

And Time may be long, or it may be brief,  
Ere I stand on that dim and unknown shore,  
And grief or joy be mine, but grief  
Cannot dwell there—where we meet once more.

These are his last words, from a poem found in his pocket after death. Other poems written before bodily weakness supervened, express a more confident hope. We can give but a stanza of his Easter hymn.

He is risen! in His rising ends the world's divinest story,  
One that still shall find an echo while earth eddies round the sun;  
One of sadness wov'n with gladness, one of gloom and one of glory,  
One that tells us all is done! earth is won!  
And—He is risen!

We have left ourself scant space to speak of the dainty volume, by the Rev. William Wye Smith. He unites in happy wedlock Scottish fervour and Canadian patriotism. There is a rich vein of humour, too, which is altogether absent from Cameron's poems. We shall be surprised if many of his songs on Canadian themes do not become favourites at many Canadian firesides. The following threnody on "The Volunteers of '85," will touch every heart:—

Lightly he left us smiling, smiling,  
Soon to be back from the wars of the West;  
Sadly he came, amid weeping, weeping,  
His country's flag wrapped round his breast. . . .

Envy me not, for all that's left me,  
You have your heroes and I have mine;  
Yours come back with thunder and cannon,  
And flags that are floating along their line.

But I would not give mine in his youthful beauty,  
Sleeping the sleep of the brave and true,  
Who lived for his love, and who died at his duty,  
For all the heroes that smile on you.

But it is in his Scottish songs that he is at his best. The Scottish bairnie's heart dwells ever in the man's breast. As he quaintly expresses it in a humour that is near allied to tears:

And aft the bairnie greets, at some auld ballad's wail,  
And syne the bairnie smiles at the pawky Scottish tale;  
Till I can only say, "'Tis the bairn, it is not I;  
For I hae dignity eneuch, were no the bairnie by."

I tell't it to my freend, and wad his wisdom learn,  
He said he was himsel' just a muckle Scottish bairn;