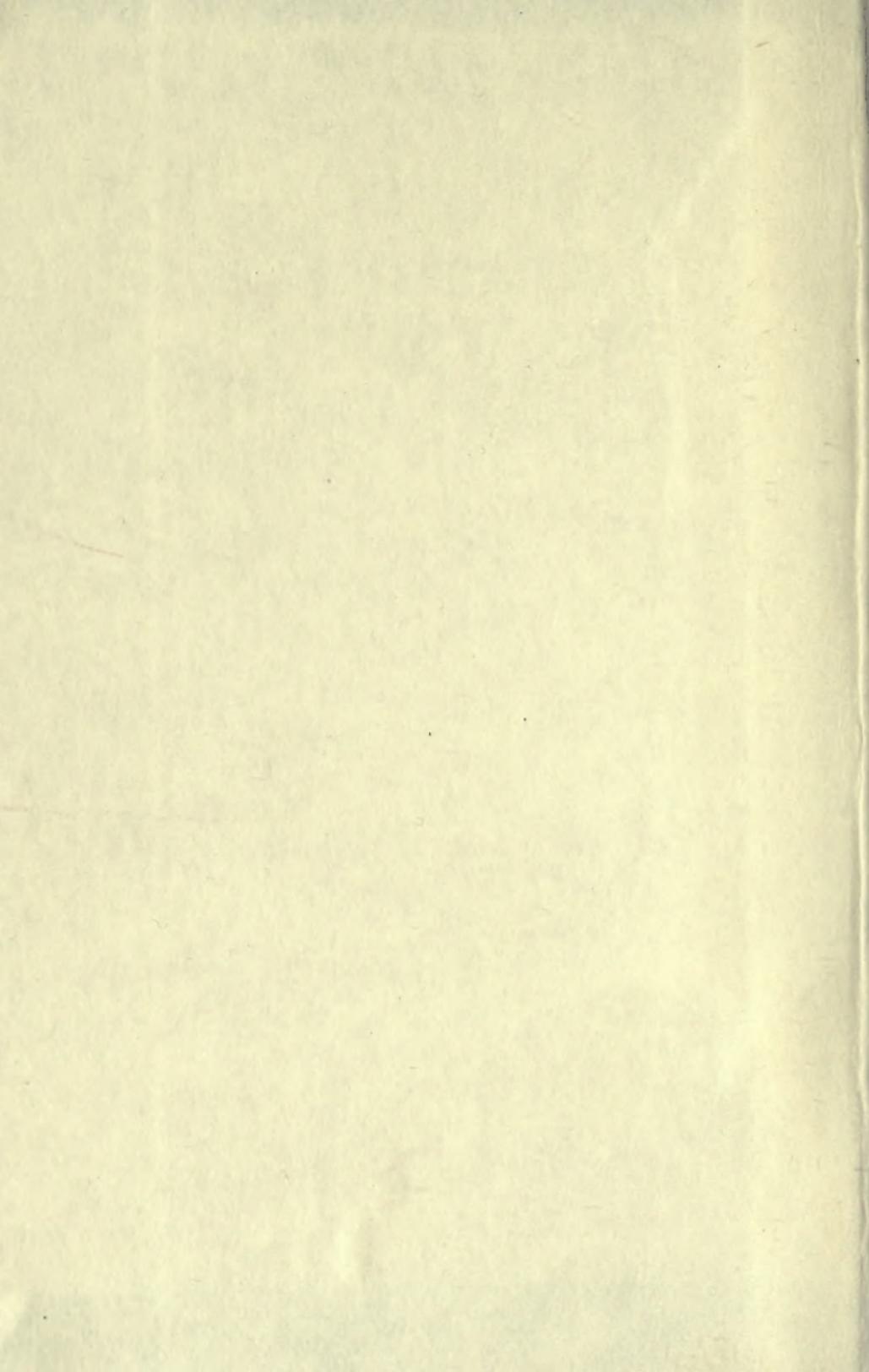
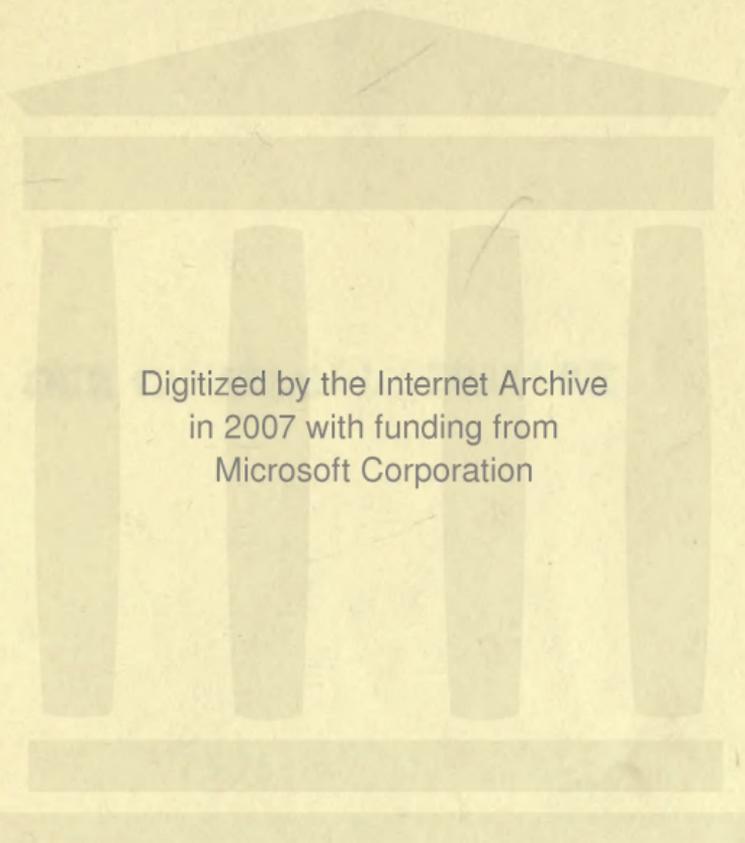


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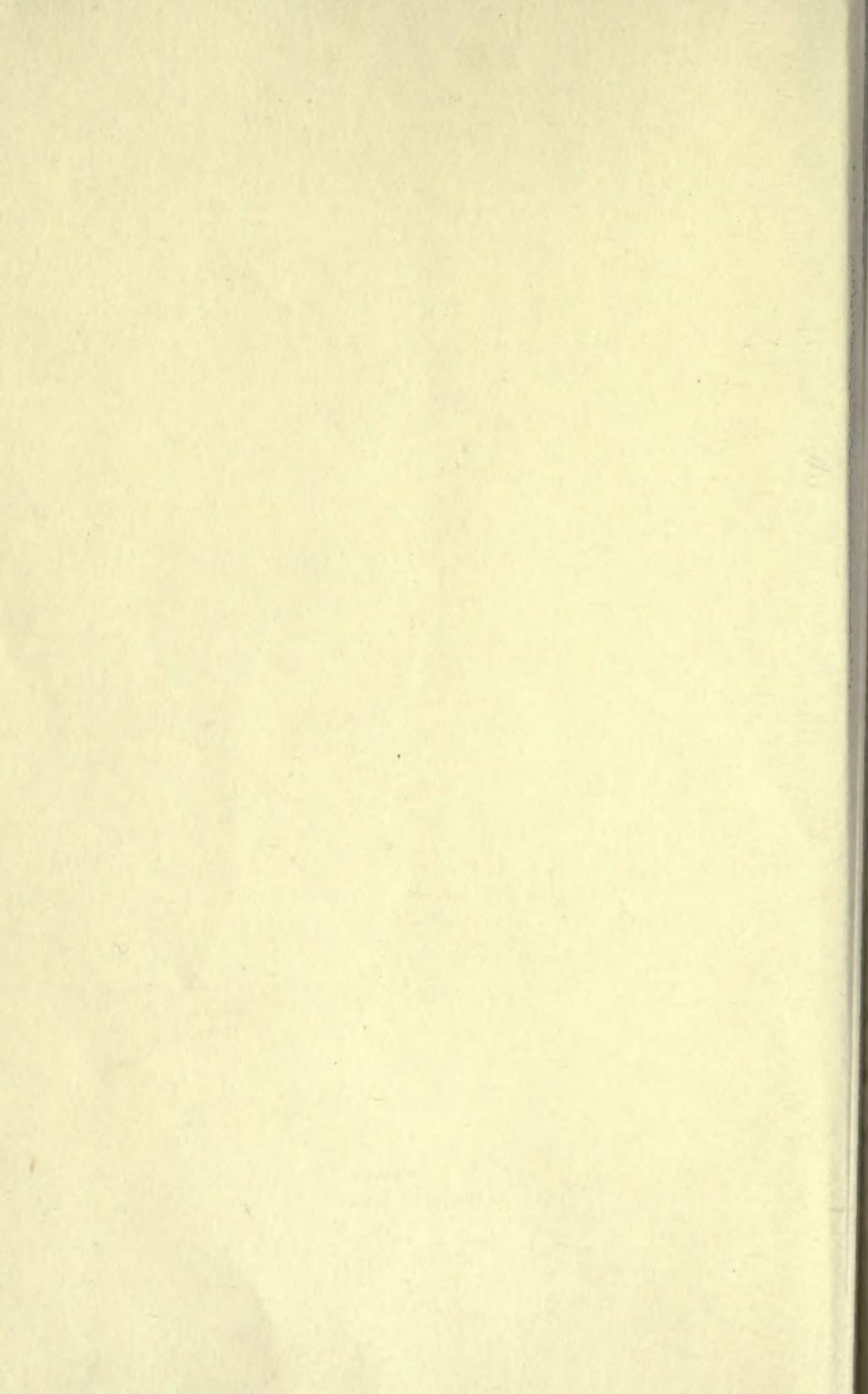


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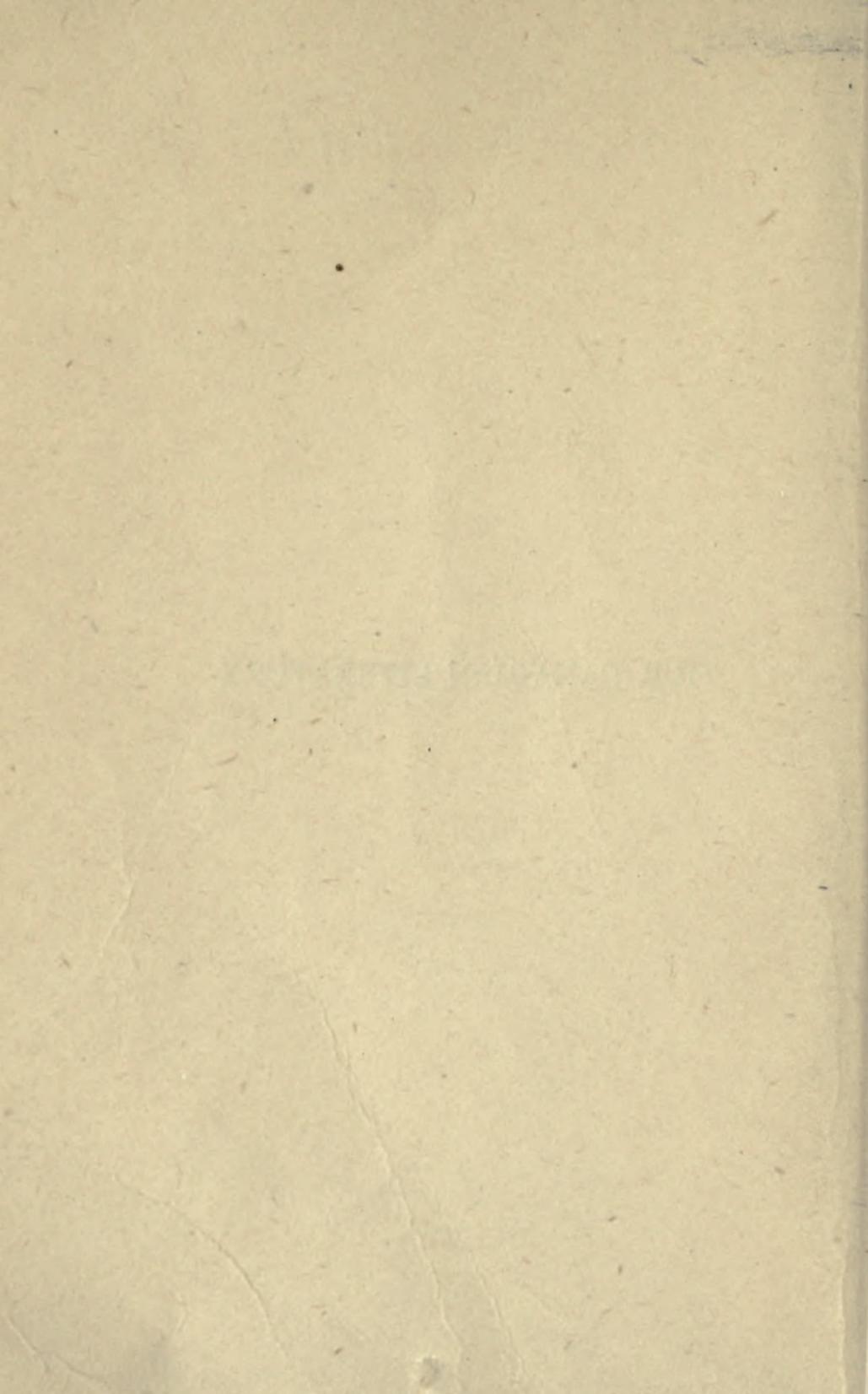
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OUR CANADIAN LITERATURE



OUR CANADIAN LITERATURE

Representative Prose and Verse

Chosen by

ALBERT DURRANT WATSON
LORNE ALBERT PIERCE

TORONTO
THE RYERSON PRESS
1922

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PREFATORY NOTE

Almost without exception our Canadian poets and authors have been willing to be quoted in this volume. In a few cases reluctance has been met in firms owning copyrights, necessitating the omission of a few names which would otherwise have been included, though it should be said that such firms were not, in most cases, Canadian. Sincere thanks are tendered to the writers and publishers who have so graciously given this permission to quote from the works they control.

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MORANG & Co. (Jean McIlwraith's "The Life of Sir Frederick Haldimand.").

THE MUSSON BOOK COMPANY (Poems of Pauline Johnson: "The Train Dogs," "Shadow River," "The Song My Paddle Sings," "The Sleeping Giant;" Frederick George Scott: "In the Woods," "The Unnamed Lake," "Dawn;" Prose Selections from Basil King's "Thread of Flame," and William Kirby's "Golden Dog.").

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MR. GRANT RICHARDS (J. G. Sime's "Our Little Life").

MR. D. ROBERTSON (Ralph Connor's "Black Rock").

MR. DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT (Archibald Lampman's Poems: "The Violinist," "The Wind's Word," "The Thunderstorm").

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO PRESS (Sir Robert Borden: "Canadian Constitutional Studies").

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Our Canadian Literature

INTRODUCTION.

Immortal art is not often immediately popular. Even the Sacred Literatures of the world were not fully accepted and appreciated by those to whom they were written until long after they were revealed. Nevertheless, the truth expressed in distinctive form seldom perishes from the memory of mankind. Every advance in art, every forward step in literature, no matter what its field may be, no matter what its source or location, is a gain to the whole race. If literature from beyond the boundaries of this Dominion be more popular than our own, let us not complain overmuch. If we are wise we shall have faith in ourselves. Time shall make every inadequate good uncouth, and give permanence to every universal note.

It is our duty, nevertheless, to see that our native art is not lost in obscurity. Some jewel of Canadian song not yet fully appreciated, may be saved to the immediate future, if not to all time, through the recognition bestowed upon it by the very least of us.

Those who take pleasure in truth beautifully and distinctively set forth are themselves potential artists and poets. Without such a response to the music, the song could never

reach around the world. Our joy in it gives it range. He who loves a poem helps the poet to sing.

In all new lands artistic appreciation is to be valued because of its rarity. The energies of the people are absorbed in the physical effort of conquering nature, and the practice of industrial art leaves little time for engagement in its finer expression. For this reason it is pleasing to know that poetry, the most comprehensive of all the arts, has not been altogether neglected in Canada. In many cases, it is even tuned to a key distinctly Canadian. This appears in those poems which describe the canoe, the dog-train and the toboggan; it emerges also in a certain adventurous vivacity seldom found elsewhere in so generous a measure.

With this characteristic is combined an eager insistence upon the physical and ethical quality of the men and women who live in our own hemisphere and zone. The tasks we undertake call for a people of high resistance—dependable folk, resourceful and competent, blithe and reasonably aggressive. If our poets have been a little over-conscious of their own land, some abatement of this self-assertive manner is now happily apparent. The fact that there is real achievement to our credit as a young nation should make us all the more shy in speaking of our own prowess. Our Saxon quality is best demonstrated by our silence upon such a theme. They who do most usually talk least.

As the years pass our artists and poets will become more responsive to the appeal of the wider world. We shall realize the dangers of exclusiveness. China and Thibet are our object lesson in this folly. Contemplation of Prussia should save us from truculence. The golden mean between aggressive self-complacency and timid self-depreciation is to be sought and maintained.

There is in our literature a fine imperial quality—not too imperious we trust—which insists upon what we call “British fair play.” The heroism of sacrifice is a quality to which our natures everywhere respond. There is ample room among our Saxon populace for that fine chivalry in which our fellow-citizens of French extraction have a tradition so glorious. We Anglo-Saxons should cherish this quality. There should be nothing but the best good-will, either latent or manifest, between the representatives of these or any other sections of our people.

Our literature is fostering this kindly feeling and extending it to other nations. The friendly reception given to Drummond’s dialect verse, to Pauline Johnson’s Indian lyrics; the admiration we feel for Frechette, and, more recently, the interest manifested in Florence Livesay’s “Songs of Ukrainia,” are all evidences of that generous spirit which enlarges our patriotism to universal dimensions, and gives to character the highest place in our esteem without reference to negligible minor distinctions.

In making selection from the poets of Canada one is aware that among them is no Æschylus, no Dante and no Shakespeare. Our purpose is not to glorify our country, but to serve her. This we hope to do by bringing her poets into an inspiring relation with her people. Some will feel that we have omitted poems of great beauty and strength while verses not more inspired have found a place in these pages. This may be true. There are other Canadian poems as artistic and as haunting, poets as gifted and authentic, as are some of those represented here. The poems used suited our purpose, which demanded a Canadian outlook, brevity, wholesomeness and beauty. Few stronger poems exist, for example, than "Egypt, I die!" by Isabella Valancy Crawford, but we have not used it. It is a study for artists and poets. We desired the expression of a youthful spirit. Such limitations will explain the omission of many poems of energy and beauty. There is a wealth of additional Canadian poetry equal to anything in this volume. We have not stressed the older poets. C. G. D. Roberts, Bliss Carman and others are not represented here in their greatest works, as these are too lengthy for our purpose. No one will question the beauty of "Brookfield" by W. E. Marshall, or of "Aldaran" by Annie Campbell Heustis, but neither of these authors is represented in this

volume. We leave to the reader the appreciation of those selected with the hope that his reading will be widened in scope in response to the inspiring influences of these numbers.

We commonly speak of verse and poetry as if the words had the same meaning. The word "verse" relates to form; the term "poetry" involves, besides form, matter and meaning. Verse is no more poetry because it is verse than prose is poetry because it is prose. True, we expect to find poetry in verse-forms rather than in prose; none the less, we sometimes fail to find it there, whereas we do sometimes find it beautifully concealed in the spirit of a prose passage. Verse is known by its form, poetry by its vision and feeling, its inspiration and beauty. Its vision must be clear, its feeling pure, its inspiration true, its beauty vivid and wholesome.

It should be remembered then, that verse, and not poetry, is the antithesis of prose; that poetry may be expressed either in prose forms or in verse, and is sometimes found, in a very important sense, where no words are used. Neither the ocean nor the mountains, nor the midnight skies use any words, yet the soul is awed in the presence of the sublime, incomprehensible beauty of these divine epics of eternal power. These show beyond question how much the form matters, and yet how foolish it is to hide great meanings in pretty words and phrases.

The actual poet is he who presents reality in the beautiful garments of revealing art.

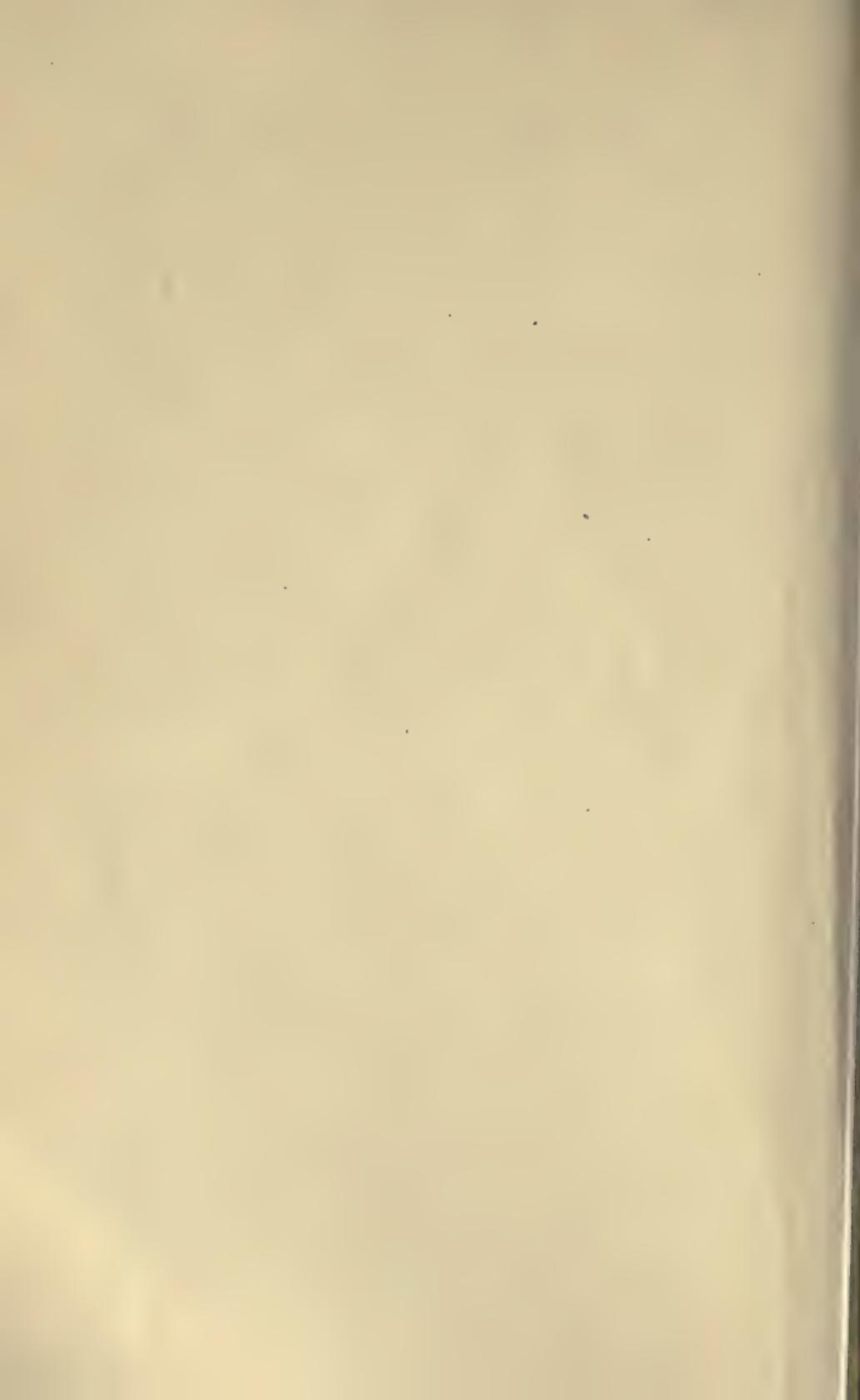
They also help who, though they write verses, fail to achieve poetry. Who has not seen verse, of excellent spirit and sentiment, couched in uncouth or intolerable forms? Let us not be too severe in discouraging such efforts. They are the bases upon which those peaks repose which lie serene against their blue backgrounds of sky. The summit is never seen unless it is reared high upon those upland masses over which the snows are spread like heavenly mantles. Without the lesser artists and would-be artists, there could be no superlative art.

While our young nation is striving to find its soul, there is sure to be much uncouth gesturing. This is particularly true in this new age. It is thus that the world's unrest in these days is to be explained. Art in the new land and a new age is a bud in process of blossoming. The necessary adjustment to new conceptions of human relationship in an earth that is gathered more and more into one consciousness, explains the existence of much that is artless in rhyme and turbulent in free verse. Some of the latter is but amorphous prose. Of all the rhymes published, only a small number can, by any euphemism, be called poetry. If even a smaller proportion of true art is to be found in free verse, still, let us not deny its importance in its higher qualities. He who doubts its significance may be referred to the one hundred and fiftieth Psalm, or to the fortieth chapter of Isaiah.

The greater the art, the less conspicuous the form. The power to visualize the truth is the proper gift of the poet. The grace and feeling of a poem should serve to show the unspeakable beauty of reality, the glory and the gloom, the wonder and the gladness of life. Art must not be valued for art's sake unless we enlarge the meaning of the word to take in the whole measure of life. The form, in skilled hands, becomes a part of the essence of the poem. We should never forget, however, that the Greeks, though they achieved perfect symmetry of form, have been surpassed in literature by the Hebrews, who introduced a more profound and passionate treatment, so that their prophets and poets have written Scriptures which drifted farther down the ages and have made a deeper impression upon the hearts of the race.

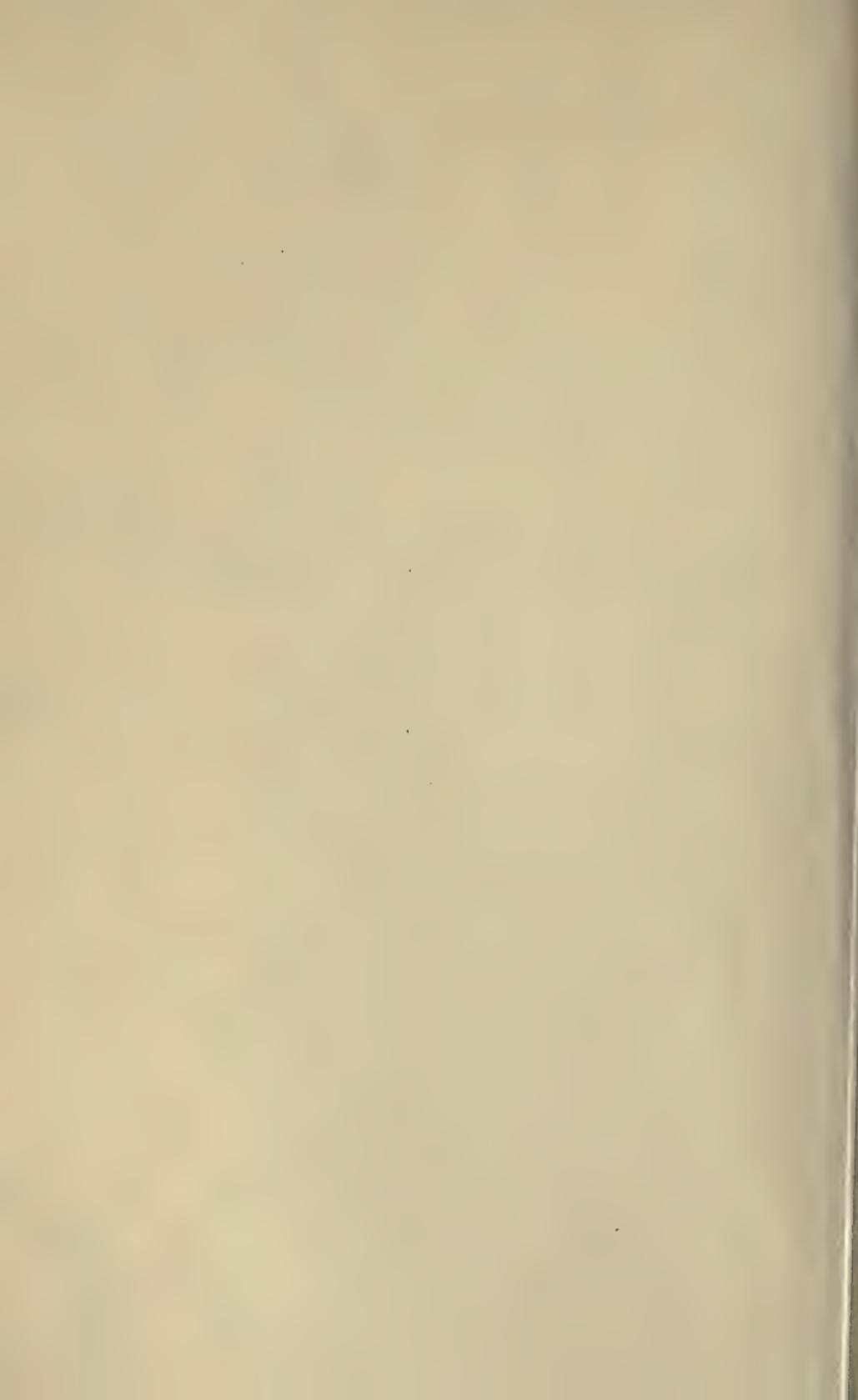
Let us hope that Canadian poets may be characterized by increasing depth and power of inspiration, while adding a beauty of technique which will give their illumination its appropriate expression, so that energy and truth, love and sincerity may become the bright emergent qualities of our Canadian life.

—A.D.W



OUR CANADIAN LITERATURE

Representative Poetry



Our Canadian Literature

POETICAL SELECTIONS

NORTHERN PINES

I pass where the pines for Christmas
Stand thick in the crowded street,
Where the groves of Dream and Silence
Are paced by feverish feet.

And far through the rain and the street-cries
My home-sick heart goes forth
To the pine-clad hills of childhood,
To the dark and tender north.

And I see the glooming pine-lands,
And I thrill to the Northland cold,
Where the sunset falls in silence
On the hills of gloom and gold!

And the still dusk woods close round me,
And I know the waiting eyes
Of my North, as a child's, are tender.
As a sorrowing mother's wise!

ARTHUR STRINGER

DAWN

The immortal spirit hath no bars
To circumscribe its dwelling place;
My soul hath pastured with the stars
Upon the meadow-lands of space.

My mind and ear at times have caught,
From realms beyond our mortal reach,
The utterance of Eternal Thought
Of which all nature is the speech.

And high above the seas and lands,
On peaks just tipped with morning light,
My dauntless spirit mutely stands
With eagle wings outspread for flight.

FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT

THE UNDYING BEAUTY

Give me that loveliness that is undying:
The comrade look of welcome in mine eyes,
The echo in my spirit for the sighing
Of every broken soul beneath the skies,
The healing in my voice for pain or sorrow,
The beating in my heart for grief or love,
The open hand for all who come to borrow,
The judgment that is tempered from above.
Give me the deeper mind of understanding,
The feet that know the course and will not
swerve,
The courage for the sceptre of commanding,
The humble heart contented but to serve.

Then come, Old Age, to crown my Life's adventure;
 Come, wrinkles, I will wear you without
 tears.

My blood I'll pour with joy to sate the
 Quencher.

My flesh I'll give to feed the hungry years.
 But when the gulls are high in heaven flying,
 And all my years are white with falling
 snow,

Give me that loveliness that is undying
 And I will let all other beauty go.

WILSON MACDONALD

THE STAR

I think God sang when He had made
 A bough of apple bloom,
 And placed it close against the sky
 To whiten in the gloom.

But, oh, when He had hung a star
 Above a blue, blue hill,
 I think God in His ecstasy
 Was startled . . . and was still.

BEATRICE REDPATH

WHEN AS A LAD

When as a lad at break of day
 I watched the fishers sail away,
 My thoughts, like flocking birds, would follow
 Across the curving sky's blue hollow,
 And on and on—
 Into the very heart of dawn!

For long I searched the world—ah, me!
 I searched the sky, I searched the sea,
 With much of useless grief and rueing
 Those wingèd thoughts of mine pursuing—
 So dear were they,
 So lovely and so far away!

I seek them still and always must
 Until my laggard heart is dust
 And I am free to follow, follow,
 Across the curving sky's blue hollow,
 Those thoughts too fleet
 For any save the soul's swift feet!

ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

VAPOUR AND BLUE.

Domed with the azure of heaven,
 Floored with a pavement of pearl,
 Clothed all about with a brightness,
 Soft as the eyes of a girl,

Girt with a magical girdle,
 Rimmed with a vapour of rest—
 These are the inland waters,
 These are the lakes of the west.

Voices of slumberous music,
 Spirits of mist and flame,
 Moonlit memories left here
 By gods who long ago came,
 And vanishing left but an echo
 In silence of moon-dim caves,
 Where haze-wrapt the August night slumbers,
 Or the wild heart of October raves.

Here where the jewels of nature
 Are set in the light of God's smile,
 Far from the world's wild throbbing,
 I will stay me and rest awhile.
 And store in my heart old music,
 Melodies gathered and sung
 By the genies of love and beauty
 When the heart of the world was young.

WILFRED CAMPBELL

ECSTASY

The shore-lark soars to his topmost flight,
 Sings at the height where morning springs,
 What though his voice be lost in light,
 The light comes dropping from his wings.
 Mount, my soul, and sing at the height
 Of thy clear flight in the light and the air,
 Heard or unheard in the night in the light
 Sing there! Sing there!

DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT

THE TRAIN DOGS

Out of the night and the north;
 Savage of breed and of bone,
 Shaggy and swift comes the yelping band,
 Freighters of fur from the voiceless land
 That sleeps in the Arctic zone.
 Laden with skins from the north,
 Beaver and bear and raccoon,
 Marten and mink from the polar belts,
 Otter and ermine and sable pelts—
 The spoils of the hunter's moon.

Out of the night and the north,
 Sinewy, fearless and fleet,
 Urging the pack through the pathless snow,
 The Indian driver, calling low,
 Follows with moccasined feet.

Ships of the night and the north,
 Freighters on prairies and plains,
 Carrying cargoes from field and flood
 They scent the trail through their wild red
 blood,
 The wolfish blood in their veins.

PAULINE JOHNSON

CANOE SONG AT TWILIGHT

Down in the west the shadows rest,
 Little grey wave, sing low, sing low,
 With a rhythmic sweep o'er the gloomy deep
 Into the dusk of the night we go:
 And the paddles dip and lift and slip,
 And the drops fall back with a pattering
 drip:

The wigwams deep of the spirits of sleep
 Are pitched in the gloom on the headland
 steep.

Wake not their silence as you go,
 Little grey wave, sing low, sing low!

From your porch on high where the clouds go
 by,

Little white moon, look down, look down,
 'Neath night's shut lid the stars are hid,
 And the last late bird to his nest has flown.

The slow waves glide and sink and slide
And rise in ripples along the side;
The loons call low in the marsh below,
Night weaves about us her magic slow,—
Ere the last faint gleam in our wake be gone,
Little white moon, look down, look down.

Laura E. McCully

A DAWN ON THE LIEVRE

Up the dark-valleyed river stroke by stroke
We drove the water from the rustling blade;
And when the night was almost gone we
made
The Oxbow bend; and there the dawn awoke;
Full on the shrouded night-charged river broke
The sun, down the long mountain valley
rolled
A sudden, swinging avalanche of gold,
Through mists that sprang and reeled aside
like smoke.
And lo! before us, toward the East upborne,
Packed with curled forest, bunched and
topped with pine,
Brow beyond brow, drawn deep with shade
and shine,
The mount; upon whose golden sunward
side,
Still threaded with the mountain mist, the
morn
Sat like some glowing conqueror satisfied.

ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN

EARTH VOICES

II.

I heard the spring light whisper
Above the dancing stream,
"The world is made forever
In likeness of a dream.

"I am the law of planets,
I am the guide of man;
The evening and the morning
Are fashioned to my plan.

"I tint the dawn with crimson,
I tinge the sea with blue;
My track is in the desert,
My trail is in the dew.

"I paint the hills with color
And in my magic dome
I light the star of evening
To steer the traveller home.

"Within the house of being,
I feed the lamp of truth
With tales of ancient wisdom
And prophecies of youth."

BLISS CARMAN

MUSIC IN THE BUSH

O'er the dark pines she sees the silver moon,
And in the west, all tremulous, a star;
And soothing sweet, she hears the mellow tune
Of cow-bells jangled in the fields afar.

Quite listless, for her daily stent is done,
She stands, sad exile, at her rose-wreathed
door,
And sends her love eternal with the sun
That goes to gild the land she'll see no more.

The grave, gaunt pines imprison her sad gaze;
All still the sky and darkling drearily;
She feels the chilly breath of dear, dead days
Come sifting through the alders eerily.

Oh, how the roses riot in their bloom!
The curtains stir as with an ancient pain;
Her old piano gleams from out the gloom,
And waits and waits her tender touch in
vain.

But now her hands like moonlight brush the
keys
With velvet grace, melodious delight;
And now a sad refrain from overseas
Goes sobbing on the bosom of the night.

.

She sees a sea of faces like a dream;
She sees herself a queen of song once more;
She sees lips part in rapture, eyes agleam;
She sings as never once she sang before.

She sings a wild, sweet song that throbs with
pain,
The added pain of life that transcends art,
A song of home, a deep, celestial strain,
The glorious swan-song of a dying heart.

A lame tramp comes along the railway track,
 A grizzled dog whose day is nearly done;
 He passes, pauses, then comes slowly back
 And listens there—an audience of one.

She sings—her golden voice is passion-fraught
 As when she charmed a thousand eager ears;
 He listens trembling, and she knows it not,
 And down his hollow-cheeks roll bitter tears.

She ceases and is still, as if to pray;
 There is no sound, the stars are all alight—
 Only a wretch who stumbles on his way,
 Only a vagrant sobbing in the night.

R. W. SERVICE

FROM "THE WITCH OF ENDOR" ACT IV.

Saul: What is there in your voice—
 What craft of fingers on the sounding
 strings,
 That I am lifted instantly to heights
 Out of vast dim abysses when you play?

David: I know not save that in my heart is
 love
 For all things underneath the sky—
 a sense
 Of beauty that I see yet do not see—
 Of music that I hear and do not hear—
 A consciousness of forces in myself,

Transcending what I see and hear and
know!

Sometimes the many-coloured veils of
earth

Are lifted by invisible swift hands

And glory of the Infinite is near;

Then comes awareness of a comradeship

With God and all His angels, and I rise
Through unknown spaces of the
heaven's blue,

Lost in the adoration of a love—

Self-limited and by the creature bound

That it might share the limitless and
pure

Possession of itself!

Saul:

Would that I knew

Your secret, lad; for I am lonely—held

A prisoner of sorrow—fed on crusts

Of memory and given bitter drink

Out of time's cruse that overflows with
tears!

David: Saul, in a vision I have learned that
kings

May not be glad.

ROBERT NORWOOD

THE ANSWER

Unaltered aisles that wait and wait forever,
O woods that gleam and stir in liquid gold,
*What of your little lover who departed
Before the year grew old?*

The leaves are very perfect in the forest,
This is the perfect hour of summer's wane,
And but last year we watched the blue October,
Between the parted boughs, as now, Loraine.

We asked of Life the old, eternal questions;
We asked of God: "Art Thou not here;
and why?"

Why never come with heralds of the morning
Across this blaze of sky?

"Why build Thyself these great and perfect
places;

Why build, and never come to walk therein?"
And only rippling sunshine was the answer,
Or little pattering footsteps of the rain.

But still we sought Him, in the blue-white
winter,

Or in the rosy spring or shadowy fall;
And faithful winds went forth with us to meet
Him,
And all the heaven was one vibrating call.

We sought Him, and our own love seemed the
answer;

We called Him, and the forest smiled us
back.

Then we forgot, and only looked for laughter
Along the wild-wood track.

Yet sometimes, when the moon sang down
her cadence

Through all the forest roof so old and high,
We trembled from the sense of all we knew
not—

The awful incompleteness of the sky.

And all the years we two went forth together
We never heard that third step on the sod.

I was alone—alone before I felt it,
And turned, and looked on God!

And God said: "I am loneliness and sorrow,
And I am questioning hope, and I am strife:
I am the joy that surges through My forest,
And I am death in life.

"I am the singing bird, the leaf, the shadow,
I am the circle of the endless earth;

Out of the infinite of all creation

I am the silence where the soul finds birth."

And so, unaltered aisles that wait forever

And woods that gleam and stir in liquid
gold,

*You have made answer for the little lover
Who passed ere you grew old.*

STANDING ON TIPTOE

Standing on tiptoe ever since my youth
 Striving to grasp the future just above,
 I hold at length the only future—Truth,
 And Truth is Love.

I feel as one who being awhile confined
 Sees drop to dust about him all his bars:—
 The clay grows less, and, leaving it, the mind
 Dwells with the stars.

GEORGE FREDERICK CAMERON

ON A CHILD'S PORTRAIT

Deep in the fluted hollow of its shells
 Dimly some echo of the ocean dwells.

Still in September's fruitage, mellow-cored,
 The filtered sweets of golden noons are stored.

And shimmering on a blue-bird's migrant
 wings

Some poignant touch of June's lost azure
 clings.

Still in the rustling sheaf to-day there gleams
 The lingering gold of April's vanished dreams.
 Still in the cell of one autumnal bee
 I find lost summer in epitome.

*And all that better life that I would lead,
 Writ small in this, one childish face, I read.*

ARTHUR STRINGER

IN THE SELKIRKS

The old gray shade of the mountain
 Stands in the open sky,
 Counting, as if at his leisure,
 The days of Eternity.

The stream comes down from its sources,
 Afar in the glacial height,
 Rushing along through the valley
 In loops of silver light.

“What is my duty, O Mountain?
 Is it to stand like thee?
 Is it, O flashing Torrent,
 Like thee—to be free?”

The man utters the questions,
 He breathes—he is gone!
 The mountain stands in the heavens,
 The stream rushes on.

DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT

FROM THE MONGREL

.

