

familiar to Canadians, which Mr. McLachlan has not consecrated by a few light touches and embalmed in verse. The "great brotherhood of pines," the maple tree, the autumn leaves, and the season of Indian Summer, when their tints surpass the painter's skill; and then the birds, the whip-poor-will, the hobolink, the thrush, and the humming-bird—all come in for their share of the poet's attention. Amongst the other poems peculiarly belonging to Canadian life are "The Fire in the Woods," "The Settler's Sabbath Day," "Old Canada on Book Farming," and many others. The last we have mentioned naturally leads to another feature in Mr. McLachlan's poetry—the dry sense of humour which at times gets the better of him even in serious themes. Nothing could be richer than some of the serio-humorous pieces contained in this collection. Some of these are written in a sort of Yankee dialect, such, for example, as "The Backwoods Philosopher," "The Rough Uncultured Critter," or that curious balancing of matrimonial chances in "Going to the Bush." We are not told where this fascinating young gentleman lived, but any one starting for Manitoba, for instance, with a choice of five young ladies for a help-mate, might well be perplexed in making his selection. There is also much humour in the companion poems, "Old Hoss" and "Young Hoss," and what is better, the moral in both cases is a very sound one. "The death of the Ox" is the pathetic side of the same tender regard for the animal creation which characterizes our author throughout the volume. "October," and "The Indian Summer," are poems of a more ambitious aim; their construction, lyrically, is perfect, and their inspiration has been drawn from the free air of our Canadian country life.

Mr. McLachlan's verses on domestic life are almost always good. We have little room to quote—a necessity at which we cannot affect a regret we do not feel; for we should like Canadians to read what one of themselves can write about the homeliest of lives, and the most commonplace of the scenes which meet them every day. Let one extract suffice:—

#### OLD HANNAH.

'Tis Sabbath morn, and a holy balm  
Drops down on the heart like dew,  
And the sunbeams gleam  
Like a blessed dream  
Afair on the mountains blue.  
Old Hannah's by her cottage door,  
In her faded widow's cap;  
She is sitting alone  
On the old grey stone  
With the Bible on her lap.

An eak is hanging above her head,  
An' the barn is wimpling by;  
The primroses peep

From their sylvan keep,  
And the lark is in the sky.  
Beneath that shade her children play'd,  
But they're all away with Death,  
And she sits alone  
On the old grey stone  
To hear what the spirit saith.

Her years are o'er three score and ten,  
And her eyes are waxing dim,  
But the page is bright  
With a living light,  
And her heart leaps up to Him  
Who pours the mystic harmony  
Which only the soul can hear!  
She is not alone  
On the old grey stone,  
Tho' no earthly friend is near.

There's no one left to love her now,  
But the Eye that never sleeps  
Looks on her in love  
From the heavens above,  
And with quiet joy she weeps;  
For she feels the balm of bliss is poured  
In her lone heart's deepest rut;  
And the widow lone  
On the old grey stone,  
Hath a peace the world knows not.

In a humorous vein of the domestic sort are other poems, such as "Speaking," and "The Pic-nic." In all that touches the affections, treats of home, and especially rural home life, Mr. McLachlan always excels. His verses are occasionally rough, but not from want of a well-tuned ear—rough perhaps because the author desired to adapt his style to his subject. It would be hypercritical, therefore, to remind an author that "history" does not rhyme with "destiny," (p. 19), that, as in "The Hall of Shadows" (p. 87), "aisles" and "pales" are not even assonances, and that, in the same stanza, the use of the double rhyme detracts from the dignity of a serious theme. While we are fault-finding, we might also hint to Mr. McLachlan, that his metres are not always well chosen. Nothing, for example, could be more musical than the rhyme of "May," nothing more offensive to the ear than the jingling rhymes of "Napoleon in St. Helena," in other respects, a poem well designed, although we can hardly understand the first Emperor, or the third, for that matter, uttering the orthodox couplet:—

"O! the love-founded throne—that of Jesus alone,  
Shall smile at the waves of mutation."

It is not to the matter of this poem so much as the form that we object. There the double rhyme, which we have already noticed as a blemish in a particular stanza, becomes a chronic disorder. We do not like to find fault where we find so much to approve, but the systematic recurrence of a rhyme, which may sometimes be used effectively, but should always be used sparingly, is a fault. The constant repetition of such endings as "descending" and "ending,"