

and, where, again, the Poems of John McPherson? These, and several similar possible questions, may yet be satisfactorily answered. We will see;—but the delay proves the want of the right opportunity, and particularly, it would seem, of the right amount of appreciation and energy, respecting such products.

Beside McPherson's Volume,—we should have, in the little rural church-yard where his dust reposes, a slab inscribed and fixed to mark the place of rest. If this were so, surely, even in this unsentimental age and part of the world, we would have, occasionally, sentimental travellers, turning somewhat out of their road, to moralise on the bourne, which separated between the plaintive songs of the pilgrim, and the anthems of the better land.

To renew a mental pleasure, and to give a better tone to these observations, we may quote here, some of the verses of the departed Bard.

Before perusing, let the reader bring the writer before his mind's eye, and the treat will be enhanced. The Poet's physical frame was attenuated,—stature rather low,—countenance grave, mild, and expressive of sustained thoughtfulness. His manner was not that of a general observer, but rather of one abstracted from surrounding objects, and influenced by some reigning, solemn impression. His favorite vocation was similar to that of the ancient minstrel,—to compose verses, and, if opportunity offered, to repeat them for some social circle. Thus he appeared to most advantage. Seated by the friendly fireside, the seniors of the family sympathising with the enthusiast, the children mute observers,—McPherson gave charmingly unsophisticated play to the mood of minstrelsy. He would repeat, on slight suggestion, verse after verse, distinctly, slowly, musically, and with peculiarities of tone, which gave a pleasing quaintness to his recitation. The juniors of his audience, ready as children generally are, to mark peculiarities of manners and voice, would, subsequently, on repeating his melodies, fall in, oddly and sweetly to his tones and manner of pronunciation. On such occasion, he would, without effort or sophistry, make little illustrating or critical remarks on his verse,—and altogether, impart such an antique, romantic and free air, to modern conventionalities, as made the evening hour a rich treat.

Seeing and hearing the Poet thus, let us read one or two of his melodies. A letter to a friend in Halifax, dated May, 1845, says: "I have been sick these three months,—for some weeks past life has seemed ebbing rapidly to its close." "Hope, or something stronger clings to me yet, and I wish to make another effort for life. But I trust I may be more and more enabled to submit to the will of God, whose favour, whose pardoning mercy, and sustaining grace, I strive earnestly to implore." "I have no strength to copy poems now, and have no amanuensis. I send a corrected copy of 'Dying in Spring,' and will try hard to get more soon."

The melody mentioned here, is subjoined.