

Than was my wont, may suddenly depart  
This shattered world to utter oblivion,  
Ere I, in Christian chivalry,  
With brave, devoted comrades dauntlessly  
have stood face to the foe. . . .

Or Arthur Stringer's "Lure of Life":

When my life has enough of love and my  
spirit enough of mirth,  
When the ocean no longer beckons me,  
when the roadway calls no more,  
Oh, on the anvil of Thy wrath, remake  
me, God, that day.

Witness Grace Blackburn's "Chant of the Woman", perhaps the strongest poem in the volume:

Myself and yet yourself, we two inexplicably one—  
Flesh in its consummation, soul in its incompleteness—  
And because of the incompleteness of soul,  
Woman to man,  
I chant you the chant of my being.

Level! Level! Level!  
Level with your lips and your eyes, my comrade,  
Swing to the height of your heart,  
Caught in your soul and kept there  
Pervading and peerless!

So, and so only, your lover, your servant:  
Every passionate pulse-beat  
Under the blue veins in my white wrist  
Your servant and lover—  
I cannot live on the crumbs that fall from  
a table.

Here, too, is the sonnet, satisfying the Miltonic dictum, "simple, sensuous and passionate." This one, by Robert Norwood, is surely clothed in beauty:

Last night I crossed the spaces to your side,  
As you lay sleeping in the sacred room  
Of our great moment. Like a lily's bloom,  
Fragile and white were you, my spirit-bride,  
For pain and loneliness with you abide,  
And death had thought to touch you with his doom,  
Until love stool angelic at the tomb,  
Drew sword, smote him, and life's door  
opened wide.

I looked on you and breathed upon your hair—  
Your hair of such soft, brown, translucent gold!  
Nor did you know that I knelt down in prayer,  
Clasped hands, and worshipped you for the untold

Magnificence of womanhood divine—  
God's miracle of water turned to wine!

And, indeed, about the eight selections chosen from Mr. Norwood's "His Lady of the Sonnets" there is the unmistakable perfume of the best work.

The four pieces from Beatrice Redpath's "Drawn Shutters" reveal an original and daring spirit akin to Laurence Hope's, and with such courage and virility of imaginative power Mrs. Redpath should justify all expectation.

Needless to say, within the limits of this article only a few points of interest can be indicated; and needless to say, also, no anthology ever satisfied everyone. The present writer would have liked to see some mention of Arthur Stringer's "Irish Poems" and the inclusion of such fine poems of his as "The Wife" and "Cloldna of the Isle", and Mair's beautiful song from "Tecumseh"—"Fly far from me", with its finely dramatic close:

Fly! for my senses swim—Oh, Love! Oh,  
Pain!  
Help! for my spirit fails—  
I cannot fly from thee.

But this is only to say that there is much else in Canadian poetry that is beautiful and true that has not found a place in this volume and Mr. Garvin knows this, perhaps better than anyone else, and has probably planned a second volume already.

It remains to be said that the volume appears in the fiftieth year since the Confederation of the British North American provinces, and includes selections from fifty Canadian poets, together with critical and biographical notes and photographs.

ALFRED BUCKLEY.

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SIR CHARLES TUPPER.

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