

By Young Conservatives of Winnipeg

young men of the Conservative club for this function tonight. I am sure it will be of advantage not only to the Conservative cause in Winnipeg and the Northwest, but to the country generally, cause throughout the length and breadth of Canada—that you have given me the opportunity to do so.

"We shall go back to the east after tonight with the happiest recollection of this western tour and the happiest of all the meetings of the Conservative and the Liberal parties, and the warmest greeting which you have given us."

Mr. Bergeron's Remarks.

Mr. J. H. Bergeron, M.P. for Beauharnois, Que., introduced what that gentleman called a "little speech" was greeted with great applause. He wished to say that he had not come prepared for this function but was loaded for tonight.

Referring to the tour in the west he said he and Mr. Borden had met at the Hotel Windsor, and that they and they were all Conservatives. He was glad to meet so many Conservatives in the Northwest, and to see so many Conservatives in Winnipeg when the representative at Ottawa was a Grit. (Laughter.)

Mr. Bergeron was happy, too, to meet the members of the local government. They were men to be proud of—clever men, they were, and he was glad to point for many years, for

they knew what to do to remain in power. (Prolonged cheers and laughter.)

After a graceful tribute to the good old veteran, Sir Charles Tupper, Mr. Bergeron went on to speak of the organization of Quebec and said that since May more work had been done than in the last ten years. Quebec could give twenty-five members — enough to put Mr. Borden in power. Quebec province was essentially a Conservative province.

In conclusion Mr. Bergeron said they were going back east with con-

ister Tabb

The poem "Lanier Lives" contains a few decorative epigrams which seem to show that a volume of this author's lighter work is in the future. But the epigram does not do justice to his attainments in this field. But in nearly all of his poems, and in the epigrams, he is careful to avoid the epigram. He writes with an eye on the whole poem, and the epigram is but a necessary testimony to his skill is afforded by a happy use of the epigram. In the epigrams, he uses two verses of one poem and prints the last on page 84 and the first on page 85. The first verse might have passed as a complete poem, though something emptier than the others. The second verse is a complete poem. For, if Father Tabb as a rule avoids the epigram, he is not at all afraid of innocent insignificance. His verses to Sidney Lanier prove him a fervent admirer of the poet. He does not give little account in England; but it is interesting to contrast the long, voluminous, and somewhat pompous poet who carried to extremes the approximation of poetry to the prose of the day with the better, with the minute, delicately carved work of his countryman. Which is the better? The latter is like giving marks decide; but Father Tabb, working within the limits which the epigram affords, is not so limited, mined, piping, so to speak, upon his flute, can do things which Lanier's grandiose epigrams cannot do so well accomplish. To many of his poems the reader would have been tempted to call, exactly, the term "little"; and before many of them, like the author, again, would have been tempted to say, "I understand, but in hand, wondering. This is his dialogue with Silence."

Why the warning finger?
Pressed forever on the lip?

"To remind the pilgrim Sound
That moves the soul to find
In a breathing space to be
Hushed for all eternity."

Grandeur cannot be achieved in these lines by the grandiose epigrams. The suggestion, the vast silence out of which it wakes and into which it fades, that poetry is undeniably grand.

Even so, of Silence and of Sound
A twin-born mystery is found,
Like as of death and of birth;
With death and birth, the world is hard
The harmony, nor caught the word
That Heaven reveals to earth.

The same grandeur of suggestion oc-

being taken may be only "Americanism," and again, in a lesser degree, in "The Poem of the Poet," where the poet's attitude from the poems which link naturalism with the "poem of the poet" is particularly sensitive to the unity of the world. The poem, including the sonnet, seems the expression of the hushed awe of the poet, who is aware of the eternal and universal mystery. Life is a mystery of which he cannot but be conscious. Yet there is no austerity, other than artistic, no renunciation or neglect of the world, but a sense of the poet's place in view of the ultimate attainment of the things that are beyond the world. In this association with the eternal the things that are of the world are not overlooked; that the humblest scenes—even a baby with its toes in its mouth—may be the expression of the poet's joy, which many of the priests of the world have never known, and which he but none have ever expressed in poetry. Side by side with poems of magnificence and of the grandeur of the universe, and those delicately tender poems on children, the poet has written a poem which, in my opinion, contains the poem called "Confided." It is a poem of the most delicate and better. Has any infant a better, ennobling, charming life than Babe Nini's?

Niva, Child of Innocence,
Dust to dust we go:
Thou, when Winter wooed thee hence,
Wentest snow to snow.

It is this simple tenderness, this childlike delight in children and flowers, this ready sympathy with human love and sorrow, dignified and illuminated by the sense of unity and the awe in the presence of the Eternal, that give these poems their unique character. A close student of Shelley, Poe, and Lamier, Father Tabb sings his own songs in his

own way and there are no songs quite like them. Mrs. Meynell's selection, which is not free from misprints nor immaculately edited, should at least prove a valuable introduction to the four little volumes of "Poems," "Lyrics," "Child Verse," and "Later Lyrics."