

Johnson, Archibald Lampman, George Roberts, the unique Henry Drummond and his *Habitant*.

The humorous Khan and his "Canticles," Theodore H. Rand, in the preface to his Anthology of Canadian verse, says: "I may be pardoned the expression of a feeling of national pride that the materials are so abundant from which to prepare a representative volume, much of whose contents will not suffer by comparison with the verse of older countries." Canada's richness of material, both as regards natural beauty and romantic association, has found worthy expression in these singers of verse. They are nature-lovers first of all, then Canada-lovers. Nature in all her moods appeals to them, and whether they write of the gladness of Spring, of the bright, full, and all too short Summer, of the glory and sadness of Autumn days, or of "the white-Winter's cheer," their verse may be compared in its tonic effects to a bracing whiff of our mountain air.

Many of the themes are crude and treated in homely phrase. Still, we are a young nation as yet; our traditions are in their baby-clothes and youth is a bad habit of which we are easily cured, more's the pity. One authority is convinced that Canadian poetry is, perhaps, the redeeming feature of Twentieth Century literature. We have reason for congratulation, more, perhaps, than we realize, in its utter aloofness from the deplorable tone of commercialism which is the key-note, more or less of our century's "good, bad and indifferent." Most of our poets spell optimism with a capital O, and we have very few self-styled atheists or freethinkers. It is easily seen that they have dwelt near to the heart of Nature; she has told them her secrets lovingly, they have caught her first expressions and aspects. No, the worship of the almighty dollar has not been part and parcel of their scheme of life; perhaps they have been born too far north poetry should not prove lucrative! One critic, who is a poet himself, congratulates them on having found their sermons in the stones and trees, the flowers of the field, their music in the running waters and in the rhythm of the sea, leaving the New Englanders a monopoly of "barn-yard" inspiration. The Carman-Roberts group hails from the region of *Acadie*, the region of all Canada richest in folk-lore and romantic association. Of these Bliss Carman is, perhaps, the one who possesses the most varied charm; there is the appeal of his music, of his word-pictures and of his out and out