

## Selected Poetry

### TRUE AND FALSE LOVE OF FREEDOM.

They that for freedom feel not love but lust,  
Irreverent, knowing not her spiritual  
claim,  
And they, the votaries blind of windy  
fame,  
And they who cry, "I will because I must";  
They too that launch, screened by her shield  
august,  
A bandit's shaft, some private mark their  
aim;  
And they that make her sacred cause their  
game,  
From restlessness or spleen or sheer disgust  
At duteous days—all these, the brood of  
night,  
Diverse, by one black note detected stand,  
Their scorn of every barrier raised by right  
To awe self-will. Howe'er by virtue  
banned,  
By reason spurned, that act the moment  
needs  
Licensed they deem; holy whate'er succeeds.

—AUBREY DE VERE

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### THE STORM.

Night spun a dusky web o'er moon and stars  
And spread her sable cloak o'er mead and  
moor;  
I heard the haying storm break through its  
bars,  
Then forward rush and charge my fastened  
door.  
Like some grim, frenzied mob that bore me  
spite..  
Out in the night the angry tempest  
howled;  
Keen blades of lightning rent the robes of  
night;  
Like angry lions the gruff thunder  
growled.

The wailing rain poured down from burden-  
ed skies;  
Around the house the cedars bent and  
groaned:  
Strange voices, that I only could surmise,  
Across rain-sodden glens and valleys  
moaned.  
Safe from the trampling storm that raged  
without,  
I sat in the dim lamp-light, a mute form;  
I heard the wild winds boisterously shout,  
And a night bird crying out in the storm.  
—PATRICK DOHERTY in the *Irish World*.

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### THE LITTLE WAVES OF BREFFNY.

The grand road from the mountain goes shin-  
ing to the sea,  
And there is traffic in it, and many a  
horse and cart;  
But the litle roads of Cloonagh are dearer  
far to me,  
And the little roads of Cloonagh go ramb-  
ling through my heart.

A great storm from the ocean goes shouting  
o'er the hill,  
And there is glory in it and terror on the  
wind;  
But the haunted air of twilight is very  
strange and still,  
And the little winds of twilight are dearer  
to my mind.

The great waves of the Atlantic sweep storm-  
ing on their way,  
Shining green and silver with the hidden  
herring shoal;  
But the Little Waves of Breffny have danc-  
ed my heart in spray,  
And the Little Waves of Breffny go stumb-  
ling through my soul.

—EVA GORE BOOTH, in *An Anthology of  
Modern Verse*.

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### WHY I CELEBRATE ST. PATRICK'S DAY

(By PATRICK SANSFIELD CASSIDY, in Reply  
to an American Friend.)

[Reprinted by Request.]

#### I

Silly question 'tis you ask me—  
Why I celebrate the day?  
I, an exile from an island  
Full three thousand miles away,  
Finding here a home and welcome,  
Swearing fealty and defence  
To the starry flag of freedom  
And for ever gone from thence.  
Why should I, you wondering ask me,  
Hold such love for isle so far,  
Clear across the waste of waters,  
Cold and distant as a star?

#### II.

Friend, that island is my mother,  
From her fertile soil I sprang;  
Generously my youth she nurtured,  
And my lullaby she sang.  
Mark me well, that man's a villain,  
Mean and cold as clod of earth,  
In whose heart there's no affection  
For the land that gave him birth.  
If of it no tender memories  
Up before his vision swim,  
Then the land that gives him shelter  
Can expect no love from him.

#### III.

'Tis a light and thoughtless question,  
Why I love the dear old sod,  
Where my eyes first looked to heaven,  
Where my lightsome feet first trod.  
Must a man, because he marries,  
Cease to love and venerate  
In his heart the dear old mother  
Sitting sad and desolate?  
Trust me, friend, the better husband  
Always is the better son;  
Heaven protect the maiden from him  
Who for mother love has none.

#### IV.

Well I love this broad and noble  
Land with love as pure as gold;  
None the less because my spirit  
Visits now and then the old.  
Freely would I grasp a sabre,  
Rally round the flag of stars,  
No less ready for the reason  
That I'd shiver Ireland's bars.  
Mingled in the manly bosom  
Is the love for mother—wife,  
So my love for both lands mingles  
In the current of my life.

#### V.

Could you doubt our Irish fealty?  
Call the muster of your dead;  
Find a field in all your history  
Where no Irish valor bled;  
Where their deeds no rays of glory  
Shed around the starry flag,  
From the plains of Angostura  
On to Lookouts' highest crag.  
Ours a nature large and lavish,  
Generous as our mother land;  
No cold shallow stream that barely  
Covers selfishness' sand.

#### VI.

And you ask the shallow question,  
Why I celebrate the day?  
Friend, I celebrate no triumph  
Won in battle's bloody fray,  
Triumph of one kingly despot  
O'er another at the cost  
Of a hecatomb of heroes,  
And perhaps of freedom lost;  
Nor a victory ignoble  
Of one faction, class, or creed,  
While a strife—distracted nation  
Wept the fratricidal deed!

#### VII.

'Tis not these my memory hallows;  
Friend, it is a sacred cause—  
'Tis the bringing to a people  
Christian light and love and laws.  
Gentle Patrick, the Apostle,  
Brought no flaming battle brand;  
In his heart of peace the gospel,  
And a shamrock in his hand.  
These the weapons that he wielded,  
Ireland bowed to Heaven's sway;  
Who'd object but brutish bigot  
If we celebrate his day.

#### VIII.

Far I've left my mother country,  
Made this fair young land my bride;  
Both I'll ever love and cherish,  
And defend whate'er betide.  
From her cliffs let Erin beckon,  
And I hasten to her aid;  
Let a caitiff strike Columbia—  
From its scabbard leaps the blade.  
Ha! I note your eyes approval!  
With my motives you agree;  
Come then, brave and free Columbian,  
Come and celebrate with me.

New York, March 15, 1880.

Muir Bros. □

TAILLORS,

Largest Range of Worsteds, Tweeds, Serges, etc., in district.

POLLEN STREET (Next King's Theatre)

□ Thames