

O I wad like to ken—to the beggar-wife says I—
The reason o' the cause an' the wherefore o' the why,
Wi' mony anither riddle brings the tear into my e'e.
—It's gey an' easy speirin', says the beggar-wife to me.

Many more of his poems in braid Scots are well worth reading, and reading again.

At different times, Stevenson gathered together a number of legends of Scotland and also of the South Seas, some of which he embodied in verse: 'The Song of Rahero', 'Ticonderoga', 'Heather Ale,' etc., but, while these are almost faultlessly versified, they are not quite so happily expressed—nor does the true poet shine forth so brilliantly in them as in his lyrics and shorter poems.

Stevenson's body was ever too fragile to permit of him becoming a real out-and-out literary vagabond and taking liberties that vagabondage demands in the material sense, but, true to his vagabond spirit, he wrote many poems of travel and the open road:—

Give me the life I love,
Let the lave go by me
Give the jolly heaven above
And the byway nigh me.
Bed in the bush, with stars to see,
Bread I dip in the river—
There's the life for a man like me,
There's the life forever.

Let the blow fall soon or late,
Let what will be o'er me;
Give the face of earth around
And the road before me.
Wealth I seek not, hope nor love,
Nor a friend to know me;

All I seek, the heaven above
And the road below me.

It must be admitted that there is a faint trace of posing in these verses—a straining after effect—for even R. L. S. would not, one fancies, sacrifice hope, love and friends, for the blue heavens and the open road. At the same time, he can readily be excused for this extravagance of speech—as all of us can be—when speaking of something or someone dearly beloved. And many of his poems proclaim him the ideal lover; while of his constancy to the one sweet woman who tended him all the years of his illness and enforced exile—the lady to whom the world is greatly indebted for much of what we have of his literary work, but for whose self-sacrifice and loving care his life must surely have been by years shorter—it is necessary merely to refer to his world-famous eulogy, 'My Wife.'

Trusty, dusky, vivid, true,
With eyes of gold and bramble-dew,
Steel-true and blade-straight,
The great artificer
Made my mate.

* * * * *

If ever one has a desire to dip into the soul of an author—I care not who the author may be—let him go, not to his novels nor yet to his essays, if, by any chance, the author has written poetry. It is in his poems that the real man is to be found every time. It is in his poems that we find the real Robert Louis Stevenson—soft-hearted, courageous, God-fearing, gay, debonair, and above all, an honest, dauntless, Christian gentleman—yet a man well aware of his weaknesses and 'not too good for human nature's daily food.'

Stevenson, I fancy, dreamed in his youth of leading forlorn hopes, battling in the Crusades, pirating the

GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC STEAMSHIPS

"Prince George" - "Prince Rupert"

Mondays 8 p.m.	From VANCOUVER To PRINCE RUPERT	Thursdays 8 p.m.
-------------------	--	---------------------

A PLEASANT OCEAN VOYAGE TO START YOUR TRIP
CONNECTING WITH RAIL LINE FOR EASTERN POINTS.

TOURIST FARES MEAL SAND BERTH
INCLUDED WHILE AT SEA

CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

AFTER VISITING, MAIL THE B. C. M. TO FRIENDS: LET THEM "GET-ACQUAINTED." (See Page 1.)