

tablish more firmly the Scottish origin of the Ossianic poems. Macpherson, it must be remembered, did not publish his poems without having previously collected all available information on the subject of his work. We read in the volume referred to, the words of an intimate friend of Macpherson's who met him on his return from a protracted journey in the Highlands. "I inquired the success of his errand" says the writer, "and in reply he (Macpherson) produced several volumes of small octavo, in the Gaelic language, being the poems of Ossian and other Scottish bards." Of the Irish ballads preserved in the original, few, indeed, can be shown to have any connection with Ossian, and this on the testimony of no less eminent a personage than Eugene O'Curry, who, being possessed of grand and noble patriotic sentiments, did not, we must presume, do Ireland any injustice when weighing her claims to the coveted honor. According to O'Curry, after a thorough investigation

through the whole range of Irish Literature, only nine of the Ossianic poems could be found, dating before the fifteenth century. On the other hand the Dean of Lismore's Book, which was compiled in the year 1512, by Dr. McLachlan and Mr. Skene, contains no fewer than twenty-eight of the Ossianic poems, or upwards of two thousand five hundred lines, in their original beauty, simplicity and refinement.

It would appear then that there is little room for doubt as to the honesty of Macpherson in so far as the primitive plot and foundation of his poems is concerned, and, that the assertions of Johnson and Hume in England, as well as of O'Flanagan and O'Curry in Ireland, remain unsupported, must, in the light of what has been said, appear evident to the most incredulous. There is, as much truth as sentiment in the words

"Time's glory is
To wrong the wronger till he render right."

D. A. CAMPBELL '90.

IN DURANCE SERVING.

I.

Stand they within His call—they whom He claims
Among His loyal sons, whose work He names.
And some He bids depart to distant lands,
To labor and to save—self-giving bands !
And some He touches with a zeal for prayer
And perfect love ; a life, through peace, made fair.
Others given place in the world's turmoil ;
Are sent to mingle and to help in toil.
To some, the whispered word is, " speak, with tongue "
Or pen, for blessings with thy words are strung !

II.

But some with eager patience, stand and wait,
And watch the opening of the vineyard gate,
And listen for the call they long to hear.
The Master smiles upon the watchers ; dear
They are to Him, and yet He knows their strength
Is meted not to harsh day's work and length.
He weighs their patience and their love, and darts,
By angel hands, a message to their hearts—
That sent to sightless bard in other date :—
" They also serve who only stand and wait ! "

M. L. S.