

Would break his neck upon a tree,
Or have it broken, so you see
'Twas just the same to you, and me,
And him,—they meant the gallows."

The other is "The Beacon Hill Coquette," which only needs reading to be heartily enjoyed. His opinion of a poet's mission is given negatively in the following lines:

"A singer, I admit: but hath his song
E'er eased the sad, sick soul, e'er dried the eye
Of secret sorrow, bruised the head of wrong,
Or woke the heart to listen to the cry
Of Right downtrodden by the despot-throng?
No? Then, so please you, we will put him by.
He is a poet? Never! I deny
He hath a portion of the sacred rage.
All flowers of speech may bloom upon his page,—
His soft words on my senses idly fall:
Not having any utterance for his age,
He hath no power to stir my blood at all;
So off with him to moulder on the shelf!—
He knows not man, nor any God save self."

If we judge Cameron from his positive standpoint we shall not let his Lyrics or other work "moulder on our shelves." His Sonnets to Nova Scotia might be more properly termed his Farewell to N. S. I only mention them to say that the reader in search of eulogium on Nova Scotia will be disappointed if he looks for it here. Faithfully he recounts the dangers of the seas and his sorrow at leaving his homestead and friends—his admiration and scenic description of his birthplace are doubtless treated of in the work yet to be seen. A lyric on the *Week's* attack on the dead orator, Wendell Phillips, shews his affection for and championship of his friend. His appreciation of a master spirit is manifested in his brilliant eulogium on Shelley thus,—

"Dust unto dust? No, spirit unto spirit."

This lyric is exquisite in form, strict in style, and avoids that exuberance of eulogy too often indulged in by songsters.

"The Way of the World" is one of the strongest numbers of this lyricist's work; not pessimistic, like Bacon's lyric, "Life," but forcibly realistic, its truth induces thought and self-communing, and the highest aim of poetry is attained. A lyric on "Our Boys in the North-West Rebellion" will be a household treasure in any home that boasted a representative in that memorable campaign. "Ysolte" is the longest number in the work, containing perhaps five hundred lines. One stanza exquisitely depicts the enjoyment and loss of something which has given keenest pleasure,—

"He who hath sometime scanned
The stars that gem the sky,
The sea and lovely land—
All beauties that delight the eye,
All things that He hath planned

Or here below or there on high,
And then hath lost his sight,
Hath fuller cup of bitterness
To quaff than he would ever guess
Whose eye hath never seen the light."

Lyrics on Death.—The first of this series was written a few days before his death.

"Draw the dread curtain and enter in!—
In o'er the threshold the millions have trod:
Lose but the dust of the balance, and win—
What a moment ago was the secret of God!"

In a lyric entitled "Rest" we read (he is speaking of a friend at rest),—

"And knew the all that we had need
To know—that God had need of him."

And later (on the death of a child),—

"And won thee from our lower land
To God's high eminence!"

"Death" is perhaps the most impressive lyric in the whole book, full of a sombre beauty,—a dark cloud with this translucent lining,—

"And hold to heaven and that high hope
That death is good in any guise."

Milton's mighty sonnet, "On the Late Massacre in Piemont," has been aptly named a "collect in verse." As justly may we name the lyric "Lord God Almighty" a confession, a self-abasement and heartfelt contrition, closing with this prayerful stanza:

"But like the prodigal, my heart—
Too long undone and desolate—
Seeks Thine, believing that Thou art
As good as Thou art great!"

A fitting prelude to the majestic Gloria of his Easter anthem, "He is Risen."

From his Last Lyrics let me quote the following lines:

"My spring is over, all my summer past:
The autumn closes,—winter now appears:
And I, a helpless leaf before the blast,
Am whirled along amid the eternal years
To realize my hopes—or end my fears."

And this solemn and reverential summing up of the whole matter:

"To God, the Auditor of all accounts,
We shall give up account of all our ill;
And though in men's minds to a mountain it amounts,
Who knows but with His imitateless skill
As recompense
Adding and footing up sin's bill,
He will find pounds of good where man writes pence.
And when I see him I hope and pray
Lifting the hands
That framed all lands
He will say—Benedicite!"