I had lived among cowboys and miners; I had
 lived where the loggers pitch camp;
 And from Medicine Hat to Vancouver I knew
 all the land like a tramp.
 I had ridden the plains on a broncho; I had
 panned out the gold in a sluice;
 I had eaten the fare of a Pullman and quaffed
 of the riverman's juice.
 I had watched them rip mountains at Blair-
 more; I had felt the Chinook at McLeod;

On a journey from Grand Forks to Nelson I
had torn off a strip of a cloud.
I had seen the grim Welshmen of Fernie pour
out of the earth like a stream
And walk through the city at midnight, like
phantoms that walk in a dream.
I had stood on a summit of Kaslo and gained
new conceptions of God,
Who, lifting the bulk of the mountains, could
bend to the flower on the sod.
I had chanted my songs to a trapper—a hun-
dred miles deep in the wild;
When I blew him a wisp of my music he
wept with the tears of a child.
And never a cowboy or miner, and never a
logger that year
But gave me a Western reception and sent
me away with a cheer;
So I said: "When I hear a man sneering at
all that is sweetest and best
I know he is not of the Eastland, and I know
he is not of the West.
The East hath her genius and culture; the
West hath her vigour and brawn;
And one hath the splendour of noonday, and
one hath the glory of dawn.
So, God give Thy smile to the Westland,
wherever a true heart abides;
And God give Thy smile to the Eastland, and
blot out the line that divides.

WILSON MACDONALD

THE POOL

Come with me, follow me, swift as a moth,
Ere the wood-doves waken.
Lift the long leaves and look down, look
down
Where the light is shaken,
Amber and brown,
On the woven ivory roots of the reed,
On a floating flower and a weft of weed
And a feather of froth.

Here in the night all wonders are,
Lapped in the lift of the ripple's swing.
A silver shell and a shaken star,
And a white moth's wing,
Here the young moon when the mists uncloze
Swims like the bud of a golden rose.

I would live like an elf where the wild grapes
cling,
I would chase the thrush
From the red rose berries.
All the day long I would laugh and swing
With the black choke-cherries.

I would shake the bees from the milk-weed
blooms,
And cool, O cool,
Night after night I would leap in the pool,
And sleep with the fish in the roots of the rush.
Clear, O clear my dreams should be made
Of emerald light and amber shade,
Of silver shallows and golden glooms.
Sweet, O sweet my dreams should be
As the dark, sweet water enfolding me—
Safe as a blind shell under the sea.

MARJORIE L. C. PICKTHALL

THE MAID

Thunder of riotous hoofs over the quaking sod ;
Clash of reeking squadrons, steel-capped, iron-
shod ;

The White Maid, and the white horse, and the
flapping banner of God,

Black hearts riding for money ; red hearts
riding for fame ;

The maid who rides for France, and the king
who rides for shame.

Gentlemen, fools and a saint, riding in Christ's
high name !

Dust to dust it is written ! Wind-scattered
are lance and bow.

Dust, the cross of St. George ; dust, the ban-
ner of snow.

The bones of the king are crumbled and rotted
the shafts of the foe.

Forgotten, the young knight's valour. For-
gotten, the captain's skill.

Forgotten, the fear and the hate and the mailed
hands raised to kill.

Forgotten, the shields that clashed and the
arrows that cried so shrill.

Like a story from some old book, that battle
of long ago !

Shadows, the poor French King and the might
of the English foe :

Shadows, the charging nobles and the archers
kneeling a-row—

But a flame in my heart and my eyes, the
Maid with the banner of snow.

AUTUMN

Rain and a mist,
And a grayness folding the sky;
Only the vapoury clouds,
And a faint wind swaying by.

Drops on the silent trees;
Not a twig has stirred
Since the noiseless homing flight
Of a southbound bird.

Tangled paths
In the woodways wrapt in mist,
Where the wild rose clings
And the bare, brown creepers twist.

The brown on the elder-berries
Is rubbed with rain;
And the purple Michaelmas daisies
Are out again.

Clouds, and a mist
And the wind's monotonous tune,
And a dream of a friendly face
And a far off June.

HILDA MARY HOOKE

ON THE TRAIL

Oh, there's nothing like the prairie
When the wind is in your face,
And a thunderstorm is brewing,
And night comes down apace—
'Tis then you feel the wonder
And immensity of space!

Far in the gathering darkness
Against the dying day
The ghostly hills are lying,
The hills that stand for aye—
How in the dusk they glimmer
And palpitate away!

.

How vast the world and void!
No living thing in sight,
As to the lonely prairie
Comes down the lonely night,
But in your heart what freedom—
What sense of buoyant flight!

Once more the pulses quicken
With life's exultant pride,
With hope and high ambition,
As on and on you ride,
Till all the old desires
Come galloping beside!

Oh, there's nothing like the prairie
When the wind is in your face,
And the boom of distant thunder
Comes rolling up apace—
'Tis then you feel the wonder
And immensity of space.

THE SLUMBER ANGEL

When day is ended and grey twilight flies
On silent wings across the tired land,
The slumber angel cometh from the skies—
The slumber angel of the peaceful eyes,
And with the scarlet poppies in his hand.

His robes are dappled like the moonlit seas,
His hair in waves of silver floats afar;
He weareth lotus-bloom and sweet heartsease,
With tassels of the rustling green fir trees,
As down the dusk he steps from star to star.

Above the world he swings his curfew bell,
And sleep falls soft on golden heads and
white;
The daisies curl their leaves beneath his spell,
The prisoner who wearies in his cell
Forgets awhile and dreams throughout the
night.

.

Even so, in peace, comes that great Lord of
rest
Who crowneth men with amaranthine
flowers;
Who telleth them the truths they have but
guessed,
Who giveth them the things they love the best.
Beyond this restless, rocking world of ours.

THE UNNAMED LAKE

It sleeps among the thousand hills
Where no man ever trod,
And only nature's music fills
The silences of God.

Great mountains tower above its shore,
Green rushes fringe its brim,
And o'er its breast for evermore
The wanton breezes skim.

Dark clouds that intercept the sun
Go there in spring to weep,
And there, when autumn days are done,
White mists lie down to sleep.

Sunrise and sunset crown with gold
The peaks of ageless stone,
Where winds have thundered from of old
And storms have set their throne.

No echoes of the world afar
Disturb it night or day,
But sun and shadow, moon and star
Pass and repass for aye.

'Twas in the grey of early dawn,
When first the lake we spied,
And fragments of a cloud were drawn
Half down the mountain side.

Along the shore a heron flew,
And from a speck on high,
That hovered in the deepening blue,
We heard the fish-hawk's cry.

Among the cloud-capt solitudes,
No sound the silence broke,
Save when, in whispers down the woods,
The guardian mountains spoke.

Through tangled brush and dewy brake,
Returning whence we came,
We passed in silence, and the lake
We left without a name.

FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT

CHAINS

I watched the men at work on the stubborn
rock,

But mostly the one man poised on a drill
Above the steam that hissed and billowed
about him

White in the frosty air,
Where the lordly house would stand.

Majestic, muscular, high like a god, he stood,
And controlled and stopped

And started his thundering drill,
Offhand and careless and lordly as Thor,
Begrimed and solemn and crowned with
sweat,

Where the great steel chains swung
Over the buckets of rock.

Then out of a nearby house came a youth,
All gloved and encased in fur and touched
with content,

Thin-shouldered and frail and finished,

Leading a house-dog out on a silver chain.
He peered at the figure that fought with the
drill
Above the bellowing steam and tumult of
sound,
Peered up for a moment impassive,
With almost pitying eyes,
And then went pensively down the Avenue's
calm,
In the clear white light of the noonday sun,
Not holding, but held by his silvery chain!

ARTHUR STRINGER

THE DEAD MASTER

Amid earth's vagrant noises, he caught the
note sublime:
To-day around him surges from the silences
of Time
A flood of nobler music, like a river deep
and broad,
Fit song for heroes gathered in the banquet-
hall of God.

JOHN McCRAE

FROM "THE LAW OF THE YUKON"

This is the law of the Yukon and ever she
makes it plain:
"Send not your foolish and feeble; send me
your strong and your sane,
Strong for the red rage of battle; sane, for I
harry them sore;

Send me men girt for the combat, men who
are grit to the core;

Swift as the panther in triumph, fierce as the
bear in defeat,

Sired of a bulldog parent, steeled in the fur-
nace heat.

Send me the best of your breeding, lend me
your chosen ones;

Them will I take to my bosom, them will I
call my sons;

Them will I gild with my treasure, them will
I glut with my meat;

But the others—the misfits, the failures—I
trample under my feet.

“Wild and wide are my borders, stern as death
is my sway;

From my ruthless throne I have ruled alone
for a million years and a day;

Hugging my mighty treasure, waiting for
man to come:

Till he swept like a turbid torrent, and after
him swept—the scum.

The pallid pimp of the dead-line, the ener-
vate of the pen,

One by one I weeded them out, for all that I
sought was—Men.

One by one I dismayed them, frightening them
sore with my glooms;

One by one I betrayed them, unto my mani-
fold dooms.

“I am the land that listens, I am the land
that broods;

Steeped in eternal beauty, crystalline waters
and woods.

Long have I waited lonely, shunned as a
thing accurst,

Monstrous, moody, pathetic, the last of the
lands and the first.

“Wild and wide are my borders, stern as death
is my sway,

And I wait for the men who will win me—
and I will not be won in a day;

I will not be won by weaklings, subtile, suave
and mild,

But by men with the hearts of vikings and
the simple faith of a child;

Desperate, strong and resistless, unthrottled
by fear or defeat,

Them will I gild with my treasure, them will
I glut with my meat.

“Lofty I stand from each sister land, patient
and wearily wise,

With the weight of a world of sadness in my
quiet, passionless eyes;

“Dreaming of men who will bless me, of women
esteeming me good,

Of children born in my borders, of radiant
motherhood,

Of cities leaping to stature, of fame like a
flag unfurled,

As I pour the tide of my riches in the eager
lap of the world.”

A SONG OF GROWTH

In the heart of a man
Is a thought upfurled,
Reached its full span
It will shake the world,
And to one high thought
Is a whole race wrought.

Not with vain noise
The great work grows,
Nor with foolish voice,
But in repose,—
Not in the rush
But in the hush.

From the cogent lash
Of the cloud-herd wind
The low clouds dash,
Blown headlong, blind;
But beyond, the great blue
Looks moveless through.

O'er the loud world sweep
The scourge and the rod;
But in deep beyond deep
Is the stillness of God,—
At the Fountains of life
No cry, no strife.

SHADOW RIVER

MUSKOKA

A stream of tender gladness,
Of filmy sun, and opal-tinted skies;
Of warm midsummer air that lightly lies
In mystic rings,
Where softly swings
The music of a thousand wings
That almost tones to sadness.

Midway 'twixt earth and heaven,
A bubble in the pearly air, I seem
To float upon the sapphire floor, a dream
Of clouds of snow,
Above, below,
Drift with my drifting, dim and slow,
As twilight drifts to even.

The little fern-leaf, bending
Upon the brink, its green reflection greets,
And kisses soft the shadow that it meets
With touch so fine,
The border line
The keenest vision can't define;
So perfect is the blending.

The far, fir trees that cover
The brownish hills with needles green and gold,
The arching elms o'erhead, vinegrown and old,
Repictured are
Beneath me far,
Where not a ripple moves to mar
Shades underneath, or over.

Mine is the undertone;
The beauty, strength and power of the land
Will never stir or bend at my command;
But all the shade
Is marred or made,
If I but dip my paddle blade;
And it is mine alone.

O! pathless world of seeming!
O! pathless life of mine whose deep ideal
Is more my own than ever was the real.
For others Fame
And Love's red flame,
And yellow gold: I only claim
The shadows and the dreaming.

PAULINE JOHNSON

A THUNDERSTORM

A moment the wild swallows like a flight
Of withered gust-caught leaves, serenely high,
Toss in the wind-rack up the muttering sky.
The leaves hang still. Above the weird twilight,
The hurrying centres of the storm unite
And spreading with huge trunk and rolling fringe,
Each wheeled upon its own tremendous hinge,
Tower darkening on. And now from heaven's height,
With the long roar of elm-trees swept and swayed,
And pelted waters, on the vanished plain

Plunges the blast. Behind the wild white flash
 That splits abroad the pealing thunder-crash,
 Over bleared fields and gardens disarrayed,
 Column on column comes the drenching rain.

ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN

WHIST-WHEE!

“Whist-whee!”

Little brown Dee
 Peers from her shelter
 Of bush and of tree.
 Her time she is biding
 To leap from her hiding;
 And she says unto me:

“Don’t look this way; big man, or they’ll see
 You are looking at me:

“Please, please look out at the sea:
 Whist Whee!”

And I walked up the sands,
 And three little rebels took hold of my hands:
 And they said: “Do you know
 Where a little brown maid,
 In a little brown plaid,
 Did go?”

And I lied and said. “No.”
 And they scampered away
 Like young squirrels at play;
 And looked all over and under the rocks
 For a glimpse of brown frocks.
 And I heard a quick cry
 From the shade of the tree

Saying to me—

Yes, saying to me:

“You’re a dear, you’re a dear.”

And I said “Whist-whee;

The rebels are all returning for thee.”

And she hugged to the tree.

“Whist-whee,” just two little words:

But I heard them to-day in the song of the
birds.

And the waters all sang as I walked by the
sea:

“Whist-whee, whist-whee.”

And I looked behind bush and I looked behind
tree;

And the birds still were there and the busy
song bee;

But little brown Dee,

With her solemn “Whist-whee,”

Spake not unto me.

And over the hills I went,

And a gentle mound

I found;

Lying like some fairy’s lost pillow upon the
ground.

And I knelt on my knee

And wrote on the sand,

With a sorrowing hand:

“Little brown Dee

Sleeps here by the sea:

All ye who pass

Whist-whee!”

AFTER THE SHOWER.

The shower hath past, ere it hath well begun.
 The enormous clouds are rolling up like steam
 Into the illimitable blue. They gleam
 In summits of banked snow against the sun.
 The old dry beds begin to laugh and run,
 As if 'twere spring. The trees in the wind's
 stir

Shower down great drops, and every gossamer
 Glitters a net of diamonds fresh-spun.
 The happy flowers put on a spritelier grace,
 Star-flower and smilacina creamy-hued,
 With little spires of honey-scent and light,
 And that small, dainty violet, pure and white,
 That holds by magic in its twisted face
 The heart of all the perfumes of the wood.

ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.

FROM "TECUMSEH"

Act IV. Scene VI.

SIR ISAAC BROCK:

Tell me more of those unrivalled wastes
 You and Tecumseh visited.

LEFROY:

We left

The silent forest, and, day after day,
 Great prairies swept beyond our aching sight
 Into the measureless West; uncharted realms,
 Voiceless and calm, save when tempestuous
 wind

Rolled the rank herbage into billows vast,
 And rushing tides which never found a shore.
 And tender clouds, and veils of morning mist,
 Cast flying shadows, chased by flying light,
 Into interminable wildernesses,
 Flushed with fresh blooms, deep perfumed by
 the rose,
 And murmurous with flower-fed bird and bee,
 The deep-grooved bison-paths like furrows lay,
 Turned by the cloven hoofs of thundering herds
 Primeval, and still travelled as of yore.
 And gloomy valleys opened at our feet—
 Shagged with dusk cypresses and hoary pine;
 And sunless gorges, rummaged by the wolf,
 Which through long reaches of the prairie
 wound,
 Then melted slowly into upland vales,
 Lingering far-stretched amongst the spreading
 hills.

BROCK :

What charming solitudes! And life was there!

LEFROY :

Yes, life was there! inexplicable life,
 Still wasted by inexorable death.
 There had the stately stag his battle field—
 Dying for mastery among his hinds.
 There vainly sprung the affrighted antelope,
 Beset by glittering eyes and hurrying feet.
 The dancing grouse, at their insensate sport,
 Heard not the footstep of the fox;
 The gopher on his little earthwork stood,
 With folded arms, unconscious of the fate
 That wheeled in narrowing circles overhead;

And the poor mouse, on heedless nibbling bent,
 Marked not the silent coiling of the snake.
 At length we heard a deep and solemn sound—
 Erupted moanings of the troubled earth
 Trembling beneath innumerable feet.

A growing uproar blending in our ears,
 With noise tumultuous as ocean's surge,
 Of bellowings, fierce breath and battle shock,
 And ardour of unconquerable herds.

A multitude whose trampling shook the plains
 With discord of harsh sound and rumblings
 deep,

As if the swift-revolving earth had struck,
 And from some adamant peak recoiled,
 Jarring. At length we topped a high-browed
 hill—

The last and loftiest of a file of such—
 And, lo! before us lay the tameless stock,
 Slow wending to the northward like a cloud!
 A multitude in motion, dark and dense—
 Far as the eye could reach, and farther still,
 In countless myriads stretched for many a
 league.

BROCK:

You fire me with the picture! What a scene!

LEFROY:

Nation on nation was envillaged there,
 Skirting the banks of that imbanded host;
 With chieftains of strange speech and port
 of war,
 Who, battle-armed, in weather-brawny bulk,
 Roamed fierce and free in huge and wild con-
 tent.

These gave Tecumseh greetings fair and kind,
Knowing the purpose havened in his soul.
And he, too, joined the chase as few men dare;
For I have seen him leaping from his horse.
Mount a careering bull in foaming flight,
Urge it to fury o'er its burden strange,
Yet cling tenacious with a grip of steel,
Then by a knife-plunge, fetch it to its knees
In mid career, and pangs of speedy death.

BROCK:

You rave, Lefroy! or saw this in a dream.

LEFROY:

No, no; 'tis true—I saw him do it, Brock!
Then would he seek the old, and with his spoils
Restore them to the bounty of their youth,
Cheering the crippled lodge with plenteous
 feasts,
And warmth of glossy robes, as soft as down,
Till withered cheeks ran o'er with feeble smiles,
And tongues long silent babbled of their prime.

BROCK:

This warrior's fabric is of perfect parts!
A worthy champion of his race—he heaps
Such giant obligations on our heads
As shall outweigh repayment. It is late,
And rest must preface war's hot work to-
 morrow,
Else would I talk till morn. How still the
 night!
Here Peace has let her silvery tresses down,
And falls asleep beside the lapping wave.

CHARLES MAIR

FROM MALCOLM'S KATIE

Oh Love builds on the azure sea,
And Love builds on the golden sand,
And Love builds on the rose-winged cloud,
And sometimes Love builds on the land!

Oh if Love build on sparkling sea,
And if Love build on golden strand,
And if Love build on rosy cloud,
To Love these are the solid land!

Oh Love will build his lily walls,
And Love his pearly roof will rear
On cloud, or land, or mist, or sea—
Love's solid land is everywhere!

ISABELLA VALANCY CRAWFORD

THE FRUIT-RANCHER

He sees the rosy apples cling like flowers to
the bough;

He plucks the purple plums and spills the
cherries on the grass;

He wanted peace and silence,—God gives him
plenty now—

His feet upon the mountain and his shadow
on the pass.

He built himself a cabin from red cedars of
his own;

He blasted out the stumps and twitched the
boulders from the soil;

And with an axe and chisel he fashioned out
a throne

Where he might dine in grandeur off the
first fruits of his toil.

His orchard is a treasure-house alive with
song and sun,

Where currants ripe as rubies gleam and
golden pippins glow;

His servants are the wind and rain whose work
is never done,

Till winter rends the scarlet roof and banks
the halls with snow.

He shouts across the valley, and the ranges
answer back;

His brushwood smoke at evening lifts a
column to the moon;

And dim beyond the distance where the
Kootenay snakes black,

He hears the silence shattered by the laugh-
ter of the loon.

LLOYD ROBERTS

THE PIPER AND THE REED

I am a reed—a little reed

Down by the river,

A whim of God whose moment's need

Was that the Giver

Might blow melodious and long

One cadence of eternal song.

Through me are blown

Wild whisperings of wind from hills

No sun hath known.

The splendour that Orion spills

On purple space;

The golden loom of Leo's mane;
 The scintillance of Vega's face;
 Dim unto dark:
 And great Arcturus' far refrain
 Fades to a silence that is pain,
 When, like a lark,
 Riseth melodious and strong
 That cadence of eternal song.
 God is the Piper—I, the reed
 Down by the river for His need

He who in beauty goeth by
 The marches of the meadowy sky,
 A-piping on the many reeds
 His canticle,
 Paused in his playing;
 For he found
 An under-sound
 Failed of the music that he made,
 Wild winds went straying,
 Like sheep lost on the daisied meads—
 Scattered by Discord and afraid,
 Lost from the fold
 They knew of old.

My God had need
 Of one more reed—
 Had need of me
 To make the perfect harmony.
 I am that under-sound,
 That needed note.
 Eternally the Piper tried
 Reed after reed until He found
 Me growing by the river-side,

And laughing at the reeds that float
Forever down its burnished tide.

How frail my body is—how frail
And common of its kind;
A reed among a field of reeds
A-tremble to the wind—
The wind that threshes like a flail
Until my body bleeds!
Yet through me such wild music blows
The Piper laughs among the stars.
Know you the Piper? Little scars
Burn on His brow; each shoulder shows
Wounds of a knotted scourge that fell
To hurt Him from the hands of Hell!
Welcome, O Wind!
All hail, O Pain!
One little reed—one little reed,
To fill the Piper's far refrain,
Is broken till its body bleed;
Glad that the Minstrel Lord doth find
A tone of His eternal need.

ROBERT NORWOOD

FROM "ON BEACON HILL"

XIII

The impulse of a thousand centuries
Strikes upward now in our united race,
Not for a Roman triumph, but to ease
The intercourse of nations, and to place
The social fabric on a happier base;
The very enginery of war abhorred,
So soon as may, is bended to erase

The stain and bloody ravage of the sword;
The vanquished now are all to equal right
restored.

XVIII

Our Saxon temper, that 'gainst Church and
Crown,
And tyrant Castles of the feudal plan,
Made steady way until it wore them down,
And straightened all their maxims till they ran
Current for the right of every man
Freely to change his state and circumstance,
Is virile yet, unbrokenly to span
What gulf ahead, what unforeseen mischance,
Would threat the front of our magnificent
advance.

XIX

And we have those whose dreams of betterment
Outrun their fleeting day; whose hearts' ideal
Beat evermore against discouragement,
In high endeavour not to cease till all
The bars to opportunity shall fall
Within the union of the British bred;
Nor rest content until the mutual
Machinery of State be perfected,
So that no least of all our brethren go unfed.

XX

I never saw Britannia carved in stone,
Or figured out in bronze, but loyally
I thought what merit shall be all her own
In that great Brotherhood that's yet to be—
The diamond empire of futurity.

TOM MACINNES

AT NOON

Thou art my tower in the sun at noon,
The shaft of shade upon my golden way,
In painted space the healing note of gray,
The undertone in nature's pagan rune;
And like a wave lashed to the dying moon,
When old desire is haunting its old prey,
Thy strength subdues the forces that would
slay,
And soft withdrawal brings, all starry-strewn.
So doth the soul return to Truth's strong
tower,
Pilgrim secure at last of its abode,
Hearing that voice as beautiful as morn:
"Come to the heart of Silence, O my flower,
Out from the coloured heat, the gleaming road,
Into the place where deathless light is born."

KATHERINE HALE

THE WALL

The wall should be low, as to say,
"Not a barrier this, but for beauty."
For beauty of stone upon stone,
Built through seasons,
Through sunshine and in grey windy weather,
Set up for the vine and the berry,
For the beauty of green upon grey,
For the beauty of orange and crimson,
Set up for the bird in November,
And the first storm-tossed sparrow in April;
A wall to mark generations,

If the weather
And change can be kindly;
A wall, as to say,
"Here is beauty, here is hope, here is peace."

ARTHUR L. PHELPS

THE INDIGO BIRD

When I see
High on the tip-top twig of a tree,
 Something blue by the breezes stirred,
 But so far up that the blue is blurred,
So far up no green leaf flies
'Twixt its blue and the blue of the skies,
 Then I know, ere a note be heard,
 That is naught but the indigo bird.

Blue on the branch and blue in the sky,
And naught between but the breezes high,
 And naught so blue by the breezes stirred
 As the deep, deep blue of the indigo bird.

When I hear
A song like a bird laugh, blithe and clear,
 As though of some airy jest he had heard
 The last and the most delightful word;
A laugh as fresh in the August haze
As it was in the full-voiced April days;
 Then I know that my heart is stirred
 By the laugh-like song of the indigo bird.

Joy on the branch and joy in the sky,
And naught between but the breezes high;
 And naught so glad on the breezes heard
 As the gay, gay note of the indigo bird.

ETHELWYN WETHERALD

A CANADIAN ABROAD

When the croon of a rapid is heard on the
breeze,

With the scent of a pine-forest gloom,
Or the edge of the sky is of steeple-top trees,
Set in hazes of blueberry bloom,
Or a song-sparrow sudden from quietness trills
His delicate anthem to me,
Then my heart hurries home to the Ottawa
hills,
Wherever I happen to be.

When the veils of a shining lake vista unfold,
Or the mist towers dim from a fall,
Or a woodland is blazing in crimson and gold,
Or a snow-shroud is covering all,
Or there's honking of geese in the darkening
sky,

When the spring sets hepatica free,
Then my heart's winging north as they never
can fly,
Wherever I happen to be.

When the swallows slant curves of bewildering
joy

As the cool of the twilight descends,
And rosy-cheek maiden and hazel-hue boy
Listen grave while the Angelus ends
In a tremulous flow from the bell of a shrine,
Then a far away mountain I see,
And my soul is in Canada's evening shine,
Wherever my body may be.

THE PLOUGHMAN

The upper and the lower springs,
The summer-fountains fail;
A frowning sky his challenge flings
With thunder through the hail;
The autumn holds her mantle-folds
To veil a palid brow—
She pities me and mourns to see
My pain upon the plough:
For I must down the furrow fare
And cleave the clod with sharpened share.
Witless of wind that finds my face,
I lean against the blast
And plough to my appointed place—
Yon sapling like a mast;
I plough this way till shut of day,
Steady upon the mark;
Reckless of cold, the handles hold
From dawn until the dark—
This thing my duty: cleave the clod,
Ploughing the field alone with God.

ROBERT NORWOOD

IF WINTER COME.

Disdainful Earth!

Hooded in clouds and snowdrifts—

Great gray Earth,

That shivers and gathers her garments!

Just for a space you lower your eyelids,

Just for a moment you turn me the cold of
your shoulder.

There! There! Already!—

Now I have caught you—

A turquoise rift in the rack,

That was relenting!

And back of the pine-trees a flash like a smile,

That, O Earth, was your promise!

Below the depth of the frost

Is the warmth of your bosom.

The ice in your veins

Is troth to the rain and the runnel.

The catch in the call of the wind

Is your lip at my ear—

Your whisper of breezes,

Of breezes and blossom—

Of summer—of sweetness—of love!

GRACE BLACKBURN.

THE SONG MY PADDLE SINGS

West wind, blow from your prairie nest,
Blow from the mountains, blow from the west.
The sail is idle, the sailor too;

O! wind of the west, we wait for you.

Blow, blow!

I have wooed you so,

But never a favour you bestow.

You rock your cradle the hills between,
But scorn to notice my white lateen.

I stow the sail, unship the mast:

I wooed you long, but my wooing's past;

My paddle will lull you into rest.

O! drowsy wind of the drowsy west,

Sleep, sleep,

By your mountain steep,

Or down where the prairie grasses sweep!

Now fold in slumber your laggard wings,
For soft is the song my paddle sings.

August is laughing across the sky,

Laughing while paddle, canoe and I,

Drift, drift,

Where the hills uplift

On either side of the current swift.

The river rolls in its rocky bed;

My paddle is plying its way ahead;

Dip, dip,

While the waters flip

In foam as over their breast we slip.

And oh, the river runs swifter now;

The eddies circle about my bow.

Swirl, swirl!

How the ripples curl
 In many a dangerous pool awhirl!
 And forward far the rapids roar,
 Fretting their margin for evermore.
 Dash, dash,
 With a mighty crash,
 They seethe, and boil, and bound, and splash.
 Be strong, O paddle! be brave, canoe!
 The reckless waves you must plunge into.
 Reel, reel,
 On your trembling keel,
 But never a fear my craft will feel.
 We've raced the rapid, we're far ahead!
 The river slips through its silent bed.
 Sway, sway,
 As the bubbles spray
 And fall in tinkling tunes away.
 And up on the hills against the sky,
 A fir tree rocking its lullaby,
 Swings, swings,
 Its emerald wings,
 Swelling the song that my paddle sings.

PAULINE JOHNSON

BLUEBIRDS

O magic music of the spring,—
 Across the morning's breezy meads
 I hear the south wind in the reeds,
 I hear the golden bluebirds sing.

O mellow music of the morn,—
 Across the fading fields of time
 How many joyous songs are borne
 From memory's enchanting clime.

I see the grasses shine with dew,
 The cornflowers gleaming in the grain,
 And, oh! the bluebirds sing—and you?
 We fare together once again.

O haunting music of the dusk,
 When silent birds are on the wing
 And sweet is scent of pine and musk—
 Oh! as we wander hand in hand
 Along the shadow-painted land,
 I hear the golden bluebirds sing!

HELEN MERRILL EGERTON

THE FAIRY HARPERS

As I walked the heights of Meelin on a tranquil
 autumn day,
 The fairy host came stealing o'er the distant
 moorland gray.
 I heard like sweet bells ringing,
 Or a grove of linnets singing,
 And the haunting, wailful music that the fairy
 harpers play!
 Like thunder of deep waters when vast-heav-
 ing billows break,
 Like souging of the forest when ten thousand
 branches shake,
 Like moaning of the wind
 When the night falls bleak and blind,
 So wild and weird the melodies the fairy min-
 strels make.

The sunbeams flecked the valley, and the
 cloud-shades ranged the hill,
 The thistle-down scarce drifted in the air so
 calm and still;

But along the slopes of Meelin
 Came the ghostly music pealing,
 With sad and fitful cadences that set my soul
 a-thrill!

Then wan and wistful grew the sky o'er Mee-
 lin's summit lone,

And weeping for the days gone by, my heart
 grew cold as stone,

For I heard loved voices calling
 Beyond the sunlight falling
 On Meelin's mournful mountain where the
 magic harps make moan!

JAMES DOLLARD

THE UNCHANGED

If we could salvage Babylon
 From time's grim heap of dust and bones;
 If we could charm cool waters back
 To sing against her thirsty stones;

If, on a day,

We two should stray

Down some long, Babylonian way—
 Perhaps the strangest sight of all
 Would be the street boys playing ball.

If through Pompeii's age-long night
 A yellow sun again might shine,
 And little sea-born breezes lift
 The hair of lovers sipping wine,

If, in some fair,
 Dim temple there,
 We watched Pompeii come to prayer—
 Not the strange altar would surprise
 But strangeness of familiar eyes!

Aye, should our magic straightly wake
 Atlantis from her sea-rocked sleep
 And we on some Processional
 Look down where dancing maidens leap,
 If one flushed maid
 Beside us stayed
 To tie more firm her loosened braid—
 Would not the shaking wonder be
 To find her just like you and me?

ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

THROUGH ARCHED WINDOWS

I dwell for a short space in a lofty tower
 With four arched windows open to the four
 winds of heaven.
 Tall and slender, they are,
 Lancets of light piercing the gray stone walls.
 Through one window I can see a pathway,
 Rough-hewn and rugged winding among the
 pines
 Over a steep hillside;
 And men go up and down the whole day long,
 Some gaily and lightly,
 Others staggering under their burdens—
 But no one tarries.

Beyond the second arch there lies a pleasant
valley,

Where lovers wander side by side,
Or loiter in the grey-green shadows,
Some for a short hour,
And some for lingering years.

And through the third arched window
I see the sky-line of the purple hills,
Where dawn comes down to rest its shimmer-
ing wings,
And I catch a glimpse of flowing water,
Grey and blue and gold.

And through the last I cannot see at all,
For it is darkened by a crimson curtain
That hangs in heavy folds across the case-
ment;
But in a crevice of the window ledge
There grows a tiny flower,
That burns a clear blue flame against the dark.

And thus are life, love, beauty and death,
Framed in the carven stone of my lancet win-
dows;
But I would not see all that lies beyond,
For I can dream that the rough path leads
to the door of home,
Or to a shadowy hollow in the hillside,
And that beyond the purple hills. and in the
far-off valley
There lie enchanted gardens,
And the shining river
I know leads onward to the sea.

But the tall darkened window
 Brings me more wondrous dreams than all the
 others,
 For I believe some day the small blue flower
 beside the casement
 Will burn the curtain with its steel-blue flame,
 And I shall see more radiant visions
 Than all my dreams have brought me through
 the years.

FRANK OLIVER CALL

PIONEERING

The wind in the leaves and the roar of the sea,
 These are the sounds that are dearest to me;
 The trail that is narrow, the way that is far.
 And a bright light, a white light, the high
 north star.

Up from the furrow, out from the hall
 The child of the wilderness comes at their call.

Laura McCully.

FROM "SOME DAY, O SEEKER OF DREAMS."

Some day, O Seeker of Dreams, they will
 seek even us!

Some day they will wake, Fellow Singer, and
 hunger and want

For the ways to a lonelier height!

So let us, Shy Weaver of Beauty, take heart,
 For out of their dust they will call to us yet!

Let us wait and sing and be wise,

As the sea has waited and sung,

As the hills through the night have been wise'

ARTHUR STRINGER

"IN MEMORIAM"

I

The Dead! Upon a purple-bordered scroll
 We wrote their names; then gazed awhile, and
 said:

"These are the Fallen; these, our Honoured
 Dead—

The silent ones in Death's vast muster roll.
 This one was strong and ruddy, that one frail,
 Though fleet of foot and keen. The first one
 met

His fate in that fierce fight at Courcelette,
 The other died of wounds at Passchendale."

And thus we mused, pointing from name to
 name

With sad, slow count. We spoke of things like
 grass,

And withered leaves, and faded flowers, birth,
 Old age, decay and dust, glory and fame,
 And other strange mortalities that pass
 At length into the all-insatiate earth.

II

Then suddenly through the mist that wrapped
 our sight,

An utterance fell as of great waters flowing,
 Slow, but with mightier accent ever growing
 Around a blazing shaft of central light.

"Fallen! There is no downward plunge. The
 estate

Is high. Go, roll thy plumb-line up, and ask
 Thy Master for His measures, as the task
 Is one that would the heavens triangulate."

And so were compassed life's fine agonies;
 By ranging hopes, and longings cut adrift
 From earth's unstable shores; by faiths that
 spanned

Illimitable wastes and wrecking seas;
 By noble strands of nature, scattered swift
 From the white fingers of God's spacious hand.

E. J. PRATT

CHATEAU PAPINEAU

The red-tiled towers of the old Chateau,
 Perched on the cliff above our bark,
 Burn in the western evening glow.

The fiery spirit of Papineau
 Consumes them still with its fever spark,
 The red-tiled towers of the old Chateau!

Drift by and mark how bright they show,
 And how the mullioned windows—mark!
 Burn in the western evening glow!

Drift down, or up, where'er you go,
 They flame from out the distant park,
 The red-tiled towers of the old Chateau.

So was it once with friend, with foe;
 Far off they saw the patriot's ark
 Burn in the western evening glow.

Think of him now! One thought bestow
 As, blazing against the pine trees dark,
 The red-tiled towers of the old Chateau
 Burn in the western evening glow!

S. FRANCES HARRISON

TILL THE DAY BREAK.

Deep is the discontentment of the sea
 Forever prisoned in an earthen bowl
 Shaped by a Potter's fingers that control
 The wheels unnumbered of immensity.

What time her will uprises to be free
 She flings the angry surges of her soul
 On torrid shores or where the frigid pole
 Points to an unreached star eternally.

Anon she sleeps or laves the sloping sand
 As though submissive to a servile fate;
 Then, roused anew to know herself so great,
 She breaks her gleaming teeth upon the strand
 And ceases, as when one who strives to rise
 Above ancestral taint, defeated, dies.

JOHN J. FERGUSON.

RIVER SONG.

(From "The Ghosts of the Trees").

I have pushed apart
 The mountain's heart,
 I have trod the valley down;
 With strong hands curled,
 Have caught and hurled
 To the earth the high hills' crown. . . .

From crystal shoulders
 I hurled my boulders
 On the bridge's iron span;
 When I reared my head
 Shook the pale cities of man.
 From its old-time bed,

I have run a course
 With the swift, wild horse;
 I have thundered pace for pace
 With the rushing herds;
 I have caught the beards
 Of the swift stars in the race.

Neither moon nor sun
 Could me outrun;
 Deep caged in my silver bars,
 I hurried with me
 To the shouting sea
 Their light and the light of the stars.

The reeling earth,
 In furious mirth,
 With sledges of ice I smote;
 I whirled my sword
 Where the pale berg roared,
 I took the ship by the throat. . . .

The great raft prest
 My calm, broad breast—
 A dream through my shady trance;
 The light canoe
 A spirit flew—
 The pulse of my blue expanse. . . .

To the dry-vined town
 My tide rolled down:
 Dry lips and throats a-quiver
 Rent sky and sod
 With shouts, "From God
 The strength of the mighty river!"

SCAR-WRITTEN
FROM MOOD-DRIFT

If I could write that wonder-book
So long imprisoned in my soul
In one bright word that all might look
And find God's thought upon the scroll,
My life should be that perfect sign,
I'd live the book with love unbarred;
In golden deed I'd set the line,
Though writ in blood and battle-scarred.

ALBERT DURRANT WATSON

A SONG OF SUMMER DAYS

As pearls slip off a silken string and fall
into the sea,
These rounded summer days fall back into
eternity.
Into the deep from whence they came; into
the mystery—
At set of sun each one slips back as pearls
into the sea.
They are so sweet—so warm and sweet—Love
fain would hold them fast:
He weeps when through his finger tips they
slip away at last.

VIRNA SHEARD

RAPIDS AT NIGHT.

Here at the roots of the mountains,
Between the sombre legions of cedars and
tamaracks,

The rapids charge the ravine:

A little light cast by foam under starlight
Wavers about the shimmering stems of the
birches;

Here rise up the clangorous sounds of battle,
Immense and mournful.

Far above curves the great dome of darkness,
Drawn with the limitless lines of the stars
and the planets.

Deep at the core of the tumult,

Deeper than all the voices that cry at the sur-
face,

Dwells one fathomless sound,

Under the hiss and cry, the stroke and the
plangent clamour.

O human heart that sleeps,

Wild with rushing dreams and deep with sad-
ness!

The abysmal roar drops into almost silence.

While over its sleep play in various cadence

Innumerable voices crashing in laughter;

Then rising calm, overwhelming,

Slow in power,

Rising supreme in utterance,

It sways and reconquers and floods all the
spaces of silence,

One voice deep with the sadness,

That dwells at the core of all things.

There by a nest in the glimmering birches,
Speaks a thrush as if startled from slumber,
- Dreaming of southern rice-fields,
The moted glow of the amber sunlight
Where the long ripple roves among the reeds.

Above curves the great dome of darkness,
Scored with the limitless lines of the stars
and the planets

Like the strong palm of God.
Veined with the ancient laws,
Holding a human heart that sleeps
Wild with the rushing dreams and deep with
the sadness
That dwells at the core of all things.

DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT

BURNED FORESTS

The half-burned tree-trunks stretched like
praying hands

Clutching the empty sky, and bare and black
As fallen pillars in old scourge-swept lands,
Great pines and spruces lay across my track.

Charred branches crumbled underneath my
tread,

But from the silence of the empty plain,
Among white birches, burned and scarred and
dead,

I heard the white-throat sing his song again.
And from the ashes drenched by summer
showers

I saw uncurling fronds of brake pierce
through,
And fire-weed holding up its purple flowers
Like torches in the dark, and then I knew,
Seeing burned forests touched with quicken-
ing breath,
That Life still follows on the trail of Death.

FRANK OLIVER CALL

THE OLD GRAY WALL

Time out of mind I have stood
Fronting the frost and the sun,
That the dream of the world might endure,
And the goodly will be done.
Did the hand of the builder guess,
As he laid me stone by stone,
A heart in the granite lurked,
Patient and fond as his own?
Lovers have leaned on me
Under the summer moon,
And mowers laughed in my shade
In the harvest heat at noon.
Children roving the fields
With early flowers in spring,
Old men turning to look,
When they heard a bluebird sing,
Have seen me a thousand times
Standing here in the sun,
Yet never a moment dreamed
Whose likeness they gazed upon.

Ah, when will ye understand,
Mortals who strive and plod—
Who rests on this old gray wall
Lays a hand on the shoulder of God!

BLISS CARMAN.

THE SCREECH OWL

Hearing the strange night-piercing sound
Of woe that strove to sing,
I followed where it hid, and found
A small soft-throated thing,
A feathered handful of grey grief,
Perched by the year's last leaf.

And heeding not that in the sky
The lamps of peace were lit,
It sent abroad that sobbing cry,
And sad hearts echoed it.
Oh, hush, poor grief, so grey, so wild,
God still is with His child!

ETHELWYN WETHERALD

THE WHITE CANOE

There's a whisper of life in the grey dead
trees,
And a mumuring wash on the shore,
And a breath of the south in the loitering
breeze,
To tell that a winter is o'er.

While, free at last from its fetters of ice,
The river is clear and blue,
And cries with a tremulous quivering voice
For the launch of the White Canoe.

Oh, gently the ripples will kiss her side,
And tenderly bear her on;
For she is the wandering phantom bride
Of the river she rests upon;
She is loved with a love that cannot forget.
A passion so strong and true
That never a billow has risen yet
To peril the White Canoe.

So come when the moon is enthroned in the
sky,
And the echoes are sweet and low,
And Nature is full of the mystery
That none but her children know.
Come, taste of the rest that the weary crave,
But is only revealed to a few:
When there's trouble on shore, there's peace
on the wave
Afloat in the White Canoe.

ALAN SULLIVAN

INDIAN SUMMER

Along the line of smoky hills
The crimson forest stands,
And all the day the blue-jay calls
Throughout the autumn lands.

Now by the brook the maple leans
With all his glory spread,
And all the sumachs on the hills
Have turned their green to red.

Now by great marshes wrapt in mist,
Or past some river's mouth,
Throughout the long, still autumn day
Wild birds are flying south.

WILFRED CAMPBELL

BEAUTY EVERYWHERE
FROM "TO WORLDS MORE WIDE"

In mount or vale throughout the changeful
year,

From all the byways of the world I peer
Into the secret places where they wind
Almost beyond the utmost reach of mind,
And beauty—beauty everywhere I find!

"Oh, why," I asked, "doth Nature in such
wealth

Lavish her jewels, hide them as by stealth,
The wondrous treasures of her artist soul
In opulence outpour and o'er the whole
Great wilderness of worlds her splendours
roll?"

