

## DANS LA PAROISSE DE GRAND BRULE.

## I.

*Dans la paroisse de Grand Brule*  
 De place w'ere I was born in,  
 In fifty six, de mont' was May  
 'Bout 'alf pas' five one mornin';  
 I was de firs' one in de crowd  
 Of h'eigheten, nineteen—twenty,  
 Dat make my fadder hawful proud  
 For see his childs so plenty.

## II

W'en I go hup for make my law  
 I don' go hon Laval, sir,  
 Dat make me row wid my *papa*  
*Mais ça, ça m'est egal*, sir.  
 Bagosh! I soon make hup my min',  
 De h'English, *dats* de knowledge  
 An' *dats* de reason dat you fin'  
 Me 'ere, on McGill College.

## III.

My gran'modder she halways say—  
 'Er name's Malvina Clare,  
 "Jean Louis Pouliot, you'll don' forgot,  
 You're *enfant de ton pere!*  
 Your fadder 'e's no gentleman,  
 'E work one day to h'odder,  
 'E pay 'es way so long 'e can,  
 An' den 'e never bodder."

## IV.

Papa say, "Well, dose boys more swell  
 On McGill dan Laval, sir,"  
 I'll not care, me, for compagnie  
*Or, ça, ça, m'est egal*, sir,  
 "Dat Hel, Hel, B's de bes' degree  
 For push your tree of knowledge,"  
 But jus' as well's de B. C. Hel  
 We get on McGill College.

## V.

I 'ope for get my gown some day,  
 Den I'll 'ang out my shingle  
 I'll marry Philomene Barre,—  
 De gal she's no good single.  
 I'll stump de country hup an' down  
 I'll make de 'lection speeches  
 Mos' hevery year you'll see me roun'  
 In broadcloth coat and breeches.

## VI.

My holdes' son I guess 'e'll went  
 To college at Laval, sir,  
 Dat make de hol' man pleasurement.  
*Et ça, ça, m'est egal*, sir—  
 'Urrah, 'Urrah, jus' one more *coup*  
 To wet de tree of knowledge.  
 'Ere's luck to you w'en you get t'rough  
 No matter w'at your college!

WM. McLENNAN.

NOTE—The foregoing has been accepted by the Faculty of Law as their Faculty song to be published in the New McGill Song Book.

This song adds one to the very few distinctly Canadian college songs. Mr. McLennan's efforts in the line of select sketches are already widely known and his stories in the January, February and March numbers of *Harper's Monthly* last year were most enthusiastically received.

## PHILLIPS STEWART.

Five years ago a small volume bearing the simple title "Poems" was published by Kegan Paul, Trench & Co., London, England. The poems contained in this volume, the utterances of a mind habitually turned inward upon itself, were not on the whole of such a nature as to appeal

to a wide circle of readers, at least not to those who contribute most to an average present-day swell of popularity; and when the author, Phillips Stewart, died in Toronto on February 2nd, 1892, at the early age of twenty-seven without having published anything further in the meantime, it may be that there were comparatively few who could feel from their own reading of his poems what a gifted singer went from our midst.

Phillips Stewart was born in the County of Peel, Ont., in 1865. He entered University College as a matriculated student in 1883 and became a B. A. in 1888, having taken the honor course in Metaphysics under the late venerable Professor Young, whose lectures so many have still in mind as lasting sources of inspiration. Between his third and fourth years at college Stewart spent about a year and a half in Italy and England, during which time his "Poems" appeared in London. After graduation he proceeded with the study of law, and in the spring of 1891 took the degree of L. L. B. Having seriously overtaxed his strength in this work, he spent the summer of the same year chiefly in Switzerland, and this trip, instead of improving his health, probably hastened his death.

Poets, true prophets among men, are not necessarily the more numerous at present because ours is pre-eminently an age of verse-makers. Of the latter the United States and Canada have produced in recent years an exceptionally large share among English-speaking lands. On the North American continent the men and women are to be counted by scores who write verses of great grace and high polish, all that makes up the art of poetry being brought to a rare state of perfection such as perhaps was never before so general. But considered as poetry, as an emanation from human souls, real mind-life put in words and as such finding a sympathetic chord in the hearts of other men, does not most of the verse of our day justify Walt. Whitman's query: "Judging amid the influence of loftiest products only, what do our current copious fields of print... better, for an analogy, present, than, as in certain regions of the sea, those spreading, undulating masses of squid, through which the whale swimming, with head half out, feeds?"

Carlyle has said: "There is no grand poem in the world but is at bottom a biography—the life of a man." One feels in reading the poems of Phillips Stewart that here too we have something biographical, a true reflex of the life of a man. But not all experiences, nor all thoughts, with however much natural beauty they may be embodied in verse, appeal to all the writer's fellow-men. I speak here of the class of poetry commonly called subjective, the personal, individual kind, which Stewart's is. Strong, active, positive men, who after all are the basic force of the world, feel but little fellowship with one who stood so apart from their path as the author of these "Poems." His life's activity was, like that of Hamlet, "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought." He seems to express his consciousness of this when he says in "Lines to My Mother,"

"My soul doth crave  
 Action."  
 and again,

"And if I cannot enter where I long

To go, let me breathe thoughts for noble action."

The death of both his parents when he was still very young was perhaps chiefly instrumental in giving a tinge of sadness to his character, which often shows itself in his poems. This rarely impairs their beauty, however, or is felt as a weakness, for it never obscures the rare clear color of the underlying thought. Whatever may have been Stewart's own thought of the degree of his achievement, however frequently he could see nothing so plainly in the world about him as his own limitations, the noble possibilities of a human life are ever present to give buoyancy to his faith, and evenness to his thoughts though they be of sorrow subdued.