

might have been and we say: Poor Davin, but for the other the way has been smoother, the laurels if not easier have been grafted on any other growth but that of poetry, the medical doctor has been happier than the politician, and it is good to know the road is still, (Providence considered) long before him. Long may he be spared to tell us of the "Musique of de North-Wind as it blow, to lissen to de hurricane an learn de way it sing".

Dr. Drummond's reading of his own verse is not disappointing, because he has the shrug and the smile that give the key to it all.

Any one who can sing the cradle song with the same peculiar nasal melody and the tender strength that he puts into that patient love service as Johnnie Courteau is said to have done, is a reader worth going far to hear.

S. N.

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### The Exile's Harp.

Beside the Ottawa's wild wave he sits,  
His hand upon his harp;  
The while, remembrance o'er the ocean flits,  
And climbs the flowery scarp  
Hedging the pleasant Irish home of yore  
That may be his no more.  
He treads the linnet-haunted hazel copse  
Where in youth's golden day,  
She sang to him entrancing joys and hopes;  
He hears again her lay.  
The Irish singing birds in concert meet,  
The while his harp sounds sweet.  
The shamrock-tufted path—the open door—  
His darling mother's face  
Kindred and friends around him smile once more;  
A glory and a grace  
Illumes his spirit, while his harp rings free  
In heavenly harmony.

E. C. M. T.