

worthy of him or of his art. Protesting, methinks he doth protest too much, that the poet must be free, gives no right to license, and this, to my mind, is Carman's weakness. At any rate, no one with the full flow of life in his veins and full-fledged hopefulness in his breast can have any patience with decadence and squalor. And though we all know that a few of the "dear good people on familiar terms with God," as Carman puts it, are somewhat of a nuisance, yet no sane healthy nature can deny that the life and example of the Saviour of men influences to a greater or less degree the lives of almost all men who count for something in this world and who are doing something real for its good. Moreover, the dead women who

"Dared to make desire a duty,
With the heretics in hell!"

are no models for us, and are not accepted as such by any decent person.

Some fine work is found in Roberts' *New York Nocturnes*. Here is a little gem:

"Said Life to Art—"I love thee best
Not when I find in thee
My very face and form, expressed
With dull fidelity,

But when in thee my craving eyes
Behold continually
The mystery of my memories
And all I long to be.

How much the following lines say!

"IN DARKNESS.

I have faced life with courage,—but not now
O Infinite, in this darkness draw Thou near.
Wisdom alone I asked of thee, but Thou
Hast crushed me with the awful gift of fear."

Roberts is doing good work in both verse and prose, as witness his *Forge in the Forest*. But what about nationality? some reader may ask. Well, Carman and Roberts are Canadian-born and have treated Canadian subjects; but how are we to distinguish between English, Stateser and Canadian poets? We all speak, with very slight differences, the same tongue, and the growing cosmopolitanism, now so much in evidence, tends decidedly to the wiping out of minor differences in writings. Then how can we expect much difference?