

Oh! sleeping songster, Australasia chides you, fellow
blood kisses you and remembers your youth.

Would we could have Liberty and not License—Frat-
ternity of Spirit and Equality of Thought. Till then can
we hope to see that

"Love is Freedom's strength—
And Peace her chief foundation stone."

A brief *resume* of the "Lyrics" will be expected of me.
Following the division of the "Lyrics" I shall commence
with those on Freedom. The incomparable diction of
these "Lyrics," their beauty of form, local coloring, and
the verbal dressing oftentimes onomatopoeic in its vivid-
ness, cannot wipe out one very grave defect—a defect in
the idea. All kings are not tyrants, and if

"Each has a right each is bound to revere,"—

why is not that man's opinion who believes in monarchi-
cal government respected by our writer? Losing his
common sense in his ideality the writer becomes the
tyrant, and they who (from his teaching) endorse his
lines, intellectual slaves. The lines are those of a being
fighting for Freedom, but what Freedom? Is it possible
that the want of mastery over self, the lack of a monar-
chical principle of self-ruling, first struck the key note
which, by the irony of fate, induced utterances so sweep-
ing against logical institutions old as the world? The
chivalric bravura of his attack on the Czar, coming from
one who had drunk deep of the chalice of despotic mis-
rule, would have been molten condemnation. If I pause
a moment and remember they are the lines of our young
friend, it is only that I may convince myself how much I
enjoy his form, but not the idea it inculcates.

It is too late in the day to ask, What is the aim of
poetry? Too often the rhythmic value, verbal melody,
unique or beautiful construction, verbal imagery or wealth
of illustration charm the taste, and the subject of the
picture is forgotten in the admiration of the figures. We
can admire any and all of the poetic material I have
mentioned in these Lyrics of Freedom, but the subject
"Freedom" ceases to bear its old chivalric value. As
the age progresses the keen edge of wisdom shall give
men a "Freedom" and rescue them from a thralldom more
galling than ever inflicted by mortal—to wit, that of In-
tellectual Slavery.

Lyrics on Love.—These lines are daintily constructed
as becomes the subject. The writer of lines so full of
filial love as those to his mother which preface the work,
so full of the fraternal affection depicted in his "Adelphi,"
and lines to his brother and sister, could write at the
same time the charming nonsense given us in many of the
Lyrics on Love. One stanza from "By the Fountain"
may be quoted:

"By the fountain whose pellucid waves within the deli-
cate basin
Daintily tinkling, dropping dreamily, made a music in
the ears
Like the echo of some high, some arch-angelic diapason

Drifting downward from the ever-swinging, never-silent
spheres."

Passionately he depicts Time's inability to heal his
wound, in an eight-line lyric ending thus:

"I probe my thought and find the mystery lies
In deeming love a merely temporal thing:
Whilst like a beam of light it floats and flies
Upon a weariless wing."

Sweetly pretty is the lyric, "Away from Me"; and
its moral,—

"Judge not by looks, but by immortal merit:
Worth dwells forever in the hidden parts;
And oft the roughest-seeming ones inherit
The very noblest hearts,"—

breathes its spirit.

There is not that intensity of passion which *confreres* of
his have possessed, but there is a charming freshness and
a happy treating of the subject in its lightest aspect that
makes these lyrics as readable as any.

Lyrics in Pleasant Places and Other Places.—A very
pleasant part of the book. "Downs and Ups," from
which "Golden Prospects" (given in the preface) is taken,
is a strongly terse lyric, but the comparison is too biased
in favor of the dark side of the picture. Hope hasn't a
place, and he who could write "Fairer than any Future"
was for the moment oblivious of Hope's springing eternal.
How do I know this? Read "Anticipation," which by
singular good chance follows the gruesome lines,—yes,
gruesome,—the clay mouldering beneath, the daisies for-
gotten overhead, the worms eating the house, but not a
mention of the spirit in eternally blissful freedom. A
beautiful metaphor in "On Life's Sea,"—

"And now the day goes out the western gate."

A capital little Impromptu shows the spontaneity of the
writer. It is on the national emblem of Nova Scotia,
"The Mayflower."

"You ask me, dear friends, a toast to propose?"

Let me think for a moment—ah, yes! it shall be
The sweet-scented blossom that blooms 'neath the snows,
The sweet little Mayflower for me.

"You may drink to the thistle, the shamrock, the rose,—
May they each bloom on Liberty's shore;
But my toast is the Mayflower that blooms 'neath the
snows,
The bonniest, best of the four!"

He betrays a sense of humor twice. I give the first
occasion as it is another Impromptu.

"WHAT THEY MEANT."

"There is a man—an Ishmaelite—
Who never (hardly) does a square thing,
Got drunk, alas! one Sunday night,
Which was—alas! again—no rare thing,
Whose friends all prophesied that he
(Of course they said it not in malice!)