

shorter poems in W. D. Lighthall's "Songs of the Great Dominion," and the Anthologies of E. C. Stedman and William Sharp, and in other collections are the only references in years to one whose name should be well known all over Canada and familiar to every reader of English poetry. Yet it is true that if his name be mentioned in any gathering, most of the people know it not, and only a few are aware that he was the author of a drama called "Saul," of which they only remember the name. And how can it well be otherwise when his books have not been republished and cannot be purchased at any booksellers? "Almost unread in this country and very little known in America," writes William Sharp. Surely this general neglect warrants our calling him a forgotten poet!

"What is the boasted bubble, reputation?
To-day it is the world's loud cry
Which may to-morrow die,
Or roll from generation unto generation
And magnify and grow to fame,
That quenchless glory round a great man's name."

So he sings in his sonnet on "Good Deeds," and if to-day that cry sounds far off and faint, we feel sure that the future holds in store an abiding fame for the most imaginative poet that has ever lived in Canada. It is much to be hoped that a new edition of his poems will be published, so that they may be accessible to every one.

Charles Heavyside was born in England in 1816 and came to Canada with his family in 1853. He says in one of his letters that from the age of nine, except for a short period spent at school, it had been his lot to labour from ten to thirteen hours daily. He was always thoughtful and observant of man and nature and from childhood felt the stirrings of poetry within him. His occupation for some time was that of a wood carver in a furniture factory. While working he was able to think over his subjects and compose his poems. He regretted afterwards that he gave this up, but he thought