

derer's shoulder. When the fall came we all rushed, but, unluckily, my old sword got between my legs somehow, and I tripped on the top step, and I came down on both knees, while, to make matters worse, my helmet, which did not fit well, came off, and rolled down the steps on to the stage.

I could hear the people laughing, but, not heeding such trivialities, I recovered myself, and rushed on to do my duty, helmetless, but brave.

I put a hand of authority on the shoulder of the murderer, who was the first tenor, an Italian called Galigni. He seemed to resent this as a personal injury, and, wrenching his shoulder from my detaining hand, turned on me a look of fury, and said something in Italian, probably not worth repeating. Then he started to sing the death-song, and I, taking in the situation, picked up my helmet, put it on, fell back and stood at ease, until the curtain went down midst laughter and applause.

I believe the little episode of the falling helmet was one of the hits of the evening; anyway, it lent a little local color and excitement to a somewhat dull performance. Several of the fellows recognized me when I was bare-headed, and rather chaffed me, but such incidents are common and are soon forgotten.

Such was my first and last appearance on the stage.

"ESTABELLE AND OTHER VERSE."

DEAR MR. EDITOR:—

I have been a frequent reader of the FORTNIGHTLY, and have been hoping to see some reference made to a book of interest to McGill men recently issued.

Some months ago the Press of Mr. William Briggs, of Toronto, issued a tastefully bound volume, entitled "Estabelle and other Verse," bearing the name of a young Canadian, Mr. John Stuart Thomson, which has been the subject of much favourable comment by the Press, not only of Canada, but also of the United States and Great Britain. Mr. Thomson is not a stranger to readers of magazines such as "Canadian," "Peterson," and "Chap Book,"

but this is the first appearance of his work in book form.

This volume is of especial interest to McGill men, because Mr. Thomson was a fellow student, having been a member of the Freshman class in Arts in 1888.

McGill students and graduates have not contributed much to the development of Canadian literature, particularly in poetry, and it is therefore with particular pride we welcome this contribution, by one of our own number, to the limited but worthy volume of Canadian Verse.

Of the sonnets and lyrics of this volume, the Edinburgh *Scotsman* remarks that they are "characterized by a rich sensuousness of the fancy akin to that of Keats," and of the ballads says, "the author seems to study a musical simplicity like that of the 'May Queen.' He is no less successful in the one manner than in the other."

Of the title poem, the *Boston Transcript* says that "in its simple but harmonious movement, its sorrow for the death of children and its sincerely intimate touch, it almost vies with Wordsworth's 'Lucy.'"

It has frequently been remarked that Canadian writers show a close intimacy with nature, and this note is dominant here. Some of the pieces, however, are rather literal descriptions of nature, but, as the writer undoubtedly excels as a lyrist, we are sure in his future work this facility will lead him to apply his power to descriptions of human life and aspiration.

It is, of course, impossible to quote more than a few lines, but attention might be called to several of the poems; for instance, those prettily conceived love songs, "An Orient Maid" and "Cecily's Garden," the mysticism of "Reclaimed," and the solemn music of "Hymn to the God of Nature."

The following quatrain, "Deus Pinxit," is an illustration of the poet's power of concentration:

"God's canvas is the hailing sky;
His pencils sunbeams, swift and true;
His colors,—pearl, chalcidony;
His pictures clouds, on back-ground blue."

The following is surely a fine description of a June noon-day.

"The holy note of summer bird;
The rare, suspended hour of noon;
The noiseless straying of the herds; —
These consecrate the month of June."