

sacrifice. Calmly and alone he moves in an elevated sphere regardless of what the silly world may think of his position. As he is not of the world, it cannot be expected that the reward merited by his life-long labor in the interests of all that is sublime and lovely, will be bestowed by worldly hards; He to whose greater glory our poet has employed his liberal talents, will ere long return the hundred-fold promised to them that remain faithful servants unto the end. Mr. De Vere is eminently a Catholic poet and especially the Catholic poet of Catholic Ireland. He writes like 'one having power'; like one who has a divine mission to fulfil. He makes us grieve over the terrible evils wrought by disobedience to the Creator's law,

For whence is caution needful, save from sin?

His kindly pen, however, leaves us not long in tears; it soon gladdens our hearts with vivid images of that heavenly home where "death shall be no more, nor mourning, nor crying, nor sorrow shall be any more, for the former things are passed away." Hear the consoling words he places on Patrick's lips:

"Reverence is there for the poor and meek;  
And the great King kisses the worn, pale cheek;  
And the King's Son waits on the pilgrim guest;  
And the Queen takes the little blind child to her breast:  
There with a crown is the just man crowned;  
But the false and the vengeful are branded and bound  
In knots of serpents, and slung without pity  
From the bastions and walls of the saintly City."

Perhaps the most noteworthy trait in Mr. De Vere's character is his passionate love for the land of his nativity. Erin is ever his lovely queen or his tender mother. He watches over her honor with a jealous eye, and spares no effort that is calculated to dispel the prejudice and ignorance which other writers have manifested in dealing with her checkered history. Urged on by all the loving tenderness of a dutiful child, he employs his sweetest notes, in singing his mother Erin's praise. Looking to her past there is nothing of which to be ashamed. True it is that the pages of her history are stained with copious blood,

but these ruddy marks are the heaven-sent signature which speaks the approval of her God. The dear land has suffered much, nor has she ceased to suffer, but Mr. De Vere sees nothing in this save the kind predestination of the Most High. Erin, on her way to the eternal heights, wears patiently the thorny crown that she may the more closely resemble Him who bore without complaint the same instrument of torture even to the heights of Calvary. Referring to these sufferings in one of his most beautiful strains the poet says:

O Thou! afflicted and beloved, O Thou!  
Who on thy wasted hands and bleeding brow—  
Dread miracle of Love—from reign to reign,  
Freshenest thy stigmata of sacred Pain:  
Lamp of the North when half the world was night;

Now England's darkness 'mid her noon of light;  
History's sad wonder whom all lands save one  
Gaze on through tears and name with gentler tone:

O Tree of God! that burnest unconsumed;  
O Life in Death! for centuries entomb'd  
Thou art uprisen, and higher far shalt rise,  
Drawn up by strong attraction to the skies:  
Thyself most weak, yet strengthen'd from above:  
Smitten of God, yet not in hate, but love:—  
Thy love make perfect and from love's pure hate

The earthlier scum and airier froth rebate!  
Be strong; be true! thy palms not yet are won:  
Thine ampler mission is but now begun.  
Hope not for any crown save that thou wearest—  
The crown of thorns. Preach thou that Cross  
thou bearest!

Go forth! Each coast shall glow beneath thy tread!

What radiance lustrous from heaven upon thy head?

What fiery pillar is before thee borne?  
Thy loved and lost! They lead thee to thy morn!  
They pave thy paths with light! Beheld by man,

Thou walkest a shade, not shape, beneath a ban.  
Walk on—work on—love on; and, suffering,  
cry,

"Give me more suffering, Lord, or else I die."

Gazing towards Erin's future, Mr. De Vere sings no other strain save the prophesy of final and eternal victory. Transcendent in her supernatural qualities, and bearing her martyr's crown, she alone will keep secure the Faith, until she presents it unsullied to her Judge. Although the poet grieves for Erin's sufferings still he does not regard them as a calamity. His grief rather resembles that which might dim the eyes of a pious