Tuesday, October 8, 1907.

IR. CHARLES G. D. **ROBERTS' POEMS**

eview of the One-Volume Edition Just Issued By the Copp-Clark Co.

(Toronto News)

(Toronto News) e one volume edition of Mr. Charles Roberts' poems has been published pleasing form with the addition of Book of the Rose." by The Copp. c company, of Toronto. It is possi-from this book to review the whole is poet's career, and to see the steps which he has gained his position as, the whole, the most representative ulan poet. He is known universally nature poet. A second and third an poet. He is known universally lature poet. A second and third of the description. What other unmistakeable message has he sown people than the painting of d and lovely scene, or of the spirit ely places and farm settlements? nely places and farm settlements? worship and observance of nature des his work as the volce of the a fills musically a late August. To observe the ways of nature an absorption in every detail of utward seeming, which is the in-. To observe the ways of nature an absorption in every detail of butward seeming, which is the in-ess, not of science but of love, and eak of what he sees with unfailing mination, is Mr. Roberts' greatest To come at once to what must be ted as on the whole the most sus-l and perfectly performed of all indertakings, that sonnet sequence is hows as in a glass life on a lian farm, the poet who could write s of the Common Day" must be of all a confidant of nature.

milking time is done, and over

uiet Canadian inland forest d wide rough pasture lots the sha-

dews, with peace and twilight

voices fall, moss-cooled watering-trough to foddered stall thred plough-horses turn — the barn-yard loam t to their feet—and in the sky's pale dome

resonant chords the swooping night-jars call. frogs, cool-fluting ministers of

aream, lakes shrill the slow brook's borders;

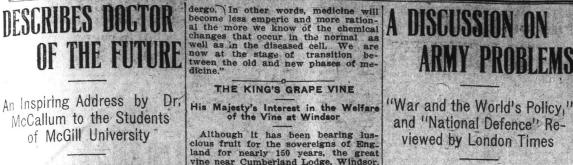
pasture bars wn clatter, and the cattle wander

throughue shapes amid the thickets; gleam

by gleam ove the wet grey wilds emerge the stars,

through the dusk the farmstead fades from view. such work Mr. Roberts seems to be essing the true inclination of his ressing the true inclination of his ius. It is not his power to place and women in his poems whose ds and actions convey back he heart a knowledge of powers and tions common to us all. The figures ch he draws are few, and these are as concrete as they are prevention h he draws are few, and these are s concrete as they are representa-The poet does not meditate deeply e meaning of life, nor does his peo-onsist of its interpretation. His is for beauty; and the beauty of e, refreshing, sometimes overladen infinite detail, but attended by and sincerity, is held in Mr. Rob-poems like an unfailing supply of r for those who do not find else-e just such a draught to quench thirst for visious of the fields and

Roberts' poetical impulse is essen-"Orion," he first wrote under the of Keats, and imagined divinitie ingering in sylvan solitudes. Hi Ingering in sylvan Solitudes. poetry is vague, but it was written a great model, and it was beautiful lassical style was followed by a system of the system of the system of the system in the first a great model, and it was beautiful classical style was followed by a manner, more simple than the first h seemed akin to Longfellow, and d gradually a tendency to didactic ing, with reminiscences of Words-hand of Emerson. In this gradual ass appeared his sonnet sequence, wed by "Ave" a tribute to Shelley, h moves in Shelley's style, and ghtly held in high esteem by those know Mr. Roberts' work most thor-ily. "Ave" was followed by "The of the Native" which contains of his reflective poetry. It was this time that Mr. Roberts changed place of residence to New York, e he has written "New York Noc-es," and "The Book of the Rose." which are mainly love songs, at ore concrete, less peaceful, less y expressed, but more concern-men and women than with the f nature. In his latest work it is expression. But Mr. Roberts: has hanged his manner so often that he ill may have other developments in serve. It is with some verses called the Aim" that he concludes "The Book t he Rose." Thou who lovest not alone The swift success, the instant goal, ut hast a lenient eye to mark The failures of the inconstant soul The mean achievement, scamped in he high resolve and low result, ream that durst not face couut the reach of my desire, et this be something in Thy sight; ave not in the sjothful dark. orgot the Vision and the Height. either my body nor my soul To earth's low ease will yield con-To earth's low ease will yield con-sent. I bless Thee for my will to strive. I bless thy goad of discontent. At his best, Mr. Roberts has a simpli-ty and a divination of the mood of na-re when man comes as a pioneer to the orders of the unsettled wild that give m a pre-eminence in this class of writ-g. Nothing that he has written shows his more clearly than "The Solitary Voodsmen," too, which will not be for-otten once it has been taken into the accesses of the memory. Il day long he wanders wide Fith the grey moss for his guide, the grey moss for his guide, his lonely axe-stroke startles expectant forest-side. oward the quiet close of day ack to camp he takes his way, and about his sober footsteps inafraid the squirrels play. h his roof the red leaf falls, his door the blue jay calls, ad he hears the wood-mice hurry and down his rough log walls; ears the laughter of the loon lears the calling of the moose cho in the early moon. nd he hears the partridge drumming, he belated hornet humming— Il the faint prophetic sounds hat foretell the winter's coming. nd the wind about his eaves hrough the chilly night-wet grieves, nd the earth's dumb patience fills him. ellow to the falling leaves. Homing Pigeon Comes 800 Miles Winona, an English homing pigeon elonging to Harry Lathrope of War-aw, which was stolen from the Adams xpress office at Bandolph, Tex., while route to Abilene. Tex., twelve nths ago, put in an appearance at Lathrope home, having traversed



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ABOUT ANIMALS ground in remote spots and snam bet ing wounded and even creep into holes as though to escape the hoofs of charging squadrons and the wheels of galloping batteries of heavy guns.

