

The Library Shelf

LOVE POEMS BY ROBERTS.

Charles G. D. Roberts' new volume, entitled "The Book of the Rose," just published by the Copp, Clark Company, Toronto, represents the substance of the poet's output during the last four years. It is a rich and abundant mine of unalloyed inspiration, but it is the truth that Mr. Roberts rarely writes an uninteresting poem, and that his work is always marked by distinction. In "The Book of the Rose" a new note of joy in sensuous beauty, the recognition of the deliciousness of love, is strongly accentuated. He, at moments, loses himself, like the master of sensuous verse, Swinburne, in the delightful, melodious sound. Take, for example, the lines:

"Her and mouth, scarlet, passionate,
Shows me the world's desire,
And that immortal fire,
And that immortal fire."

"Drawn by the touch of kiss on kiss
From life's eternal core,
Strain, flickering, mordant, keen, un-
quenched,
When time shall be no more."

"The book sings the beauty of wo-
man, and the mystery of the rose—
And again—
"O Rose, blossom of longing—the faint
suspense, and the fire.
The wistfulness of time, and the un-
satisfied desire,
The pity of tears on the pillow,
The pang of tears unshed—
With these your spirit is weary, with
these your beauty is fed."

"The note of passion is sustained
through many such lines, minor, per-
turbly sweet, and transported. Nearer
the normal level of the emotion are the
lines beginning:

"How little I knew when I first saw
you,
And your eyes for a moment question-
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It amounted to this—the dawn and
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The midnight's dark, and the mid-
noon's shine,
The awe of the silent, soaring peak,
The hush of the blue, and the cloud in
the blue,
And all the beauty I sing and seek,
Would come to mean—just you!"

"In the second part of the volume the
poet returns to the vein in which he
will be best loved and understood by
the common heart, his glowing theme
touching to the intimate a thousand
common things, significant, divine, in
nature and the spirit of man. We have
"The Stranded Ship," "The Pipers of
the Pool," "The First Ploughing," "The
Native-Rocks," "I am here With You
Sea, I am Yours," "Child of the In-
finite," and a very lovely, hopeful poem
in "The Great and the Little Weavers."

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MISS PAULINE JOHNSON'S POEMS.

The second volume of songs, published by Miss Pauline Johnson, the Canadian poet, has just been issued by G. N. Morgan & Co., Toronto, under the title "Canadian Born," and forms a most interesting supplement to the first volume, "The White Wampum," published in England a few years ago. As indicated by its title, there is a deliberate attempt to accentuate the awakened Canadianism of which one hears so much nowadays. Nevertheless, Miss Johnson is not less loyal to her own lineage than she was in her former volume, and in the frontispiece and the introduction it is as a descendant of the great Mohawk tribe that she presents herself. More-
over, many of her most picturesque and appealing songs deal with Indian life; and are permeated with the poetic melancholy of a blasted and dying people.

"There seems to be a rooted incom-
patibility between patriotism and
poetry; Shakespeare alone (and this in
certain passages of King John), was
able to unite patriotic fervor with pure
beauty. Miss Johnson's efforts in this
direction, "Canadian Born," and the
"Riders of the Plains," do not compel
one to alter one's opinion on this mat-
ter, but they have the requisite swing
and dash, and should certainly prove
popular, especially with mixed audi-
ences. The note she sounds may be
illustrated by the following stanzas
from "Canadian Born":

"We first saw light in Canada, the
land beloved of God;
We are the pulse of Canada, its mar-
row and its blood;
And we, the men of Canada, can face
the world and brag
That we were born in Canada beneath
the British flag."

"Few of us have the blood of kings,
Few are of noble birth;
But few are vagabonds or rogues of
doubtful name and worth;
And all have one credential that en-
titles us to brag
That we were born in Canada beneath
the British flag."

"A WAR OF WORDS.
Something About Language That Needs
A Rest, By Willis Brooks.

There are few studies more interest-
ing than that of the daily growth of
"correct" language through the mere
persistence of error. It seems as if the
de'il were in some expressions. No
amount of evidence that they are errors
can keep them out of the language,
notwithstanding they are conceived in
ignorance and not an argument of any
kind can adduced in their favor.

