilder each leap,  
Rending the white caps through.  
Away! away!  
With the speed of a startled deer,  
While the steersman true,  
And his laughing crew,  
Sing of their wild career:

"Mariners glide  
Far o'er the tide,  
In ships that are staunch and strong;  
Safely as they,  
Speed we away,  
Waking the woods with song"  
Away! away!  
With the flight of a startled deer,  
While the laughing crew  
Of the swift canoe  
Sing of the raftsmen's cheer:

"Through forest and brake,  
O'er rapid and lake,  
We're sport for the sun and rain;  
Free as the child  
Of the Arab wild,  
Hardened to toil and pain.  
Away! away!  
With the speed of a startled deer,  
While our buoyant flight  
And the rapid's might  
Heighten our swift career.  
Over the snows  
Buoyantly goes  
&c., &c.

.....  
Away! away!  
With the speed of a startled deer;  
There's a fearless crew  
In each light canoe,  
To sing of the raftsmen's cheer.

I dare not now read to you the charming song: "*I'd be a Fairy King*"—which I had, marked for quotation, or those truly patriotic, as well as truly poetical, effusions 'Brock' and the 'Song for Canada.' They who remember the inauguration (1859) of the new monument to General Brock on Queenston heights, the scene of that hero's glorious victory, and no less glorious death, will understand the Poet when in soul stirring words, he addresses a people—one in heart,

And soul, and feeling, and desire!  
.....  
Raise high the monumental stone!  
A nation's fealty is theirs,  
And we are the rejoicing heirs,  
The honored sons of sires whose cares  
We take upon us unawares,  
As freely as our own.

We boast not of the victory,  
But render homage deep and just,  
To his—to their immortal dust,  
Who proved so worthy of their trust.  
No lofty pile nor sculptured bust  
Can herald their degree.

No tongue need blazon forth their fame—  
The cheers that stir the sacred hill  
Are but mere promptings of the will  
That conquered then, that conquers still;  
And generations yet shall thrill  
At Brock's remembered name.

A few lines of the "*Song for Canada*," and I take leave, although reluctantly, of Mr. Sangster.

Sons of the race, whose sires  
Aroused the martial flame  
That filled with smiles  
The triune Isles,  
Through all their heights of fame!  
With hearts as brave as theirs  
With hopes as strong and high,  
We'll ne'er disgrace  
The honored race  
Whose deeds can never die.  
Let but the rash intruder dare  
To touch our darling strand,  
The martial fires  
That thrilled our sires  
Would flame throughout the land.

Our Lakes are deep and wide,  
Our fields and forests broad;  
With cheerful air  
We'll speed the share,  
And break the fruitful sod;  
Till blest with rural peace,  
Proud of our rustic toil,  
On hill and plain  
True Kings we'll reign  
The victors of the soil.  
But let the rash, &c., &c.

Health smiles with rosy face  
Amid our sunny dales,  
And torrents strong  
Fling hymn and song  
Through all the mossy vales;  
Our sons are living men,  
Our daughters fond and fair;  
A thousand lales  
Where plenty smiles,  
Make glad the brow of care.  
But let the rash intruder dare,  
&c., &c., &c.

You are now I am sure, quite tired listening to my talk about Anglo-Canadian Poetry and Poets. I must, nevertheless, ask your indulgent attention for a few moments longer. There are still some of these Anglo-Canadian Poets that have not yet been noticed, so highly distinguished that I cannot pass them over without honorable mention. Of this number is ALEXANDER McLACHLAN. Although a native of Scotland, Canada justly claims him as one of her gifted children. He was only 20 years of age when he came to this country in 1840. Since that time, labouring assiduously in Canada and as a Canadian, in the not ungrateful field of literature, he has carved out for himself an eminent place in the Temple of Fame. His extraordinary taste for reading enabled him to make up for whatever was wanting in his early education. Although a mechanic's apprentice in Scotland is less unfavorably situated as regards learning, than in most other countries, his opportunities cannot have been very considerable. They were sufficient however to encourage and sustain him in the arduous but laudable task of self-culture. His labours have already been crowned with no ordinary success, and, as yet, he is only mid-way in a great career. He cannot be compared with any Canadian Poet I am as yet acquainted with. As regards originality of thought and beauty of poetic expression, he has not perhaps any peer among them. Our best critics remark, in his compositions, a strong sympathy with humanity in all its conditions, a subtle appreciation of character, deep natural pathos, noble and manly feeling, the expression of which awakens the responsive echoes of every true heart. In 1856 he published at Toronto a volume of poems chiefly in the Scottish dialect. Some of these have been pronounced by the Honorable Thomas D'Arcy McGee, a very competent judge, it will be admitted, as not unworthy of Tannahil or Motherwell. In 1858 appeared his "*Lyrics and Miscellaneous Poems*," and in 1861, "*The Emigrant and other Poems*." In the lyrics there are many pieces of surpassing beauty. They alone justify all the praise that has been bestowed upon him. I had an idea of pointing out to you some pieces as being more particularly beautiful, but on glancing over the volume anew, I found that this was impossible. In order to indicate all the poems that I consider masterpieces of lyrical compositions, I should have to read to you the table of contents. I must