

In the space at our command we can give only a few specimens of the choice anthology before us. Scotsmen, wherever they go, carry with them the warm Scottish heart, and sing even in a strangeland the "auld Scots' songs." Our author has found here in Canada some worthy singers. Among them are Alexander M'Lachlan, "the Burns of Canada," and the Rev. William Wye Smith, of Newmarket, an esteemed contributor to this MAGAZINE. The deep religious fervour of which the Scottish muse is capable is finely shown in a couple of short poems which we quote from the latter.

#### OUT OF CAPTIVITY.

It was like a dream of gladness  
Breaking on a night of sadness,  
When the Lord to Zion turning  
Bade her weary wanderers come ;—  
Then our mouth was filled with singing,  
And with joy the valleys' ringing,  
Made the very heathen wonder  
At the bliss that brought us home.

For great things the Lord did for us,  
And we joined the joyful chorus,  
"Thou wilt turn us and refresh us,  
Like the desert-streams in rain."  
Tearful sowing has glad reaping—  
Precious seed, borne forth in weeping,  
Shall by God the Spirit's blessing  
Bring the golden sheaves again.

#### PEDEN'S PRAYER.

The Covenant is down, and a dastard  
wears the crown,  
And Scotland with a frown bears the  
fetters as she may ;  
And the sun looks down between auld  
Nithsdale's hills of green,  
Where Cameron's grave is seen by the  
pilgrim on his way.  
His was the rapid course of the torrent  
from its source, —  
The more we see its force, it the sooner  
meets the sea ;—  
For his young crown was won, and soon  
his race was run,  
And many a weary one with the mar-  
tyr fain would be.

And years had come and gane, since the  
day the martyrs slain,  
(No more at Sanguhar's stane, but be-  
fore the King on high)  
Had the Covenant renewed, they had  
solemn sealed in blood,

And in victors' robes had stood in the  
assembly of the sky.

And there among the heather—his thin  
hands clasped together,  
And his weary glance up thither  
where the paths of victory lie—  
And pleading for release, is Peden on his  
knees,  
And "O to be wi' Ritchie," is the bur-  
den of his cry.

The mountain-mists and snows had been  
sent to blind his foes,  
And when his cry uprose he was  
heard yet once again ;  
And the prayer his faith had spoken re-  
ceived an answering token,  
When the golden bowl was broken,  
and the saint forgot his pain.

The sacred memories of Scot-  
land's Covenanting martyrs are also  
finely illustrated in some touching  
lines by Miss Aird, on "the Auld  
Kirk Yard," and in the following fine  
poem :—

#### THE MARTYRS GRAVES.

O ! martyr-sprinkled Scotland !  
Thy covenanted dust,  
Like gold amid our mountains,  
Gleams through tradition's rust.

Thy auld grey stones are sprinkled with  
"Blood, pour'd like water free,"  
And speak in holy oracles,  
O ! martyr-land, to thee.

These altar stones of sacrifice,  
Incarnate love hath stored,  
Where faith in love-drawn characters.  
Her red libation poured.

Their prophet-mantles rolled in blood,  
By tribulation riven,  
From Scotland's ark, drove back the  
flood,  
"That chased them up to heaven."

Where Peden bold, by flood and fold,  
On mountain, moor, or glen,  
All scer-like, bore salvation's cup  
To fainting martyr-men ;

Their home was oft the mountair  
Their couch the waving fern,  
Their pillow oft the grey moss stone,  
In moorlands dark and stern.

The Covenanting songs of the  
Rev. James Murray breathe the  
spirit of religious exaltation, some-  
times verging on fanaticism, of the