

the light of day in the present form. For instance, here are the closing lines of "January":

"Now observe the windows and look at the delicate frostwork.  
Thick on the large panes, but thinner and lighter on small ones,  
Sometimes 'tis traced like leaves, and sometimes as stars or as landscapes  
Now you see high mountains, and now a field or a footpath,  
Drawn and outlined entire in the beautiful, wonderful frostwork.  
This is a winter song, a picture of January's glory,  
This describes the splendor of the beautiful January weather."

Minute description! Moderate prose! But here is something much better:

#### A MEMORY.

A slope of snow and a mild March day,  
Some bare plum trees 'gainst a sky of gray,  
And a happy child with her sled at play.

A wee brown bird on a dripping bough,  
A song both simple and sweet, I trow,  
And the child has stopped—she is listening now.

So clear, so plaintive, that little strain,  
She longs and listens, it comes again,  
She is thrilled with pleasure through every vein.

Now three years gone is that March sky's gray,  
The wee brown birdie has flown away,  
But the child's heart rings with the song to-day.

There is plenty of proof through the different poems that this young girl loves nature in its different forms, but in all kindness we would advise her to be very severe in self-criticism.

After this had been written, a letter was handed me, in which the encomiums of Roberts, Lighthall, Fréchette and others on Miss Knight's work were cited. I have no wish to be unduly severe on the young author, but I wonder how in all honesty such unstinted praise can be given. Praise the good, certainly, but point out the weaknesses as well. Do not spare the rod, else the child will most assuredly be spoiled.

What *dear* little books Lawson, Wolfe & Co. do put on the market! How Shakespeare and Chaucer must envy modern poets! And what a mellifluous versifier Bliss Carman is! *By the Aurelian Wall* is a book of elegies to Keats, Shelley, Blake, Stevenson and