

And for the pains which age is doomed to bear,
 She heaves the deep-drawn sigh, and drops the secret tear.
 Yes, partly these her gloomy thoughts employ,
 But mostly this o'erclouds her every joy;
 She grieves to think she may be burdensome,
 Now feeble, old, and tottering to the tomb."

What a noble son was he and how cheering to the heart of the poor old Scottish mother was it to have such a son! Everyone is familiar with his more popular songs, "The Braes o' Balquhither," "The Flower o' Dumblane" and "Gloomy Winter's now awa." And Allan Cunningham tells us how a hundred years ago a Scotch printer named Richard Gall astonished Scotland and the "adjacent Islands" with the spirited ballad "My only Jo and Dearie O," while "Farewell to Ayr" was often quoted as a poem of the Ayrshire ploughman.

But we have, surely, given enough exemplars to shew that to the bards of Caledonia belongs the honour of weaving into magic numbers, those poems which will ever remain endeared in our affections. Poems which live in our hearts. Pastorals such as the gentle Ettrick Shepherd, whose conceit, perhaps, overbalanced his abilities, threw off in the spring-time of his genius. "Touches of Nature" which "makes the whole world kin" such as Wm. Dunbar has pencilled on memory's tablets. Not he of Divinity fame, the D.D. of Dumfries who wrote in honour of Miss Campbell, of the Island of Islay, the graceful batch of verses "The Maid of Islay."

"Not the tempest raving round me,
 Lightning's flash or thunder's roll;
 Not the ocean's rage could wound me,
 While her image fill'd my soul."

but the great cotemporary of another popular Scottish poet, Sir David Lindsay, (who composed "The Monarchie") and who flourished between the poetic ages of 1460 and 1560.

And yet Scotia's fame does not altogether rest here. Pastoral poetry though her great *forte*, is not her only attribute. The wreath of laurels has decked her fair brow, time and again, for ascendancy in other measures. The grandest war song ever penned is "Scots wha hae wi Wallace bled." A first Napoleon's proclamation to his army on the eve of a sanguinary battle, or the old French war cry "Remember Jena," could not inspire more courage in the hearts of dauntless troops, than this proud address of Scotland's hero, Bruce, to his handful of men. And the united British Isles are indebted to the hardy Borders for the two national songs, "Rule Britannia," by Thomson, and "The Mariners of England," by the most melodious and musical of all poets, Thomas Campbell, whose "Hohenlinden" is still a favourite recitative poem. *God Save the Queen* is the old Scottish anthem *God Save the King*, slightly altered from the original; the last verse, however, remaining intact. We do not claim the exclusive honour for Scotland, however, in this sense. Macaulay has rendered himself immortal in fiery bursts celebrating dauntless deeds of glory on well-fought fields and great engagements, hardly contested, on billowy ocean's crested waves. And Tennyson's "Charge of the Light