



Rupert Brooke.

The Dead Poet

WRITTEN IN MEMORY OF RUPERT BROOKE. When I grow old, they'll come to me and

Did you then know him in that distant Did you speak with him, touch his hand,

observe The proud eyes' fire, soft voice, and light

lips' curve? And I shall answer: This man was my

Call to my memory, add, improve,

amend. And count up all the meetings that we had,

And note his good, and touch upon his When I grow older and more garrulous,

I shall discourse on the dead poet thus: I said to him. . . he answered unto me I supped with him in King's. . .

The twisted memories of an ancient fool And sweet the silence of a young man dead!

Now far in Lemnos sleeps that golden head.

Unchanged, serene, forever young and strong,

Lifted above the chances that belong To us who live, for he shall not grow old: And only of his youth there shall be told Magical stories, true and wondrous tales, As of a god whose virtue never tails, Whose limb shall never waste, eyes never full,

And whose clear brain shall not be dimmed at all. SALURDAY REALEW

Among the Books

Letters from America.

Charles Scribner's Son, New York.

recently published a book. Letter-From America, "spine 81 25 nest superen during 1913 11, the first thirteen chapters

as contributions to the Westmaner Gazette. At that time Report Broske

was almost unknown in Anarica, and comparatively so in Europe. Freday his name is a household word on two continents; for not only has

he become recognized as one or ling-

land's greatest modern poets to mention "Rupert Brooke" to the

to summon the thought of anches

of the agonizing sacrifices of the Great War. Early after the memorable outbreak, in August 1914, which set the

world tense and rolled up the curtain

on the first act of an unprecedented

horror, the young poet joined the Naval

afterwards set sail with one of the first divisions for the Dardanelles. It is said that he suffered from sunstroke. At all events he was taken ill, as an effect of blood-poisoning, on the way from Alexandria to Gallipoli, and becoming rapidly worse, was removed from his transport to a French hospital ship. There, although given the tenderest care he died within a few hours. His heart was not with Greece, as was that of Byron-literally buried at Missalonghi -but his body found its last restingplace on the Greek island of Lemnos, forty miles from the Dardanelles, the island so long occupied by Number Three Canadian Hospital, in charge of doctors and nurses from Ontario.

Brigade. He took part in the movement

for the relief of Antwerp, and shortly

It seemed that the poet-soldier had a premonition of his death. After his departure from England several of his poems were published, and among them this, the song of a patriot, of a home-

"If I should die, think only this of me: That there's some corner of a foreign field That is forever England. There shall be

In that rich earth a richer dust concealed: A dust whom England bore, shaped

made aware, Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam,

A body of England's breathing English

Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.

"And think, this heart, all evil shed away, A pulse in the eternal mind, no less, somewhere back the thoughts by England given;

Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day; And laughter, learnt of friends; and

gentleness,

In hearts at peace, under an English

Again, in more flippant mood, but still homesick, he wrote, apparently from somewhere in a German atmosphere:

Just now the lilac is in bloom. All before my little room; And in my flower-beds, I think, Smile the carnation and the pink; And down the borders, well I know, The poppy and the pansy blow. . . . Oh! there the chestnuts, summer through, Beside the river make for you A tunnel of green gloom, and sleep Deeply above, and green and deep The stream mesterious glides beneath, Green as a dream and deep as death-Oh, damp! I know it! and I know How the May fields all golden show, And when the day is young and sweet, tald gloriously the bare test

That can to bathe.

Pu liebe Got!
There am 1, sweating, sick, and hot, And there the shadowed waters fre b And there the danlowed scales freely bean up to 131 sace the scaled flowing. Then be seen executed and the scaled flowing the scale for a mornil; and the scale field has been about the a mornied sold. How takes bloom as they are total. Unkningly about the about the about the scales where a large scale with these the amortal lates. And there the amortal lates.

And there the amortal lates.

And there the amortal lates. And walk to various this end to A slippered Hespert, as the Mean's toward Hadina eld to the end Where das Burelen's not a

Rhar small, and hear the breaze Say, as the eighednings greatly sand, and

Still guardians of that holy land? The chestnuts shade, in reverend dream, The yet unacademic stream? Is dawn a secret shy and cold Anadyomene, silver-gold? And sunset still a golden sea From Haslingfield to Madingley? And after, ere the night is born, Do hares come out about the corn? Oh, is the water sweet and cool, Gentle and brown, above the pool? And laughs the immortal river Under the mill, under the mill? Say, is there Beauty yet to find? And Certainty? and Quiet kind? Deep meadows yet, for to forget The lies and truths and pain?. . oh! yet Stands the church-clock at ten to three? And is there honey still for tea?

Homesick for England, and yet he went out to seek the solution of the Great Mystery undaunted, looking forward to a wonderful world in which we shall, in his own words:

Spend in pure converse our eternal day; Think each in each, immediately wise; Learn all we lacked before; hear, know, and say

tumultuous body now What this denies; And feel, who have laid our groping

hands away; And see, no longer blinded by our eyes."

