

"A New Vancouver Poet"

Under the title quoted, "Ivanhoe" in the Winnipeg Evening Tribune, gives nearly a column of its editorial page space to a review of Dr. E. E. Kinney's book, "Westward and Other Poems." The page of this newspaper, thoughtfully sent to the Editor of this magazine, was almost overlooked by delivery with a week-end gathering of mail.

Apart from the connection of this magazine office with the publishing of the book, we are, for several reasons pleased to learn of the impression it made on that literary critic otherwise known as "W. T. A." First, we are glad for Dr. Kinney's sake. It is gratifying to find that his poems made an agreeable impression on an independent critic at a distance and that he, like the reviewer in the literary department of the VANCOUVER DAILY PROVINCE at least, held the production worthy not merely of an acknowledging paragraph, but of a notice demonstrating that time had really been given to reading before "reviewing" this modest book by a British Columbia writer.

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As "Ivanhoe" pays tribute to others in his introduction we have all the greater pleasure in quoting what he has written:—

"Vancouver is such a beautiful city that it is no wonder many of its citizens write poetry. I fancy there are more versifiers (free, blank and regular) in that city than in any other in Canada. Of course, comparatively few of these singers see their productions handed to the outside world through the printed page, but every month or two eastern reviewers receive one more bouquet of lyrics from the city where Bernard McEvoy, oldest of coast troubadours abides, likewise in the winter season Bliss Carman, Canada's poet laureate. What with Isabel Ecclestone Mackay, Lionel Haweis, Dr. Fewster, A. M. Stephen and Tom MacInnes, Vancouver might well be called Canada's nest of nightingales.

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And now another poet has been added to this company of singers. His name is Edwin Enoch Kinney and his book is entitled "Westward and Other Poems," published by D. A. Chalmers, Vancouver. Mr. Kinney was born near Woodstock, New Brunswick, over half a century ago. He obtained part of his education in the Fredericton Collegiate Institute and Normal School. The teacher who influenced him most was Dr. George Parkin, who afterwards became a knight and Chairman of the Rhodes Scholarship Foundation at Oxford. Two of Mr. Kinney's fellow pupils were Charles G. D. Roberts and Bliss Carman. After leaving New Brunswick in the days of his youth the poet taught school in Montana, later studied in the Ohio Northern University, where he obtained the degree of B.Sc. in 1889, and still later he graduated at the Philadelphia Dental College. He has been practising his profession in Vancouver for over ten years.

Dr. Kinney is a homely poet, that is to say he just strolls around the base of Mount Parnassus. He delights to sing a simple lay, leaving the high-faluting poetry to brainy women like Isabel Ecclestone Mackay. The following is one of Dr. Kinney's songs that deal with humble themes:—

That Little Hazel Switch

Of all the ample store
Of boyhood memories rich,
Not many stand before
That little hazel switch.
Upon the mantel-piece,
Within a narrow niche,
Mamma could reach with ease
That little hazel switch.
And I was always sure,
When Mischief made me itch,
To find a ready cure—
That little hazel switch.

Upon my back and side—
How I did howl and hitch!—
My dear Mamma applied
That little hazel switch.
Inclined in mischief's rut,
I might have found the ditch,
And nothing saved me but
That little hazel switch.

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Many of this poet's productions are reminiscent of the days of his youth, others are didactic, two or three narrative, and others descriptive of farm life. Of the collection I like best the following fanciful poem:—

A June Wedding

The afternoon was wearing low
Just when the mildest breezes blow,
When men's and Nature's dronings blend,
And stars are waiting to descend.
What saw I from my shady bower?
It was the roses' wedding hour.
All of the garden folk were there,
The poppies and the bluebells fair;
And bright within my vision came
Two roses with their hearts aflame,
Two that this hour had come to bless
With fullest meed of happiness.
The minister I wished to see,
And there came he, a honey-bee.
He hummed the service, solemn, old,
And gave the bride some beads of gold,
While each rose nodded the "I will."
When everything was hushed and still,
A summer breeze came round to greet
And made their smiling faces meet.
Then did they give the nuptial kiss,
And, in the moment of their bliss,
Both roses blushed a deeper red,
While they a richer fragrance shed.

Another Welcome Review

POEMS

By M. K. McEvoy

Published by Morland, Aversham, Bucks, England.

Occasionally a book comes our way from an unusual source, and this small volume which was recently the subject of a favorable notice in the literary supplement of the London Times, is one of them. It is not the less welcome on that account since it contains poems of exquisite literary craftsmanship and deep feeling. There are thirty-five of them and they range from poetic fancy to the devotional; from poetry pure and simple to the realm of exalted faith. In some of her work Mrs. McEvoy seems to us the legitimate successor of Alice Meynell.

The introductory poem, entitled "Expression" indicates at once the high literary ideal that this new poet sets before her.

The stream can ripple as it runs
Its winding way;
The reeds can shiver out their sighs
Without a single word's disguise
Their sense to slay.
The lark can pour its rapture out
In songs that thrill;
The artist sees some glimpse of heaven
Too grand to hold—to all 'tis given
With brush and skill.
Blest poet, half thy passion's told
In verse divine;