

her liege lord, Darnley, paced the corridors and stood upon the parapets, and on the Eastern side of the castle, the stately yew called "Crookston tree," stood, and here 'neath the enfolding branches sat gentle Mary with her lover. Here the happy twain plighted their troth, and here the loved ones talked and sat together. Of this old tree the poet says:

"Thy aged companion, the yew, old tower,  
Is now lost to the lone pilgrim's view,  
But proudly its name  
Shall be link'd with thy fame,  
And the spot be ador'd where it grew."

This brilliant poem, so full of old associations which the very mention conjures up from the fast fading past, concludes thus magnificently:

"And now, tho' thy pomp, like a dream, old tower,  
Has pass'd down oblivion's stream,  
Till time's crumbling rust  
Grinds thy last stone to dust,  
With bright honour thy memory shall beam."

We have gone through the 'forms' of the new book, so far as published. The entire work will be given in a few weeks to the public. There is much to admire in this new volume, much to ponder over, and from it there is much to learn. Mr. Murdoch by the publication of this second edition of his poems has gained new and unfading laurels. It is a most acceptable contribution not only to the literature of Canada, but also to the literature of Scotland. There is a freshness, a vigour, a terseness and a freedom in all that Mr. Murdoch writes, and if he commits an occasional error of judgment, it is more than counterbalanced by many merits which outweigh very far the few, the very few, defects perceptible in some of his minor pieces. All these emanations from his pen shew how close an observer he is of men, manners and customs. In our review of this forthcoming book of Scottish Poetry, we have been especially careful to note discrepancies in matter and faults in manner. We have striven to find limping and uncouth lines; but beyond what we have pointed out, the book is singularly free of them, and if we except an occasional orthographic slip of the proof reader, the volume is devoid of typographic blunders and inaccuracies. We congratulate the people of Canada in the possession of "Poems and Songs," we congratulate the skilled publishers and binders for the admirable and tasteful manner in which they have done their part, and we have much pleasure in congratulating the indefatigable and talented author on the completion of his labours and on the very handsome, readable and brilliant book of verses which he has thrown from his muse. It is our sincere hope that he will reap a bounteous harvest and that at least one Canadian author "will not be without honour in his own country."