

Oh, you may boast of roses,
But clover's sweeter far,
A growing by the roadside,
Than any roses are.

Here is another, a good deal longer, but equally true in its ring:

SPRING.

I longed and looked for Spring-time
I longed and looked for flowers,
And now the Spring is coming,
And with it April showers.

The grass is growing greener
And greener every day,
The robins chirp and warble
Their April roundelay.

Hepaticas' are sprouting,
The sun is shining warm,
The trees are budding, tho' afraid
To meet an April storm.

The ice has left the river,
It curls its wavelets blue
Around the sun-thawed islands,
Where once the snowflakes flew.

The pines look just as lovely
And quite as free from snow,
As when I came to Brockville
Just twelve long months ago.

I love the freshening west wind
I love the shining sun,
Yes, winter's gone and over,
And Spring, fair Spring has come.

These are from the first part of the volume, written at the age of eleven. But some of the later poems, produced in the following year, seem to strike a fuller note; but they are generally longer. We will, however, give a few stanzas of one of them.

SWEET HOME.

Give me back the old home cottage,
Which of all I love the best,
There's no place on earth beside it,
That affords me peace and rest.

Give me back the little cottage
With its old and rough-cast wall,
And the creeper climbing o'er it,
And the maple green and tall.

Yet, I think I see in fancy—
Mother in her old arm-chair,
And below the window blooming
Little flowers fresh and fair.

This is very charming, and there are nine more stanzas in the poem equally good.

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The Book Daniel.*

"Daniel in the Critics Den," the happy title of an article in *Blackwood*, exactly describes this volume. More than one-third of the work is devoted to the questions of date, authorship and authenticity. This is a large allowance for critical questions in the Expositors' series. But perhaps in the case of the book of Daniel it is warranted.

Dean Farrar is in agreement with the great majority of modern scholars as to the late date of the book of Daniel. He is rather scornful of any other view. But we see no reason to be angry with him because of his opinions. His critical position is not the result of first hand work. He is here simply a compiler. He has been convinced by the critics and says so with something of the eager impetuosity of the recent convert. Surely he has a right to his convictions as he certainly has the courage of them.

As regards the main question the critical position appears to be very strong, unless the critics are very gross deceivers which is improbable, or very grossly deceived, which, though not impossible, is not probable. For unlike the Tubingen theories about the dates of the New Testament books, the critical view of the date of the book of Daniel seems to be the conclusion to which many lines of evidence seem to point. Are we then convinced that the book was written in the second century, B.C.? No! by no means. But we are inclined to allow, in view of the evidence, that

it may have been, e.g., if the book of Daniel was written at the time of the captivity, it is one of the most wonderful and circumstantial of prophecies. Why then did the Jews rank it not with the Prophetic books but with Ecclesiastes among the Hagiographa? If it was, as the leading modern scholars almost to a man suppose, written in the second century, B.C., then the important question arises as to how the canonization of such a book affects the question of inspiration. The Bible has not defined what follows or does not follow if a book is inspired. The church has not defined this either. If the critical view of the late date of Daniel comes to be adopted as proved, then the phenomena presented by the canonization of this book will be among the most important for determining what inspiration is and *is not*.

The book is admirably arranged in three parts. Part I, critical; Part II, commentary on the historic section; Part III, commentary on the Prophetic section. The exposition is characterized in general by Dean Farrar's well-known strong and weak points of style, in particular, by a little bad temper and an air of patronage that detracts somewhat from the value and charm of the work.

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BRIEFER NOTICES.

The Aims of Literary Study. By Hiram Carson, LL.D. (London and New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.)—In a prefatory note to this curious but interesting little volume, Professor Carson explains that the main portion of its matter was contributed to *Poet-Lore*, and that in the opening section he has repeated much of an address entitled "What Does, What Knows, What Is," a title which Canadians will think very American indeed. "When Christ said, 'follow Me,' he addressed the 'What Is' in human nature. Follow me, not from an intellectual apprehension of principles involved in my life, but through deep sympathy . . . through a response of your spiritual nature to mine. . . ." But "to sharpen the intellect, the 'What Knows' without rectifying the 'What Is' is a dangerous thing." As a means of educating the 'What Is,' Professor Carson dwells particularly on poetry. "In poetical study, the basal principle of spirit to spirit must be all-controlling; to it all other features of the study must be subordinated." He gives some very good hints on systematic literary study, and warns his readers against histories of literature which he very rightly says cannot do much for literary education. All sensible people will agree with him when he says that examinations are the bane of literary study. He gives a wealth of illustration to prove this fact, and all he says on the subject we commend to the examination fiends who are stultifying all literary study by their present system.

The Lions' Gate and Other Verses. By Lily Alice Lefevre. (Victoria, B.C.: The Province Publishing Co.)—The readers of THE WEEK have had the opportunity of perusing in its columns occasional verses by a lady who wrote over the *nom de plume* of "Fleurange." Few Canadian writers possess, in larger degree, the spirit of true poetry, and Mrs. Lefevre's friends have often regretted that she did not favour the literary world more frequently with the productions of her pen. Yielding to their solicitations she has consented to publish a little volume, which has just appeared, under the title of "The Lions' Gate and Other Verses." Those who have visited Vancouver, Mrs. Lefevre's home, will appreciate the significance of the lines from which the book takes its title. The rocky lions which guard the entrance to Canada's great trans-continental highway have inspired the authoress in her opening lines to one of her best efforts. "The Eagle's Pass" renders historical a well known incident in the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway, has the right ring, and breathes the true spirit of poetry. "The Spirit of the Carnival" is the poem which won *The Witness* prize in connection with the Montreal winter carnival some years ago. "The Valley of Time," written for the Queen's jubilee, "Song of the St. Lawrence," "Moritura to Saluta," and "Credo," as well as many of the shorter pieces, are full of the truest poetic sentiment. But there is hardly a line in the book which is out of place, and both Mrs. Lefevre's friends, of whom she has many, and those who rejoice in the growth of Canadian literature, will hail the appearance of this little volume with unfeigned pleasure.

* "The Book of Daniel." By Dean Farrar. Expositor's Bible. London: Hodder & Stoughton Toronto: F. H. Revell & Co.