

lyric charm and exquisite richness of imagery are hardly to be surpassed:

"And now the Fisher of the Night  
Was trolling in the sky;  
His cloudy Craft was lapped in  
Light

Who sailed and fished on high.  
"There, where no earthly aspect mars  
The heavenly Seas, whose Tides  
Are flecked and decked with crest-  
ing Stars,  
The crafty Fisher rides.

"And as he rides he softly sings  
The magic Song of Sleep,  
The while he deftly baits and flings  
His Tackle in the Deep."

Such lines as these fairly sing themselves. The admirable technique and melodious qualities, combined with the high order of poetic vision as exhibited in the thought, make for verse that fairly haunts the memory like a fine strain of music.

One is struck, too, by the felicity with which the poet has been able to use the simplest of language and yet to secure withal just the right effect to accord with the thought, as, for instance, where he describes with eerie, mystic power the spiritual presences of the forest:

"Oh! many little spirits primed  
To mischief of their moods  
Beset his way, and minced and mimed  
And muttered in their hoods;  
For many little spirits climbed  
And beckoned in the woods.

"A throng of elfin-shadows spread  
Their nets from side to side;  
And all the Spirits of the Dead  
Muffled their arms about his head,  
And clogged him in his stride."

The ability of the poet to convey the Indian viewpoint and produce the Indian atmosphere is apparent, and is partly due to his excellent bits of realistic description that by their



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From a Drawing by Norman H. Hawkins.

concrete suggestiveness make us feel the environment. One senses the real Indian nature in the characters, and there is no impression of these being but white folk painted up and dressed to play the parts of Indians. While there is a certain amount of idealization, no doubt, which lifts the poem to a high level as a work of literature and supplies a large part of its charm, we are conscious all the time of the artistic truth of the characters.

Altogether, here is a poem that should live; and all British Columbians who love good literature should hasten to secure a copy of the first edition and should be proud that a poem of such charm and originality should have been produced within our own province.

It is worthy of note that the quaint and original cover design of the book is the work of a local artist, Mr. N. H. Hawkins, a former president of the B. C. Society of Fine Arts.

—ROBERT ALLISON HOOD.