

fourth volume of poems, this time again of a general character. In the "Lotus of the Nile and Other Poems," we have vivid flashes of light on the inner nature of the man. Some of the poems in this new volume, also, in an incomplete form, are to be found in the author's first book of verse. But everywhere here we discover nature, poetical feeling and finished poetical form. The themes are as varied as the author's life has been fruitful and wide. Travel abroad has given us his fine descriptive poem, "Fountains Abbey," a poem rich in imagination and in delicate poetic thought; the study of historic religions has made possible the strong stanzas on "The Egyptian Lotus," "Foundry Fires" has evidently been suggested by the sound of ringing anvils and the gleam of the glowing forge. But by far the great part of the poetry in this volume may properly be classed as "Nature Poetry." It is nature poetry, however, of the truest sort. One or two poems, like *The Lady of the Flowers* in "Acadian Ballads," are purely descriptive, but there is in most of the verse an intense subjectivity, the subjectivity of Wordsworth and Shelley. The poet feels always the oneness of earth with "the deep heart of man," he perceives in nature

A motion and a spirit which impels  
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,  
And rolls through all things.

He finds in earth's ordinary processes the changing moods of humanity's immortal mind. The poems are usually not long, most of them contain not more than a dozen stanzas, but one turns from them, as a rule, with the satisfaction one finds only in the finished productions of those who have followed long and faithfully the lyric art.

The range of subjects treated in these poems is wide, the poet is a man whose experience of life has gone deep, he has had strong friendships and ardent loves, he has profound sympathy with children and with the poor, he has threaded the intricate passages of theological speculation, he has suffered disappointment and undergone severe mental pain, but he has had also the most beatific visions and has stood on the loftiest heights. In his verse

there is a certain transparency, by means of which we can learn much of the visions that have inspired and the sorrows that have chastened the writer's inner soul.

The "Acadian Ballads" are not all ballads, some of them, like *Impressions*, *Atlantic Mists*, and *Orchards in Bloom*, are highly-coloured bits of descriptive verse. What a fine picture the poet gives us of the June orchards:

Banks of bloom on a billowy plain,  
Odours of orient in the air,  
Pink-tipped petals that fall, that rain,  
Allah's garden everywhere.

Infinite depths in the blue above,  
Glint of gold on the hill-tops gray,  
Orioles trilling songs of love  
With tireless throats, the long June day.

Fields of emerald, tufted white,  
Yellow, and azure, far outspread—  
O the measureless delight  
In the scent of the clover blossoms red!

Or of the dreamy mists that rise from the  
"mighty Atlantic," and move like wreaths  
along the steep sides of the "North Mountain":

Up from the sea the white mists roll,  
Soft as the robes a dancer sways,  
Pure as the dreams that swathe the soul  
Of a laughing child, at peace always.

The blue-veined hills at the north they hide  
With a veil that hangs like filmy gauze,  
And they lower and lift and fling aside  
Their matchless drapery, without pause.

Grange and meadow and dyke below  
Lie in the sun in calm content,  
Hither and thither like wraiths they go,  
But their shadowy grace on the cliffs is spent.

No poet was ever more emphatically the child of his early environment than this one. For many years he has lived in the heart of a great metropolis, but in every bit of descriptive nature-verse he writes, we see that the scenery of his native Nova Scotia holds his imagination captive still. "Eaton, I think," said an English reviewer once, "has been the most happy of the Canadians in treating their national legends. There are few writers in the United States who equal him in this respect," and the recently published volume adds much force to this judgment, uttered twenty years ago. Nova Scotia, at least, of the Canadian provinces, ought