From jungles only to the wild things known,
From waste karroo, from forest deep and lone,
From icy north and from each starry flame
That looks into the ocean's mirror frame,
One clear and universal answer came:

"The Soul of All is beautiful, then why
 Should Nature anywhere in earth or sky
 Fall from her high estate? If it should be
 One wild flamingo by an unknown sea
 Found God unbeautiful, no God were He!"

ALBERT DURRANT WATSON

THE POTATO HARVEST

A high bare field, brown from the plough, and
 borne
 Aslant from sunset; amber wastes of sky
 Washing the ridge; a clamour of crows that
 fly
 In from the wide flats where the spent tides
 mourn
 To yon, their rocking roosts in pines wind-
 torn;
 A line of grey snake-fence, that zigzags by
 A pond, and cattle; from the homestead
 nigh
 The long deep summonings of the supper horn.
 Black on the ridge, against that lonely flush,
 A cart, and stoop-necked oxen; ranged beside,
 Some barrels; and the day-worn harvest folk,
 Here emptying their baskets, jar the hush
 With hollow thunders; down the dusk hill-side
 Lumbers the wain; and day fades out like
 smoke.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

WIND O' THE SEA

O wandering minstrel, wild Wind o' the Sea,
That knowest the innermost being of me
Who love thy rude sport with the measureless
brine,

And whose spirit is wayward and vagrant as
thine,—

O wandering minstrel, sad Wind o' the Sea,
That learnest world-secrets by swift errantry,
Blow hither to me o'er the wide Eastern main
And tell what meaneth the poignant re-
frain

Of surges that moan like sad souls in their
sleep,

And those shuddering shadows that darken
the deep.

Blow, wild Wind o' the Sea!

Blow, sad Wind o' the Sea!

And speed with thy lay to thy lorn devotee.

Then the Sea-wind sang forth: "I blow from
afar

The ocean's accompaniment to the war
Of the beast and the god that dwell in thy
soul,

For ever at strife for the gain of the whole
Of thy manhood's estate, of thy love and de-
sire,

So thou sink to the one; to the other aspire.
And the deep, dark shuddering shadows," he
shrilled,

"Are the planes of thy life which Destiny
willed—

The devilish depths of thy sensual hours
 When the beast in thy soul enthralls senses
 and pow'rs—

And the shadowy heights of thy consecrate days
 When the god in thy soul is lord of thy ways."

Thus ruthlessly sang the wild Wind o' the Sea
 That learnest soul-secrets by swift errantry.

Ah, wild Wind o' the Sea!

Ah, sad Wind o' the Sea!

That revealest the innermost being of me.

JOHN DANIEL LOGAN

SONNET XXVIII

FROM "HIS LADY OF THE SONNETS"

Companion of the highroad, hail! all hail!
 Day on his shoulder flame of sunset bears,
 As he goes marching where the autumn flares
 A banner to the sky; in russet mail
 The trees are trooping hither to assail
 Twilight with spears; a rank of coward cares
 Creep up, as though to take us unawares,
 And find their stratagem of none avail.

Accept the challenge of the royal hills,
 And dare adventure as we always dared!
 Life with red wine his golden chalice fills,
 And bids us drink to all who forward fared—
 Those lost, white armies of the host of dream;
 Those dauntless, singing pilgrims of the
 Gleam!

ROBERT NORWOOD

IN FLANDERS FIELDS

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
 That mark our place; and in the sky
 The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.
We are the Dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
 Loved and were loved, and now we lie
 In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:
To you from failing hands we throw
 The torch; be yours to hold it high.
 If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
 In Flanders fields.

JOHN McCRAE

WHEN PEACE HAS COME

When peace has come and I return from
 France
I know the places that I'll long to see:
Those hunch-backed hills so full of old romance
 Where first frail Beauty's visions dawned
 for me,
And April comes, swift dancing like a girl
 With golden tresses flowing in the breeze,
And where swart autumn leaves disport and
 whirl
 In maudlin dance beneath the naked trees.
And I shall see the cottage on the hill,
 With all the loveliness of summer days,

Whose memories to me are haunted still
By love's sweet voice, the witchery of her
ways.
And I shall climb the path and ope the gate
When peace has come, if peace comes not too
late.

ARTHUR S. BOURINOT.

THE CHORISTERS

When earth was finished and fashioned
well,
There was never a musical note to tell
How glad God was, save the voice of the rain
And the sea and the wind on the lonely plain
And the rivers among the hills.

And so God made the marvellous birds
For a choir of joy transcending words,
That the world might hear and comprehend
How rhythm and harmony can mend
The spirit's hurts and ills.

He filled their tiny bodies with fire,
He taught them love for their chief desire,
And gave them the magic of wings to be
His celebrants over land and sea,
Wherever man might dwell.

And to each he apportioned a fragment of
song—
Those broken melodies that belong
To the seraph's chorus, that we might learn
The healing of gladness and discern
In beauty how all is well.

So music dwells in the glorious throats
Forever, and the enchanted notes
Fall with rapture upon our ears,
Moving our hearts to joy and tears
 For things we cannot say.

In the wilds the whitethroat sings in the rain
His pure, serene, half-wistful strain;
And when twilight falls the sleeping hills
Ring with the cry of the whip-poor-wills
 In the blue dusk far away.

In the great white heart of the winter storm
The chickadee sings, for his heart is warm,
And his note is brave to rally the soul
From doubt and panic to self-control
 And elation that knows no fear.

The bluebird comes with the winds of March,
Like a shred of sky on the naked larch;
The redwing follows the April rain
To whistle contentment back again
 With his sturdy call of cheer.

The orioles revel through orchard boughs
In their coats of gold for spring's carouse;
In shadowy pastures the bobwhites call,
And the flute of the thrush has a melting fall
 Under the evening star.

On the verge of June when peonies blow
And joy comes back to the world we know,
The bobolinks fill the fields of light
With a tangle of music silver-bright
 To tell how glad they are.

The tiny warblers fill summer trees
With their exquisite lesser litanies;

The tanager in his scarlet coat
In the hemlock pours from a vibrant throat
His canticle of the sun.

The loon on the lake, the hawk in the sky,
And the sea-gull—each has a piercing cry,
Like outposts set in the lonely vast
To cry “all’s well” as Time goes past
And another hour is gone.

But of all the music in God’s plan
Of a mystical symphony for man,
I shall remember best of all—
Whatever hereafter may befall
Or pass and cease to be—

The hermit’s hymn in the solitudes
Of twilight through the mountain woods,
And the field-larks crying about our doors
On the soft sweet wind across the moors
At morning by the sea.

BLISS CARMAN

THE IMMORTAL

Beauty is still immortal in our eyes.
When sways no more the spirit-haunted reed,
When the wild grape shall build
No more her canopies,
When blows no more the moon-gray thistle
seed,
When the last bell has lulled the white flocks
home,
When the last eve has stilled

The wandering wind and touched the dying
foam,
When the last moon burns low, and spark by
spark
The little worlds die out along the dark.

Beauty that rosed the moth-wing, touched the
land
With clover horns and delicate faint flowers,
Beauty that bade the showers
Beat on the violet's face,
Shall hold the eternal heavens within their
place
And hear new stars come singing from God's
hand.

MARJORIE L. C. PICKTHALL

THE VAGABOND

His home the garden of the Universe,
His courts the star-spanned reaches of the
blue,
His heritage the fearless forward heart
Won from his journeyings long aeons
through;
Child of eternal dawns, his pathway lies
Like a comet's flight along the outflung skies.
He knows no law but Love, the master word,
His are the unseen volumes of the spheres,
Beneath his touch humanity's vast chord
Swells to the triumph of the crowning years;

Out on the vagrant way his feet have trod;
 He has blazed a flaming trail to the heart of
 God.

And thus along the unsown tracks of space,
 God for his comrade and the stars for guide,
 His heart for fellowship, his lips for joy,
 Vision, the flame-winged angel at his side,
 Wrapping the Universe within his soul,
 The vagabond goes on from goal to goal.

HILDA MARY HOOKE

NEVER AGAIN

Never again shall the Sword's swift steel
 Redden the soil of the world!
 Never again shall the Dreadnought's keel
 Trouble the waves foam-hurled!

For down in the deep of the hearts of men
 And up on the spirit's height,
 The dense, dark clouds are lifting again
 And there is light!

Never again shall a War-Lord dread
 Throttle industrial peace!
 Never again shall Ambition's tread
 Trample the fields' increase!

For the Toilers, strong in the love of right,
 In the hate of ills that mar,
 Will rise in their multitudinous might
 And conquer—War!

JOHN W. GARVIN

MANITOU

(The island of the Manitou, the largest island in Lake Huron, believed by the Indians to be sacred to Manitou when he makes his abode on earth.)

Girdled by Huron's throbbing and thunder,
Out on the drift and rift of its blue;
Walled by mists from the world asunder,
Far from all hate and passion and wonder,
Lieth the isle of the Manitou.

Here where the surfs of the great lake trample
Thundering time-worn caverns through,
Beating on rock-coasts, aged and ample,
Resteth the Manitou's mist-walled temple.
Floored with forest and roofed with blue.

Year by year the ages onward
Drift, but it lieth out here alone;
Earthward the mists, and the earth-mists
sunward;
Starward the days, and the nights bloom
dawnward;
Whisper the forests, the beaches make moan.

For from the world, and its passions fleeting,
Neath quiet noonday and stillness of star,
Shore unto shore each sendeth greeting,
Where the only woe is the surf's wild beating
That throbs from the maddened lake afar.

WILFRED CAMPBELL

THE WIND'S WORD

The wind charged every way and fled
 Across the meadows and the wheat;
It whirled the swallows overhead,
 And swung the daisies at my feet.
As if in mockery of me,
 And all the deadness of my thought,
It mounted to the largest glee,
 And, like a lord that laughed and fought,
Took all the maples by surprise,
 And made the poplars clash and shiver,
And flung my hair about my eyes,
 And sprang and blackened on the river.
And through the elm-tree tops, and round
 The city steeples wild and high,
It floundered with a mighty sound,
 A buoyant voice that seemed to cry:
Behold how grand I am, how free!
 And all the forest bends my way!
I roam the earth, I stalk the sea,
 And make my labour but a play.

ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN

FROM A GYPSY SONG

Let Art awhile a gypsy be,
 And words a vagrant throng.
Let all the lure of Romany
 Come dancing up my song;
Come dancing zig-zag on the breeze
 Like whimsy thistle-down
And caring less than it to please
 The idlers of the town.

Let Art refresh our pallid schools
With crimson of the heart;
Let her forsake her cramping rules,
And tear her measured chart.
And let her outcast brood of sound,
That know the scoffers' sneer,
On savage lutes and cymbals sound
A new and lyric year. . . .

The droning scholars far too long
Have ruled the rhymes of men;
Bring back the wayward flights of song
And errant bards again.

WILSON MACDONALD

THE VOICE AND THE DUSK

The slender moon and one pale star,
A rose leaf and a silver bee
From some god's garden blown afar,
Go down the gold deep tranquilly.

Within the south there rolls and grows
A mighty town with tower and spire,
From a cloud bastion masked with rose
The lightning flashes diamond fire.

The purple marten darts about
The purlieus of the iris fen;
The king-bird rushes up and out,
He screams and whirls and screams again.

A thrush is hidden in a maze
Of cedar buds and tamarac bloom,
He throws his rapid flexile phrase,
A flash of emeralds in the gloom.

A voice is singing from the hill
 A happy love of long ago;
 Ah! tender voice, be still, be still,
 " 'Tis better sometimes not to know."

The rapture from the amber height
 Floats tremblingly along the plain,
 Where in the reeds with fairy light
 The lingering fireflies gleam again.

Buried in dingles more remote,
 Or drifted from some ferny rise,
 The swooning of the golden throat
 Drops in the mellow dusk and dies.

A soft wind passes, lightly drawn,
 A wave leaps silverly and stirs
 The rustling sedge, and then is gone
 Down the black cavern in the firs.

DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT

KITCHENER OF KHARTOUM

Weep, waves of England! Nobler clay
 Was ne'er to nobler grave consigned;
 The wild waves weep with us to-day
 Who mourn a nation's master-mind.

We hoped an honoured age for him,
 And ashes laid with England's great;
 And rapturous music, and the dim,
 Deep hush that veils our Tomb of State.

But this is better. Let him sleep
 Where sleep the men who made us free,
 For England's heart is in the deep,
 And England's glory is the sea.

PAULINE JOHNSON

Leap, waves of England! Boastful be,
And fling defiance in the blast,
For Earth is envious of the Sea
Which shelters England's dead at last.

ROBERT J. C. STEAD

THE SLEEPING GIANT

(Thunder Bay, Lake Superior).

When did you sink to your dreamless sleep
Out there in your thunder bed?
Where the tempests sleep,
And the waters leap,
And the storms rage overhead.

Were you lying there on your couch alone
Ere Egypt and Rome were born?
Ere the Age of Stone,
Or the world had known
The man with the Crown of Thorn?

The winds screech down from the open west,
And the thunders beat and break
On the amethyst
Of your rugged breast,—
But you never arise or wake.

You have locked your past, and you keep the
key
In your heart 'neath the westing sun,
Where the mighty sea
And its shores will be
Storm-swept till the world is done.

PAULINE JOHNSON

IN THE WOODS

This is God's house—the blue sky is the ceiling,
This wood the soft, green carpet for His
feet,

Those hills His stairs, down which the brooks
come stealing,

With baby laughter making earth more
sweet.

And here His friends come, clouds and soft
winds sighing,

And little birds whose throats pour forth
their love,

And spring and summer, and the white snow
lying

Pencilled with shadows of bare boughs
above.

And here come sunbeams through the green
leaves straying,

And shadows from the storm-clouds over-
drawn,

And warm, hushed nights, when mother earth
is praying

So late that her moon-candle burns till
dawn.

Sweet house of God, sweet earth so full of
pleasure,

I enter at thy gates in storm or calm;

And every sunbeam is a joy and treasure,

And every cloud a solace and a balm.

THE FORGOTTEN ROAD

I know a little, lonely country Road,
Grass-grown and shady and a little sad;
Unused, and lost in an enchanted wood,
Though once, it was a highway, broad and glad.

Now very few its secret entrance find,
It lies so hidden from the world of men.
On foot I found it and on foot return
To feel its wistful mystery again.

There are so few such roads left us to-day,
And yet we need them sorely—for with wings
Agleam, and bird notes, my Road lures me on
To the hushed country of Forgotten Things.

LOUISE MOREY BOWMAN

TO PETER PAN IN WINTER

("And so it was arranged that Peter Pan should fly back alone to fairyland, and that once a year Mrs. Darling would allow Wendy to go and stay a whole week with him to do his spring cleaning.")

Spring house-cleaning in Arcadie,
When every bough is bare;
"If it bring Wendy back to me,
I wish," quoth Pan, "'twere here."
For Peter Pan is sometimes sad
And spite of all that's sung;
He has to pipe and dance like mad
To keep this old world young.

And as he pipes the fairies light
A star for every tone.
(Do starry lights burn just as bright
When one is all alone?)
And as he pipes small elfin folk
Foregather from the moon,
And dance, and flash, and fade like smoke
While he plays on and on.
His magic tree-tops shine with ice
That used to melt in green,
The people creep like small brown mice
Down in the worlds between.
And Wendy may be well or ill,
And play or go to school;
But Pan sits high and pipes his fill
And minds no mortal rule.
O Peter Pan, the winds are cold,
The snow is deep and high;
The Never-never Land is gold,
And yet—perhaps you sigh;
Perhaps you know, though just an elf,
In your small fairy way,
How wretched one is by himself,
When Some One Else can't stay!
So pipe your sweetest, Peter Pan,
And clang the silver bells;
Send all the elfin din you can
To where the Great One dwells,
Who holds the spring within His hand,
That you who wait above,
And we, in this midwinter world,
May call again—to Love.

THE VIOLINIST

In Dresden, in the square one day,
His face of parchment, seamed and grey,
With wheezy bow and proffered hat,
An old blind violinist sat.

Like one from whose worn heart the heat
Of life had long ago retired,
He played to the unheeding street
Until the thin old hands were tired.

Few marked the player how he played,
Or how the child beside his knee
Besought the passers-by for aid
So softly and so wistfully.

A stranger passed. The little hand
Went forth, so often checked and spurned.
The stranger wavered, came to stand,
Looked round with absent eyes and turned.

He saw the sightless, withered face,
The tired old hands, the whitened hair,
The child with such a mournful grace,
The little features pinched and spare.

"I have no money, but," said he,
"Give me the violin and bow.
I'll play a little, we shall see,
Whether the gold will come or no."

With lifted brow and flashing eyes
He faced the noisy street and played.
The people turned in quick surprise,
And every foot drew near and stayed.

First from the shouting bow he sent
A summons, an impetuous call;
Then some old store of grief long pent
Broke from his heart and mastered all.

The tumult sank at his command,
The passing wheels were hushed and stilled:
The burning soul, the sweeping hand
A sacred ecstasy fulfilled.

The darkness of the outer strife,
The weariness and want within,
The giant wrongfulness of life,
Leaped storming from the violin.

The jingling round of pleasure broke,
Gay carriages were drawn anear,
And all the proud and haughty folk
Leaned from their cushioned seats to hear.

And then the player changed his tone,
And wrought another miracle
Of music, half a prayer, half moan,
A cry exceeding sorrowful.

A strain of pity for the weak,
The poor that fall without a cry,
The common hearts that never speak,
But break beneath the press and die.

Throughout the great and silent crowd
The music fell on human ears,
And many kindly heads were bowed,
And many eyes were warm with tears.

"And now your gold," the player cried,
"While love is master of your mood;"
He bowed, and turned, and slipped aside,
And vanished in the multitude.

And all the people flocked at that,
The money like a torrent rolled,
Until the grey old battered hat
Was bursting to the brim with gold.

And loudly as the giving grew,
The question rose on every part,
If any named or any knew
The stranger with so great a heart.

Or what the moving wonder meant,
Such playing never heard before;
A lady from her carriage leant,
And murmured softly, "It was Spohr."

ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN

SAGUENAY

(From the French of Frechette).

The forest has spells to enchant me,
The mountain has power to enthrall;
Yet the grace of a wayside blossom
Can stir my heart deeper than all.

O towering steeps, that are mirrored
On Saguenay's darkening breast!
O grim rocky heights, sternly frowning,
The thunders have smitten your crest!

O sentinels, piercing the cloudland,
Stand forth in stupendous array!
My brow, by your shadows enshrouded,
Is humbled before you to-day.

But, peaks that are gilded by Heaven,
Defiant you stand in your pride!
From glories too distant, above me,
I turn to the friend by my side.

J. D. EDGAR.

THE FIRST ROBIN

A tawny gleam in the sunlight,
And the flash of a ruddy breast
Amid the glooms of the hemlocks
That crowd to the hill's high crest;
A torrent of song comes pouring,
Like a brook from the ice unbound,
While the listening hills and the valleys
In echoes give back the sound.

As I wake in the misty dawning
Gone is the hemlock hill,
Gone are the tossing pine plumes,
And the whispering winds are still;
But there on a roof a robin
Is singing his heart away,
Bearing me back to the sunshine
Of a far-off golden day.

A whistle comes clear as a robin's,
Blithe, and so full of cheer,
I know ere a gay smile greets me
A laddie I love draws near.
Oh, strange that a note of minor
From the heart of that song should creep!
Dear lad! do the robins whistle
On that cross-crowned hill where you sleep?

I am back in the heart of the city;
 'Mid the housetops smoky and grim
 The bird sings over and over
 The notes of his morning hymn.
 And something I catch of its meaning:
 There's a song in my soul to-day,
 Of the life that blossoms in Spring land,
 And never shall fade away.

LILIAN LEVERIDGE

A MOTHER IN EGYPT

Is the noise of grief in the palace over the
 river
 For this silent one at my side?
 There came a hush in the night, and he rose
 with his hands a-quiver
 Like lotus petals adrift on the swing of the
 tide.
 O small soft hands, the day groweth old for
 sleeping!
 O small still feet, rise up for the hour is
 late!
 Rise up, my son, for I hear them mourning
 and weeping
 In the temple down by the gate.
 Hushed is the face that was wont to brighten
 with laughter
 When I sang at the mill,
 And silence unbroken shall greet the sorrow-
 ful dawns hereafter,
 The house shall be still.

Voice after voice takes up the burden of wailing,—

Do you heed, do you hear, in the high-priest's house by the wall?

But mine is the grief, and their sorrow is all unavailing.

Will he wake at their call?

Something I saw of the broad, dim wings half folding

The passionless brow.

Something I saw of the sword the shadowy hands were holding,—

What matters it now?

I held you close, dear face, as I knelt and harkened

To the wind that cried last night like a soul in sin,

When the broad, bright stars dropped down and the soft sky darkened,

And the Presence moved therein.

I have heard men speak in the market-place of the city,

Low-voiced, in a breath,

Of a god who is stronger than ours, and who knows not changing nor pity,

Whose anger is death.

Nothing I know of the lords of the outland races,

But Amun is gentle and Hathor the Mother is mild,

And who would descend from the light of the peaceful places

To war on a child?

Yet here he lies, with a scarlet pomegranate
petal

Blown down on his cheek.

The slow sun sinks to the sand like a shield of
some burnished metal,

But he does not speak.

I have called, I have sung, but he neither
will hear nor waken;

So lightly, so whitely he lies in the curve of
my arm,

Like a feather let fall from the bird that the
arrow hath taken.

Who could see him, and harm?

“The swallow flies home to her sleep in the
eaves of the altar,

And the crane to her nest,”

So do we sing o'er the mill, and why, ah,
why should I falter,

Since he goes to his rest?

Does he play in their flowers as he played
among these with his mother?

Do the gods smile downward and love him
and give him their care?

Guard him well, O ye gods, till I come; lest
the wrath of that Other

Should reach to him there!

MARJORIE L. C. PICKTHAL

FAITH, HOPE AND CHARITY

A star leaned down and laid a silver hand
On the pale brow of Death;

Before it rolled bleak shadows from the land—
The star was Faith!

Across wild storms that hid the mountains far
 In funereal cope,

Piercing the black, there sailed a throbbing
 star—

The red star, Hope!

From God's vast palm a large sun grandly
 rolled

O'er land and sea;

Its core pure fire, its stretching hands of
 gold—

Great Charity!

ISABELLA VALANCY CRAWFORD

THE SUMMONS

Deeps of the wind-torn west,
 Flaming and desolate,
 Up springs my soul from his rest
 With your banners at the gate.

'Neath this o'ermastering sky,
 How could the heart lie still,
 Or the sluggish will
 Content in the old chains lie,
 When over the lonely hill
 Your torn wild scarlets cry?

Up soul, and out
 Into the deeps alone,
 To the long peal and the shout
 Of those trumpets blown—and blown.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

BELLS

Slow bells at dawn—

What mean ye by your tolling?

Bells in the growing light,

Knowling afar,

Loitering in leisured sequence,

Where the ringing seraphim

Shake you out of heaven,

From the morning star.

Echoes are in my soul,—

Consonances and broken melodies,—

Survivals frayed and remembrances

Vanished and irretrievable.

What know ye of life,

Or of perished hours or years?

Ye tones that are born in air

And throb in air and die,

Leaving no traces anywhere,

Save tremors in the quickened pool of tears

Within the windless deeps of memory?

DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT

MADELEINE VERCHERES

I've told you many a tale, my child, of the
old heroic days

Of Indian wars and massacres, of villages
ablaze

With savage torch, from Ville Marie to the
Mission of Trois Rivieres

But never have I told you yet, of Madeleine
Vercheres.

Summer had come with its blossoms, and
gaily the robin sang
And deep in the forest arches the axe of the
woodman rang,
Again in the waving meadows, the sun-
browned farmers met,
And out on the green St. Lawrence, the fisher-
man spread his net.

And so through the pleasant season, till the
days of October came
When children wrought with their parents,
and even the old and lame
With tottering frames and footsteps, their
feeble labours lent
At the gathering of the harvest, le bon Dieu
himself had sent.

For news there was none of battle, from the
forts on the Richelieu
To the gates of the ancient city, where the
flag of King Louis flew.
All peaceful the skies hung over the seigneurie
of Vercheres,
Like the calm that so often cometh, ere the
hurricane rends the air.

And never a thought of danger had the
Seigneur sailing away,
To join the soldiers of Carignan, where down
at Quebec they lay,
But smiled on his little daughter, the maiden
Madeleine,
And a necklet of jewels promised her, when
home he should come again.

WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND

And ever the days passed swiftly, and care-
less the workmen grew

For the months they seemed a hundred, since
the last war-bugle blew.

Ah! little they dreamt on their pillows, the
farmers of Vercheres,

That the wolves of the southern forest had
scented the harvest fair.

Like ravens they quickly gather, like tigers
they watch their prey.

Poor people! with hearts so happy, they sang
as they toiled away,

Till the murderous eyeballs glistened, and the
tomahawk leaped out

And the banks of the green St. Lawrence
echoed the savage shout.

“O mother of Christ, have pity,” shrieked the
women in despair.

“This is no time for praying,” cried the young
Madeleine Vercheres,

“Aux armes! aux armes! les Iroquois! quick
to your arms and guns,

Fight for your God and country and the lives
of the innocent ones.”

And she sped like a deer of the mountain,
when beagles press close behind

And the feet that would follow after, must
be swift as the prairie wind.

Alas! for the men and women, and little ones
that day

For the road it was long and weary, and the
fort it was far away.

But the fawn had outstripped the hunters,
 and the palisades drew near,
 And soon from the inner gateway the war-
 bugle rang out clear;
 Gallant and clear it sounded, with never a
 note of despair,
 'Twas a soldier of France's challenge, from
 the young Madeleine Vercheres.

"And this is my little garrison, my brothers
 Louis and Paul?
 With soldiers two—and a cripple? may the
 Virgin pray for us all.
 But we've powder and guns in plenty, and
 we'll fight to the latest breath
 And if need be for God and country, die a
 brave soldier's death.

"Load all the carabines quickly, and whenever
 you sight the foe
 Fire from the upper turret, and the loopholes
 down below.
 Keep up the fire, brave soldiers, though the
 fight may be fierce and long
 And they'll think our little garrison is more
 than a hundred strong."

So spake the maiden Madeleine, and she
 roused the Norman blood
 That seemed for a moment sleeping, and sent
 it like a flood
 Through every heart around her, and they
 fought the red Iroquois
 As fought in the old time battles, the soldiers
 of Carignan.

And they say the black clouds gathered,
 and a tempest swept the sky
 And the roar of the thunder mingled with
 the forest tiger's cry,
 But still the garrison fought on, while the
 lightning's jagged spear
 Tore a hole in the night's dark curtain, and
 showed them a foeman near.

And the sun rose up in the morning, and the
 colour of blood was he,
 Gazing down from the heavens on the little
 company.

"Behold! my friends!" cried the maiden, "'tis
 a warning lest we forget,
 Though the night saw us do our duty, our
 work is not finished yet."

And six days followed each other, and feeble
 her limbs became,
 Yet the maid never sought her pillow, and
 the flash of the carabines' flame
 Illumined the powder-smoked faces, aye, even
 when hope seemed gone
 And she only smiled on her comrades, and told
 them to fight, fight on.

And she blew a blast on the bugle, and lo!
 from the forest black,
 Merrily, merrily ringing, an answer came
 pealing back.
 Oh! pleasant and sweet it sounded, borne on
 the morning air,
 For it heralded fifty soldiers, with gallant De
 la Monniere.

And when he beheld the maiden, the soldier
of Carignan,
And looked on the little garrison that fought
the red Iroquois
And held their own in the battle, for six
long weary days,
He stood for a moment speechless, and mar-
velled at woman's ways.

Then he beckoned the men behind him and
steadily they advance,
And, with carabines uplifted, the veterans
of France
Saluted the brave young Captain so timidly
standing there
And they fired a volley in honour of Madeleine
Vercheres.

And this, my dear, is the story of the maiden
Madeleine.
God grant that we in Canada may never see
again
Such cruel wars and massacres, in waking or
in dream,
As our fathers and mothers saw, my child,
in the days of the old regime.

WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND

GIVE US MEN.

Give us men to match our mountains,
Give us men to match our plains,
Men with empires in their purpose
And new eras in their brains.

H. T. MILLER

LOVE'S PILGRIM

Far from thy shrine,
With sterile plains of weary days between,
Hope whispers ever from the void, unseen,
Thou still art mine—
When 'mid the stress of life, with theeward
face,
I make my vows toward thy dwelling-place.

At radiant morn,
As the new day first slants into mine eyes,
Steal thoughts of that glad dawning of sur-
prise
When Love was born;
And in that place where night and morning
meet
I cast my life, a love-gift, at thy feet.

Beats the fierce noon
Of sorrow on my head while skies as brass
Roof all the path my daily feet must pass,
Peace cometh soon:
Prone on the sands of absence, lo, I kiss
Thy hands in thought, and find an oasis!

Cometh the night—
I will my carpet of Remembrance spread,
Till dreary space and absence all are sped
Far from my sight,
And down the corridors of Silence deep
Thy white hand beckons me to thee,—and sleep.

FELLOW CRAFTSMEN.

As in some workshop where the hammers ring
 And bare-armed artisans toil, blow on blow,
 To make each crude, imperfect member grow
 To the completed plan, rise thou, and fling

Aside all doubt and languor; strive to bring
 The deed up to its best; in gladness go
 Undaunted; have full confidence; and know
 Thou and thy God can perfect everything!

Throughout the busy day He works with us
 And knows that we are tired; He hears and
 feels

The grind of every cog, the plaint, the fuss,
 The purr of pinions in the thousand wheels
 That whirr for ever down the endless walls,
 Where, as we toil, His light perpetual falls.

ROBERT NORWOOD.

SOUL LIFTED

FROM MOOD-DRIFT.

Crowd back the hills and give me room,
 Nor goad me with the sense of tings;
 Earth cramps me like a narrow tomb,
 Your sunlight is too dense for wings;
 Away with all horizon-bars;
 Push back the mountains and the stars.

ALBERT DURRANT WATSON.

THE BARLEY FIELDS.

The sunset has faded, there's but a tinge,
Saffron pale, where a star of white
Has tangled itself in the trailing fringe
Of the pearl-grey robe of the summer night.

Oh the green of the barley fields grows deep,
The breath of the barley fields grows rare;
There is rustle and glimmer, sway and sweep—
The wind is holding high revel there,

Singing the song it has often sung—

Hark to the troubadour glad and bold:

“Sweet is the earth when the summer is young
And the barley fields are green and gold!”

JEAN BLEWETT.

THE DRAGONFLY.

I

Winged wonder of motion
In splendour of sheen,
Cruising the shining blue
Waters all day,
Smit with hunger of heart
And seized of a quest
Which nor beauty of flower
Nor promise of rest
Has charm to appease
Or slacken or stay,—
What is it you seek,
Unopen, unseen?

II

Are you blind to the sight
Of the heavens of blue,
Or the wind-fretted clouds
On their white, airy wings,
Or the emerald grass
That velvets the lawn,
Or glory of meadows
Aflame like the dawn?

Are you deaf to the note
In the woodland that rings
With the song of the whitethroat,
As crystal as dew?

III

Winged wonder of motion
In splendour of sheen,
Stay, stay a brief moment
Thy hither and thither
Quick-beating of wings,
Thy flashes of flight;
And tell me thy heart;
Is it sad, is it light,
Is it pulsing with fears
Which scorch it and wither
Or with joys that upwell
In a girdle of green?

IV

"O breather of words
And poet of life,
I tremble with joy,
I flutter with fear!
Ages it seemeth,

Yet only to-day
 In this world of
 Gold sunbeams at play,
 I came from the deeps.
 O crystalline sphere!
 O beauteous light!
 O glory of life!

V

“On the watery floor
 Of this sibilant lake,
 I lived in the twilight dim.
 ‘There’s a world of Day,’
 Some pled, ‘a world
 Of ether and wings athrob
 Close over our head.’
 ‘It’s a dream, it’s a whim,
 A whisper of reeds,’ they said,—
 And anon the waters would sob.
 And ever the going
 Went on to the dead
 Without the glint of a ray,
 And the watchers watched
 In their vanishing wake.

VI

“The passing
 Passed for aye,
 And the waiting
 Waited in vain!
 Some power seemed to enfold
 The tremulous waters around,
 Yet never in heat
 Nor in shrivelling cold,
 Nor darkness deep or gray,—

Came token of sound or touch,—
 A clear unquestioned 'Yea!
 And the scoffers scoffed,
 In swelling refrain,
 'Let us eat and drink,
 For to-morrow we die.'

VII

"But, Oh, in a trance of bliss,
 With gauzy wings I awoke!
 An ecstasy bore me away
 O'er field and meadow and plain.
 I thought not of recent pain,
 But revelled, as splendours broke
 From sun and cloud and air,
 In the eye of golden Day.

VIII

"I'm yearning to break
 To my fellows below
 The secret of ages hoar;
 In the quick-flashing light
 I dart up and down,
 Forth and back, everywhere,
 But the waters are sealed
 Like a pavement of glass,—
 Sealed that I may not pass.
 Oh for waters of air!
 Or the wing of an eagle's might
 To cleave a pathway below!"

IX

And the dragonfly in splendour
 Cruises ever o'er the lake,
 Holding in his heart a secret
 Which in vain he seeks to break.

THEODORE HARDING RAND

A HYMN FOR CANADA.

Lord of the lands, beneath Thy bending skies,
 On field and flood, where'er our banner flies,
 Thy people lift their hearts to Thee,
 Their grateful voices raise:
 May our Dominion ever be
 A temple to Thy praise.
 Thy will alone let all enthrone;
 Lord of the lands, make Canada Thine own!

Almighty Love, by Thy mysterious power,
 In wisdom guide, with faith and freedom
 dower;

Be ours a nation evermore
 That no oppression blights,
 Where justice rules from shore to shore,
 From Lakes to Northern Lights.
 May Love alone for wrong atone;
 Lord of the lands, make Canada Thine own!

Lord of the worlds, with strong eternal hand,
 Hold us in honour, truth, and self-command;
 The loyal heart, the constant mind,
 The courage to be true,
 Our wide-extending Empire bind,
 And all the earth renew.
 Thy name be known through every zone;
 Lord of the worlds, make all the lands Thine
 own!

ALBERT DURRANT WATSON

SEA SONG

I will go down to the sea again,
To the waste of waters, wild and wide;
I am tired—so tired—of hill and plain
And the dull, tame face of the country-side.

I will go out across the bar,
With a swoop like the flight of a sea-bird's
wings,
To where the winds and the waters are,
With their multitudinous thunderings.

My prow shall furrow the whitening sea,
Out into the teeth of the lashing wind,
Where a thousand billows snarl and flee
And break in a smother of foam behind.

O strong and terrible Mother Sea,
Let me lie once more on your cool white
breast,
Your winds have blown through the heart of
me
And called me back from the land's dull rest.

For night by night they blow through my
sleep,
The voice of waves through my slumber
rings,

I feel the spell of the steadfast deep;
I hear its trappings and triumphings.

And at last when my hours of life are sped,
Let them make me no grave by hill or plain.
Thy waves, O Mother, shall guard my head;
I will go down to my sea again.

KITCHEN WINDOW

I glance from humble toil and see
The star gods go in heavenly pride,
Bright Sirius glittering through a tree,
Orion with eternal stride.

And as I watch them in the blue
With shading hand against the glass,
I know not if their work I do
Or if for me they rise and pass. ,

J. E. H. MACDONALD.

REALITY

These deathless wonders shame the Spanish
blade:

Fury of Nero, hate of Sabine maid,
Fervour of Olaf at the Christian font,
Love of Leander in the Hellespont.

Men and machines are but a winter breath,
Seen for a moment, then dissolved by death.
Passions of men, the visions men may see
Troop to the confines of Eternity.

JESSE EDGAR MIDDLETON

AN EVENING SONG

If from my painting one hue,
If from my singing one line,
If from my building one true
Hint of design,

If from my carving one curve,
If from my wisdom one phrase
The Master sees fit to preserve,
Joyous my days.

May this be said of me:
"He gave to sound one cry,
To Life one memory
That would not die.

"He took from strife her sword;
He gave to peace his breath."
May this be said, O Lord,
Of me at death.

Happy is he who at last
Hears the immortal choir
Gather one note of his blast
From the destroying fire.

I have done well if, at night
When the dusk curtains fall,
I have set one guiding light
In the King's Hall.

THRENODY FOR A POET

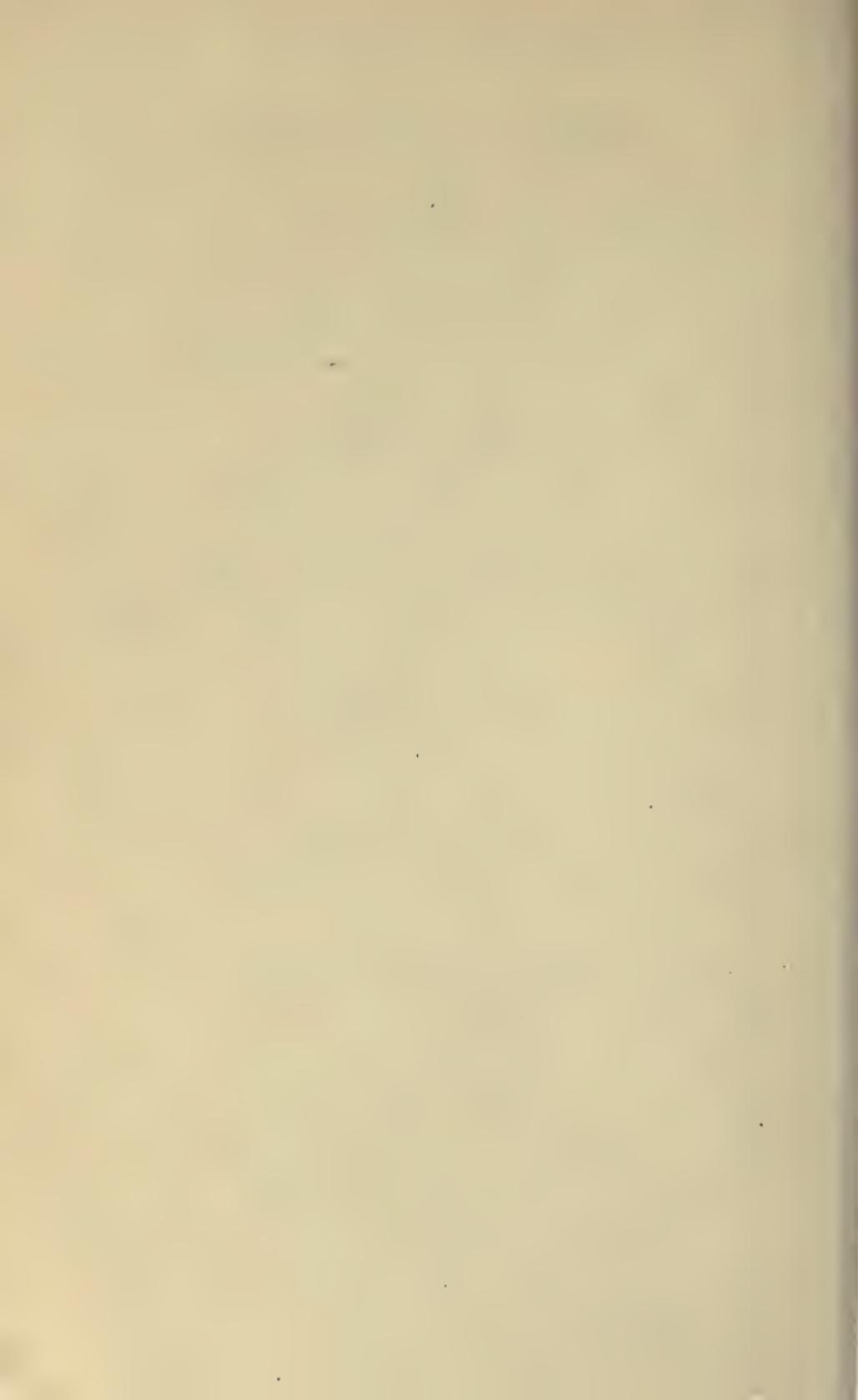
Not in the ancient abbey,
Nor in the city ground,
Not in the lonely mountains,
Nor in the blue profound,
Lay him to rest when his time is come
And the smiling mortal lips are dumb;

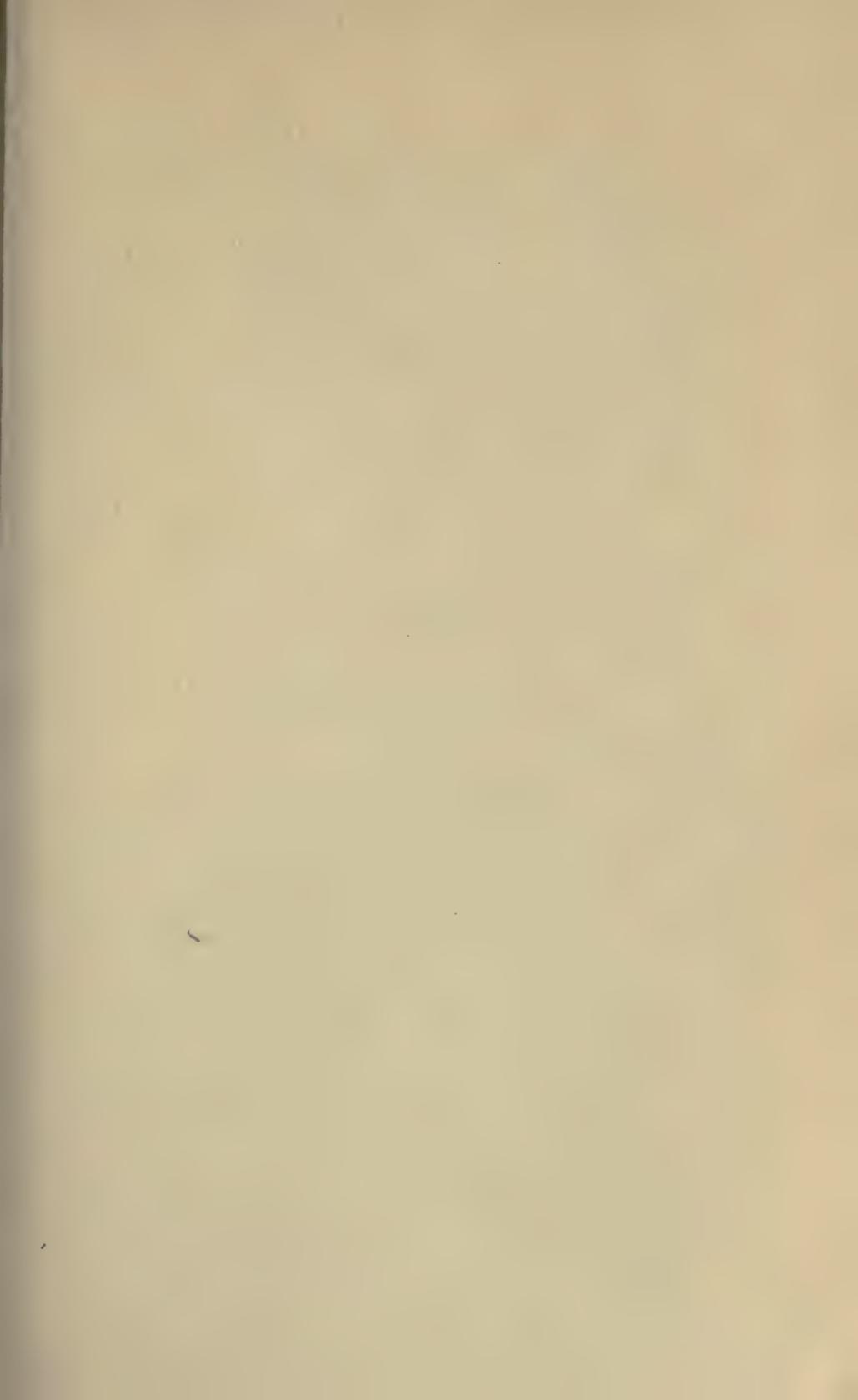
But here in the decent quiet
Under the whispering pines,
Where the dogwood breaks in blossom
And the peaceful sunlight shines,
Where wildbirds sing and ferns unfold,
When spring comes back in her green and
gold.

