

THE TORONTO SUNDAY WORLD

JULY 27 1913



## LITERATURE SCIENCE EDUCATION DONALDG.FR

## The New Poet Laureate An Appreciation of the Poetry of Dr. Robert Bridges, ------ Newly Appointed Laureate----

By ANDREW RAE MACDONALD

In the very hour that Tennyson scholarly treatment has left every assed away, and Swinburne's enfceb-lyric indelibly stamped with his gen-ius. Many of the little gems hidden passed away, and swinournes enters led pen lost its favor with literary England, three small books of poems, privately printed, marked the arrival of a new poet, whom the late Edward Dowden, himself a prosedist of no lit- effort in his long narrative Dowden, himself a prosedist of no in-the merit, and one of the foremost critics of his time, heralded as the greatest lyricist in the field of English tation he has established in his lyric of Robert Bridges, the newly-ap-pointed poet laureate, be measured.

greatest lyricist in the field of English letters. And by these poems, rather than by the eight plays he has writ-ten, or his excellent critical study of the prosody of Milton, must the merit Productions, but they are a monument to his productivity, and fertility of po-etic conception. Charming tho they are, I am loath to leave the first sien-Of the same mid-Victorian epoch as poems in full.

Austin Dobson and Alfred Austin, his predecessor in the post to which he has been appointed, Dr. Bridges ex-hibits in his shorter poems little of the vapid utterance that characterized his contemporaries, and thruout the vol-

umes that have won him this signal recognition is a highly sustained dig-nity of diction, a happiness of simile wealth of imagination, and scholarly observance of She lightens on the comb Of leaden waves that roar And thrust their hurried foam scholarly observance of Upon the dusty shore. laws of rhyme and rhythm that Behind the western bars and

leads to a comparison of his poetic The shrouded day retreats, genius with that of Matthew Arnold. And unperceived the stars

As with Arnold, however, the chas-tity of his form leads in places to a halting rhythm, a seeming absence of rhythmic syllables, and the swinging address the second seco cadences of metre that forms the one reproach that the most carping critic may bring against Dr. Bridges' work. He is at once the confirere of Keats in his love of beauty, and a co-worker with Swinburne in his love of love. The wood is bare: a river mist steeping But while Swinburne's pages riot in passion, Dr. Bridges has found a pur-The trees that winter's chill of life bereaves; more spiritual love an ideal-that Only their stiffened boughs he immortalizes. silence, weeping Nature is the true field of the new Over their fallen leaves; laureate, as witness the following stanzas from what is possibly his That lie upon the dank earth brown from what is possibly and rotten. best known lyric: Miry and matted in the soaking wet; "There is a hill beside the silver Forgotten with the spring, that is forgotten By them that can forget. Shady in birch and beech and odor-

Yet it was here we walked when ferns And brilliant underfoot with thousand vere springing, Steeply the thickets to his floods Straight trees in every place birds were singing, Their thick tops interlace, And pendant branches trail their fol-A green and pleasant shade

der volumes, and cannot restrain from quoting two or three of the shorter

Theodore Dreiser, author of "Sister Carrie." "Jennie Gerhardt." who has published a new novel "The Financier," typifying the American commercial genius. Mr. Dreiser is regarded by some critics as "the coming giant" in Am-erican fiction. erican fiction.

THE VOICE OF NATURE.

"We stood in silence then by the "We stood in silence then by the open window; in silence as one does when there are the many things one dare not say. The sparrows were chat-tering loudly in the ivy. Around the house the swifts were chasing each other with joyous screams, exulting in their power of wing, rejoicing in the cloudless sky Again and again they appeared, then disappeared; now flying high above the laburnum trees. now flying low across the purple iris. Even there in that room we could hear the purr of the wind in their wings is as they swept by.

as they swept by. "Somewhere in the quickset hedge robin was singing; the deep-throated blackbird made his sudden flights. We blackbird made his sudden flights. We could hear his notes like water drop-ping in a well. Beyond the orchard where the spinney lies. I saw the sharp blue spurt of a pigeon from the wood and in the eim tree over by the gate a dove sat cooing her three plaintive notes.



