

Merrill officiated as honorary secretary, and also went through the ceremony of adoption into the Oneida Band of the Six Nations' Indians. She was presented with the tribal totem, and was given the Indian name, *Ka-ya-tonhs*—'a keeper of records.'

Recently the diary of John White, the first Attorney-General of Upper Canada, came into the possession of Miss Merrill, who will edit and publish it. The entries date from 1792 to 1796 inclusive, and the matter is of unusual interest to Canadians.

Miss Merrill is President of the Canadian Society for the Protection of Birds; Honorary General Secretary of the United Empire Loyalists' Association of Canada; a Councillor of the Canadian Defence League; and is a member of each of the following: The Canadian Women's Press Club; The Toronto Women's Press Club; The Women's Canadian Historical So-

ciety; The Ontario Historical Society; The English Association (organized in 1914 in place of the Canadian Society of Authors); The Chamberlain Association of America, Boston, Massachusetts, and The Society of Colonial Families, Boston. Her membership in the last two societies is due to her being a great-granddaughter of Dr. J. B. Chamberlain, who migrated from the United States to Canada before 1791.

Since the Great War began, Miss Merrill has interested herself much in collecting funds for the Belgians, and she has been appointed by Madame Vandervelde, wife of the Belgian Minister of State, as her representative in Canada for further collections.

This author has not yet published a volume of her verse, but her work has long had recognition in magazines and in anthologies.



WHEN THE GULLS COME IN

When the gulls come in, and the shallow
sings

Fresh to the wind, and the bell-buoy rings,
And a spirit calls the soul from sleep
To follow over the flashing deep:

When the gulls come in from the fields of
space.

Vagrants out of a pathless place,
Waifs of the wind that dip and veer
In the gleaming sun where the land lies
near,—

Long they have wandered far and free,
Bedouin birds of the desert sea;
God only marked their devious flight,
God only followed them day and night.—

Sailor o' mine, when the gulls come in,
And the shallow sings to the bell-buoy's
din,

Look to thy ship and thy gods hard by,
There's a gale in the heart of the golden
sky.



SANDPIPERS

Morning on the misty highlands,
On the outer shining islands;
Gulls their grey way seaward winging
To the blinking zones of blue:

South winds in the shallows singing

Where I wander far with you,
Little pipers, careless, free,
On the sandlands-by the sea.

All day, on the amber edges
Of the pools and silver ledges
Of the sedgelands in the sun,
Restlessly the pipers run—

Weet, a-weet, a-weet, a-weet!
Sun and wind and sifting sand,
Joy of June on sea and land—

Weet, a-weet, a-weet, weet weet!

Evening on the fading highlands,
On the outer amber islands;
Grey wings folded in the sedges,
In the glimmer of a star
Where the lamps of Algor are
Shining on a world's white edges.

Moonlight on the somhre forelands,
On the outer, silver shorelands;
Peaceful mists that pale and drift
Seaward like a phantom fleet,
Through a sapphire, shadowed rift.

Weet, a-weet, a-weet, weet weet!
Night, and stars, and empty hushes,
Darkness in the purple rushes—

Weet, a-weet, a-weet, weet weet!