

The strength of earth-born armies, but  
the sea is England's own.  
As She ruled, She still shall rule it, from  
Plymouth to Esquimalt,  
As long as the winds are tameless—as long  
as the waves are salt."

A noble poem to the U. E. Loyalists pays a generous tribute to those fathers and founders of empire in Canada. Though Britain showed her appreciation of their devotion by voting ten million pounds to repair their losses, yet "not one in ten of the United Empire Loyalists either asked for this aid or took it." Of course the South African war calls forth the stirring patriotism of this singer by the western sea. In his "Strathcona's Cavaliers" one may hear the tramp of the horses' feet and the jingling of their bridle reins—

"Do you hear the spurs a-ringing through  
the wide nor'-west?"

ending with the fine quatrain—

"From the blood that you have lent us take  
the best that we have bred,  
Taught and tempered where men have  
to stand alone;  
As Strathcona's heart their hearts are; if  
you count them with your dead,  
You shall count them in the front rank  
of your own."

"Britain's 'Grand Rounds'" is a western welcome to the Duke and Duchess of York—

"You have heard your sentries challenge  
From every seaward head:  
You have found your nations growing  
Wherever we sowed our dead.

"If you can, take the Children's message:  
By deeds we do and have done,  
By the love we bear for England,  
By our Oath to the Great Queen's Son:

"By the fame that we share in common,  
By the blood we are proud to shed,  
By those that sleep in God's keeping,  
Our own, and your Royal dead—

"The links in the girle of Empire—  
Love, law, mother-tongue, Britain's  
fame—  
Are clasped here and clinched for ever,  
By us with His mother's name!"

Other poems describe the life of the great North-West, life in the Rockies and on the prairies, as "The Kootenay Prospector," "The Western Pioneer," "An Invitation"—

"If ye cry for bread, lo! our prairie land  
Brims over with golden grain;  
If ye yearn for the help of a brother's  
hand,  
Ye'll not yearn here in vain."

But the burden of all is "the love of Britons that makes Britain great." We have just one regret, that it is not a native-born who sings these songs of empire. But the very haunting pathos of the ineradicable love of England in the exile's heart gives a spell of power to these poems which they could not otherwise possess.

"Strength for the Way." And Other Sermons and Addresses. By W. T. Davison, M.A., D.D. London: Chas. H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. vii-246.

Dr. Davison is one of the most scholarly presidents the British Wesleyan Conference has ever had. Unusual importance therefore attaches to his public utterances during his occupation of office. He treats a wide range of themes. Of special value to ministers is the address on the relation of preaching to modern unbelief, delivered before the Wesleyan Ministers' Meetings of London and Bristol. Of scarce less value is that given before the London convention of Sunday-school teachers on the Bible as the teacher's text-book in the twentieth century. A couple of articles from the London Quarterly Review, one on "Christ and Modern Criticism," the other on "The Christian Ideal," reach an unusually high standard.

"Moth and Rust, and Other Stories." By Mary Cholmondeley. Author of "Red Pottage." Toronto: Geo. N. Morang & Co. Pp. 308. Price, \$1.50.

This strongly written story enforces the admonition of Scripture: "Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth where moth and rust corrupt and where thieves break through and steal." It is a tale of sin and its punishment, of sorrow and its solace, of "affection that hopes and endures and is patient," and meets at last its exceeding great reward. Even better are some of the short stories at the end. That of "Geoffrey's Wife" is tragic. At a national fete in Paris Geoffrey and his newly wedded wife are caught in a mob. To save her from being trampled under foot he seeks to carry her on his back out of the desperate pressure of the crowd. When almost done to death he discovers that it is not his wife at all whom he has saved, but some one else. He finds in the morgue his wife trampled and trodden to death.