

Irvine, which likewise is proud to claim some association with Edgar Allan Poe during part of his varied life.

The town—a Royal Burgh—dates back to the time of Wallace; and its Seagate Castle, (now sloughed in speech as "Siggitt"), looking like a skeleton in the busy town, has strange tales of a receded sea and a strategic underground passage in olden time. But that is another story. . . . "Nae man can tether time or tide;" and the day of my sailing drew near.

Just ere I left Scotland I took a renewed look at the stately Glasgow University, which like Zion or Bliss Carman's Scarlet Maple, is set on a hill—perhaps that men may see it, for it has much to tell of achievement and idealism of youth. It reminds me here of two flashes of wit which I will tell for the reason that one is a fine

type of quiet Scottish humour and the other gives me a peg on which to hang "Finis." Many years ago an amiable old professor was teaching, when a student, with the aid of a piece of glass, shot a strong sun-ray on to the old man's face. He said nothing but, presently lifting his eyes and catching the culprit again in the act, he simply observed to him with cutting urbanity, "Young man, the reflection is on *you*." In later years Professor Jebb (Greek) was conducting his class while Professor Veitch taught Logic in the room above. Presently great applause and stamping of feet in the latter caused some plaster to fall on Jebb's desk. With a momentary look to the ceiling he said: "It appears Professor Veitch's conclusions do not agree with my premises!" The word "Conclusions" is a good name for the bell-boy. Ring down the curtain! The tale is told.

"The Miracle of Roses"

(A Review by George Alfred Palmer, Regina, Saskatchewan)

The *Miracle of Roses*, by Alice M. Winlow, is a neat and attractive volume of 94 pages. It consists of a one-act play, together with a number of characteristic poems by this gifted author. The general appearance and make-up of the book is very creditable to the publishing house of Chalmers of Vancouver.

The play, from which the book takes its name, is an artistic and clever piece of dramatic composition, wherein the practical things of life are skilfully blended with the alluring fancies of idealism, leaving impressions on the reader's mind at once pleasing and elevating. Not the least of its merits lie in the skilful compression of the theme; an adroit word or phrase arousing instantaneous pictures in the mind as we are carried swiftly along with the action of the play. The author has succeeded in getting across to us the central motif, clearly and distinctly in terse dialogue, and has avoided the common sin of hanging up the action on a peg to impress us with long-winded sermonising speeches.

The central character of Jean, the gardener, is that of a man absorbed in the culture and in the *lives* of his roses and he is quite consistent with all true artists seeking beauty and truth, satisfied with the joy and thrills the search brings to him. His ideal must be a perfect red rose. His widowed sister, who is his greenhouse assistant, is a woman whose maternal instincts absorb her life, her interests lie in the rearing and care of her children. Nature has made her blind to most other matters in life. She is in sharp contrast with her brother but this is not too obtrusively apparent. The old Scotch Sara and the Blind Man, although they have slight parts, stand out clearly from their places in the theme. We gather from the few lines given to Kathleen, to whom Jean would declare his love, that she is giving her heart to a man who may please her, but she feels he may never satisfy her as Jean might do. Then there is Adele, who has betrayed her soul for a price; the sight of Jean's roses reveal her woman's heart and the Carpenter by a suggestive thought, reveals to Jean, the seeker for the beautiful and the true, that this woman, who hungers for his lovely flowers,—is his sister. It is a beautiful piece and will stand many re-readings.

Mrs. Winlow has succeeded in getting her little idyll across mainly by a carefully measured amount of realism which enables us to keep our feet solidly on terra firma. We would encourage her to persist in this form of her art.

The rest of the volume contains poems in her several fields; poems on Flowers, Music, Natural Scenery, Children and Moods. High flaming imagination characterizes

many of these and we are caught up and carried along by the force of their very expansiveness.

When Mrs. Winlow takes sure hold of the reins of her genius she gives us very permanent mental and spiritual pictures indeed. Her APASSIONATA SONATA:

"Have you plumbed the depths of Human Love
And from that bitter gulf of Passion risen
Bearing a flower of light . . ."

—(I have just read this through three times and each time with greater zest)—is so provokingly beautiful that one is tempted to write her a reply from one's own experiences. The lovely morsels TO A WHITE ROSE and WHITE HYACINTHS are redolent with the fragrance drawn directly from Nature, while the dew is still sparkling. And her music poems link her beloved flowers, queens of colour, with the majesty of spiritual sounds. Possibly the finest lines among the poems will be found in MORNING ON BUTE INLET:

"Up Bute Inlet flow wreathing masses,
Wool-white, fleecy, pile on glittering pile,
Some sink to fill the hungry gray crevasses.
Some flow on, lying low, a mazy mile
At Orford Bay they poise with bird-like motion,
And veil the mountain sides with drifts of white.
These lost mist-children of the singing ocean,
Wandering inland through the murky night."

A landscape and skyscape full of motion and subdued colour with her serene ending, fitting epilogue:

"Something there in all that rainbow splendour
Clears the vision that the years have flawed,
And you ask: 'Who is this glory-sender?'
And your heart makes answer: 'It is God.'"

This Regina reviewer closes by counselling readers to "buy this charming little book and keep it on the most accessible shelf of your libraries."

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