

the air of this science-smitten age been stirred by a strain of such surpassing sweetness as that contained in his poem of "The Mother", first printed in *Harper's* for April. It must have been a weird seizure of the poet's mind that led to such a wondrously imaginative delineation of a dead mother's longing after her first-born. There is a nameless pulsation and warmth in every verse before which the reader cannot remain unmoved, and a strength of genius in the way the impossible situation is at once idealised and yet made vividly real that has never been excelled. Had this little masterpiece been signed by the name of Tennyson or Swinburne, the fame of its appearing would have gone forth through the civilised world. But it was the work of a Canadian poet, and consequently no Canadian journal, so far as we know (with the exception of the *London Advertiser*), saw anything in it at first glance worthy of even appreciative comment. It was left for the *Chicago Inter-Ocean* to declare that nothing so truly great as "The Mother" has appeared in American literature for many a day, and that it is worthy to be classed among the scant half-dozen immortal poems in the language. Then ensued a great stretching and yawning and rubbing of eyes among Canadian book noticers. One could almost hear them say, "Yes, it is a real ray of the sun, just as the *Inter-Ocean* says, but that is always such a difficult thing to distinguish from the gleam of a tallow candle".

Is it, indeed, a difficult thing to distinguish? There is rhyme enough in the world—verses, verses all around, and not a word worth reading. And in addition there is a vast amount—a daily increasing amount—of metrical ease and grace and general pleasingness which is generally spoken of as poetry, but which does not haunt the memory, nor stir the imagination, nor touch the heart. The only way is to judge for one's self. Accept no critic's indifference or praise. Read the poem of "The Mother" yourself, and see if you are not thrilled and penetrated by the genius of motherhood's ideal interpreter.

Mr. Campbell's is by no means a new name in our literature. His volume of "Lake Lyrics" contains a large number of exquisite poems, of which "A Canadian Folk Song" is one of our special favorites. The poet's literary work is subordinated to his vocation. He is a Church of England clergyman at Southampton, Bruce county. Last November, in a private parlor, we were privileged to be his sole auditors, while he read page after page from a pile of unpublished poems of unvarying excellence, finishing all with "The Mother", which was read as such a poem deserves to be read. "You will never again be so great as you were when you wrote that", we said, as the "Good-nights" were spoken. That was a memorable evening, and the lasting impression it has left is that those who know not true poetry, though they may have every other form of riches, are poor indeed.—*Wives and Daughters, London, Canada.*

HAYING.

BY J. F. HERBIN.

FROM the soft dyke-road, crooked and wagon-worn,
Comes the great load of rustling, scented hay,
Slow drawn, with heavy swing and creaky sway,
Through the cool freshness of the windless morn.
The oxen, yoked and sturdy, horn to horn,
Sharing the rest and toil of night and day,
Bend head and neck to the long, hilly way,
By many a season's labour marked and torn.

On the broad sea of dyke the gathering heat
Waves upward from the grass, where road on road
Is swept before the tramping of the teams,
And while the oxen rest beside the sweet
New hay, the loft receives the early load,
With hissing stir, among the dusty beams,
Wolfrille, N. S. —Independent.

A CANADIAN HEROINE.

BY EDMUND COLLINS.

ON the north shore of Lake Superior, not very far from Prince Arthur's Landing, was a large granite rock, about twenty square yards in area, which stood directly in the line of steamers and coasters passing up and down the lake. It stood only a few feet above the water level, and as eight or ten ships had struck against it on dark nights and in thick weather, going almost immediately to the bottom, the Dominion Government decided to build a lighthouse upon it. The building was made of stout oak timber and the whole structure was secured to heavy stringers, which were bolted and fastened to the rock as firmly as architectural skill could devise. The top of the lantern was made of heavy sheets of copper riveted firmly together; the bars of hammered steel and the panes, which were diamond shaped, were of glass nearly half an inch thick. The light was a revolving red-and-white, flashing one a minute, and the machinery was built of steel, brass, and Swedish iron, the whole weighing eight or ten tons, stood on the top floor of the tower.

That part of the coast where the island lay was so dangerous and the sea ran so high over the rocks in a gale that the government sought long for a keeper and could not find one with courage enough to undertake so perilous a duty. But at last Joshua Alcott accepted the government's offer, taking with him his daughter Gypsy, who was just sixteen years old, and all his worldly goods, out to the desolate rock. The lighthouse lay about three-quarters of a mile from the shore, but there were not many days in the fall that a small boat could land at the rock. Gypsy Alcott and her father moved there in August when the weather was calm, nevertheless when the wind rose at night during the first month's residence there and the sea whooped and boomed about the