

Sigh on, oh, night winds, sigh !
 Has time 'no precious token ?
 Perhaps ye weep like I (*sic*).

Well, the *eye* certainly does weep, and this may be but the latest trick of the spelling reform merry-man !

Or to take another gem from the Sinbad-valley of original profundity :

But I will see you later,
 Lumpty-tum, lumpty-tum ;
 I prefer to be a waiter,
 Lumpty-tum, humpty-tum ;
 The white man's so uncertain
 I think I am expert in
 Now ringing down the curtain
 Lumpty-tum !

Shade of Keats, what moon-faced houri has kissed our Endymions of the "gray goose quill," that they should be guilty of such moon-struck vagaries, and that *we* should be forced to suffer for their doggerel capers with Luna ! Better be a waiter ! Yes, better wait till the crack of doom bursts the portals of all time, before manufacturing such infernal machines of verbiage to be hurled among the innocent crowd of press devotees, who will submit to the terror of any assassination, so long as it be levelled against good English and sound sense. When will the world learn that enalage is not solecism, and that a being made in the image of the Most High need not forego his normal functions and antic in a cap and bells to be a composer of verse, even for the local press !

Edgar Fawcett is right when he says that "Poetry is life, as all literature is life," and life can no more be original than its literature, nor its literature than the highest product of the literary function, viz., poesy. To make all literature, and especially poetry, original, we must first convert the world into a lunatic asylum, or invert the order of the spheres. Then, indeed, would lunacy be both desirable and commendable, and the "Queen of Sheba" might reign indeed.

During the so-called Dark Ages,

poetry perished—or was not the Dark Age the natural sequel to the death of poetic art ? Be this as it may, it was not till Dante had attuned the strings of his lyre, that the angel voices of civilization and progress were heard once more in the rarts of bigotry, intolerance and ignorance.

When men become selfish, corrupt, earthly ; when they deify the body at the expense of the intellect, and inaugurate an era of self-indulgence and contempt for alien rights ; then must the thoughtful cast about for a reason for this seeming abnormal state of affairs. Is it not partly because true literary, the true poetic spirit, is perishing, and a pretender, the despot of materialism, the anarchist of culture, has usurped its office ? When men, the products of an invisible and incomprehensible creative fiat, teach their fellow-men that all below is wrong ; that in an age of tolerance like the present to be satisfied with one's lot is contemptible, and that to be resigned is to be pusillanimous ; that true reform is dynamite and the true reformer—the Nihilist and Leveler ; that rebellion and outrage are legitimate weapons with which to meet and oust law and order ; that the gallows is a reputable platform or which "to shuffle off this mortal coil ;" and that the murderer's grave is the paradisiacal spot into which should be showered the roses of a never-fading notoriety, then, indeed, is there a sad lesson to be learnt from the decay of ideality, and the exile of the ambassador of the ideal—the poet—who, whatever may be his faults and vagaries—and he is but human—is at least the accredited minister of honour, loyalty, patriotism and faith ; honour to the name of Truth, loyalty to the institutions of his craft, patriotism to the sovereignty of mind, and faith in all that is highest and all that is most excellent in the objective and subjective spheres.