

more than this, were it only in the sonnet "The Truth", which, it must be confessed, reminds one somewhat of Pope's triteness:

Watch and be still, nor hearken to the fool,  
The babbler of consistency and rule:  
Wise is he, who, never quite secure,  
Changes his thoughts for better day by day:  
To-morrow some new light will shine,  
Be sure,  
And thou shalt see thy thought another way.

One of the most poetical conceptions in the book, and one of the strongest pleas for immortality, is Wilfred Campbell's strange "The Mother," which must be read in entirety to be understood. Immortality, indeed, is a theme that has claimed many poets, and a few pages farther we find in George Frederick Cameron's "The Answer," another powerful argument, whose truth, in September, 1885, the poet went forth to test by his own experience.

Bliss Carman, one of those at the zenith of poesy in America, almost needs a page to himself. The selection "Earth Voices," is at once powerful and poetical but perhaps "At the Making of Man" best illustrates the point with which we are concerned. A stanza or two may show the drift of the poem.—Of man the creating hosts say:

Beyond the sweep of vision  
Or utmost reach of sound,  
This cunning fire-maker,  
This tiller of the ground  
Shall learn the secrets of the suns  
And fathom the profound,  
For he must prove all being,  
Sane, beauteous, benign,  
And at the heart of nature  
Discover the divine—  
Himself the type and symbol  
Of the eternal trine.

Among some of the newer poets one finds also this trinity—this union of music, word-painting and philosophy—very strongly marked.

In the selection from Dr. Watson's "Love and the Universe", it is very evident, and again in "God and Man", "The Sacrament" and "The Hills of Life."

Drive on, then, winds of God, drive on  
Forever  
Across the shoreless sea;  
The soul's a boundless deep, exhausted  
never  
By full discovery.  
The atmosphere and storms, the roll  
of ocean,  
The paths by planets trod,  
Are time-expressions of a Soul's emotion  
Are will and thought of God.  
In storm or calm, that soundless ocean  
sweeping  
Is still the sailor's goal;

The destiny of every man is leaping  
To birth in his own soul.

Alan Sullivan's "Prospice", pathetically appropriate at this day, must be mentioned here:

The ancient and the lovely land  
Is sown with death; across the plain  
Ungarned now the orchards stand,  
The maxim nestles in the grain,  
The shrapnel spreads a stinging flail  
Where pallid nuns the cloister trod,  
The airship spills her leaden hail;  
But—after all the battles—God.

Then following on through the book one comes to Robert Norwood—the Shelley, perhaps, of Canada, a poet of whom great things are being said. Everywhere in his work exquisiteness of words, the singing of a poet's soul, challenge attention, but everywhere, also, one finds probing into the depths of being and the needs of men.

Lazarus, Lazarus, this is my thirst  
Fever from flame of the love I have missed,  
Ache of the heart for the friends I have cursed,  
Longing for lips that I never have kissed:

Hell is for him who hath never found  
God  
Hid in the bramble that burns by the way;  
Findeth Him not in the stone and the clod;  
Heareth Him not in the cool of the day.

Hell is for him who hath never found man.  
God and my Brother, I failing to find,  
Failed to find me; so my days were a span  
Void of the triumph of Spirit and Mind.

—So speaks Dives, who, in this powerful poem, "Dives in Torment", is represented as finding in Lazarus, at last, the very Messias.

Robert W. Service, the Canadian Kipling, one of the most popular, if not the most so, of the poets of Canada, cannot be placed often among the philosophers. But, if he is no mystic, he at least understands much of man, and to certain wild souls of Nature he must always be close to the heart of things—one with them in a philosophy that belongs only to those who feel the wilds.

Have you suffered, starved and triumphed,  
grovelled down, yet grasped at glory,  
Grown bigger in the bigness of the whole?  
Done things just for the doing, letting  
babblers tell the story,  
Seeing through the nice veneer the  
naked soul?  
Have you seen God in His splendours,  
heard the text that Nature renders?  
(You'll never hear it in the family pew)  
The simple things, the true things, the  
silent men who do things—  
Then listen to the wild—it's calling you.

Yes, it is the call of the Red Gods.  
Nor can those who hear it explain to  
those who have no ears to hear.

One would like to quote many passages, —from Laura McCully's "Mary Magdalen"; Grace Blackburn's suggestive "The Chant of the Woman"; from Arthur Stringer's plaintively beautiful poems; the farm poems of Peter McArthur and Thomas O'Hagan; the strong, original work of Thomas McInnis, and the interest-Indian inspirations of E. W. Thomas, Charles Mair, and Isabella Valancy Crawford,—but further space cannot be afforded.

In conclusion we may say that those who are interested cannot do better than read this book, Canadian Poets, upon whose splendid selection Mr. Garvin is to be congratulated. It is a book which is sure to prove invaluable, whether in the home, the school, or the community library.

