

Fine also is that allusion to the vacant soul :

More blank than is the tideless weed-strewn waste ;  
But where my billowy joys in sunlight raced  
A fragrance yet remaineth of the sea.

These few extracts, being all that space admits, will serve to show the use Mr. McKenzie makes of his excellent gift of observation, for it is clear that this gift alone would end in mere categorical exposition of appearances—the application is everything. The various sonnets scattered throughout the book are well conceived and constructed, but it will be by the simple lyrical pieces referring to Nature and by certain Browningsque elements in two or three of the longer poems that Mr. McKenzie will attract his readers. A note of Browning is new in Canadian verse, but it is impossible to misconstrue

Iran—how was it, a blow, or a fall ?  
O weathercock brain that the wild thoughts twirl !  
Why, this is the church ; but where are they all ?  
Ho, sexton, need you a louder call ?  
What more than myself 'gainst the door to hurl !

'Twas enough to make any true man rave,  
They had made a cage, but it lacked a bar,  
And this my friend in her letter gave ;  
So they made my queen of the world a slave—  
I could climb, to save her, from star to star !

"Love Letters" is the title of a lengthy and fluent sequence of poems recalling in tenderness and loftiness of aim the "House of Life." "An Expostulator Overhead" reveals the inner workings of a mind much given to theological disquisitions and is probably the most ambitious flight of the writer. Here and there are poems which contain very little of interest or melody and perhaps the pruning process might have been applied with wise results, but many young writers prefer to follow evolutionary principles, confident that the fittest will survive.

But considering the volume as a whole, we believe Mr. McKenzie to be gifted in no ordinary degree with many of the attributes of a sweet and strong singer, and capable of even better work than he has yet given us. The following sonnet is a fair example of his best manner :

#### APOLOGIA.

Glad tidings of relief the lame may bring  
To some beleaguered city, and the blind  
From midnight ambush the path may find ;  
On high the bird may sail with measured wing  
And yet no song ecstatic downward fling ;  
What rhythmic law the rushing breeze can bind  
With flight as eager (critic, yet be kind)  
'The song that gushes from the heart I sing.  
I hasten with good will though I be halt,  
And visions I have seen if I be blind ;  
The voice may quaver, call it not the fault  
Of perfect music singing in the mind ;  
I do my highest, this my song commend  
To all who have a Lover or a Friend.

When we turn to "Lake Lyrics and Other Poems," by William Wilfred Campbell, the impression made by the reiteration of natural objects and places is strengthened. The poet has caught, as few have ever caught better, the vastness, the desolation, the positive and awful monotony of a Canadian waterscape. To him there may be streaks of colour, hints of happiness along the shore, high overhead in the sky, shrieks and cries of life from gull or quail, loon or plover, but for the most part it is a wide and lifeless waste that lies around him. This impression is the sole one many others beside the poet have caught as they traverse the monotonous wastes of Georgian Bay and Lake Huron, and the persistence with which Mr. Campbell sounds this one note speaks well for the beginning of a Canadian School. Since Longfellow and Whittier, no writer of verse has pictured in such glowing, accurate and impassioned language the peculiar scenery of the western lakes, and while the younger American contingent turning its back upon its own country has essayed society-verse, ballades, rondeaux and Gautier-like miniatures of individual phases, the Canadian writers have slowly, but surely, been noting with careful enthusiasm the characteristics of a continent as yet only partially immortalized in verse. The "Legend of Restless River" and the varied songs and odes to the great lakes are beautiful poems, instinct with melody and bearing each a unique and powerful charm. There are occasional hints of human sentiment which show that Mr. Campbell is not devoid of the gentle sympathies which mark the true poet, and the "Ode to Tennyson" is capable of thrilling those admirers of the Laureate who cannot possibly love him any better than does the author of "Lake Lyrics." As one of the most complete and picturesque of his delineations we extract "Dawn in the Island Camp" in which the poet reaches an almost inspired height :

Red in the mists of the morning,  
Angry, coloured with fire,  
Beats the great lake in its beauty,  
Rocks the wild lake in its ire.

Tossing from headland to headland,  
Tipped with the glories of dawn,  
With gleaming, wide reaches of beaches  
That stretch out far, wind-swept and wan.

Behind, the wild tangle of island,  
Swept and drenched by the gales of the night ;  
In front, lone stretches of water  
Flame-bathed by the incoming light.

Dim the dark reels and dips under,  
Night wavers and ceases to be ;  
As God sends the manifold mystery  
Of the morning and lake round to me.

