

A CANADIAN SINGER.*



MISS ETHELWYN WETHERALD.

The refined and delicate features of this sweet singer are an index of the refinement and delicacy of her song. Miss Wetherald's poetry reminds us of a clear-cut cameo relieved in exquisite beauty against the more sombre background. For the background is somewhat sombre and a pervasive pensiveness characterizes many of the poems. They are specially marked by a deep sympathy with nature and keen interpretation of her various moods. The very first poem furnishes the key-note to the dainty volume.

"Ope your doors and take me in,
Spirit of the wood;
Wash me clean of dust and din,
Clothe me in your mood.

"Lift your leafy roof for me,
Part your yielding walls,
Let me wander lingeringly
Through your scented halls.

"Ope your doors and take me in,
Spirit of the wood;
Take me—make me next of kin
To your leafy brood."

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A pensive vein is shown in a delicate poem on "Pine Needles."

"Here where the pine tree to the ground
Lets slip its fragrant load,
My footsteps fall without a sound
Upon a velvet road.

"O poet pine, that turns thy gaze
Alone unto the sky,
How softly on earth's common ways
Thy sweet thoughts fall and lie!

"So sweet, so deep, seared by the sun,
And smitten by the rain,
They pierce the heart of every one
With fragrance keen as pain."

A more gladsome mood is that indicated in the pretty poem "To the October Wind."

"Old playmate, showering the way
With thick leaf storms in red and gold,
I'm only six years old to-day,
You've made me feel but six years old.
In yellow gown and scarlet hood
I whirled, a leaf among the rest,
Or lay within the thinning wood,
And played that you were Red-of-
breast."

The close observation and the beautiful figures of the poems, "A Midday in Midsummer," and, "A Summer Rain," strike us as very delicate and beautiful.

"The sky's great curtains downward steal,
The earth's fair company
Of trees and streams and meadows feel
A sense of privacy.

"Upon the vast expanse of heat
Light-footed breezes pace;
To waves of gold they tread the wheat,
They lift the sunflower's face.

"The weeds and grass on tiptoe stand,
A strange exultant thrill
Prepares the dazed uncertain land
For the wild tempest's will.

"The wind grows big and breathes aloud
As it runs hurrying past;
At one sharp blow the thunder-cloud
Lets loose the furious blast.

"Then comes a momentary lull,
The darkest clouds are furled,
And lo, new washed and beautiful
And breathless gleams the world."

"A drowsy rain is stealing
In slowness without stop;