

Here it's night, Ewen—*there* it is morning ;
The sun will be well ower the Ben
By this—and the hairst gey well forrit
In the Spital and pairs o' the gl'en.

The saugh it grows best in but thin soil,
It will spring on a saft boggy brae ;
The gled in the lift finds a hame, lad,
In the bracken by nicht and by day.

But ye canna transplant the auld tree,
The roots hae a grip in the grun' ;
Ye may feckly succeed in the young tree,
But nae if its gizzened and done.

It hauds to the soil it has kenned lang,
It clings to the place where it grew ;
Like the bird that flies back in the gloamin'
To the nest where in morning it flew.

You're young, Ewen, yet—ye are strong, lad,
You've a back for the burden to hend ;
When it's darkest the morning is nearest,
The hardest day draws to an end.

I've been young, and am auld, but have never
The righteous seen cast, or their seed
Forsaken, or kent that their forbears
Had ever gaen beggin' their bread.

That's for me and for you—but at times, lad,
I've a blink o' the glen i' may e'e,
And the spot in the yaird where your mither lies,
Awa' far in bonnie Glenshee.

The rowan that grew on the toon-loan,
Has lang been in leaf wi' the slae
And the birk and the ash—and the heather
Is red on the hill and the brae.

And the mist it came over the hill, there—
And the darkness rose out of the sea—
But the sun saw the rowan and the heather in bloom,
Awa' far in bonnie Glenshee.

PAUL MELDRUM.

GORDON AT KHARTOUM.

How died that day our hero saw it last ?
Be sure his heart went westward with the sun,
Swift circling on to England, till he won
From alien airs, that mocked him as they passed,
A breath of English bowers ; and the vast,
Waste, desert stretches were as they were not.
Dreaming of England he awhile forgot
The brooding cares that turned his thoughts aghast.
Careworn—God's breast was nearer than he knew,
A step beyond the Arabs' bloody rage
Dark ways turned golden, life's perplexing page
Grew luminous as shone His glory through.
Immortal dead—for death could not undo
This kingliest heart God gave a gold-cursed age.

EMILY McMANUS, in *The Week*.

CLIMBING THE HEIGHTS.

"Climbing the Heights," an entertaining story of the taking of Quebec, by General Wolfe, appeared in *The Young Canadian*, of Feb. 4th, from the pen of T. G. Marquis. Beaumont, the hero of the story, just appears as a frightened boy whom the rough sailors in cruej sport are compelling to try "goin' aloft." He is befriended by General Wolfe, who, seeing that he was not cut out for a sailor, but had in him the qualities of a brave soldier, had him transferred to the army. Here, "under the immediate sight of the generous, lion-hearted soldier," he more than fulfilled the expectation of his general. After every plan to capture the citadel had been tried in vain. Beaumont finally discovered a means of scaling the heights, by which the British Army was landed on the Plains of Abraham and Quebec taken. Mr. Marquis tells the story simply and naturally. Nothing can be more suitable for Canadian youth than stories of our early history.

THE SONG OF THE EXILE.

[The Song of the Exile, a Canadian Epic. Visions and miscellaneous poems, by Wilfred S. Skeats. Toronto, Hart and Company, 1891.]

We do not know what were the arrangements agreed upon by the author and the publisher of this book, but it may be safely said that the risk was wholly on the side of the author ; no publisher would be willing to run any chances on it.

Many of our Canadian journals, in fact most of them, have fallen into a mistaken manner of reviewing books written by Canadian authors. No matter what the merit of the poem it is praised, and well praised, in order, so it is said, to foster a love for Canadian literature. But it is surely evident that if a book cannot stand just criticism, coddling will not avail ; it may succeed for a time, but the re-action will soon come, and the more the poem has been elevated above its true position, the further will it fall below it. And even if over-praise had not this effect, it would still be unwise. It defeats its own object. If everything is to receive praise, nothing better can be said of our true poets, of Roberts or Cameron. Thus about two years ago, one of the foremost Toronto papers gave high praise to a book of poems. Here are two extracts :

"Galt and Doctor Dunlap witty
Located and did plan city
Of Guelph, and cut the first tree down ;
Stump was centre of the town," etc.

"A maiden cried, 'Alas
With horror I'll expire,
Unless you bring me that true glass
I bought of MacIntyre."

Such praise as was given to these poems would have been ample for "Actaeon" or "Off Pelorus." Will not this cause the general reader to rank Roberts with MacIntyre or Skeats, and thus bring contempt upon our literature ?

The "Song of the Exile," which occupies more than half of the volume before us, consists of five cantos, each of about fifty six-line stanzas. The Exile is a young author who had loved, and been beloved by, an earl's