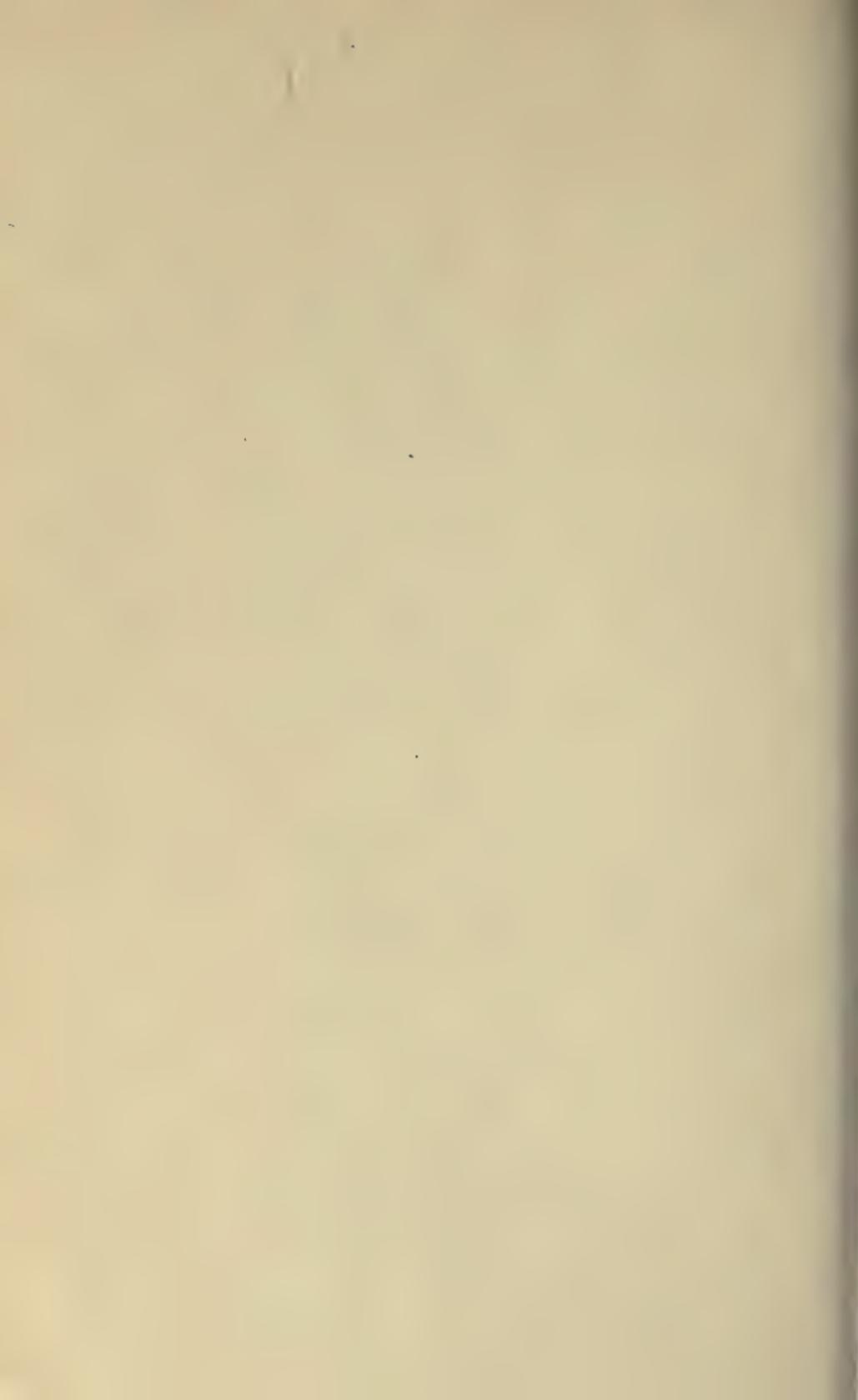
And when that mortal likeness
Has been dissolved by fire,
Say not above the ashes,
"Here ends a man's desire."
For every year when the bluebirds sing,
He shall be part of the lyric spring.

Then dreamful-hearted lovers
Shall hear in wind and rain
The cadence of his music,
The rhythm of his refrain,
For he was a blade of the April sod
That bowed and blew with the whisper of God.

BLISS CARMAN

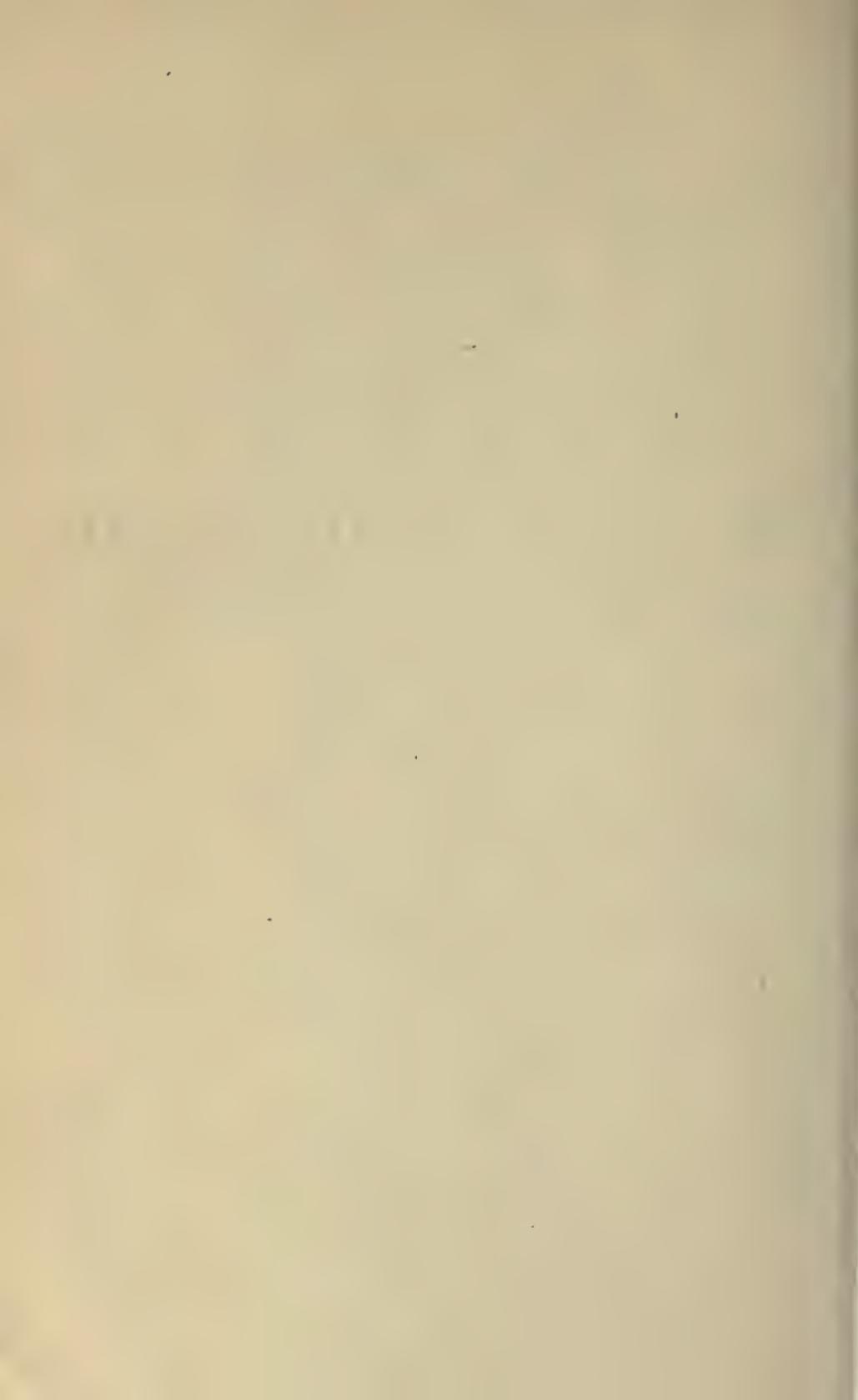






OUR CANADIAN LITERATURE

Representative Prose



Our Canadian Literature

INTRODUCTION

Great literatures have grown out of the national consciousness of peoples and have developed around national ideals. The Hebrew ideal was ethical and religious. The formative principle of Greek literature was a sense of symmetry and beauty. The literature of Rome reflected law and order, the Kelt's a romantic idealism, the Anglo-Saxon's a passion for freedom and an inbred nonconformity. The Russian speaks with an intensity almost akin to a religious madness, and everywhere there is heard a wistful yearning for the refining culture of suffering. In the same sense can it be said that Canada has achieved a national literature?

Canada is a nation of many dissimilar peoples, and the spectrum of our national consciousness shows many varying degrees of color, and a thousand known and nameless strains from the remotest ends of the earth. Yet there is something distinct and unique about the Canadian national spirit, and with the growth of self-consciousness there is an accompanying restlessness to assert our individuality and to stand upon our own feet. The cause of this seems to be a deepening

conviction that we have a considerable historical tradition, and that we have as well a not inglorious literary tradition. In a word, it means that we have achieved a sense of full nationhood.

There is therefore a subtle spiritual centre around which our new life is integrating, an individuality still undefined, and which, while it is undergoing subtle changes yet remains unique, and though changing yet unchanged. It is this that gives to our national life permanence, direction and force. It is this that acts as an inner imperative, thrusting us out into characteristic expressions of national life and thought, and which, for want of a better word, we call the spirit of Canada.

The political traditions of Canada are lost in the dim dawns of the histories of England and France. The roots of Canadian culture are buried in the soil that produced Cædmon, the songs of the Nibelungs, the sagas of Ossian and Cuchulain and the chansons of the Gaul. We have two great shrines at which we speak two languages; yet we have but one passionate loyalty—Canada! And out of it all there has developed something permanent and something of surpassing beauty, vast as the physical outline of our Dominion, rich as its fabled wealth, and as cosmopolitan as the myriad sources which give it being.

While farmers and traders from Normandy and Brittany brought with them what we know as *les chansons populaires du Canada*, they were mainly folk-songs of the homeland. The early English, Scotch and Irish settlers

passed on their hymns, religious meditations and journals; and although we include Frances Brooke and Francis Maseres among our writers they really belong to the old land. Canadian literature began in all seriousness after the American War of Independence. The year 1776, therefore, becomes a date of importance in our own country. Following this war there began a great influx of loyalists into Canada—clergy, college graduates, officials, judges—some of the ablest men of the New England States. The first literary output after this change of residence is marked by a wistful looking back, by a homesickness as well as by a tone of political bitterness and rampant patriotism in which war deeds, loyalties, imperialism and the like had a prominent place. These writings were offset by the older writers of the Canadas dealing with tales of adventure and discovery, trader's tales and missionary romances. The difference was one rather of subject than of style, for there had been as yet no new "American" style adopted. The classic forms of English were used by all, for all had considered themselves in every sense real Britishers. Pope, Dryden, and Richardson continued for some time to be the models, and after 1776 the "loyalist tradition" accentuated it if anything.

A real history of the literature of Canada must include an appreciation of the contribution of the French. We have already paid tribute to the importance of their work and that leavening influence it has had upon our national literature. If space permitted one

might portray a glorious offering in the works of Champlain, Hennepin and Charlevoix, of Quesnel, Bédard, Papineau, Garneau, Gaspé, Chapais, Crémazie, Fréchette and a host of others. The French writers have remained apart and have suffered less change than their English compatriots. Their traditions are rooted in France, and they might be said to have given to Canadian literature rather than to have received from it.

The process which had been operating after the war of 1776 reached a culmination in the war of 1812. English, Scotch, Irish and French were welded together against one common foe. However, once the emergencies of the war were removed the old lines of demarcation began again to assert themselves, though not as clearly or as persistently as before. There might be unity on occasion, but not union. Nevertheless the episode did show that their likes were stronger than their dislikes, and their similarities than their dissimilarities.

Then came the rebellion of 1837-38. Joseph Howe had won freedom for the press in the famous defence of the "Nova Scotian." There was a growing restlessness everywhere against old tyrannies and abuses, the violation of what they liked to call "national honor." It was a war against privilege in education, in church and state. Men demanded a real commonwealth. It was felt that Canada was for the Canadians, and they must be free to live out their own life.

Then, in 1867, came Confederation, and Canada was christened a Dominion, significant alike of its extent and destiny. And with the solidification of the political life of Canada there also went a crystallization of her spiritual life. The soul of a people was being born as its body took shape. From Confederation until the Great War in 1914, when Canada stood forth as a nation by its own right, a real national literature was in the process of development, a fact which we are but slowly coming to understand, a fact which some do not yet appreciate. There has emerged a national form of humor, a brand of political satire indigenous to our soil, histories and romances truly Canadian, memoirs rich in the very quality of our life, and chronicles, orations and papers breathing the spirit of our land. Some of our writers have gone abroad, others have come to us, and out of it all there has arisen a new Canadian cosmopolitanism. It is true that we have no Villon, no Molière, no Dante, no Shakespeare. Neither have we any period corresponding to the Renaissance and no Grand Siècle. There is not yet in our literature a national epic like that of Ossian, the Nibelungenlied or the Chanson de Roland. We are rather heirs of these. We appropriated them and added to them our own naturalism and simplicity, our love of reality and our purified idealism. Canada has never been a sole and direct descendant of literary England. The sources of our culture, we repeat, have been derived from England, from France and from New England as

well. And furthermore, it is no idle statement that the literature of the United States was at one time and still is the literature of Canada.

Canada might have the noblest traditions and still remain colorless as water. But when the Dominion of Canada was born at Confederation, the Canadian soul came into existence with it. From that date our literature took on a distinctive form. A nation that would govern itself must learn to think for itself and of itself. It must make that thought articulate, for only in this way can it hope to acquaint its neighbors with, or instruct its citizens in the spiritual ideals of the race. As yet we have no over-shadowing masterpiece and no invariable tradition. Canada is too busy making tradition, too deeply concerned with knowing itself and in clothing its national idealism with native and inevitable artistry.

We have produced something of real worth, however, something of which Canadians may well be proud. Only by gathering together, carefully and critically, the best that we have produced, may the outline of our greatness be imagined. In such a mansion of the mind we may listen rapturously to those who have mastered the meaning of our life and thought, who have discerned with unclouded eye the inner meaning of our spirit and who alone, of all those within our borders, are qualified to explain us to ourselves and to interpret us to others.

What is this essential spirit of Canadian literature? How may we hope to define it? Does it consist merely of a love of our native heritage? Is it the spirit of fraternity, or is it reverence for the religious and political traditions of our race? Is it devotion to truth, beauty and goodness, or is it to be found in a wild hunger for fulness of life and an unquenchable passion for freedom? In the vastness of our spaces, the imperious sweep of our colossal heritage, the unmeasured reaches of earth and sky and sea, does the subtle thing reveal itself in these? Or is it some spiritual amalgam composed of the minted heart-offerings of the races of the world? It is all these and more. And while there is no high and controlling principle, which through generation after generation has guided us like a star, and while we discover no absolute, sustained and deliberate search for ordered beauty and "the endless glories of art," yet it may justly be claimed that a national Canadian literature is fast taking shape. Amid the richness of its variety of cadences and colors, amid the teeming wealth of its imaginative splendor, and the triumphant joyousness of its throbbing, expanding, up-soaring life and thought, stand out splendid mountain peaks, some of which are entitled to be accorded a place among the masterpieces of the literature of the world.

THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY.

The Duke of Montague, seeing that these men (two young Frenchmen, Radisson and Groseillier) had a great, if somewhat romantic, project in hand, gave them letters of introduction to Prince Rupert in England. That dashing soldier of fortune and buccaneer on the high seas received them with alacrity that argued kinship of spirit. He himself had not been too strait-laced as to matters of citizenship, but had, with delightful indifference as to the cause, given his sword and his service here and there for a consideration. He posed as the patron of daring enterprises, and, as he practised a wild extravagance that needed revenue, he was glad to have an opportunity of sharing in a project which promised large returns in that regard. At that time he was in high favor with the easy-going Charles II and, after some preliminary expeditions had been undertaken, this erratic monarch, in 1670, granted Prince Rupert and a few associates a monopolistic charter which turned over to these adventurers practically half a continent. It was on that account that the vast territory became known as Rupert's Land, a name which survives to this day in the title of the Anglican Archbishop at Winnipeg, and also in the name of the western terminus of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway. There was nothing in Prince Rupert's general

life and character to deserve special commemoration, but he at least had the enterprise and the dash of romance which made him the man for an undertaking which unlocked the hidden door to a new empire for men.

The charter granted by Charles to Prince Rupert and about a score of associates, who put very little capital into the concern at the outset, was a singularly good piece of literary and legal workmanship, and closed with the words, "Witness ourself at Westminster the second day of May, in the two-and-twentieth year of our reign." The full name of the organization then authorized by King Charles, "of our ample and abundant grace, certain knowledge and mere motion," was "The Governor and Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay," but it has always been known as the Hudson's Bay Company. The charter granted practically sovereign powers over the vast portion of the American continent drained by streams entering Hudson Bay. Countless efforts were made from time to time to upset this highly monopolistic charter, but it held unshaken throughout two centuries, at the close of which, though the monopoly in trade had become a mere figment, the Canadian Government had to buy out the rights of the Company before entering on possession of the western provinces.

A charter so framed, conferring on the Company directors such extraordinary powers as exclusive trade, the making and enforcing of laws, the building of forts and even the organization of military force—the latter the most astonishing of all—might have easily become a despotic and injuriously tyrannical concern; but, in spite of its dangerous character, it became a sort of paternal and benevolent system of government. That it did so become is evidenced by the fact that, in two hundred years, with the exception of a few minor disputes over the freedom of trade, there was never a revolt against its authority. But this desirable condition of affairs existed, not because people liked a monopolistic organization, but by reason of the high character of the Company's employees in the North-West. In the hands of men of another type the administration of the Company might have been marred by tyranny and disfigured by spoliation. But the men of the Company were so uniformly honorable, intelligent, prudent and courteous that they controlled with the tacit consent of the governed. As a specific witness to the high and honorable character of the Company's servants, as they were generally called, it may be stated in our day, when corruption is rife enough, that in the two centuries, although these men were handling in remote posts, without check, tens of thousands

in fur values, no case of what is now called graft or embezzlement was ever known. The Union Jack, with the Company's ensign, on fort, canoe, sled or cart became a synonym for fair play. From my childhood I have known these men, factors, traders, explorers and the rest. They were men who read widely in their long winter nights, who made earnest investigation into the resources of the country, who sent specimens from the animal, vegetable and mineral world to enrich scientific institutions and to widen the scope of information for others; and my knowledge of them confirms me in the view that the deciding element in society's welfare is the individual unit.

“The Romance of Western Canada.”

R. G. MACBETH.

"THE CANADA BOOK."

Except in the very rare cases where a specialized artist of quite unusual ability and strength of character is in question, it must be granted that the Newer Worlds do mostly crush out the artist in the man. It is not probable that the artist will succeed in them in the ordinary sense of the word. He will have to take his pleasure in feeling that he has attained the power of looking things straight in the face and so has got into truer relation with essentials—has become, to some degree at least, the greatest artist of all, the artist in life.

* * * * *

For the really vital and significant thing in the whole situation is that, all the while this elimination of the artist from the workman is taking place, there is something else going on in him which is very difficult to grasp and almost impossible to put into words. When he gets over to Canada he does cast away a great many of his preconceived ideas; he loses his bearings; he becomes casual and inefficient and in many ways less pleasant than he was, but he becomes a more definite personality. He ceases to be one of a class and becomes instead more of a distinctive human being. He sets foot on that long road which passes through egoism and acquisitiveness and leads slowly to knowledge and mastery—what wonder if he travels eagerly?

* * * * *

A curious transformation sets in. What is happening is that the worker is defiantly prov-

ing his own personality not only to the world but to himself. He is getting born again—out of a class and as an individual. At that stage of the human being's history (and it happens sooner or later to everyone) what we call "art" is bound to suffer In the case of the craftsman, whose interest in his work is transferred to interest in himself, the love of the work will die. There is no room for both: a man cannot serve two masters. In the birth of self-consciousness, art must go for a time.

* * * * *

The worker is not likely to be happy in Canada, but then would he be happy anywhere, once he has entered the stage of self-consciousness? Can you be acutely self-conscious and happy at one and the same time—if your self-consciousness is being used by you only in order to further your own interests and assert your rights? But if he is no happier, he will at any rate be more satisfied. He gains a sense of freedom in the New World, and in the escape from tradition and the routine of a narrow groove he also acquires a resourcefulness and a certain rough-and-ready adaptability that are of value. Perhaps that is the next step back to the old loyalty: perhaps this spirit of assertion is the necessary bridge to that other consciousness of self that makes you only the more valuable servant of others. But it is a long step and a strong step over the chasm, and it cannot be taken—while you stand and look.

"OUR LITTLE LIFE."

J. G. SIME.

THE CANADIAN DOMINION.

It was thus a Frenchman of Brittany who, first of Europeans in historic times, set foot upon Canadian soil and claimed the country for his king, and so for many of his fellow-countrymen, who afterwards came to make New France their home. It was a company of English adventurers on Hudson Bay who for two centuries kept for their king and country the almost continuous sovereignty of the land bestowed upon them. . . . It was brave Fraser and Montgomery Highlanders, and restless Scottish pioneers, who came as early settlers, the former to carry with French voyageurs the fur trade from Montreal to distant Athabasca, the latter to reclaim the wilderness along the sea-shore of Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island, as well as elsewhere, who gave elements of energy and thrift to Canada. It was the sweetest poet of Ireland who, gliding with the boatmen down the beautiful St. Lawrence, sang the best-known Canadian song in the land whither many of his countrymen have since come to find freedom and prosperity. Last, and perhaps most important, it was American loyalists who, sacrificing worldly goods, preserved their honour to be an inheritance to their children in New Brunswick and elsewhere along the sea, as well as to be the leaders in laying the foundations of a new community upon the shores of the lakes Erie and Ontario.

“A Short History of the Canadian People.”

THE WOMEN AT THE GATE.

By and by my sister put me in dry clothes, and bidding me be a good lad, sat me in the best room below, where the maids had laid a fire. And Skipper Tommy Lovejoy, finding me there disconsolate, took me to the seaward hills to watch the break of day: for the rain had ceased, the wind fallen away; and the gray light of dawn was in the eastern sky.

"I'm wantin' t' tell you, Davy," he said, in a confidential way, as we trudged along, "about the gate o' heaven."

I took his hand.

"An' I *been* wantin' t' tell you," he added, giving his nose a little tweak, "for a long, long time."

"Is you?"

"Ay, lad; an' about the women at the gate."

"Women, Skipper Tommy?" said I, puzzled.

"An', pray, who is they?"

"Mothers," he answered. "Just mothers."

"What they doin' at the gate? No, no! They're not *there*. Sure, they're playin' harps at the foot o' the throne."

"No," said he, positively; "they're at the gate."

"What they doin' there?"

"Waitin'."

We were now come to the crest of a hill; and the sea was spread before us—breaking angrily under the low, black sky.

"What's they waitin' for?" I asked.

"Davy, lad," he answered, impressively, "they're waitin' for them they bore. *That's* what they're waitin' for."

“For their sons?”

“Ay; an’ for their daughters, too.”

While I watched the big seas break on the rocks below—and the clouds drift up from the edge of the world—I pondered upon this strange teaching. My mother had never told me of the women waiting at the gate.

“Ah, but,” I said, at last, “I’m thinkin’ God would never allow it t’ go on. He’d want un all t’ sing His praises. Sure, they’d just be wastin’ His time—waitin’ there at the gate.”

Skipper Tommy shook his head—and smiled, and softly patted my shoulder.

“An’ He’d gather un there, at the foot o’ the throne,” I went on, “an’ tell un t’ waste no more, but strike up their golden harps.”

“No, no!”

“Why not?”

“They wouldn’t go.”

“But He’d *make* un go.”

“He couldn’t.”

“Not *make* un!” I cried, amazed.

“Look you, lad,” he explained, in a sage whisper, “they’re all mothers, an they’d be *wantin’* t’ stay where they was, an’, ecod! they’d find a way.”

“Ah, well,” I sighed, “’tis wearisome work—this waitin’.”

“I’m thinkin’ not,” he answered, soberly, speaking rather to himself than to me. “’Tis not wearisome for such as know the good Lard’s plan.”

“’Tis wonderful hard,” said I, “on the mothers o’ wicked sons.”

The old man smiled. "Who knows," he asked, "that 'tis wonderful hard on they?"

"But then," I mused, "the Lord would find a way t' comfort the mother o' such."

"Oh, ay!"

"I'm thinkin', maybe," I went on, "that He'd send an angel t' tell her they wasn't worth the waitin' for. 'Mind un not,' he'd say. 'They're nothin' but bad, wicked boys. Leave un go t' hell an' burn.'"

"An', now, what, lad," he inquired with deep interest, "is you thinkin' the mother would do?"

"She'd take the angel's hand," I sighed.

"Ay?"

"An' go up t' the throne—forgettin' them she'd left."

"An' then?"

"She'd praise the Lard," I sobbed.

"Never!" the skipper cried.

I looked hopefully in his face.

"Never!" he repeated. "'Lard,' she'd say, 'I loves un all the more for their sins. Leave me wait—oh, leave me wait—here at the gate. Maybe—sometime—they'll come.'"

"But some," said I, in awe, "would wait forever—an' ever—an' ever"

"Not one!"

"Not one?"

"Not one! 'Twould break the dear Lard's heart t' see un waitin' there."

I looked away to the furthest clouds, fast changing, now, from grey to silver; and for a long time I watched them thin and brighten.

"Skipper Tommy," I asked, at last, "is *my* mother at the gate?"

"Ay," said he confidently.

"Waitin'?"

"Ay."

"An' for me?"

He gave me an odd look—searching my very soul with his mild old eyes. "Doesn't you think she is?" he asked.

"I knows it!" I cried.

Far off at the horizon, the sky broke—and the rift broadened—and the clouds lifted—and the east flamed with color—and all at once the rosy, hopeful light of dawn flushed the frowning sea.

"Look!" the skipper whispered.

"Ay," said I, "the day is broke."

"A new day!" said he.

"Doctor Luke of The Labrador."

NORMAN DUNCAN.

THE HEIGHTS OF ABRAHAM.

The great night came, starlit and serene. The campfires of two armies spotted the shores of the wide river, and the ships lay like wild fowl in convoys above the town from where the arrow of fate should be sped. Darkness upon the river, and fireflies upon the shore. At Beauport, an untiring General (~~Wolfe~~ *Montcalm*) who for a hundred days had snatched sleep, booted and spurred, and in the ebb of a losing game, longed for his adored Candiac, grieved for a beloved daughter's death, sent cheerful messages to his aged mother and to his wife, and by the deeper protests of his love foreshadowed his own doom. At Cap Rouge, a dying commander, unperturbed and valiant, reached out a finger to trace the last movements in a desperate campaign of life that opened in Flanders at sixteen; of which the end began when he took from his bosom the portrait of his affianced wife, and said to his old schoolfellow, "Give this to her, Jervis, for we shall meet no more."

Then, passing to the deck, silent and steady, no signs of pain upon his face, so had the calm come to him, as to Nature and this beleaguered city, before the whirlwind, he looked out upon the clustered groups of boats filled with the flower of his army, settled in a menacing tranquility. There lay the Light Infantry. Bragg's, Kennedy's, Lascelles',

Anstruther's Regiment, Fraser's Highlanders, and the much-loved, much-blamed, and impetuous Louisburg Grenadiers. Steady, indomitable, silent as cats, precise as mathematicians, he could trust them, as they loved his awkward, pain-twisted body and ugly red hair.

From boat to boat the General's eye passed, then shifted to the ships—the *Squirrel*, the *Leostaff*, the *Seahorse*, and the rest—and lastly to where the army of Bougainville lay. Then there came towards him an officer, who said quietly, "The tide has turned, sir." For reply the General made a swift motion towards the maintop shrouds, and almost instantly lanterns showed in them. In response, the crowded boats began to cast away, and, immediately descending, the General passed into his own boat, drew to the front, and drifted in the current ahead of his gallant men, the ships following after.

It was two by the clock when the boats began to move, and slowly we ranged down the stream, silently steered, carried by the current. No paddle, no creaking oarlock, broke the stillness. I was in the next boat to the General's, for, with Clark and twenty-two other volunteers to the forlorn hope, I was to show the way up the heights, and we were near to his person for over two hours that night.

He turned to a young midshipman beside him, and said, "How old are you, sir?"

"Seventeen, sir," was the reply.

“It is the most lasting passion,” he said, musing.

It seemed to me then, and I still think it, that the passion he meant was love of country. A moment afterwards I heard him recite to the officers about him in a low, clear tone, some verses by Mr. Gray, the poet, which I had never then read, though I have prized them since. Under those frowning heights, and the smell from our roaring distant thirty-two-pounders in the air, I heard him say:

“The curfew tolls the knell of parting day;
The lowing herd wind slowly o’er the lea;
The ploughman homeward plods his weary
way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to
me.”

I have heard finer voices than his—it was as tin beside Doltaire’s—but something in it pierced me that night, and I felt the man, the perfect hero, when he said:

“The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e’er
gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.”

Soon afterwards we neared the end of our quest, the tide carrying us in to shore; and down from the dark heights there came a challenge, satisfied by an officer, who said in French that we were provision-boats for

Montcalm: these, we knew, had been expected! Then came the batteries of Samos. Again we passed with the same excuse, rounded a headland, and the great work was begun.

The boats of the Light Infantry swung in to shore. No sentry challenged, but I knew that at the top Lancy's tents were set. When the Light Infantry had landed, we twenty-four volunteers stood still for a moment, and I pointed out the way. Before we started, we stooped beside a brook that leaped lightly down the ravine and drank a little rum and water. Then I led the way, Clark at one side of me, and a soldier of the Light Infantry at the other. It was hard climbing, but, following in our careful steps as silently as they might, the good fellows came eagerly after. Once a rock broke loose and came tumbling down, but plunged into a thicket, where it stayed; else it might have done for us entirely. I breathed freely when it stopped. Once, too, a branch cracked loudly, and we lay still; but hearing nothing above, we pushed on, and sweating greatly, came close to the top.

* * * * *

And now, while an army climbed to the heights of Maître Abraham, Admiral Saunders in the gray dawn was bombarding Montcalm's encampment, and boats filled with marines and soldiers drew to the Beauport flats, as if to land there; while shots, bombs, shells, and carcasses were hurled from Levis upon the town,

deceiving Montcalm. At last, however, suspecting, he rode towards the town at six o'clock, and saw our scarlet ranks spread across the plains between him and Bougainville, and on the crest, nearer to him, eyeing us in amazement, the white-coated battalion of Guienne, which should the day before have occupied the very ground held by Lancy. A slight rain falling added to their gloom, but cheered us. It gave us a better light to fight by, for in the clear September air, the bright sun shining in our faces, they would have had us at advantage.

In another hour the gates of St. John and St. Louis emptied out upon this battlefield a warring flood of our foes. It was a handsome sight: the white uniforms of the brave regiments, Roussillon, La Sarre, Guienne, Languedoc, Béarn, mixed with the dark, excitable militia, the sturdy burghers of the town, a band of *coureurs de bois* in their rough hunter's costume, and whooping Indians, painted and furious, ready to eat us. At last here was to be a test of fighting in open field, though the French had in their whole army twice the number of our men, a walled and provisioned city behind them, and field-pieces in great number to bring against us.

But there was bungling with them. Vaudreuil hung back or came tardily from Beauport; Bougainville had not yet arrived; and when they might have pitted twice our number against us, they had not many more

than we. With Bougainville behind us and Montcalm in front, we might have been checked, though there was no man in all our army but believed that we should win the day. I could plainly see Montcalm, mounted on a dark horse, riding along the lines as they formed against us, waving his sword, a truly gallant figure. He was answered by a roar of applause and greeting. On the left their Indians and burghers overlapped our second line, where Townsend with Amherst's and the Light Infantry, and Colonel Burton with the Royal Americans and Light Infantry, guarded our flank, prepared to meet Bougainville. In vain our foes tried to get between our right flank and the river; Otway's Regiment, thrown out, defeated that.

* * * * *

We made no noise, but stood steady and still, the bagpipes of the Highlanders shrilly challenging. At eight o'clock sharpshooters began firing on us from the left, and our skirmishers were thrown out to hold them in check, or drive them from the houses where they sheltered and galled Townsend's men. Their field-pieces opened on us, too, and yet we did nothing, but at nine o'clock, being ordered, we lay down and waited still. There was no restlessness, no anxiety, no show of doubt, for these men of ours were old fighters, and they trusted their leaders. From bushes, trees, coverts, and fields of grain there came

that constant hail of fire, and there fell upon our ranks a doggedness, a quiet anger, which grew into a grisly patience. The only pleasure we had in two long hours was in watching our two brass six-pounders play upon the irregular ranks of our foes, making confusion, and Townsend drive back a detachment of cavalry from Cap Rouge, which sought to break our left flank and reach Montcalm.

We had seen the stars go down, the cold, mottled light of dawn break over the battered city and the heights of Charlesbourg; we had watched the sun come up, and then steal away behind the slow-travelling clouds and hanging mist; we had looked across over unreaped cornfields and the dull, slovenly St. Charles, knowing that endless leagues of country, north and south, east and west, lay in the balance for the last time. I believed that this day would see the last of the strife between England and France for dominion here.

The public stake was worthy of our army—worthy of the dauntless soldier who had begged his physicians to patch him up long enough to fight this fight, whereon he staked reputation, life, all that a man loves in the world. I thought that Montcalm would have waited for Vaudreuil, but no. At ten o'clock his three columns came down upon us briskly, making a wild rattle; two columns moving upon our right and one upon our left, firing obliquely and constantly as they marched.

Then came the command to rise, and we stood up and waited, our muskets loaded with an extra ball. I could feel the stern malice in our ranks, as we stood there and took, without returning a shot, that damnable fire. Minute after minute passed; then came the sharp command to advance. We did so, and again halted, and yet no shot came from us. We stood there inactive, a long palisade of red.

At last I saw our General raise his sword, a command rang down the long line of battle, and like one terrible cannon-shot, our muskets sang together with as perfect a precision as on a private field of exercise. Then, waiting for the smoke to clear a little, another volley came with almost the same precision; after which the firing came in choppy waves of sound, and again in a persistent clattering. Then a light breeze lifted the smoke and mist well away, and a wayward sunlight showed us our foe, like a long white wave retreating from a rocky shore, bending, crumpling, breaking, and, in a hundred little billows, fleeing seaward.

“The Seats of the Mighty.”

SIR GILBERT PARKER.

ABOUT ANIMALS GOING TO HEAVEN.

"Do you suppose that it will always be summer there?" said Miss Laura, turning around and looking at him.

"I don't know. I imagine it will be, but I don't think anybody knows much about it. We've got to wait."

Miss Laura's eyes fell on me. "Harry," she said, "do you think that dumb animals will go to heaven?"

"I shall have to say again, I don't know," he replied. "Some people hold that they do. In a paper, the other day, I came across one writer's opinion on the subject. He says that among the best people of all ages have been some who believed in the future life of animals. Homer and the later Greeks, some of the Romans and early Christians held this view—the last believing that God sent angels in the shape of birds to comfort sufferers for the faith. St. Francis called the birds and beasts his brothers. Dr. Johnson believed in a future life for animals, as also did Wordsworth, Shelley, Coleridge, Jeremy Taylor, Agassiz, Lamartine, and many Christian scholars. It seems as if they ought to have some compensation for their terrible sufferings in this world. Then to go to heaven, animals would only have to take up the thread of their lives here. Man is a god to the lower creation. Joe worships you, much as you worship your Maker. Dumb animals live in and for their masters. They hang on our words and looks, and are dependent on us

in almost every way. For my own part, and looking at it from an earthly point of view, I wish with all my heart that we may find our dumb friends in paradise."

* * * * *

"Still, there's nothing definite about their immortality," said Mr. Harry. "However, we've got nothing to do with that. If it's right for them to be in heaven, we'll find them there. All we have to do now is to deal with the present, and the Bible plainly tells us that 'a righteous man regardeth the life of his beast'."

"I think I would be happier in heaven if dear old Joe were there," said Miss Laura, looking wistfully at me. "He has been such a good dog. Just think how he has loved and protected me. I think I should be lonely without him"

"If some animals go to heaven and not others, I think that the dog has the first claim. He's the friend of man—the oldest and best. Have you ever heard the legend about him and Adam?"

"No," said Mr. Maxwell.

"Well, when Adam was turned out of paradise, all the animals shunned him, and he sat bitterly weeping with his head between his hands, when he felt the soft tongue of some creature gently touching him. He took his hands from his face, and there was a dog that had separated himself from all the other animals, and was trying to comfort him. He became the chosen friend and companion of Adam, and afterward of all men."

“Speaking about animals going to heaven,” said Mr. Maxwell, “I daresay some of them would object to going, on account of the company that they would meet there. Think of the dog kicked to death by his master, the horse driven into his grave, the thousands of cattle starved to death on the plains—will they want to meet their owners in heaven?”

“According to my reckoning, their owners won’t be there,” said Mr. Harry. “I firmly believe that the Lord will punish every man or woman who ill-treats a dumb creature, just as surely as he will punish those who ill-treat their fellow-creatures. If a man’s life has been a long series of cruelties to dumb animals, do you suppose that he would enjoy himself in heaven, which will be full of kindness to everyone?”

“Beautiful Joe.”

MARSHALL SAUNDERS

OLD MAN SAVARIN

Old Ma'ame Paradis had caught seventeen small doré, four suckers, and eleven channel-catfish before she used up all the worms in her tomato-can. Therefore she was in a cheerful and loquacious humor when I came along and offered her some of my bait.

"Merci; non, M'sieu. Dat's 'nuff fishin' for me. I got too old now for fish much. You like me make you present of six or seven doré? Yes? All right. Then you make me present of one quarter dollar."

When this transaction was completed, the old lady got out her short black clay pipe, and filled it with *tabac blanc*.

"Ver' good smell for scare mosquitoes," said she. "Sit down, M'sieu. For sure I like to be here, me, for see the river when she's like this."

* * * * *

"I'm too old for scoop some now," said Ma'ame Paradis, with a sigh.

"You were never strong enough to scoop, surely," said I.

"No, eh? All right, M'sieu. Then you hain't nev' hear 'bout the time Old Man Savarin was catched up with. No, eh? Well, I'll tol' you 'bout that." And this was her story as she told it to me.

* * * * *

"Der was fun dose time. Nobody ain't nev' catch up with dat old rascal ony other time since I'll know him first. Me, I'll be only fifteen den. Dat's long time 'go, eh? Well,

for sure, I ain't so old like what I'll look. But Old Man Savarin was old already. He's old, old, old, when he's only thirty; an' *mean—baptême!* If de old Nick ain't got de hottest place for dat old stingy—yes, for sure!

"You'll see up dare where Frawce Seguin is scoop? Dat's the Laroque platform by right. Me, I was a Laroque. My fader was use for scoop dere, an' my gran'fader—the Laroques scoop dere all de time since ever dere was some Rapid Rataplan. Den Old Man Savarin he's buyed the land up dere from Felix Ladoucier, an' he's told my fader, 'You can't scoop no more wisout you pay me rent.'

"'Rent!' my fader say. '*Saprie!* Dat's my fader's platform for scoop fish! You ask anybody.'

"'Oh, I'll know all 'bout dat,' Old Man Savarin is say. 'Ladoucier let you scoop front of his land, for Ladoucier one big fool. De lan's mine now, an' de fishin' right is mine. You can't scoop dere wisout you pay me rent.'

"'*Baptême!* I'll show you 'bout dat,' my fader say.

"Next mawny he is go for scoop same like always. Den Old Man Savarin is fetch my fader up before de magistrate. De magistrate make my fader pay nine shillin'!

"'Mebbe dat's learn you one lesson,' Old Man Savarin is say.

"My fader swear pretty good, but my moder say: 'Well, Narcisse, dere hain' no use for take it out in malediction. De nine shillin' is paid. You scoop more fish—dat's the way.'

"So my fader he is go out early, early nex' mawny. He's scoop, he's scoop. He's catch plenty fish before Old Man Savarin come.

"'You ain't got 'nuff yet for fishin' on my land, eh? Come out of dat,' Old Man Savarin is say.

