

The last of these is almost pure Shakespearian in form. The others are irregular in structure, especially the one on "The Stars." Yet this is one of the most beautiful in idea, with its insistence on the endless beginning of time. The words have the very sound of music in them, and there is a haunting charm about it all that will not away. The occasional change to the anapestic metre gives a feeling of downward movement and restfulness.

Taking everything into consideration, the sonnet "Night" is the most complete poem Heavysege wrote. The solemnity and awfulness of the darkness of night unlit by a single star have never been more splendidly set forth than in this condensed telling of its dread power.

While the drama of "Saul" remains from its importance his masterpiece, yet these sonnets and some of the others we have not space to quote are the very flower of Charles Heavysege's genius. There is condensed power and lyric beauty in them, and they have the charm of musical rhythm and rhyme that we miss in his longer poems. Yet they have also his lofty imaginative thought, and dignity of expression, and they will ensure forgetfulness for his name:

Poet! who passed thy years of ceaseless toil,
 Earning but scantily thy simple fare,
 Amid the world's rough work and sad turmoil,
 Its daily tasks and many an irksome care;
 Still hadst thou quiet evenings of delight
 With thy dear muse, reviving the dim years
 Of olden time, or peopling mystic night
 With angel forms and music of the spheres.
 Wrapped in the Hebrew lore, the gloomy maze
 Around the path of Israel's first king,
 'Tis thy desire to tread, and trace the ways
 Of fate, that to his hopeless footsteps cling.
 Dreamer! is there no clue to that dire fall?
 Darkness but deepens o'er the name of Saul!

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