

The voices that pass me are cheerful,
Men laugh as the night winds moan,
They cannot tell how fearful
'Tis to wander alone, alone.
For them, with each night's returning,
Life singeth its tenderest strain
Where the beacon of love is burning
The light in the window pane.

Oh sorrow, beyond all sorrows
To which human life is prone,
Without thee, through all the tomorrows
To wander alone, alone!
Oh dark, deserted dwelling
Where hope like a lamb was slain!
No voice from thy lone walls welling,
No light in thy window pane!

The poet was depressed at times by the want of public appreciation of his work; but in a letter to a friend, written rather late in life, he says:

Fame is dross to me. I write because I believe it to be my duty, and succeed or fail, what little light I have shall not be hidden under a bushel.

He died at Ottawa in 1893.

Sangster is said to have "the honour of being the first poet who made appreciative use of Canadian subjects in his poetical works." In 1861 there was published at Toronto "The Emigrant, and other Poems," a book which also dealt with Canadian subjects, and was imbued with Canadian sentiment. The writer, Alexander McLachlan, was not, like Sangster, a native born, but came to Canada from Scotland in 1840, when he was twenty-two. He had learned the trade of a tailor in Glasgow, but, not unlike some immigrants of our own time, he seems to have thought that no apprenticeship was needed to such a business as farming. At any rate, he tried farming in Ontario, but was not very successful. He afterwards held the post of government emigration agent for Scotland. He had many appreciative readers during his lifetime, and, after his death, which took place at Orangeville, Ontario, in 1896, his poetical works were collected and edited in one volume, with an introduction and a biographical sketch. Professor Cappon speaks of McLachlan as "that hardy self-taught Canadian Scot," of the sincerity of feeling in his poetry, and of "his peculiarly Scotch strain, with its pathos, its reverence and its radicalism all so distinctively Scotch."

In the poem called "Indian Summer," there is feeling for nature's moods, together with a sim-

licity of language, that reminds us of Wordsworth. We quote from the first and last stanzas:

Down through the blue the sun has driven
And stands between the earth and heaven,
In robes of smouldering flame.
A smoking cloud before him hung,
A mystic veil, for which no tongue
Of earth can find a name.

The air is thick with golden haze,
The woods are in a dreamy maze,
The air enchanted seems.
Have we not left the realms of care,
And entered in the regions fair
We see in blissful dreams?

O Indian summer, there's in thee
A stillness, a serenity,
A spirit pure and holy
Which makes October's gorgeous train
Seem but a pageant light and vain,
Untouched by melancholy!
But who can paint the deep serene—
The holy stillness of thy mien—
The calm that's in thy face,
Which make us feel, despite of strife,
And all the turmoil of our life,
Earth is a holy place?
Here, in the woods, we'll talk with thee,
Here, in thy forest sanctuary,
We'll learn thy simple lore;
And neither poverty nor pain,
Nor strife of tongues, nor thirst for gain,
Shall ever vex us more.

[The writer is indebted for the information in this series of articles to Morgan's *Canadian Biography*, Dr. Rand's *Treasury of Canadian Verse*, MacMurchy's *Canadian Literature*, and for details of Sangster's life to an article by the late Dr. Stewart in the *Canadian Magazine* for May, 1895.]

As soon as any trouble is afoot between a home and school, the teacher should do what she can to remedy it. She should go into the enemy's camp, and by her honest, frank and kind conversation with him, stop the trouble and get his friendship and respect. To do this she must have the spirit of good will and sympathy, and be able to see matters from the point of view of those with whom she has the trouble. But if the teacher is to blame in the first place? Then there is nothing better than to own up to it frankly and to show a proper desire to make things right.—*Sel.*

Thank you for your great interest in subscribers. I find the REVIEW a great help, and eagerly look for its coming each month.—H. E. B.