There is continual confusion be reen the names and identities of Mr. Winston Churchill, whose novel "The Inside of The Cup," was reviewed recently on this page, and the Right Hon. Winston Spencer Churchill, Nor is the confusion lessoned when one remembers that both are novelists, and both politicians. This recently led a British journal to soundly rate Mr. British Churchill for action in-

Academy. Had he pursued the naval career there might have been still turther ground for confusion with Britons Viking son, the first lord of the admiralty. It is curious, too, that Army and Name date the set of the sky, the gas gen-

Army and Navy Journal of New York, for the Briton published his novel "Savrola," as a serial in a British civil service magazine. Later, the American turned definitely to the author's profession: in 1995 he

author's profession; in 1895 he was managing editor of the "Cosmopolitan Magazine." Then he set his hand also to politics. From 1903 to 1905 he

novel of revolution; and in 1901 the American continued with "The Crisir."

a man to find it These were the sounds to which, when I was a boy at home and now, during these four years we have lived in Brauningham I have list-ened with such thankfulness, such un questioning delight. They have been to me the very voice of nature singing, as we sing in the choir on Sunday, to the glory of God. Yet, whereas, our efforts are poor, tho they may not be vain, this choir of birds in the hedge-rows has not one note which does not

at, in the South African cam- Syria, may rightly be regarded as the vain, this choir of birds in the hedge-rows has not one note which does not harmonize to perfect beauty." Syria, may rightly be regarded as the Churchill's, books other, than the nevel will serve as a guide to the reader. "I'The Creates and served trees in the world, but today only a few remain. There is a single grove, con-



Air mines sound like a fairy tale, but it is actually true that modern science is able to extract dividends from the air. Nitric acid is now manufactured from air by means of electric furnaces, and also nitrogen-

ous fertilizers. The largest manufac-tories of this kind are in Norway, where the almost unlimited waterpower makes it a paying enterprise. In Germany the electric chemists In Germany the electric chemists have just succeeded in getting ammonia in commercial quantities out of the air by forcing the nitrogen consistent with the written opinions in the air to unite with hydrogen of his unrelated American namesake thru the tremendous heat of an elec-The American author was born at St. Louis, November 10, 1871 (the English Winston being born on No vember 30, 1874). He was educated at the Smith Academy, St. Louis, and in 1894 graduated from the U.S. Naval ufacturing has been in the blast furnaces which light the sky for miles

erated is captured and made to supply electric and steam horse power. A Methusaleh of the Sea.

There was broken up lately at Teneriffe, the Canary Islands, what was undoubtedly the oldest ship in the world. It was the Italian ship Anita, built in Constitution of the Italian ship Anita, built in Genoa in 1548, and almost an also to politics. From 1903 to 1905 he was a member of the New Hampshire legislature. In 1906 he stood as candi-date for the governorship of New Hampshire. In politics he is a "re-former," a man of outspoken views who opposes vested interests with courage, and some little time ago was in conflict with the masters in a big strike movement. soever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsover things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on strike movement. He is a novelist of formative and creative history. His first novel, "The Celebrity," was followed in 1899 by "Richard Carvel," which had a phenomenal sale. In 1900 appeared the British Winston's "Savrola," a American continuous, and in 1901 the these things."

Experiment shows that, if a ball of solid iron be lowered into a mass of liquid iron by means of a metal fork, dove sat cooing her three plaintive notes. "It was then I knew how much the joy of the world lies in the mind of a man to find it These were the sounds to which, whon I was a character in all his titles. Solid iron be lowered into a mass of liquid iron by means of a metal fork, the ball at first sinks to the bottom with the fork, but that in a few seconds it will leave the prongs and rise to the surface, where it con tinues to float until it melts. The rising is due to the expansion of the ball caused by the heating, as it becomes, bulk for bulk, less dense than

The Cedars of Lebanon.

"I cannot truthfully say that I believe in fairles, but the fairy story is a thing I feel sure the world could ill do without. I am no high-churchman, yet I have al-ways believed in symbols, especi-ally for the minds of children. Un-less you train the eye to an ideal of beauty, it is apt to see nothing but ugliness when it comes to know the thing that is real. I cannot think why this should be so, and it is with much regret that I admit it. Perhaps it is the stain of the sin of origin left cling-ing in the mind, and if that be so, then doubly is it the duty of every parent to train in his child the

parent to train in his child the power of seeing beauty every-where. So, when it comes to the realities in life it will be able to see them in their true proportion.

see them in their true proportion. "I always used to tell Diana, as I myself and many another has been told, that when the birds lifted up their heads after drink-they it was to give thanks to the Almighty for the quenching of their thirst. For many, many years I know she believed that this was true, and then one day, when she was in her teens, she came to me and said— "Daddy—when a bird pute

came to me and said-"Daddy-when a bird puts back its head after it's been drinking, it's to let the water run down its throat." "Yes,' said I. "You told me it was saying grace, Daddy." "Yes,' said I. "Well-it isn't half so nice now that I know it's only the water running down its throat." "Would it have been nice at all if you'd known that all along?" I asked her. "She sat and looked at me for

