result. In "Crispus Attucks" he exclaims

Thank God for a land . . . . . .
Where the masses honor straightforward strength,
and know when veins are bled,
That the bluest blood is putrid blood, that the
people's blood is red.

Again in "The Pilgrim Fathers"

Here struck the seed, the Pilgrim's roofless town,
Where equal rights and equal bonds were set,
Where all the people equal franchised met;
Where doom was writ of privilege and crown;
Where human breath blew all the idols down:
Where crests were nought, where vulture flags
were furled,
And common men began to own the world.

and still again in "The Press Evangel"

One heart's small keyboard touches all the notes;
One weak one's cry distends the million throats;
Nor race nor nation bounds the human kind,
White, yellow, black,—one conscience and one
mind!

There are, no doubt, many well-meaning persons who would become frothy in their condemnation of our author, because he inveighed so strongly against *caste* and class. They should try to remember that he did not pose as the prophet of socialism. He was certainly intensely democratic, but he felt as fully as any man could feel the need, the absolute need, of social gradation. What did disgust him was the fact that this classification was carried to such extremes, as to hinder worthy men from reaping the rewards of their exertions, solely because they had not reached the mark of respectability which an oftentimes disreputable class had set. He was not an iconoclast in the sense that he sought the destruction of popular theories, simply because they were not in touch with his ideas; but he was an iconoclast in the other and proper sense, that he sought the destruction of shams and pretences of every kind. Enough has been said on this point to show a favorite drift of O'Reilly's mind.

Another striking trait of character in him was his power to appreciate goodness and kindness. If he discovered good in a man, he admired the good and loved the man for possessing it. He showed kindness to all who deserved it; he wanted all to show kindness to him, because he deserved it. There was nothing narrow-minded or selfish in this. He preached "an ideal creed" whose doctrines were his rule of life, and because it was ideal, he was by some misunderstood. He himself has told us what this creed was, in his answer to the question, What is the real good? It is not order, nor knowledge, nor truth, nor pleasure, nor love, nor beauty, nor freedom, nor home, nor fame nor equity. It is none of these, but something that twines itself more closely around the heart:

Then within my bosom
Softly this I heard:
"Each heart holds the secret:
Kindness is the word."

The heedless reader of some of O'Reilly's poetry might be inclined to the belief that our author's views smacked strongly of pessimism. Careful reading would convince him that he leaned altogether toward pessimism's opposite. He selected, almost exclusively, as the subjects of his poems, those questions which deeply affect mankind. He endeavored to show that evil is not inherent in human nature, but is rather the result of circumstances, of fortune, of position or of association. He had an enduring faith and hope in the natural virtue of man, and he wept in spirit when the soul, created in beauty and purity, strayed from the narrow path, and became the victim of the sin and the snares with which vicious men and women have furnished the world. Speaking of the fallen ones, he says

They were pure once, loved and loving,
And there still lives good within.
Ah! speak gently to them: harsh words
Will not lead them from their sin.

Surely this is not a cynic's wail.

If other duties had not pressed so heavily upon him, Boyle O'Reilly would have been a great moral reformer. As it was, he directed his energies, whenever opportunity offered, to the uplifting and betterment of his fellowmen. He felt that he was born for a purpose—to do good—or at least to attempt it, and the attempt, it may be said, was fruitful of the most happy results. The suspicion that his words would not please did not deter him from uttering them, because he felt the impossibility of being always pleasing, and, at the same time, always right. O'Reilly had his enemies, but what great man has ever lived