

BOOKS AND PERIODICALS—Continued.

Canon Low has the reputation of being an advanced thinker, a ripe scholar, and a vigorous, incisive writer. This topic is a timely one, and we expect his treatment of it will make interesting reading.

A very gratifying honor has been conferred upon a young Toronto student, W. Y. Allison, of Knox College. Mr. Allison has just been apprised that a scholarship has been bestowed upon him gratuitously by Yale University. This gives him free tuition at the university, with living expenses paid. It is the practice of this wealthy institution to give such scholarships to students who have distinguished themselves in other universities. Mr. Allison is a young man of more than ordinary literary ability. His verse will have made his name familiar to most readers of the current periodicals. While we feel sorry to lose to Canada young men of such brilliant promise, we cannot withhold congratulation upon their entrance upon the broader arena, with its greater prizes, that is offered by our big neighbor to the south.

"THE MAN WITH THE HOE"

William Briggs has secured the Canadian market for Edwin Markham's "The Man With the Hoe, and Other Poems," and will have an edition ready early in August. The writing of that one poem, "The Man With the Hoe," made its author famous. Seldom has a single poem attained such wide and speedy celebrity or occasioned so much comment and discussion. It is amusing to find some of the American critics declaiming against the poem as an insult to American farm laborers—and apparently, in all seriousness, too. The July number of The Bookman has an interesting article on the author of "The Man With the Hoe," from which we learn that the poem was first published in The San Francisco Examiner for January 8, of this year. Mr. Markham thus tells the story of how he came to write the poem:

"It was a visit I made to a loan exhibition in San Francisco, some 10 years ago, where I saw for the first time Millet's great painting, 'The Man with the Hoe,' perhaps the most impressive product of any painter's genius in modern times. This picture is more terrible to me than anything in Dante. It is just as hopeless, and its scene is more real, more human. I sat for an hour before the painting, and all the time the tenor and power of the picture were growing upon me. I saw that this creation of the painter was no mere peasant, no chance man of the fields, but he was rather a type, a symbol of the toiler brutalized through long ages of industrial oppression. I saw, in this peasant, the slow but awful degradation of man

through endless, hopeless joyless labor. I saw, in this peasant, strayed humanity, for, Cain to the contrary notwithstanding, we are all more or less our brother's keeper.

"This picture lived in my memory for 10 years, until, during my last Christmas vacation, I wrote out the impression of it that had been springing up through my soul all those years. Then, I happened to be present at a literary event in San Francisco, just after I had received a typewritten copy of the poem, and, on being pressed to read it to help out the evening, I did so. A proposal to publish the poem in San Francisco was shortly afterwards made to me, which I accepted, as I was glad of the opportunity to make the truth that I stand for better known to my own people."

Edwin Markham was born in Oregon City, Oregon, nearly a half century ago. His ancestry, both on his father's and mother's side, carries back to a period long before the Revolutionary War. His boyhood was spent on a cattle range in Central California. For a time he studied law, though he never practised. Then, after a period spent in blacksmithing, he went into educational work. At present he is principal of the observation school of the University of California. He is an insatiable reader, an eloquent speaker and a writer of strong, vigorous prose as well as poetry.

One who has met him thus describes his appearance: "His fine aristocratic head, with hair prematurely grey, and dark, keen eyes that light up suddenly with fire and brilliancy in conversation, does not disappoint our conception of the poet. His manner is dignified, cordial and sincere, and his speech simple and unaffected. He looks like a man who has done with vanity."

We give, herewith, the remarkable poem that has produced such a sensation:

Bowed by the weight of centuries he leans
Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,
The emptiness of ages in his face,
And on his back the burden of the world.
Who made him dead to rapture and despair,
A thing that grieves not and that never hopes,
Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox?
Who loosened and let down this brutal jaw?
Whose was the hand that slanted back this brow?
Whose breath blew out the light within this brain?

Is this the Thing the Lord trod made and gave
To have dominion over sea and land,
To trace the stars and search the heavens for power,
To feel the passion of Eternity?
Is this the Dream He dreamed who shaped the suns
And pillared the blue firmament with light?
Down all the stretch of Hell to its last gulf
There is no shape more terrible than this—
More tormented with curse of the world's blind greed—
More filled with signs and portents for the soul—
More fraught with menace to the universe.

What gulfs between him and the seraphim!
Slave of the wheel of labor, what to him
Are Plato, and the swing of Pleiades?
What the long reaches of the peaks of song,
The rift of dawn, the reddening of the rose?
Through this dread shape the suffering ages look,
Time's tragedy is in that aching stoop,
Through this dread shape humanity betrayed,
Plundered, profaned and disinherited,
Cries protest to the Judges of the World—
A protest that is also prophecy.

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
Is this the handiwork you give to God,
This monstrous thing distorted and soul-quenched?
How will you ever straighten up this shape;
Give back the upward looking and the light;
Rebuild in it the music and the dream,
Touch it again with immortality;
Make right the immemorial infamies,
Perfidious wrongs, inmedicable woes?

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
How will the future reckon with this man?
How answer his brute question in that hour
When whirlwinds of rebellion shake the world?
How will it be with kingdoms and with kings—
With those who shaped him to the thing he is—
When this dumb terror shall reply to God,
After the silence of the centuries?

ANOTHER EDITION OF "CONCERNING
ISABEL CARNABY."

Another edition of that interesting work of fiction, by Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler, "Concerning Isabel Carnaby," is shortly to be published by The Toronto News Co., Limited. This will be the sixth edition. The fifth edition is already nearly exhausted. This new edition will sell at the same prices as the preceding ones, namely, cloth, \$1, and paper, 50c. The sale of "Concerning Isabel Carnaby" has been enormous in Great Britain and the United States, particularly in the paper edition, and the success of the book in Canada has been equally marked.

A UNIQUE BROCHURE.

"On the Making of Blank Books" is the title of a pretty brochure just issued by Warwick Bros. & Rutter. The cover, which is in black and red, has on its front an illustration showing the interior of a bookbindery in mediæval times, while, as a contrast to this, on one of the inside pages, is given a view of the interior of a modern bookbindery—that of Warwick Bros. & Rutter. Other illustrations show exterior and interior views of this firm's premises and various descriptions and styles of blank books. The brochure, which is decidedly unique, can be obtained free on application.

TO MANUFACTURE TRADE BOOKS.

J. F. Taylor & Co., 66 Fifth Avenue, New York, publishers of subscription books and general agents for the subscription publications of Little, Brown & Co., Boston; J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia; J. M. Dent & Co., London, and others, announce that