

THE SOLDIERS OF THE PLOUGH.

No maiden dream, nor fancy theme,
Brown Labour's muse would sing;
Her stately mien and russet sheen
Demand a stronger wing.
Long ages since, the ago, the prince,
The man of lordly brow,
All honour gave that army brave,
The Soldiers of the Plough.
Kind heaven speed the Plough!
And bless the hands that guide it;
God gives the seed—
The bread we need,
Man's labour must provide it.

"In every land, the tolling hand
Is blest as it deserves;
Not so the race who, in disgrace,
From honest labour swerve.
From fairest bowers bring rarest flowers
To deck the swarth brow
Of those whose toil improves the soil,
The Soldiers of the Plough.
Kind heaven speed the Plough!
And bless the hands that guide it;
God gives the seed—
The bread we need,
Man's labour must provide it.

"Blest is his lot, in hall or cot,
Who lives as nature wills,
Who pours his corn from Ceres' horn,
And quaffs his native rills!
No breeze that sweeps trade's stormy deeps,
Can touch his golden prow;
Their foes are few, their lives are true,
The Soldiers of the Plough.
Kind heaven speed the Plough!
And bless the hands that guide it;
God gives the seed—
The bread we need,
Man's labour must provide it."

"Like all our brethren in that western colony
of ours—that colony of which we are so justly
proud—Mr. Sangster is stout and loyal of heart.
Here is a patriotic outburst worth a thousand
swords of defence:

"SONG FOR CANADA.

"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 honoured 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 chariot,
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 intruder dare
To touch our darling strand,
The martial fires
That thrilled our sires
Would light him from the land.

"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 isles
Where Plenty smiles,
Make glad the brow of Care.
But let the rash intruder dare
To touch our darling strand,
The martial fires
That thrilled our sires
Would flame throughout the land.

"And if in future years
One wretch should turn and fly,
Let weeping Fame
Blot out his name
From Freedom's hallowed sky;
Or should our sons e'er prove
A coward, traitor race,
Just Heaven! frown
In thunder down,
To avenge the foul disgrace!
But let the rash intruder dare
To touch our darling strand,
The martial fires
That thrilled our sires
Would light him from the land."

"Mr. Sangster has done well already; but he
is still 'clad in the beauty of promise,' and will

do better yet in the maturity of his fine powers."

"The eminent literary friend in Quebec, who
favoured us with Mr. Sangster's book, has also
sent us a voluminous copy of the 'Debates' in
the Parliament of Canada on the Confederation
of British North America.' We are aware of the
difficulties in the way of carrying out this great
scheme; but the statesmanlike wisdom and im-
pressive eloquence which we find on the side of
'Confederation' in these 'Debates' make us
hopeful to see it consummated. We cannot re-
frain from adding, for the special gratification of
all who take an interest in the advancement of
our Western Provinces, that Mr. Henry J. Morgan,
of Quebec, who has already done so much for
the illustration of Canada, is preparing to issue
a work on the 'Past and Present Condition of
Literature, Science, and Art in British America.'
Most cordially do we wish it all success."

ON A DEAD FIELD-FLOWER.

By J. R. CLERK.

Torn by some careless hand
From thy mother's breast,
Where gentle breezes fann'd
Thy little leaves to rest,
Hero dost thou lie, forsaken,
No more shalt thou awaken,
To gladden with thy beauty the wanderer oppressed!

No more at early morn,
When the lark's gay song,
Through grove and meadow borne,
Calls his blithe mates along,
Shall thy tiny arms, outspreading,
Their grateful odour shedding,
Give a silent, speaking welcome to Nature's joyous throng!

Peaceful and calm thy sleep!
Thy life's race run,
Thou hadst no cause to weep,
No duty left undone!
Sweet little withered blossom,
How many a blighted bosom
Would fain repose as softly beneath a summer's sun!

How many a child of care,
Won by thy power,
Might raise his voice in prayer,
Taught by thee, little flower!
Ah! surely thou wast given,
A gracious boon from heaven,
To throw its charm on sinful earth for one short
blissful hour!

Farewell! I may not stay;
Thy frail, drooping form
Heeds not the sun's fierce ray,
Nor winter's frowning storm!
Like thee, kind hearts have perish'd
By those that should have cherish'd,
And held the shield of friendship to shelter them
from harm.

Like thee, I soon must fade,
And 'neath the sky
Lifeless and cold be laid!
But though I claim no sigh,
Though no fond heart may miss me
When 'death's pale lips shall kiss me,
"My short life be pure as thine, I need not fear to
die."

