

may be said to have been the muse who inspired most of the lines of our Author, which lines seem in a great degree to be the wailings of a sick man ; in fact, it may be said figuratively that a drop of gall embittered every cup which he quaffed from the springs of Helicon. The sadness is all personal and arises from his feelings rather than from his subject. McPherson had great love for nature, a love that was quiet and sympathetic rather than philosophical and imaginative. He never rises to the sublime nor is he ever profound. He possessed a delicate sensibility to all outward impressions affecting his bodily or mental condition, a deep pathos when speaking of that condition, and a fine ear for verbal harmony. His verse cannot be called forcible, although he has few what might be termed weak lines ; and, what is quite astonishing when we consider his youth and scanty education is, that few—very few—marks of crudeness are to be seen in his poetry. What he wrote he finished.

The following pieces are probably among his best, and they clearly exhibit the chief characteristics of his productions :—

LONGINGS FOR SPRING.

I long for spring—enchanting spring,
Her sunshine and soft airs,—
That bless the fevered brow, and bring
Sweet thoughts to soothe her cares.
I long for all her dear delights,
Her bright green forest bowers ;
Her world of cheerful sounds and sights,
Her song-birds and her flowers.

Even while the burmal King maintains
His reign of death and gloom,
How much of solid good remains
To mitigate his doom.
Sweet then to taste the well-earned cheer
When day's dull toil is o'er,
And sit among Our Own and hear
The elemental roar.

Then when the snow-drifts o'er the moor,
And drowns the traveller's cry,
The charities of poor to poor
Go sweetly up on high ;
Then while the mighty winds accord
With mind's eternal Lyre,
Our trembling hearts confess the Lord
Who touched our lips with fire.

Yet give me Spring, inspiring Spring,
The season of our trust,—
That comes like heavenly hope, to bring,
New life to slumbering dust ;
Restore from 'Winter's stormy shocks,
The singing of the birds,
The bleating of the yeaned flocks,
The lowing of the herds.