



Life, Literature and Education.

E. Pauline Johnson

(Tekahionwake).

Of Canadian authors, there is not one who appeals to the Canadian heart in just the same way as does Pauline Johnson, since, in a sense, she has a stronger claim to the title, Canadian, than most of us.

Her father, known to the white man as George Henry Johnson, and known to his braves as Double Wampum, is Head Chief of the Mohawk Indians, and her mother was an English girl, Emily S. Howells, of Bristol. Miss Johnson herself was born on the Six Nations Reserve in Brant County, Ontario. She was educated partly under her father's tuition and partly in the Brantford Model School.

Quite early in life she began to write down the thoughts that came into a mind made rich through the beauty-loving nature and literary taste of her English mother, and made strong and fearless by the care and training of a father with the enduring and steadfast qualities of his race. Her first book of poems, "The White Wampum," was published in England in 1894, and in 1904, "Canadian Born," also a book of verse, came before the public. A book of prose may be expected soon. As a reader of her own works, she is known widely here and across the sea.

Knowing what we do of the heritage of a free and unconfined life, which has come down to her through generations of braves, we can see the singer herself in her songs of rocks, forest, rivers, blue sky and sunlight. Truly loyal to her father's race, grieving over the wrongs they have suffered, and the decay of their greatness, she yet has deeply imbedded in her nature a patriotic love for Canada, and for all Canadians, white or red; but her pride in her Indian blood she voices thus:

"And few to-day remain;
But, copper-tinted face, and smouldering fire
Of wilder life, were left me by my sire
To be my proudest claim."

Her own idea of the gift of song, she expresses in the introduction to "The White Wampum."

As wampum to the Red man, so to the Poet are his songs; chiselled alike from that which is the purest of his possessions, woven alike with meaning into belt and book, fraught alike with the same message of peace, and the seal of fellowship with all men.

Doesn't this give you an insight into the fire and spirit embodied in this woman poet, and the natural sympathy she gives to her own race?

"Captive! Is there a hell to him like this?

A taunt more galling than the Huron's hiss?

He—proud and scornful, he—who laughed at law,

He—scion of the deadly Iroquois.

He—the blood-thirsty, he—the Mohawk chief,

He—who despises pain and sneers at grief,
Here in the hated Huron's vicious clutch,
That even captive he disdains to touch!
Captive! But never conquered; Mohawk brave
Stoops not to be to any man a slave."

—"As Red Men Die," p. 4.

But if you want to get another view of her character, read—a quotation here is too meagre a taste,—read over and over: The Song My Paddle Sings, Shadow River, The Camper, At Sunset, and you will learn her love—love of a child for a parent—toward kindly Mother Earth.

"Let me but wander on the shore
Night-stilled,
Drinking its darkness till my soul is filled;



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The breathing of the salt sea on my hair,
My outstretched hands, but grasping empty air.

"Let me but feel the pulse of Nature's soul
Athrob on mine; let seas and thunders roll
O'er night and me; sands whirl;
Winds, waters beat;
For God's grey earth has no cheap counterfeit."

—"Penseroso," p. 72.

Our view of her nature and her power of expressing that nature is still incomplete. We have felt the passions of the human heart, we have seen the strength of the hills and the beauty of the waters through her words, but she goes higher and we see the noble ideals and lofty aspirations that are hers. Listen!

"What matters it to-night if one life
Treasure

I covet is not mine? Am I to measure

The gifts of Heaven's decree
By my desires? O, life forever longing
For some far gift, where many gifts are thronging,
God wills, it may not be.
Am I to learn that longing, lifted higher,
Perhaps will catch the gleam of sacred fire
That shows my cross is gold?"

—"Nocturne," p. 85.

And this complete little poem, "Brier," to finish with:

"Because, dear Christ, your tender,
Wounded arm
Bends back the brier that edges life's long way,
That no hurt comes to heart, to soul
No harm,
I do not feel the thorns so much to-day.

"Because, I never knew your care to tire,
Your hand to weary guiding me aright,
Because you walk before and crush the brier
It does not pierce my feet so much to-night.

"Because, so often you have hearkened to
My selfish prayers, I ask but one thing now,
That these harsh hands of mine add not unto
The crown of thorns upon your bleeding brow."

—"Brier," p. 76.

The Need of Reserve.

James Anthony.

There is no need of urging the men and women of this country to be men of action. The eager haste that looks through the eyes of city and country people alike, proclaims the fact that leisure is almost a thing of the past. Help is scarce, and work never seemed to be more abundant than it is just now. In the earlier days, the farmer looked upon seed time and harvest as his busy seasons. When the grain was in the barn and the fall wheat sown, he looked forward to a delightful autumn with its paring bees and social gatherings, and quiet winning of, perhaps, another field from the forest primeval. The winter, he considered, was well spent if he secured a little teaming from a lumberman, and laid in his year's supply of wood. Sugarmaking was a season of fun and frolic that the present generation knows practically nothing about. With the advent of machinery, our fathers had their dreams of farming without labor and of unlimited time for self-improvement.

These visions have not been fulfilled. Indeed, tasks seem to have so multiplied that the farmer despairs of overtaking half his duties, or of pushing any of his work to the limit of its profit. The result is that many are losing the joy of living and the delight of labor. Roses

grow in their gardens, but they have no time to look at them or smell them. The sweet songs of birds and the appealing tenderness of flowers, and the dewy eve which in summer twilight weeps itself away, all pass unheeded. Crop-growing is made a science. Colts are trained, orchards are pruned and fields are cultivated, and the danger is that the farmer may regard himself or allow himself to be treated as some sort of agricultural implement, called a producer, and fail to treat himself as a man made in the image of God and capable of expanding to infinite horizons.

The great need of the farmer just now is that he keep the balance true between thought and action. The man who does this may lay claim to being called a practical farmer. Such a man possesses a fine available capital of thought, knowledge, character and experience. Behind good farming, as behind any great work, there must be a great soul. No sea captain, no bank manager, no professional man has more important or more difficult work than falls to the lot of the farmer, consequently no man requires or should seek more earnestly after mental and spiritual power than should the agriculturist. It's the mind that makes the farmer, and the farmer with little mental resource is sure to come to poverty.

We are at once met with the query, where is the time for all this to come from? The answer must be given by each farmer himself. One thing is certain, that no one can be in haste all the time, or for long periods of time, and not suffer for it. Nature will not be defrauded. She hangs out her danger signals, each warning being more clamorous than its predecessor. Finally there comes an irretrievable knock-down blow, and the man or woman, who should have lived in growing usefulness for thirty years longer, sinks into an untimely grave, leaving much of their best work undone.

Undoubtedly, there is a class of people to whom unremitting work is the best thing that can come their way. These unfortunates are so lacking in self-control that leisure for them means self-destruction. They have no resources within themselves. They have lost—if they ever possessed it—the power of self-criticism, and they do their work very much as slaves. The result is that when work is over, instead of getting acquainted in their own homes, or of reading, or thinking, or of discussing their problems with other people of wider experience, they rush away to be amused or to form associations that will one day mean an empty pocket and a joyless old age. And, yet, much may be said in favor of regular periods of rest and relaxation. Large employers have found the half holiday a paying investment. There are those who abuse it, to be sure, but that is no argument against its legitimate place. In some sections, farmers have adopted it almost unconsciously with the best results; of course, each farmer must work this matter out for himself, as his own experience and circumstances permit, only let him keep in mind that periods when he is free from engrossing labor are not only desirable, but necessary. Such leisure, no matter how little it may be, provided only it is secured, will make for