### Through the Eyes of a Canadian Woman in England.

England, March.—The cold snap is over and England has resumed its normal climate—everything dripping with moisture. My first act upon rising each morning is to pull the cord of my Venetian blind hoping for—but not expecting—dry weather, only to find day after day that there is no change, but dampness and haze everlastingly. English complexions, green moss on the roofs of houses and on brick walls, and rheumatism are the only things that flourish. The weather-man tells us that the sun shone twenty-four hours in the month of February, but I fear he exaggerates. I beheld it for a few ecstatic moments one morning, but while I was in the act of hurriedly donning outdoor apparel to go and bask in it, it got away. However, from what I have always heard of the charm of English springtime, I feel I shall be well repaid when it arrives, for all these depressing days. It has been the coldest winter in twenty years, and flower-lovers have been much concerned about their gardens, but I noticed yesterday that although the cabbages in the "allotments" were a hopeless mass of faded and odoriferous green, the sturdy wall-flowers were still bravely holding up their heads and preparing for a grand millinery opening—in shades of brown and gold—in April. I expect that the daffodils will be their greatest rival in the coming season, for it is the national flower of Wales. In this reign of a Welsh Prime Minister the golden daffodil has already been "called into prominence on more than one occasion. (I wonder if it is because of the Welsh blood flowing in my veins that that glorious harbinger of spring has always been my favorite flower.) Nor is the humble leek being overlooked, and I venture a guess that never before has it been used for other than purposes of utility. This spring will be the greatest gardening time in the history of the British Isles. Everywhere lawns and parks are being ploughed and prepared, where the once humble

—and now costly potato will flourish, as well as all other necessary vegetables. Everyone is becoming deeply interested in the growing of foodstuffs, and people of leisure, who formerly devoted their time to the cultivation of orchids, are now studying instead the ways of "common and garden varieties". But "we need them all", as a friend of mine used to say when complimented on the good cards she was throwing down in a game of auction.

Since last writing the war loan has become *un fait accompli*. It was a marvelous success, the result being in excess of one thousand million pounds! Money poured in from all classes willingly, and the mad rush of the last day will form a page in the history of the banks and post offices. Those who had no money sent what jewelry they had to be converted into cash for the purpose. Everyone seemed to feel it a privilege to participate, and many in their patriotism sent as small a sum as two shillings, rather than feel they were cut off from the chance to help their country in this crisis. What a contrast between their spirit and that of Germany! Note the order in a recent despatch, "Instructions by the German Government to the National Savings Banks of the Empire will permit, or rather compel those to lend 85 per cent. of their deposited funds instead of 75 per cent. to future war loans." So they too are getting ready for a loan, and we shall await the result with interest. The success of ours must be a knock-down blow to them.

Sir Edward Carson, the New First Lord of the Admiralty, made his memorable speech lately in the House, in which he laid before the country the true proportion of the submarine menace. Sir Edward has played various parts in his long political career, and his first speech in this capacity was looked forward to with much curiosity by a full chamber. It was a splendid effort, vigorously delivered; and it was indeed a pleasure to hear a minister speak frankly and freely on the topic of the hour,—for Sir Edward does not believe in secretiveness, or in hiding the true state of affairs whether favorable or otherwise. He spoke first of the enormous amount of work which was done by the fleet in connection with the blockade of Germany, quoting a multitude of figures to prove his words. Then he approached the main topic saying, "The situation is very serious and it has not yet been solved," and did not flinch from setting forth the full extent of our losses from submarine attack, including those in all shipping, sailing vessels, etc., belonging to Allies and Neutrals as well. But the tension was greatly relieved when he presented later the other side of the story, and drew attention to the many ships that had not been sunk, and said that an enormous amount of shipping was going on without interruption; that, in the first eighteen days of February, at the time when the Germans boasted that "their submarine scare had been thrown into the English with paralyzing effect and the whole sea swept clean at one blow", twelve thousand ships had entered and left the harbors of the British Isles! His account of the many sea-fights in which our men had come off victorious thrilled his hearers, and he ended by assuring them that not a single ship was empty, and that ships were being repaired and turned out in great numbers and as rapidly as possible to take the places of those which had been destroyed.

It is a great relief to our minds to know that our navy is everywhere—in the North Sea, on the coasts of Brazil, of America, and of West Africa. It is helping the French at the Dardanelles, at Salonica, and in East Africa, and is with the Italians in the Adriatic, and the Russians near Archangel. We know that British sailors are working day and night to combat the Hun, and in spite of the dreadful risks they run, not a single one of them has yet been known to lose courage. And fresh menaces and new dangers continue to find them as brave and resolute as hitherto in sacrificing their lives in the service. We may feel that we are in safe hands with such men as these to hold the fort. Last night between eleven o'clock and midnight one of our destroyers on patrol duty in the channel encountered a force of several enemy destroyers and a sea-fight ensued. Fortunately our brave men escaped injury, but before help arrived the Huns had disappeared under cover of darkness.



Great Britain's Imperial Conference.

Photograph taken at the Colonial Office, London, of the Imperial War Council at the close of an important meeting where for the first time the Colonial Statesmen sat with the members of the British Government around a table in the council room at Premier Lloyd George's official residence. Back row, left to right.—Sir Satyendra P. Sinha; Lt. Col. Dally-Jones; the Hon. Robert Rogers; Sir J. C. Maston; Mr. Austin Chamberlain; H. H. Sir Ganga Singh Bahadur (Maharaja of Bikaner); Mr. E. J. Harding; Mr. Steel Maitland; and Mr. Henry Lambert. Front row, left to right.—Sir Joseph Ward; Sir H. Perley; Lt. Gen. Christian Smuts; Sir Robert Borden; Mr. Walter Long; Mr. Walter F. Massey; Sir E. Morris; and the Hon. J. D. Hays.