

Charles Mair

(By Kate Eastman.)

Charles Mair! The name had held magic for me since I received on my twelfth birthday a little book of Canadian poems containing a selection from "Tecumseh." Some of the lines had particularly fascinated me:

*"The hoary pines—those ancients of the earth—
Brimful of legends of the early world,
Stood thick on their own mountains unsubdued.*

*"The passionate or calm pageants of the skies
No artist drew; but in the auburn west
Innumerable faces of fair cloud
Vanished in silent darkness with the day."*

At last I was to meet Charles Mair. It was at a home in Victoria, and he made a special effort to see me having been told that I had a message for him from Bliss Carman.

As he came into the room I was struck by the beautiful untarnished quality of his personality—eighty-seven, and with all the fresh vigor of a boy. His ideas came like arrows shot from a bow, so strong they were and delivered with such ease. It was of his muscular strength, however, that he was proud. "Charles G. D. Roberts was comparing muscles with me," he remarked. "He is ahead in the arm—that is canoeing—but I am

ahead in the leg—that is thousands of miles of snowshoeing."

Recalling men, he said, "Colonel Denison was my great friend. You knew him? No? O he was great, and true, and brave." The profound emphasis here I shall never forget, and who could say, remembering, that friendship is no longer a vital thing.

A word he spoke about art—"Bliss Carman! Ah he is our great lyricist. No one else can touch him."

As I asked Charles Mair if he would read just a few lines from my book of childhood and then write his name on the page, I noticed that half an hour had slipped by and I had intended to stay only five minutes. In reply to my apology, the poet remarked with characteristic grace, "But we are old friends now, for where there is understanding, new friends became transmuted into old friends."

As I walked away I understood how a child's spontaneous imagination could have been fired by "Tecumseh." It needed so great a man as Charles Mair to convey the spirit of so great a country as Canada.

Wild Animals

By R. D. Cumming
(Skookum Chuck.)

(Suggested on seeing B.C. Big Game Pictures at the movies.)

They are the children of the earth,
The naked earth and snow;
The pathless forest gives them birth,
Out of the rocks they grow.

They know no past to blight their day,
Inspect no future view;
They rise spontaneous from the clay,
And fall spontaneous too.

For land or lease they battle not,
No claims are filed or kept;
Their fortune is the food unbought
They gather step by step.

The flower, the fruit, the cliff, the crec
They know by sight or smell;
They have no words to think or speak,
By which to know or tell.

Themselves unnamed, unrul'd, unclassed
No purpose of their own;
Unrescued from their dismal past,
They live like tree or stone.

Hard-bosomed on the rock and clay,
Cold-bedded on the snow,
They live the hour, the night, the day,
And that is all they know.

Stanley Park Vancouver, B.C.

By Robert Watson, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Grant me this that when I die
In the forest I may lie,
Canopied by trees and sky,
Near the ceaseless sea,
Where the ships go sailing by:
Souls of men set free;

Where the sunshine filters down
Through the lanes of green and brown;
Wind-swept rain, when heavens frown,
Bathe the thirsting mold:
Artist's dream and poet's crown,
Grey, and green, and gold;

Where the weaver-elves at night
Softly flit through filmy light,
Spinning cob-webs, silver-white,
O'er the drowsing pines,
And the full-orbed moon, in flight,
Trails her spectral lines.

All I ask is when I die
In the forest glade to lie,
Canopied by trees and sky,
Near the ceaseless sea,
Where the ships go sailing by
Rest the dust of me.

Alice M. Winlow

Hon. Secretary B. C. Branch, Canadian Authors' Association

By Bertha Lewis

Alice M. Winlow, L.A.B., author and musician, is known for her impressionistic sketches and lyrical poems. "Silver Dust" and "The Lady of the White Silence" appeared in *The Canadian Magazine*. The latter sketch was inspired by

Beethoven's "Appassionata." In this story the author has created an atmosphere of color by a deliberate choice of words. Several short-stories also have come from the pen of this facile artist, one of the strongest being "Jewels," published in that old-established English magazine *"The Quiver."*

The poem in this issue of the *British Columbia Monthly* is an example of Mrs. Winlow's word-painting and feeling for the poetry of nature.

Citizens of Vancouver know Mrs. Winlow as a pianist of ability and one possessing an exquisite interpretative temperament.

Fun and humor are also characteristics of this writer, as those are aware who have laughed heartily over the sayings and doings of the quaint characters in "The Mornin' Glory Girl." Mrs. Pocklington and Mrs. Winlow were co-authors of this delightful story.

Those acquainted with Mrs. Winlow's literary work hope that a collection of her stories and poems will soon be available in book form.



Wadd's Photo

ALICE M. WINLOW.