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

We have received from Mr. Thos. Riddell, the
Christmas number of the Illustrated. As usual
it is accompanied with a large double supple-
ment. Mark Lemon, Mary Howitt and other
eminent writers have contributed the Christmas
Tales and Sketches. The engravings are numerous
and excellent, but the crowning glory of the num-
ber is the coloured illustration. The subject is
the old pathetic story of "the Babes in the
Wood," a story over which many of us have
probably wept in bygone years. The chromotype
is after Mr. Lucy's picture, which when exhibited
last spring in the British Institution is said to have
secured the unanimous eulogiums of the critics.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

HARRIET MARTINEAU, the authoress, is a con-
firmed invalid. She has been confined to her bed
for many months, and it is not expected that she
will recover.

Mr. SPURGEON has gone into literature, having
produced an Illustrated Almanac, price one
penny.

Mrs. CHARLES, author of the "Schonberg-
Cotta Family," "Early Dawn," "Kitty Trowel-
yan," has nearly ready for press "Winifred Ber-
traum."

MISS JEAN INGELOW's small volume of Poems
has, in two years, run through sixteen editions
in the United States, and ten editions in Great
Britain. This success is almost unequalled.

MR. FRÉDÉRIC COSENS, the Spanish merchant,
Mr. Collier, Mr. J. O. Halliwell, and other Shake-
spearians, are turning their attention to Spain
as untried ground for the early plays of the great
dramatist. It is well known that Germany, be-
tween which and this country intercourse in
Elizabeth's time was not nearly so general as be-
tween this country and Spain, has contributed
many valuable relics of Shakespeare. Scholars
and travellers generally are now called upon to
assist in the search.

The "accuracy of the authorised version of
the New Testament" is to form a subject of dis-
cussion in the coming Parliament. It is said that
Mr. Grant Duff, M.P., intends moving for an ad-
dress to the Crown for a Royal commission to go
thoroughly into the inquiry "with a view to
obtaining a more correct version." It may be
remembered that about ten years ago a similar
motion was made by Mr. James Heywood, M.P.,
but on that occasion the suggestion was opposed
by the Ministry and many members of the Op-
position.

"Gutch's Literary and Scientific Register for
1866," gives the following particulars of the
ages of living writers:—"James Hannay, 39;
Matthew Arnold, 41; Wilkie Collins, 42; John
Ruskin, 47; the Rev. O. Kingsley, 47; Captain
Mayne Reid, 48; G. H. Lewes, 49; Tom Taylor,
49; Shirley Brooks, 50; William Howard Rus-
sell, 50; Anthony Trollope, 51; Charles Reade,
52; R. Browning, 54; O. Mackay, 54; Charles
Dickens, 54; A. Tennyson, 57; Sir Archibald
Alison, 56; Mark Lemon, 57; Edward Miall, 57;
R. M. Milnes (Lord Houghton), 54; W. E. Glad-
stone, 56; Charles Lever, 59; Professor Maurice,
61; Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, 61; Benjamin Disraeli,
61; S. O. Hall, 63; Barry Cornwall, 67 [we be-
lieve he is really 75]; Samuel Lover, 68; Albany
Fonblaque, 69; the Rev. G. R. Gleig, 70;
Thomas Carlyle, 70; William Howitt, 71; Sir
John Bowring, 74; the Rev. H. H. Milman, 75;
Charles Knight, 75; J. Payne Collier, 77; and
Lord Brougham, 86." It will be observed that
the editor is discreetly silent about literary ladies;
but there is no forgetting to what point this
custom of calling attention to people's ages may
extend, if not checked by a vigorous protest.
Perhaps, indeed, this bold monitor of the progress
of time is only now restrained from going further
by the difficulties of obtaining correct data about
the other sex.

Two new monthly magazines are announced
to be published in London. The most important
is the *Contemporary Review*, which the con-
ductors intend to be a first-class Magazine of criti-
cism—theological, literary, and social. Its lead-
ing idea is shadowed forth in the announcement
that "it will number amongst its contributors
those who, holding loyally to belief in the articles
of the Christian faith, are not afraid of collision
with modern thought in its varied aspects and
demands, and scorn to defend their faith by mere
reticence, or by artifices too commonly acquies-
ced in."

The *Pulpit Analyst* is designed for preachers,
students, and teachers, and is to be edited by
Joseph Parker, D.D. It will contain discourses
on Divine Revelation, as related to human con-
sciousness and experience; a homiletic analysis
of the New Testament; an interlinear translation
of the Gospels and Epistles; outlines of sermons;
hints to youthful preachers; and other matters
relating to ministerial study, service, and success.