

But his poems indicate more fully his own personality and his position in the literary world. He is an Empire poet at the same time as he is the western pioneer. In his poems, "The Sea-Queen Wakes" and "Chain of Empire," the true spirit of England's sea rovers and colonists is manifested. The latter poem which was written over Ross Bay Cemetery, B. C., closes with the following stanzas :

What was it that you slew? An old world's  
gloom.  
What won? A staunching of sweet wo-  
man's tears;  
Bread for the children; for the strong men,  
room;  
Bread for Britain; for your failing years  
Rest, in the front rank of her pioneers.

O seed of Empire! Stones on which we set  
That Greater Britain which is yet to be;  
Here where the furthest West and East are  
met,  
Sleep, while your old nurse croons for  
lullaby,  
Thanks of a Realm, that owes you Unity.

But it is in his poems, "The Prospector," "The Western Girl," and "The Western Pioneer," that he shows more touchingly his naturalization with the Canadian West. No more vivid picture of the miner in the northern regions of our Pacific province could be drawn than that presented in "The Western Pioneer"

I can hear the willows whispering 'way down  
the Arctic slope,  
Every s'pring little leaflet grey with fear;  
There's no color in the heavens and on earth  
there seems no hope,  
And the shadow of the winter's on the year.

An' it's lonesome, lonesome, lonesome, when  
the russet gold is shed,  
An' the naked world stands waiting for  
the doom;  
With the northern witch-fires dancing in the  
silence overhead,  
An' my camp-fire just an island in the  
gloom.

When the very bears are hiding from the  
terror that's to come,  
An' the unseen wings above me whistle  
south;  
When, except the groaning pine-trees and  
the willows, Nature's dumb,  
And the river roadway freezes to its mouth,

But I cannot strike the home trail, I would  
not if I could,  
An' I want no other smoke across my sky;  
When I drop, I'll drop alone, as alone I've  
allus stood,  
On the frontier where I've led, let me lie.

I wouldn't know men's language, I couldn't  
think their thought,  
I couldn't bear the hurry of mankind;  
Where every acre's built on, where all God  
made is bought,  
And they'd almost make a hireling of the  
wind.

I've been allus in the lead since I grew grass  
high,  
Since my father's prairie schooner left the  
Known  
For a port beyond the sky line, never seen  
by human eye,  
Where God and God's creation dwells alone.

'Way back I heard men calling; one woman's  
voice was fond,  
An' the rich lands toward harvest mur-  
mured "Rest",  
But a sweeter voice kept calling from the  
Unexplored Beyond,  
A wild voice in the mountains callin'  
"West".

I heard it in the foothills—then I climbed  
the Great Divide;  
In the canyon—then I faced the rapid's  
roar;  
In the little breeze at dawnin', in the dusk  
at eventide,  
The voice that kept a-callin' went before.

My crooked hands are empty, my six-foot  
frame is bent,  
There ain't nothing but my trail to leave  
behind,  
An' the voice that I have followed has not  
told me what it meant,  
An' the eyes that sought a sign are nearly  
blind.

But I hear it callin' still, as I lay me down  
to rest,  
An' I dream the Voice I love has never lied,  
That I hear a people comin', the Great People  
of the West,  
An' maybe 'twas His Voice callin' me to  
guide.

No better picture of the northern  
mining districts could be produced,  
and further, this represents the actual  
position of Mr. Clive Phillipps-Wolley  
in the field that he has taken for his  
literary home.

S. L. MILLER, B. A.