

Ah ; mystic mourner all your barren dreams,
 Are but the dregs of passion's vanished gleams.
 How could you ever smile ; and know your light
 Was starlike shooting into murky night.
 All this abstract philosophy ne'er may
 Content the heart that burns itself away
 Cease thy wild dreams of this you may be sure,
 Tis folly all, perhaps she was

Yet Candor must confess thy rising strain
 Shows power, thy cousins never shall attain,
 Thou hast the secret of the poet's art
 The first grand requisite, a human heart ;
 Nor needst to mock the "In Memoriam" phrase —
 Though quite in line, these imitating days.

Yet sternly just the candid muse must speak
 Of those who sink to write their own critique,*
 This base resource, must stamp the poet's name
 That so decends with an undying shame,
 The mean attempt o'erwhelms them with scorn,
 And proves such bards were for the bathos born,
 Who values such critiques when authors may
 Tell the reviewer what his line shall say ?
 And with a shameless brow indite such gush —
 As from a stranger ought to make them blush ;
 Not all the applause of a crude scheme like this,
 Can ever save their name from the abyss.
 Poor paltry souls yours is an awful curse,
 The wild attempt to float a leaden verse.
 The monstrous toil proportions does essay,
 To which the task of Sisyphus was play.
 Idle your efforts, all your labor vain,
 Down it shall sink forever to remain.

Hear sacred Campbell† ranting as he takes
 The churchman's holiday upon the lakes,
 Devoid of heart, of soul, of common sense,
 He makes at poetry a wild pretense,
 Unconscious quite, he loudly halts along
 And deems his jingle constitutes a song.

* This is Campbell's accusation, and the bards concerned, Carman Scott, Lampman and Roberts were credited with correcting the Munsey reviewer's proof. Several ludicrous letters on the subject were published in the *Toronto Globe*,

† Wm. Wilfred Campbell, prolific scribbler—He was mightily offended at and bitterly attacked the bards who displayed so much genius in the conduct of their own review in *Munsey's Magazine*, but it turned out that the real cause of his resentment was his being denied a similar liberty.