

men, sailmakers, knitters and spinners; of the rug-makers, the fish-curiers, the wool-shearers and dyers; of lighthouse-keepers and mail-drivers.

There is the song of the kelp-gatherers, the boat-caulkers, and of the reapers and gleaners of oats and barley, and of the men who take lobsters; women water-carriers on the land, and on the sea, the sealers; dancing Eskimo in Labrador; hunters, trappers and fur-merchants, and of the carvers of wood and ivory.

There is no end to this noble song of artistry and toil; of the drivers of ox and dog-carts, of clam-diggers, gardeners and field-workers, and of basket-makers; the song of the prairie-farmer and of the cattle-man blowing his bugle at the dawn; of the trader, and the mountaineer and the miner; of the airship, steamboat, train, motor and barge men; of the whalers and the halibut-fishers who go down to the deep sea; of salmon and herring fishers, farmers and ranchers, and the growers of flax and hemp; for, of all the many treasures of the earth, there is none that we have not.

And there is the song of the teachers and guides of youth, of those who care for the sick in soul and body, and of

the crippled soldier in his workshop; the song of the office, store, and the mill, of all who labour in town or city; and there is the wistful song of the strangers in our streets, the lonely ones who have no friends, and who come and go like shadows; the song of the home, the church, the theatre, and of all great games; of the men of science who work alone and unrewarded; and there is the song of the literary slave, whose works are read and forgotten; yet, who amongst all the toilers of the land, is building so steadily as he for the future that he may never know?

I say again, I like to think that Canada's divinely appointed task is to give joy to the world, and what greater destiny can any country desire? If there is, possibly, no other departure from tradition in our poetry than this, its dedication to the giving of joy, is it not enough? Let us sing with all our hearts this apotheosis of joy, which is the very antithesis of the tragical faith in the beauty and efficacy of pain—that pathetic fallacy which has retarded the progress of the world so long.

This joy we would have, should be no unreasoning and physical joy, but the old Greek joy in beauty, married

to the new cosmic responsibilities which are the peculiar heritage of our time, and of which the ancient Greek showed a profound distrust. Let us begin to lay the foundation of our future work upon a rock, upon a resolute belief in the supreme power of joy, to be the world's controlling factor for good. Let our country be the first to give the new message in lovely words; in witchery of words, strange and beautiful; in burning and wonderful poems, to energize all hearts with the struggle, the ascent, the ineffableness of joy.

Joy, whose name is a higher and holier name for love, is the uncrowned king of the universe, and the time has come for us to repudiate "the eternal reciprocity of tears," and to found a Guild of Song for "the eternal reciprocity of joy and laughter."

And now, in conclusion, I will quote a few words which I love, and which are most opportune at this juncture. Nothing finer has ever been written by any Canadian poet, than these lines by Chas. G. D. Roberts:

"And thou, my country, dream not thou;

Wake, and behold how night is done,
How on thy breast and o'er thy brow,
Bursts the uprising sun."

The Day We Missed Grouse Mountain

(Concerning an incident which occurred during the week of the Canadian Authors' Association convention, Vancouver, August, 1926.)

(By M. Eugene Perry, Victoria, B. C.)

The weather was propitious,
Who cared though we detoured?
With Percy Gomery at the wheel
Much pleasure was assured.
A day to long remember, that
Which closed convention week.
We failed to scale Grouse Mountain,
But picnicked at Lynn Creek.

Soon cheese and chocolate biscuits,
With ice cream bricks galore,
Cheered even Hopkins Moorhouse,
Whom picnics seem to bore.
John Garvin, who two helpings
Of ice cream did bespeak,
Was glad we missed Grouse Mountain,
And picnicked at Lynn Creek.

And oh! the chicken sandwiches
I. Ecclestone Mackay
Had cannily provided, just
In case plans went awry.
R. Allison Hood, as always,
To please all seemed to seek,
The day we missed Grouse Mountain
And picnicked at Lynn Creek.

John Elson sought material
For another "Scarlet Sash;"
Nor grieved that plans for dining
On top of Grouse went crash.
The girl from Hamilton strolled round,
Nor lacked attendant sheik;
The day we missed Grouse Mountain,
And picnicked at Lynn Creek.

And Philip Frederick Grove supplied
Quite in his usual form,
The literary atmosphere,
And filled the air with storm.
While A. A. P. as always,
For copy seemed to seek;
And though she missed Grouse Mountain,
She found it at Lynn Creek.

Then what, pray, more romantic
Than scribblers' tales to swap,
As with Archie P. McKishnie
You share a ginger pop?
Ah! many years must surely pass
Ere memories grow weak
Of the day we missed Grouse Mountain,
But picnicked at Lynn Creek.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE QUEEN OF ROUMANIA

By Alice M. Winlow.

The Problem of Happiness seems to have been solved by the Queen of Roumania. "To be happy," she says, "one must have strength of will," and again, "The strong alone grip hold of to-day and love it."

Maeterlinck, writing of the attainment of happiness, says, "Above all let us never forget that an act of goodness is in itself an act of happiness. It is the flower of a long inner life of joy and contentment; it tells of peaceful hours and days on the sunniest heights of our soul."

This thought seems to lie at the root of Queen Marie's philosophy. She has written, "Happiness should mount like a song of love from the soul." No wonder she has achieved this state of happiness when she believes that her day is wasted unless she has made someone happy, helped someone, given someone pleasure, be it man, child, or animal. She has learned to detect the "hidden smile and mysterious jewels of the myriad, nameless hours," and has found these jewels in her own soul.

It is the Queen's destiny to bring prosperity and joy to Roumania, it is her strong desire, and "What destiny has ever withstood thoughts that are simple and good, thoughts that are tender and loyal?"