"*Saprie!* Ain't I pay nine shillin' for fish here?' my fader say.

"*Oui*—you pay nine shillin' for fish here *wisout* my leave. But you ain't pay nothin' for fish here *wis* my leave. You is goin' up before de magistrate some more.'

"So he fetch my fader up anoder time. An' de magistrate make my fader pay twelve shillin' more!

"'Well, I s'pose I can go fish on my fader's platform now,' my fader is say.

"Old Man Savarin was laugh. 'Your honor, dis man tink he don't have to pay me no rent, because you'll make him pay two fines for trespass on my land.'

"So de magistrate told my fader he hain't got no more right for go on his platform than he was at the start. My fader is ver' angry. He's cry, he's tear his shirt; but Old Man Savarin only say, 'I guess I learn you one good lesson, Narcisse.'

* * * * *

"Well, M'sieu, I'll make de rest short; for de sun is all gone now. What you tink I do dat mawny? I take de big scoop-net an' I'll come up here for see if I'll be able for scoop some fish on Jawunny Leroi's platform. Only dere hain't nev' much fish dere.

“Pretty quick I’ll look up and I’ll see Alphonsine Seguin scoop, scoop on my fader’s old platform. Alphonsine’s fader is sick, sick, same like my fader, an’ all de Seguin boys is too little for scoop, same like my brudders is too little. So dere Alphonsine she’s scoop, scoop for breakfas’.

“What you tink I’ll see some more? I’ll see Old Man Savarin. He’s watchin’ from de corner of de cedar bush, an’ I’ll know ver’ good what he’s watch for. He’s watch for catch my fader go on his own platform. He’s want for learn my fader anoder lesson. *Saprie!* dat’s make me ver’ angry, M’sieu!

“Alphonsine she’s scoop, scoop plenty fish. I’ll not be scoop none. Dat’s make me more angry. I’ll look up where Alphonsine is, an’ I’ll talk to myself:—

“‘Dat’s my fader’s platform,’ I’ll be say. ‘Dat’s my fader’s fish what you catch, Alphonsine. You hain’t nev’ be my cousin no more. It is mean, mean for Frawce Seguin to rent my fader’s platform for please dat old rascal Savarin.’ Mebby I’ll not be so angry at Alphonsine, M’sieu, if I was able for catch some fish; but I hain’t able—I don’t catch none.

“Well, M’sieu, dat’s de way for long time—half-hour mebby. Den I’ll hear Alphonsine yell good. I’ll look up de river some more. She’s try for lift her net. She’s try hard, but she hain’t able. De net is down in de Rapid, an’ she’s only able for hang on to de hannel. Den I’ll know she’s got one big sturgeon, an’ he’s so big she can’t pull him up.

"*Monjee!* what I care 'bout dat! I'll laugh me. Den I'll laugh good some more, for I'll want Alphonsine for see how I'll laugh big. And I'll talk to myself:—

" 'Dat's good for dose Seguins,' I'll say. 'De big sturgeon will pull away de net. Den Alphonsine she will lose her fader's scoop wis de sturgeon. Dat's good 'nuff for dose Seguins! Take my fader platform, eh?'

"For sure, I'll want for go an' help Alphonsine all de same—she's my cousin, an' I'll want for see de sturgeon, me. But I'll only just laugh, laugh. *Non, M'sieu;* dere was not one man out on any of de oder platform dat mawny for to help Alphonsine. Dey was all sleep ver' late, for dey was all out ver' late for see de offle fight I told you 'bout.

"Well, pretty quick, what do you tink? I'll see Old Man Savarin goin' to my fader's platform. He's take hold for help Alphonsine, an' dey's bose pull, and pretty quick de big sturgeon is up on de platform. I'll be more angry as before.

"Oh, *tort Dieu!* What you tink come den? Why, dat Old Man Savarin is want for take de sturgeon!

"First dey hain't speak so I can hear, for re Rapid is too loud. But pretty quick dey's bose angry, and I hear dem talk.

" 'Dat's my fish,' Old Man Savarin is say. 'Didn't I save him? Wasn't you goin' for lose him, for sure?'

"Me—I'll laugh good. Dass *such* an old rascal.

“‘You get off dis platform quick!’ Alphonsine she’s say.

“‘Give me my sturgeon,’ he’s say.

“‘Dat’s a lie—it hain’t your sturgeon. It’s *my* sturgeon,’ she’s yell.

“‘I’ll learn you one lesson ’bout dat,’ he’s say.

“Well, M’sieu, Alphonsine she’s pull back de fish just when Old Man Savarin is made one grab. An’ when she’s pull back, she’s step to one side, an’ de old rascal he is grab at de fish, an’ de heft of de sturgeon is make him fall on his face, so he’s tumble in de Rapid when Alphonsine let go de sturgeon. So der’s Old Man Savarin floating in de river—and me! I’ll don’t care eef he’s drown one bit!

“One time he is on his back, one time he is on his face, one time he is all under de water. For sure he’s goin’ for be draw into de *culbute* an’ get drown’ dead, if I’ll not be able for scoop him when he’s go by my platform. I’ll want for laugh, but I’ll be too much scare.

“Well, M’sieu, I’ll pick up my fader’s scoop and I’ll stand out on de edge of de platform. De water is run so fast, I’m mos’ ’fraid de old man is boun’ for pull me in when I’ll scoop him. But I’ll not mind for dat, I’ll throw de scoop an’ catch him; an’ for sure, he’s hold on good.

“So dere’s de old rascal in de scoop, but when I’ll get him safe, I hain’t able for pull him in one bit. I’ll only be able for hold on an’ laugh, laugh—he’s look ver’ queer! All

I can do is to hold him dere so he can't go down de *culbute*. I'll can't pull him up if I'll want to.

"De old man is scare ver' bad. But pretty quick he's got hold of de cross-bar of de hoop, an' he's got his ugly old head up good.

" 'Pull me in,' he say, ver' angry.

" 'I'll hain't be able,' I'll say.

"Jus' den Alphonsine she's come 'long, an' she's laugh so she can't hardly hold on wis me to de hannle. I was laugh good some more. When de old villain see us have fun, he's yell: 'I'll learn you bose one lesson for this. Pull me ashore!'

" 'Oh! you's learn us bose one lesson, M'sieu Savarin, eh?' Alphonsine she's say. 'Well, den, us bose will learn M'sieu Savarin one lesson first. Pull him up a little,' she's say to me.

"So we pull him up, an' den Alphonsine she's say to me: 'Let out de handle, quick'—and he's under de water some more. When we stop de net, he's got hees head up pretty quick.

" 'Monjee! I'll be drown' if you don't pull me out,' he's mos' cry.

" 'Ver' well—if you's drown, your family be ver' glad,' Alphonsine she's say. 'Den they's got all your money for spend quick, quick.'

"M'sieu, dat scare him offle. He's begin for cry like one baby.

" 'Save me out,' he's say. 'I'll give you anything I've got.'

" 'How much?' Alphonsine she's say.

"He's tink, and he's say, 'Quarter dollar.'

"Alphonsine an' me is laugh, laugh.

“‘How much you want?’ he’s say.

“‘Ten dollare for de platform, dat’s all.’

“‘Never—dat’s robbery,’ he’s say, an’ he’s begin to cry like *ver’* li’ll baby.

“‘Pull him hup, Marie, an’ give him some more,’ Alphonsine she’s say.

“‘But de old rascal is so scare ’bout dat, dat he’s say he’s pay right off. So we’s pull him up near to de platform, only we hain’t big ’nuff fool for let him out of de net till he’s take out his purse an’ pay de twelve dollare.

“‘*Monjee*, M’sieu! If ever you see one angry old rascal! He not even stop for say: ‘T’ank you for save me from be drown’ dead in the *culbute!*’ He’s run for his house an’ he’s put on dry clo’es, an’ he’s go up to de magistrate first ting for learn me an’ Alphonsine one big lesson.

“‘But de magistrate hain’ *ver’* bad magistrate. He’s only laugh an’ he’s say:—

“‘M’sieu Savarin, de whole river will be laugh at you for let two young girl take eet out of smart man like you like dat. Hain’t you tink your life worth twelve dollare? Didn’t dey save you from de *culbute?* *Monjee!* I’ll tink de whole river not laugh so *ver’* bad if you pay dose young girl one hunder dollare for save you so kind.’

“‘One hunder dollare!’ he’s mos’ cry. ‘Hain’t you goin’ to learn dose girl one lesson for take advantage of me dat way?’

“‘Didn’t you pay dose girl yourself? Didn’t you took out your purse yourself? Yes, eh? Well, den, I’ll goin’ for learn you one lesson

yourself, M'sieu Savarin,' de magistrate is say. 'Dose two young girl is ver' wicked, eh? Yes, dat's so. But for why? Hain't dey just do to you what you been doin' even since you was in beesnees? Don' I know? You hain' never yet got advantage of nobody wisout you rob him all you can, an' dose wicked young girl only act just like you give dem a lesson all your life.'

"An' de best fun was de whole river *did* laugh at M'sieu Savarin. An' my fader and Frawce Seguin is laugh most of all, till he's catch hup wis bosed of dem anoder time. You come for see me some more, an' I'll tol' you 'bout dat."

"Old Man Savarin Stories."

E. W. THOMSON

THE PATRIOTIC SOCIETY.

Mr. Hayes arose with the ease and the deliberation of an old election campaigner. He was a tall, lean man, with bright penetrating eyes, and a delightful suspicion of an Irish brogue, a man with hands horny from the plough and a brain that belongs only to the rulers of men. He represented a political party that had its stronghold in Glenora and its impregnable fortress in the Oa; so he took his place upon the platform amid uproarious stamping and cheering.

Canada could not well have had a better champion. He spoke in the most glowing terms of his beloved land, of her wonderful scenery, her healthful climate, her free, hardy people, her glorious future. He reeled off enough information about her mines, her fisheries, her agricultural resources and her manufactures to fill an encyclopedia. He dilated upon the beauty and grandeur of Canadian scenery. He stood his audience upon the heights of Quebec and showed them the whole panorama of their wonderful country in one sentence. He swept from ocean to ocean; he swam the great lakes and sailed down innumerable rivers; he scooped out a canal to Port Nelson and shot across Hudson's Bay; he rolled across the prairies; he hewed down the forest belt; he dug gold in British Columbia; and, finally, he climbed the highest snow-

capped peak of the Rocky Mountains and poured down from its dizzy heights the torrents of his eloquence; and when his bewildered hearers recovered from the delightful deluge, they found that the exponent of the Canadian Patriotic Society had skipped across the Atlantic and was thundering forth upon the wonders and beauty of Ireland.

This was a long way from Canada and the aims of the Canadian Patriotic Society, and the chairman's face lost its rapt look. John Egerton hid a smile behind the pulpit desk and that part of the audience that was of Irish extraction applauded uproariously. When, after nearly half an hour's lauding of the Emerald Isle, the orator did stop, he was so carried away by his own feelings that he wound up with a stanza, recited most thrillingly, from "Erin-go-Bragh" and sat down amid deafening applause without referring in the remotest way to his original text.

Mr. Watson was rising to announce the next piece, in a rather doubtful mood, when a voice from the back called out, with no uncertain sound as to either the sentiments or the origin of its owner, "Wot's the matter with England?"

There was a roar of laughter and a loud clapping of hands. Mr. Hayes arose again. He was too old a politician not to see that he had made a mistake in his one-sided speech. He was about to supplement it, and was be-

ginning "Ladies and Gentlemen," when a loud voice from the centre of the church interrupted him.

Mr. Sim Basketful had sat with an expression of utter boredom during the latter portion of the member's speech, finally working himself up into a volcanic mood as it neared an end. His face was purple and his short, thick neck showed veins standing out dangerously. He might have held down his righteous indignation had it not been for the challenge from the back of the room, but the sight of that "blathering Irishman" rising in response to it was too much.

Mr. Basketful was not of Mr. Hayes' political opinions and, besides that, was his rival upon tea-meeting platforms. He had convinced himself that it was due to the Presbyterian minister's interference that he, a Methodist, had been denied the honour of being the speaker of the evening. He, a class-leader in the very church where the performance was given, to be set aside for that Irish Catholic! He would show them all a thing or two before he sat down. He was standing now, looking straight ahead of him, and grasping the back of the seat before him, with true Saxon doggedness.

"Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen," he shouted, and Mr. Hayes, who had met Sim Basketful many a time in his political campaigns, sat down, somewhat disconcerted.

“Mr. Chairman, Ladies *and* Gentlemen, if there’s anybody in this ’ere haudience wants to know wot’s the matter with Hingland, I’m ’ere prepared to state, sir, that there ain’t one bloomin’ thing the matter with ’er!” (Loud cheers from his Anglo-Saxon hearers.) “And wot’s more, *Ladies and Gentlemen and Mr. Chairman*, I think it’s ’igh time we were ’earin’ just a little about that country that’s made us all wot we are!” (Applause, mingled with noises of an indefinite character). “We’ve been ’earin’ a lot o’ nonsense about Hireland and Hirish scenery and Hirish soldiers, but what I’d like to be hinformed about, *Ladies and Gentlemen and Mr. Chairman*, is if anybody in this ’ere haudience is under the himpression that a Canadian Patriotic Society is a Hirish society!”

The withering contempt of the last words, and the cheers they elicited, brought the first speaker indignantly to his feet. Not one word could he get in, however. Mr. Basketful was a true Briton, and with the aid of a voice which drowned all competitors he clung to his theme with magnificent tenacity. When the noise calmed sufficiently for him to be heard, the audience found that he was discoursing fiercely and doggedly upon the inimitable land of his birth.

Sandy Neil, his eyes dancing, slipped out of his place in the choir, and made his way softly down the aisle at the side of the church,

"Catchach's down there," he whispered to the choir leader as he passed; "I'm goin' to stir him up;" and Wee Andra threw back his head with a laugh which blew out the lamp on the organ.

But none of these things moved the patriotic Englishman. He was launched upon his favourite theme, his native land, and was irresistible. England was the only country in the world. He stamped, he sawed the air, he used metaphors and similes and hyperboles in a vain endeavor to give some idea of her glory. He eulogized her commerce, her statesmen, her Queen. He brought up her infantry, he charged with her cavalry, he poured upon his hearers her heavy artillery. And at last, backed by the whole great English navy, he swept every other country off the face of the globe and retired to his seat behind the stove, the Wellington of one last, grand, oratorical Waterloo.

Mr. Egerton reached over and, catching the distracted chairman by the sleeve, shouted above the din that if he wanted to avoid further trouble he must either close the meeting or make the choir sing something, and be quick about it. The chairman arose to make his voice heard above the noise, but the chirping of a sparrow in a tempest would have been as effectual.

For down at the other end of the church a most alarming tumult was in progress.

Cries of "Order!" and "Sit down!" were mingled with "Go on, Catchach; speak up! Scotland for ever!" and equally ominous sounds.

Through the struggling crowd a man was fighting his way fiercely to the platform.

"Order! Order!" shrieked the chairman. But the disorderly person had reached the platform, his red whiskers flying, his blue eyes blazing, and his big fists brandishing threateningly above his head. It was Catchach! The schoolmaster sat down very discreetly and hastily. It was Catchach, worked up to a white fury over the insult to Scotland—Scotland, the flower of creation, to be neglected, while the scum of the earth was being exalted!

"Mister Chairman, Ladies an' Chentlemen!" he shouted, "I will not pe a public spoke, as you will pe knowing, but—" he went off into a storm of Gaelic, but suddenly checked himself, at the roars of laughter from his sassench enemies. The ridicule saved him—and Scotland. He had been incoherent with rage, but that laugh steadied him, and settled him into a cold fury. He would make a speech for the glory of Scotland now, if they pulled the church down about his ears. And he did it well, too. England was forgotten, Ireland was in oblivion, Canada did not exist. But Scotland! the land of the Heather and the Thistle! Catchach grew wildly poetic over

her. The noise of English groans and Irish jeers and Scottish applause was so great that much of the effusion was lost, but in the intervals of the uproar could be caught such snatches as, "Who iss it that hass won efery great pattle in the last century? Ta Hielanders!" "Who won ta pattle of Palacklafa? Ta Hielanders!" "Who stormed ta heights of Awlma? Ta Hielanders!"

On he swept down to the last page of history, shouting the answers to this glorious catechism with a ferocious defiance that challenged denial; and at every shout there was an answering roar from the inhabitants of the Oa which threatened to dislodge the roof.

The distracted chairman had not the courage to attempt to stem the torrent. He did not care to obtrude himself inside Catchach's range of vision, for before he was done with Scotland the orator was rolling up his sleeves and calling out like Goliath of Gath for all the township of Oro to come forward and contradict him. Many of the audience became alarmed, and some of the older folk were starting for the door, when at last the flow of fiery eloquence ceased. How he ever managed to stop, no one could understand; some people said they supposed he had come to the limit of his English. If Catchach had been able to address his audience in Gaelic, it is likely they would not have seen their homes till morning.

But he did stop at last, and went tearing down the aisle and out of the door, shaking the dust of the place from off his feet. The back row rose in a body, and went roaring after him, for Catchach in a rage was better than all the patriotic demonstrations on earth.

The meeting broke up in complete disorder. The hour was unconscionably late, and the remainder of the long inspiring programme had perforce to be omitted. Those of the audience who remained sang "God Save the Queen" in a rather distracted fashion and hurried away with the firm conviction that a patriotic concert was an exceedingly improper performance.

As the unhappy chairman and his confederate were leaving the scene of their disappointment, Sim Basketful brushed violently past the Irish orator and confronted them. He informed them in a choking voice that if the Presbyterians were contemplating getting up any more such disgraceful performances, they would see that they were held in their own church, as the Methodists objected to having their place of worship turned into a den of thieves.

"Duncan Polite"

MARIAN KEITH

THE LOVE OF BEAUTY

All at once I began to find something like consolation. The wild beauty of sky and water beat in on me like love. I must have travelled often enough before, so that it was not new to me; but it was all the more comforting for that. I had come back to an old, old friendship—the friendship of wind and color and scudding clouds and glinting horizons and the mad squadrons of the horses of Neptune shaking their foamy manes. Amid the raging tempests of cloud there were tranquil islands of a blue such as was never unfolded by a flower. In the long, sweeping hollows of the waves one's eye could catch all the hues in pigeons' necks. Before a billow broke it climbed to a tip of that sea-water green more ineffable than any of the greens of grass, jades, or emeralds. From every crest, and in widening lines from the ship's sides as we plowed along, the foam trailed into shreds that seemed to have been torn from the looms of a race more deft and exquisite than ours.

Not many men and women love beauty for its own sake. Not many see it. To most of us it is only an adjunct to comfort or pride. It springs from the purse, or at best from the intellect; but the hidden man of the heart doesn't care for it. The hidden man of the heart has no capacity to value the cloud or

the bit of jewel-weed. These things meet no need in him; they inspire no ecstasy. The cloud dissolves and the bit of jewel-weed goes back to earth; and the chances are that no human eye has noted the fact that each has externalized God in one of the myriad forms of His appeal to us. Only here and there, at long intervals, is there one to whom line and color and invisible forces like the wind are significant and sacred, and as essential as food and drink. It came to me now that, somewhere in my past, beauty had been the dominating energy—that beauty was the thread of flame which, if I kept steadily hold of it, would lead me back whence I came.

“The Thread of Flame”

BASIL KING

GENUINE DEMOCRACY

We praise men for worshipping "ideals;" we condemn them for worshipping "idols." In root-origin and primary meaning the two terms are identical; but in moral signification and practical value they are separated by a world of difference. When, then, as it has often happened, a people's ideals have become idols, such a people bow down to gods as false and demoralizing as the helpless graven images of the ancient heathen. Are we in Canada sure that our faith in democracy is not trust in an idol of wood or stone? Are we sure that in our enthusiastic pursuit of democratic ideals we are bringing about a new dispensation of happiness on earth?

* * * * *

Now, in all likelihood it is thought that what makes Canada so conspicuous to-day in the eyes of the world is the fact that its immense areas and natural resources are already being used in the loom of time to weave the destiny which its patriotic and illustrious Premier prophesied. Yet this is not the significant fact for us. All the areas and resources of Canada are means and instruments of its people—their sphere and opportunity. The significant fact is this: In this sphere and with these immeasurable resources, which are to be transmuted into spiritual instruments and possessions, the Canadian people, a free self-governing people, now beginning to realize a national consciousness, *must show*

the world, by achievements of perfection in democracy, the truth of democratic ideals and the right of democracy to exist.

* * * * *

That species of democracy has justified its own right to exist which, first, creates the right of every individual to the highest positions, and secondly, by removing all such obstructing agencies as caste, privilege and preferment, assists even the lowliest in origin to pass to equal dignity with the highest and to receive the just rewards of a worthy and excellent career.

* * * * *

Under genuine democracy men must consent to the necessary existence of social order and the unequal distribution of material goods. For without these extant and operative, there could be no equal distribution of culture and its concomitant goods; still more, there could not be for all, male or female, low-born or high-born, the incentive, opportunity and means freely to achieve the most worthy and excellent career in their power. Genuine democracy desiderates, not equality, but brotherhood and unity of all classes, and guarantees to all culture and the enduring satisfactions of life. If we love democracy and effectuate its fairest form, then have we brought on earth a new dispensation of happiness.

“Democracy, Education and the
New Dispensation”

JOHN DANIEL LOGAN

THE BUFFALO HUNT

I question if Norse heroes of the sea could boast more thrilling adventure than the wild buffalo hunts of American plain-rangers. A cavalcade of six hundred men mounted on mettlesome horses eager for the furious dash through a forest of tossing buffalo-horns was quite as imposing as any clash between warring Vikings.

At daybreak all tents were a beehive of activity. The horses, with almost human intelligence, were wild to be off. Riders could scarcely gain saddles, and before feet were well in the stirrups, the bronchos had reared and bolted away, only to be reined sharply in and brought back to the ranks. The dogs, too, were mad, tearing after make-believe enemies and worrying one another till there were several curs less for the hunt. Inside the cart circle men were shouting last orders to women, squaws scolding half-naked urchins, that scampered in the way, and the whole encampment setting up a din that might have scared any buffalo herd into endless flight. Grant gave the word. Pierre hoisted the flag, and the camp turmoil was left behind. The Bois-Brules kept well within the lines and observed good order; but the Indian rabble lashed their half-broken horses into a fury of excitement, that threatened confusion to all discipline. The camp was strongly guarded. Father Holland remained with the campers; but in spite of his holy calling, I am sure he longed to be among the hunters.

Scouts ahead, we followed the course of a half-dried slough where Buffalo tracks were visible. Some two miles from camp, the out-runners returned with word that the herds were browsing a short distance ahead, and that the marsh-bed widened to a banked ravine. The buffalo could not have been found in a better place; for there was a fine slope from the upper land to our game. We at once ascended the embankment and coursed cautiously along the cliff's summit. Suddenly we rounded an abrupt headland and gained full view of the buffalo. The flag was lowered, stopping the march, and up rose our captain in his stirrups to survey the herd. A light mist screened us and a deep growth of the leathery grass, common to marsh lands, half hid a multitude of broad, humped furry backs, moving aimlessly in the valley. Coal-black noses poked through the green stalks, sniffing the air suspiciously and the curved horns tossed broken stems off in savage contempt.

From the headland beneath us to the rolling prairie at the mouth of the valley, the earth swayed with giant forms. The great creatures were restless as caged tigers and already on the rove for the day's march. I suppose the vast flocks of wild geese, that used to darken the sky and fill the air with their shrill "hunk, hunk," when I first went to the north, numbered as many living beings in one mass as that herd; but men no more attempted to count the creatures in flock or herd, than to estimate the pebbles of a shore.

Protruding eyes glared savagely sideways. Great thick necks hulked forward in impatient jerks; and those dagger-pointed horns, sharper than a pruning hook, promised no boy's sport for our company. The buffalo sees best laterally on the level, and as long as we were quiet we remained undiscovered. At the prospect, some of the hunters grew excitedly profane. Others were timorous, fearing a stampede in our direction. Being above, we could come down on the rear of the buffaloes and they would be driven to the open.

Grant scouted the counselled caution. The hunters loaded guns, filled their mouths with balls to reload on the gallop and awaited the captain's order. Wheeling his horse to the fore, the warden gave one quick signal. With a storm-burst of galloping hoofs, we charged down the slope. At sound of our whirlwind advance, the bulls tossed up their heads and began pawing the ground angrily. From the hunters there was no shouting till close on the herd, then a wild halloo with unearthly screams from the Indians broke from our company. The buffaloes started up, turned panic-stricken, and with bellowings that roared down the valley, tore for the open prairie. The ravine rocked with the plunging monsters, and re-echoed to the crash of six hundred guns and a thunderous tread. Firing was at close range. In a moment there was a battle royal between dexterous savages, swift as tigers, and these leviathans of the prairie with their brute strength.

“Lords of the North”

AGNES C. LAUT

ON EDUCATION

By "education," I mean not the mere acquisition of certain arts, or of certain branches of knowledge, but that instruction and discipline which qualify and dispose the subjects of it for their appropriate duties and appointments in life, as Christians, as persons in business, and also as members of the civil community in which they live.

A basis of an educational structure adapted to this end should be as broad as the population of the country; and its loftiest elevation should equal the highest demands of the learned professions; adapting its gradation of schools to the wants of the several classes of the community, and to their respective employments or professions, the one rising above the other—the one conducting to the other; yet each complete in itself for the degree of education it imparts; a character of uniformity, as to fundamental principles, pervading the whole: the whole based upon the principles of Christianity, and uniting the combined influence and support of the government and the people.

The branches of knowledge which it is essential that all should understand, should be provided for all, and taught to all; should be brought within the reach of the most needy, and forced upon the attention of the most careless. The knowledge required for the scientific pursuit of mechanics, agriculture, and commerce, must needs be provided to an

extent corresponding with the demand, and the exigencies of the country; while, to a more limited extent, are needed facilities for acquiring the higher education of the learned professions.

EGERTON RYERSON

THE FIRST PARLIAMENT OF BRITISH CANADA.

At Niagara, then the capital, in a log-house which De Liancourt describes as small and miserable, but which if it were now standing would be venerated by Ontario as much as Rome venerated the hut of Romulus, Simcoe assembled for the first time the little yeoman Parliament of British Canada with all the forms of monarchical procedure, and in phrase which not unsuccessfully imitated the buckram of a Speech from the Throne, announced to his backwoods Lords and Commons the reception of the "memorable Act," by which the wisdom and beneficence of a most gracious Sovereign and the British Parliament had "imparted to them the blessings of our invaluable Constitution," solemnly enjoining them faithfully to discharge "the momentous trusts and duties" thereby committed to their rough hands. The meeting being at harvest time, and the harvest being of more consequence than politics, out of the five legislative councillors summoned two only, and out of the sixteen assembly-men summoned five only, attended. The good sense of those present, however, seems to have risen to the level of their legislative functions. Probably it showed itself now and for some time afterwards by letting the governor legislate as he pleased. The session over, they wended their way homeward, some on horseback through

pathless woods, camping out by the way, or using Indian wigwams as their inns, some in bark canoes along the shore of Lake Ontario and down the St. Lawrence. It was not easy, as Simcoe found, to get a Parliament together in those days.

This was the heroic era before politics, unrecorded in any annals, which has left of itself no monument other than the fair country won by those obscure husbandmen from the wilderness, or perhaps, here and there, a grassy mound, by this time nearly levelled with the surrounding soil, in which, after their life's partnership of toil and endurance, the pioneer and his wife rest side by side. "The backwoodsman," says history,¹ "whose fortunes are cast in the remote inland settlements of the present day, far removed from churches, destitute of ministers of the Gospel and medical men, without schools, or roads, or the many conveniences that make life desirable, can alone appreciate or even understand the numerous difficulties and hardships that beset the first settler among the ague-swamps of Western Canada. The clothes on his back, with a rifle or old musket and a well-tempered axe, were not unfrequently the full extent of his worldly possessions. Thus lightly equipped he took possession of his two hundred acres of closely-timbered forest land and commenced operations. The welkin rings again with his vigorous strokes, as 'huge tree after tree is as-

sailed and tumbled to the earth, and the sun presently shines in upon the little clearing.”

* * * * *

The rough lot, we trust, was cheered by health and hope, while the loneliness and mutual need of support, would knit closer the tie of conjugal affection. To the memory of conquerors who devastate the earth, and of politicians who vex the life of its denizens with their struggles for power and place, we raise sumptuous monuments: to the memory of those who by their toil and endurance have made it fruitful we can raise none. But civilization, while it enters into the heritage which the pioneers prepared for it, may at least look with gratitude on their lowly graves.

“Canada and the Canadian Question”

GOLDWIN SMITH.

¹ MacMullen's "Canada," p. 232.

ON FIRST SEEING QUEBEC

Every perception of my mind became absorbed into the one sense of seeing, when, upon rounding Point Levis, we cast anchor before Quebec. What a scene! Can the world produce such another? Edinburgh had been the beau ideal to me of all that was beautiful in nature—a vision of the northern Highlands had haunted my dreams across the Atlantic; but all these past recollections faded before the present Quebec.

Nature has lavished all her grandest elements to form this astonishing panorama. There frowns the cloud-capped mountain, and below the cataract foams and thunders; wood and rock and river combine to lend their aid in making the picture perfect and worthy of its Divine Originator. The precipitous bank upon which the city lies piled, reflected in the still, deep waters at its base, greatly enhances the romantic beauty of the situation.

“Roughing It in the Bush.”

MRS. SUSANNA MOODIE

NATIVE WILD FLOWERS

With the Gentians I have brought to a close the floral season of the Canadian Year. A few stragglers may yet be found amongst late As-ters and Golden-rods, in sheltered glens and lonely hollows, but the glory of the year has departed—gone with the last deep blue bell of the loveliest of her race, the Calathian Violet, the solitary flower of the Indian Summer. All that now remains for us is the bright frosted foliage of the the dwarf oaks and the scarlet-tinged leaves of the low huckle-berry bushes; the brilliant berries of the leaf-less Winterberry, *Llex verticillata* (Gray), and the clustered garlands of the Climbing Bitter Sweet, *Celastrus Scandens*, which hang among the branches of the silver-barked birch and other forest trees, or near the margin of lake or stream; and the crimson fruit of the frost-touched High-bush Cranberry, *Viburnum Opulus*—while on dry, stony hills and rugged rocks the Bear-berry covers with its creeping branches of dark green shining leaves and gay scarlet fruit the scanty soil from which it springs. Let us prize them, for from henceforth till the tardy Spring revisits the earth its treasures of leaf and blossom will be to us as a sealed book bound up in ice and snow. No more are we tempted by verdant wreaths of glossy leaves or gaily tinted flowers. We must content ourselves with wintry landscapes, snowflakes and frost-flowers, and the crystal casing that covers the slender branches of the birches and beeches or hangs in diamond

drops on the tassels of the spruces and balsam firs.

Tread softly, traveller, lest the transient glory of our frost-flowers dissolve at your feet. Emblems are they of earthly beauty, earthly riches and earthly fame; but there are brighter gems and fairer flowers of heavenly growth that fade not away, but which will flourish in the Paradise of God more glorious than the fairest beauties of our earthly home.

“Studies of Plant Life in Canada.”

CATHARINE PARR TRAILL

THE VOICE OF QUEBEC

All the names of her country, those she heard every day and those she had heard but once, awoke in her memory the innumerable names which the pious peasants, come from France, gave to the lakes, to the rivers, to the villages, of the new country they had discovered, and in some measure had peopled—Lac à l'Eau Claire . . . la Famine . . . Saint-Coeur-de-Marie . . . Trois-Pistoles . . . Sainte-Rose-du-Déjal . . . Pointe-aux-Outardes . . . Saint-André-de-l'Épouvante . . .

How pleasant it was to hear these names pronounced when one spoke of relatives or friends living in far places, or it might be on long journeys. How familiar and brotherly they were, giving on every occasion a warm feeling of kinship, making each one think in repeating them: In this whole country we are at home, at home.

Towards the west, when one left the province, towards the south, when one had passed the border, there were everywhere only English names which one learned in time to pronounce, and no doubt at last they seemed natural; but where find again the pleasant savour of French names?

The words of a foreign language sounding from all lips in the streets, in the shops . . . Little girls holding hands, dancing round, and singing a song which one did not understand. . . . Here . . .

Maria shivered; the tenderness that had touched her heart was now gone. She said to herself once more: All the same, it is a hard country here. Why remain?

Then a third voice, more powerful than the others, was lifted up in the silence, the voice of the country of Quebec, which was half a song of women and half a sermon of the priest. It came like the sound of a bell, like the majestic clamour of the organ in the church, like a tender plaint, like the piercing and long-drawn cry by which woodsmen call to each other in the forest. For in truth, all that makes the soul of the province was contained in this voice: the dear solemnity of the old religion, the sweetness of the old language so jealously guarded, the splendour and the primitive force of a new country, where an ancient race has renewed its youth. The voice said:

“Three centuries ago we came here, and here we remain. Those who led us hither might come amongst us without disappointment and without regret, for it is true that, if we have learned little, assuredly we have forgotten nothing.

“We carried overseas our prayers and our songs; they are ever the same. We bore in our breasts the heart of our country’s men, valiant and vital, as prompt to pity as to laugh, a heart the most human of all human hearts. It has not changed. We marked out a plan of the new continent, from Gaspé to Montreal, from Saint Jean d’Iberville to Ungava, saying

to ourselves: Herein all those things which we have carried with us, our religion, our language, our virtues, and even our frailties are become sacred things; and although they are intangible, they will endure even unto the end.

“Round about us strangers have come, whom we are wont to call barbarians; they have seized almost all the power; they have acquired almost all the money; but in the country of Quebec nothing has changed. Nothing will change, because we are a witness. For ourselves and our destinies we have clearly apprehended this sole duty; to persist, to hold our own. And we have held our own, so that, it may be after several centuries more, the world will turn to us and say: These people are of a race that knows not how to perish . . . We are a witness, a testimony.

“For this cause we must remain in the province where our fathers have remained, and live as they lived, so that we may yield obedience to that commandment, unexpressed although formed in their hearts, which has passed into our hearts, which too, in our turn we must transmit to a numerous offspring: In the country of Quebec, nothing shall die, and nothing shall be changed . . .”

“Maria Chapdelaine”

LOUIS HÉMON.

Translated by Sir Andrew MacPhail.

IN THE GULF OF ST. LAWRENCE

All through the long clear days in summer, Northumberland Strait, as ever, shimmers and sparkles in the sunlight; and occasionally, when the wind comes down hard from the northwest, gets up a great chop of its own, boils itself into green and white streaks, and rips the spars out of the lobster-boats. Away across, you can see the red banks and green fields of the "Garden of the Gulf." But some day in late January, long after Caribou's spruce hedges are buried under the snow, some day when the wind is northeast and has been for a time, and the Gulf looks grey-blue and rough and cold, if you're lucky enough to be out on MacDonald's Point or the Roaring Bull you'll see, perhaps, a solitary big clumpet with a high peak, moving along silently to the south, not two hundred yards from the shore. Suddenly you'll see it stop, while the water swirls past, as its green bottom, away down among the gulf-weed, grounds on a reef and rests; and looking away to seaward you'll see, coming down from the north, a great, white, jagged, glistening line, stretching out of sight in both directions, coming silently as ever: the ice, the queer, fantastic-formed, irresistible northern ice driving into the southern bight of the great Gulf of St. Lawrence. It comes with a few big pinnacled clumpets navigating along ahead by themselves, and with it come the seals and kittiwakes and burgomasters and murrees and auks and puffins and grebes and mergansers—yes, and the cockawees in all the glory of

their winter plumage. It piles up over the reefs, up into great grounded hummocks as high as a house, it grinds on the shore and roars and crashes as it lands, and drives in until it fills the whole bight, and stretches away to the north and east clear to the horizon and beyond.

* * * * *

It was a day to be remembered. There was not a patch of cloud in the whole sky. The sun shone with a dazzling white glare, the water in the leads, which stretched in every direction, shimmered as blue as on a summer afternoon The lanes were full of seals, velvet docks, cockawees, and golden-eyes, and everywhere were black-backed bulls, burgomasters, kittiwakes, and herring-gulls, watching the mergansers fishing, and robbing them when it seemed fit and profitable. Up and down the Strait went big V's of Canada geese, honking in a way to give a sportsman chills, with here and there a long swinging pr-r-r-uping line of brant, and a bunch of dusky ducks, with their white under-coverts flashing in the sun as they wheeled and thundered away at seventy miles an hour, away from the three big black smoke-vomiting machines that were swimming along below them. It was spring; the typical shining, crashing, dripping, reeking, honking, quacking spring day of the beautiful Gulf, when the sound of whistling wings is constant, and the weird cry of the cockawee comes always from the Lord knows where.

“The Sacrifice of the Shannon”

ALBERT HICKMAN

THE FUTURE OF OUR COUNTRY

The political future of our country is a legitimate subject of discussion. Canadians of great eminence and distinguished ability have entertained a sincere opinion that the ultimate goal is complete independence as a separate nation. In some instances such opinions have been modified or withdrawn; in no case should they incur reproach or contempt. But I have never wavered in the firm and constant belief that, within the British Commonwealth of Nations, Canada will find her most commanding influence, her widest usefulness, and her highest destiny. With that opinion is coupled a fixed and absolute conviction that the unity of the Empire can alone find its expression in complete autonomy and in equality of nationhood. A strong Canadian national spirit is entirely consistent with a firm purpose to maintain our country in a high place within the British Commonwealth. It is instructive and satisfactory to observe how strong a spirit of Canadianism animates those of our people who were born in the British Isles, and to whom the unity of the Empire is a vital consideration. The assumption of equal nationhood carries with it grave responsibilities. There is no alternative except complete independence, whereof the responsibilities will assuredly be not less onerous. In the future direction of the British Commonwealth the Dominions will undoubtedly exercise a mater-

ial, and, I believe, a beneficial influence. To us in Canada it seems that the vision of Downing Street has been turned too much upon Europe and the Near East, too little upon the vast possessions comprised within our Empire. There is danger that these possessions may become unwieldy; there is urgent need that we develop what we have. Perhaps with less we might in the end accomplish more. It would not be amiss to take sober account of the Empire's responsibilities and commitments.

Of those who took part in the Peace Conference at Paris some at least returned to this continent with a sense of depression. The fierce antagonisms, the ancient hatreds, and the bitter jealousies of European nationals there assembled were not inspiring. Neither in its methods nor in its results can the highest success be claimed for the Peace Conference. The creation or recognition of numerous small states, whose populations are wholly untrained in self-government, can hardly assist in preventing war. That every race should clothe itself in the garment of self-determination is in theory wholly unwise and in practice wholly unworkable. Races are and they always will be inextricably intermingled. But even if it were otherwise, human progress is not advanced by the segregation of races, or by any influence which tends to perpetuate racial antagonism. Lord Acton has pointed out that the true ideal lies in the union of different races in one state, to the

service of which each brings its own peculiar qualities. In the past such unions have been too often attended by the dominance of one race and the oppression of others. The highest hope is in their consummation under the happier and more stable conditions that justice, liberty and autonomy will create. On this continent two nations speaking the same language constitute in effect one community in social and business aspects and relations. Each has its own laws and institutions, each is jealous of its rights and privileges, each has its own intense national spirit. At times there are strong differences, but there is no bitterness and no hatred. Therein is a vivid contrast to what may be observed in continental Europe. Yet we cannot separate ourselves from world-wide conditions. No Monroe Doctrine or self-denying ordinance can roll back the tide of events that surges through the years. Every nation has become the neighbour of every other. The people of other continents sit at our threshold.

Whatever the imperfections of the League of Nations, its purpose must command the effort of mankind if our present civilization is to endure. Wars of by-gone centuries between rival kings with professional armies were mere comedies compared with that through which we have just passed. In the war of yesterday all the forces of the nations were arrayed, and neutrals as well as belligerents fell under its malign and devastating influence. A world-war of the future would be

more deadly and more terrible to a degree that we are unable as yet to realize. On what can we rest an assurance that our present civilization may not hasten to its downfall through fullness of material growth and barrenness of spiritual life? Before we venture an answer let us remember that over the destructive energies of nature man has gained a command far exceeding the control which he has acquired over his own primeval instincts and passions; consider the result if there should be unrestrained use of those forces in future war between the nations that regard themselves as most highly civilized. The world lies within the shadow of this menace. In her own armoury may be found the weapon by which civilization may perish. Is there not, then, supreme and compelling need for every effort and safeguard to preserve the peace among nations, as securely as in organized communities? Never did there rest upon any people a more vital responsibility than that which the present conditions of the world impose upon the British and American Commonwealths. In their united hands rests world peace; above their disunion hovers the shadow of world destruction. By their sense and acceptance of that responsibility these democracies will be sternly, and perhaps finally, tested. As they meet the test, so shall their worth be measured in the ultimate judgment of history."

"Canadian Constitutional Studies."

SIR ROBERT LAIRD BORDEN

OCEAN TO OCEAN

From the sea-pastures and coal fields of Nova Scotia and the forests of New Brunswick, almost from the historic Louisburg, up the St. Lawrence to historic Quebec; through the great province of Ontario, and on lakes that are seas; by copper and silver mines so rich as to recall stories of the Arabian Nights, though only the rim of the land has been explored; on the chain of lakes where the Ojibway is at home in his canoe, to the plains where the Cree is equally at home on his horse; through the prairie province of Manitoba, and rolling meadows and park-like country, out of which a dozen Manitobas shall be carved in the next quarter of a century; along the banks of

“A full-fed river wending slow
By herds upon an endless plain”

full fed from the exhaustless glaciers of the Rocky Mountains, and watering “the great lone land;” over illimitable coal measures and deep woods; on to the mountains which open their gates, more widely than to our wealthier neighbours, to lead us to the Pacific; down deep gorges filled with mighty timber, beside rivers whose ancient deposits are gold beds, sands like those of Pactolus, and channels choked with fish; on to the many harbours of mainland and island, that look right across to the ancient Thule, “with its rosy pearl and

golden-roofed palaces," and open their arms to welcome the swarming millions of Cathay; over all this we had travelled, and it was all our own.

"Where's the coward that would not dare
To fight for such a land?"

