

over again the role of the Chosen People, his works often reflected his conviction, and the poems of "The Ode Against False Liberty" and "The Irish Gael to the Irish Norman," voice it in harmonious numbers. But the Irish went to the more practical Redmonds, and their band of merry-men, for guidance in politics; precisely as in the days of gay Tom Moore, they resorted to Daniel O'Connell, and not to the deathless bard of "The Irish Melodies." The verdict of history will be that the Irish people acted wisely on both occasions. Poets seldom make good politicians: they are too spiritual for the trade. The reader who desires to learn more of De Vere's amusing politics is referred to the poet's "Reminiscences," and to the issue for July, 1892, of *The Nineteenth Century Review*.

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Happily it is as a literary light I am expected to deal with De Vere in this department. Remembering the height and duration of his greatest poetic flights, the sustained power which he could command almost at will, the grace and polish of his style, and above all the immaculate elevation of his mind; it would be difficult to overrate him as a poet and a Christian teacher. That he displays on every page many of the marks of a great poet, no scholar who examines his works will deny. He wrote well and much in prose, as his "Reminiscences," religious essays, and papers for the reviews, bear witness, but the bulk of his work, and all of it that will live, is in poetry; the leading characteristics of which are, if I do not mistake, a cloistered serenity of thought, a noble choice of subject, and a method of expression adequate for all the emotions that fall short of the most profound. His breadth of vision, though more than ordinary, was limited; a natural result, be it said, of his aristocratic descent. His power of burnishing an old Irish legend was enormous, and all his metrical Irish legendary tales rise into glorious foregrounds and melt into unforgettable distances. They teem with incidents and personages fittingly portrayed. As a maker of that "small lute" which Wordsworth reminds us, "gave ease to Petrarch's wound," the Sonnet, he had few equals and no superior. Many passages in his great poem on St. Patrick positively surpass almost anything written by