

The sport of canoeing seems an ideal one for such a singer and such a personality as hers. Its alternate sensations of storm and calm; its action and stir which bring song and joy; its quietude which opens the way to reflection and regret, the peaceful sadness that is really happiness, and the dreaminess which has been already spoken of—these are all reflected in her canoe songs.

These songs and many other poems in which she sings of the loveliness of nature have all a primitive touch, a simplicity that is refreshing. Canadian poets have a reputation for producing delightful nature-poetry, but no other Canadian has her fresh, strong, yet delicate touch—her Indian-touch, in truth. Miss Johnson's emotions do not become complicated and vague when she beholds a beautiful scene. It is an all-too-frequent habit of most poets to reproach nature because she is beautiful; they sigh and philosophize and forge beautiful phrases, but they have no freedom: to use a painter's term—there is no air in their landscapes. In Miss Johnson's nature poetry we find strength and simplicity and unsurpassed richness of color, unburdened by wordiness and an exotic surfeit of artistic phrase. She blends description with those strong, heart-burning emotions known to all.

The great emotion of human love has been the theme of some of her strongest out-door poems. And where in the whole array of the world's literature shall we find refined passion expressed with more perfection and grace. Fugitive instances of faulty technique may be met with occasionally, but the human force and candor of these love-songs, taken with their artistic beauty, recall that other primitive singer in whose veins civilization was also young, Sappho. Again, we meet with a pure joy in the beauty of the human form, a noble admiration for that wonderful combination of strength and soul which makes a beau-

tiful man, an admiration which is now unconventional. "Passionate poetesses" have of late years become a popular jest, but there is nothing that is undignified or deserves the term of erotic about Miss Johnson's love songs. Other love poems of hers breathe sadness and longing and regret. The poem "Re-voyage," published in the New York *Independent*, is one of the most beautiful of these and is widely known. Richer still in color but without its wonderful harmony and charm perhaps, is "At Sunset," which has also met with very wide appreciation, and is here reprinted because it illustrates so many of the great qualities of Miss Johnson's songs:—

AT SUNSET.

To-night the west o'er brims with warmest
dyes;

Its chalice overflows
With pools of purple coloring the skies,
Aflood with gold and rose,
And some hot soul seems throbbing close
to mine,
As sinks the sun within that world of wine.

I seem to hear a bar of music float,
And swoon into the west,
My ear can scarcely catch the whispered
note,

But something in my breast
Blends with that strain, till both accord in
one,
As cloud and color blend at set of sun.

And twilight comes with grey and restful
eyes,

As ashes follow flame;
But oh! I heard a voice from those rich
skies

Call tenderly my name;
It was as if some priestly fingers stole
In benedictions o'er my lonely soul.

I know not why, but all my being longed
And leapt at that sweet call;
My heart reached out its arms, all passion-
throughed

And beat against Fate's walls,
Crying in utter homesickness to be
Near to a heart that loves and leans on me.

No other poem that she has written has more richness or color, but her tones are very carefully used. The temptation to be over-lavish of de-