

# Book Reviews

(By A. R. M.)

DREAMS AND DELIGHTS. By L. Adams Beck. Published by Dodd, Mead & Company, New York. (\$2.50.)

A happy title for eight interesting tales, enchanting pictures of China, Ceylon, India, Japan, wherein we glimpse much of hoary civilizations, of exotic beauty, of human aspiration.

"V. Lydiat," building in alluring fashion a bridge of mutual understanding from Victoria to the splendors of the Orient.

"The Hidden One," granddaughter of the lovely lady to whose memory the "Taj Mahal" was erected, the most notable in poetic luxuriance. This fragment so strongly resembling "The Hound of Heaven."

"I have no peace, the quarry I, a Hunter chases me,

It is Thy memory.

I turn to flee but fall: for over me He casts his snare,

His perfumed hair,

Who can escape Thy chain? No heart is free

From love of Thee."

In the "Marriage of the Princess," after listening to the wisdom of many Councillors on the step she is about to take, the daughter of the King of Kashmir thus sums up:

"This is the truth. Fate is fate and love is love, and what we do is our own, and not the deeds of another. For that Queen I do not weep, but for the King who was blind to her glory. It is the valour of men that sends them forth to war, and it is the valour of women that puts their hearts in the hand of their husbands. And to me, since I have seen this portrait all other things are empty, and if he slay me still will I love him. For it is the High God, who is worshipped by many names, who has made the woman for the man, and the man for the woman, and He abides unchanging in Unity and what He does is better than well."

"The Wisdom of the Orient" sparkles with satirical wit on the "Eternal Feminine," "Stately Julia," an English gem wherein the poet Herrick is charmingly tracked to his lair.

"The Man Without a Sword," a story of jujutsu, a Japanese Pilgrim's Progress.

And there are others. We are glad our fair neighbor has endeavored to fill the niche of Lafcadio Hearn and deferentially acknowledge her unique gifts for the achievement. The pilgrimage she guides is so lovingly, even reverently conducted that one returns with increase of loyalty to the faith

which is our refuge, the land which is our home.

A paragraph from "The Sea of Lilies" reads thus: "Shanghai concerns itself, I am told, with that ancient and universally respected Trinity of the World, the Flesh, and the Devil. I know little of it myself and accept the testimony of friends, and especially of one who knew it well. 'I just think,' he said with conviction, 'that if nothing happens to Shanghai, Sodom and Gomorrah were very unfairly dealt with.'"

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GRAIN: By Robert Stead. (Published by McClelland & Stewart, Toronto. \$2.)

When Robert Stead takes upon himself to inform the reader on this immense subject he does it very thoroughly, cramming into one's mental maw much information about farms and crops, threshers and elevators, yet never a spasm of bored nausea attacks us, for is it not pithily, often wittily, told?

We meet our hero on his advent into the world, enjoying with him many a boyish prank; never doubting he will make good in his own way and his own time, but he cannot be led, nor will he be forced.

When one has played Pom Pom Pull-away on a river rink and Prisoner's Base on a school playground, one thinks Mr. Stead has taken liberties with two noble games on his first day at school. But what a pretty medley is made of it, thus causing the threads of two lives to be tangled for many a long day.

How he wins the name of Gander is one of the most ludicrous episodes in the book.

The War ploughs a huge rent in the peaceful prairie district, changing the currents of many lives and intensifying all; womanly Jo Burge paying the highest penalty.

Gander, who masters all mechanism almost at sight, is slowly brought to understand the complexities of his own nature; helped somewhat by plucky "stenographer" Minnie and, not wholly gratuitous perhaps, Jerry Chansley. Since that great apostle of Realism, W. D. Howells, taught that things which are equal to the same thing are equal to each other in Euclid but not always in friendship, one is diffident in recommending a book, yet this has gripped us so forcibly that we close it with the query on our lips:

Breathes there a Canadian with soul so dead,

Who, reading Stead, has never said,  
This is my own, my native land?

## TRIBUTE TO MRS. A. M. WINLOW

Author of "The Miracle of Roses," etc.

As Vice-President of the British Columbia Branch of the Canadian Authors' Association, Mrs. Alice M. Winlow is to attend the annual convention held at Ottawa this year, and she will afterwards spend some months overseas.

At a recent meeting of the Vancouver Poetry Society,—at which Dr. Lionel Stevenson and his mother, Mrs. Mabel Rose Stevenson (author of the one-act play published in this issue) were welcomed by many friends—Dr. Fewster, President of the Society, and others made fitting reference to Mrs. Winlow's trip, and the following rondel by May Percival Judge was read:

(Rondel. Written for Mrs. A. M. Winlow on her departure for Europe.)

"OH, TAKE MY WISH"

By May Percival Judge

North Vancouver, B. C.

Oh, take my wish that Joy may send  
Her passport with you for each day,  
That Health and Happiness can blend  
Their double escort for your way;

Let Humour, Courage, also fend  
Small irritations, or dismay:  
Oh, take my wish that Joy may send  
Her passport with you for each day.

Then, when you come to journey's end,  
Your thoughts aglow with holiday,  
Count still that passport as a friend,  
And see fresh joy in work and play.  
Oh, take my wish that Joy may send  
Her passport with you for each day.

Mrs. Winlow has, for some years, taken active part in the work and expansion of the *British Columbia Monthly*, and her literary co-workers, in common with other friends, wish her "bon voyage" and a pleasant and profitable time in all the centres of the Old Lands she may visit.

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