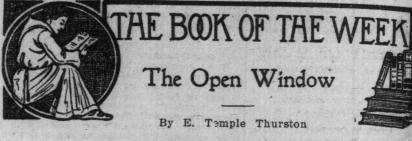
"She sat and looked at me for quite a long while, and then at last she put out both her hands. "I believe old people are very wise," said she. And I was only fifty then."

little moral and philosophical reflections, that it seems to me more like a prose poem, an idyll that you can read

and re-read with pleasure and profit. The illustrations by Charles Robin-

and re-read with pleasure and profit. The illustrations by Charles Robin-son contribute very largely to the charm of the book. These are numer-ous dainty little pen and ink sketches sprinkled with lavish generosity thru-out the pages. '

out the pages. The narrator is the Vicar of Bram-lingham, who, with his wife, Georginā, a quaint and gentle lady, occupies a quiet country living in England. The vicar keeps a note-book in which he writes down his observations of things outdoors and the thoughts to which they give rise. It is this note-book



To students of nature, and all, | then the Blackcap sings indeed. whether dwellers in city or country, does not like to be seen when he practicing his song. He hides in the leafy thicknesses of the hedge. But who have listened to and loved the thousand "still small voices" that speak in the great, beautiful out-door he will let you come quite close to lisspeak in the great, beautiful out-uou world, "The Open Window," by E. ten. We sat within two yards of him that afternoon. He gains more cour-that afternoon. He gains more cour-Temple Thurston will especially ap-peal. Indeed, I know of no one whose it is his habit when taking the place spirit is open to the influence of the his mate upon the nest, to sing his finer things of life to whom it will not song, beguiling away the minutes as Fure and sweet and fresh as he sits upon the eggs.'

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appeal. Pure and sweet and fresh and the perfume of a newly-opened rose or the trill of a bird-song at dawn, it sets gentle grace of humor-but it is very gentle. The first swallow returned days. This unthe perfume of a bird-song at dawn, it sets the trill of a bird-song at dawn, it sets the current of your thoughts away from the sordid things of life, away from the fever-fret and the passion-from the fever-fret and the passion-the says: "The idea of that swallow He says: "The idea of that swallow. which so many modern novels deal. These all have their place and use, the driven into hiding, compelled to shel-ter from the cheerless skies directly it These all have their place and use, the best and healthiest of them, but I think we cannot have too many books like this of Mr. Thurston's. Life is full of pitfalls, and to a certain extent the top prove for fair weather. was sure the farmers would welcome we need the warnings; but, after all, the advice of Saint Paul is as needful it and one day of sunshine would mean a lot to the swallow that has come so for us today as for the Philippians of many miles to its old nesting place be old: "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatneath my eaves.

"And so I read the prayer that God would send us such weather as that we might receive the fruits of the earth in due season, wondering as I read it, whether the thoughts which were in my mind could justify the use of such words as those.'

"After service, while I was changing my surplice in the vestry. I heard the voice of Mr. Bumstead, our market gardener, he was on his way home from church thru the graveyard.

"'Blame person.' said he-'What's 'e want to go prayin' for fine weather when those fields of mine be fair dried wi' all the gravel underneath 'em. I never said Amen to anythin' he asked hever said Amen to anythin' he asked for, but I just whips out my prayer-book, and while he was readin' the prayer for fine weather, danged if I didn't read the prayer for rain. An' what's more, I got it finished and had my Amen out afore his'n.'

"I told Diana about this at dinner. I told it her in all scriousness, because it seemed, perhaps, to me, that in the selfishness of my thoughts I had not been guided to the right. "She looked at me for a moment and then, with a twinkle in her eye, she leant across the table and held my

she leant across the table and held my hand as f v.as helping myself to sal. "'Say a prayer for local showers. Daddy,' said she." The vicar says that "The sorrows of this life are lessons. I hold no sym-pathy with those who regard them as a chastisement." One day the angel of death visited that home, and to the singing of summer birds the spirit of Georgina took its flight Sneaking of nd as r vas helpin

Georgina took its flight. Speaking of this event the vicar says:

"Doubtless when greatly you receive you greatly give; and from Georgina I had received so much. Women are

no less wonderful, because a man does not understand them. I have never understood them at all, perhaps, be-cause they know so little about them-

selves. But Georgina had been very wonderful to me. So much had she made herself one with the interests of

