

None ever be proud to fight for and under so
valorous a device!

For the "Monthly Record."

THE WARNING.

Midnight was round this world of ours,
Darkly its shadow swept,
And sleep, death's rosy mimic, close
Its watch and warder kept,
Save where within a curtained room
The lamp burned faint and low,
And weeping watchers vigil held
To meet a coming foe.

Low on unquiet bed of pain
A strong young form was laid;
But helpless now beneath the strife
That mortal combat made.
Fresh from youth's glad luxurious day,
Life's tinsel dreams untried,
The idol of a mother's heart,
A father's hope and pride.

The only son—home's earliest light—
The goal of all its trust,
There helpless lay before the touch
That mingles dust with dust.
Strong human aid, and watchful skill,
There met with potent spell,
And loe the mightiest of them all,
Watched o'er the sufferer weil.

Yet, all in vain—the hour had come,
To quench life's flickering spark,
The windows of the spirit with
Mortality were dark,
And fainter came each quivering breath,
Forth from the failing heart,
While pallid watchers weeping stood,
To see the soul depart.

Then o'er the threshold came a step,
Unseen, but felt by all,
And in the midnight hush of earth
They heard the summons fall.
That dread mysterious warning rung,
Upon the awe struck ear,
And then the rush of spirit wings,
Spoke the destroyer near.

Within that still and darkened room,
A viewless presence trod,
And through the silence of the night,
A soul went up to God.
Forth from this world of sin and pain,
Of suffering and of death,
So gently that we knew not when,
Went out the parting breath.

And there he lay, a moveless form,
Pallid and cold and still,
Where erst the life had been so warm,
So strong the fiery will,
Like seaweed drifted on the shore,
Amid the tempest's spray,
So broken, and so desolate,
In death's cold grasp he lay.

Then what availed the burning tears,
The quenchless lava tide,
That fell from breaking parent hearts,
That dead young form beside,
The clasping of those poor pale hands,
The burning kisses pressed,
Upon the brow when death had come,
With icy lips to rest?

Oh weak and frail humanity,
Bow down in dust thy pride,
When called by scenes, like this with death
Thy treasures to divide.
Thou canst not hold one link thine own,
In human life's frail chain,
Thy love and life alike go down,
To dust return again.

Halifax,

M. J. K.

PATTERSON'S LIFE OF THE REV. DR. MACGREGOR.

There is no description of writing more interesting and instructive than biography. It opens up the inner life of the great, lets in the light upon their thoughts, and occasionally exhibits to the world the working of that intellectual machinery which elevated them to their dizzy height, and made them the wonder and admiration of mankind. Yet, even with the most ample materials, to write a good biography must be no easy task, for even now, amidst thousands submitted to the judgment of the world, we could almost count upon our fingers the number really successful. Some great writer has said that were all the profane books in the world to be burned up, and one alone spared, he would wish that one to be Plutarch's Lives. This is certainly one of the few great successes by an ancient author; and when we add Tacitus' Life of Agricola, we nearly complete the list. What penetration and grasp of intellect are in this work! What purity and strength of diction! What epigrammatic sententiousness of expression! The few words which he puts in the mouth of Galgacus before the battle of Mons Grampius would almost of themselves have secured immortality for the work. Referring to the Roman invaders, he makes this patriotic chief say—"Auferre, trucidare, rapere falsis nominibus, imperium; atque, ubi solitudinem faciunt, pacem adpellant." "They make a solitude and call it peace." What a striking picture of the real character of military conquest! In more modern times Johnson has been fortunate in Boswell, Nelson in Southey; but how many of our greatest and grandest men have missed the securing of a good biographer! We look in vain for one for Shakspeare or Milton, for Chatham or Burke, for Wellington or Peel. These great men must rest content to let their works speak for them, for they have yet found no one who has come up worthily to the task. If then, it is difficult to write a life which has become a landmark to the world, fertile in