

little Island" that his intentions and desires were pacific. There is no necessity, and especially at this time, for Mr. Murdoch to tell us

" Let him come from his boasted Saint Cloud,
With numberless hosts in his train;
We fear not, we quail not, we'll give him a shroud
And a grave, but ne'er bend to his chain."

It sounds very much like whistling to keep one's courage up when there is no apparent danger, and the foot-note appended to the poem affords no excuse why it was ever written, much less included in a book of poetry of so high a type as these advance sheets before us seem to indicate.

In the verses addressed to Tannahill, especial reference is made to that eminent bard's famous poem "The Braes o' Gleniffer." Mr. Murdoch betrays a rich appreciation and love for the Paisley poet. The stanzas here quoted are two capital bits of verse and read very smoothly and evenly:

" All these with raptur'd breast I hail—
But where is now the Bard
Whose strains, borne on the passing gale,
Were heard afar o'er hill and vale,
Sweet as the eastern nightingale?
Alas! no more is heard
Those magic sounds that soothe the soul,
And waft his fame to Nature's goal.

Hail! glorious and immortal shade!
Hail, gentle TANNAHILL!
Thy dust is with thy fathers laid;
But withering time can never fade
Those laurel-wreaths thyself hast made—
Age makes them greener still,
Great Nature, changeless, holds her sway,
But all that's mortal fades away."

A good deal of fine feeling is thrown into the "Exile's Dream;" and here is a pleasant little Scottish landscape, sketched by a true student of nature and a lover of the beautiful:

" Ever Scotland, dearest Scotland,
Shall this heart of mine revere
The glens that cleave thy rocky breast;
Thy mountains, dark and drear,
Robed in purple-blossomed heather;
Crowned with everlasting snow;
Shielded by thy daring thistle
From the might of every foe."

To Scotchmen particularly, the verses *Crookston Castle,* will possess a rarer charm than almost any other piece in the collection. This old tower whose mouldering walls are fast disappearing, is full of historic incident and traditional lore. Here ill-starred Mary, and