

We have read over Mr Maclagan's works,—both the volume of poems which so gratified the taste of Jeffrey,* and an equally pleasing volume of subsequent appearance, dedicated to the Rev. Dr Guthrie, and devoted to the cause of ragged schools.† The general strain of both is equally pleasing; though we know not whether we do not prefer the simplicity and pathos of some of the "Ragged School Rhymes," to even those compositions of the earlier volume on which Jeffrey has stamped his *imprimatur*. Let us, however, ere quoting from the latter work, submit to the reader a few stanzas of the piece which most pleased the critic. It is a younger sister that thus addresses—in strains that, for their quaint beauty, remind us of some of the happier pieces of Marvell—a sister older than herself, but still young, that had been to her, in her state of orphanage, as a mother.

“Lo! whilst I fondly look upon
 Thy lovely face, drinking the tone
 Of thy sweet voice, my early known,—
 My long, long loved,—my dearest grown,—
 I feel thou art
 A joy,—a part
 Of all I prize in soul and heart.

“Sweet guardian of my infancy,
 Hast thou not been the blooming tree
 Whose soft green branches sheltered me
 From withering want's inclemency?
 No cloud of care
 Nor bleak despair
 Could blight me 'neath thy branches fair.

“And thou hast been, since that sad day
 We gave our mother's clay to clay,
 The morning star, the evening ray,
 That cheered me on life's weary way,—
 A vision bright,
 Filling my night
 Of sorrow with thy looks of light.

* Sketches from Nature, and other Poems. By Alexander Maclagan.

† Ragged School Rhymes. By Alexander Maclagan.