

An earnest student of Ecclesiastical History, he was the author of several important works on the subject. His "Roman Catholics of Scotland," "Caractacus, the British hero," "Malcolm and Margaret, King and Queen of Scotland," etc., go to show how well-versed he must have been in the early history of the land of his birth, while he was equally learned and patriotic in all that appertained to the land of his adoption. A Scottish-Canadian in every true sense of the word, such as his are the lives we would wish to chronicle, and such as his is the spirit we would like to see emulated by our fellow-countrymen, when making Canada their home.

A word about his people. His father, Mr. John Dawson, was a worthy citizen of Redhaven, of good Scottish lineage; his mother was a daughter of Colonel MacDonell, of Morar, Invernesshire, Scotland, who was for a long time heir, presumptive to the ancient House of Glengarry; he was, himself, one of nine sons. One of his brothers, Mr. Simon Dawson, ex-M. P. for Algoma, the well-known founder of the Dawson Root, is another of our Scottish-Canadians. Mrs. W. H. Fuller, of Ottawa, is a niece of our subject. Of a good stock, having a good name, what more belongs to fame.

HIS LAST POEM.

In the highlands, in the country places,
Where the old plain men have rosy faces,
And the young fair maidens
Quiet eyes;
Where essential silence cheers and blesses,
And forever in the hill recesses
Her more lovely music
Broods and dies.

O to mount again where erst I haunted;
Where the old red hills are bird enchanted,
And the low green meadows
Bright with sward:
And when evening dies, the million tinted,
And the night has come, and planets glistened,
Lamp-bestarred !

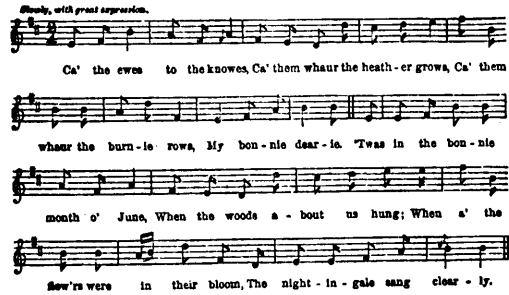
O to dream, O to awake and wander
There, and with delight to take and render,
Through the trance of silence,
Quiet breath;
Lo ! for there, among the flowers and grasses,
Only the mightier movement sounds and passes;
Only winds and rivers,
Life and death.

—R. L. Stevenson, in the Pall Mall Gazette,

The Auld Scotch Sangs.

No. 1.

CA' THE EWES TO THE KNOWES.



Will ye gang doon the water side,
An' see the waves sae sweetly glide;
Beneath the hazels spreading wide,
The moon it shines sae clearly.
Ca' the ewes, etc.

While waters wimple to the sea;
While days blink in the lift sae hie;
Till clay-cauld death shall blind my e'e,
Ye shall be my dearie. •
Ca' the ewes, etc.

The Bards and Lays of Caledonia.

"Such a glorious roll of names,
Bards ranking down from Royal James
To Scotia's poor for-fochen ploughman."

PART I.—JOHN BARBOUR.

Scotland cannot boast a Shakespeare; England cannot boast a Burns. The latter country has had more than one poet of the first magnitude; stars whose fame is world-wide, and whose names eclipse into insignificance all the lesser lights of their own country in their own particular field. It is not so in Scotland. It is true we have Ossian as our Scottish Homer, and Burns as our King of Song; the former representing a too old-world mysticism to court imitators now-a-days; and the latter unexcelled by any other half-dozen of Scotland's unequalled band of lyric poets. Take these two as epoch-markers, and for the rest the Scottish muse is defused with a lavish richness over the length and breadth of the land. In it are portrayed "the loves, the joys, the rural scenes, and rural pleasures" of the native soil; ay, and the martial spirit and manly independence of a hardy, freedom-loving people. "Give