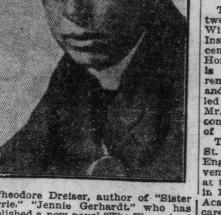
my life, that at times I would feel as if in her I were looking on at myself,

could almost criticise my actions, pass-ing judgment upon them from those

very things she did herself. . . This is the miracle which Love can make between a man and a woman. God is

between a man and a woman. God is Love- it were the same to say that God is understanding. We often knew, each of us, what the other was going to say. I know she read my thoughts as easily as I could think them. Some little weakness—and how many all of us have—and I would see her eyes turn away without looking at me, rather than let me know she had seen. A thousand times I have not recognized it was a weakness until the moment

it was a weakness until the momen when I saw the turning of her head.



iage fine Upon his watery face.	'Twas here we loved in summer days			The cedars of Lebanon, in Northern
	and greener; And now in this disconsolate decay	I which does not one note which does not	Paisi. A list of the British Winston	Syria, may rightly be regarded as the
poor	I come to see her where I most have seen her.		Churchill's , books other than the nevel will serve as a guide to the	the world, but today only a few
Eddies away, are tangled mass or mass	And touch the happier day,	Mrs. Abbie Leland Miller, widow of the "Poet of the Sierras," has in mind a plan to convert "The Heiter mind a	Feld Force." 1898: "The Biver Ward	taining about 400 specimens, which
The water weeds, that net the fishes		memorial nark that the Heights into a	London to Ladysmith via Pre-	118 TIPICIV Dregoried Ducor of all ameril
cool, And scarce allow a narrow stream to	The fancy of her figure on me falls;	Interature.	toria," 1900; "Ian Hamilton's March," 1900; "Lord Randolph Churchill,"	
pass .	Yet walks she with the slow step of a		1906; and "My African Tourmon"	Je ma motore Domo or these latter
Where spreading crowfoot mars The drowning nenuphars,	Nor hears my voice that calls	Mr. Robert W. Chambers would ap- pear to be a matchmaker as well as a novelist. His "Gay Bobality well as a	1908. The number of volumes issued by the two authors is about the same,	sand years old. The patriarch of this
Waving the tassels of her silken grass Below her silver stars.	So thru my heart there winds a track	be remembered man debellion, it will	cach being equally well known in his	ment of 47 feet in circumference and
	of feeling.	ference to a mysterious there was a re-		a height of nearly 100 feet.
Sometimes an angler comes, and drops his hook	A path of memory, that is all her own;	timore, and it is Maj. John Hill, Bal-	continues the adventures of "Denry"_	used by Solomon in the erection of
Within its hidden depths, and 'gainst	Where to her phantom beauty ever	Miss Carroll and he may announced that	Edward Henry Machin, who has become	der is wonderful temple, has a sweet
a tree Leaning his rod, reads in some pleas-	stealing Haunts the sad spot alone.	of Mr. Chambers, and frequently his guests, are about to be married.	sents a quiet and humdrum life	cays. It is interesting to note that
ant book,		Obvious Beasens	Course of advanture in Tanda out on a	the American College at Beirut has adopted a cedar tree as the symbol
Forgetting soon his pride of fishery, And dreams or falls asleep	About her steps the trunks are bare, the branches	the sweet young thing was being		of the college, and has pictured it on
While curious fishes peep About his nibbled bait, or scornfully	Drip heavy tears upon her down- cast head:	Works.	nett's lighter efforts, and the delicate re-	Lucir seal.
Dart off to rise and leap."	And bleed from unseen wounds that	"What is that thing?" she asked, pointing with her dainty parasol.	alistic touch of his more important books. It is published by Bell and Cockburn.	
Here is a descriptive felicity that	no sun staunches For the year's sun is dead.	"That," answered the guide "		
rivals Tennyson, that stamps Dr. Bridges as a true nature poet with	· · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · ·	cusine boller.	"The Prodigal had returned	
an innate charm and quick compre- hension of the "wondrous wonders of	summer planted:	why do the became interested. "And	"Father," he said, "are you going to kill the fatted calf?"	
the universe." In poems like this he	And birds that love the south have	quired again.	"No," responded the Old Man, look-	
rises to his greatest height, for his conception of beauty is the beauty of	The wanderer, loitering o'er the scene		ing the youth over carefully. "No, I'll let you live. But I'll put you to work	
the countryside, and in portraving it		in replied the resourceful guide.	and train some of that fat off you."	
he lavishes a prodigal imagination as in:	1		5	PARTICIPATION OF THE PARTICIPA
"I have loved flowers that fade,	When first we met we did not guess	NATIDE'C	GARDEN 😹	a second a second a second a
Within whose magic tents	I hat Love would prove so hard a	of IVALUAL J	GARDEN &	Sector and the sector and co
Rich hues have marriage made With sweet unmemoried scents."	Of more than common friendly			01
With sweet unmemoried scents." And thruout his other work he still	Of more than common friendliness When first we met we did not			00
