

"The shadows lengthen, and the sinking sun  
Gilds the far mountain with a golden crest;  
The autumn clouds stretch motionless and dun,  
Like cold, grey ocean in the distant West.  
With sixty years of life gone o'er my head,  
I sit and dream of all those years have seen,—  
Of the strange paths by which my steps were  
led,  
Up to this hour, by hill and valley green,  
With varying aims and hopes that erst had  
been."

*In Memoriam* is one of the longest and most pretentious poems in the book, but it seems to us to be marred by the introduction of a score or more of verses, which, though highly spirited in themselves, and well worthy of a place in the book as a distinct poem, appear to have strayed in here quite accidentally, and to hold their position by right of possession merely. We cannot forbear quoting from *In Memoriam* two or three of the best stanzas we have ever seen by way of apostrophe to Canada. The first is on page 11 :

"My dear loved land ! thou all in all to me  
Of home or country woven through my life,  
Till all its texture now is part of thee,  
Chased with the flowers of joy, the scars of  
strife !  
In younger days I longed for other climes,  
In song or story, more for glory meet.  
O Bonnie Doon, like far cathedral chimes,  
How seemed thy song to me, the sole retreat  
Of that strange sorrow of which pain is sweet !

"But now I ask no other land afar,  
I know no other clime so bright as thee ;  
What now I am, what we together are,  
I must remain, I can no other be ;  
For I but bear the color, sense and sound, —  
The mingled woof and warp of joy and tears, —  
The wrong and right of Time's unchanging  
round,  
That stone by stone, to monument it veers,  
The all we feel and suffer through the years."

And the concluding verse of the poem on page 18 is still more noble, more pathetic :

"Dear Canada, my home ! my song is sung,  
A poor, weak tribute which I leave with thee ;  
I dreamt of nobler things when life was young,  
But now 'tis all, but if the time should be  
When nobler bard may touch a higher strain,  
Or wiser seer have brighter tale to tell,  
When thou has travailed through thy birth of  
pain,  
If thou on this in retrospection dwell,  
'Tis all I ask, Dear Land, Farewell ! Farewell !"

Surely this is true poetry and true patriotism, without any rant about flags, and beavers, and maple leaves !

*Not a Post* is one of the choicest things

things in the book. It is truly philosophy in verse. The closing lines are really beautiful : —

"But do not the wings of morning  
Wait upon the darkest night ?  
Is there not a sun still shining  
Always on the shores of light ?

Judge him kindly, if he wanders  
From the line so plain to thee.  
What to some is truth unquestioned,  
He may strangely fail to see.

You may stand where others left you ;  
He has on and onward trod,  
Till no chart will show his bearing—  
Is he farther, then, from God ?"

We can only refer by name to a few of the other excellent poems in this book.

These include *The Old Sugar Camp*, *My Island Home*, *Waiting, Too Late*, *Love in a Cottage*, *Wayfarers*, *Questionings*, *Evening*, and *A Grandsire's Christmas*.

Mr. McCaig has made a few attempts in "lighter vein," and while all are readable, and some of them passably good, he is not successful as a humorous poet. The *Epistle to a Plagiarist* should have been omitted ; *To Sandy McSnoosean* would 'never be missed,' and while there are many good lines in *The Age of Progress*, the longest piece in the book, its value is an extremely doubtful quantity. Of *Evolution ; or the New Philosophy of the Unconditioned*, nothing need be said, except that it is unworthy of the author, and this is saying a good deal.

Mechanically, the book is quite creditable to the publishers.

Taken all in all, it may be honestly said that "Milestone Moods and Memories" is a treat of no usual character to the lovers of poesy, and the author may safely enough congratulate himself on having written therein many things that his countrymen will not soon, or, at any time, willingly allow to be forgotten. Mr. McCaig, in his preface, which is as ingenious as it is original, says : "All I have ever hoped for in my most sanguine moments has been, that when Canada has outgrown her novitiate, when she has a literature of her own, and a standing among the nations of the earth, I might be recognized as one who had, in her then long ago, seen some beauty in Nature, some grandeur in country and home, some