I do not refer to slang. That is the
beginning of much that is best and
strongest in our language. I refer to
such blundering expressions as, for in-
stance, "He was ill during his imprison-
ment," meaning not that his illness was
of equal duration with his imprison-
ment, but that he was ill perhaps no
more than one day in ten years of im-
prisonment. Indeed, within a week
past I read in a reputable public print
of a man who "was shot during the
Spanish war. Sporty folk might call
that a "long shot."

About thirteen years ago I wrote the
following yarn for the purpose of re-
cording some of the errors of speech
and print just then becoming more or
less common. At that time perhaps
nobody thought to speak on the subject
would have defended any of the ex-
pressions objected to. Yet today some,
not to say many, of them have become
by sheer persistence of use excusable,
not absolutely correct, in the minds
of rather careful writers.

Language that Needs a Rest.
I was awakened in the middle of the
night by a disturbance in my library.
It did not seem to be the noise of
burglars. It was more like the mur-
muring of many tongues engaged in
spirited debate. I listened closely and
concluded that it must be some sort
of discussion by the words in my big un-
derlined dictionary. Creeping softly to
the door, I stood and listened.

"I don't care," said the little word
Of; "I may not be so very big, but that
is no reason why everybody should take
advantage of me. I am the most
unreliable overworked word in the dic-
tionary, and there is no earthly reason
for it, either. People say they 'consid-
er of,' and 'approve of,' and 'accept of,'
and 'admit of,' all sorts of things. Then
they say 'all of us' and 'both of them,'
and tell about 'looking out of the win-
dow, cutting a piece of bread 'off' of
the loaf, until I am utterly tired out."

"Pshaw!" said the word Up. "I am
not much bigger than you and I do
more than your work, and a great deal
of it needlessly, too. People 'wake up'
in the morning and 'get up' and 'shake
up' their beds, and 'dress up,' and
'wash up,' and 'draw up' to the table,
and 'eat up' and 'drink up' from the
table and 'hurry up' to 'go up' to the
corner where the street car driver 'pulls
up' his horses and the passengers 'as-
cend up' the steps and 'go up' into the
front seats, and the conductor 'takes
up' the tickets. All this is done before
people 'get up' town and 'take up' their
day's work. From that time until they
'put up' their books and 'shut up' their
offices I do more work than any two
words in this book; and even after
business hours I am worked until peo-
ple 'look up' their houses and 'go up' to
bed, and 'cover themselves up' and
'shut up' their eyes for the night. It
would take a week to tell what I have
to put up' with in a day, and I am a
good deal 'worked up' over it."

"I agree that both Up and Of are
very much over-worked," said the word
Stated, "but I think I, myself, deserve
a little sympathy. I am doing not only
my own legitimate work, but also that
which ought to be done by my friend
Said. Nobody 'says' anything nowa-
days; he always 'states' it."

"Yes," chimed in the funny little
word Pun, "these are very stately
times."

"Some of the words laughed at this,
but Humor said: "Pun is a simple-
ton."
"No," said Wit; "he is a fellow of
duplicité."

"He makes me tired," said Slang.
Then the discussion was resumed.
"I do a great deal of useless work,"
said the word But; "People say they

have no doubt 'but' that it will rain,
and that they shouldn't wonder 'but'
what it would know, until I don't know
'but' I shall strike."

"What I have most to complain
about," said the word As, "is that I
am forced to associate so much with
the word Equally. Only yesterday a
man said he could see 'equally as well
as' another man. I don't see what busi-
ness Equally has in that sentence."

"Well," retorted Equally, "men every
day do that sort of thing. 'Equally as
good' as something else, and I don't see
what business As has in that sentence."

"I think," said Propriety, "you two
should be divorced by mutual consent."
There was a fluttering sound and a
clamor of voices.

"We, too, ought to be granted
divorce," was the substance of what
they said; and among the voices I re-
cognized those of the following named
couple: Cover Over, Enter In, From
Thence, Go Fetch, Have Got, Later
End, Continue On, Converse Together,
New Beginner, Old Veteran, Return
Back, Rise Up, Sink Down, They Both,
Try And, More Perfect, Seldom Ever,
Almost Never, Feel Badly, United To-
gether, Two First, An One, Over Again,
Repeat Again, and many others.

