

"Each punter in the darkness
Is a demon-haunted soul,
The shadowy, phantom were-wolves,
Who circle round the Pole.
All through this hideous journey,
They are the souls of men
Who in the far dark-ages
Made Europe one black fen."

We have not space to quote from the beautiful nature studies, "An August Reverie," "In the Spring Fields," "In a June Night," "Harvest Slumber Song," "Autumn," "On the Rideau River," "The Children of the Foam," "An October Evening," "December," and other noble poems. The following is an example of Mr. Campbell's condensation of thought and expression :

LOVE.

"Love came at dawn when all the world
was fair,
When crimson glories, bloom, and
song were rife;
Love came at dawn when hope's wings
fanned the air,
And murmured, 'I am life.'

"Love came at even when the day was
done,
When heart and brain were tired, and
slumber pressed;
Love came at eve, shut out the sinking
sun,
And whispered, 'I am rest.'"

The following is a specimen of his fine use of the sonnet :

A DECEMBER MORNING.

"Breaks in the wild and bleak December morn,
Across shrunk woods and pallid skies
like pearl:
From hooded roofs white, sinuous
smoke-wreaths curl
Into the clear, sharp air; great boughs,
wind-torn
And storm-dismantled, sway from
trunks forlorn.
Under stark fences snow-mists sift
and swirl,
And overhead, where night was wont
to hurl
Her ghostly drift, white clouds, wind-
steered, are borne.

"By drifted ways I climb the eastern hills,
And watch the wind-swayed maples
creak and strain;
The muffled beeches moan their win-
try pain;
While over fields and frosty, silent rills,
The breaking day the great, grey silence
fills
With far-heard voice and stir of life
again."

Mr. Campbell's love of our noble lakes is finely shown in the long poem which begins thus :

"With purple glow at even,
With crimson waves at dawn,

Cool bending blue of heaven,
O blue lakes pulsing on;
Lone haunts of wilding creatures
dead to wrong;
Your trance of mystic beauty
Is wove into my song."

The last poem on "The Dead Leader," will be read with pathetic interest by all admirers of the late Premier of Canada :

"Let the sad drums mutter low,
And the serried ranks move slow,
And the thousand hearts beat hushed
along the street;
For a mighty heart is still,
And a great, unconquered will,
Hath passed to meet the Conqueror all
must meet."

"With banners draped and furled,
'Mid the sorrow of a world,
We lay him down with fitting pomp
and state,
With slumber in his breast,
To his long, eternal rest
We lay him down, this man who made
us great."

"Him of the wider vision,
Who had one hope, elysian,
To mould a mighty empire toward the
west;
Who through the hostile years,
'Mid the wrangling words like
spears,
Still bore this titan vision in his breast."

The Methodist Publishing House has issued this important addition to Canadian verse in chaste and elegant style.

We regret that a writer of so great ability has tuned his lyre so often in a minor key, and has failed to express the Christian faith and hope which have inspired the mightiest singers of Christendom — Dante, Shakespeare, Milton, Tennyson, the Brownings, and Whittier. We think with Milton that a poet's loftiest theme is "to celebrate in glorious and lofty hymns the throne and equipage of God's almightiness, and what He suffers to be wrought with high providence in His Church; to sing victorious agonies of martyrs and saints, the deeds and triumphs of just and pious nations, doing valiantly through faith against the enemies of Christ."

It should be his task to inspire to nobler living, to sublimer faith, to "vindicate eternal Providence and justify the ways of God to men," to point to

"That one far-off divine event
To which the whole creation moves."