With sweet unmemoried scents." And thruout his other work he still carries the imaginative similas which	Of more than common friendliness When first we met we did not guess. Who could foretall this sore distress This irretrievable disaster		ND HAWKWEED	
With sweet unmemoried scents." And thruout his other work he still carries the imaginative similes which he has borrowed from Nature. In passages like:	Master; Of more than common friendliness When first we met we did not guess. Who could foreteil this sore distress This irretrievable disaster When first we met?	BLUEWEED AN	D HAWKWEED	00
With sweet unmemoried scents." And thruout his other work he still carries the imaginative similes which he has borrowed from Nature. In passages like: "Her beauty would surprise	Of more than common friendliness When first we met we did not guess. Who could foretall this sore distress This irretrievable disaster	BLUEWEED AN The blue-weed, or viper's bugloss, spreads very rapidly, but both from	ID HAWKWEED	Designed and the second s
With sweet unmemoried scents." And thruout his other work he still carries the imaginative similes which he has borrowed from Nature. In passages like: "Her beauty would surprise Gazers on autumn eves Who watched the broad moon rise	Master; Of more than common friendliness When first we met we did not guess. Who could foretell this sore distress This irretrievable disaster When first we met?—We did not guess That Love would prove so hard a master.	BLUEWEED AN The blue-weed, or viper's bugloss, spreads very rapidly, but both from report and observation. I have found that it need not be classed among the	Here and there amid the blooms of deeper blue inay be seen a spike of very pale blue or white flowers. This is probably a mere freak of nature	O S S O O I I I I I I I I I I I I I I I
With sweet unmemoried scents." And thruout his other work he still carries the imaginative similes which he has borrowed from Nature. In passages like: "Her beauty would surprise Gazers on autumn eves Who watched the broad moon rise Upon the scattered sheaves."	Master; Of more than common friendliness When first we met we did not guess. Who could foretail this sore distress This irretrievable disaster When first we met?—We did not guess That Love would prove so hard a master. From the Growth of Love a sequ- ence of 79 sonnets is taken the following the	BLUEWEED AN The blue-weed, or viper's bugloss, spreads very rapidly, but both from report and observation. I have found that it need not be classed among the pestiferous weeds, for it seldom mo- lests cultivated land. Instead it	Here and there amid the blooms of deeper blue inay be seen a spike of very pale blue or white flowers. This is probably a mere freak of nature, for such an occurrence is rare.	
With sweet unmemoried scents." And thruout his other work he still carries the imaginative similes which he has borrowed from Nature. In passages like: "Her beauty would surprise Gazers on autumn eves Who watched the broad moon rise Upon the scattered sheaves." and this languorous excerpt from "The	Of more than common friendliness When first we met we did not guess. Who could foretail this sore distress This irretrievable disaster When first we met?—We did not guess That Love would prove so hard a master. From the Growth of Love a sequ- ence of 79 sonnets, is taken the fol- lowing, the sixth in the series:—	BLUEWEED AN The blue-weed, or viper's bugloss, spreads very rapidly, but both from report and observation. I have found that it need not be classed among the pestiferous weeds, for it seldom mo- lests cultivated land. Instead it brightens up old neglected grounds and dusty roadsides meking "the	Here and there amid the blooms of deeper blue may be seen a spike of very pale blue or white flowers. This is probably a mere freak of nature, for such an occurrence is rare. These ong brilliant flower spikes are very pretty in bouquets for table de	A second se
With sweet unmemoried scents." And thruout his other work he still carries the imaginative similes which he has borrowed from Nature. In passages like: "Her beauty would surprise Gazers on autumn eves Who watched the broad moon rise Upon the scattered sheaves." and this languorous excerpt from "The Gazden in September":	Master; Of more than common friendliness When first we met we did not guess. Who could foreteil this sore distress This irretrievable disaster When first we met?—We did not guess That Love would prove so hard a master. From the Growth of Love a sequ- ence of 79 sonnets, is taken the fol- lowing, the sixth in the series:— "While yet we wait for spring, and	BLUEWEED AN The blue-weed, or viper's bugloss, spreads very rapidly, but both from report and observation. I have found that it need not be classed among the pestiferous weeds, for it seldom mo- lests cultivated land. Instead it brightens up old neglected grounds and dusty roadsides, making "the desert blossom"not "as the rece"	Here and there amid the blooms of deeper blue may be seen a spike of very pale blue or white flowers. This is probably a mere freak of nature, for such an occurrence is rare. These long brilliant flower spikes are very pretty in bouquets for table de- coration, tho few there be that find it out.	Romain Roliand, author of "Jean- thristophe," winner of the Frame
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