Thank God, we have a country. It is not our poverty of land or sea, of wood or mine, that shall ever urge us to be traitors. But the destiny of a country does not depend on its natural resources. It depends on the character of its people. Here, too, is full ground for confidence. We in everything "are sprung of earth's first blood, have titles manifold." We come of a race that never counted the number of its foes, nor the number of its friends when freedom, loyalty, or God was concerned.

GEORGE MUNRO GRANT

THE FUTURE OF CANADA

What, then, is to be my valediction—my parting counsel to the citizens of the Dominion before I turn my face to the wall? A very few words will convey them. Love your country, believe in her, honour her, work for her, live for her, die for her. Never has any people been endowed with a nobler birthright, or blessed with prospects of a fairer future. Whatever gift God has given to man is to be found within the borders of your ample territories. It is true, the zone within which your lines are cast is characterized by ruder features than those displayed in lower latitudes and within more sunward-stretching lands, but the north has ever been the home of liberty, industry and valour; it is also true you are not so rich as many other communities, but the happiness of a people does not so much depend upon the accumulation of wealth, as upon its equable distribution. In many of the wealthiest nations of Europe thousands can scarcely obtain their daily bread, and though Canada is by no means at present a nation of millionaires, there is not amongst us an agricultural homestead, between the Atlantic and the Pacific, where content and a rude plenty do not reign, and in a thousand localities the earth is bursting with the mineral wealth which only requires improved transportation to develop.

Moreover, you possess the best form of Government with which any historical nation has

ever been blessed. The excellence of the British Constitution, with the self-expanding energies it embodies, is an ancient story, which I need not insist upon, but as there are always external forces which disturb the working of the most perfect mechanism, so in an old country like England, many influences exist to trouble the harmonious operations of the political machine; but here our constitution has been set agoing entirely disencumbered of those entanglements which traditional prejudices and social complications have given birth to at home. My advice to you, then, would be to guard and cherish the characteristics of your constitution with a sleepless vigilance.

Almost every modern constitution has been the child of violence, and remains indelibly impressed with the scars of the struggle which ushered in its birth. A written constitution is of necessity an artificial invention—a contrivance, a formula as inelastic as the parchment on which it is written—instead of being a living, primeval, heaven-engendered growth, whereas the foundations of the polity under which you live are of secular antiquity. No revolutionary convulsion has severed the continuity of your history or disinherited you of your past—your annals are not comprised within the lifetime of a centenarian, but reach back through a thousand years of matchless achievement in every field of exertion open to mankind. Nor do even the confines of two oceans suffice to hedge you in; but you share

an Empire whose flag floats, whose jurisdiction asserts itself in every quarter of the globe, whose ships whiten every sea, whose language is destined to spread farther than any European tongue, whose institutions every nation aspiring to freedom is endeavoring to imitate, and whose vast and widespread colonies are vying with each other in their affectionate love for the Mother Country in their efforts to add lustre to the British name, in their longing to see cemented still more closely the bonds of that sacred and majestic union within which they have been born.

LORD DUFFERIN

From a speech delivered in Toronto a few days before the close of his term as Governor-General.

SOURCES OF CANADIAN POWER

The country you call Canada, and which your sons and your children's children will be proud to know by that name, is a land which will be a land of power among the nations. Mistress of a zone of territory favourable for the maintenance of a numerous and homogeneous white population, Canada must, to judge from the increase in her strength during the past, and from the many and vast opportunities for the growth of that strength in her new Provinces in the future, be great and worthy her position on the earth. Affording the best and safest highway between Asia and Europe, she will see traffic from both directed to her coasts. With a hand upon either ocean she will gather from each for the benefit of her hardy millions a large share of the commerce of the world. To the east and to the west she will pour forth of her abundance, her treasures of food and the riches of her mines and of her forests, demanded of her by the less fortunate of mankind. In no other land have the last seventeen years, the space of time which has elapsed since your Federation, witnessed such progress. Other countries have seen their territories enlarged and their destinies determined by trouble and war, but no blood has stained the bonds which have knit together your free and order-loving populations, and yet in this brief period, so brief in the life of a nation, you have attained to a union whose character-

istics from sea to sea are the same. A judiciary above suspicion, a strong central government to direct all national interests, the toleration of all faiths with favour to none, a franchise recognizing the rights of labour by the exclusion only of the idler, a government ever susceptible to the change of public opinion and ever open, through a responsible ministry, to the scrutiny of the people—these are the features of your rising power. Truly, you present the spectacle of a nation already possessing the means to make its position respected by sea or by land. I esteem those men favoured indeed, who, in however slight a degree, have had the honour to take part in the councils of the statesmen, who, in this early era of her history, are moulding a nation's laws. For me, I feel that I can be ambitious of no higher title than to be known as one who administered its government in thorough sympathy with the hopes and aspirations of its founders, and in perfect consonance with the will of its free parliament.

LORD LORNE

CANADA—A LINK IN THE EMPIRE

The supposed existence of a northwest passage to the Indies was the dream that allured hardy navigators who believed in the earth's rotundity but had not the data for determining its size. In our day it has been found that that great north-west passage is not by sea or river but by land. We have discovered that the shortest way from the old world to the world of Japan and China, is across Canada, and therefore Canada feels herself now to be the link between old Europe and the older East and also the link between the three great self-governing parts of the British Empire.

How is it possible for a people so situated to be parochial? How can they refuse to meet in a genial way the representatives of other races and religions? Across our broad lands thousands are coming and going from east to west, and we are obliged to meet them as man should always meet man. Not only so, but on that great ocean, which is the true Mediterranean—and which is to be the arena of the future commerce of the world—our sons are showing that they intend to play an important part. Our position, as the fourth maritime nation of the world as regards ocean tonnage, shows the aptitude of our people for foreign trade, and sailors owning the ships they sail are more likely than any others to learn the lesson that the life of the world is one, that

truth is one, that all men are brothers, and that the service of humanity is the highest form of religion.

Therefore we feel that we have a right not so much to receive, as to join with you in extending, a welcome to brothers from different nations, whose forms of faith are different, but whose spiritual natures and necessities are the same, in whom dwelleth that Eternal Power and Person that is the true light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world, and by whom therefore He must be recognized when He is rightly presented to them, even as all needles must point to one pole.

Our racial, political, historical and religious evolution educates us along the same line as does our place in the world. Our racial evolution Parkman has described in pages glowing with purple light. He has told of the two centuries of conflict between France and Britain for the possession of this fair young continent, and he has shown that while outward failure was the part of the former, all the heroisms and enduring successes were not with the conquerors. France gave without stint the great explorers, whose names are sown over this continent, thick as a field, martyrs and missionaries of deathless fame and saintly women whose works do still follow them. Their blood was not lost in vast inland seas and on rugged Laurentian and Huronian rocks. It fell on good soil and we see its permanent memorial now in a noble French-speaking people, enjoying their own language,

laws and institutions under a flag identified with their liberties and under a constitution which they and their fathers have helped to hammer out. Their children sit side by side in our federal parliament with the children of their ancestral foes and the only real contest between them is, which shall serve Canada best. The union of the two races and languages was needed to enable England to do her imperial work. Will not the same union enable Canada to do a like work, and does it not force us to see good, even in those whom our ancestors may have thought enemies?

Our political evolution has had the same lesson for us. It has taught us to borrow ideas with equal impartiality from sources apparently opposite. We have borrowed the federal idea from the United States, and our parliamentary and judicial systems from Britain, and so we have formed a constitution better than that which either the mother country or the older daughter enjoys. At any rate, we made it ourselves and it fits us; and we have thus been taught that ideas belong to no one people, that they are the common property of mankind, and that we should borrow new thoughts from every country that has found by experiment that they will work well.

Our religious evolution has taught us the same thing. We have been enabled to accomplish a measure of religious unification greater than either the mother land or the United States has found possible. Eighteen years ago, for instance, all the Presbyterian denomina-

tions united into one church, wide as the Dominion of Canada. Immediately thereafter the Methodist churches took the same step, and this very month the Anglicans are doing likewise. Still further, these great Protestant churches have appointed committees to see whether it is not possible to have a wider union, and the young life of Canada says "Amen" to the proposal.

Our place in history is equally significant. Instead of violently disrupting ourselves from the past, we have gradually evolved from one stage of self-government to another. We have therefore not been obliged to sacrifice any of the inestimable treasures accumulated by our fathers, while at the same time we keep eyes and minds open to receive new teaching from this new world where everything is possible to man.

It is easy for a people with such an environment to understand that where men differ they must be in error, that truth is the only thing which permanently unites, that every age has its problems to solve, that it is the glory of the human mind to solve, or try to solve them, and that no church or nation has a monopoly of the truth or of the spirit of the living God.

GEORGE MUNRO GRANT

From a speech delivered at the Parliament of Religions, Chicago, 1893.

CANADIAN ARISTOCRACY

Ours is a democratic country in an age of democracy. We here enjoy, at least in theory, what is called the reign of the common people. But the reign of the common people, that is to say, the right of the masses of mankind to govern themselves, requires on the part of those who govern, an earnest discharge of those duties, which are necessarily involved in the privileges which they enjoy. In politics as in other things, power and privilege bring with them an inevitable load of responsibility and duty, and we cannot hope to succeed in the noble task of self-government, unless each one of us, realizing this, shall do his duty in the situation which he occupies, and shall, within the sphere of his powers and influence, labor to promote the accomplishment of sound reforms in their due season. Now, in this democratic country we have but few, and I wish we had no examples of the class distinctions of the old world. I think they ought not to have been introduced. They are foreign to our soil; they are unsuited to our habits; they are relics of old times now past; they are not given under the advice of our own leaders of opinion; and I wish it might become part of our unwritten code, that these exotic

distinctions should not be by us received. Yet, sir, I am a believer in a certain, and in a real sense, in the principle of aristocracy. I believe in the true aristocracy of energy, learning, ability, and integrity; an aristocracy whose marks and titles are found in the earnest efforts of a man to do his duty and to excel in its discharge; and whose distinctions are such as a free people themselves confer by the expression of their confidence, by mandates to the great council of the country, by selection for high offices of public trust, by the commission to regulate the affairs, to guide the high destinies of the people among whom they live. That is the aristocracy and the only aristocracy which is suited to our day and country.

EDWARD BLAKE

THE FOUR-HORSE RACE

The great event of the day, however, was to be the four-horse race, for which three teams were entered—one from the mines driven by Nixon, Craig's friend; a citizens' team, and Sandy's. The race was really between the miners' team and that from the woods, for the citizens' team, though made up of speedy horses, had not been driven much together, and knew neither their driver nor each other. In the miners' team were four bays, very powerful, a trifle heavy perhaps, but well matched, perfectly trained, and perfectly handled by their driver. Sandy had his long rangy roans, and for leaders, a pair of half broken pinto bronchos. The pintos, caught the summer before upon the Alberta prairies, were fleet as deer, but wicked and uncertain. They were Baptiste's special care and pride. If they would only run straight, there was little doubt that they would carry the roans and themselves to glory; but one could not tell the moment they might bolt or kick things to pieces.

Being the only non-partisan in the crowd, I was asked to referee. The race was about half a mile and return, the first and last quarters being upon the ice. The course, after

leaving the ice, led up from the river by a long, easy slope to the level above, and, at the farther end, curved somewhat sharply around the Old Fort. The only condition attaching to the race was, that the teams should start from the scratch, make the turn of the Fort, and finish at the scratch. There were no vexing regulations as to fouls. The man making the foul would find it necessary to reckon with the crowd, which was considered sufficient guarantee for a fair and square race. Owing to the hazards of the course, the result would depend upon the skill of the drivers quite as much as the speed of the teams. The points of hazard were at the turn round the Old Fort, and at a little ravine which led down to the river, over which the road passed by means of a long, log bridge or causeway.

From a point upon the high bank of the river, the whole course lay in open view. It was a scene full of life and vividly picturesque. There were miners in dark clothes and peak caps; citizens in ordinary garb; ranchmen in wide cowboy hats and buckskin shirts and leggings, some with cartridge-belts and pistols; a few half-breeds and Indians in half-native, half-civilized dress; and scattering through the crowd, the lumbermen with gay scarlet and blue blanket coats, and some with knitted tuques of the same colour. A very good-

natured but extremely uncertain crowd it was. At the head of each horse stood a man, but at the pintos' heads Baptiste stood alone, trying to hold down the off-leader, thrown into a frenzy of fear by the yelling of the crowd.

Gradually all became quiet, till, in the midst of absolute stillness, came the words: "Are you ready?" then the pistol-shot, and the great race had begun. Above the roar of the crowd came the shrill cry of Baptiste, as he struck his broncho with the palm of his hand, and swung himself into the sleigh beside Sandy, as it shot past.

Like a flash the bronchos sprang to the front, two lengths before the other teams; but, terrified by the yelling of the crowd, instead of bending to the left bank up which the road wound, they wheeled to the right and were almost across the river before Sandy could swing them back into the course.

Baptiste's cries, a curious mixture of French and English, continued to strike through all other sounds, till they gained the top of the slope to find the others almost a hundred yards in front, the citizens' team leading, with the miners' following close. The moment the pintos caught sight of the teams before them, they set off at a terrific pace and steadily devoured the intervening space. Nearer and nearer the turn came, the eight horses in front, running straight, and well within their speed,

After them flew the pintos, running savagely with ears set back, leading well the big roans, thundering along and gaining at every bound. And now the citizens' team had almost reached the Fort, running hard and drawing away from the bays. But Nixon knew what he was about, and was simply steadying his team for the turn. The event proved his wisdom, for in the turn the leading team left the track, lost a moment or two in the deep snow, and before they could regain the road, the bays had swept superbly past, leaving their rivals to follow in the rear. On came the pintos, swiftly nearing the Fort. Surely at that pace they cannot make the turn. But Sandy knows his leaders. They have their eyes upon the teams in front, and need no touch of rein. Without the slightest change in speed the nimble-footed bronchos round the turn, hauling the big roans after them, and fall in behind the citizens' team, which is regaining steadily the ground lost in the turn.

And now the struggle is for the bridge over the ravine. The bays in front, running with mouths wide open, are evidently doing their best; behind them, and every moment nearing them, but at the limit of their speed too, come the lighter and fleeter citizens' team; while opposite their driver are the pintos, pulling hard, eager and fresh. Their temper is too uncertain to send them to the front; they run

well following, but when leading cannot be trusted, and besides, a broncho hates a bridge; so Sandy holds them where they are, waiting and hoping for his chance after the bridge is crossed. Foot by foot the citizens' team creep up upon the flank of the bays, with the pintos in turn hugging them closely, till it seems as if the three, if none slackens, must strike the bridge together; and this will mean destruction to one at least. This danger Sandy perceives, but he dare not check his leaders. Suddenly within a few yards of the bridge, Baptiste throws himself upon the lines, wrenches them out of Sandy's hands, and, with a quick swing, forces the pintos down the steep side of the ravine, which is almost sheer ice with a thin coat of snow. It is a daring course to take, for the ravine, though not deep, is full of undergrowth, and is partially closed up by a brush heap at the farther end. But with a yell, Baptiste hurls his four horses down the slope, and into the undergrowth. "Allons, mes enfants! Courage! vite, vite!" cries their driver, and nobly do the pintos respond. Regardless of bushes and brush heaps, they tear their way through; but as they emerge, the hind bob-sleigh catches a root, and, with a crash, the sleigh is hurled high into the air. Baptiste's cries ring out high and shrill as ever, encouraging his team, and never cease till, with a plunge and a scramble, they clear

the brush heap lying at the mouth of the ravine, and are out on the ice on the river, with Baptiste standing on the front bob, the box trailing behind, and Sandy nowhere to be seen.

Three hundred yards of the course remain. The bays, perfectly handled, have gained at the bridge, and in the descent to the ice, and are leading the citizens' team by half a dozen sleigh lengths. Behind both comes Baptiste. It is now or never for the pintos. The rattle of the trailing box, together with the wild yelling of the crowd rushing down the bank, excites the bronchos to madness, and, taking the bits in their teeth, they do their first free running that day. Past the citizens' team like a whirlwind they dash, clear the intervening space, and gain the flanks of the bays. Can the bays hold them? Over them leans the driver, plying for the first time the hissing lash. Only fifty yards more. The miners begin to yell. But Baptiste, waving his lines high in one hand, seizes his tuque with the other, whirls it above his head and flings it with a fiercer yell than ever at the bronchos. Like a bursting of a hurricane the pintos leap forward, and with a splendid rush cross the scratch, winners by their own length.

"Black Rock"

By arrangement with the Westminster Co., Limited, and Rev. C. W. Gordon (Ralph Connor).

SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD

I think, sir, it would be unbecoming, if I may venture to say so, that I should remain silent on this occasion, and that no expression should be given of the way the North-West feels at this supreme hour. For myself it would be hard not to express a sense of grief at such a time as this, because it so happens that for some years I was brought closely into contact with him whom we mourn at this time, and I was able to see into those features of his character which were probably of more value to the world than the great abilities which struck the superficial observer. Mr. Speaker, the man whom we mourn here to-day was emphatically a great man. When I came to Canada first, his friends, misdoubting that they might have formed a Provincial conception of Sir John Macdonald, used to come to me and ask how he would compare with the great men in England. I said he was the equal of the greatest of them, and when I knew him intimately and was brought closely in contact with him, I became more and more convinced that far from doubting whether he could stand beside the greatest of them, few of them had the varied qualities, the extraordinary, varied and complex qualities, that

are necessary to make a political leader such as was Sir John Macdonald. Ranging over the field of history and recalling the names of the men who have reached the heights which it takes a lifetime to climb, it is hardly possible to find one who has possessed the varied qualities of the great man who the other day was leading in this House. You may find great powers of intellect, great powers of statesmanship, far-reaching views, great powers of oratory, but where will you find, conjoined with all these, that politeness that never fails, that delicate consideration for the feelings of others, the exquisite urbanity that distinguished Sir John Macdonald, that ever and anon played like light and shade in "*Le bon sens ironique et la grace qui rit.*"

Sir, the measure of his great abilities are the difficulties he overcame These very buildings emphasize the Imperial cast of mind of the great man who is gone In truth he was not only a Canadian, but an Imperial statesman—the brightest gem in the British Crown was polished and set by his hand. I have read somewhere of a child who planted a tree which ultimately shaded his old age, and with the dews of evening watered his grave. Sir John Macdonald was in that position, because he found Canada a petty pro-

vince, and he leaves it something like an Empire. At this moment a nation more important than the nation over which Elizabeth ruled weeps the loss of a statesman who helped to build it up The qualities which were most extraordinary in that remarkable man were the kindness of heart, that alchemistical power which transmuted all that came near him into gold, which made of every foe that came within its influence a friend or a devotee We may build statues to him in these grounds, monuments will arise to him in Kingston, but the real, the grandest monument to Sir John Macdonald, will be the one that Canada feels it her privilege to cherish for so great a personality. But even should we never erect a statue to his memory, humanity will keep his memory green, for he belonged to that rare race of men who enchain the memory of mankind.

NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN

THE CLOCKMAKER'S SOFT SAWDER

"But how is it," said I, "that you manage to sell such an immense number of clocks, which certainly cannot be called necessary articles, among a people with whom there seems to be so great scarcity of money?" Mr. Slick paused, as if considering the propriety of answering the question, and looking me in the face, said in a confidential tone—

"Why, I don't care if I do tell you, for the market is glutted, and I shall quit this circuit. It is done by a knowledge of soft sawder and human natur'. But here is Deacon Flint's," said he; "I have but one clock left, and I guess I will sell it to him."

At the gate of a most comfortable looking farmhouse stood Deacon Flint, a respectable old man, who had understood the value of time better than most of his neighbors, if one might judge from the appearance of everything about him. After the usual salutation, an invitation to "alight" was accepted by Mr. Slick, who said he wished to take leave of Mrs. Flint before he left Colchester.

We had hardly entered the house, before the Clockmaker pointed to the view from the window, and, addressing himself to me, said, "If I was to tell them in Connecticut there was such a farm as this away down East here in Nova Scotia, they wouldn't believe me. Why, there ain't such a location in all New England. The Deacon has a hundred acres of dyke"—

"Seventy," said the Deacon, "only seventy."

“Well, seventy, but then there is your fine deep bottom; why I could run a ramrod into it”—

“Interval, we call it,” said the Deacon, who, though evidently pleased at this eulogium, seemed to wish the experiment of the ramrod to be tried in the right place.

“Well, interval, if you please—though Professor Eleazer Cumstick, in his work on Ohio, calls them bottoms—is just as good as dyke. Then there is that water privilege, worth three or four thousand dollars, twice as good as what Governor Cass paid fifteen thousand dollars for. I wonder, Deacon, you don’t put up a carding mill on it; the same works would carry a turning lathe, a shingle-machine, a circular saw, grind bark, and”—

“Too old,” said the Deacon, “too old for all those speculations”—

“Old!” repeated the Clockmaker, “not you; why you are worth half a dozen of the young men we see, nowadays; you are young enough to have”—here he said something in a lower tone of voice, which I did not distinctly hear, but whatever it was, the Deacon was pleased; he smiled, and said he did not think of such things now.

“But your beasts, dear me, your beasts must be put in and have a feed;” saying which, he went out to order them to be taken to the stable.

As the old gentleman closed the door after him, Mr. Slick drew near to me, and said in an undertone, “that is what I call ‘soft sawder.’”

An Englishman would pass that man as a sheep passes a hog in a pasture, without looking at him; or" said he, looking rather archly, "if he was mounted on a pretty smart horse, I guess he'd trot away, if he could. Now I find"—here his lecture on "soft sawder" was cut short by the entrance of Mrs. Flint.

"Jist come to say good-bye, Mrs. Flint."

"What, have you sold all your clocks?"

"Yes, and very low too, for money is scarce, and I wish to close the consarn; no, I am wrong in saying all, for I have just one left. Neighbour Steel's wife asked to have the refusal of it, but I guess I won't sell it; I had two of them, this one and the feller of it, that I sold Governor Lincoln. General Green, Secretary of State for Maine, said he'd give me fifty dollars for this here one—it has composition wheels, and patent axles, is a beautiful article, a real first chop, no mistake, genuine superfine—but I guess I'll take it back; and besides, Squire Hawk might think it kinder hard, that I did not give him the offer."

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Flint. "I should like to see it; where is it?"

"It is in a chest of mine over the way, at Tom Pape's store. I guess he can ship it on to Eastport."

"That's a good man," said Mrs. Flint, "jist let's look at it."

Mr. Slick, willing to oblige, yielded to these entreaties, and soon produced the clock—a gaudy, highly-varnished, trumpery-looking

affair. He placed it on the chimney-piece, where its beauties were pointed out and duly appreciated by Mrs. Flint, whose admiration was about ending in a proposal when Mr. Flint returned from giving his directions about the care of the horses. The Deacon praised the clock; he, too, thought it a handsome one; but the Deacon was a prudent man; he had a watch; he was sorry, but he had no occasion for a clock.

"I guess you're in the wrong furrow this time, Deacon, it ain't for sale," said Mr. Slick, "and if it was, I reckon neighbor Steel's wife would have it, for she gave me no peace about it." Mrs. Flint said that Mr. Steel had enough to do, poor man, to pay his interest, without buying clocks for his wife.

"It is no consarn of mine," said Mr. Slick, "as long as he pays me what he has to do; but I guess I don't want to sell it, and besides, it comes too high; that clock can't be made at Rhode Island under forty dollars. Why, it ain't possible," said the Clockmaker, in apparent surprise, looking at his watch, "why, as I'm alive, it is four o'clock, and if I haven't been two hours here. How on airth shall I reach River Philip to-night? I'll tell you what, Mrs. Flint, I'll leave the clock in your care till I return, on my way to the States. I'll set it going, and put it to the right time."

As soon as this operation was performed, he delivered the key to the Deacon with a sort of serio-comic injunction to wind up the clock every Saturday night, which Mrs. Flint said

she would take care should be done, and promised to remind her husband of it, in case he should chance to forget it.

“That,” said the Clockmaker, as soon as we were mounted, “I call ‘human natur’! Now that clock is sold for forty dollars; it cost me just six dollars and fifty cents. Mrs. Flint will never let Mrs. Steel have the refusal, nor will the Deacon learn until I call for the clock, that having once indulged in the use of a superfluity, how difficult it is to give it up. We can do without any article of luxury we have never had, but when once obtained, it is not in ‘human natur’ to surrender it voluntarily. Of fifteen thousand sold by myself and partners in this Province, twelve thousand were left in this manner, and only ten clocks were ever returned; when we called for them they invariably bought them. We trust to ‘soft sawder’ to get them into the house and to ‘human nature’, that they never come out of it.”

THOMAS CHANDLER HALIBURTON

(“Sam Slick.”)

INDEPENDENCE OF THE PRESS

Will you, my countrymen, the descendants of these men, warmed by their blood, inheriting their language, and having the principles for which they struggled confided to your care, allow them to be violated in your hands? Will you permit the sacred fire of liberty, brought by your fathers from the venerable temples of Britain, to be quenched and trodden out on the simple altars they have raised? Your verdict will be the most important, in its consequences, ever delivered before this tribunal; and I conjure you to judge me by the principles of English law, and to leave an unshackled press as a legacy to your children. You remember the press in your hours of conviviality and mirth—oh! do not desert it in this its day of trial.

If for a moment I could fancy that your verdict would stain me with crime, cramp my resources by fines, and cast my body into prison, even then I would endeavor to seek elsewhere for consolation and support. Even then I would not desert my principles, nor abandon the path that the generous impulses of youth selected, and which my riper judgment sanctions and approves. I would toil on, and hope for better times—till the principles of British liberty and British law had become more generally diffused, and had forced their way into the hearts of my countrymen. In the meantime I would endeavor to guard

their interests—to protect their liberties; and, while Providence lent me health and strength, the independence of the press should never be violated in my hands. Nor is there a living thing beneath my roof that would not aid me in this struggle; the wife who sits by my fire-side, the children who play around my hearth; the orphan boys in my office, whom it is my pride and pleasure to instruct from day to day in the obligations they owe to their profession and their country, would never suffer the press to be wounded through my side. We would wear the coarsest raiment; we would eat the poorest food; and crawl at night into the veriest hovel in the land to rest our weary limbs, but cheerful and undaunted hearts; and these jobbing justices should feel that one frugal and united family could withstand their persecution, defy their power, and maintain the freedom of the press. Yes, gentlemen, come what will, while I live, Nova Scotia shall have the blessing of an open and unshackled press.

JOSEPH HOWE

From his defence of the *Nova Scotian*.

ON THE DEATH OF GLADSTONE

Delivered in the Canadian House of Commons,
May 26th, 1898.

England has lost the most illustrious of her sons; but the loss is not England's alone, nor is it confined to the great empire which acknowledges England's suzerainty, nor even to the proud race which can claim kinship with the people of England. The loss is the loss of mankind. Mr. Gladstone gave his whole life to his country; but the work which he did for his country was conceived and carried out on principles of such high elevation, for purposes so noble, and aims so lofty, that not his country alone, but the whole of mankind, benefited by his work. It is no exaggeration to say that he has raised the standard of civilization, and the world to-day is undoubtedly better for both the precept and the example of his life. His death is mourned not only by England, the land of his birth, not only by Scotland, the land of his ancestors, not only by Ireland for whom he did so much, and attempted so much more, but also by the people of the two Sicilies, for whose outraged rights he once aroused the conscience of Europe, by the people of the Ionian Islands, whose independence he secured, and by the people of Bulgaria and the Danubian Provinces, in whose cause he enlisted the sympathy of his own native country. Indeed, since the days of Napoleon, no man has lived whose name has travelled so far and so wide, over the surface

of the earth; no man has lived whose name alone so deeply moved the hearts of so many millions of men. Whereas Napoleon impressed his tremendous personality upon peoples far and near, by the strange fascination which the genius of war has always exercised over the imagination of men in all lands and in all ages, the name of Gladstone has come to be in the minds of all civilized nations, the living incarnation of right against might—the champion, the dauntless, tireless champion, of the oppressed against the oppressor. It is, I believe, equally true to say that his was the most marvellous mental organization which the world has seen since Napoleon—certainly the most compact, the most active, and the most universal.

This last half century in which we live, has produced many able and strong men who, in different walks of life, have attracted the attention of the world at large; and of the men who have illustrated this age, it seems to me that in the eyes of posterity four will outlive and outshine all others—Cavour, Lincoln, Bismarck, and Gladstone. If we look simply at the magnitude of the results obtained, compared with the exiguity of the resources at command—if we remember that out of the small Kingdom of Sardinia grew united Italy, we must come to the conclusion that Count Cavour was undoubtedly a statesman of marvellous skill and prescience. Abraham Lincoln, unknown to fame when he was elected to the presidency, exhibited a power for the gov-

ernment of men which has scarcely been surpassed in any age. He saved the American Union, he enfranchised the black race, and for the task he had to perform he was endowed in some respects almost miraculously. No man ever displayed a greater insight into the motives, the complex motives, which shape the public opinion of a free country, and he possessed almost to the degree of an instinct, the supreme quality in a statesman of taking the right decision, taking it at the right moment and expressing it in language of incomparable felicity. Prince Bismarck was the embodiment of resolute common sense, unflinching determination, relentless strength, moving onward to his end, and crushing everything in his way as unconcerned as fate itself. Mr. Gladstone undoubtedly excelled every one of these men. He had in his person a combination of varied powers of the human intellect, rarely to be found in one single individual. He had the imaginative fancy, the poetic conception of things, in which Count Cavour was deficient. He had the aptitude for business, the financial ability which Lincoln never exhibited. He had the lofty impulses, the generous inspirations which Prince Bismarck always discarded, even if he did not treat them with scorn. He was at once an orator, a statesman, a poet, and a man of business. As an orator he stands certainly in the very front rank of orators of his country or any country of his age or any age. I remember when Louis Blanc was in England, in the days of the

Second Empire, he used to write to the press of Paris, and in one of his letters to "*Le Temps*" he stated that Mr. Gladstone would undoubtedly have been the foremost orator of England, if it were not for the existence of Mr. Bright. It may be admitted, and I think it is admitted generally, that on some occasions Mr. Bright reached heights of grandeur and pathos which even Mr. Gladstone did not attain. But Mr. Gladstone had an ability, a vigour, a fluency which no man in his age or any age ever rivalled or even approached. That is not all. To his marvellous mental powers he added no less marvellous physical gifts. He had the eye of a god, the voice of a silver bell; and the very fire of his eye, the very music of his voice swept the hearts of men even before they had been dazzled by the torrents of his eloquence.

As a statesman it was the good fortune of Mr. Gladstone that his career was not associated with war. The reforms which he effected, the triumphs which he achieved, were not won by the supreme arbitrament of the sword. The reforms which he effected and the triumphs which he achieved were the result of his power of persuasion over his fellow-men. The reforms which he achieved in many ways amounted to a revolution. They changed, in many particulars, the face of the realm. After Sir Robert Peel had adopted the great principle which eventually carried England from protection to free trade, it was Mr. Gladstone who created the financial system which

has been admitted ever since by all students of finance, as the secret of Great Britain's commercial success. He enforced the extension of the suffrage to the masses of the nation, and practically thereby made the government of monarchial England as democratic as that of any republic. He disestablished the Irish church, he introduced reform into the land tenure and brought hope into the breasts of those tillers of the soil in Ireland who had for so many generations laboured in despair. And all this he did, not by force or violence, but simply by the power of his eloquence and the strength of his personality.

Great, however, as were the acts of the man, after all he was of the human flesh, and for him, as for everybody else, there were trivial and low duties to be performed. It is no exaggeration to say that even in those low and trivial duties he was great. He ennobled the common realities of life. His was above all things a religious mind—essentially religious in the highest sense of the term. And the religious sentiment which dominated his public life and his speeches, that same sentiment, according to the testimony of those who knew him best, also permeated all his actions from the highest to the humblest. He was a man of strong and pure affections, of long and lasting friendship.

May I be permitted, without any impropriety, to recall that it was my privilege to experience and to appreciate that courtesy,

made up of dignity and grace, which was famous all the world over, but of which no one could have an appropriate opinion, unless he had been the recipient of it. In a character so complex and diversified, one may ask what was the dominant feature, what was the supreme quality, the one characteristic which marked the nature of the man. Was it his incomparable genius for finance? Was it his splendid oratorical powers? Was it his marvellous fecundity of mind? In my estimation it was not any one of these qualities. Great as they were, there was one still more marked, and if I have to give my own impression, I would say that the one trait which was dominant in his nature, which marked the man more distinctly than any other, was his intense humanity, his paramount sense of right, his abhorrence of injustice, wrong, and oppression wherever to be found or in whatever shape they might show themselves. Injustice, wrong, oppression acted upon him, as it were, mechanically, and aroused every fibre of his being, and from that moment to the repairing of the injustice, the undoing of the wrong, and the destruction of the oppression, he gave his mind, his heart, his soul, his whole life with an energy, with an intensity, with a vigour paralleled in no man unless it be the first Napoleon. There are many evidences of this in his life. When he was travelling in Southern Italy, as a tourist, for pleasure and for the benefit of the health of his family, he became aware of the abominable system which was

there prevailing under the name of Constitutional Government. He left everything aside, even the object which had brought him to Italy, and applied himself to investigate and to collect evidence, and then denounced the abominable system in a trumpet blast of such power that it shook to its very foundations the throne of King Ferdinand and sent it tottering to its fall. Again, when he was sent as High Commissioner to the Ionian Islands, the injustice of keeping this Hellenic population separated from the rest of Greece, separated from the kingdom to which they were adjacent, and toward which all their aspirations were raised, struck his generous soul with such force that he became practically their advocate, and secured their independence. Again, when he had withdrawn from public life, and when, in the language of Thiers, under somewhat similar circumstances, he had returned to "*ses cheres etudes*," the atrocities perpetrated by the Turks on the people of Roumania brought him back to public life with a vehemence, an impetuosity, and a torrent of fierce indignation that swept everything before it. If this be, as I think it is, the one distinctive feature of his character, it seems to explain away what are called the inconsistencies of his life. Inconsistencies there were none in his life. He had been brought up in the most unbending school of Toryism. He became the most active reformer of our times. But whilst he became the leader of the Liberal party and an active reformer,

it is only due to him to say that in his complex mind there was a vast space for what is known as conservatism. His mind was not only liberal but conservative as well, and he clung to the affections of his youth until, in questions of practical moment, he found them clashing with that sense of right and abhorrence of injustice of which I have spoken. But the moment he found his conservative affections clash with what he thought right and just, he did not hesitate to abandon his former convictions and go the whole length of the reforms demanded. Thus he was always devotedly, filially, lovingly attached to the Church of England. He loved it, as he often declared. He adhered to it as an establishment in England, but the very reasons and arguments which, in his mind, justified the establishment of the Church in England, compelled him to a different course as far as that church was concerned in Ireland. In England the Church was the church of the majority, of almost the unanimity of the nation. In Ireland it was the church of the minority, and, therefore, he did not hesitate. His course was clear; he removed the one church and maintained the other. So it was with Home Rule. But, coming to the subject of Home Rule, though there may be much to say, perhaps this is neither the occasion nor the place to say it. The Irish problem is dormant, not solved; but the policy proposed by Mr. Gladstone for the solution of this question has provoked too much bitterness, too deep divi-

sion, even on the floor of this House, to make it advisable to say anything about it on this occasion.

I notice it, however, simply because it is the last and everlasting monument of that high sense of justice which, above all things, characterized him. When he became convinced that Home Rule was the only method whereby the long-open wound could be healed, he did not hesitate one moment, even though he were to sacrifice friends, power, popularity. And he sacrificed friends, power, popularity, in order to give that supreme measure of justice to a long-suffering people. Whatever may be the views which men entertain upon the policy of Home Rule, whether they favour that policy or whether they oppose it, whether they believe in it or whether they do not believe in it, every man, whether friend or foe of that measure, must say that it was not only a bold, but it was a noble thought, that of attempting to cure discontent in Ireland by trusting to Irish honour and Irish generosity.

Now, Sir, he is no more. England is to-day in tears, but fortunate is the nation which has produced such a man. His years are over; but his work is not closed; his work is still going on. The example which he gave to the world shall live for ever, and the seed which he has sown with such a copious hand shall still germinate and bear fruit under the full light of heaven.

SIR WILFRID LAURIER.

REAL RICHES

"This is cruel," I said. "You are mocking me. The love of life must necessarily be the strongest passion of man. We are so made. A long life is everywhere considered as the highest blessing; and there is no one who is willing to die, no matter what his suffering may be. Riches also are desired by all, for poverty is the direst curse that can embitter life; and as to requited love, surely that is the sweetest, purest, and most divine joy that the human heart can know."

Then the Kohen burst forth as follows: "Oh, sacred cavern gloom! Oh, divine darkness! Oh, impenetrable abysses of night! What, oh, what is this! You call good evil, and evil good; our light is your darkness and our darkness your light. You are mad to-day! You are always strange, but now you have quite taken leave of your senses."

"You cannot mean all this," I said.

The Kohen clasped his hands. "I cannot understand," he answered. "A mad man might imagine that he loved life and desired riches; but as to love, why even a madman could not think of requital, for the very nature of the passion of love is the most utter self-surrender, and a shrinking from all requital; wherefore, the feeling that leads one to desire requital cannot be love. For what is love? It is the ardent outflow of the whole being—the yearning of one human heart to lavish all its treasures upon another. Love gives all things away, and cannot possibly re-

ceive anything in return. A requital of love would mean selfishness, which would be self-contradiction.

"I was born," he went on, "in the most enviable of positions. My father and mother were among the poorest in the land. Both died when I was a child and I never knew them. I grew up in the open field, and public caverns, along with the most esteemed paupers, but there was something wanting in my natural disposition. I loved death, of course, and poverty too, very strongly; but I did not have that eager and energetic passion which is so desirable, nor was I watchful enough over my blessed state of poverty. Surrounded as I was by those who were only too ready to take advantage of my ignorance, or want of vigilance, I soon fell into evil ways, and gradually in spite of myself I found wealth pouring in upon me. Designing men succeeded in winning my consent to receive their possessions; and so I gradually fell away from that lofty position in which I was born. I grew richer and richer. My friends warned me in vain. I was too weak to resist; in fact, I lacked moral fibre, and had never learned how to say, 'No.' So I went on, descending lower and lower in the scale of being. I became a capitalist, an Athon, a general officer, and finally Kohen."

"The Strange Manuscript Found in a
Copper Cylinder."

JAMES DE MILLE

MY FINANCIAL CAREER

When I go into a bank I get rattled. The clerks rattle me; the wickets rattle me; the sight of money rattles me; everything rattles me.

The moment I cross the threshold of a bank and attempt to transact business there, I become an irresponsible idiot.

I knew this beforehand, but my salary had been raised to fifty dollars a month and I felt that the bank was the only place for it.

So I shambled in and looked timidly round at the clerks. I had an idea that a person about to open an account was a tall, cool devil. The very sight of him rattled me. My voice was sepulchral.

"Can I see the manager?" I said, and added solemnly, "alone." I don't know why I said "alone."

"Certainly," said the accountant, and fetched him.

The manager was a grave, calm man. I held my fifty-six dollars clutched in a crumpled ball in my pocket.

"Are you the manager?" I said. God knows I didn't doubt it.

"Yes," he said.

"Can I see you," I asked, "alone?" I didn't want to say "alone" again, but without it the thing seemed self-evident.

The manager looked at me in some alarm. He felt that I had an awful secret to reveal.

"Come in here," he said, and led the way to a private room. He turned the key in the lock.

"We are safe from interruption here," he said; "sit down."

We both sat down and looked at each other. I found no voice to speak.

"You are one of Pinkerton's men, I presume," he said.

He had gathered from my mysterious manner that I was a detective. I knew what he was thinking, and it made me worse.

"No, not from Pinkerton's," I said, seeming to imply that I came from a rival agency.

"To tell the truth," I went on, as if I had been prompted to lie about it, "I am not a detective at all. I have come to open an account. I intend to keep all my money in this bank."

The manager looked relieved but still serious; he concluded now that I was a son of Baron Rothschild or a young Gould.

"A large account, I suppose," he said.

"Fairly large," I whispered. "I propose to deposit fifty-six dollars now and fifty a month regularly."

The manager got up and opened the door. He called to the accountant.

"Mr. Montgomery," he said unkindly loud, "this gentleman is opening an account; he will deposit fifty-six dollars. Good morning."

I rose.

A big iron door stood open at the side of the room.

"Good morning," I said, and stepped into the safe.

"Come out," said the manager coldly, and showed me the other way.

I went up to the accountant's wicket and poked the ball of money at him with a quick convulsive moment as if I were doing a conjuring trick.

My face was ghastly pale.

"Here," I said, "deposit it." The tone of the words seemed to mean, "Let us do this painful thing while the fit is on us."

He took the money and gave it to another clerk.

He made me write the sum on a slip and sign my name in a book. I no longer knew what I was doing. The bank swam before my eyes.

"Is it deposited?" I asked in a hollow, vibrating voice.

"It is," said the accountant.

"Then I want to draw a cheque."

My idea was to draw out six dollars of it for present use. Someone gave me a check-book through a wicket and someone else began telling me how to write it out. The people in the bank had the impression that I was an invalid millionaire. I wrote something on the cheque and thrust it in at the clerk. He looked at it.

"What! are you drawing it all out again?" he asked in surprise. Then I realized that I had written fifty-six instead of six. I was too far gone to reason now. I had a feeling

that it was impossible to explain things. All the clerks had stopped writing to look at me.

Reckless with misery, I made a plunge.

"Yes, the whole thing."

"You withdraw your money from the bank?"

"Every cent of it."

"Are you not going to deposit any more?" said the clerk astonished.

"Never."

An idiot hope had struck me that they might think something had insulted me while I was writing the cheque and that I had changed my mind. I made a wretched attempt to look like a man with a fearfully quick temper.

The clerk prepared to pay the money.

"How will you have it?" he said.

"What?"

"How will you have it?"

"Oh"—I caught his meaning and answered without even trying to think—"in fifties."

He gave me a fifty-dollar bill.

"And the six?" he asked dryly.

"In sixes," I said.

He gave it to me and I rushed out.

As the big door swung behind me I caught the echo of a roar of laughter that went up to the ceiling of the bank. Since then I bank no more. I keep my money in cash in my trousers pocket and my savings in silver dollars in a sock.

"Literary Lapses."

