

my subject to express delight at finding a poet who loves all our fellow-beings—especially when I find him among a people who are mostly callous to this form of sympathy.

*Les Floraisons Matutinales* make a book of over two hundred pages, and their forty-five poems have, all together, a fairly wide range of theme. But the more purely French-Canadian ones outnumber all the rest and are much the most characteristic; and of these there are twelve typical enough to give a very good idea of the whole.

Dr. Beauchemin knows the way of the sea. The sea enters into the very heart of the history, life and language of the French-Canadians. So there could not be an apter poem to begin with than *La Mer*, which, in few words, shows his *curiosa felicitas* of expression, harmony of sense and sound, and real imaginative insight. I wonder if he remembered that beautiful line about one of the natural kindred of the sea which forms such a brief interlude in a rather repellent elegy of Propertius

Luna moraturis sedula luminibus.

But he requires no poet of the moon to make us heed the call of his own wild virgin sea—*das ewig-Weibliche* of Nature, whose voice of many waters is the music of life and of death to all her devotees.