

Which twenty years availed not to restore.  
 Thou wert thy brother's keeper—from the sod  
 His life-blood crieth, Expiate thou thy crime  
 Or bear a branded brow throughout all time."

Although the poet is somewhat out of touch with three-fourths of his countrymen on current political questions, he is, yet, the poet of the moral sentiment, and of the religious faith, if not the heart and aspirations of the Irish people. It is what I may call the outspeaking of faith at every turn that gives his work the real and deep-seated unity which art demands, that of constant purpose and a pervading harmony of tone. If we do not find ourselves thrilled by listening to dogma and denominational religious creeds, when they come in the imposing vehicle of his own ardent faith and believing utterance, it is because dogma and creeds are unfitted for any verse that transcends Dr. Watt's hymns. His glowing religious faith is at once his strength and his weakness. As I have already said in another paper, the poet's efforts to embody metaphysical and theological discussion in beautiful and rhythmic words are in all departments of his poetry, far too persistent and far too unsatisfying. This passion for preaching in verse has deprived more than one of his sonnets of the wide appeal which they might otherwise exercise. I doubt if many admire solemn dogma tricked out in rhyme. For myself, I will own that amidst the grey haze of insoluble and debateable problems I do not care to linger.

Behind this passion for the Irishman's faith, the poet holds the love of the Irishman's land and the Irishman's heroes. The following sonnets, entitled respectively "Sarsfield and Clare," and "The Graves of Tyrconnel and Tyrone" are truly admirable, they have the true stamp; the thought is masculine and the expression masterly; the phrases engrave themselves in the memory, and we catch glimpses of a genuine patriotic thinker, healthful for a time like the present, when, in Ireland, owing to factionism, patriotism and thought seem to be, I hope only for the moment, separated.

#### SARSFIELD AND CLARE.

Silent they slumber in the unwholesome abode;  
 And why lament them? Virtue, too, can die:  
 Old wisdom labors in extremity;  
 And greatness stands aghast, and cries for aid