

But aye the same in Western hame,
 As 'neath her skies, or 'mang her heather;
 Kent aiblins by anither name,
 As round her ingle side we gather,—
 Canadian ilka branch and shoot—
 The stock some sturdy Scottish root.

We wish we had space to quote from the fine poems, whose very Scottish words lilt like larks, *The Broom of the Cowden Knowes*, *The Gay Goss-hawk*, *Will Ye Tak Me?* *The Bush Aboon Traquair*, *Wi' the Laverock i' the Left*, and others. Neither have we space to more than refer to the religious poems in which he hymns the praise of God, and voices the deepest feelings of the soul. We quote only part of a paraphrase into homely Sottish diction of 2 Tim. iv. 6-8:

For high in His Holiness waitin',
 The Lord has a crown for to gie
 To ilka pair sair-fitted rinner.
 That comes a' for foroughten like me,
 And wha has an e'e for His comin',
 Lookin' up frae the strife and the stoure,
 Shall himsel' see the King in His beauty,
 When the din o' the battle is ower.

To "Gowan Lea's" delicate poems and graceful translations we referred in the last number of this *MAGAZINE*. We have only a few lines to give to what Mr. Lighthall calls his "Crimes of Leisure." The lovers of Canadian verse will grant him absolution, and will be glad if he will repeat the crimes. Amid many foreign themes—in Venice, Florence, Rome, and elsewhere—we are glad that he turns proudly to his native land. Whatever supercilious critics may say, there is a growth of national sentiment; there is a pulse of Canadian patriotism throbbing in the hearts of our native writers.

What are the Vision and the Cry
 That haunts the new Canadian soul?

asks Mr. Lighthall, and this is the answer of the seer:

The Vision, mortal, it is this—
 Dead mountain, forest, knoll and tree
 Awaken all endued with bliss,
 A native land—O think!—to be—
 Thy native land—and ne'er amiss,
 Its smile shall like a lover's kiss
 From henceforth seem to thee.