

who was not blessed with such appurtenances. To have them is one of the marks of superiority. He had them, not, however, because he promulgated doctrines that were untenable, but because he advocated causes which, on account of their antagonism to personal selfishness, were not popular. He will have enemies, secret or avowed, until mankind learn that

The men who have changed the world
with the world have disagreed.

I have strayed so far into eulogy of O'Reilly's more serious sentiments, that I have but little space left to consider him in his lighter and happier moods. From this it must not be inferred that it was with difficulty he struck a joyous note; for the inference would be totally at variance with actual facts. He was solemn oftener than he was cheerful, because, as I have already tried to point out, he looked upon life as an opportunity, and questions of the gravest nature, and deepest import, were continually forcing themselves upon his mind, filling it with the conviction that, while such weighty themes required attention, he would be untrue to the higher purposes of life, who wasted his energy on those fanciful topics which gather their principal charm from a fortunate selection of words, but which do not affect, even remotely, the beatings of the world's pulse. When, however, he saw an occasion for taking a brief jaunt into the realms of dreamland, he did not allow the chance to slip by unheeded, and the result has been that he has made the world richer—Oh! how much richer by songs, whose charm and melody thrill the heart with strange delight. He had an exalted conception of the poet's vocation, and realized that idealess rhymes did not constitute poetry.

Songs were born before the singer:
Like white souls awaiting birth,
They abide the chosen bringer
Of their melody to earth.

He was certainly a "chosen bringer," and he was fortunate in this that the songs he brought were among the sweetest that have yet been fashioned in the womb of time.

In companionship with nature, O'Reilly found his chiefest joy. Had he been able,

he would have lingered always amidst streams, hills, woods and meadows.

No, No! from the street's rude bustle,
From trophies of mart and stage,
I would fly to the woods' low rustle
And the meadows' kindly page.

And why this yearning? Because of the hypocrisy that prevailed amongst men. He himself was so honest and outspoken, that he could not be indifferent to the existence, in the world, of much pretence and double-dealing. For this reason he longed to withdraw from it, in order to escape remembrance of

The vulgar sham of the pompous feast
Where the heaviest purse is the highest priest;
The organized charity, scrimped and iced,
In the name of a cautious, statistical Christ;
The smile restrained, the respectable cant,
When a friend in need is a friend in want;
Where the only aim is to keep afloat,
And a brother may drown with a cry in his throat.

Society's sins have never, perhaps, been more severely scored than in these few verses.

John Boyle O'Reilly was a teacher, and the lessons he taught were good. "A man is not the slave of circumstance" he cries, and his own life established the truth of the words. It is, in a way, wonderful that his early experiences did not destroy those hopes that are the product of early enthusiasm. From all sides troubles assailed him, but they seem to have served as a help rather than as a hindrance to his youthful energy, and to have filled him with the great purpose of doing something that would make the world better, brighter, happier, and wiser. He did not desire to forget those troubles, for he knew that recollection of them would shed over his later years, that soft and soothing light, which the memory of grief, long-past, can kindle.

I wrote down my troubles every day;
And after a few short years,
When I turned to the heart-aches
passed away,
I read them with smiles, not tears.

To one who reads O'Reilly's poems, the wish comes, instinctively, that the world—the world of young people particularly—might be better acquainted with him and his writings. There is so much to be gained