* * * *

Upon the very face of his "Letters From America", it is evident that Rupert Brooke judged us of the Western Continent superficially. The letters are those of a tourist, hurrying through, recording surface impressions, yet occasionally he sees deeply, whether to scathe or to sympathize, and everywhere there is the touch of the poet, even, indeed, at intervals, of the fine humorist.

It is interesting to "see oorsels as ithers see us," through the spectacles of this Laughter-loving young Englishman. Scarcely has he set foot upon our Western shores than he writes: "The American by race walks better than we (the English); more freely, with a taking swing, and almost with grace. How much of this is due to living in a democracy, and how much to rearing no braces, it is very difficult to determine". (The italics are ours). He speaks here of the United States of America, and yet most of the criticisms that may be levelled at "the States" may find equal mark in Canada, "Business, in America, he notes, with great perspicacity, "has developed insensibly into a Religion. It has its ritual and theology, its high places and its jargen, as well as its priests and martyrs. One of its more mystical manifestations is in advertise-ment. They advertise here, everywhere, and in all ways. They shout your most private and sacred wants at you. Nothing is untouched Every day I pass a wall, some five hundred square fact at which a gentlemen has taken to declare that he is 'out' to break the Unit Jans' From Half the advertisement is a rot of I photograph of himself. The rot is, "See what I give you for 75 dods" and a list of what he does not the two everything that he most he was not the two everything that the most he suggest, bewell in the size of the two every handles.

I have every handles, and the two every handles, and Meredus, and

and er aleness and that stands the back is as detail after the other el such deservirum ortal

The Great Lakes arouse his poetic

soul:
"There is something ominous and unnatural about these great lakes. The sweet flow of a river, and the unfriendly restless vitality of the sea. men may know and love. And the little lakes we have in Europe are but as fresh-water streams that have married and settled down, alive and healthy and comprehensible. Rivers (except the Saguenay) are human. The sea, very properly, will not be allowed in heaven. It has no soul. It is unvintageable, cruel, treacherous, what you will. But, in the end-while we have it with usit is all right; even though that all rightness result but, as with France, from the recognition of an age-long feud and an irremediable lack of sympathy. But these monstrous lakes, which ape the ocean, are not proper to fresh water or salt. They have souls, perceptibly, and wicked ones."—Then follows a delightful description of Lake Ontario.

Toronto strikes the writer as clean-shaven, pink-faced, respectably dressed, fairly energetic, unintellectual, passably sociable, well-to-do, public-school-and-'varsity sort of city." Winnipeg, upon the whole, pleases him. He finds there "better manners," "more friendly, more hearty, more certain to achieve graciousness, if not grace." He takes his drive, it is true, at the ambition of the "true Winnipeg man" who, gazing on his city, is fired with the proud and secret ambition that it will soon be twice as big, and after that four times, and then ten times, "but he recognizes, in the flourishing Western atmosphere, another "timid prayer" that something different, more worth while, may also come out

of the city.

Then he drifts into this observation: "It is generally believed in the West that the East runs Canada, and runs it for its own advantage. And the East means a very few rich men; who control the big railways, the banks, and the Manufacturers' Association, subscribe to both political parties, and are generally credited with complete control over the Tariff and most other Canadian affairs. Whether or no the Manufacturers Association does arrange the Tariff and control the commerce of Canada, it is generally believed to do so. The only thing is that its friends say that it acts the best interests of its enemies that it acts in the best interests of the Manufacturers' Association. Among its enemies are many in the West.'

(To be continued).

A Letter Frae Hame.

(Reprinted from the paper published by the 44th Battalion C.E.F., Bramshott Camp.)

Be sure ye mind to write to me, For aft I think o'hame; When watchin' in the trench at nicht, It a' comes back again. I see ilk ane aboot the hoose, The folk gaun oot and in, It's then I weary maist o' a For a wee bit screed frae hame.

Ye canna think what joy it gi'es To them that's far awa' Whene'er they see a letter come, Wi' e'en a line or twa. It cheers them up, it helps them on, It maks them brave agen. Ye widna credit what it does, A wee bit screed frae hame.

There's maybe no sae much to say, But jist it lets me ken That ye're a' weel, and ilka ane Aye gaun aboot at hame. A sprig o' heather, or a leaf, A photo o' the glen. Jist onything that brings to mind

The wee auld hoose at hame.

Ho

MAY 11,

Is the Behold, I knock: if an open the do and will sup —Rev. iii: 20

George M Spirit of Go of man like rush in at the that shut I Think of th personality we are made to force an e stands outsic we open the

The words the message diceans. If sages sent Asia, you wi churches are praised for for others, a of Laodiceais no hint worthy. The selves so pro indifferent t that their s satisfactory, a fact that in G and miserable naked.

Is there a self-satisfied Christ? At had shut the 'Because tho cold nor hot mouth." But look n

and you will of the unlov refined gold, purity, and dulled vision. stern rebuke only prove H one of His c from the righ awful warning ing. It is th of Laodicea tl message of o at the door a of kings offer of the soul an