STEPHEN LEACOCK

THE BRITISH EMPIRE

For a century and a half this country has grown and flourished under the protecting ægis of the British Crown. The gallant race who first bore to our shores the blessings of civilization, passed, by an easy transition, from French to English rule, and now form one of the most law-abiding portions of the community. These pioneers were speedily recruited by the advent of a loyal band of British subjects, who gave up everything that men most prize, and were content to begin life anew in the wilderness rather than forego allegiance to their sovereign. To the descendants of these men, and of the multitude of Englishmen, Irishmen and Scotchmen who emigrated to Canada that they might build up new homes without ceasing to be British subjects—to you Canadians I appeal, and I ask you what have you to gain by surrendering that which your fathers held most dear? Under the broad folds of the Union Jack, we enjoy the most ample liberty to govern ourselves as we please, and at the same time we participate in the advantages which flow from association with the mightiest empire the world has ever seen. Not only are we free to manage our domestic concerns, but, practically, we possess the privilege of making our own treaties with foreign countries, and, in our relations with the outside world, we enjoy the prestige inspired by a consciousness

of the fact that behind us towers the majesty of England.

As for myself, my course is clear. A British subject I was born—a British subject I will die. With my utmost effort, with my latest breath, will I oppose the “veiled treason” which attempts by sordid means and mercenary proffers to lure our people from their allegiance. During my long public service of nearly half a century, I have been true to my country and its best interests, and I appeal with equal confidence to the men who have trusted me in the past, and to the young hope of the country with whom rest its destinies for the future, to give me their united and strenuous aid in this, my last effort, for the unity of the empire and the preservation of our commercial and political freedom.

SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD

THE LIBERTY OF THE PRESS

The articles complained of contain opinions unfavourable to the political character of members who compose the majority of this House, also opinions unfavourable to those persons who compose the executive council of the colony. The former are charged with sycophancy, the latter with being as mean and mercenary as any other colonial administration. It is alleged that to propagating such opinions is criminal and deserves punishment. Undoubtedly, if there is a rule or law, it is wrong to transgress it. But I know no law that is transgressed by propagating these opinions. Let it even be supposed, for the sake of argument, that the opinions complained of are false, though I firmly believe that they are perfectly true; if all false quotations and false opinions are improper, then all discussion, either in this House or through the press, must also be improper, for if one set of opinions can be given or quoted by either party, then there can be no argument. The newspaper press of this colony takes different sides on political questions. Four-fifths of the twenty-five journals published in this colony are in raptures with the Lieutenant-Governor, the Councils, and the House of Assembly; they continually laud and extol them to the skies for the wonderful benefits they are conferring, and (as they say) are about to confer upon the province. The remaining journals, comparatively few in number, but of very exten-

sive circulation, disapprove generally of the manner in which public affairs are conducted. Shall they not possess the power to blame, if they think fit, that which the others praise? May not they who find fault be in the right, and the others who praise in the wrong? How are the people to know when to approve or to disapprove of the conduct of their rulers, if the freedom of expressing all opinions concerning public men be checked? . . . Would you wish all check from the press put a stop to? Assuredly there is no medium between allowing all opinions to be published, and of prohibiting all. Where would you draw the line? Those among us who may wish to conceal the abuses of our defective government will denounce the paragraphs complained of as libellous, because it is a point of great importance with them to keep the people in ignorance, that they may neither know nor think they have any just cause of complaint, but allow the few to riot undisturbed in the pleasures of misrule at their expense. They say West India negro law is admirable. The Solicitor and Attorney-General have already gratuitously denounced the paragraphs before the House, as tending to bring the Government into contempt and impede its operation. If the Government is acting wrongly, it ought to be checked. Censure of a government causes inquiry and produces discontent among the people, and this discontent is the only means known to me of removing the defects of a vicious government and inducing the rulers to

remedy abuses. Thus the press, by its power of censure, is the best safeguard of the interests of mankind; and unless the practical freedom of the press were guaranteed by the spirit and determination of the people of Upper Canada, it is doubtful to me whether this House itself, as an elective body, would be an advantage to the community. I rather think it would not. It is by no means an improbability that the electors of this House should sometimes make a bad choice. That I think they have done so now is evident from my votes upon most questions. It is by the liberty of the press, and the freedom of expressing opinions, that a remedy can be had for an unfortunate choice; the more the country knows of your acts, the more severely editors on whom it depends animadvert on your public conduct, the more will that conduct become a matter of inquiry and discussion, and the country will look into your actions and weigh your character thereby. If the people support a press and expect independent opinions from the editor, would you have that editor deceive them by praising the most notorious selfishness and sycophancy, and dressing these vices in the garb of virtue?

If one man in a legislative assembly saw that he might promote misrule for his own advantage, so would another; so would they all; and thus bad government be reared and upheld. Unless there be a check by the people upon governors and legislators, founded on a knowledge of their character, governments

will inevitably become vicious. If the Legislature shall (as these proceedings indicate in my case) assume the power of judging censures on their own public conduct, and also assume the power to punish, they will be striking a blow at the interests of the people and the wholesome liberty of the press. Where bad judges, hypocritical governors, wicked magistrates, sycophantic representatives, can, by the doctrine of contempts, exercise at will a censorship over the press and punish the journalist who strives to promote the public interest by a fearless discharge of an unpleasant duty, mis-rule and injustice will be the inevitable consequence. It is our duty to watch the judges; but were they to assume the power of punishing editors summarily for animadversions on their conduct on the bench, how would the people know what that conduct had been, or learn whether we did or did not do our duty in striving to secure for them a perfect judicature? There is assuredly no security for good government unless both favourable and unfavourable opinions of public men are allowed to be freely circulated.

WILLIAM LYON MACKENZIE

BUSHEL FOR BUSHEL.

This is the story of Neil McAlpine of Fingal, the pioneer patriot, who saved the Talbot settlement when it was threatened by famine. It was my privilege to hear it told by Neil McAlpine's grandson, my friend, Dr. Hugh A. McCallum. It was told in a pioneer house such as Neil McAlpine knew, and I only wish that I could tell it to-day so that it would thrill you as it thrilled me. My version is only an echo of that splendid telling, but I am giving it because the hope of Canada and the Empire, and, possibly, of humanity, lies in such men as Neil McAlpine.

* * * * *

Neil McAlpine was one of the early settlers in the neighborhood of Fingal. Being a man of means he farmed somewhat extensively for those days, and when market prices did not suit him he was in a position to hold his products until another season. One year the frost killed all the wheat in the Talbot settlement. Neil McAlpine had three thousand bushel in his granaries. At first he exulted in the prospect of selling the wheat profitably, but one day when he was in St. Thomas he suddenly saw matters in a new light. Word was brought to him that the local miller wished to see him. When McAlpine went to the mill, the miller said:

"You have some wheat, haven't you?"

"I have three thousand bushels."

The miller made him an offer which startled McAlpine.

"Why!" he exclaimed, "that is more than you can get for it after it has been ground into flour. What are you going to do with the wheat?"

"I am going to sell it for seed grain to the settlers."

It dawned on Neil McAlpine what that would mean, and as he told about it afterwards he said that the cold sweat broke out on him. His grain might be used to extort blood-money from the struggling settlers who were threatened by the menace of famine. His mind was made up at once. He hurried home and developed his plan. The next day being the Sabbath, and he being an elder of the Kirk, he dressed and went to church early. Standing beside the gate he whispered to each pioneer as he passed through:

"You can get seed grain at my place—bushel for bushel. For each bushel you take at seedtime you will bring me back a bushel after harvest."

He made this offer to every member of the Presbyterian Church. When he went home after the service he remembered that he had made his offer only to the Presbyterians. In the settlement there were many people belonging to other churches, so he put his sons on horseback and sent them to the others—the Baptists, Anglicans, Roman Catholics, and Methodists. A young man stood by the gate

of each church and whispered to the worshippers as they entered:

“You can get seed grain from my father—bushel for bushel. For each bushel you take now you will bring back a bushel after harvest.”

On Monday morning the settlers thronged to Neil McAlpine's. The boys were in the granary measuring out the wheat and filling the bags, and as each settler with his precious store of seed grain came past the house, Neil McAlpine (he was called Captain Storms) would hold up his can and ask:

“How many bushels?”

When they told him the amount he would add:

“Remember now, bushel for bushel! For every bushel you are taking you are to bring me back a bushel after harvest.”

For three days the procession passed Neil McAlpine's door to the granary and back until all the grain was distributed and every family in the settlement had seed wheat. This great-souled act accomplished the good man's purpose and to this day there are old people in the neighborhood of Fingal who are saying:

“It happened so many years before or after Neil McAlpine saved the settlement.”

* * * * *

Some years ago Dr. Hugh McCallum was called to Shedden, a village in the Talbot settlement, on a consultation. When returning home he was walking up and down on the railway platform waiting for the train, when he noticed a little, old man keeping step with him

and looking at him curiously. The big doctor stopped and said kindly:

"Is there anything I can do for you?"

The little, old man shook his head, then exclaimed in a brogue which I shall not attempt to reproduce:

"If I didn't know that he was dead, I would think that you was Carl in Storms."

"You mean Neil McAlpine," replied the doctor. "Well, I am his grandson, and they say that I resemble him."

"You are the dead spit of him."

It then occurred to the doctor that he had a chance to hear the story of how Neil McAlpine saved the settlement from one who was alive at the time, so he asked him:

"Do you remember the time when Neil McAlpine saved the settlement?"

"I do that."

"Come and sit down and tell me all about it."

The old man then told how his father had come from Ireland with a large family of young children and took a farm in the wilderness. The first year he was only able to clear a small piece of land in which he planted turnips, and all the following winter his family had nothing to eat but turnips. The old man, who was telling the story, was a young boy at the time and he remembered well how his father got the seed grain from McAlpine. When he got home with it he had also a bag of flour that Neil McAlpine had given him so that his children might have bread.

He also had a jug of buttermilk that Neil McAlpine's wife had given him so that their mother might make scones, and a jug of molasses for the children to eat with the scones. The old man told how his mother baked at once, and he added:

"I ate so much that I was so sick at four o'clock in the morning that they gave me a dose of castor oil. Oh, I will never forget the time when Neil McAlpine saved the settlement."

He also went on to tell that on the next day the priest came to their house in the wilderness. His mother was a proud woman when she was able to place before him the wheaten bread. When the priest saw it, he exclaimed:

"Woman, woman! where did you get the wheaten bread?"

She told him how Neil McAlpine had given them the seed grain and the flour. As the priest seated himself at the table he crossed himself and said reverently:

"God bless that old heretic, Neil McAlpine!"

This remark struck Dr. McCallum and he said to the man:

"You were Catholics, were you not?"

"We were."

"But Neil McAlpine was a Presbyterian."

Drawing himself up to his full height, the little, old man exclaimed:

"On Sundays he was a Presbyterian, but on week days he was a neighbour."

From *The Globe*.

PETER MCARTHUR

THE PINK LADY

John Watson, with wife and family of nine, lived in a Manitoba town. Their first dwelling had been C.P.R. box-car No. 722, and it had been enlarged for the growing needs of the family by adding to it other car-roofed shanties. In a comfortable and commodious house in that same town lived Mrs. J. Burton Francis, rich in what Mrs. Watson lacked, but lacking the wealth of the home-children. Mrs. Francis was, nevertheless, much interested in children—in a literary way. Her favourite reading was Dr. Ernestus Parker on "Motherhood."

Mrs. Watson added to the family income by acting as washerwoman to Mrs. Burton and others; Jimmy Watson was milk-boy to the Burtons. Consequently in the Watson family Mrs. Burton was frequently mentioned, but she was described as "The Pink Lady," and the twelve-year-old Pearlie Watson who mothered the younger members of the family in the enforced absences of Mrs. Watson, was accustomed to create an atmosphere of cheer by reciting wonderful tales of the generosity of "the pink lady."

Let us now listen while Pearlie tells the story to the children one winter day when it is too cold for them to go out, and when they are restless at being shut in:—

"Once upon a time not very long ago, there lived a lovely pink lady in a big house painted red, with windies in ivery side of it, and a

bell on the front dure, and a velvet carpet on the stair, a lovely pianny in the parlow, and flowers in the windies, and two yalla burds that sing as if their hearts wud break, and the windies had a border of coloured glass all around them, and long white curtings full of holes, but they like them all the better o' that, for it shows they are owld and must ha' been good to ha' stood it so long. Well, annyway, there was a little boy called Jimmie Watson who used to carry milk to the lady's back dure, and a girl with black eyes and white teeth all smiley used to take it from him, and put it in a lovely pitcher with birds flying all over it. But one day the lady, herself, was there all dressed in lovely pink velvet and lace, and a train as long as from me to you, and she sez to Jimmy, sez she, 'Have you any sisters or brothers at home?' and Jim speaks up real proud-like, 'Just nine,' he sez, and sez she, swate as you please, 'Oh, that's lovely! Are they all as purty as you?' she sez, and Jimmy sez, 'Purtier if anything,' and she sez, 'I'll be steppin' over to-day to see yer ma,' and Jim ran home and told them all, and they all got brushed and combed and actin' good, and in she comes, laving her carriage at the dure, and her in a long pink velvet cape draggin' behind her on the flure, and wide white fer all around it, her silk skirts creakin' like a bag of cabbage and the eyes of her just dancin' out of her head, and she says, 'These are fine purty childer ye have here, Mrs. Watson. This is a rale purty girl,

this oldest one. What's her name? and ma up and tells her it is Rebecca Jane Pearl, named for her two grandmothers, and Pearl just for short. She says, 'I'll be for taking you home wid me, Pearlie, to play the pianny for me,' and then she asks all around what the children's names is, and then she brings out a big box, from under her cape, all tied wid store string, and she planks it on the table and tearin' off the string, she sez, 'Now, Pearlie, it's ladies first, tibby sure. What would you like to see in here?' And I says up quick—'A long coat wid fer on it, and a handkerchief smellin' strong of satchel powder,' and she whipped them out of the box and threw them on my knee, and a new pair of red mitts too. And then she says, 'Mary, acushla, it's your turn now.' And Mary says, 'A doll with a real head on it,' and there it was as big as Danny, all dressed in green satin, opening its eyes, if you plaze.'

"'Daniel Mulcahey Watson, what wud you like?' she says, and Danny ups and says, 'Chockaluts and candy men and 'taffy and curren' buns and ginger bread,' and she had every wan of them."

"'Robert Roblin Wason, him as they call Bugsey, what would you like?' and 'Patrick Healy Watson, as is called Patsey, what is your choice?' says she, and. . . ." but here the story breaks off unfinished, as Pearlie is interrupted by the return of her mother from her day's work.

One morning shortly after this when Jimmy brought the milk to Mrs. Francis' back door the dark-eyed girl with the "smiley" teeth let him in, and set a chair beside the kitchen stove for him to warm his little blue hands. While she was emptying the milk into the pitcher with the birds on it, Mrs. Francis, with a wonderful pink kimono on, came into the kitchen.

"Who is this boy, Camilla?" she asked, regarding Jimmy with a critical gaze.

"This is Master James Watson, Mrs. Francis," answered Camilla with her pleasant smile. "He brings the milk every morning."

"Oh yes, of course I remember now," said Mrs. Francis, adjusting her glasses.

"How old is the baby, James?"

"Danny, is it?" said Jim. "He's four come March."

"Is he very sweet and cunning, James, and do you love him very much?"

"Oh, he's all right," Jim answered sheepishly.

"It is a great privilege to have a little brother like Daniel. You must be careful to set before him a good example of honesty and sobriety. He will be a man some day, and if properly trained he may be a useful factor in the uplifting and refining of the world. I love little children," she went on rapturously, looking at Jimmy as if he wasn't there at all, "and I would love to train one, for service in the world to uplift and refine. . . ."

"Yes, ma'am," said Jimmy. He felt that

something was expected of him, but he was not sure what.

"Will you bring Daniel to see me to-morrow, James?" she said, as Camilla handed him his pail. "I would like to speak to his young mind and endeavour to plant the seeds of virtue and honesty in that fertile soil."

When Jimmy got home he told Pearlie of his interview with the pink lady, as much as he could remember. The only thing that he was sure of was that she wanted to see Danny, and that she had said something about planting seeds in him.

Jimmy and Pearlie thought it best not to mention Danny's proposed visit to their mother, for they knew that she would be fretting about his clothes, and would be sitting up mending and sewing for him when she should be sleeping. So they resolved to say "nothin' to nobody."

The next day their mother went away early to wash for the Methodist minister's wife, and that was always a long day's work.

Then preparations began. Boots, stockings and pants were commandeered from the person of Bugsey Watson for the service of his younger brother. Other articles of wear were impounded from other sources. As Danny had never owned a cap and nothing suitable could be foraged from anybody else's scanty outfit, Mary suggested, "Wrap yer cloud around his head and say you is feart of the earache, the day is so cold." Then a blanket off one of the beds was pressed into service

as an outer wrap for Danny and he was baled up in it and carried off.

When Pearlie and her heavy burden arrived at Mrs. Francis's back door they were admitted by the dark-haired Camilla, who set a rocking chair beside the kitchen stove for Pearlie to sit in while she unrolled Danny, and when Danny in his rather remarkable costume stood up on Pearlie's knee, Camilla laughed so good humouredly that Danny felt the necessity of showing her all his accomplishments and so made the face that Patsey had taught him by drawing down his eyes, and putting his fingers in his mouth. Danny thought she liked it very much, for she went hurriedly into the pantry and brought back a cookie for him.

The savoury smell of fried salmon, for it was near lunch time, increased Danny's interest in his surroundings and his eyes were big with wonder when Mrs. Francis herself came in.

"And is this little Daniel!" she cried rapturously. "So sweet; so innocent; so pure! Did Big Sister carry him all the way? Kind Big Sister. Does oo love Big Sister?"

"Nope," Danny spoke up quickly, "just like chockaluts."

"How sweet of him, isn't it, really?" she said, "with the world all before him, the great untried future lying vast and prophetic waiting for his baby feet to enter. Well has Dr.

Parker said: 'A little child is a bundle of possibilities and responsibilities'."

"If ye please, ma'am," Pearlie said timidly, not wishing to contradict the lady, but still anxious to set her right, "it was just this blanket I had him rolled in."

At which Camilla again retired to the pantry with precipitate haste.

"Did you see the blue, blue sky, Daniel, and the white, white snow, and did you see the little snowbirds, whirling by like brown leaves?" Mrs. Francis asked with an air of great childishness.

"Nope," said Danny shortly, "didn't see nothin'."

"Please, ma'am," began Pearlie again, "it was the cloud around his head on account of the earache that done it."

"It is sweet to look into his innocent young eyes and wonder what visions they will some day see," went on Mrs. Francis dreamily, but there she stopped with a look of horror frozen on her face, for at the mention of his eyes Danny remembered his best trick and how well it had worked on Camilla, and in a flash his eyes were drawn down and his mouth stretched to its utmost limit.

"What ails the child?" Mrs. Francis cried in alarm, "Camilla, come here."

Camilla came out of the pantry and gazed at Danny with sparkling eyes, while Pearlie, on the verge of tears, vainly tried to awaken in him some sense of the shame he was bringing on her. Camilla hurried to the pantry

again, and brought another cookie. "I believe, Mrs. Francis, that Danny is hungry," she added, laughing.

"Really, how very interesting; I must see if Dr. Parker mentions this strange phenomenon in his book."

"Please, ma'am, I think I had better take him home now," said Pearlie. She knew what Danny was, and was afraid that greater disgrace might await her. But when she tried to get him back into the blanket he lost every joint in his body and slipped to the floor. This is what she had feared—Danny had gone limber.

"I don't want to go home," he wailed dismally. "I want to stay with her, and her; want to see the yalla burds, want a chockalut."

"Come, Danny, that's a man," pleaded Pearlie, "and I'll tell you all about the lovely pink lady when we go home, and I'll get Bugsey's gum for ye and I'll. . . ."

"No," Danny roared, "tell me now about the pink lady, tell her, and her."

"Wait till we get home, Danny man." Pearlie's grief flowed afresh. Disgrace had fallen on the Watsons, and Pearlie knew it.

"It would be interesting to know what mental food this little mind has been receiving. Please do tell him the story, Pearlie."

Thus admonished, Pearlie, with flaming cheeks began the story. She tried to make it less personal, but at every change Danny screamed his disapproval, and held her to the original version, and when it was done, he

looked up with his sweet little smile, and said to Mrs. Francis, nodding his head, "You're it! You're the lovely pink lady." There was a strange flush on Mrs. Francis' face, and a strange feeling stirring in her heart, as she hurriedly rose from her chair and clasped Danny in her arms.

"Danny! Danny!" she cried, "you shall see the yellow birds, and the stairs, and the chocolates on the dresser, and the pink lady will come to-morrow with the big parcel."

Danny's little arms tightened around her neck.

"It's her," he shouted. "It's her."

Adapted from "Sowing Seeds in Danny."

NELLIE L. McCLUNG

THE BIRD WITH THE GOLDEN WINGS

We had been gathering strawberries, Dick and I, in the meadow below our house, burrowing verdant channels through the tall timothy, or lying at full length at an especially good "patch," while little dog Jap stood by, wagging his great plume of a tail, and waiting with open mouth to snatch the ripe berries from our reddened fingers. O happy childhood! Again, in writing of that afternoon do I look up through the heavy, swaying timothy heads, and catch the clear blue of the far-off sky, with the white fleece of a June cloud upon it, and the afternoon sunlight streaming down from it upon the green world! Again do I feel the crisp breeze, full of the elixir of life—or was it the life in us that transformed the breeze?—upon my cheek, and hear the silvery plaint of the meadow-lark flying low over the bending grass! Again, with the pleasant acid of the little red berries that stained lips and fingers, do I take into my being the tang of the fields and all the great out-door world. And again, looking between the thin green stalks, do I catch a glimpse of Dick, diligently cramming the ripe fruit into his mouth, and paying about as much attention to me as a lad of fourteen, under such conditions, is likely to pay to a foolish little lass three years his junior. Happy childhood indeed. Can one ever get one grip of the essence of it in later life? One quaff of the simple joy of living

that seems Paradise enough? And happiest of childhoods those spent in the country, where grovelling on old Mother Earth's bosom for the strawberry clusters that she holds close to herself among the timothy and redtop is but one of the thousand delights of a whole year!

And then, as we burrowed among the grasses that fair afternoon, looking out above the sea of shimmering green to the blue sky, I saw the bird with the golden wings. It was floating serenely, high in the air, sometimes wheeling somewhat, as though to prolong a buoyant enjoyment of the summer day. Even yet I cannot say what kind of bird it was, but I do know that when I first caught sight of it there in the blue, and for the space of nigh half an hour afterward, its wings and body shone like burnished gold.

Excitedly I sprang to my feet.

"Look, Dick, look! Oh, see the bird!"

"Hooray! Come, Peg!" he shouted, and, catching off his straw hat as was his habit when starting on a race, he was off on a run through the meadow, crushing the tall grass to right and left with a recklessness that boded trouble for the mower.

As closely as might be I followed, my eyes fixed on the golden bird. Jap, too, glad to know that something of unusual interest was on hand, bounded on ahead with sharp eyes, his black head appearing from time to time above the wriggling mass of green that marked his way through the timothy.

Here was a fence, and beyond, a green hill where travelling was easier; and still our bird kept easily in advance of us, flapping its bright wings steadily, as though keeping ahead of two panting children were but play.

Passing over the crest of the hill Dick slackened speed a bit, and I caught up to him.

"Why, Peg, you're puffing like a grampus." said he, with that inkling of ridicule in his voice which a half-grown lad usually assumes toward a younger and weaker companion.

Sometimes I resented this trace of ridicule, for it was not my fault if I could not climb trees and run races with the best of them; but to-day, I paid no attention to it. A new and absorbing idea had taken hold of me.

"Dick," I said, in a half-awed whisper, "do you think it is an angel?"

"Angel! Pooh!" said Dick, "it's a bird. Don't you see its wings going it, something like a hawk's?"

"Well, angels have wings, haven't they?" I retorted.

"But angels haven't tails, leastways bright angels haven't," returned Dick triumphantly, "and that one"—mixing his pronouns badly—"has a tail. I can see it, can't you? 'N' sometimes it wiggles. There, I see it wiggling now! Can't you?"

But I saw neither the tail nor the wiggle. Besides I was getting badly out of breath, and was only fearful of losing the bird, which had now settled down to a more steady sweep

toward the great bank of woods that stretched like a rampart along the back of my father's farm and thence along the "backs" of all the farms along the line.

"Let's run, Dick, or he'll get away on us," I said, and on we went again, down the incline toward the stream that ran through the "beaver" meadow at the edge of the wood.

"I'll tell you," panted Dick confidently, "it's a rare bird in these parts—a golden eagle, may be, 'n' you know it 'ud be worth something to find its nest. There might be eggs in it, or may be a whole family of little eagles, 'n' if we got them 'n' sold them in Saintsbury we might get a lot o' money. I'd give you half, you know," with praiseworthy magnanimity.

"'N' what 'ud we do with the money, Dick?" panted I in return.

"Why, I'd buy mother a silk dress, 'n' you a silk dress too, may be, for not being a cry-baby like Gay Torrance. What 'ud you do with yours, Peg?"

"Why," I considered, for the possibility of having money of my own to spend had never entered my head before and was worth deliberation, "I'd buy you a knife, Dick, 'n' I—I guess I'd buy mother a silk dress, too, only," dubiously, "I'm 'fraid my mother wouldn't wear a silk dress. She would say it was 'stravagant."

"A two-bladed knife, Peg?"

"Yes."

"Rogers?"

"I guess."

"That 'ud be great. Can you walk that log, Peg?" for we had come to the creek.

"Course I can," indignantly.

"Take my hand?"

"No, I'll go myself."

"You're a brick! Hurry though, for that fellow's making good time."

Dick ran over on the log, and I followed, bravely trying to run likewise, but wobbling as is the manner of girls crossing streams on logs. When I could raise my eyes from the narrow bridge which alone separated me from the shallow, dimpling water, I saw that a change had come over my bird. No longer golden, as it descended to the wood it was as dun coloured a creature of the air as the commonest hawk that might hover above a wood on any summer's day. A cloud, possibly, had passed over the face of the sun, or perhaps the sunlight was now striking the flapping wings at a different angle. I do not know. But I well remember the thrill of disappointment with which, with the passing of the gold, I saw our castle go tumbling down, the nest of golden eaglets; the little heap of green bills and silver quarters; above all, the double-bladed Rogers knife that was to rejoice Dick's heart. Even so, in later life, are our castles often shattered, and we seldom understand that the fallen stones go usually to build a foundation upon which more stable structures may be erected.

"Oh Dick!" I cried, "the bird!"

Dick whirled round, for he had been watching me in smiling expectation that I should fall into the water.

"Pshaw!" he said, "it's only a hawk or something, after all! It must have been the way the sun was shining that made it look so!"

"Guess so," returned I, "'n' now you can't buy the silk dress, Dick, 'n' I can't buy your knife. Oh Dick, I wish I could, ever so!"

"Never mind, Peg," sympathetically, "I feel just as if you'd given it to me, because I know you wanted to. See? 'N', Peg, when I grow up 'n' earn money I'll buy you the silk dress, sure. Now, Sis, cheer up. Let's go up, now we're this far"—evidently seeing a necessity, from my rueful face, of changing the subject, "'n' see where father got out the barn timber last winter. There must be a big hole in the bush up there, with the fire wood 'n' all."

"Carmichael."

ANISON NORTH

THE SPIRIT OF SPRING

When the long, grey mornings of spring renew their invitation they cannot be denied. Snow lingers in secluded corners and frost is still in the ground, but spring is awaiting a welcome. Robins are house-hunting among the naked trees. Red-winged Blackbirds are perching on the dead reeds, displaying their glossy uniforms and scarlet epaulets, or trying their shrill voices from the higher perches in the Willows. The Song Sparrow is here, his familiar call an earnest of the new life awakening on every hand. The Blue-bird is displaying his finest colours, and seems tempted by his vanity to choose the open fields and solitary, leafless trees, where he can compel the admiration of all observers. The Fox Sparrow is shy and retiring, but his spring song brings a world of delight, although he is hidden in the thicket. The pussies on the Willow twigs are pushing their little grey noses from under their reddish brown hoods. The long catkins on the Alders are showing signs of life. A broken Sassafras twig fills the air with one of the most delightful of forest odors. It is hard to resist the boyish impulse to cut a Maple and taste the sap. But it is no more tempting than the perfume of a growing twig of Black Birch, broken where the winter buds are swelling. Nature has been dreaming under the white mantle that has just been drawn aside. Moss is melting holes for itself through

the ice. The Wintergreen is all about in profusion, carpeting the ground with rich green leaves, dotted here and there with bright red berries. It has defied the frost, the snow and the ice of winter, and now offers up its tempting berries, pleasant in flavor and odor as they are beautiful in color and contrast.

The Trailing Arbutus, too, has a vitality that defies the winter, and its green leaves are showing above the litter of last year's vegetation. Those who are robbing the suburban woods of this flower have a great sin to answer for, but the temptation also is so great that one cannot but forgive them. The flowers are already formed and the pinky white is protruding from the little green buds. In a day they will be opened, the sweet perfume leading to their destruction by revealing their hiding places under the dead leaves. The man or woman who can pass a Trailing Arbutus in flower and not pluck it is as near to perfection as it is possible for weak humanity to approach. Down by the swampy margin the ice is receding from the shore, and the Watercress is there fresh and green, showing that the stream has been but dreaming all winter. The Skunk Cabbage, that beautiful and malodorous flower, is already raising its variegated hood from the black mud. It is determined to be first among the wild flowers. On the shore there are some small *Sassafras* trees completely girdled on the ground and doomed to die. The Cottontail is at once suspected, which shows the evil of a bad name. But there

are Muskrat houses suspiciously near, and many evidences of amphibious activity in the half-frozen mud. Have the Muskrats been guilty of these depredations? The multitude of tiny wounds show that the culprit was the little Shore Mouse with the formidable name, *Arvicola riparius*. The leaves of the *Hepatica* are frozen solidly in the ice high up on the bank, but alive and well withal, and destined for a life of usefulness throughout the summer. What wonderful egotists we must have been to think the three-lobed leaf of the *Hepatica* was shaped to intimate that it could cure certain human ills. As if our little ills were sufficient to move the mighty indifference of nature! The *Hepatica* is as indifferent to our petty needs as the Downy Woodpecker sounding his gong on the resonant oak limb or the lordly Crow moving with steady strength across the colorless sky.

“Rambles of a Canadian Naturalist.”

S. T. WOOD

BEAUMANOIR

The travellers had reached the other verge of the forest of Beaumanoir. A broad plain dotted with clumps of fair trees lay spread out in a royal domain, overlooked by a steep, wooded mountain. A silvery brook crossed by a rustic bridge ran through the park. In the centre was a huge cluster of gardens and patriarchal trees, out of the midst of which rose the steep roof, chimneys, and gilded vanes, flashing in the sun, of the Chateau of Beaumanoir.

The Chateau was a long, heavy structure of stone, gabled and pointed in the style of the preceding century—strong enough for defence, and elegant enough for the abode of the royal Intendant of New France. It had been built some four-score years previously, by the Intendant Jean Talon, as a quiet retreat when tired with the importunities of friends or the persecution of enemies, or disgusted with the cold indifference of the Court to his statesmanlike plans for the colonization of New France. Here he loved to retire from the city, and, in the companionship of a few chosen friends, talk of the splendid literature of the age of Louis XIV., or discuss the new philosophy that was everywhere springing up in Europe.

Within the four walls of the Chateau of Beaumanoir had the *Sieur Joliet* recounted the story of his adventurous travels, and *Father Marquette* confirmed the vague rumors

that had long circulated in the colony of a wonderful river called the "Father of Waters," that flowed southwards into the Gulf of Mexico. Here, too, had the gallant La Salle taken counsel of his friend and patron, Talon, when he set off to explore the great river Mississippi, seen by Joliet and Marquette, and claim it by right of discovery as the possession of France.

A short distance from the Chateau rose a tower of rough masonry—crenellated on top and loop-holed on the sides—which had been built as a place of defence and refuge during the Indian wars of the preceding century. Often had the prowling bands of Iroquois turned away baffled and dismayed at the sight of the little fortalice surmounted by a culverin or two, which used to give the alarm of invasion to the colonists on the slopes of Bourg Royal, and to the dwellers along the wild banks of the Montmorency.

The tower was now disused, and partly dilapidated, but many wonderful tales existed among the neighbouring habitants of a secret passage that communicated with the vaults of the Chateau, but no one had ever seen the passage—still less been bold enough to explore it, had they found it, for, it was guarded by a Loup Garou that was the terror of children, old and young, as they crowded close together round the blazing fire on winter nights, and repeated old legends of Brittany and Normandy, altered to fit the wild scenes of the New World.

Colonel Philibert and Master Pothier rode up the broad avenue that led to the Chateau, and halted at the main gate—set in a lofty hedge of evergreens, cut into fantastic shapes, after the fashion of the Luxembourg. Within the gate a vast and glowing garden was seen—all squares, circles and polygons. The beds were laden with flowers shedding delicious odors on the morning air as it floated by, while the ear was soothed by the hum of bees and the songs of birds revelling in the bright sunshine.

Above the hedge appeared the tops of heavily laden fruit trees, brought from France and planted by Talon—cherries red as the lips of Breton maidens, plums of Gascony, Norman apples, with pears from the glorious valleys of the Rhone. The bending branches were just transmuting their green unripeness into scarlet, gold, and purple, the imperial colors of Nature when crowned for the festival of autumn.

A lofty dove-cote, surmounted by a glittering vane, turning and flashing with every shift of the wind, stood near the Chateau. It was the home of a whole colony of snow-white pigeons, which fluttered in and out of it, wheeled in circles round the tall chimney stacks, or strutted, cooing and bowing together, on the high roof of the Chateau, a picture of innocence and happiness.

But neither happiness nor innocence was suggested by the look of the Chateau itself, is it stood bathed in bright sunshine. Its

great doors were close shut in the face of all the beauty of the world without. Its mulioned windows, that should have stood wide open to let in the radiance and freshness of morning, were closely blinded, like eyes wickedly shut against God's light that beat upon them, vainly seeking entrance.

The Chateau of Beaumanoir had, since the advent of the Intendant Bigot, been the scene of many a festive revelry that matched in bacchanalian frenzy, the wild orgies of the Regency, and the present debaucheries of Croisy, and the petits appartemens of Versailles. Its splendor, its luxury, its riotous feasts, lasting without intermission sometimes for days, were the themes of wonder and disgust to the unsophisticated people of New France, and of endless comparison between the extravagance of the royal Intendant, and the simple manners and inflexible morals of the Governor General.

The great hall of the Chateau, the scene of the gorgeous feasts of the Intendant, was brilliantly illuminated with silver lamps, glowing like globes of sunlight as they hung from the lofty ceiling, upon which was painted a fresco of the apotheosis of Louis XIV., where the Grand Monarque was surrounded by a cloud of Condés, Orleanois and Bourbons of near and more remote consanguinity. At the head of the room hung a full length portrait of the Marquise de Pompadour, the mistress of Louis XV., and the friend and patroness of the Intendant Bigot The walls bore

many other paintings of artistic and historic value

The table in the great hall, a masterpiece of workmanship, was made of a dark Canadian wood, then newly introduced, and stretched the length of the hall. A massive gold epergne of choicest Italian art, the gift of La Pompadour, stood on the centre of the table. It represented Bacchus enthroned on a tun of wine, presenting flowing cups to a dance of fauns and satyrs.

Silver cups of Venetian sculpture, and goblets of Bohemian manufacture, sparkled like stars upon the brilliant table—brimming over with the gold and ruby vintages of France and Spain—or lay overturned amid pools of wine that ran down upon the velvet carpet. Dishes of Parmesan cheese, caviare and other provocatives to thirst stood upon the table, amid vases of flowers and baskets of the choicest fruits of the Antilles.

Round this magnificent table sat a score or more of revellers A band of musicians sat up in the gallery at the end of the hall and filled the pauses of the riotous feast with the ravishing strains of Lulli and Des-touches.

At the head of the table, first in place as in rank, sat François Bigot, Intendant of New France. His low, well-set figure, dark hair, small keen black eyes and swarthy features full of fire and animation bespoke his Gascon blood. His countenance was far from comely—nay, when in repose, even ugly and repul-

sive—but his eyes were magnets that drew men's looks towards him, for in them lay the force of a powerful will and a depth and subtlety of intellect that made men fear, if they could not love him. Yet when he chose—and it was his usual mood—to exercise his blandishments on men, he rarely failed to captivate them; while his pleasant wit, courtly ways and natural gallantry towards women, exercised with the polished seductiveness he had learned in the court of Louis XV., made François Bigot the most plausible and dangerous man in New France.

He was fond of wine and music, passionately addicted to gambling, and devoted to the pleasant vices that were rampant in the Court of France; finely educated, able in the conduct of affairs, and fertile in expedients to accomplish his ends. François Bigot might have saved New France, had he been honest as he was clever; but he was unprincipled and corrupt. No conscience checked his ambition or his love of pleasure. He ruined New France for the sake of himself and his patroness, and the crowd of courtiers and frail beauties who surrounded the King, and whose arts and influence kept him in his high office despite all the efforts of the *Honnêtes gens*, the good and true men of the colony, to remove him.

“The Golden Dog.”

WILLIAM KIRBY

THE CANADIAN BOAT SONG

The gay chorus of the voyageurs made the shore ring as they kept time with their oars while the silver spray dripped like a shower of diamonds in the bright sunshine at every stroke of their rapid paddles. The graceful bark canoes, things of beauty and almost of life, leaped joyously over the blue waters of the St. Lawrence as they bore the family of the Lady de Tilly and Pierre Philibert with a train of censitaires back to the old manor house.

The broad river was flooded with sunshine as it rolled majestically between the high banks crowned with green fields and woods in full leaf of summer. Frequent cottages and villages were visible along the shores, and now and then a little church with its bright spire or belfry marked the successive parishes on either hand as the voyageurs passed on through the glorious panorama of a scene unsurpassed for beauty in the New World.

The tide had already forced its way two hundred leagues up from the ocean and still pressed irresistibly onward surging and wrestling against the weight of the descending stream.

The wind, too, was favorable. A number of yachts and bateaux spread their snowy sails to ascend the river with the tide. They were for the most part laden with munitions of war for the Richelieu on their way to the military posts on Lake Champlain, or merchandise for Montreal to be reladen in fleets

of canoes for the trading posts up the river of the Ottawas, the great Lakes, or mayhap to supply the new and far off settlements on the Belle Rivière and the Illinois.

The lines of canoes swept past the sailing vessels with a cheer. The light-hearted crews exchanged salutations and bandied jests with each other, laughing immoderately at the well worn jokes current upon the river among the rough voyageurs. A good voyage! a clear run! short portages and long rests! Some enquired whether their friends had paid for the bear and buffalo skins they were going to buy, or they complimented each other on their nice heads of hair which it was hoped they would not leave behind as keepsakes with the Iroquois squaws.

The boat songs of the Canadian voyageurs are unique in character and very pleasing, when sung by a crew of broad-chested fellows dashing their light birch-bark canoes over the waters rough or smooth, taking them as they take fortune, cheerfully. Sometimes skimming like wild geese over the long placid reaches, sometimes bounding like stags down the rough rapids and foaming saults. As might be inferred, the songs of the voyageurs differ widely from the sweet little lyrics sung in soft falsettos to the tinkling of a pianoforte in fashionable drawing rooms, and called "Canadian boat songs."

The Canadian boat song is always some old ballad of Norman or Breton origin, pure in thought and chaste in expression, washed clean

of all French looseness in its adaptation to the primitive manners of the colony that was founded, as expressed in the commission given to its discoverer, Jacques Cartier, "for the increase of God's glory and the honour of His reverend name."

The boat song is usually composed of short stanzas. The closing line of each couplet or quatrain repeats itself in the beginning of the next following verse and ends with a stirring chorus that gathers up, as into a Leyden jar, the life and electricity of the song, discharging it in a flash and peal of rhythmic thunder, every voice joining in the refrain, while the elastic paddles dip with renewed energy into the water making the canoe spring like a flying fish over the surface of lake or river.

Master Jean La Marche, clean as a new pin and in his merriest mood, sat erect as the King of Yvetot in the bow of the long canoe, which held the Lady de Tilly and her family. His sonorous violin was coquettishly fixed in its place of honour under his wagging chin, as it accompanied his voice, while he chanted an old boat song which had lightened the labour of many a weary oar on lake and river from the St. Lawrence to the Rocky Mountains

The canoe-men pricked up their ears, like troopers at the sound of a bugle, as Jean La Marche began the famous old ballad of the King's son, who with his silver gun aimed at the beautiful black duck, and shot the white

one, out of whose eyes came gold and diamonds, and out of whose mouth rained silver, while its pretty feathers, scattered to the four winds, were picked up by three fair dames, who with them made a bed both large and deep—

“For poor wayfaring men to sleep.”

Master Jean’s voice was clear and resonant as a church bell newly christened; and he sang the old boat-song with an energy that drew the crews of half-a-dozen other canoes into the wake of the music, all uniting in the stirring chorus:—

“Fringue! Fringue sur la rivière!
Fringue! Fringue sur l’aviron!”

A few stanzas of this popular boat-song, as it was sung by Jean La Marche, and is still chanted to the oar by the voyageurs of the North and North-West, are given in the original. The charming simplicity of it would be lost in a translation into another tongue, just as Josephte, the pride of a Canadian village, loses her natural naiveté and grace when she adopts the fashions and language of the Bourgeoisie of Quebec and Montreal.

“Derrière chez nous

Ya-t-un étang,

Fringue! Fringue sur l’aviron!

Trois beaux canards

S’en vont baignant,

Fringue! Fringue sur la rivière!

Fringue! Fringue sur l’aviron!

Trois beaux canards
 S'en vont baignant,
 Fringue! Fringue sur l'aviron!
 Le fils du roi
 S'en va chassant.

 Fringue! Fringue sur la rivière!
 Fringue! Fringue sur l'aviron!

Le fils du roi
 S'en va chassant.

 Fringue! Fringue sur l'aviron!
 Avec son grand
 Fusil d'argent.

 Fringue! Fringue sur la rivière!
 Fringue! Fringue sur l'aviron!

Avec son grand
 Fusil d'argent

 Fringue! Fringue sur l'aviron!

Visa le noir,
 Tua le blanc.

 Fringue! Fringue sur la rivière!
 Fringue! Fringue sur l'aviron!

