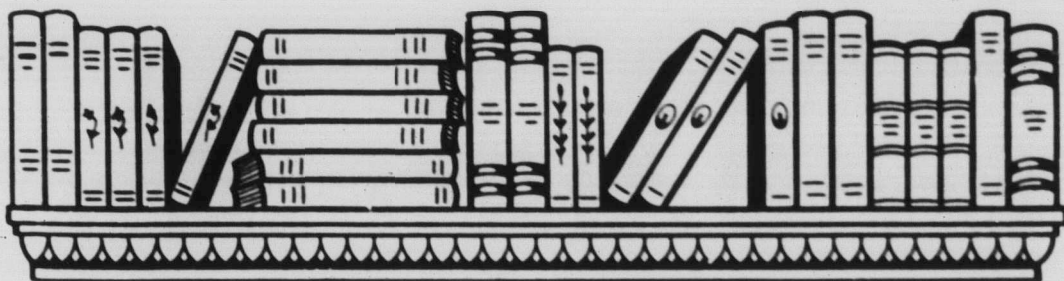


Book Guests and Quests



"For all books are divisible into two classes: the books of the hour and the books of all time. . . The good book of the hour . . . is simply the useful or pleasant talk of some person whom you cannot otherwise

converse with, printed for you. . . history;—all these books of the hour These bright accounts of travels; are a peculiar possession of the present age. . . But we make the worst possible use (of them) if we allow them to usurp the place of true books.

—Ruskin.

The Golden Dog

Thanks to the thoughtfulness of that book-lover and friend of all sorts and conditions of literary folk, Mr. A. M. Pound, Vancouver, the writer some time ago, following the Kirby exposition by Dr. Lorne Pierce, Toronto, before British Columbia Authors' Association, made the acquaintance of "The Golden Dog."

It is a Canadian historical novel, and therefore one of those with which every good Canadian should be familiar. But there is reason to question if in these days it is as widely read as we would expect. At any rate we have met a number of Canadian born, not without interest in Literature, who have **not** read it yet. The lure of the story is not unlike that exercised by Scott's works, and, once begun, it is of that type and length (over 600 pages), which may easily lead readers to trespass upon the hours for sleep. Notwithstanding its length there are probably few passages suitable for separate quotations, as almost all are inwoven into the narrative or relate to its characters. But, well on in the story, one comes across the following paragraph—all the more worthy of quotation because of advancement of ideas concerning life's continuity:

"On the secret tablets of our memory, which is the book of our life, every thought, word, and deed, good or evil, is written down indelibly and forever; and the invisible pen goes on writing day after day, hour after hour, minute after minute, every thought, even the idlest, every fancy the most evanescent: nothing is left out of our book of life which will be our record in judgment! When that book is opened and no secrets are hid, what son or daughter of Adam is there who will not need to say, 'God be merciful?'"

If YOU, as a Canadian, have not yet read "The Golden Dog," better mark it down for reading at your next holiday season—or sooner.

MARJORIE PICKTHALL: A BOOK OF REMEMBRANCE.

This finely-finished volume has already been referred to in this magazine, and may be again. Meantime, we quote the tributes included in it from Mrs. Isabel Ecclestone Mackay and Mr. Robert Allison Hood, of Vancouver:

Marjorie Pickthall: In Memoriam

Softly the Lord trod "down his starry stairs"

And took her for his own;

Our loved and lost, the incense of whose prayers

Had Heavenward flown.

Hers was the tender, understanding heart,

Touched with the fire divine,

That to our earthly phases could impart

A something big and fine.

She saw the beauty in the commonplace,

In simple folk could sift

The golden colour from the dull and base,

And to the sun uplift.

Old Pieter Marinus, that sinner grim,

Who prays the sea may lave

His soul all white again, e'en him The Lord may, pitying, save.

All the unhappy folk that sigh and fret—

Fearful and fond and frail—

For them His fostering care endureth yet,

His love shall aye prevail.

The little birds that nightly fold their wings

Under the evening sky,

And all the silly beasts and creeping things—

His pity heeds their cry.

This was the interwoven thought illumines

The texture of her song:

Love, laughter, tears, her every tale assumes

A Power above all wrong.

Now has she passed beyond our mortal ken

To seek a kindlier shore,

Where joy awaits the souls of suffering men

And sorrow is no more.

—Robert Allison Hood.

FOR ONE WHO WENT IN SPRING

She did not go as others do,

With backward look or beckoning,

With no farewell for anything

She passed the open doorway through.

The little things she left behind

Lie where they fell from hands content—

Fame a forgotten incident

And life a season out of mind.

The spring will find her footsteps gone,

But spring is kind to vanished things,

Cannas and buttercups she brings

With green that tears have brightened on.

And I, who walked with her last year

While April in the lilacs stirred,

Will turn with sudden look or word—

Forgetting that she is not here.

—Isabel Ecclestone Mackay.

MARKED PASSAGES FROM BOOK FRIENDS

So long as men do their duty, even if it be greatly in a misapprehension, they will be leading pattern lives; and whether or not they come to lie beside a martyrs' monument, we may be sure they will find a safe haven somewhere, in the providence of God.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

A great author is not one who merely has a copia verborum, whether in prose or verse, can, as it were, turn on at his will any number of splendid phrases and