

north. He hails from the Sunny South and it is his first spring in Ottawa. He is a baseball enthusiast and longs to be into the game. He had his team picked three weeks ago. He ordered a practice one Saturday afternoon but he had to call it off, owing to a snowfall of four inches the night before. But he is not discouraged. He may be yet seen going around with a glove hanging from his belt, a bat under his arm and a ball bulging out of his pocket—waiting for the snow to go.

In billiards and pool the interminable schedule is lengthening out.

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#### A REQUEST.

Give me but six-feet-three (one inch to spare)  
Of Irish ground, dig it anywhere;  
And for the poor soul say an Irish prayer,  
Above the spot.

Let it be hill where cloud and mountain meet,  
Or vale where grows the tufted meadow sweet,  
Or "borreen" trod by peasant's shoeless feet;  
It matters not.

I loved them all—the vale, the hill,  
The moaning sea, the flagger-lilied rill,  
The yellow furze, the lake-shore lone and still,  
The wild bird's song.

But more than hill or valley, bird or moor,  
More than the green fields of my River Suir,  
I loved those hapless ones—the Irish Poor—  
All my life long.

Little I did for them in outward deed,  
And yet be unto them of praise the meed,  
For the stiff fight I waged 'gainst lust and greed:  
I learnt it there.

So give me Irish grave, 'mid Irish air,  
With Irish grass above it—anywhere;  
And let some passing peasant give a prayer  
For the soul there.

—*Sir W. Butler.*