

Yet when at last she raised her troubled
face,
Haunted by sorrow, whitened by
alarms;
Mary leaned down from out the pictured
place,
And laid the little Christ within her
arms.

Rosy and warm she held Him to her
heart,
She — the abandoned one — the thing
apart.

Heretofore we have said something
about art in literature and the im-
provement in this respect among Can-
adian writers. Mrs. Isabel Ecclestone
MacKay provides a good instance of
this in a poem contributed to a recent
number of *Harper's*. It is a most art-
ful piece of work. It tells a whole life
story, not so much by what is said
as by what is left unsaid or merely
suggested. Read it:

THE WAY TO WAIT.

O, whether by the lonesome road that lies
across the lea,
Or whether by the hill that stoops, rock-
shadowed to the sea,
Or by a sail that blows from far, my love
returns to me!

No fear is hidden in my heart to make my
face less fair,
No tear is hidden in my eye to dim the
brightness there—
I wear upon my cheek the rose a happy
bride should wear.

For should he come not by the road, and
come not by the hill,
And come not by the far seaway, yet come
he surely will—
Close all the roads of all the world, love's
road is open still.

My heart is light with singing (though
they pity me my fate
And drop their merry voices as they pass
my garden gate),
For love that finds a way to come can find
a way to wait!

There is abundance of other good ma-
terial to choose from in a rapid survey
of recent Canadian poetry and there

is temptation to go on quoting, but
the following poem by George Herbert
Clarke, taken from *The Canadian
Magazine*, is well worth repetition:

THE LAST LULLABY.

The shepherd moon mothers her shining
sheep,—
The little stars that cluster close and
deep;
And soon they sleep.

The flower's wings are folded to her
breast:
She hears a whisper from the darkling
west;—
How pure her rest!

Dim droop the drowsing birds upon the
trees;
The boughs are still as they: no unquiet
breeze
Troubles their ease.

The far and lonely waters feel the spell,
Whose monotonous sound slowly out, and
tell
Their sway and swell.

All nature is asleep and dreaming
dreams
Aglow with wonder that on waking seems
But broken gleams.

So let my spirit sleep the sleep of death:
Close, eyes; be idle, hands; and silent,
breath!
Wait what It saith!

Marjorie L. C. Pickthall's recent
contribution to *The Metropolitan
Magazine* is an example of rich colour-
ing and exquisite imagery. It may
be found at the beginning of the de-
partment "At Five O'clock" in this
number.

It would be folly to attempt to con-
sider here the writings that have al-
ready passed into more enduring form,
but when we think of the possibility of
a national literature we might perhaps
be excused for feeling that we already
have in Canada much that should
help in the realisation of what we
cannot safely forecast but what we
fervently hope the future generations
will enjoy.

The Editor