

A WORD FROM THE EDITOR.

A GREAT poet dwelt among us and we scarce knew her. Hers was a master muse which illumined with imagination, emotion and originality the noblest and most profound thoughts of her time, and wove them with the skill of an artist into divine melodies.

Isabella Valancy Crawford had barely completed her thirty-sixth year when she suddenly and prematurely passed away, yet the spirit of her brilliant genius must ever remain.

The more we study these children of her brain the more we marvel at what she accomplished. What other poem in the language more powerfully and nobly expresses the divine right of man to freedom from slavery than "The Helot"? What other dialect poem surpasses in conception, in humour, and in heart-reaching philosophy, "Old Spookses' Pass"? What other epic of its kind excels "Malcolm's Katie" in picturesque description, in brave-hearted purpose, and in tender, constant passion? What other Canadian patriotic poem exceeds in nobility and grandeur of expression "Canada to England"? As for Miss Crawford's shorter rhyming verse, such poems as "Love's Forget-me-not," "Said