In taking leave of Mr. Campbell's little volume we feel that it is hardly possible to estimate too highly the promise it contains. Swinburnian in swing and rhythm but intensely Canadian in the aspects of nature depicted, his poems satisfy the most fastidious mind while they testify to the power of our Canadian landscapes to fire the imagination of the poet. Crudities there are, and here

and there a hasty rhyme or a redundant line, but the impression of the book as an entity leaves little to be desired, and since the publication of Mr. Lampman's volume, nothing in the direction of verse of so much importance has appeared from the pen of a Canadian as "Lake Lyrics and Other Poems."

#### ON THE MARSHES AT SUNDOWN.

A WAVING sea of grass, a thousand shades  
Of green, of deepest and of brightest hue,  
And spread with thousand, thousand yellow flowers  
And daisies, bending all unto the wind  
Like waves of sea—the warm wind of the west  
Be-laden with the breath of blowing roses,  
And rich with the odours of the growing grain,  
Sweeping the brown top and yellow buds  
Into the half light, turning green to blue  
And white to grey-green ; wave on wave again,  
Onward and onward and a sunset sky,  
Golden, and flaming with a brighter gold  
Ever and ever, where the setting sun  
Shines in full-flooded glory, stream on stream  
Of brightness shooting upward from the horizon  
Into the farthest sky, until it blends  
With the wide stretch of heaven and a river  
Winding, a stream of silver in the shade,  
And golden with the glory of the sky  
Reflected in the broad light far away.  
Among the hayfields—winding round and round,  
Until its waters mingle with the tide  
A mile to westward !

Silently I gaze  
In quiet consciousness of perfect joy  
And reverence of glory. Heaven and earth,  
United in the last embrace of day,  
Unveil their beauty to the weary world  
In harmony of quietude and peace !

Deeper and deeper sinks the sun in heaven,  
Redder and redder flushes the rose-red sky ;  
And the blue shadows of the wind-waves darken  
More and more upon the grass. I gaze  
Long on the last light shooting heavenward ;  
Seems the sun dwindled to a single star ;  
One pure bright star, of steadier, steadiest light,  
Not bickering, but constant in decline,  
And ceasing !

And the long, low, level line  
Of hayfields rises against the golden sky ;  
And all the land leads up in rising plains  
Of darkening shadow.

And the flickering light  
That glows to westward, and the fiery red  
Above, and pure white clouds that hover o'er  
Th' horizon, gilded with the sunlight, seem  
Far off—no longer near. The world is left  
To darkness ; and the eerie twilight creeps  
Upon the marshes.

Now the daylight dims,  
And waves the grass more wearily, all wet  
With dew ; and shadows deepen ; and the river  
Shines like a mirror, black, and with the stars  
Reflected. And the sky above is dark  
And purple to the westward ; and the wind  
Falls to an echo ; and the echo dies.

Ottawa.

A. CAMPBELL.

#### PARIS LETTER.

It is with a "thank goodness" sigh of relief that every person expresses their satisfaction that the elections are over, and that the internecine war between those for and against the Republic is henceforth shorn of its sharp and feverish traits. The rival fevers are rapidly descending into the cooler stage, and so coming within range of practical treatment. It was, indeed, a painful period France has passed through, but, thanks to the native shrewdness of the masses, she is herself again, and can select a new departure under the most favourable conditions.

In ordinary times the election of a new parliament would not be a subject of serious comment. It is not so now. The deputies just elected will really have the fate of the country between their hands, so far as they will have to deal with European complications. Outside Bedlam, there is no one who believes that the present state of the Continent—maintaining peace in a straight-jacket—can be continued. The nervousness of statesmen to uphold peace by augmenting their formidable armaments is the best proof of the weakness of its duration. Then, on home questions, there is a vast amount of legislative work to be dealt with, and there is, above all, the financial position of the country to be prescribed for. Hence the importance of the French elections for the world at large.

What is the composition of the new House? what the salient features of its politics? what the chances that it will not drift or degenerate into the dissolving errors of its predecessor? Of the 576 deputies who compose the future Chamber, 366 are avowed Republicans of various shades ; the balance, 210, or avowed Opposition, consists of 104 Royalists, 59 Bonapartists and 47 Boulangists. The 366 Republicans comprise 239 Moderates and 127 Radicals of the Floquet-Clemenceau type. Of the total, 576, deputies elected, 281 are new men. Of the eighty-seven departments into which France is divided, fifteen are wholly represented by Republicans, and four by

Royalists and Bonapartists. Of the forty-five deputies elected for Paris and its department, the Seine, eighteen are Boulangists.

