

exhibitions of power. This power-worship dominates his very choice of subjects. Now it is Samson, now the great god Thor, now Prometheus, now the valourous Dion, now Columbus the venturous, now the great King Solomon. When it is not a great man or a great god, it is a great and masterful thought, as in "Natura Victrix" or "In Via Mortis."

There is one poem in this volume which the reviewer implores the reader to read only when his nerves are strong and his brain is buoyant. "The Frenzy of Prometheus" (p. 34) is almost appalling in its terrific breadth of scenery and power of insane imagination. The phlegmatic reader will, of course, laugh at the gigantic pretension of it; the imaginative reader, who sees fierce old Prometheus with senses and mind and imagination reeling under age-long torture and forced and monotonous inaction, will shiveringly admire the genuine genius that could create such awful possibilities. The reader will need to beware of stumbling on his way over such a great climax as this:

"I would have all, know all. I thirst and pant
And hunger for the universe. Now from the earth,
Beneath thy rays, O Sun, the steams arise,
Sheeting the world's dead face in film of cloud,
The voices of the dead. Peace, let me be.
Go on thy way, spent power, leave me here
To reign in silence, rave and scorn and hate,
To glory in my strength, tear down the skies,
Trample the crumbling mountains under foot,
Laugh at the tingling stars, burn with desire
Unconquerable, till the universe
Is shattered at the core, its splinters flung
By force centrifugal beyond the light,
Until the spent stars from their orbits reel,
And, hissing down the flaming steps of space,
With voice of fire proclaim me God alone."

"In Via Mortis" is a poem with a very broad canvas,—too broad for effective treatment—but we can overlook weak spots in the piece on account of the abounding merit of such stanzas as this:

"I know you not, great forms of giant kings,
Who held dominion in your iron hands,
Who toyed with battles and all valorous things,
Counting yourselves as gods when on the sands
Ye piled the earth's rock fragments in an heap
To mark and guard the grandeur of your sleep,
And quaffed the cup which death, our mother,
brings."

"The Feud" (p. 31), is a strong dramatic ballad. Its force and conciseness

are admirable. The novelty and sense of harmony in the similitudes employed stamp the author as a true artist. What could be finer than these?—"Like the gleam of a salmon in the net,"—"Like the scream of a gull as he wheels o'er a grave,"—"As swift as the rain through the teeth of the air."

Mr. Scott's masterpiece is without doubt his legendary ballad "Thor." It is a splendid piece of flawless art, and worthy of extended comment. The limitations of this review will admit of only a brief quotation. The poet has made of his myth an allegory, and this is the ethical trend which it takes:

"Not a mere shadow is sin,
Clinging like wine to the lips,
To be wiped from the mouth and the chin
After man taketh a sip;
But a poison that lurketh within.

The forces that hold back the sea,
That grapple the earth from beneath,
Are not older than those which decree
The marriage of sin unto death,
In the sinner, whoever he be."

That doctrine is a good tonic in these *fin de siècle* days of "Trilby," "The Manxman," and innumerable lesser lights of fiction.

This article must conclude with a sweet lyric of affection. The piece is quoted, not because it is remarkable for anything, but to show that Mr. Scott's talent does not run in one groove:

"The days and weeks are going, love,
The years roll on apace,
And the hand of time is showing, love,
In the care-lines on thy face;

But the tie that binds our hearts, love,
In the morning's golden haze,
Is a tie that never parts, love,
With the passing of the days.

For though Death's arm be strong, love,
Our love its light shall shed,
And like a glorious song, love,
Will live when Death is dead."

Here, then, is a new volume of verse which is sure to attract the attention and win the admiration of all Canadians who take pride in the development of a Canadian literature. Would that Mr. Scott were a little more Mr. Scott of our own.