

## THE POET OF THE FOREST.

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In his poem of "Neighbor John," McLachlan, the Canadian singer, presents the picture of one who stands unmoved in the presence of the beauty and glory of Nature:

Talk not to him of yonder trees  
Their Gothic arches throwing;  
For John but sees in all those trees  
So many sawlogs growing.

It is, unfortunately, true that many of those who do business in the great forest see about them only the opportunity to place upon the market the noble crop which Nature has provided. But one cannot talk with the best of our lumbermen, or hear these men speak at a Forestry Convention without feeling that at their heart of hearts their feeling for the woods is not that of the calculating business man, but that of the lover and enthusiast. The ever-changing, yet ever-constant charm of the forest as a home; the primal place of these woods in our economic system, and so in our national life; the history of nature and of man in these solitudes, a history which is one long, vivid romance,—these things rather than the mill or market cause the lumberman to remain a lumberman, just as the indefinable charm of the sea commands the life of the sailor. Every man who loves the woods has felt the desire to communicate to others the glory he has seen in them. But the contrast between the sentiments that move him and the best words he can command drives him to life-long silence. Such a man cannot but feel that some day a man will arise whose thought is clear, whose tongue is touched with divine fire of poetic expression, and who will be able to interpret to the world the sentiments which in himself vainly cry for utterance. "The Poet of the Forest—" what a noble title this would be for a man. Who would not aspire to such usefulness and glory?

There is at least one candidate for this office, as shown by the little volume of poems that has reached us. "In Forest Land"\* it is called, and the author is Douglas Malloch. The ambition of the author thus expresses itself:—

For I would find that sweetest chord  
That makes the forest harmony,  
Would wake at will the music poured  
To every zephyr by the tree.

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\*"In Forest Land," by Douglas Malloch; 1906; American Lumberman, Chicago.