

The following stanza from his somewhat irregular poem: "The Critics" leaves one rather disarmed now.

"A foolish boy, alas! long summers since.
I cast my horoscope for highest things.
And thought by strength the world I should convince.
And that with time I'd feel my budding wings.
I said: "I'll take my cue from every prince.
Of song: from every harp its sweetest things:
And fancy walked thro' all the music maze.
Thro' all song's avenues and haunted ways.

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And all I asked from Heaven was health and itme.
Doubt's craven fears and envy's sneers to shame,
When up stalked Poverty nad wrought me ill.
And fiery passions fought the fiery will." * * *

And here's from this fine Type of Irish-Canadian, in honour of the day we celebrate.

"God's blessing and His holy smile
Rest on our dear old Erin's Isle
And her immortal shamrock!
From Irish hills, though far away,
While through this Western land we stray—
From these dear hills, there come bright rays
Of the golden "light of other days"
On Maple Leaf and Shamrock.

S. N.

