

The whole is indubitably both a highly artistic example of poetical architecture and a vividly impressive example of poetical imagery, while, at the same time, it exemplifies Christ's supreme mastery of all the technical principles and special devices of Hebrew poetry.

Whoever disparages, contemns, or denies the high office of the true poet, he may be answered by pointing to Christ the Poet; and whoever con-

tems or denies the validity of the epithet, "divine poesy", may be silenced by recalling the poetry of Christ the Divine Artist. Finally, to those who essay poetry, but who are not conscious of the high office of the true poet and who work without an artistic conscience and aim, let this maxim be taken to heart and practised by them:—*Be ye, therefore, perfect, as poets, even as Christ the Poet, was perfect.*

## CANADA'S FALLEN \*

By ARTHUR STANLEY BOURINOT

WE who are left must wait the years' slow healing,  
 Seeing the things they loved, the life they lost—  
 The clouds that out the east come, huge, concealing  
 The angry sunset, burnished, tempest-tossed.  
 How will we bear earth's beauty, visions, wonder,  
 Knowing they loved them in the self-same way—  
 Th' exulting lightning followed by deep thunder,  
 Th' exhilaration of each dawning day?  
 Banners of northern lights for them loom greener,  
 Waving as waves the sea-weed's streamered head;  
 Where bent the swaying wheat, the sun-burned gleaner  
 Will find in their remembrance flowers of red.  
 O, life must be immortal for their sake:  
 O, earth will rest them gently till they wake.

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\*This poem won the First Prize (Veterans' Class) for poetry in The National Literary Competition.