

Was it for this, guardian angel, when to manly years
I came,
Homeward, as a light, you led me, light that now is
turned to flame?

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Tho' my eyes no more may see thee, island of my
early love,
Other eyes shall see thy green flag floating thy tall
hills above;
Tho' my ears no more may listen to thy rivers as
they flow,
Other ears shall hear a paan closing thy long *keen*
of woe!"

Search where we may among Mr. McGee's early poems, we always find in them a gushing spring of patriotism; and we believe that the same spring unfrozen in the least degree by a decade of Canadian winters—thorough Canadian though he was—burst from the deep places of his heart with the old music till his dying day.

Now, that it is hushed, ought we not to be thankful that we can watch the meanderings of the first streams that flowed from it?

It would be a labor of love to give a few more extracts from Mr. McGee's pre-Canadian poems; but, besides that our space is necessarily limited, we hardly think it would be fair to anticipate for the readers of the MONTHLY the surprise of delight that awaits them in the forthcoming volume of Mr. McGee's collected poems.

We hope, however, to be excused for making one more extract. The following poem was first named "The Heart's Resting-place;" but it is found in the appendix to the "Canadian Ballads," under the name of "Home-Sick Stanzas":—

"Twice had I sailed the Atlantic o'er;
Twice dwelt an exile in the West;
Twice did kind nature's skill restore
The quiet of my troubled breast,—
As moss upon a rifted tree,
So time its gentle cloaking did;
But though the wound no eye could see,
Deep in my heart the barb was hid.

I felt a weight where'er I went—
I felt a void within my brain—
My day-hopes and my dreams were blent
With sable threads of mental pain;
My eye delighted not to look
On forests old or rapids grand;
The stranger's joy I scarce could brook,
My heart was in my native land.

Where'er I turned, some emblem still
Roused consciousness upon my track;
Some hill was like an Irish hill,
Some wild bird's whistle called me back;
A sea-bound ship bore off my peace,
Between its white, cold wings of woe.
Oh, if I had but wings like these,
Where my peace went, I, too, would go."

Our task is now nearly accomplished. It only remains for us to say a few words on Mr. McGee's later, that is, his Canadian poems.

We quoted in a former part of this paper from the unpretending words with which the "Canadian ballads" were introduced to the Canadian public. They were simply intended as an *eirenicon*, a peace-maker, between the present and the past. They were published very shortly after Mr. McGee's arrival in Canada—so shortly that, unless we bear in mind the wonderful versatility of his genius, we may well wonder, how he could, in so brief a time have identified himself with a country so new to him. But Mr. McGee intended, from his first coming to Montreal, to make Canada his home, and, with this purpose in his mind, he at once set himself to gain a familiarity with the history, traditions and necessities of the land he had adopted. Had Mr. McGee been spared to us, we have no doubt he could have given us a history of Canada, as complete in its bearings and as little influenced by unseemly prejudice, as his history of Ireland. Of that period of its history, a most eventful one, in which he himself was a conspicuous actor on its political stage, no little has been preserved to us in his various speeches and addresses. With his poetic temperament, then, it is not surprising that he should have desired to create and foster a true patriotic enthusiasm in the breasts of his young fellow-countrymen. As we have seen by his preface he saw with a prophetic eye to what these then isolated provinces were growing. Of that prophecy he lived to see the fulfilment.

The "Canadian Ballads" are, as might naturally be expected, inferior in fire and pathos to those which he wrote on the all-engrossing theme of his earlier muse. Very few of these latter were published in his "little volume." In the "Occasional Verses" there is a freedom from allusion