

spring;—the little world, also, which he addressed, gratefully commended,—but, meanwhile the poet, pined, and suffered, and died.

McPherson worked a little as an artisan as the former notice states,—but neither mind nor body was fit for success in such occupation. He became a schoolmaster;—and the irksome duties of that sphere, did not press as heavily as might have been expected, on the poet, because they were somewhat congenial to his tone of mind. He made himself capable as a schoolmaster; contracted rather a love for imparting the knowledge he had won, and could have gone on, very willingly,—teaching, in a rural situation, communing with his own mind and nature, and having little ambition beyond humble competence and poetic fame.

Those who are acquainted with such matters,—those who know the poor arrangements by which rural schools generally are kept in existence,—who are aware of the yet unremoved reproach that rests on our highly favoured Province, respecting want of adequate system for one of the most important interests,—such readers need not be told, that the way-side school was not the place for a poetic temperament to find competence. Some persons, of keen active dispositions, may, in such situations, manage to be of much use to others, and some to themselves; they busle along, so as to ensure a showy school, to scrape payments together carefully, and to acquire many of the minor appendages and aids to comfort. But McPherson was not one of these: he taught those who came; he compiled a little treatise on a branch of the Mathematics, he simplified some other branches;—he wrote poetry on afternoons and evenings,—and was not that enough? Should not adequate means result, without any additional plodding and planing and toiling? He found, poor fellow, that it was not enough,—and varied privations and cause of carking care ensued.

During one or two visits to Halifax, he evinced but slight interest, in matters that might be supposed novelties to a young man from the country. He felt some concern in the greater world, and those who occupied the public stage, but his inclination reverted to the lake, and the woodland,—the village school,—and to the poetizing, during the “forest walks,”—or by the humble ingle of his cottage. The world of rural life, and of his own imaginings, were enough for him.

One of his greatest and latest worldly efforts, was an endeavour to have a house of his own. He thought this a great object, and made progress in collecting materials and performing some of the handiwork. But the frail tenement of flesh was tottering to its base;—it soon went to the narrow dwelling place,—and the spirit to the House not built by hands.

There was much of pathos in McPherson's later circumstances, as exhibited in his conversations and his poems. He loved life and living things; he admired the bright and beautiful objects of the world about him;—home, and home friends and home scenes, were dear to his heart,—and yet he turned