

tool or instrument as possible, but he must remain master of that tool or instrument. Hence man being spirit as well as body, must give as full play to his spirit through his

physical instruments as possible, directing their activity along the highest line of art, in whichever branch he particularly affects. Art, he explained, is a triune expression of thought, emotion and physical reac-

tion. He himself is a dynamic exponent of the modern conception of the art of singing.

The spirit pervading the audience at the close of this lecture-recital was one of gratitude to a master.

Literary Notes

(By Roderick Random.)

To those who are interested in the share which British Columbia is taking in the movement making for the emergence of a Canadian literature which shall be worthy of our country, it was a piece of news encouraging and inspiring to learn that the Convention of the Authors' Association held in Winnipeg last month unanimously chose Vancouver as the place for the annual meeting next year, and this in spite of the fact that the convention distinctly lays down the rule forbidding the holding of it anywhere west of Winnipeg. The Vancouver delegates, who represented the local branch and to whom fell the duty of promising a hospitable welcome to the convention to come, were Mrs. Annie C. Dalton, Mr. Frank Burnett, and Mrs. Julia Henshaw.

It was a delightful occasion when the latter lent her beautiful home at Caulfeilds to the members of the local branch for an afternoon gathering at which the delegates were required to give an account of their stewardship. This was the third time since the Association's inception three years ago that Mrs. Henshaw had dispensed of her hospitality to the members. The first time was in honour of Mr. Caulfeild, the pioneer founder of the beautiful suburb which bears his name. On that occasion he read from his translation of the *Odyssey*, and all who were present were charmed not only by the quality of his expression but also by the felicity of phrasing and the vividness and animation shown in his English version of the great classic.

Mrs. Henshaw, known internationally as a writer and speaker on the flora of our Rocky Mountains, has in her beautiful gardens, in which art and nature seem to have happily joined hands, given practical demonstration of her knowledge. After ample time had been given to the guests to wander at will in the grounds, the meeting was convened on the capacious verandah by Mr. P. Gomery, who as vice-chairman presided in place of Mrs. Isabel Ecclestone Mackay, who was unable to attend through indisposition. The three delegates in their reports gave a pleasing impression of the proceedings at Win-

nipeg and the fine hospitality which they had enjoyed. The point which emerged particularly in their remarks was the useful function which the Association was performing in doing away with sectionalism in literary circles in Canada and pulling down whatever boundaries there were between East and Middle and Western provinces.

An interesting item on the programme was the reading of an original poem by Mrs. Jean Kilby Rorison which had for its subject the beauty of Caulfeilds. Under the title "Down Dogwood Lane" that poem was published in a recent issue of the *British Columbia Monthly*.

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Another interesting function of the Authors' Association which took place recently was the luncheon given at Glencoe Lodge in honour of Mr. Bernard McEvoy, perhaps as well or better known to the people of British Columbia as Diogenes, the pen-name which he subscribes to the column which he writes for the *Daily Province*, and which for many years has given pleasure and inspiration to the readers of that paper. Besides the members of the Association there were a great many others present, friends of Mr. McEvoy and representative of many different sides of the cultural life of the city.

Mrs. Isabel Ecclestone Mackay presided and in her address spoke happily of the long and intimate association of the guest of honour with the growth of literature and art in the city of Vancouver, and associated with his the names of the former City Librarian, Mr. R. W. Douglas, and the late Dr. S. D. Scott, who was editor of the *News-Advertiser* for many years and later "*Lucian*" of the *Province*.

Mrs. Mackay said that since the formation of the British Columbia section of the Canadian Authors' Association they had had the privilege of lunching and dining many celebrated fellow-workers from Eastern Canada, from overseas, and from the United States, and they had taken great pleasure in so doing. But in the nature of things these visitors had been birds of passage, and the Association had never been in real danger of forgetting the honor due

to prophets nearer home. They had that day a solid satisfaction in having as their honored guest one of their own members, a friend whom they all knew and for whom they felt a very real affection. Mr. Bernard McEvoy was not born in Vancouver, but for twenty years he had so identified himself with the progressive life of that city that the city would be ungrateful indeed if she did not think of him as one of her devoted sons. Mr. McEvoy's work in the British Columbia Society of Fine Arts, on the Library Board, in the Art and Historical, and other associations, together with his record as columnist, book reviewer, and editorial writer on the *Daily Province*, were so well known that any recapitulation would be superfluous. For years he has been, in his wise and quiet way, a moulder of public opinion and a kindly and constructive critic of public and literary affairs. His public service both as lecturer and writer had been service of which any city might be proud.

Mr. McEvoy, however, did not owe his hosts of friends entirely to his public work. He owed them to the fact that he is himself a good friend. There were many sitting at these tables who had reason to know this and to be grateful for much encouragement both in print and out of it. In mentioning that she liked to couple with his the name of his friend and colleague, their late honored member Dr. S. D. Scott, and also that of Mr. R. W. Douglas. These gentlemen, with others, had done much to foster literary effort in this province. They had then, Mr. McEvoy as the progressive citizen, the wise editor and the good friend. They also had him as poet. Fortunately they had that last secure within the covers of a printed book. Mr. McEvoy's "*Verses for My Friends*" was known to all of them. It was a very human book, made up of the gladness and sadness of life, and relieved by a saving grace of humor. That volume was a Vancouver production throughout, and looking at it one was tempted to prophesy that they might yet be a city of publishers.

Mr. McEvoy, in his reply, in spite of being somewhat overcome by the