

ters to the President of the great Republic alongside of us, even when said letters are written by Canadian bank managers, prove the superiority of our banking system to that of the United States. The temporary trouble among our neighbours seems to have been properly and best described by Mr. Chauncey Depew, who has styled it 'a panic of distrust.' But if the Canadian Bank Act possesses features worthy of adoption by our banking brethren across the border, they may be relied upon to copy same without suggestion from us.

"J. T. P. K."

Halifax, N.S.

IN DREAMLAND, AND OTHER POEMS.

The dainty volume in white and gold which comes to us bearing the above title, holds, we think, a unique place in Canadian literature. Now that it is so largely the fashion to sneer at the need of a patriotic Canadian sentiment, or to point out the strange dearth of such amongst us, it is certainly refreshing to find a poet so frankly outspoken in his love for and faith in his native Canada, as is the author of this volume. Canadian poets, at least, cannot justly be accused of a lack of love for their native land, as witness the stirring odes of Professor Roberts and others—songs which, if on the lips and in the heart of every Canadian school-boy, would do much to take from us the reproach of luke-warm patriotism.

Through his volume, "In Dreamland," Mr. O'Hagan has made an important addition to Canadian patriotic poems. In particular, "My Native Land," besides its true, natural sentiment, its purity and simplicity of phrase, its earnestness and depth of feeling, has that fine rhythmical flow, as of something written to be sung.

"My native land, how dear to me
The sunshine of your glory!
How dear to me your deeds of fame,
Embalm'd in verse and story!
From east to west, from north to south,
In accents pure and tender,
Let's sing in lays of joyous praise
Your happy homes of splendor,
Dear native land!

"Across the centuries of the past,
With hearts of fond devotion,
We trace the white sails of your line
Through crested wave of ocean;
And every man of every race
Whose heart has shaped your glory
Shall win from us a homage true
In gift of song and story,
My native land!

"Dear native land, we are but one
From ocean unto ocean:
The sun that tints the Maple Leaf
Shines with a like devotion
On Stadacona's fortress height,
On Grand Pré's storied valley,
And that fabled tide whose peaceful shore
Was rocked in battle sally,
My native land!"

We hope soon to hear of this being set to music, as it would be a welcome addition to our growing list of national songs. Other patriotic poems in this volume are, "A Song of Canadian Rivers," "Our Own Dear Land," "An Ode to the New Year," and "The Maple and the Shamrock." This last poem it is that shows what is unique in the volume. No one can mistake the true, deep love of the author for his native Canada—such earnest verse does not flow from the insincere heart—nor can any one fail to see the tender, almost passionate, love the poet has for the land of his fathers, 'Erin Machree.' We have many Irishmen who are most loyal Canadians, but Mr. O'Hagan is the first who has embodied in verse his love for both countries. Many compilations

claim as a Canadian poet Thomas D'Arcy McGee. He was undoubtedly a loyal Canadian, but his songs were Irish as his heart was. When he sang of Canada it was her history, not her nationality, that attracted him. With Mr. O'Hagan it is otherwise. "Canada first" must be the motto of the man who, in speaking of Canada, declares that

"Every gift of heart and hand
Be yours forever solely.
Our own dear land!"

We have called attention to Mr. O'Hagan's patriotic poems, first of all, because we hold them to be the most important. Poems of sentiment are common to all poets, in all ages; they vary only with the intensity of the poet's feelings or the fluency and melody of his speech. Our age and our temperament chiefly decide how a sentimental poem will affect us, but cold indeed, and warped by selfishness, must be the heart that is not stirred by a melodious patriotic song, be it of what country it may. He is surely no true son of any country who does not find his heart beat quicker under the stirring notes of "Scots wha hae," or feel a sympathetic thrill when reading Burns's wish—

"That I, for poor auld Scotland's sake,
Some usefu' plan or book could make,
Or sing a sang at least."

That is the key-note of all patriotism worthy of the name—a yearning to do some one unselfish thing for one's country, were it only

"To sing a sang at least."

And this note we find in Mr. O'Hagan's "Erin Machree," as well as in his "My Native Land."