When quietude had been restored, the
word Rest said: "You words all talk
of being over-worked, as if that were the
worst thing that could happen to a fel-
low, but I tell you it is much worse to
be cut out of your own work. Now
look at me. Here I am, ready and will-
ing to perform any part in the speech
of the day, but almost everybody passes
by me and employs my awkward friend
Balance. It is the commonest thing in
the world to hear people say they will
pay the 'balance' of a debt, or sleep the
'balance' of the night."

"I suffer considerably from this kind
of neglect," said the word Deem. "No-
body ever 'deems' a thing beautiful any
more; it is always 'considered' beau-
tiful, when in fact, it may not be con-
sidered at all."

"True," said Irritate, "and people talk
of being 'aggravated' when they ought
instead to give me work."

"And me," said Purpose, "look at me.
I get hardly anything to do, because
people are always 'proposing' to do this
or that, when no idea of a proposition
is involved. Why, I read the other day
of a man who 'proposed' to murder an-
other, when really he had never said
a word about it to a living being. Of
course he only 'purposed' to commit the
murder."

"If it is my turn," said the word
Among, "I should like to protest against
Mr. Between doing my work. The idea
of people saying 'between' is childish.
An orange 'between' his three children! It
humiliates me."

"It is no worse," said the word Few-
er, "than to have people say there were
'less' men in one army than in an-
other."

"No," added More Than, "and no
worse than to have them say there
were 'over' 10,000 men."

"It seems to me," said the word Like-
ly, "that nobody has more reason for
complaint than I have. My friend Li-
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say a man is 'liable' to be sick or 'li-
able' to be out of town, when the question
of liability does not enter into the matter
at all."

"You are no worse off than I am,"
said the little word So. "That fellow
Such is doing all my work. People say
there never was 'such' a glorious
country as this when, of course, they
mean there never was 'so' glorious a
country elsewhere."

I saw there was likely to be no end
to this discussion, since half the words
in the dictionary were making efforts
to put in complaints, so I returned to
my couch, and I will leave it to any
person who has heard this account to
say whether I had not already heard
enough to make me or anybody else
sleepy.

It may interest you, reader, to pick
out from among these errors of thir-
teen years ago the expressions which
have persisted until they have now be-
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said the little word So. "That fellow
Such is doing all my work. People say
there never was 'such' a glorious
country as this when, of course, they
mean there never was 'so' glorious a
country elsewhere."

I saw there was likely to be no end
to this discussion, since half the words
in the dictionary were making efforts
to put in complaints, so I returned to
my couch, and I will leave it to any
person who has heard this account to
say whether I had not already heard
enough to make me or anybody else
sleepy.

It may interest you, reader, to pick
out from among these errors of thir-
teen years ago the expressions which
have persisted until they have now be-
come "correct."

hays no doubt 'but' that it will rain,
and that they shouldn't wonder 'but'
what it would know, until I don't know
'but' I shall strike."

"What I have most to complain
about," said the word As, "is that I
am forced to associate so much with
the word Equally. Only yesterday a
man said he could see 'equally as well
as' another man. I don't see what busi-
ness Equally has in that sentence."

"Well," retorted Equally, "men every
day do that sort of thing. 'Equally as
good' as something else, and I don't see
what business As has in that sentence."

"I think," said Propriety, "you two
should be divorced by mutual consent."
There was a fluttering sound and a
clamor of voices.

"We, too, ought to be granted
divorce," was the substance of what
they said; and among the voices I re-
cognized those of the following named
couple: Cover Over, Enter In, From
Thence, Go Fetch, Have Got, Later
End, Continue On, Converse Together,
New Beginner, Old Veteran, Return
Back, Rise Up, Sink Down, They Both,
Try And, More Perfect, Seldom Ever,
Almost Never, Feel Badly, United To-
gether, Two First, An One, Over Again,
Repeat Again, and many others.

When quietude had been restored, the
word Rest said: "You words all talk
of being over-worked, as if that were the
worst thing that could happen to a fel-
low, but I tell you it is much worse to
be cut out of your own work. Now
look at me. Here I am, ready and will-
ing to perform any part in