

The thirstings of the poets—for he was  
 Born unto singing—and a burden lay  
 Mightily on him and he moaned because  
 He could not rightly utter to this day  
 What God taught in the night. Sometimes, nath-  
 less,  
 Power fell upon him, and bright tongues of flame  
 And blessings reached him from poor souls in  
 stress ;  
 And benedictions from black pits of shame ;  
 And little children's love ; and old men's prayers ;  
 And a Great Hand that led him unawares.  
 So he died rich. : And if his eyes were blurred

With thick films—silence ! he is in his grave.  
 Greatly he suffered : greatly, too, he erred ;  
 Yet broke his heart in trying to be brave.  
 Nor did he wait til Freedom had become  
 The popular shibboleth of courtier's lips ;  
 But smote for her when God himself seemed dumb  
 And all his arching skies were in eclipse,  
 He was a-weary, but he fought his fight,  
 And stood for simple manhood ; and was joyed  
 To see the august broadening of the light  
 And new earths heaving heavenward from the  
 void.  
 He loved his fellows, and their love was sweet—  
 Plant daisies at his head and at his feet.

## SONNETS.

BY WATTEN SMALL.

## I.

I LOVE the art by which the Poet seeks  
 To give expression unto thoughts which dwell  
 Within the mind ; who fondly hopes to tell  
 The beauty that he finds in field, and dell,  
 And mountain bare, far hills and placid creeks.  
 My mind is spell-bound to old Chaucer's verse,  
 And Milton's pure and sacred song ;  
 While Shakespeare's diction, noble, sweet and terse,  
 Floats thro' my brain with memory long ;  
 And he the gentlest of all spirits who died young  
 In that wild storm which swept the Italian Bay,  
 I think of oft when earth is fresh and gay,  
 With thoughts of pensive tenderness alway,  
 Whose songs the sweetest are that ever Poet sung.

## II.

Once more O God ! in this calm twilight hour,  
 Thy wonders take my loving soul away ;  
 I fain to Thee pure orisons would pay  
 And humbly now adore Thy wondrous power.  
 Yon sunset dieth as a monarch dies,  
 Who clad in jewelled pomp takes his last leave  
 Of kingly rule, and splendour, ah ! why grieve  
 When such a scene can gladden mortal eyes,  
 And thrill the heart with pure and sacred joy,  
 Which nought of earth unhallowed can destroy.  
 O gentle maiden, who can interpret now  
 Our untold longings, visions manifold ;  
 Whilst thou who walkst with me, even thou  
 Art cloth'd in fairer beauty than of old.