Visa le noir,
 Tua le blanc.

 Fringue! Fringue sur l'aviron!

O fils du roi,
 Tu es méchant.

 Fringue! Fringue sur la rivière!
 Fringue! Fringue sur l'aviron!"

“The Golden Dog.”

WILLIAM KIRBY

HAUNTS OF CHILDHOOD

The house in which I was born in the township of Stanley, in Huron County, stood in a "clearing" of a few acres, and all around was bush, in which no axe had ever swung. As a child I often wandered among thick underbrush and picked wild flowers along streams that ceased to murmur long ago. The trees were beech and maple, ash and elm, basswood and hemlock. But chiefly that was a maple country, where the sap ran in the spring and sugar-making was a happy, if mysterious, festival. In the summer there was something intimate and companionable in the forest. One thinks of climbing moss and trailing vine and tangled thicket. The woodpecker beat his tattoo. The squirrel chirped and gambolled in leafy branches. Plaintive voices whispered from the underbrush or came faintly from the tree-tops. The birds sang the songs that are never new nor ever old. There were open spaces where the sun shone upon a stretch of natural meadow or shimmering water. Near was the long tamarack marsh where we gathered cranberries. We knew that the bush could be loud and angry, for we had heard the great trees wail and seen them thrash their arms in the storm. But for the most part we looked into deep and friendly silences. We saw the earth, unspoiled by human artifice, as when "God saw everything that He had made, and, behold, it was very good."

"Reminiscences."

SIR JOHN WILLISON

THE WORK OF THE FATHERS

A retrospective glance reveals the extent to which the Fathers attained their principal objects. A threefold purpose inspired them. Their first duty was to evolve a workable plan of government. In this they succeeded, as fifty years of experience shows. The constitution, after having stood the usual tests and strain, is firmly rooted in national approval; and this result has been reached by healthy, normal processes, not by exaggerated claims or a spurious enthusiasm. The constitution has always been on trial, so to speak, because Canadians are prone to be critical of their institutions. But at every acute crisis popular discontent has been due to maladministration and not to defects of organization. The structure itself stands a monument to those who erected it.

In the second and most trying of their tasks, the unification of the provinces, the Fathers were also triumphant. From the beginning the country was well stocked with pessimists and Job's comforters. They derived inspiration during many years from the brilliant writings of Goldwin Smith. But in the end even doubters had to succumb to the stern logic of the facts. Under any federation, growth in unity is bound to be slow.

The relations of the provinces to the federal power must be worked out and their relations to each other must be adjusted. Time alone could solve such a problem. Until the system took definite shape national sentiment was feeble. But a modified and well poised federation, with its strong central government and its carefully guarded provincial rights, at last won the day. Years of doubt and trial there were, but in due course the Nova Scotian came to regard himself as a Canadian, and the British Columbian ceased to feel that the man from the East was a foreigner. The provinces have steadily developed a community of interest. They meet cordially in periodical conferences to discuss the rights and claims possessed in common, and if serious, even menacing, questions are not dealt with as they should be, the failure will be traced to faulty statesmanship and not to lack of unity.

* * * * *

Of all the achievements of the Fathers this is the most splendid and enduring. The Empire came to mean, not the survival of antiquated ideas, but the blessings of a well-ordered civilization. And when in 1914 the Great War shook the world, Canadians, having found that the sway of Britain brought them peace, honour, and contentment, were

proud to die for the Empire. To debate the future of Canada was long the staple subject for abstract discussion, but the march of events has carried us past the stage of idle imaginings. A knowledge of the laws by which Divine Providence controls the destinies of nations has thus far eluded the subtlest intellect, and it may be impossible for any man, however gifted, to foresee what fate may one day overtake the British Empire. But its traditions of freedom and toleration, its ideals of pure government and respect for law, can be handed on unimpaired through the ages. The opportunity to maintain and perpetuate these traditions and ideals is the priceless inheritance which Canada has received from the Fathers of Confederation.

“The Fathers of Confederation,”

BY A. H. U. COLQUHOUN.

THE FALL OF NEW FRANCE

Not many of the Canadians went back to France. The people who crowded into the returning ships in the autumn of 1760 represented chiefly the classes whose occupation was gone in Canada—French soldiers and officials of the French Government. It is true that some of the landowners left Canada. In the first pangs of defeat there were, of course, men who despaired of their country and were resolved to abandon it. In all, however, little more than a hundred of the Canadian *seigneurs* left the country. When they knocked at official doors in Paris they always received smooth words. The French Government showed much sympathy for the sufferers and continued for many years to bestow largess upon needy families. But men accustomed to be masters in Canada were unwilling to fill the rôle of beggars in France. It might, after all, be easier to gain a livelihood on the banks of the St. Lawrence than on the banks of the Seine, and some of them recrossed the ocean. In any case, whatever a few *seigneurs* may have done, the farmer, the real producer in Canada, never thought of leaving the country, and remained to keep strong the traditions of old France.

The British took up the task of governing Canada with their usual energy. As soon as their flag was raised over Montreal they sent parties to survey the St. Lawrence from the Isle Perrot downwards to Quebec. The French,

Amherst says, had made little use of the river for water carriage, and, until the previous year, when their ships had been forced to ascend it to escape from the fleet of Saunders, they had not known that large vessels could come up to Three Rivers and Montreal. Amherst sent Colonel Burton to be Governor of Three Rivers; General Gage was to stay at Montreal; Murray was to stay as Governor of Quebec. Sir William Johnson departed with his Indians, after they had received such trinkets as Johnson thought necessary to satisfy their childish tastes. Amherst ordered the works at Isle aux Noix to be completely destroyed, and everything of value in the fort was taken to that solid fortress which he had built at Crown Point. He himself soon went to New York. Three weeks after Montreal fell he wrote to Pitt that Canada was as quiet and secure as any other portion of the King's dominions.

The dispatch sent to Pitt by Major Barre announcing the surrender of Montreal, reached England on October 3. The news was received with joy, but the public had expected it and did not go into the transports that marked the unexpected news of Wolfe's victory a year earlier. Three weeks passed before, on October 24, Pitt wrote to congratulate Amherst on his success. With a great display of capital letters Pitt expressed "the universal Applause and Admiration" at the outcome of "that masterly Plan, which you had, with such unwearied Application and Diligence,

formed." The terms of the "Capitulation of Montreal are highly becoming the Humanity, Magnanimity, and Wisdom of His Majesty." By this time, however, Pitt was thinking of other plans. Further efforts must be made against France, and his active mind was already occupied with the problem of a renewed attack on the French islands in the West Indies. France still retained, too, a footing in the North American Continent, for the lower portions of the Mississippi remained in her possession. Pitt pressed Amherst to secure any information that might aid in further attacks on the French. He did not realize that a crushing blow to his own power was about to fall. On October 25, the day after Pitt wrote the letter to Amherst, King George II, a model of regularity, rose as usual at six and drank his chocolate. At a quarter past seven, a servant, hearing a noise in the King's room, rushed in and found that he had fallen and was lying dead on the floor. His death meant the end of Pitt's rule. The new King, George III, meant himself to rule and would have no servant all-powerful, and the end of the sway of the great minister was not far off.

"The Fall of Canada."

GEORGE M. WRONG

TORONTO IN 1837

It would seem that this wintry season, which appears to me so dismal, is for the Canadians the season of festivity. Now is the time for visiting, for sleighing excursions, for all-intercourse of business and friendship, for balls in town, and dances in farm-houses, and courtships and marriages, and prayer-meetings, and assignations of all sorts. In summer, the heat and the mosquitoes render travelling disagreeable at best; in spring the roads are absolutely impassable; in autumn there is too much agricultural occupation; but in winter the forests are pervious, the roads present a smooth surface of dazzling snow; the settlers in the woods drive into the towns, supply themselves with stores of clothing and fresh meat, the latter a luxury which they can seldom obtain in the summer. I stood at my window to-day watching the sleighs as they glided past. They are of all shapes and sizes. A few of the carriage-sleighs are well appointed and handsome. The market-sleighs are often two or three boards nailed together in form of a wooden box upon runners; some straw and a buffalo skin or blanket serve for the seat; barrels of flour and baskets of eggs fill up the empty space. Others are like cars, and others called cutters, are mounted on high runners, like sleigh phaetons; these are sported by the young men and officers of the garrison and require no in-

considerable skill in driving; however, as I am assured, they are overturned in the snow not above once in a quarter of an hour, and no harm and much mirth ensues; but the wood sleighs are my delight; a large platform of boards is raised upon runners, with a few upright poles held together at top by a rope, the logs of oak, pine and maple, are then heaped up to the height of six or seven feet. On the summit lie a couple of deer frozen stiff, their huge antlers projecting in a picturesque fashion, and on these, again, a man is seated with a blanket round him, his furred cap drawn down upon his ears, and his scarlet woollen comforter forming a fine bit of colour. He guides with a pole his two patient oxen, the clouds of vapour curling from their nostrils into the keen frosty air—the whole machine, in short, as wildly picturesque as the grape wagons in Italy, though to be sure, the associations are somewhat different.

“Sketches in Canada and Rambles
Among the Redmen.”

ANNA MURPHY JAMESON

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS AND KEATS

It is natural for a young poet to begin by following some established tradition in his art, and Roberts started with one of the highest. The direct influence of Keats had almost ceased to be felt in English poetry when the Canadian poet revived it in its purest form for his countrymen. His early poems hardly disguise the fact that they are imitations of Keats, and belong to that new world of Arcadia which the English poet had created. That poetic world which Crabbe and Wordsworth, with their naturalism, thought they had banished; that land where the departed gods and heroes of Hellas still live, where the steps of Pan are still heard in the forest, and Thetis glides with silvery feet over the waves, had been revived for us by the poet of Endymion, and its green bowers had allured a good many poetic aspirants into them, amongst whom Roberts may be counted as the latest, perhaps the last. For the poetry of to-day is looking for its material in another region where the forms of life are more robust and actual and the atmosphere more electrical than they are in the old legendary world of Arcadia.

From a philosophic point of view, there was nothing very complete in Keat's reconstruction of the Greek mythology. But he gave it all that poetry needs to make a new world of, a new sky, a new earth and new seas enchanting as fairyland; he filled its landscapes with

green wealth and aerial minstrelsy and every harmonious form of beauty in shape or sound or colour. But, more than all, he created the language in which alone this new world could be fitly described, a new language of idyllic description, a language of subtlest, impressionistic power which could render the shapes of things seen in this dreamland with a visionary distinctness altogether unique. Its movement and cadence, too, were unique, natural as those of a man talking to himself, yet quaint and captivating as voices from the cave of the Sibyl:

'Twas a lay

More subtle-cadenced, more forest wild
 Than Dryope's lone lulling of her child;
 And nothing since has floated on the air
 So mournful strange.

"Roberts and the Influences of his Time."

JAMES CAPPON

CHILDHOOD.

By making a child conscious of weakness I make him weaker; by making him conscious of his power I am kindling the elements that will keep him growing toward the Divine; by making him conscious of power to achieve I am making him conscious of power to achieve for the Divine.

* * * * *

Relate your child to nature. All children love nature. Train your child to see the beauty of flowers and trees, of river and lake, of hill and dale.

Let him find his own temple in the shady glen or under the hemlock on the hilltop.

Let him enjoy the ecstasy of being alone in the open or in his chosen temple. He may have visions there that he could never get from books, or in the most beautiful temples ever built by man.

* * * * *

The child is full of holy aspirations. Lead these aspirations out, and everywhere in the wondrous world they will find corresponding beauty, whose enjoyment will prepare them for the appreciation of supernal glories that throughout the universe will await the recognition of a higher spiritual insight. Each young heart has a thousand strings that should pour forth enrapturing harmony forever. Break none of the strings. Dare not to play on the wonderful instrument. No other hand can reveal its melody but the hand of the child itself.

"Froebel's Educational Laws." and
"Adult and Child."

JAMES LAUGHLIN HUGHES

SIR FREDERICK HALDIMAND

"Thorough" was the qualifying adjective that might be applied to every department of his (Haldimand's) rule, whether frontier raids or corvees, secret service, or public works. He did not create systems, but he employed those already in existence with a conscientious energy so unprecedented as to bring down upon himself the accusation of tyranny that still clings to his name.

* * * * *

Washington and Haldimand had many characteristics in common: the same patience under difficulties, the same lofty ideal of duty; but the attitude of the former toward Loyalists to whom he could recommend only suicide, is in striking contrast to the latter's kind treatment of rebel prisoners. He was specially thanked by General Schuyler for his care of the men, women and children brought to his door by frontier raiders, and we have his own letter of instructions to the officer in command at Montreal to let a number of those unfortunates proceed to their friends as soon as the weather moderated sufficiently for them to travel.

* * * * *

Having full confidence in Haldimand's judgment, as well as his knowledge of the country, the British ministry left to him the distribution of the Loyalists, with the suggestion that the important district of Sorel be settled as soon as possible with old soldiers, in order to form a barrier at that entrance

From "The Life of Sir Frederick Haldimand," in the "Makers of Canada" series, by permission of Morang and Company.

of the province. To ensure the district's being thickly populated, the lots were made small, only sixty acres, but each settler was to have a town lot in addition, as soon as a site was fixed upon, and the remainder of his allowance would be granted him either on the Chaleur Bay or at Cataraqui, now Kingston.

The governor enforced the strictest impartiality in the bestowal of lands, and would not grant to officers the choice of front lots at Sorel, as they requested, but said they must take their chances in drawing, on an equality with the men.

* * * * *

If Haldimand had acted differently in the crisis, Upper Canada would not have been made the strong British province, able to defy not only absorption into French Canada, but the invasion of her southern neighbours in 1812. With a weaker man at the helm, one who would have yielded to the exactions of some of the Loyalists, there would have been confusion worse confounded. He controlled them and he controlled his own agents so that everything was done decently and in order without serious friction either between the new-comers and the French Canadians or between Loyalists and the dwellers in the land they had left. In so far as the first settlers partook of his thrift and his tireless patience in overcoming difficulties, are they worthy to be classed with Haldimand, the founder of Ontario.

“Sir Frederick Haldimand.”

JEAN MCILWRAITH

PONTIAC AT FORT DETROIT

There were few forms of courtesy observed by the warriors towards the English officers on entering the council room. Pontiac, who had collected all his native haughtiness into one proud expression of look and figure, strode in without taking the slightest notice even of the governor. The other chiefs imitated his example, and all took their seats upon the matting in the order prescribed by their rank among the tribes and their experience in council.

* * * * *

"This is well," at length observed the governor. "It is long since the great chiefs of the nations have smoked the sweet grass in the council hall of the Saganaw. What have they to say that their young men may have peace to hunt the beaver and to leave the print of their moccasins in the country of the buffalo? What says the Ottawa chief?"

"The Ottawa chief is a great warrior," returned the other haughtily, and again repudiating in the indomitableness of his pride the very views that a more artful policy had first led him to avow. "He has already said that within a single moon nine of the strongholds of the Saganaw have fallen into his hands and that the scalps of the white men fill the tents of his warriors. If the red-skins wish for peace it is because they are sick with the spilling of blood of their enemies. Does my father hear?"

"The Ottawa has been cunning like the fox," calmly returned the governor. "He went with deceit on his lips and said to the great chiefs of the strongholds of the Saganaw: 'You have no more forts upon the lakes; they have all fallen before the redskins; they gave themselves into our hands and we spared their lives and sent them to the great towns near the salt lake.' But this was false; the chiefs of the Saganaw, believing what was said to them, gave up their strongholds, but their lives were not spared and the grass of the Canadas is yet moist with their blood. Does the Ottawa hear?"

Amazement and stupefaction sat for a moment upon the features of the Indians. The fact was as had been stated

"The spies of the Saganaw have been very quick to escape the vigilance of the redskins," at length replied the Ottawa: "Yet they have returned with a lie upon their lips. I swear by the Great Spirit that nine of the strongholds of the Saganaw have been destroyed. How could the Ottawa go with deceit upon his lips when his words were truth?"

"When the redskins said so to the warriors of the last fort they took, they were true; but when they went to the first, and said that all the rest had fallen, they used deceit. A great nation should overcome their enemies like warriors, and not seek to beguile them with their tongues under the edge of the scalping knife!"

"Why did the Saganaw come into the country of the redskins?" haughtily demanded the chief. "Why did they take our hunting-ground from us? Why have they strong places encircling the country of the Indians like a belt of wampum round the waist of a warrior?"

"This is not true," rejoined the governor. "It was not the Saganaw, but the warriors of the pale flag (France), who first came and took away the hunting grounds and built the strong places. The great father of the Saganaw had beaten the great father of the pale flag quite out of the Canadas, and sent his young men to take their place and to make peace with the redskins, to trade with them and to call them brothers."

"The Saganaw was false," retorted the Indian. "When a chief of the Saganaw came for the first time with his warriors into the country of the Ottawas, the chief of the Ottawas stood in his path and asked him why and from whom he came When the Saganaw said he came only to remove the warriors of the pale flag, that he might be friendly and trade with the redskins, the Ottawa received the belt of wampum he offered and smoked the pipe of peace with him But for the Ottawa not a Saganaw would have escaped, for the nations were thirsting for their blood and the knives of the warriors were eager to open their scalps. Ask the chief who sits at the right hand of my father," he again energetic-

ally repeated, "if what the Ottawa says is not true."

"What the Ottawa says is quite true," rejoined the governor, for the chief who sits on my right hand has often said that, but for the Ottawa the small number of warriors of the Saganaw must have been cut off, and his heart is big with kindness to the Ottawa for what he did. But if the great chief meant to be friendly, why did he declare war after smoking the pipe of peace with the Saganaw? The Ottawa was a king over all the tribes in the country of the fresh lakes and yet he weakly took counsel like a woman from another."

"My father lies!" fiercely retorted the warrior, half springing to his feet and involuntarily putting his hand upon his tomahawk. "If the settlers of the Saganaw have fallen," he resumed in a calmer tone, while he again sank upon his mat, "it is because they did not keep their faith with the redskinsBut," he pursued, elevating his voice, "the Ottawa is a great chief and he will be respected."

. . . . "There is a tall spy at this moment in the camp of the redskins," he (the governor) pursued, with earnestness, yet paling as he spoke. "It is said he is a bosom friend of the great chief of the Ottawas."

The swarthy cheek of the Indian reddened and his eye kindled into fire. "There is no spy, but a great warrior in the camp of the Ottawas," he fiercely replied "When the great chief of the Ottawas dies the pale-

face (Wacousta) will lead his warriors and take the first seat in the council. The Ottawa chief is his friend."

"If the paleface be the friend of the Ottawa" pursued the governor, in the hope of obtaining some particular intelligence in regard to this terrible and mysterious being, why is he not here to sit in council with the chiefs? "Perhaps," he proceeded tauntingly, "the pale face is not worthy to take his place among the head men of council."

"My father lies!" again unceremoniously retorted the warrior. "If the friend of Ottawa is not here, it is because his voice cannot speak." "The warrior of the pale face and the friend of the Ottawa chief is sick but not dead. He lies without motion in his tent, and his voice cannot speak But the great chief will soon be well and his arm will be stronger than ever to spill the blood of the Saganaw as he has done before."

"The talk of the Ottawa chief is strange," returned the governor, emphatically and with dignity. "He says he comes to smoke the pipe of peace with the Saganaw and yet he talks of spilling blood as if it was water from the lake. What does the Ottawa mean?"

"Ugh!" exclaimed the Indian in his surprise. "My father is right, but the Ottawa and the Saganaw have not smoked together. When they have the hatchet will be buried forever. Until then they are still enemies."

Each (chief) in his turn avowed motives similar to those of the Ottawa for wishing the

hatchet might be buried forever When each had spoken the Ottawa passed the pipe of ceremony with which he was provided to the governor. The latter put it to his lips and commenced smoking. The Indians keenly and half furtively watched the act, and looks of deep intelligence, that escaped not the notice of the equally anxious and observant officers, passed among them.

"The pipe of the great chief of the Ottawas smokes well," calmly remarked the governor, "but the Ottawa chief in his hurry to come and ask for peace has made a mistake. The pipe and all its ornaments are red like blood; it is the pipe of war and not the pipe of peace. The great chief of the Ottawas will be angry with himself; he has entered the stronghold of the Saganaw and sat in the council without doing any good for his young men. The Ottawa must come again."

"My father is right," replied the Indian with an appearance of embarrassment which, whether natural or feigned, had nothing suspicious in it. "The great chief of the Ottawas has been foolish, like an old woman. The young chiefs of his tribe will laugh at him for this. But the Ottawa chief will come again and the other chiefs with him, for as my father sees, they all wish for peace; and that my father may know all the nations wish for peace as well as their headmen, the warriors of the Ottawa and the Shawanee and of the Delaware shall play at ball upon the common to amuse his young men, while the chiefs sit

in council with the chiefs of the Saganaw. The redskins shall come naked and without their rifles and their tomahawks, and even the squaws shall come upon the common to show the Saganaw they may be without fear. Does my father hear?"

"The Ottawa chief says well," returned the governor

"In twice so many days (holding up three of his fingers in imitation of the Indian), the Saganaw will be ready to receive the chiefs in council that they may smoke the pipe of peace and bury the hatchet forever. What says the great chief of the Ottawas?"

"It is good," was the reply of the Indian, his eye lighting up with deep and exulting expression

With this assurance the conference terminated. Pontiac raised his tall frame from the mat on which he had squatted, nodded condescendingly to the governor, and strode haughtily into the square or area of the fort. The other chiefs followed his example A very few minutes sufficed to bring the latter once more in the midst of their warriors, whom for a few moments they harangued earnestly, when the whole body again moved off in the direction of their encampment.

"Wacousta."

JOHN RICHARDSON

ANNAPOLIS ROYAL

Grand Pré is classic ground; the great, wind-swept reaches of meadow and marsh-land beside the blue waters of Minas Basin, the desolation of the old French willows about the English well, are haunted with the sense of tears; but Annapolis town with its long, bowery street, its gardens and hedges, is a jewel for beauty and a hundredfold richer in historical associations. I shall never forget my first impression of the "garrison," as the old fort area is still called. The river was full from brim to brim with the red Fundy tide. The farther shore, "the Granville side," showed dim and shadowy and rich. Down the long street came a singing, tambourine-playing detachment of the Salvation Army. It was from that ground that Nicholson's New Englanders advanced in triumph on the fort; there Rednap planted his batteries, and Du Vivier's Indians and Acadians attempted in vain to dislodge old Mascarene from his crumbling ramparts.

On the bridge across the ditch from the main gate, a boy and girl were talking and laughing as the sun set, making love, I suppose. Here gallant Subercase and his tiny force, after sustaining two sieges, marched out with the honours of war, drums beating and colours flying, between the lines of British grenadiers, when the white flag with the gold lilies came down for the last time on the 16th of October, 1710. In the twilight, a single

ghostly sail glided up to the old, ruinous Queen's Wharf. This very defile saw Champ-lain's sails, Morpain's pirates, the quaint, high-sterned, dumpy craft of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, little French and English armadas of Sedgewick and Phips, La Tour and Charnisay. There at that very landing, the annual supply-ship from England discharged each autumn her nine months' scant allowance for the hungry garrison.

The very fort itself is a Vauban plan, with a couple of ravelins added after the British occupation. The French engineers knew how to pick a site. This sandy hill looks over the Annapolis Basin, which defends it on one side, as the marsh and the little Lequille guard the other. The little town crouches in the lee of its defences; but it was sometimes taken in reverse. Within these walls, for forty years, one British governor after another laboured to hold the province for England, planned, diplomatized, held courts of justice, sustained sieges, gathered the king's rents, and strove to rule Acadie as an English province.

“The Life of a Little College.”

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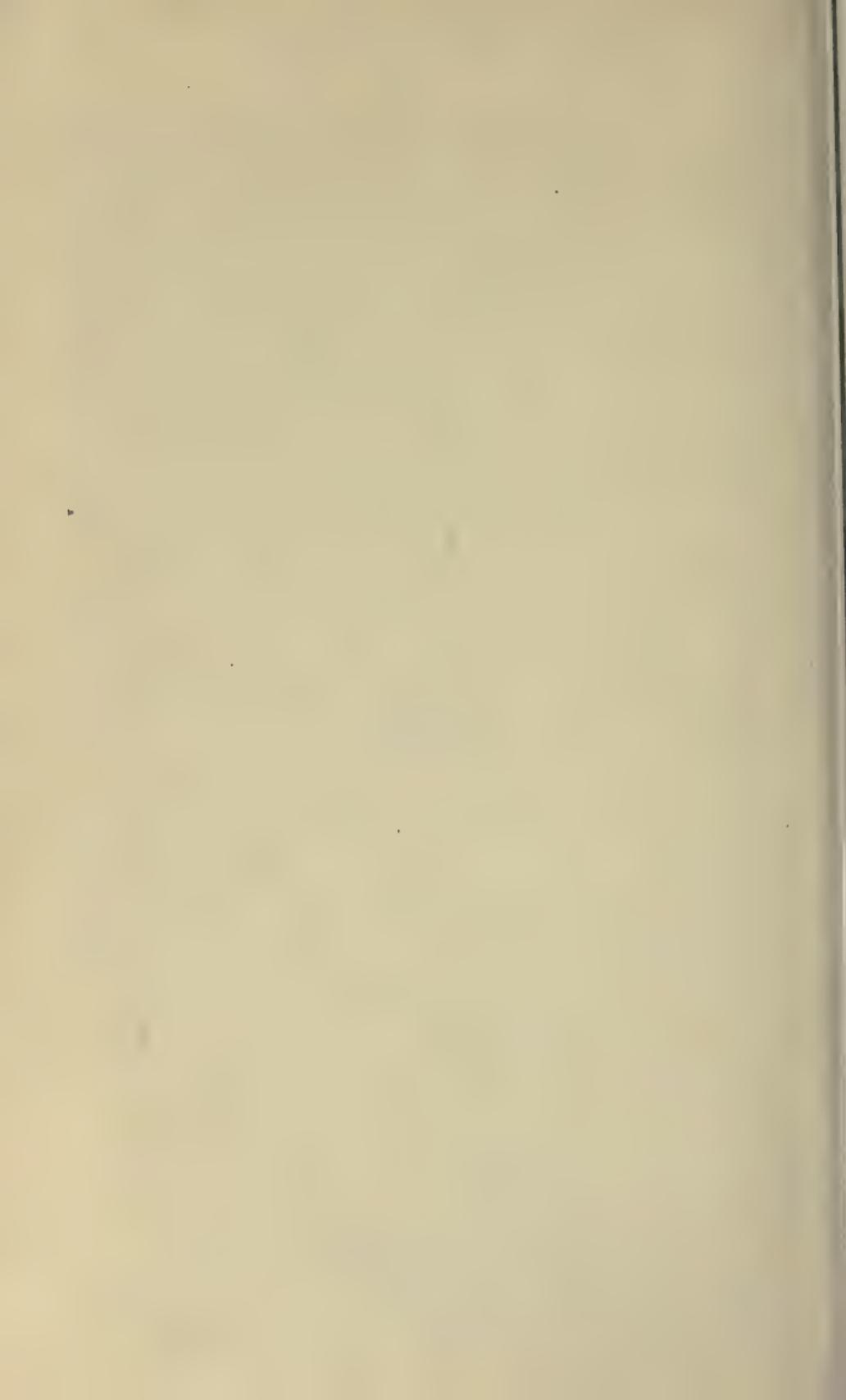
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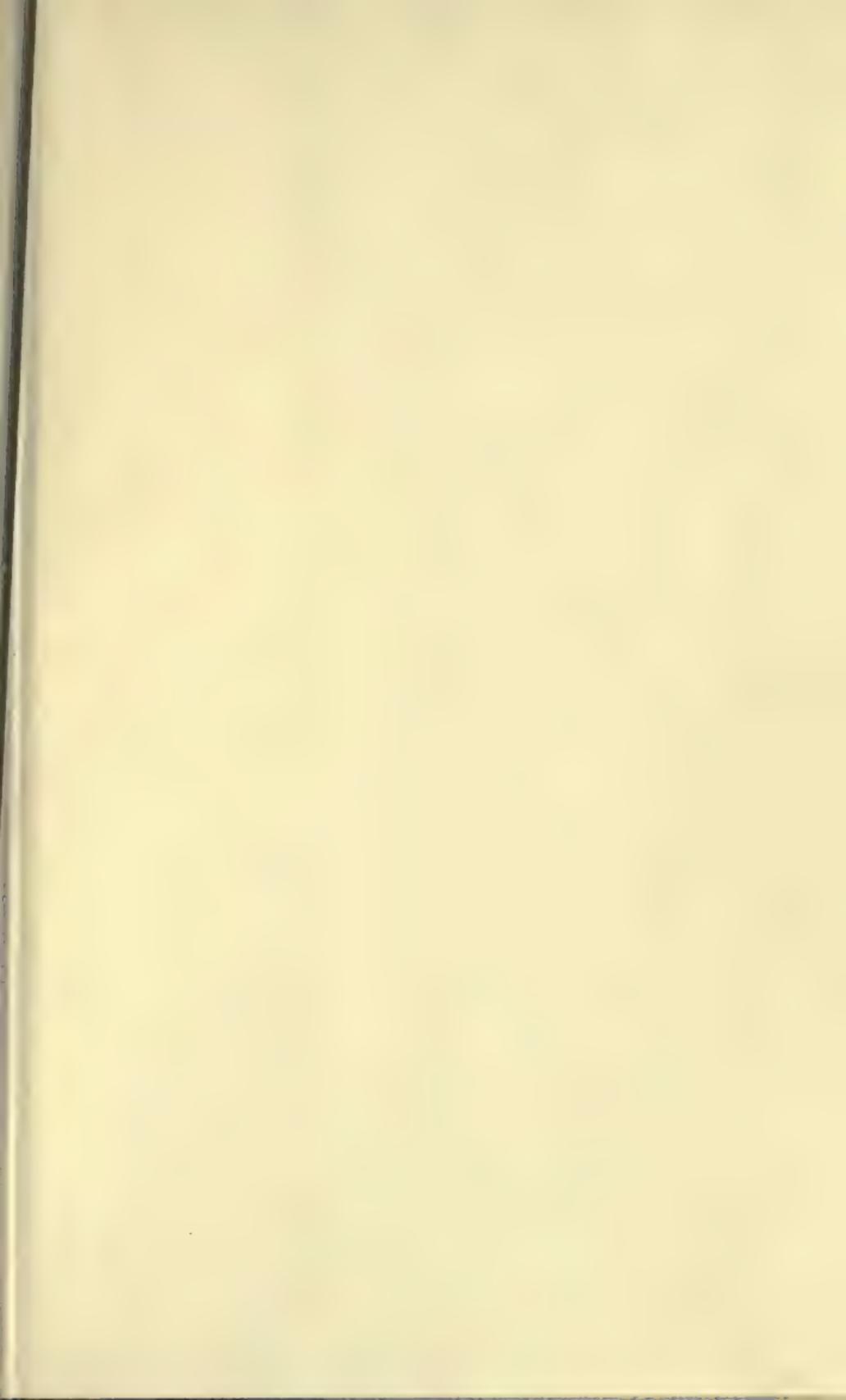
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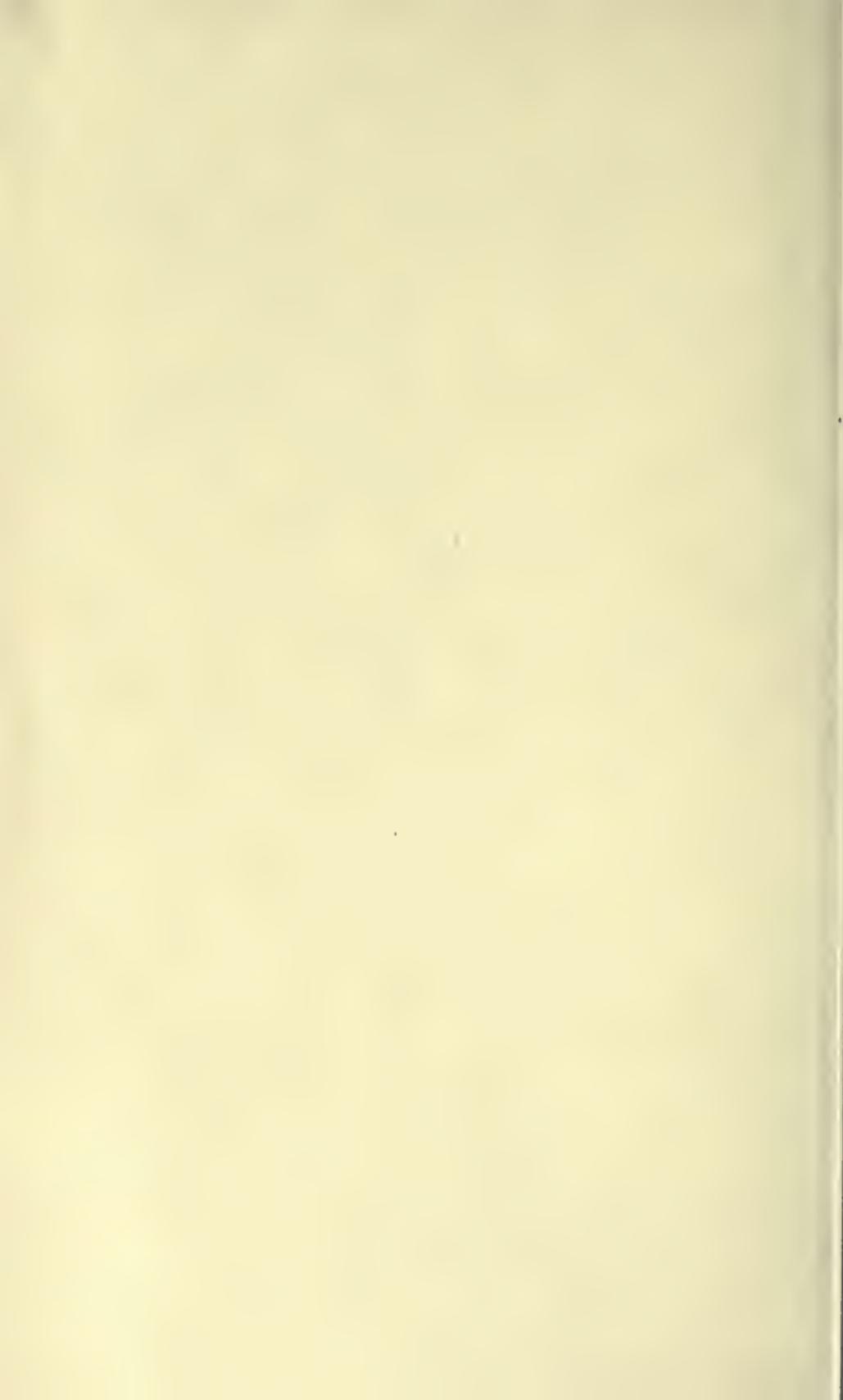
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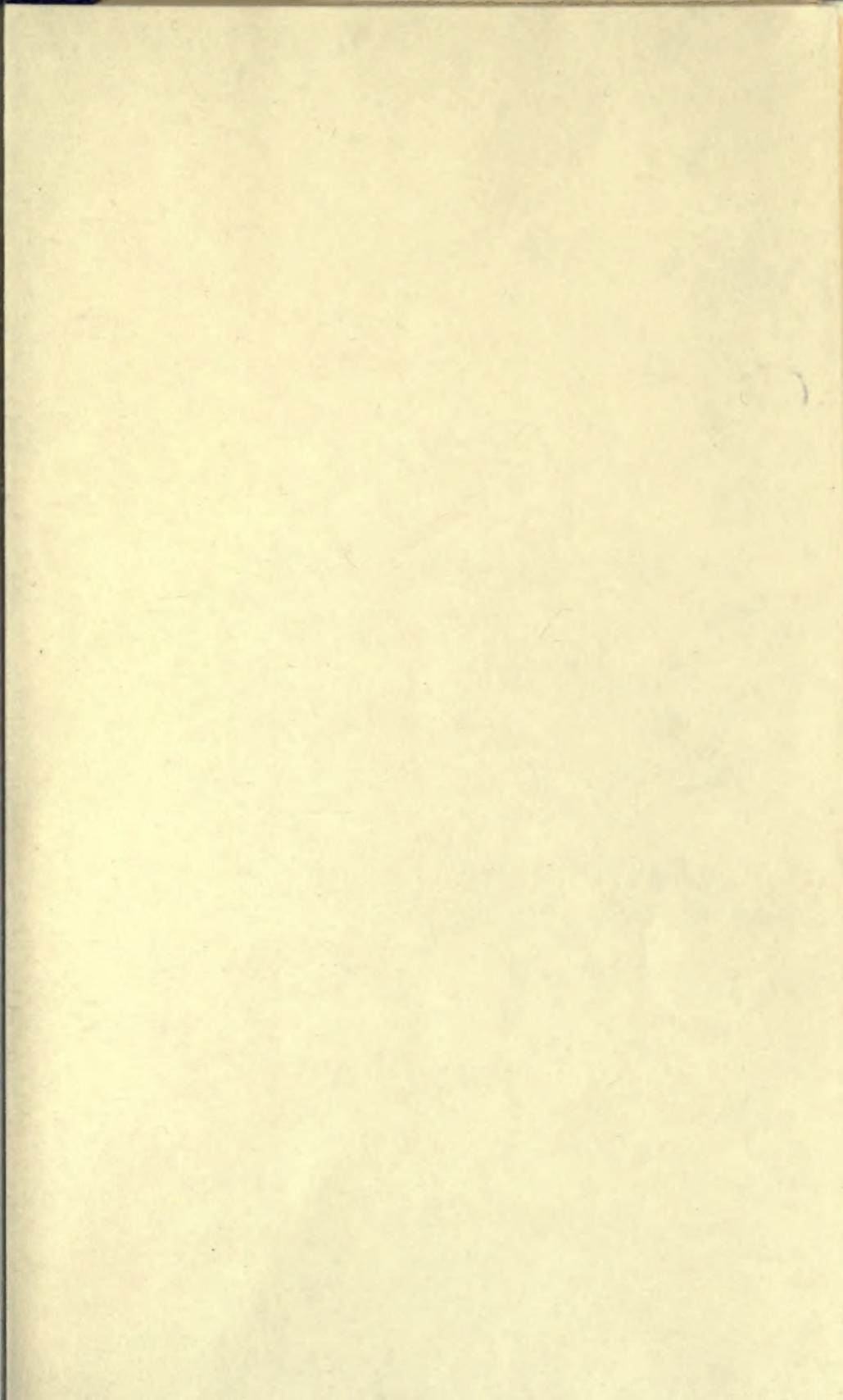
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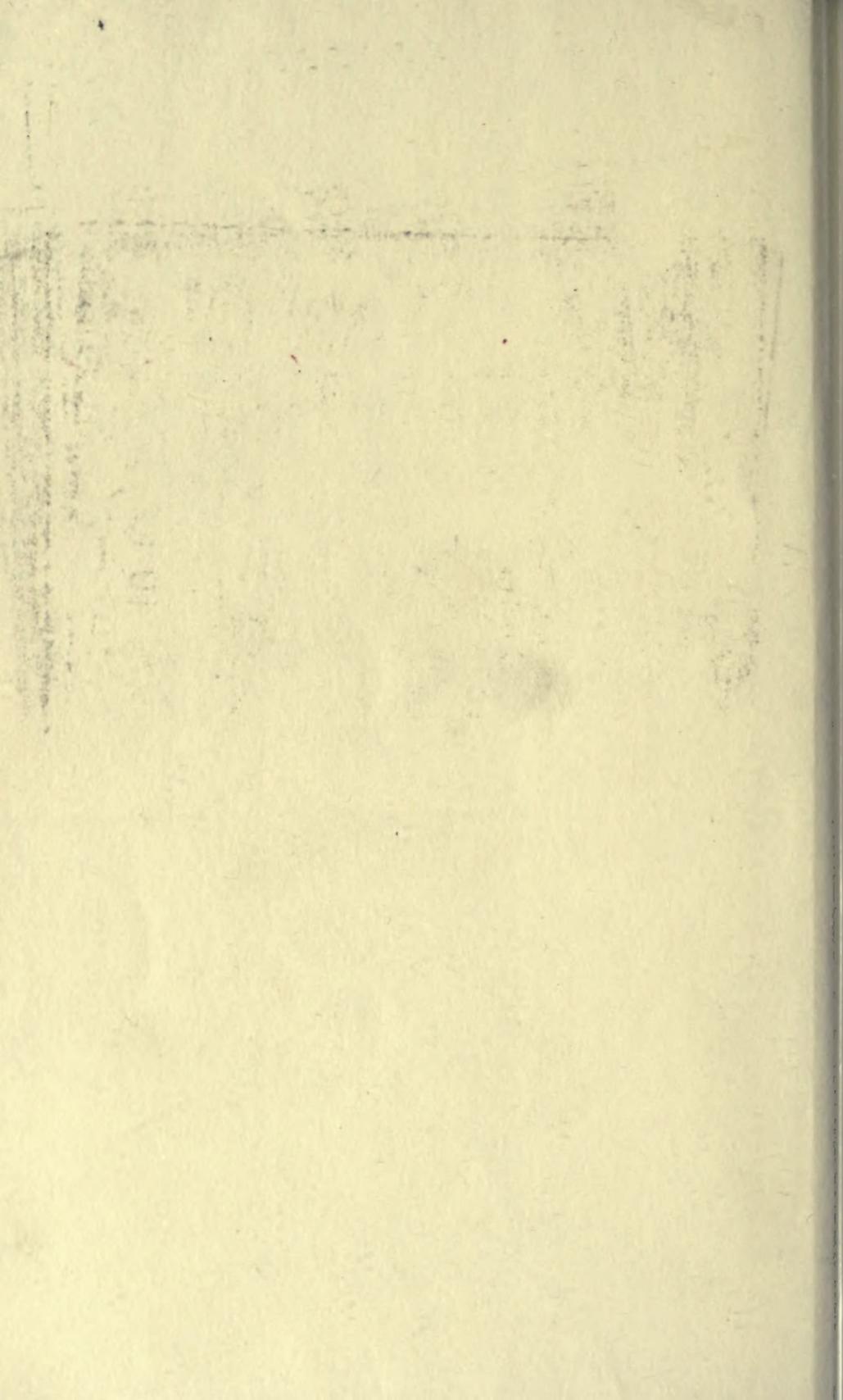
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