

itself,—a deep Highland solitude,—is full of a wild and yet quiet poetry.

The mind of every man has its picture-gallery,—scenes of beauty or magnificence, or of quiet comfort, stamped indelibly upon his memory. More than half the exile's recollections of home are a series of landscapes. The poor untaught Highlander carries with him to Canada pictures enough in the style of M'Culloch to store an exhibition-room,—pictures of brown solitary moors, with here and there a gray cairn, and here and there a sepulchral stone,—pictures, too, of narrow secluded glens, each with its own mossy stream that sparkles to the light like amber, and its shaggy double strip of hazel and birch,—of hills, too, that close around the valleys, and vary their tints, as they retire, from brown to purple, and from purple to blue. He carries them all with him to the distant country. The gloomy forest rises thick as a hedge on every side of his wooden hut; the huge stumps stand up abrupt and black from amid his corn, in the little angular patch which his labour has laid open to the air and the sunshine. These are the objects which strike the sense; but the others fill the mind; and when year after year has gone by, and he sits among his children's children a worn-out old man, full of narratives about the brown moors and the running streams of his own Scotland, his eyes moisten as the scenes rise up before him in more than their original freshness; and he tells the little folk, as they press around him, that there is no place in the world that can be at all compared with the Highlands, and that no plant equals the heather. One of Wordsworth's earliest lyrics,—a sweet little poem which he gave to the world at a time when the world thought very little of it, though it has become wiser since,—embodies a similar thought. The poet represents a poor girl,—originally from a rural district, who had been both happier and better ere she had come to form a unit in the million of Lon-