Full often; aye. and honor grows dismayed; And all those eagle hopes, so pure and high, Which soar aloft in youth's unclouded sky Drop dustward, self-subverted, self-betrayed. Call it not joy to walk the immortal floor Of this exulting earth, nor place to lie Where the thronged marbles awe the passer by: True rest is this; the task, the mission o'er, To bide God's time, and man's neglect to bear—Hail, loyal Sarsfield! Hail, high-hearted Clare!

THE GRAVES OF TYRCONNEL AND TYRONE ON SAN PIETRO IN MONTORIO.

Within Saint Peter's fane, that kindly hearth Where exiles crowned their earthly loads down cast, The Scottish kings repose, their wanderings past, In death more royal thrice than in their birth.

Near them, within a church of narrow girth But with dilated memories yet more vast, Sad Ulster's Princes find their rest at last, Their home the holiest spot, save one, on carth. This is that Mount that saw Saint Peter die! Where stands you dome stood once that Cross revered: From this dread Hill, a Western Calvary, The Empire and that Synagogue accurst Clashed two ensanguined hands—like Cain—in one Sleep where the Apostle slept, Tyrconnel and Tyrone!

These sonnets, I venture to think, are in tone and execution in strict accordance with Aubrey de Vere's own definition of a sonnet, as given in the introduction to the collection he made of the sonnets of his father, Sir Aubrey de Vere. "A true sonnet," says Aubrey de Vere, "is characterized by greatness, not prettiness; and, if complex in structure, it is in substance solidly simple. Its oneness is its essence. It is not a combination of many thoughts, but the development of a single thought so large as to be latently, a poem."

In the two following fine sonnets we meet with no little of the observant imagination of the artist:

HORN HEAD, COUNTY OF DONEGAL.
Sister of earth, her sister eldest-born,
Huge world of waters, how unlike are ye!
Thy thoughts are not as her thoughts: unto thee
Her pastoral fancies are as things to scorn: