

There is a wonderful vigour and freshness in a little piece entitled "Salt." It is as bracing as the breath of the sea air, or a dip in the salt-water :

"O breath of wind and sea,  
Bitter and clear,  
Now my faint soul springs free,  
Blown clean from fear !

O hard sweet strife, O sting  
Of buffeting salt !  
Doubt and despair take wing,  
Failure and fault.

I dread not wrath or wrong,—  
Smile, and am free ;  
Strong while the winds are strong,  
The rocks, the sea.

Heart of my heart, tho' life  
Front us with storm,  
Love will outlast the strife,  
More pure, more warm."

There are some pretty love songs and dainty conceits scattered through the volume, and though Mr. Roberts is clearly not a poet of passion, there are pieces here and there that show him not to be deficient in the portrayal of power and pathos and intense emotion.

The examples of society verse are few and rather below the average, for a writer of Mr. Roberts' reputation. "The Poet is Bidden to Manhattan Island" is clever and pointed, but "La Belle Tromboniste" should not have been admitted.

Mr. Roberts is patriotic and full of a national feeling. There are several spirited pieces in praise of Canada, and they display much more than the usual amount of good taste, poetic feeling and expression than is to be met with in national and patriotic measures, as a rule. Whatever may be the reader's views on the political destiny of Canada, there are few who will not respond with quickened pulse to the lines :

"O child of nations, giant-limbed,  
Who stand'st among the nations now  
Unheeded, unadorned, unhymned,  
With unanointed brow.

How long the ignoble sloth, how long  
The trust in greatness not thine own ?  
Surely the lion's brood is strong  
To front the world alone !

But thou, my Country, dream not thou.  
Wake, and behold how night is done,—  
How on thy breast and o'er thy brow,  
Bursts the uprising sun !"

The author contributes some graceful lines in honour of Louis Fréchet,te,

"Who first of all our choir displays  
Laurels for song."

and laments the death of Sidney Lanier, the gifted poet-critic.

Mr. Roberts has chosen his title admirably. In his dedication to his friend, Edmund Collins, he speaks of his little volume as containing :

"Themes gathered far and near,  
Thoughts from my heart that spring,"

and says :

"In divers tones I sing,  
And pray you, Friend, give ear !  
My medley of song I bring  
You, who can rightly hear."

If Mr. Roberts will permit us to say it, there are many who, unknown to him, will take the dedication to themselves, and who will always be glad to listen to the message he has to deliver, sure to

"Gather a magical gleam of the secret of life"

from his singing, and certain to be charmed with the grace and beauty of his songs "in divers tones."

FREDERIC B. HODGINS.

## MORNING.

Aurora ushers in the dawn,  
Driving night and sleep away,  
Apollo shows his glorious face  
And it is day !

The dew-washed flowers their faces lift,  
The birds their joyful anthem raise ;  
All Nature takes up the refrain,  
To God be praise !

REBECCA.

## THE GERMAN ELECTIONS.

To anyone who has witnessed an election campaign in Canada, with all its variety of incident and the choice assortment of spicy editorials displayed by the party press during its progress, an election in Germany, even one in which is virtually involved the question of peace or war, must prove to a certain extent disappointing. The elections of the German Reichstag and those for the Dominion Parliament have just been held almost simultaneously, and I will venture to say, from past experience, that in Canada, with its comparatively diminutive population, there has been more visible and audible excitement than throughout the whole German Empire. The people here have taken an intense interest in the issue of the polls, but there have been few "rousing" political meetings held, where the opposing candidates meet on a common platform, such as are the rule in Canadian elections. There are so many different political parties in Germany, that in a large number of constituencies three candidates have been in the field, and as any one of these, to be elected, must obtain a majority of the total number of votes polled, several Stichwahlen, or decisive second ballotings, have been necessary. That the preliminary part of the campaign is carried on so quietly here, is probably owing to the fact that the German elector is entirely a stranger to that almost unbounded liberty of speech, which the Canadian elector so freely uses, and, we may add, often misuses.

In Germany the individual is entirely merged in the State. There are endless limitations upon his personal freedom. That independence of action which every citizen of Canada or the United States considers as his birthright, the German is to a large extent deprived of. Or, perhaps it would be more accurate to say that he never possessed it. Germany with its Reichstag has not yet by any means reached the most advanced form of constitutional government, and there are still to be seen plentiful traces of former more despotic times. The electoral contest just past has been one between the Crown, or rather the Chancellor of the Empire, and the Parliament ; the question at issue was, whether the army shall be Parliamentary or Imperial.

Foreigners can scarcely realize how high a place Prince Bismarck occupies in the affections of his countrymen. And surely Germans have cause to be grateful to the man who has done so much for them. He has succeeded, at least, in making Prussia and the German States nominally, if not yet really, a united nation. Opinions may differ, and they do, as to the commendability of the means by which he has brought about this result. His political career has been marked by a series of successful wars, though his ostensible object has always been, and still is, to preserve peace. He has, as an able writer in the *Fortnightly Review* says, played for high stakes and won. It has remained for the people of the latter half of this enlightened nineteenth century to see worked out in all its grandeur the theory that peace can only be effectually preserved by nations being always ready for war, and Prince Bismarck, more than any other statesman, has succeeded in bringing about such a political situation as will allow this theory to be displayed in practical operation. No one who is at all acquainted with recent German history can fail to acknowledge the success of his straightforward policy regarding the Vaterland. It will take time to tell whether the immense changes he has wrought are destined to be for the permanent good of Germany and the rest of Europe.

The present historical position of the Empire that Bismarck has formed is an anomalous one. Amongst the nations of Europe Germany is a mere infant, from a literary as well as