

Denied in life what she deserved of fame
 What boots it idly to exhume her name?
 Extol her genius, her intrinsic worth;
 She sleeps and soundly with her mother Earth,
 Hers was a fate oft paralleled before;
 Genius neglected for some trifling boor.
 Sad-eyed and listless hidden in the crowd
 While some vain ass is lauded long and loud;
 Yet better far to never breathe of fame,
 Than rise to vanish into whence she came.

Happy our statesmen when as such they fall
 Thank heaven they still can twist the muse's tail,
 And fleeing far from the ignoble throng,
 In lisping strain produce the sparrow's song.*
 Thrice happy mortals roaming through the woods
 Or haply boating on the foaming floods,
 Or washing down the midday dish of "fish"
 With Adam's ale as much as heart could wish;
 Anon in slumber stretched upon the sod,
 Forget their plans for circumventing God†
 Soft dreams elesyian on thy beatitude
 No cankering cares of empire can intrude
 For while the moon sheds her soft glories down
 The monarch might forget his useless crown,
 Thus Edgar may forget forensic fray
 And if he choose forget to draw his pay.

Turn from these triflers to the bright M'Gee,
 Sprung from that clime of genius o'er the sea,
 That little isle which sends its sons afar
 To shine in council or to lead in war,
 Faithful to that strange destiny which sways
 The Irish race through wild conflicting ways;
 Weird lights of genius flashing through the gloom
 To light her heroes to the martyr's tomb.
 He followed, subject to her fatal laws,
 A willing sacrifice to honor's cause.

Lo from his snug department Lampman‡ strays
 To rant of "Heat" and white and dusty ways,

* Mr. Edgar, M.P., has felt it his duty to translate the song of that imported nuisance, the English sparrow.

† *Hamlet*—"One who could circumvent God, might it not?"

‡ Archibald Lampman, Civil Service, Ottawa, would assuredly pass for a poet if the human interest was more strongly developed in his verse. But "Maud" and "In Memoriam" seem to be the only criterions of poetry with our imitating bards. What will become of the imitations when the originals are already on the wane.