

A FORGOTTEN POET

FORTY YEARS ago might have been seen walking along the streets of Montreal to his daily task of drudgery at the journalist's desk, a man slightly over middle age, with stooping shoulders and not very noticeable physique—an ordinary enough figure to the casual looker-on. But the careful observer would have noted the expressive gray-blue eye, the clean cut features, the lofty intellectual forehead, and would have known the poet and the dreamer of dreams.

"He walked our streets and no one knew
That something of celestial hue
Had passed along."

So, pondering on the tragic stories of the Old Testament, for that was the bent of his mind, and deeply impressed with those wonderful tales of events in the dim dawn of history, weaving his weird fancies about them into poems of great imagination and charm, Charles Heavysege spent the quiet years of a life of toil in the City of Montreal, unknown except to a few appreciative friends.

His writings were at first published anonymously and they were received in silence. Then, after a few years, they attracted some notice and were favourably reviewed by Coventry Patmore in the *North American Review*, by Charles Lanman in the *New York Evening Post*, by Bayard Taylor in the *Atlantic Monthly*, and in other magazines, and Longfellow and Emerson wrote praising them. But this interest died down and his works never became known to the reading public. The best and fullest account of them is to be found in Mr. Burpee's essay, read before the Royal Society of Canada in 1901. But this and the inclusion of some extracts, and a few of the