The remaining poems of the volume are chiefly poems of sentiment, and poems written for special occasions. There is little of the purely objective in Mr. O'Hagan's writings, and no long, sustained poem such as would give the reader sure insight into the poet's real strength. No occasional poem, however well turned, can do a poet full justice. Such represent rather the dainty dishes we look for at dessert than the real meat and staple of the feast. Without doubt the near future will find this defect remedied in Mr. O'Hagan's case. We are certain the author of such a poem as "Profecturi Salutamus" does not lack any gift requisite to the production of a sustained narrative poem.

"To my Mother, to whose Faith, Devotion and Love I owe the inspiration of aught that is worth recording in my life," the dedication reads, and after this graceful and loving tribute we are not surprised to find the finest poem in the volume entitled, "The Song my Mother Sings."

"O sweet unto my heart is the song my mother sings
As eventide is brooding on its dark and noiseless wings;
Every note is charged with memory—every memory bright with rays
Of the golden hours of promise in the lap of childhood's days;
The orchard blooms anew and each blossom scents the way.
And I feel again the breath of eve among the new-mown hay;
While through the halls of memory in happy notes there rings
All the life-joy of the past in the song my mother sings."

There is a fine sympathetic note here, which is in perfect accord with that directness and simplicity of phrase which is a characteristic of all Mr. O'Hagan's poems. We do not find in them any striving after effect, nor any elaboration of phrase, such as so many minor poets

use in an attempt to disguise the poverty of thought. And as the phrases are unstrained and natural, so the poems are simple and direct and touch the heart by their sincerity and pathos. How readily we can enter into the poet's mood in the introductory poem, "In Dreamland."

"I dreamt a dream of the old, old days
When life was sweet and strong,
When the breath of morn swept thro' the grove
Like the notes of a joyous song;
And I knelt beside my mother's knee
And lisped in faith her prayer,
While the lilacs bloomed and the roses faded
Too full of the morning air."

Did not some such "dream" as this cause Emerson, we wonder, as, himself the most devoted of sons, he wrote to Carlyle on the death of his mother, "We need mothers—we need who read and write—to keep us from becoming paper."

Of the poems written for special occasions the best is perhaps "Memor et Fideles," a poem commemorative of college days, read at the annual reunion of the Alumni of Queen's University, June, 1885. There is true poetry in fire in

"What care we for the rugged verse
If but the heart speaks in each line
'Tis not the sunbeam on the grape,
But friendship's smile that warms the wine."

In the same poem we find a graceful *d'esprit* worthy of Dr. Holmes:—

"See, yonder is our Magister,
Who rules the board with grace and art
You think his hair is growing white!
'Tis but the flowering of his heart."

A marked and just tribute to Mr. O'Hagan as a poet is found in the fact that his volume of verse, "A Gate of Flowers," has been translated into French in Paris.

Of the remaining poems of "In Dreamland" we need say but little. Unfrequently graceful and melodious, thoroughly pure in tone and simple in treatment, they are a valuable addition to Canadian literature, sure to be welcomed, we are sure, in many song-loving homes. Perhaps, of all our Canadian poets Mr. O'Hagan comes the nearest to Longfellow in simplicity of phrase, directness of thought, and sweetness of versification.

EMILY McMANUS

FAIRY-LAND.

THE FANCIFUL.

My Love she lives in fairy-land
And floats on azure wing,
While sprites about her day and night
For ever laugh and sing.

THE REAL.

My Love she wears a cotton gown
And keeps my brick-house clean,
Where happy children laugh and shout,
And of that home she's queen.

My home is fairy-land to me
More real than woodland dell,
True fairies are the merry sprites
Who in that same home dwell;
While fancy paints the azure wing
And Love adorns each common thing.
W. BALL

ART NOTES.

Lady Butler is continuing her series of illustrations of what she terms "the by-play of war," and is at work upon an excellent subject, "The Dawn of Waterloo."

The public made good use of the opportunity offered by the sale of Bell-Smith's pictures two afternoons last week, and some very satisfactory purchases were made—satisfactory to the buyer, at least.