

excellent modelling in clay. His skill with the pencil is also notable. In this addiction to art as well as to letters, I may be permitted to set up some resemblance between Marshall and William Blake, whose artistry may not have added one cubit to his stature as a poet in the judgment of the ordinary reader, yet to the discerning mind it infuses all his writings with the subtle emanations of a soul that has laid hold on beauty as its own demesne. But Marshall has other interests in the world that lies about him. The enticements of art have not weaned him from the love of nature. Proof of this abounds in his poems. Let me quote:

SOUL AND BODY

Along the winding river's bound
With only the unflinching flow
Of tide to bear me silent company
I wander, feeling in the symphony
Of Nature here a joy not found
In Art—where Art is all to know.

For here I am the substance of each form:
I am the wind, the wild rose blown
The murmuring bees, the birds of song,
the fantasy
Of wood and meadow, all the ecstasy
Of summer growth, the life full-grown,
The peace of soul and body after storm.

Marshall's instinctive love of the fields and woods was greatly fostered by his departed friend Robert Randall MacLeod, in whose memory "Brookfield" was written. In glowing words he explains how instant in season MacLeod sought the bloom of the wild flowers:

And something of that bloom was shown
for me
One eager day, when the Rhodora flamed
Her leafless beauty on us suddenly—
Down in an old-time pasture road— and
claimed
A first love's privilege and was not
shamed:
My friend had fondest greeting for the
flower,
And gentlest love-speech ever poet framed;
And all my vagrant heart was stayed with
power
Of love I never knew, until I shared his
dower.

It is in the Spenserian stanza that Marshall has realized his highest

achievement in technic, and to use that verse form to-day with any measure of success is a matter of distinction in the opinion of the dean of English letters, Mr. Edmund Gosse.

The writer recalls one little incident illustrative of the magnetic charm of Mr. Marshall's personality. On a rare summer day a few years ago I was walking in his company over a noble sand-beach on the Nova Scotian coast, listening the while to his recitation of Keats's "Ode on a Grecian Urn"—which he dearly loves. Unnoticed by Marshall we were overtaken by a young fisher lad whose attention was arrested by the music of the words that fell from the poet's lips, and he waited for no invitation to join us. I shall never forget the quick response in the boy's eyes to the magic of the challenge,

Who are those coming to the sacrifice?

He stayed with us until silence broke the enchantment, and then slipped away still unseen of the man who all unwittingly had unlocked for him the door of poetic emotion.

*

THE OLD MAD-HOUSE

BY WILLIAM DE MORGAN. Toronto:
J. M. Dent & Sons, Limited.

IN his "Apology in Confidence" attached to "A Likely Story", De Morgan chaffs his readers a little about our fictional categories, and has his say about his co-called "Early Victorianism". For his part, the present reviewer does not regret his escape from contact with much of the smart, metallic, flippant fiction of the day whenever he yields himself to the charm of De Morgan. It is an escape from the third-rate, or fourth-rate, insincere and ephemereal, to the sterling, the urbane, the gently humorous ("Humour," thought the late Churton Collins, "is the smile on Wisdom's lips.")—to the excellent matter of a serene, tolerant, kindly companion, who did not begin to write until he had suffered, and learned, and achieved "the philosophic mind".