There is a solid kernel of 200 deputies of moderate opinions. Can it become the centre and the attractive power of a working, a lasting and a governmental majority? Two of its most distinguished members are Messrs. Leon Say and Henri Germain, the best financial heads in France. Any recasting of the cabinet which leaves these gentlemen out in the cold will be the signal for an immediate cleavage in the Republican ranks. Leon Say has a personal following of about fifty deputies. When the House meets next month the first test of party republicanism will be over the election of the speaker. Two candidates are in presence: Messrs. Brisson and Floquet. The latter would be the right man in the right place, but he is a Radical, and, politically, has been humiliated by having to undergo the second ballotage—a Caudine-forkism that M. Brisson was not subjected to. Both men have a perfectly clean political past.

If a majority of moderate men cannot be cemented, then the age of coteries again will set in, when the future will be at the mercy of the intrigues of each hour. These evils will not be apparent during what may be called the honeymoon of the new session. Time must be given for the new members to be shaped and measured by events ; to allow all their fantastical little ambitions and self-inflated importance to evaporate ; to see how they will appear under the indifference of the Chamber and the snubs of committees, and the inertia of functionaryism to their virgin zeal to reform all that is reformable. Then again, the classifications at present formed are based on the hustings' credos of the elected. These declarations of political fidelity are as fickle and as capricious as woman's love.

It is at the Home Office that the results of the elections all over France are concentrated. The residence of the Home Minister is situated in front of the Palace de l'Elysée, Place Beauvean. The pavilion on the left was devoted to the election results, outside the courtyard were gathered the best "flys" in Paris to reach the city newspaper offices and the telegraphic bureau. Passing through lines of sentries and of policemen, the first outer chamber is reached, where the scouts rest awaiting the despatches to be handed them from the representatives of the press inside. A second chamber is devoted to editors, who come to write short notices for their friends at home and abroad on the features of the result as they become developed.

The chamber where the results are called out is an immense apartment, gorgeously fitted up, as all official rooms are. Down the room is a very large table, covered with green cloth, round which the journalists sit ; round the room is another row of editors and correspondents ; while valets perpetually promenade in the open spaces, depositing slips of writing paper and pens where such are needed ; another valet is charged with the winding up of the thirty-six moderate lamps ; while two other domestics march with boxes of the choicest Havana cigars—corruption of the Fourth Estate in *flagrante delicto*, Minister Constans. The telegraph alarm bell sounds ; every one rushes to his chair ; to your tents, O Israel, is the *mot d'ordre*. Up pops an imp, or a messenger forces his way down the room, with a roll of despatches that have arrived within the last ten minutes from the most distant voting centres of France—some over 700 miles away. The despatches are handed to the Director of the Press department of the Home Office, a most courteous and obliging gentleman. He is seated at a rostrum, on an estrade. On each side of him, at separate tables, are his four secretaries. I had been very lucky to obtain a seat at one of these high places in the synagogue. The Director commences : "Gentlemen, such a department, say the Nord, Monsieur So and So, Republican, Radical, Boulangist, Royalist, etc., has obtained so many votes and is elected ;" then the number of votes recorded for his antagonist is read out. The unexpected return or defeat of some well-known politician is accompanied by ohs ! or ahs ! or laughter, following partisans.

As the bundle of despatches are read off, there is a pause till the tinkle, tinkle of the alarm bell announces the arrival of a fresh batch of results. In the meantime a pair of folding-doors open and a valet invites the gentlemen to visit a well-stored buffet. Corruption of the press again, Minister Constans. The room is as hot as the stake for a martyr. Some journalists are sick from the furnace atmosphere ; they attempt to open some of the twenty-foot high windows ; they cannot. It is suggested to call in Eiffel. An editor protests against letting in cold air, as asserting it is another Boulangist conspiracy to kill off his opponents. A witty journalist delivers an impromptu lecture on the advantages of a white heat on the development of intellect ; hearing the Director's "Gentlemen," he disappears. And such was how Sunday evening of the 6th was spent, from ten o'clock till two on Monday morning.

In the courtyard—for it was a lovely night—of the ministerial residence was a crowd of all the political big wigs, who dropped in as they knew they were victorious. Many had a Medusa-rapt look ; others looked as serene as cherubim and seraphim. M. Constans was as cool as the side wall of the Home Office ; Lockery and Floquet smiled triumphantly. Yves Guyot had a thank-offering expression. The only minister who was all mercury and spring-wire was M. Spuller, Foreign Secretary ; he was here and there, and everywhere. He is sixteen stones weight ; twice he trod on my foot, till I begged he would remain foreign to my corns, which he promised to do, while expressing repentance.