

scription, which is especially strong in writing of a sunset, has not been yielded to. The similes are refined and beautiful, and withal there is the sad, loving cry, the personal note that gives tenderness and charm to a lyric. In the last stanza may be seen a daring but artistic use of metaphor; such a phrase as "My heart reached out its arms" may be taken as distinctly Indian. The red orator fairly revels in metaphor; there is metaphor in by far the greater number of the Indian names, and in Miss Johnson's poetry instances of it are abundant and generally show great strength in their application. A few quotations in which the descriptions are particularly apt and beautiful are interesting. The following lines from a little sketch "Joe," are, in their quality of apt, condensed description, and what, for want of a better phrase, might be called air and movement, nothing short of perfection:

"A few wild locks of vagabond brown hair
Escape the old straw hat the sun looks
thro'
And blinks to meet his Irish eyes of blue."

A charming Indian poem "The Happy Hunting Grounds," which has, I believe, been highly praised by Sir Edwin Arnold, furnishes such a delightful bit of song as the following:

"Whispers freighted with odor swinging
into the air,
Russet needles as censors swing to an
altar, where
The angels' songs are less divine
Than duo sung 'twixt breeze and pine."

In a poem entitled "Depths," and composed on a beautiful little lake near the city of Brantford, Miss Johnson has given some of her best touches. Here are a few couplets from it:

And down, far down, within the sable deep
A white star soul awakens from its sleep.

O! little lake with night-fall interlink't
Your darkling shores, your margin in-
distinct,

More in your depths' uncertainty there lies
Than when you image all the sunset dyes.

Like to a poet's soul, you seem to be
A depth no hand can touch, no eye can see.

And melancholy's dusky clouds drift thro'
The singer's songs, as twilight drifts o'er
you.

Her several Muskoka poems contain some of her best artistic work. "Shadow River" has already been quoted. In another of them, "Bass Lake," the following stanza which has reference to the singing of the pines that enclose the lake is delicious:

"Their chanting floats and falls
Soft as the murmurs purling in a shell
That sings of far off seas—whose cup en-
thralls
The voice of many deeps where waters
swell
To everlasting song, and evermore
An echo pearl-enclosed repeats it o'er."

This same poem, "Bass Lake," is full of virile thought, and in the following lines the poetess speaks with an Indian impatience of the white man's stiff conventions:

"Among these wilds treads not
The foot of fashion: all the littleness
Of social living dies away forgot,
And scorned by him who seeks this
wilderness
For majesty that lies so far beyond
The pale of culture, and its trivial bond.

This noble couplet from the same poem is peculiarly characteristic:

The littleness of language seems the flower.
The firs are silence, grandeur, soul and
power.

"The Camper" is also a most effective bit of description, and all Miss Johnson's out-door poems show a large grasp and appreciation for the dignity as well as the loveliness of nature. Quotations are apt to produce a petty effect and the writer assumes that the individual taste of the reader has singled out from time to time some gems for its own delight, and which are perhaps superior to anything that has been quoted. It has been possible only to give a few instances to illustrate the points the writer has taken: