

But the day star attracted his eye's sad devotion ;
For it rose o'er his own native isle of the ocean,
Where once in the fire of his youthful emotion,
He sang the bold anthem of Erin go Bragh.

* * * *

Yet all its sad recollections suppressing,
One dying wish my lone bosom can draw,
Erin ! an exile bequeaths thee his blessing !
Land of my forefathers ! Erin go bragh !
Buried and cold, when my heart stills her motien,
Green be thy fields—sweetest isle of the ocean !
And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with devo-
Erin mavournin ! Erin go bragh ! tion,

The excellence of a poem is by no means proportioned to the amount of labor that is expended in executing it. The sculptor stamps the conceptions of his genius on inert marble, and converts it into a life like image, for the admiration of posterity. Such a masterpiece cannot

fail to produce a profound impression on those who gaze upon it. But it is not exquisite workmanship, symmetry of proportions, or delicacy of coloring that produces this effect. Those external beauties,—the result of prolonged and tedious labor, are lost sight of in our admiration for its ethical beauty, which alone renders the sculptor's work the embodiment of perfection. The same is to be said of poetry. Its power of elevating the soul does not depend on prolixity and efflorescence of language, which should be considered subservient to the true aim of poetry. It is not from any exterior excellence, but rather as the creation of ethical beauty that poetic composition takes its name—
aesthetic thought enshrined in verse.

JAS. A. GILLIS, '94.

