

Canadiana.

Edited—REV. A. J. LOCKHART, ("Pastor Felix"), Cherryfield, Maine, who will be pleased to answer, under the head of "Queries," any question addressed to him concerning Canadian history, biography and literature, where the information is at hand or obtainable.

PHILLIPS STEWART: GOODRIDGE B. ROBERTS.

WE set an hour apart, dedicate, as a white mark to two beautiful souls. Let it be this; for it is quiet, and softly veiled, tempered with evening's tenderness. If we could go stumbling on—even to amuse ourselves with flower-gathering and the weaving of selfish garlands—careless of young hopeful laurels withering, and the making of untimely graves, who would envy us? Sir Walter communed with his heart alone, when but forlorn with memories of Camp—the dumb companion of his rambles. But will not the fading of his friends touch him more nearly—burdening him with a natural pensiveness, not unmingled with pain? Will he not weep for the little child he cuddled, and droop more mournfully still where some laurelled associate head is lying low, if only to remember how the familiar voice of counsel and sympathy is silent? So, ye unseen, but not unloved brothers! for the sake of what you were, and what it was hoped you would be; for the sake of the bright poetic laurels that were just budding about your brows, and the pure earth-sweetening office of your lives; for the sake of the ones who most loved you and most grieve for you, this hour "of memories and sighs" to you is consecrate.

We have had a dusky, dreamy brood of thoughts this evening, and know not which is darkest or saddest. Images of "sleepless souls that perished in their pride," and of divine souls that perished patiently, and of those that "walked in glory and in joy" for a season, and then reft bitterly sank down with a hilarious gasp at the cruelty of their misfortune—these have floated before us. We have seen an independent manly soul under base restrictions and galling constraints. We have seen the lyric soul of Mozart predominating the world of song: his name a talisman of love and reverence. But who can measure the long wearying pain once in the heart of the living Mozart, or his long crucifixion by contemptuous neglect, so consistently meted out by a people who should have been amazed at his genius? And who shall measure the width and depth of that nameless, pauper, forgotten grave in which they laid him, after his true life became insphered "where the Eternal are"? For, lo! the world is his tomb! But, from our night-side of the world, we have seen one thing more melancholy, in the cutting off of the morning-promise of dear and precious lives. These souls were not, indeed, condemned to suffer long and unjustly; nor can we now reap the richer fruits that might have fallen to us from their suffer-

ing and striving. Yon star rides free and clear in the blue heaven; and you tell me that once it was obscured by malign mists and envious clouds. But there was one we saw on the violet edge of evening—a new-created one, that had just begun to unbosom its beams, when fell the untimely curtain of darkness, and it vanished away. Removed in the depths of its skyey home, a new career of light is open to it; but, ah! it had won our eyes, and no more it shines for us!

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WE have among our papers a letter, which accompanied a little volume "Poems: Phillips Stewart"—both of which are precious to us; and the more so, that the promise they indicate can never be fulfilled. The letter greets us in cordial tone, tenders a welcome gift, confesses immaturity, intimates hope of riper achievement. The poet's book is redolent of youth, its sweet regrets, its tinted memories, its longings for action. We open it at random, and read from his memorial address to his mother—and from this you shall judge if he is not a poet:

"Let thy sweet memory
Inspire my life to deeds; my soul doth crave
Action. Action is the soul's finest speech;
Words may deceive, deeds never can."

I would
Do more than live a shadow-haunted life,
A pensive poet by the dreaming sea.
'Tis sweet to watch the moon with lily face
Beneath a silver saffron veil, dreaming
Of her first love; the russet blush of trees
In last wild dalliance with the autumn winds;
The mirth of twinkling birds in golden air;
The calm of ivied ruins in dim night;
But the large struggling world had need of
Youth's

Enthusiasm, passion, high action, deep
Conviction, honest toil, the glowing dawn
Of noblest thoughts, green hopes, warm love,
and faith,
Ambitions, aspirations, all that make
The splendid setting of a noble life.
And if I cannot enter where I long
To go, let me breathe thoughts for noble
action.

Life is a pallid student at his books
Who falls asleep beside the midnight lamp;
The broken column of Youth's high built dream:
A silver wave in ever-changing tides
Of restless time, and yet the weakest life
Is not in vain if spent in mankind's good.
Though life be brief, 'tis long enough for all
To do some noble work. We do not live
For Time and Space; but they for us, to serve
Each noble thought. We only live in
Thought's

Fine animation; not in votive tablet,
Nor dust-stained urn, nor in the sculptured
niche

On shadow haunted walls of lofty gloom.
Time is the reverent gaze on marble eyes,
The pilgrim's fading feet on marble cars.
Time is our slave; in Death we still can stir
The veins of those we love to noble thoughts.
Death is the power of life without the pain.
Mock not the poet's dreams; the poet sings
The Golden Age. It is his hapless lot
To suffer scorn in youth; mock not his
dreams,

Lest in clear depths thou dost but mock thy
shadow.

Our highest thoughts are but poetic dreams.
Therefore the poet hath his brothers' love,
Flushed gleaners in the yellow fields of hope,

Beside the bell-sweet waves of memory
That ever chime.—We are not what we
thought

We were; we are not what we hoped to be.
Who climbs Thought's mount is ever climb-
ing toward

The gloom; the larger vision hath unrest,
And Resignation is the only path
To death for poets and philosophers;
The consolation of a generous heart,
The noble freedom of a faithful mind."

Alas! he has reached that ultimate goal,
so frequently boded in his tender strains,
only too speedily. His lyric cadences are
as sweet to the ear as his reflectiveness is
to the heart. Such bits as—

"We'll gaze into the violet eyes of Spring,
That ope and close upon green dewy banks,
Where hyacinths are twined in purple mists;
Our dreamy sighs will fill melodious days,
And I will love thee, love thee evermore."

"Amid the music of far bells
The starry night steals softly on."

"And, ah! when moon-eyed Night doth rise
and call
Her silver flowers upon the sapphire fields
Of trembling bloom, from these eternal
flowers
We'll catch the perfume of life's sweetest
thought."

"The white swan is paddling his feather-
sailed boat
With lazy oars."

"Hesper bright
Appears, leaving his sapphire couch on high,
While lowing kine creep through the tinkling
vales,
And sweetly rise thoughts of the golden
sheaf,
Thoughts of the harvest song and blushing
vine"

"In shadowy calm the boat
Sleeps by the dreaming oar;
The green hills are afloat
Beside the silver shore.
"Youth hoists the white-winged sail,
Love takes the longing oar;—
The oft-told fairy tale
Beside the silver shore."

Here is some of that intense love of pure
beauty, and of nature in her serenest
moods, found in Keats, Shelley, and their
followers. There is a wistfulness, a win-
someness, in the contents of this little book
of song, which, aside from its poetic attrac-
tiveness, has grown upon me, and will I
doubt not, have had a like effect upon
others. We find, in the *Toronto Week*,
these just and generous words of commen-
dation:

"The death of Mr. J. B. Phillips Stewart
last week made a gap in the ranks of young
Canadian poets. Although for some years he
had published nothing, the little volume of
poems brought out in 1887 by Messrs. Kegan
Paul, Trench and Co. had not been forgotten,
and there were many who looked forward to
his again tending the homely slighted shep-
herd's trade. For this little volume of less
than a hundred pages contained unmistakable
evidences of true poetic taste and talent.
There were faults of course, for the author
was but twenty-three when the book
appeared, and doubtless many of the pieces
were composed at a still earlier age. Yet the
faults were few, and were such as age and
experience would easily have winnowed. The
poetical character of the conceptions was